

CUBA.

ORDER FOR THE GIVING UP OF ARMS—THE CUBANS IN WASHINGTON.

HAVANA, Dec. 30.—The Governor of Matanzas has issued an order directing all citizens having arms in their possession to deliver the same to the Spanish authorities within two days. Those neglecting to comply with this order will be court-martialed.

The *For de Cuba* to-day publishes a story telegraphed from New-York, stating that Cubans have gone to Washington to buy Senators.

THE BANISHMENT OF CUBANS TO SPAIN.

HAVANA, Dec. 25.—Various causes are assigned for the sudden banishment to Spain of so many of our best known citizens. The most remarkable is that a paper, drawn up by the Junta of New-York, and bearing the signatures of its aiders and abettors in Havana, fell into the hands of the Captain-General. The signers were not directly employed in warlike conspiracy, but had engaged themselves to collect money. Whether this statement be true or not, it is quite certain that the Government is in every way striving to prevent the remission of Cuban funds abroad. The following are the names of some of the banished, forty-eight in all, from whose character, influence, and wealth, the extent and continued earnestness of the rebellion may be judged:

Miguel Ferrer, lawyer and proprietor, worth \$200,000
 Serafen Pacheco, secretary of different banking companies, and owner of large property.
 José Antonio Gallaraga, Professor of Law in the Havana University; owner of a sugar estate.
 Manuel Boquet, ex administrator of the Havana rail road.
 Enrique Echazte, merchant and sugar planter.
 Don Jose Terrin, lawyer and planter, worth \$1,000,000.
 Emilio Cepepedra, a rich proprietor, and owner of two estates.
 Justo Mazorra, real estate owner, related to the Aldama family, worth \$1,500,000.
 Juan Keyseyra, notary, and owner of estates.
 Nicolas Freiling, a lawyer and proprietor.
 Ramon Ponce, brother-in-law of Miguel Aldama, worth \$750,000.
 Jose Jerez, land owner and lawyer, worth \$250,000.
 Charles Font, merchant, owning two sugar estates.
 Julio Ibarra, President of Aldama's Bank, worth \$720,000.
 Jose Pio Mayorra, planter and house owner, worth \$1,200,000.
 Manuel Ponce de Leon, merchant, relative of the Cuban publicist Nestor Ponce de Leon.
 Pablo Garcia, lawyer and coffee planter.
 Silvio Mullner, planter, worth \$200,000.
 Antonio Armergol, notary public and planter, supposed to be worth \$100,000.
 Maximo Du Bouchet, a lawyer and proprietor.
 Antonio Reguera, notary and planter, worth \$450,000.
 Lorenzo Jimenez de Ocasio, Dr. Louis de la Caba, besides others of less note.

A FIERCE PROCLAMATION.

The Havanees have been circulating inflammatory proclamations. One of them bears a quotation from the celebrated Cuban poet Heredia: "He who knows how to die always conquers;" and proceeds as follows: "The despotic and bloody Spanish Government is recruiting its hosts that they may be launched against our heroic brethren of the East. Forty thousand slaves of despotism are marching against them. Shall we remain quiet? No! Let us rally to their aid! Let us fly to arms! Let us go to the combat, and, to the magic shout of Liberty or Death, prove to the entire world, which now applauds our course, that a people struggling for independence are capable of great deeds. At once let us press forward, and save from the jaws of death our dear Cuba."

A REBEL PAPER PUBLISHED IN HAVANA.

There is published in Havana, under the nose of the Spanish authorities, who are evidently helpless to procure its suppression, a small paper, called *El Laborante* (The Plotter), which is entirely devoted to the ridicule and denunciation of the Captain-General's party. A very large reward is offered for the name of its editor, who pretends to publish his paper at Carraguano, that is, nowhere. Its leader for No. 12 is called "The Truth, and is as follows:

The habitual food upon which our politics feed is lying; and this has been so ever since the war commenced. The Government lies, the military chiefs lie, the civil authorities lie, and the journals lie. Lying is the daily bread which is distributed to the people; but the people are disgusted with this horrid aliment, and instinctively refuse it. *El Laborante* was born founded for the express purpose of telling the truth; it has voluntarily contracted to perform this duty; it seeks it, and is able to lay for it. The Government does not grow scared, nor do the standards. *El Laborante* is immortal. Should it

die it would again spring up from its own ashes, as does the phoenix. Individuals may disappear, but the idea represented by journalism is eternal. While there are patriots in Cuba, there need be no occasion to fear that they shall be wanting in an organ to represent the independent party, that is to say, all the Cubans, because there is not a single one—we include even Pepe Alamo, the Captain of De Rodas's guides—who is not sincerely an enemy of Spain, notwithstanding his proclaimed, though not trusted, pretensions to being a Spaniard. "The Insurrection is dying out." This has been the daily morning salutation of the governing Spaniards. Lerroudi invented the phrase; he transmitted it to Dulce with the baton of command; Dulce bequeathed it to Espinar, and as a part of his heritage Rodas received it—that same Flórabrás, who swore by the cross which was upon the hilt of his sword, and by the grape-shot fired at Alcolea, that he would leave the island pacified, wholly so, in the month of September.

October passed by, and then came November. How is the disease? Always breaking its last, say they, and they say it in such an endless and noisy manner as to render everybody deaf and really to be misled. How is it dying, then? Let us see. "Because the Lillan and Horuet expeditions failed." Unfortunate was this, it cannot be doubted. Indeed, these auxiliaries ought to have reached the patriots, as others came in different points and times, and as they will again come in other vessels sent to us, as they will be, with more caution on the part of our brethren, and meeting with better fortune. The contest will exist for a longer time, the triumph will be delayed, but in the end we shall triumph. We know it, and the Spaniards are not in ignorance of this fact. With the aid to which we have referred our undertaking would have been easier; without them that which Spain is anxious to realize will not be the less impossible. "Because the United States has not recognized us as belligerents?" True, they may not recognize us, but we shall still fight.

"Because large reinforcements are arriving from the Peninsula." A never-ending song, a story without a conclusion. Between those who have arrived and those who are to come, 10,000 or 12,000 men may be counted. These are not sufficient to cover the losses of the Spanish army since the war began. The official statistics give these figures:

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| Died in the campaign..... | 8,000 |
| In hospitals..... | 3,000 |
| Went over to the Cubans..... | 3,000 |
| Not utilized..... | 2,000 |

Total.....18,000

Go ahead, then; let Spain send against us as many as she can. The number will be small, and of that number how many will prefer breaking their guns rather than use them against the defenders of the republican idea, for the triumph of which they have been fighting in Europe!

Our people feel strong and bold. The Spaniards, not we, have to obtain resources by arbitrary means, in order to prevent their dying of hunger in the towns which are blockaded. Their columns always suffer routs whenever they go out to seek provisions and forage, routs which they afterward publish as victories. The vigorous and active campaign which they announced, to what is it reduced! Read their periodicals, and you will ever see the same thing: a great deal of noise, charming, it is true; a large amount of *Fies España*, much self admiration; in truth, nothing. They do not advance a hand's-breadth, but rather give up leagues. Their chiefs ask for reinforcements each day, and Rodas kicks them out of command, as he has done with Quiro and Meras, the heroes of yesterday, but to-day sacrificed.

Now January and February are coming along with their winds, dry and strong; the revolutionary blaze will be lighted, the estates will be burned, there will be no crop gathered, there will, consequently, be no money; and then, good by to the National Integrity!