

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

CUBAN AFFAIRS.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAM-SHIP GEO. WASHINGTON.

By the arrival at this port of the steamship *George Washington*, Havana news to May 18 is at hand. Capt. GAGER will accept our thanks for the prompt delivery of our Havana correspondence, printed below.

The Capture, Trial and Execution of the Brothers Agüero—Rare Exhibition of Fortitude—Triumphant Havana—War News—Local Gossip.

From Our Own Correspondent.

HAVANA, Wednesday, May 13, 1870.

The execution of the brothers GASPAR and DIEGO AGÜERO took place on Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock. An immense concourse of people crowded every avenue and street leading to the Castillo del Principe, not a vehicle being obtainable after 1½ P. M. If the Spaniards look in such numbers to see whether any of these convicted Cubans will show the white feather and then gloat over it, I fear they will not be gratified, and if the Cubans were so remarkable in their feats of valor in the field and before the enemy as they are when they mount the scaffold they would occupy a higher rank among the nations of the earth.

THE CAPTURE.

The circumstances attending the capture of the brothers are somewhat curious. The capture took place on Roman Key, to which they had crossed from Guayaba Key by swimming and wading. Some sailors of the Spanish man-of-war *Ysabel la Católica* discovered them in a state of nakedness, and on being questioned, they answered that they were from Maracaibo, and had been shipwrecked on the American schooner *Sara*, from Venezuela to New-York, to which latter place they were proceeding in order to learn dentistry, and make arrangements for the manufacture of patent medicines. On being told that it was barely possible that a vessel from Venezuela to New-York could be lost on Roman Key, they replied that it was the first voyage of the Captain of the *Sara*, who was not a very intelligent man; that the schooner had been leaking badly, and that they in consequence had abandoned the craft in order to seek for aid. One of the sailors of the *Ysabel*, who had seen them once before, recognized them, calling them by their right name, and the AGÜEROS, seeing that any further denial was useless, confessed their identity, after which they were brought to Havana.

THEIR HISTORY.

Both AGÜEROS were handsome and exceedingly intelligent looking men, a moment's conversation with them fully confirming the report of their outward appearance. GASPAR AGÜERO BETANCOURT, the elder of the two, had studied law, and on the breaking out of the rebellion soon became one of its distinguishing characters in the Camaguey region, having been appointed Governor of the town and surroundings of San Miguel de Neuvitas. His ardent and brave nature not permitting him to lay idle as a mere civil functionary, he often joined the Cuban forces to fight against the Spaniards, and while acting as Major of AUGUSTIN ARRANGO'S brigade, (brother of NAPOLEON ARRANGO,) he was severely wounded, and was taken prisoner by the Spaniards under VALMASEDA, at Mount Osea. Sentenced to be shot, he was nevertheless pardoned by VALMASEDA, at the intercession of numerous influential persons, and sent as a prisoner to Havana, where he was cured of his wounds, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in Spain. On arriving at Cadiz he was set at liberty by order of SERRANO, and soon managed to escape to the United States, whence he again made his way to the insurrected districts. His brother, DIEGO AGÜERO BETANCOURT, only 23 years of age, was a Lieutenant of cavalry with the celebrated Gen. CANTU, who is so terribly hated by the Spaniards, who accuse him of horrible barbarities committed on prisoners and non-combatants.

THE EXECUTION.

The trial of the AGÜEROS and the sentence were foregone conclusions, and the brothers knew well the fate in store for them. Priests came to visit them in the Capilla, but GASPAR, a very enlightened and intelligent man, said to them curtly: "Gentlemen, all your talk will be useless. You have shown me that the Catholic religion, as administered by you, is a fraud and a farce. I shall not confess, so that you may betray me, and besides I do not believe in confession, having been a materialist for many years. And although I firmly believe in only one true God, I have no faith whatever in you or your ceremonies." The priest then made some remarks relating to AGÜEROS' speech, and exhorting him to confess, when GASPAR cut the conversation short by the remark, "Señor Priest, if you wish to accompany me to the scaffold there is not the slightest objection on my part to your doing so. You have the appearance of an honest man, and therefore I shall be pleased to see you. I have never committed any crime, unless the acts which I have done during the war are considered as such by you. My peace is made with God, the same great and pardoning God whom all human beings in different ways adore and revere." GASPAR then turned to his brother, DIEGO, who was questioned and spoken to by several persons present, and taking him by the hand, looked firmly and lovingly in his eyes. The scene at that moment was such as to move even the stoutest heart. GASPAR told his brother in French, "*Mon frère, mourons tranquilles et sans parler*"—let us die tranquilly and without saying anything. The procession was then formed. The brothers thanked some of the gentlemen present for acts of kindness, and both mounted the scaffold. GASPAR, the elder, with a smiling countenance, smoking a cigar as unconcerned as if he was going to a party, aided the executioner to tie his hands. The usual movements were then gone through with by the hangman, a death-like silence ensued, a twist of the iron screw by the masked man was given, a convulsive twitching of the muscles was seen, and the souls of the unfortunate victims, and the hatred had sped into eternity. May this be the last execution, is the wish of every humane person in Havana; but there is no probability of this wish being realized for a long time to come.

"IO TRIOMPHE."

A company from each volunteer battalion, with their band of music, paraded the two cañons captured by MONTANEZ, through the streets of Havana on Sunday afternoon, after which they were deposited in the Arsenal. The streets through which the procession passed were gaily decorated with the Spanish colors, and large crowds lined the sidewalks, a number of *Veas Españas* being heard from time to time. The Cubans looked on and smiled complacently.

WAR NEWS.

The information received from the Camaguey region, Cinco Villas or Department of Santiago, although numerous, variegated and partly interesting, is not of importance. The weather has been comparatively dry, and the inconveniences of the rainy season have not yet been felt to any extent. The journals publish the text of some captured correspondence and orders issued by the Cuban Generals. Some of the letters complain bitterly of the desertion prevalent among the Cubans, and in consequence the late commander of the Cuban forces, Gen. JORDAN, issued an order to have the captured deserters shot in presence of companions, and if, as in the case of the *Vueltabajeros*, it should be impossible to investigate the case, to draw lots and shoot every tenth man. If Gen. JORDAN left because he could not keep his men together, or because the General wanted them to fight on their own hook, he was perfectly right in doing so. The only surrender of any consequence had been that of MANUEL CARIDAD

SARDNY, at Camarones, with forty-seven armed men and a piece of artillery. SARDNY and some of his men then offered their services to act as guides to the Spaniards, and help to hunt up their countrymen and late companions in arms. How little honor or shame exists among the Cuban population! This is not the only instance in which ex-insurgents have proved worse than traitors or murderers.

HAVANA MATTERS.

The Government has rescinded the order requiring persons who desire to leave for the United States to give five thousand dollars bail. This will increase passenger traffic with the United States....The *Diario* states that a number of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen persist in going about and soliciting funds for the Cuban cause or refugees....The flag-ship *Severn* is in port; the health of her crew, and also that of the monitor *Saugus*, is excellent....The *Prensa* and the *Diario* publish a rumor that the particular whereabouts of President CESPEDES have been discovered, and that there is a probability of his capture. To avoid mistakes, it may be well to mention that this is the same old probability which the Spaniards have discovered for the past two years....Very few plantations continue grinding, and the sugar crop may be considered finished.

QMASIMODO.

ENGLISH AFFAIRS.

Spring-Time in England—Mr. Disraeli's Novel—Parliament—The Religious Situation—Gossip About Journals—Women's Suffrage.

From Our Own Correspondent.

LONDON, Saturday, May 7, 1870.

In my last I mentioned the delightful weather of our English Spring, the blossoming landscape, and all the fresh loveliness of a warm April. May came in with cold northern winds, and even a slight fall of snow. The past week has been cold enough for fires. Still, my milkman has brought me a big bouquet of apple blossoms, and the lilacs are half in bloom. The landscape I look out on in my rather remote suburb is all green, white and rosy with meadows and orchards. In a grove which covers a hill-side by my bedroom window a cuckoo sings all day, insisting, in his monotonous, bell-like voice, exactly like a German clock, only so loud that I believe you can hear him two miles, that Spring and fine weather have come. And then, at 10 o'clock at night, when all is still and dark, the nightingale begins his wondrous song. I believe he sings all night. Whenever I wake he is singing his solitary and most delicious music. What does he do it for? Why sing alone his melodies when all the world is asleep, or ought to be singing to the moon, or these past moonless nights, to the stars? At the first streak of dawn the whole hill-side rings with the melodies of a hundred warblers, but the nightingale scorns to sing in a chorus, and probably goes to sleep. Is it the spirit of an opera singer, still turning night into day, and going to sleep in the morning? It is worth coming to England to hear the nightingale; but they are so rare that thousands of English have never heard one; and there are large districts where he is never heard at all. It is never seen or heard in Devon, Cornwall; rarely if ever in Wales; never in Scotland or Ireland. The nightingale is a bird of passage, and comes over from the shores of the Mediterranean about the middle of April. Its migrations are as eccentric as its song. The males come over by themselves three days or a fortnight before the females, build the nests and get ready for house-keeping. If a male is caught before the arrival of the females, he seems content enough with a life of caged celibacy; but, if taken after mating, pines and dies. His nocturnal melodies are probably intended for the amusement of his lady-love during the process of incubation.

MR. DISRAELI'S NOVEL.

The event of the week has been the publication of Mr. DISRAELI'S novel, *Lothair*. It is an immense success. He was offered sixteen thousand pounds for the copyright, but refused the tempting bribe of eighty thousand dollars in gold, and published it on his own account with the solid old house of LONGMAN'S. In plot, and to a considerable extent in its personages, *Lothair* is a close reproduction of *The Young Duke*. Not that Mr. DISRAELI meant it. He cannot help himself. He remembers ideas, but does not remember where he got them. On the death of the Duke of WELLINGTON he pronounced an eulogy on the hero of Waterloo, a part of which was almost a literal translation from THIERS. Of course Mr. DISRAELI does not need to borrow from anybody, but he is liable to repeat any one he read, and still more himself. *Lothair* is no-popery in excelsis—not the no-popery of the vulgar Whalleys and Murphys—but that of conservative High Church Anglicans. The hero is identified with the young Marquis of BUTE, and Archbishop MANNING is brevetted a Cardinal. Such no-popery as this only piques curiosity and promotes what Anglicans call perversion. As a novel, *Lothair* is full of interest and go. The papers have been full of it, and nearly all praise it highly.

PARLIAMENT.

Parliament had great fun the other night in extinguishing Mr. NEWDEGATE. The majority of two votes which he stole at 2 o'clock the other morning, when most of the Liberals were asleep, in favor of a Committee on Convents, made such an excitement in England and Ireland that Mr. GLADSTONE was obliged to intervene. The Premier was in a tight place. No-popery had stolen a march, and would not give up its gain without a fight; but the Land bill was thereby put in peril. It would not do to contemptuously reject Mr. NEWDEGATE'S Committee—it would be worse to sanction it. Mr. GLADSTONE did as politicians generally do. He compromised—took a middle course—let the old man have his Committee but took from it all power of mischief. Mr. NEWDEGATE wanted to investigate the character, management and increase of conventual establishments as well as their property. Mr. GLADSTONE put forward a pronounced Protestant to speak against the whole proceeding as useless and mischievous, and then proposed to confirm the inquiry to the state of the law respecting all sorts of religious houses, Protestant as well as Catholic, and the tenure of their properties; whereupon Mr. NEWDEGATE was defeated, and the Ministerial compromise accepted by overwhelming majorities. And very well so. A mere inquiry respecting law and property by a fairly constituted Parliamentary Committee no one can object to. The law as it is, is absurd enough. A monk in England is simply an outlaw; he can be prosecuted, and the property of the monastery confiscated. If the inquiry had been gone into on Mr. NEWDEGATE'S motion, every person called upon to give information could have refused on the ground that they would be criminating themselves. The nuns, I believe, had resolved to go to prison rather than answer a question, and, being accustomed to cells, they would find themselves quite at home in Newgate.

THE RELIGIOUS SITUATION.

The whole business—the state of the law and the no-popery fanaticism—is very absurd in a country which pretends to treat with perfect toleration more than two hundred forms of religious faith. There are 164 kinds in the United Kingdom. In British India there are some fifty millions of Mohammedans and a hundred millions of pagans or idolaters, and their creeds, mosques, temples and social customs are treated with impartial toleration. More than half the subjects of Queen VICTORIA are polygamists—much less than half are Christians of any sort. In such an Empire the persecution and outlawry of Roman Catholics must be admitted to be the height of absurdity. Mr. WINTERBOTTOM, in his speech against NEWDEGATE, brought down the House and, probably, determined many votes by one happy phrase. Scouting the idea that England is in any danger