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### *Spaniards Two*

**HAVANA, NOV. 5.**—Then there is General Pando. He claims to have found out by personal inspection absolutely everything concerning the army at Tampa. He ridicules it; calls it, in fact, an army of duffers; says our officers were so many wooden men. That is all very fine, but what did Pando do with all this wonderful information of his? Apparently what he did with it was to wait until the war was over and then use it as material for boisterous and insulting talk in the American and English newspapers. It is plain that he did not use one of the invaluable facts to benefit his country during the war. He did not say to Toral: "Don't surrender; you are faced by a mere lot of incapable and illy provided people who will compass their own destruction if you give them a little time." In fact, what use did he make of his information, anyhow? None save in these uproarious and insolent interviews.

One does not expect a military spy to hold his own counsel until the war is over. Perhaps Pando did not do so. Perhaps he imparted his golden treasures to his comrades in arms. And what did they do with it? Where was this mine of information lost?

There is something wrong in this Pando game. Pando was undoubtedly a very genius of discovery and investigation, but he wandered into the woods somewhere and came out too late. In truth, Pando is but a soldier embittered because his side has been soundly whipped. After Waterloo, some of Napoleon's superb gray veterans wrote pamphlets proving that the English knew nothing of the art of war.

But Havana hears Pando. Pando was always known as the active fighting commander. Havana listens to his howl and grows more chagrined, more anxious to contend that Spain lost by a fluke, more angry.

The frenzy for not losing any single chance at a dollar displays itself in more wonderful ways than in a tax upon American ships bringing relief for the people of Cuba. Montoro, the chief of the treasury, has lately distinguished himself. Some Havana people projected a fair to be held at the Theatre Orajoa for the benefit of the hospitals which the Americans will establish for the sick among our troops. Although these hospitals are as remote and vague in point of time as the landing of a United States force here, yet these good people thought they would seize time by the hair and have a little fund all in readiness for the ailing boys in blue.

The response from the Cubans, from the Americans and from one or two straddling Spaniards was very hearty. Everything bloomed; it only remained for a committee to wait upon Montoro and gain his consent. But the gay Montoro at once announced to the committee when he saw it that they could hold the affair on condition that twenty-five per cent of the profits should go to the government. Having recovered its composure with some difficulty the committee left him.

As far as goes the mere accident of birth Montoro is a Cuban, but even as the Tories of our Revolutionary War were usually too brutal for the stomachs of regular English troops, so this

man is Cuba's most implacable and deadly foe. He and Fernando de Castro, the Civil Governor, another Cuban, will have to go to Spain when the change comes. They can't stay here. The Cubans are going to be very law-abiding, but it would be too bad to stuff these two rascals down their throats.