

ment, that of protection to its citizens. Had Lopez landed with a sufficient force, and sufficient supplies to justify the anticipation of success, the people of Cuba would, in all human probability, have set these menaces at naught, and joined him. But he came with a mere handful of men, without an adequate supply of arms and ammunition, of both which the inhabitants were destitute, and there was nothing to inspire a reasonable hope of success. That the Cubans did not join him under these circumstances, is not to be wondered at. It was natural, when all circumstances are considered; although we cannot forbear observing, that those who are governed by such motives and such fears, will never, while they cherish them, achieve their liberty. They must risk all, to save all. This inaction, and alleged subsequent hostility on the part of the Cubans, was, however, fatal to Lopez and his followers. Had they joined him in any considerable numbers, and furnished him with provisions, the result would have been very different. Revolutions are often miracles, which are believed to be impossible until their accomplishment. Even the storm of rain, which rendered their arms and ammunition useless, may have been decisive of the fate of Lopez and his followers.

Let us do a little more justice to both, than has been meted out to them by the strenuous admirers of legitimate government. Many of them were Poles, without home, without country, and without any government on earth to which they owed allegiance. Their own government had been overthrown, their rights trampled under foot, and their property confiscated by a combination of hungry despots, leagued together in the unholy cause of plunder and devastation. They had become citizens of the world; exiles and wanderers, who, finding no resting place in the old, had sought refuge in the new. Is it a matter of surprise, that persons thus cut loose from the rest of mankind, and set adrift by the exercise of an arbitrary usurped power, should join the standard of liberty wherever it was unfurled, and make eternal warfare against despotism wherever it existed? Others of these adventurers were Hungarians, companions of Kosuth, and, like him, victims to arbitrary power. But by far the larger portion were Americans, our countrymen, a majority of whom were men of education, connected with families of the first respectability, and imbued with high heroic feelings and principles. Who gave us the right to say that these men were exclusively influenced by a love of plunder and a passion for blood? and what feeling or principle justifies us Americans in joining the hue and cry of pirates, robbers, cut-throats, and outlaws, raised against them by the organs of British policy and Spanish despotism, and echoed by those of our whig administration. The common feelings of humanity might lead us to lament the fate of heroes of our brave countrymen, belonging to that class which gathered such green laurels in Mexico, and were hunted by bloodhounds, manacled like felons, and shot down like dogs, by scores at a time, in cold blood; and buried like dogs, after their remains were outraged and mutilated by the rabble of Havana. But with these we are forbidden to sympathize, and nothing remains for us but to rejoice that Spanish despotism is established in Cuba, and the "Fillibusters" offered up at its bloody shrines. Be it so. Time will decide whether they were pirates and cut-throats, or heroes and patriots; and, for the present, to time we leave them. Whatever may have been their lives, the mode of their death, and the manner in which they met it, one would think might at least call forth the sympathies, if