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"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

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Poets' Corner.

The Departure of the Troops.

BY ROBERT SHORY.

Strong of hand and brave of heart,
Saw ye not our troops depart!
Might I live for ages yet,
Ne'er should I the scene forget!
There they stood, as leave they took,
Englishmen in heart and look;
Feeling—loth to show they felt;
Melting—yet ashamed to melt!

Hands were stretched, loved hands to clasp—
They shall soon give different grasp!
Their regret, ye saw, was strong—
Others shall regret ere long!
Gloom bedimmed each visage proud—
Deeper gloom the foe shall shroud!
Tears, a few, they failed to stem—
Tears of blood shall pay for them!

Proudly wept the high-souled wife,
Sending forth her lord to strife;
Softer fell the sister's tear,
Bringing out her brother's spear;
Noble grew the maiden's manner,
As she spread her lover's banner,
Bidding him, as that was borne,
Win her love, or win her scorn!

Rudely wrenched from ties like these,
What to them are wind and seas?
Doomed such inward pangs to feel,
What to them are lead and steel?
Mixed in battle, men like them
Fate will brave and force contemn;
Bearing high, through flood and flame,
Britain's flag and Britain's name!

Patience Taught by Nature.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

"Oh, dreary life!" we cry, "Oh, dreary life!"
And still the generations of the birds
Sing through our sighing, and the flocks and herds
Serenely live while we are keeping strife
With Heaven's true purpose in us, as a knife
Against which we may struggle. Ocean girds
Unshak'd the dry land: savannah-swards
Unweary sweep: hills watch, unworn; and rife
Meek leaves drop yearly from the forest trees,
To show, above, the unwasted stars that pass
In their old glory! O thou God of old!
Grant me some smaller grace than comes to *these*:—
But so much patience as a blade of grass
Grows by contented through the heat and cold.

Tales and Sketches.

[From Household Words.]

THE LITTLE FLOWER.

Half the legends of wild countries refer to the exploits, good or evil, of brigands. In General, the tone of such narratives is rather favorable to the lawless than otherwise, and it is easy to understand why this should be. The ranks of Outlawry, when power is in the hands of the violent or the corrupt, are recruited from those very classes which in better times become the warmest friends of society. There is no reason why the Mokan of whose exploits we are to speak, should not under more favorable circumstances, have become an ornament to his name and country.

The Mokans are wandering shepherds from Transylvania, who come down to the plains of Bulgaria and Wallachia, on permission, to pasture their flocks and herds. They are not necessarily of one tribe, or race, and are indeed joined by many free spirits, from the surrounding unsettled countries, who see in that vagabond kind of life a means of escaping the tyranny to which all stationary citizens are liable. Michal the Mokan, as he was generally called after he became famous, was a native of Bulgaria, and was born in the environs of Sophia. Some tyrannical Pasha, when he was very young, endeavored to seize and make a servant of him, but he escaped, and, after wandering as a beggar thro' Servia, at length crossed the Danube, and proceeding still northward met a company of Mokans on their way, with herds of cattle to the lower plains of Wallachia. He at once enlisted himself amongst them and having been used to the care of cattle, soon was regarded as a valuable acquisition. In process of time he became a chief herdsman, and prosperously continued his annual voyages in search of pasture, sometimes as far as the levels of Dobritza.

He had reached the age of nearly thirty, without having suffered further vicissitudes in his new state than are commonly incident to it, when one autumn, he was returning to his elected country, with many companions and vast herds. By engaging in the pedlary trade across the Austrian frontier, in addition to his ordinary duties, he had now acquired comparative wealth; and, although he was attired in worn leather garments, covered with a sheep-skin cloak, the wool of which looked rather dirty, any one who had seen him reclining beneath a temporary tent made of a couple of blankets supported by two uprights and a cross stick, a little apart from the rest near the banks of the Dimbouritza, in its lower course, would have at once guessed him to be a man of respectability. It was near the eventide. The sun was setting over the vast plain, covered partially with forest beyond the river. The land around, as far as the eye could reach, was dotted by small groups of men, driving in the cattle that had strayed towards a kind of field enclosed on two sides by a winding stream, and on the other by the camps.—Tents, if such they could be called, were scattered here and there. Piles of the luggage formed pillows for weary men, who had supped, and were smoking their pipes. Fires, fed by half dried shrubs, hastily collected, smouldered rather than blazed; at intervals sending up columns, as it were, to support the canopy that was gathering overhead.

The Mokan looked with pride at certain vast bulls that bustled unwieldily by, some raising up their hair horns as if to avoid doing damage, others going head down, and goring right and left in their hurry, to avoid the goad—the kindly and the egotistical of the herd. He knew that those animals bore his marks; and from much association with Turks, could not repress the self-congratulatory exclamation of "Maghallah!" The word was scarcely out of his mouth, when a sharp cry of pain or fear came across the river. He turned somewhat listlessly in that direction, and beheld upon a slip of level land on the opposite side, a number of forms moving rapidly. They were horsemen galloping; But the sound which had attracted his attention must have come from a nearer point than that at which they had arrived when he first saw them. A lad, who had drawn nigh to give an account of the cattle, now directed his attention to something that was struggling in the water just in front. It was a swimmer vainly endeavoring to make head against the current. The light was down, but Michal, who had good eyes, exclaimed, "By my saint, 'tis a child hunted by some robbers—or perhaps an escaped serf! I have been hunted too, before now." So away went the sheep-skin cloak, and a portion of the other garments, and out plunged Michal into the stream—hand over hand—now rising to look about him—making obliquely to the place where the current would probably carry the weak swimmer. Before long he saw a face glance upwards not far from his; but it went down, and then the arm only was cast into the air. He caught the wrist of the swimming child, and raised its head above the water. 'Holy Virgin!' he muttered, ''tis a girl.' Though confused with her plunge, the girl had not lost her consciousness, and assented, if she heard what he said, with a wild smile. Michal was swimming powerfully back, when something struck the water sharply close by, making a sound like a pebble on a window pane. Again and again the same sound was repeated. 'As I live,' said Michal to himself, 'I heard that before. The villains are shooting at us. If I make the bank, then I shall be riddled to a certainty. Girl, are you afraid to dive?'

The girl whispered that she was not. So just as several shots were fired at once, they both went under water, to rise many yards down the stream. As it was now nearly dark, this was quite sufficient; but to make matters sure, they dived once more, and at length came up under the shadow of a Wallachian willow that drooped from the bank. Michal caught one of the long, strong branches, and soon got ashore.

'Now,' said he, sitting down, and not heeding the shouts that were passing to and fro across the lines, between the pursuing party and the Mokan herdsmen, who, in great alarm were asking what this attack meant: 'Now tell me, child, the story of thy misfortunes? Hast thou done anything wrong? I will protect thee all the same.'

His heart was overflowing with the recollection of his own escape, and he made as if he would embrace the child; but the gesture with which she repelled him and moved a little further off on the grass—whilst, in sign of friendship, she still left her hand upon his arm—showed that he was mistaken as to her age.

'My name is Floriora (the Little Flower) she replied. My father's name is Lagir. My mother is dead. I am the slave of the Lord Bibiano. He has sold me to the Pasha, and I have run away. Is this wrong?'

It was not necessary in that country to relate any further incidents. Michal understood the story at once; it is one of the singular parts of his character, and one of the incidents of his life which made him a hero among the people, that immediately without any fatal delays, he determined to abandon the property he had spent arduous years in amassing, in order to be enabled to save this young girl—who already owed her life to him—from misery and shame. He knew, that if he returned with her to the camp, all his companions, however much their feelings might prompt otherwise, would insist that the fugitive slave should be returned to her owners; otherwise they were in danger, not only of the loss of their permission to graze, but of confiscation of all their property. He did not wish to involve a tribe by whose kindness alone he had grown rich, in a dangerous dispute with the authorities of the country; and the idea of giving up the little Flower never occurred to him.

There was no time to lose. The pursuers who had lighted torches, were going up the river to a spot where was a ferry boat, and they would soon be down to search for the girl, alive or dead. Besides, probably in obedience to orders or threats from the other side, a number of the herdsmen were coming along the great hedge of bushes and trees that lined the river at that place, calling for Michal, and telling him to bring out the slave. They knew his powers of swimming, and guessed that in the gloom the shots from the enemy could not have taken effect. Michal rose, and taking Floriora by the hand, led her cautiously along the water's edge, round the end of the point.

'Now,' said he, 'the plain behind is full of people, and we cannot cross it without being seen. Some of my friends would let us escape; others more selfish, would delay us. Can you swim again, down stream, with your hand on my shoulder?'

She answered that she could, submitting herself implicitly to the faith of the stranger who saved her, and tacitly accepting his sacrifices, perhaps because she knew she could reward them. They dipped noiselessly into the stream, and in a leisurely manner began to cross. The passage was effected without difficulty, and on emerging, they found themselves many hundred yards below the extreme limit of the camp, the position of which could only be distinguished by a mass of smoke, reflecting a dull red glow. Their difficulties were, however, not yet over; the estates of the Lord Bibiano stretched all along that part of the river, 'far, far away,' said Floriora, and it would be impossible to traverse them during the night. She knew, however, a village of her own people, where she might perhaps hide in safety. But Michal, who probably knew that the Zigans were not always faithful one to the other, said that he preferred hiding in the woods. They accordingly proceeded for some distance—all night long, indeed—and, as the dawn began to whiten the east, hid themselves in a thick mass of trees to pass the day.

When the sun had risen, Floriora saw with some terror that they were not far from the country villa of her lord; but Michal told her this was the place where their pursuers would be least likely to look for them. And in truth they spent the day on the edge of a little glade in the forest, without seeing any live thing, save a few birds, a squirrel on the tree, and some bright green lizards. Michal, as soon as it was light, contemplated Floriora with amazement. Her beauty seemed to increase as the morning broke more cheerily through the trees; and when the sun suddenly darted a sheaf of golden beams through a cleft in the branchy canopy upon this maiden companion of his, he could scracely refrain from uttering a cry of wonder. She was small indeed as a child, and delicately formed, but had evidently attained the age when young girls, as they go down to the springs, look furtively over their shoulders to know if they are followed from afar off. Michal computed the relative value of the treasure he had lost and the treasure he had gained, and found that he was a richer man than on the previous eve. Some will wonder that he should thus at once assume a right of property over the maiden whose life he had saved; but he knew the power of gratitude by the experience of his own heart; and, besides, was there not something in the artless look of admiration which Floriora now and then cast up at his countenance, that told what form her thoughts were taking? One question he asked to satisfy himself, in a low voice, as he sat looking down attentively at a blade of grass that was shining in a speck of sunlight: 'Has Floriora left any one behind in the village whom she regrets?'

'My father,' she replied with emphasis, 'is grieving over my loss, and will rejoice to hear of my safety.'

This was enough; and though all was doubt and uncertainty for the morrow, their happy hearts throbbed all day long in the embowered recesses of the forest.

Floriora did not remain inactive all the time; but moved here and there gathering nutritious berries and digging up cool fresh roots from the earth. Michal did not like the look of these at first; but she bit pieces off them, and said laughing, in allusion to 'the cup of black coffee,' which sends so many great men out of the world:—'I will be your taster.' Thus the day wore on; and, when night come, the fugitives continued their journey, taking a northerly direction. Michal had formed a plan for his future life.

On the morning of the fourth day they reached a mountainous country, and soon entered a deep and gloomy glen with which Michal seemed well acquainted. Advancing a little in front of Floriora he came to a cave where, standing on one side with the girl pressed close to him, he cried; 'Lenk! Lenk! Come out and surrender.'

A bullet whistled past; and a roar as if a cannon had been fired within, rolled forth.

'Ha! Lenk,' again cried Michal, looking shrewd. 'If this had been the patrol, what would have been the use of firing before your eyes were open?'

'I have three more charges ready,' replied a gruff voice from the interior; 'and though you have caught me napping, it would be a hard matter to take me. But I think I know that voice. Is it Michal, playing his foolish jokes?'

'No other.'

'Stand out in the light and let me see you.'

'I shall make a good mark,' said Michal, advancing fearlessly from his cover, whilst Floriora, trembling with terror, endeavored to restrain him.

Presently the voice from within expressed satisfaction, but wanted to know who the woman was.

'My wife!' said Michal, boldly; and Floriora, though trembling with surprise and pleasure, remained silent.

Presently they entered the cavern, and the newly-betrothed maiden saw indeed that the robber Lenk's boast that he could not easily be taken was well founded. When they had advanced a few paces and her eyes had become accustomed to the half-light, she saw a dark chasm about three paces wide, stretching across the entrance, and heard a murmur of water far below. Never was there a better moat to a castle. The opposite side of the chasm was several feet above the place where the new-comers stood; and they soon discerned a form engaged in thrusting down a kind of a bridge, made of a couple of beams lashed together. Over this they passed; having turned round a huge mass of rock, they found themselves in a cave of considerable size, fitted with a table, a bed, rude cupboards, and other comforts, and lighted by an oil lamp swinging from the roof. In every respect this dwelling-place was superior to the hut to which Floriora had been accustomed.

'It is almost as fine as Lord Bibiano's palace,' said she.

Lenk, whose life Michal had saved, some years past, was a jovial host enough. He too had been driven to that wild mode of life, by an act of tyranny; and, though he did subsist by levying tribute on the surrounding country, was in every other respect a good sort of character. The peasantry whom he always spared—partly, perhaps, because they had nothing worth taking, partly, no doubt, from prudential motives—had never a bad word to say against him; and instead of assisting the police, always gave him due warning of any movement against his liberty. This is the reason of the long impunity which the brigands of Wallachia enjoy. It is not uncommon for them to live to a green old age, and when they do close their career young, it is generally in some skirmish. They are rarely taken and tried.

Lenk soon made his guests quite at home; and showed them, as an especial mark of his confidence, a crevice in the rock, which had formerly been open, but had gradually been filled with earth, and through which he was making a back-entrance to his retreat. "I know where it comes out," said he. "It is right on the top of the rock, at a place inaccessible except to birds. Then I will place a rope ladder, by which I can swing down when I please to the glen on the other side, which I could not reach except by an hour's walk any other way. So if I am ever hard pressed, I flit; and 'twill be a hard matter to catch me.' The earth all goes down the hole you have crossed, and there is no trace of it."

Michal, on the first opportunity, employed Lenk to go and bring a priest from a village down in the plain, and his marriage with Floriora was duly celebrated at the entrance of the glen. He now began to join Lenk in in his excursions; and they lived as comfortably as free-booters may. It would be a mistake to suppose that Floriora pined in this state of existence. She thought her husband's calling justifiable, and indeed noble; and proudly compared her own independent condition with that to which she was to have been condemned. When Michal remained many days absent, she felt keen misery and regretted that a more quiet lot had not been vouchsafed to her. But, when she saw him, from the entrance of the cave, coming back with a lamb on his shoulder, and Lenk following, driving a bullock laden with spoil, her eyes glistened and she leaped with as much joy and exultation to the neck of her lord, as if he had been a chieftain of many men, returning covered with laurels from the wars.

In due time a son was born to her, and her cup of happiness was full. It had been decreed that bitters should be again mixed with it. One morning Lenk was about to go forth when he descried bright objects flashing far down the glen; and his keen eye discovered that they were the weapons of soldiers. He at once suspected that his retreat had been discovered, and withdrawing the bridge announced the fact to Michal, who was standing in smiling happiness waiting until his little wife should succeed in unfastening the grasp by which his boy had got hold of his black beard. The two banditti made ready their arms, and waited for the near approach of the soldiery. There were about a dozen, but they halted at a respectful distance, and a man moved towards the entrance of the cave and exhorted the inmates to surrender. A scornful laugh was the answer; but the defenders of the cave did not fire on the herald because they saw that he was a peasant. Soon after the soldiers began to pour volley after volley into the cave; they were answered with effect. There was very little danger for Lenk and Michal, but some of the balls rebounded into the chamber where Floriora sat. She was therefore obliged to take refuge in the crevice; and which had, by this time, been completely opened.

When the combat had continued some hours, the besiegers, who knew that their firing had produced no effect, as the guns still answered from within, drew off, and seemed to consult. The new plan they hit upon has often been adopted in that kind of warfare. Some of them climbed the face of the hill, armed with sharp axes, and began cutting away the brushwood and throwing down the vast mass of dried wood which had been accumulating there for years. They had resolved to smoke out their enemies. Lenk now applauded himself on the idea of a back entrance; and when the bonfire was lighted the whole party made preparations for an escape. Being perfectly confident that there was no danger, they went up the steep passage laughing, reached the summit of the rock, joked about the foolish police who were roasting themselves that scorching day at the entrance of the cave, coughed a little in the smoke which filled the air, displaced the ladder, and prepared to descend into the valley. Lenk went down first, and sat patiently at the bottom, steadying the ladder; Floriora followed; then came Michal, with his boy strapped firmly on his back. He was only half way down when a shot was fired; Lenk fell dead; Floriora was seized by a man who rushed forward; and a volley was aimed at her unhappy husband. The missiles clattered in the rock around; but he was only slightly wounded, and the child escaped unhurt; he looked down, and saw a whole group of enemies waiting. His first impulse was to cast himself among them; for he thought that Floriora too had been murdered, as well as Lenk. But the love of life was strong within him; and he had revenge within him. He saw a ledge of rock at no great distance, and by a desperate leap, in spite of his burden, gained it. The men below stood awestruck. Another desperate leap. A shot or two was fired without effect. Another gigantic spring, and he reached a place from which he could scramble back towards the summit of the hill. In brief, he escaped, and an hour afterwards, found himself safe in a distant retreat, where he sat down and wept all the remainder of the day, even until the going down of the sun, for the loss of his Floriora.

It was after this incident that Michal became known in Wallachia as the Mokan. Under that name he committed many ruthless deeds, principally against the Boyards; because he soon learned that the attacking party which had deprived him of his happiness had been directed by the steward of the Lord Bibiano, who, by some means not explained, had discovered that the fugitive slave was living, and had learned the secret of the double entrance. The Mokan tried to ascertain what took place after he effected his escape. He found the body of Lenk, from which the soldiers had cut the head as a trophy; but there was no trace of Floriora. Perhaps the certainty of her doom would have left him less miserable. He tortured his mind with reflections on what might have happened to her. Jealous passion sometimes nearly drove him mad. He inquired of the peasantry. Some said that she had been killed; others that she had been taken away to a prison; others that she had escaped.—The last supposition, the Mokan treated with contempt, because he believed that if Floriora were at liberty she would soon find her way to his side. Thus time passed, and by degrees Michal hardened and hardened, and the terror of his name filled the whole country.

Nearly ten years afterwards, when his son had grown to a tall lithe boy, who looked much older than he was, Michal, at his request, took him to a fair, annually held at a village on the Transylvanian frontier, at the foot of the Krapacks. A convent of women stands at no great distance from the village, and the Mokan, disguised as a Bulgarian merchant, asked permission to sleep in the Hall of Strangers. This was readily granted, and the father and son lay down upon a mat, and reposed after the fatigues of the day.—The inhabitants of the convent had all come out, curious to look at him; many had chatted with him while he ate his supper. In the dead of night a woman, a nun by her dress, bearing a lamp, cautiously entered the room, and approaching the sleepers, stood over them and gazed in wonder at their faces—in wonder and love, for a moment afterwards, he was on her knees embracing the rough face of the Mokan, who awoke. He gazed on the pale startling face before him; and, as he gazed, a vision of youth and beauty took its place. "Floriora, O my Floriora! Thou art not so changed as I am!" Then they fell into each other's arms, and wept bitterly.

She had contrived to escape from her captors; but, believing that her husband and child were killed, repaired to that convent and asked for hospitality. She had not taken the veil—the pious Wallachian story-tellers particularly insist on this point—because only unmarried and free women were received; but she had remained for ten years as a kind of lay sister, doing menial services for the others. They had even acquired a claim over her something like that which a lord has over his serf. "I shall not be allowed to go with my lord," said she, faintly smiling, "it the morning finds me here."

Michal arose; and, shaking the boy who still slept, bade him follow. They went forth into the night together. For the second time, the Mokan abandoned the wealth he had amassed, and thought only of preserving the little Flower. Many were the dangers and sufferings they encountered in the passage of the Carpathian mountains; for Michal had resolved to try his fortune in another land.—The pilgrims travelled on foot, but Floriora never complained of fatigue. On the contrary, she every day seemed to grow younger and younger; and when they at length crossed the frontier, she romped with her son who was as tall as herself, in a field by the margin of a stream, while Michal sat on a fallen tree, and looked gravely on through tears of joy.

Thus they went on and on in good old story-book style, until they came to the Banat of Temeswar, in the capital of which the late bandit's son contrived to open a shop, and to settle down as a peaceable citizen. The lovers of the marvellous took the Mokan up at a much later period of life, and made him a guerilla hero in one of the wars between the Turks and the Russians, during which he espoused neither side, but inflicted injury on both. There is no reason, however, for supposing that he ever left Temeswar again. He had enough to do to make the little Flower happy after her long period of misfortune. We do not understand him, if he did not think her as beautiful ever afterwards, as when the dawn first revealed her countenance to him in the forest hiding-place. Michal the younger son grew up, and had brothers and sisters, some of whose children may be in Temeswar to this day.

From the North American.

THE ANNEXATION OF CUBA.

Judging from the tone of the public press, there appears to exist an overweening confidence on the part of some, and an extraordinary degree of apathy with others—and, indeed, in persons most interested—in regard to the grave question of the acquisition of Cuba. There appears to be gross misapprehension and misinformation, both at the North and South, upon the entire subject, its certain and probable consequences.

Within a few years past, it has been the fortune of the writer several times to have visited the island. I have traversed its Northern and Southern coast, from East to West, looked into and at its principal harbors, and have journeyed, for days together, on horseback, in the interior, particularly at the Eastern end, where, be it observed, not very many of our countrymen are apt to wander. To have passed, at different times, some three or four months upon the island, may not entitle a man to speak with perfect knowledge of the subject; but some facts and observations will force themselves upon the least attentive, and what may now be said, if not interesting, may lead others to closer investigation.

In the cities of Havana and Mantanzas, and the nearest parts of the island, in winter time, there may usually be found several hundreds of our countrymen. Some few are resident, many are urged by business, but most of them are in pursuit of relaxation or health.—Delighted with the climate and the beauty of the tropical vegetation, admiring the magnificent harbors, and struck with the natural advantages of the country, nothing is more common than to hear among them the expression that "the island ought to belong to us." If these and kindred temptations alone entered into the question, there would be very few American dissentients from such an opinion.

Yet, after full consideration of the facts upon the spot, and the opinions urged on either hand, the clearest grounds are manifest to warrant the conclusion that the annexation of Cuba to the United States would be fraught with questions and consequences of infinite danger to the peace and welfare of the Republic, and especially to the people of the South.

Indeed, instead of paying for the island the price of from one to three hundred millions of dollars, or obtaining it at the cost of war, (a much more likely alternative,) if Spain were willing to make us a *present* of this "Flower of the Antilles," there would be serious reasons for deprecating its acceptance. It would prove to us like the poisonous shirt of Nessus.

The motley population of Cuba is composed of various races, so greatly intermingled that the lines of demarcation are not perfectly distinguishable.

The Spanish Creoles probably are the chief proprietors, and form the upper classes, both in the cities and upon the large plantations. With these our countrymen have very little intercourse. They appear to be kind and courteous—but inert, uneducated, wholly unacquainted with political matters, and unfitted in every way for what we term "self-government;" not one of them is permitted to hold the smallest office. They are heavily taxed, and cordially detested, not without reason, by their military masters. If there is among them any sympathy with the annexation projects, or any desire for independence, it is probably owing to the illiberality they experience rather than to any real affection for the United States.

With the exception of the foreign residents, the trading classes are chiefly composed of Catalans from old Spain. These are held in humble estimation.

The creole peasantry (*white, par complaisance*) commonly denominated "*monteros*," appear to be descended from the Canary Islanders, intermingled with the old Spanish race, and possibly also with some aboriginal blood. These people very rarely own slaves. They occupy small bits of ground, about the great estates. Their humble dwellings are often constructed of the bark of the cocoa palm.—Plantains, bananas, canes and maize grow almost spontaneously, and without attention, afford perennial support to uncombed wives, and regiments of *naked* children. The maintenance of such a family thus costs nothing. The "*montero*" is almost a stranger to work or care. Where is the necessity? He mounts his hardy scrubby pony—clad in pantaloons, and *shirt outside*—secured with a handkerchief sash, that sustains a long straight silver-hilted sword—and with a game-cock under his arm, he ambles away to the nearest village, where billiards and coakfights while away the time not consecrated to sleep.

The negro slaves upon the plantations are more than half of them *savages*, natives of Africa. These are marked in the face with the figures of the African tribes to which they belong, and as such are easily distinguishable from the rest. Until within a few years past it has not been the general practice to breed slaves upon the estates. It was cheaper to work them to death, and buy fresh importations. At present, you may see a few women upon the plantations, and some native slaves. At the far eastern end of the island, the French fugitives from St. Domingo, and the Spanish inhabitants, have so greatly intermingled with the negroes, and these again with the aboriginal Indians, that, to the eye of the stranger, it would appear, in the city of St. Jago de Cuba, at least nine-tenths of the population are of this mongrel description. The writer was there during a festival of the "Holy Week," which affords the best opportunity of seeing the whole population, and it may safely be said, that hardly one-tenth appeared to be of unmixed Spanish blood. There are very few French or Spanish creole proprietors of coffee plantations and country estates, who have not, of their own, a more or less numerous mulatto progeny. The prejudices against the colored race, so general in the United States, hardly seem to be observable at the eastern end of Cuba. Many of these people, of mixed descent, are wealthy proprietors and highly respectable. Some of them are slave owners. A very large portion of these, denominated *whites*, are, in fact, of partially intermingled parentage. The census returns, in this particular, certainly cannot be relied upon. The Spanish creoles are obliged to treat these people with consideration.

These colored races, of necessity, must eventually possess the land. Although there seems to be but very little mercy either for human animal or beast in Cuba, the slaves possess, by Spanish law, some rights unknown in the United States. A negro, if dissatisfied with his master, can demand permission to go in search of another. And if another can be found willing to buy him for a certain sum, fixed by law, (represented to me at $300,) the master is compelled to transfer his rights. Many a time I have been asked by blacks to buy them. A female, *enciente*, may purchase the freedom of her unborn child by paying twenty-five dollars to her master. A negro may acquire by purchase the full legal privileges of a Spanish subject; and thenceforth it is an actionable offence to call the freed man "a negro." It is in derogation of his legal rights.

The community of feeling among the colored people is observable even to a stranger, and the whites are not without apprehensions. Undeniable proofs of this could be mentioned. The apprehension, too, of political troubles, drives many of those who have acquired fortunes away to old Spain or elsewhere.

Besides the tribes alluded to, there are some unmixed descendants of the aboriginal Indians still to be met with in the interior.—They occasionally work a little for wages for the large proprietors. They have the reputation of a readiness to shed blood. Among the mountains there are roving families and dangerous bands of runaway negroes, who cannot be retaken by their masters.

This medley population is kept in order by a military force supposed to amount to thirty thousand men. The conviction prevails that the actual returns are not to be depended upon, and that the real number of regular troops is kept a secret, and greatly exceeds the statement. The soldiery swarm in every village. At Holquin, an inland town, the name of which was almost new to me, I found a regiment of probably twelve hundred bayonets. In Havana alone there used to be quartered about a dozen regiments. At St. Jago, the soldiery are kept continually on the alert—artillery horses harnessed, and all in actual readiness for battle.

In the United States it has been the practice to depreciate the Spanish troops. Compared with the British infantry, they certainly are inferior; but in stature and appearance they far excel the French. The time has been when the Spanish were formidable soldiers. If properly officered, that time may come again. It may be even now—for the Spaniards, individually are not cowards. The forces in Cuba are extremely well clothed, well fed, well lodged, well armed, well drilled, well paid, and in defence of their immense strong-holds and inland fastnesses against invaders, some better evidence should be required than *fillibuster braggadocio* to induce the belief that they would run away.—Can the Spanish resistance to Napoleon be forgotten? Are there no materials and fields for guerrilla warfare? Among the many Moros in Cuba, could not one Saragossa be found? Nothing could be in worse taste, nor more ridiculous and contemptible than the recent statement of a leading New York paper, that "five thousand American riflemen would be an overmatch for all the Spanish soldiers in Cuba."

The entire Cuban population, military and civil, Spaniards, Creoles, Monteros, Mestizos, Mulattoes, Indians and Negroes, appear to unite in unmingled dislike for the British and American people. There neither is nor ever can be any affinity between us. If the island population were like that of Canada, in any degree homogeneous and similar to our own, the case might be entirely altered. But here is a race essentially foreign to ours in language, in religion, in taste, principles, and habits of thought, in domestic life, in dwellings, and all appliances, in politics; (accustomed only to a military despotism,) in almost every respect in which a people can be regarded, there are very few, if any, points of similarity or sympathy between us.

When the Floridas were purchased by the United States, the Spanish inhabitants almost universally left the country. To be sure, they were not many, nor so well established as in Cuba. Nothing can be more self evident that it would be impossible to cause a fusion of the Spanish race, even if pure blood, with the Americans of the United States.

But with the motley population of Cuba, what should be done if annexed to us?

Should we send away (and where?) the entire mass, after paying them for their possessions, as well as Spain for her sovereignty?

Superior force may sometimes, in the history of the world, for a time have caused subjugation, but not the complete expulsion of any numerous people. The day must surely come when the subdued shall repossess the land. Of this Spain herself is an example.

Shall we make American citizens of the mongrel races, who cannot be sent away?—who are at this moment free—owning much of the soil, and equal before the law? These listless, inert aliens, shall we give them votes? Aye, and representation, and seats in Congress? Why, we have never yet been willing to receive even an envoy from St. Domingo!

Shall we doom these unoffending people into bondage, and sell them at auction to the highest bidder?

Would the South demand it? Would the North consent? [Why, after the Nebraska bill, perhaps they might.]

Should we maintain an army of even the *half* of 30,000 men to keep these people in subjection? Would the North consent, and would the South desire it?

A few years since we possessed all Mexico—so perfectly, that our great trouble was to find a government strong enough to make a treaty of peace. These very questions then presented so many difficulties, that we rejected the uninviting conquest, and retained only that portion of the territory which was comparatively unincumbered with an alien population, and inhabitants unfitted to become citizens of the United States.

But further: Would South Carolina desire to export her slaves to Cuba, to be sold for $300 a piece? or does she want to import Africans from the island, paying a better price? Would Virginia consent to this? For be it remembered that the monetary exchanges of the Old Dominion are affected, and her pecuniary ease depends upon the rise and fall in the price of slaves. Has she not the monopoly of slave breeding? Will she *submit* to any interference with her "*dearest rights!*"

But there is a deficiency of slaves in Cuba. In 1849 the Planters were talking seriously among themselves of an application to England, France, and the other powers, to permit the re-opening of the African slave trade! This bright conception did not originate only yesterday in South Carolina.

The sugar grown upon the richly productive soil of Cuba, although subjected by us to a heavy duty, competes with the production of the less genial climate of the United States. Annexation would most probably destroy the sugar cultivation of Louisiana.—Cuba could well nigh supply the world.

In view of all these questions—and a good many more could be propounded—it does not require a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, to foretell that trouble must ensue, whenever the people of the United States shall be mad enough, even peaceably, to "re-annex the island of Cuba."

If we are to enter upon a career of war and conquest, let us understand the motives and objects, and, if possible, count the cost, and ascertain who shall pay it. That such an intention does exist, on the part of Southern men, who have obtained control of the government, and "with fear of change perplex the nation," is undeniably and unblushingly certain.

On the 10th of June, in the House of Representatives, Mr. Chastain, of Georgia, speaking on our relations with Spain, delivered a speech that is reported in the Daily Union of the 13th inst. At the close of his speech he said as follows:

"Political considerations, Mr. Chairman, demand prompt action on the part of our government to secure the possession of Cuba. It is idle, sir, to waste words in connexion with this branch of the subject. American policy must prevail on this side of the Atlantic. Spain must yield Cuba to the United States, and England and France must acquiesce. Such concession cannot but be for the benefit of the commerce of the world; and who will reap, of all Europe, greater advantages from it than these two powers? If cupidity tempt them, however, to induce Spain to barter her rights to them, let them take the consequences! And should Spain be weak enough to refuse liberal compensation for Cuba, she also must take the consequences! It is necessity that demands the sacrifice on her part, and that sacrifice will redound to the benefit of the whole human family.

"With these views, Mr. Chairman, I ardently hope that those to whom is intrusted our diplomacy with Spain will direct their attention at once, and without delay, to the acquisition of Cuba; that there shall be no dallying, but a frank and open diplomacy, calling upon Spain to name her terms, and if within the bounds of anything like reason, to accept them. If not, to make her the most liberal proposition; and if that be refused, and nothing else will do, as a matter of self-preservation, I go for an undisguised, open war for taking Cuba by force of arms."

Upon this speech the government organ observes:

"The spirited and patriotic speech of Mr. Chastain, of Georgia, on the Cuban question, which we print this morning, will be read with much interest. His positions are such as will be heartily responded to by the country."

This is explicit. England and France *must* acquiesce. They are probably finding sufficient occupation with the Russian filibuster for the moment. But should the Czar be wise enough to compromise with Western Europe, (which from appearances may all soon be in arms against him,) a peace would tell a different story to the United States. Have we no warning? Did they not send or offer to send fleets to protect the Spanish sovereignty against our previous filibusters? Do we not know their sentiments! The immense fleets of England and France would like no better invitation than to forage upon the rich American commerce, scattered unprotected in every sea. They would be delighted with the opportunity. Braggadocio in Congress, (that 'arsenal of words,' as Commodore STOCKTON well termed it,) would not save our defenceless sea ports. The loss would fall chiefly upon the people of the North. The South might not be grieved, for it is very difficult to discover any fellowship with the North in Southern patriotism, nor any strength or means to fight the battle they would bring upon us. Nothing can be more absolutely certain than that, in case of intervention by England and by France against American aggression upon Spanish rights and Spanish sovereignty in Cuba, the Nation (as we call it) would be humbled, and what is worse, we would deserve it.

July, 1854. A PHILADELPHIAN.

An Irish Story.

An amusing instance of Hibernian simplicity is afforded by the following little story told by a friend, in whose words we give it.

Molly, our housemaid is a model one, who handles the broomstick like a sceptre, and who has an abhorrence for dirt and a sympathy for soapsuds that amounts to a passion. She is a bustling, busy, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, blundering Hibernian, who hovers around our book-shelves, makes war upon our papers, and goes about thirsting for new worlds to conquer, in the shape of undusted and unrighted corners. One day she entered our library in a confused manner, quite different from her usual bustling way. She stood at the door with a letter between her thumb and finger, which she held at arm's length, as if she had a gunpowder plot in her grasp. In answer to our inquiries as to her business, she replied—

"Plase yer honor, I'm a poor girl, and hain't much larnin,' and ye sees, plase yer honor, Paddy O'Reilly, and the betther than him does not brathe in ould Ireland, has been writin' me a lether—a love lether, plase yer honor; an'—an'—"

We guessed at her embarrassment, and offered to relieve it, by reading the letter. Still she hesitated, while she twisted a bit of raw cotton in her fingers.

"Shure," she resumed, "an' that's just what I want; but it isn't a gentleman like yerself that would be likin' to know av the secrets between us, and so (here she twisted the cotton quite nervously,) if it 'll only plase yer honor, while rading it, so that ye may not hear it yerself, if ye'll just put this bit of cotton in yer ears an' stop up yer hearin,' an' then the secrets 'ill be unbeknown to yer."—N. O. Picayune.

☞ The children are so dirty in a place on Cape Cod, that a mother frequently goes into the street and washes the faces of half a dozen children before she finds her own.

☞ Mrs. Partington says it is a curious provision of nature that hens never lay when eggs are dear, and always begin when they are cheap.