

The Cause Looming Up—Increasing Confidence in the Movement—Enthusiasm of the Natives.

Every day but strengthens the certainty that Cuba is destined to throw off the yoke of Spain and launch out for herself or else link her fortunes to those of this great republic in the embrace of which her honors will be respected, her integrity made secure forever, and all her material interests impelled forward to a degree of prosperity beyond the dream of her most sanguine admirers. By slow but sure degrees the Cuban question has taken rank among the most important of the day. A time there was when the name of filibusterism would have blazed more fiercely than it does now, and the cause of Cuba would have loomed up as the rallying beacon of party.

Spain, the mother country, in getting rid of its effete system of monarchy, and venturing on an experiment somewhat analogous to our own, deprived the Cubans, to some extent, of the claim they would otherwise freely win from the sympathies of the liberty-loving people of the world. The collapse of slavery at the South, and the prolonged absence of the democracy up Salt river, make Cuba a less desirable gem than it was formerly reckoned by a very powerful party in this country. Had the Cubans risen in the days of Lopez as they now have done in the days of Jordan, the Southern States alone would have made the island other than Spanish property in three weeks. That the cause of Cuba has within the last few weeks advanced in popularity there is some evidence to show. The meeting in Brooklyn night before last to aid the army of liberation was a success. Previous meetings proved failures. On Broadway yesterday the attentive observer might have noticed hats, coats, gaiters and other articles of toggery labelled "Cuban." This is a more effective way than people might imagine of making a cause popular. Kossuth's immortal chapeau, taken up by the hatters, put the cause of prostrate Hungary in everybody's head. Cuban faces were unusually numerous on our principal thoroughfare yesterday. The ladies, with eyes of tropical fire and hair of matchless jet, wore miniature flags of the Cuban nationality—bars of white and blue, with a solitary white star on a diamond shaped square of red. They wore them, too, with a proud appearing consciousness that the full and living standard of which this pretty badge was the model, will one of these glorious summer days float triumphantly over the triling banner of Spain. Of Cuban men there was no inconsiderable gathering at the various hotels. In the hall of the New York Hotel, a patriot warrior from the "ever faithful isle," stood leaning with a knightly dignity against a pillar, while he narrated in the rapid rattle of his native tongue the story of the struggle for independence. For a Cuban he looked unusually tall, standing over six feet, and wearing what evidently seemed a suit of guerilla uniform—strong brown linen pants, over gartered shoes, a short brown jean jacket reaching to the waist, and a magnificent drab sombrero, spreading out with the fulness of an umbrella. From beneath his hat brim a pair of black fearless eyes looked forth with no uneven lustre. He talked freely to his listeners, but not without a judicious reserve on questions more or less involving the success of the present movement. He seemed confident of success, and exclaimed against the desire for haste and rash enterprise which some people appear to think should characterize a revolution. "We can bear delay better than the Spaniards," said he. "From Santi Espiritu down to Baracoa, all through Puerto Principe, Nuevitaa, Bayamo, Manzanillo and Santiago de Cuba, Cuban troops in the summer season can stand the climate better than the Spaniards or any other class of men. Along by the southern coast, too, through Cienfuegos, Trinidad, and on that line, the heat is trying, and only the natives can keep up the requisite vitality for active operations. Americans who have been through the war here and going down there now can endure ten times the hardship that the Spaniards are able to bear. If it was nothing else but that we could wear our enemies out in the long run; but we are doing better than anybody could expect, considering the limited supplies we started upon. We have been extending and perfecting our plans every day with increased success. The end of the struggle will be sudden enough to astonish the world. I rode one day forty miles, from Villa Clara to Sagua la Grande, without finding a trace of Spanish authority. Each of these places is the terminus of a railroad, and the district of country around them is magnificent for an insurgent army. We have plenty to give our American friends who come that way—abundance of good, wholesome food and unlimited hospitality." Saying which, and with a significant nod to an adjacent Yankee, the Cuban strode off to relight his extinguished cigar.

A report obtained credence in the morning that a son of General Cespedes had arrived by the Morro Castle in the morning, but no amount of diligent inquiry could discover any reliability in the statement. The Morro Castle had more Americans than Cubans or Spaniards on board. Of the latter there were nearly a dozen, and of the Cubans Signors Cartello, Malpica, R. O. de Zened, R. Castaga and J. Calero were prominent. The Casanova family are all stopping in this city now. The Señoras Yzquredo and Siglor Casanova and daughter intend to proceed in a day or two to Washington to procure another interview with the President in relation to matters connected with the arrest of Mr. Casanova, and bearing on a question hitherto overlooked of some international importance.

The Cuban Ladies' Relief Association gave up their rooms at the St. Julien Hotel and took other apartments in the private residence of Mrs. Yzquredo on Twenty-third street, where they are more to themselves and unencumbered with the expense of paying rent.

The ladies of the association never felt so jubilant. They have an unbounded faith in the magnanimity and liberality of the American people, and feel correspondingly easy on the score of Spain's attempting any more high-handed outrages on their country people. The news from Cuba, published in yesterday morning's HERALD, relating to the arrival of Jordan and his adventurous party, together with his subsequent flight and victory, sent a thrill through the Cuban heart. Jordan will be the Chevalier Bayard of the Antilles in the minds of the enthusiastic señoritas from thenceforward. Who comes next? Some suggest Mosby, but there is every likelihood it will turn out to be a veteran of the free lance, famous the world over, but now for a long time in retirement. There is little reason to doubt the story of Jordan's successful landing. A beautiful brunette, whose feet should be moving to the rattle of the gay castanet and whose lips should never stir save to sentiment and music and loving osculation, remarked to a gentleman yesterday, in her pretty Cuban accents, that she should never return to her native isle till it made a grave for all the Spaniards. She knew what was being done to get Americans into the island and she also knew that the plan was so perfect not a man could ever be captured.