

SKULKING HEROES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

We hear so much of the eager zeal of Cuba for liberty that it will scarcely seem credible that between two and three thousand of her sons at this moment adorn the thoroughfares of New York, are visible at theatres, matinées and operas, and seem to evince as little sense of patriotism as so many monkeys in an Orinoco wilderness.

It is also announced that the neighboring island of Jamaica swarms with well dressed refugees, whom important business doubtless summons away from home, or who perhaps find their native climate too monotonous and sultry for them. It may be that the Cuban, unlike all other people, has some obscure right to have his fighting done for him, while, remote from peril, he gayly takes his ease, and, like the scented lord who came and held discourse with Hotspur, thinks if it were not for those "vile guns" and the perils which attend their use he would go and be a soldier. There is an old song, written by a man who was not a bad judge of such matters, one line of which is to be commended to the attention of the malingering Cubans—

Who would be free themselves must strike the blow.

It is all very well for these carpet-knights to make parade of their patriotism, to be foremost in getting up meetings and taking up subscriptions, but if they are sincere in their purposes why don't they go home and fight? Do they think that we should ever have conquered our independence if our young men, in troops and legions, clad in purple and fine linen, curled like poodles and scented like milliners, had skulked away into places of security and besought somebody else to go fight their battles? We can tell them that such are not the means through which peoples win their freedom; that the forenoon in the barber's chair, the afternoon in the fruit shop and the evening in the ballroom are not at all heroic occupations, and that they don't help Cuban aspirations for liberty in the least.

These young tropical knights are probably not made of very stern stuff, or they would be ashamed to repose here in idleness while their compatriots, male and female, are urging others to go and accomplish the deliverance of Cuba. Why don't the fair Senoras, who are so zealous and eager in the cause, devise some means of shaming these skulking heroes out of their retirement and into the field? Cuba can certainly not expect to elicit the entire enthusiasm of her neighbors while so many of her sons, who ought to be at home bearing her standards in the front of battle, are capering about distant and alien cities, keeping themselves conveniently out of the range of shot and shell, and doubtless devising new readings of Hudibras—

For he who skulks may skulk again,
Which he can never do that's said.