

wore the mask of youth. So might he have looked when, in the twilight beneath the echo-tree, she had sung the same words to him long before; so might he have smiled and lifted his love-lighted eyes in an inspiration of recognition, and stretched forth his arms and folded Elizabeth to his heart.

"Elizabeth, Elizabeth!" he whispered, hoarsely. "Speak to me, dear child! I used you ill, but you love me, Elizabeth? Say you forgive me. I have no breath to waste in mere words, dearest. I have been hurt unto death, through the pride of life and the lusts thereof. But oh! I have loved you through it all, darling—you, Elizabeth, only you! Speak—quickly—darling!"

Her half-vacant eyes filled up to the brim with sudden intense light and life, which touched her lips, as well, into a seraphic smile, and painted cheek and chin with the wild rose of health; all the frozen sluices of her heart gave way at one impulse; for the moment she was once again pretty Elizabeth Brandon, with her lover's arm about her, and his eyes beseeching her; all the bitter intervening years had slipped down into gulfs of forgetfulness; she remembered nothing but that she had him fast, but that she loved him.

"There is no need for haste," she said, bending toward him; "have I not all forever to tell you my love in, dear?"

"All forever there! Oh say it quickly here; Elizabeth, my love! say you have not forgotten to love me! Kiss me once again with your fragrant mouth. Ah, your face fades away into air!—do not go away now! do not leave me alone forever! Lean over me so, and let my soul pass into yours! 'Good-by, sweet-heart—good-by.'"

The tired eyelids flickered, the smile trembled and went out, like a light that flares and dies; the hands relaxed their hold of earth-gotten gains; Elizabeth's warm lips took the last dying breath of Julian Frodsham!

### CUBA AND THE OSTEND MANIFESTO.

THE party organized under the name of Young America, and recognizing Stephen A. Douglas as its leader, had, as a principal object, the acquisition of Cuba. How that party, in 1853, killed the superannuated leaders of the old Democracy, and then committed suicide by consenting to the nomination of Frank Pierce as their candidate for the Presidency, are matters of history, and I need not repeat them. One had to know, personally, Douglas, Corry, Marshall, and Sanders to appreciate their look of blank dismay and disgust when William A. Marcy was called to the State Department.

General Pierce organized an able Cabinet. The most striking figure was at its head. William A. Marcy had been raised and educated in a school that held principles as a sportsman does money—as so much capital with which to gam-

ble. Thoroughly imbued with such teachings, he had not, probably, a solitary conviction of what was right or wrong in politics, and no impulses to embarrass him in selecting between the two. And yet it is impossible to look over his career, long and varied as it was, and find one act that does not justly claim our approval. All that he accomplished was the result of intellectual effort, and nothing else. Not only as a hard student did he gather to his thoughtful mind the lessons of the past, but as a shrewd observer he understood the events of his day, and appreciated the actors, so as to acquire and exercise influence without resorting to the low arts peculiar to the supple politician. Huge and unwieldy in his person, rough almost to brutality in his manner, with massive head, shaggy eyebrows, and piercing eyes; possessed of a relish for humor, and a power of sarcasm—based on a keen sense of the ludicrous—combined to make the political shams of his day shrink from his presence, and at the same time fear and respect his power. I doubt whether William A. Marcy had a friend, in the popular acceptance of the word, but he had what is much better—a wide circle of earnest supporters who believed him honest and capable.

We can not justly hold a man accountable for his friends. He is responsible for his enemies. The former select him; the latter he selects. How we may be damaged by the kind souls that circumstances or themselves fasten to us, has become proverbial. William A. Marcy managed both classes with admirable judgment. The officious and indiscreet he shook off, while with a premeditation and malice aforethought really artistic, he created his enemies. One of these last was a brother member of the Cabinet—the cold, subtle, and unprincipled Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis.

The cynic believes—is he not right?—that a man is respected in this wicked, cowardly world of ours just in proportion to the harm he can do. Who has ever seen a huge fellow running from a hornet without appreciating this fact? For one act originating in kind impulse, have we not a hundred to which we are driven from a fear of unpleasant consequences? To this may be attributed, in great measure, the success of Governor Marcy and Secretary Davis; and our political friends who practice the amiable virtues might, with advantage, note the fact and study the examples.

Young America had no representative in the Cabinet of Mr. Pierce; but the leaders had too much pluck to be discouraged on that account. As much of the difference between them and the "old fogies" (as the elders of the Democracy were called) was in our foreign policy, an effort was inaugurated to secure one or more representatives in the diplomatic and consular corps. With Governor Marcy at the head of the State Department, this effort would have been fruitless but for the fact that it received the sanction and active co-operation of Mr. Secretary Davis. Pierre Soulé, Senator from



Louisiana, was selected; and the post asked for, that of Minister to Spain. There was something extremely ludicrous in the proposition. Senator Soulé, a Frenchman by birth and education, a Red Republican by profession, and a Democrat in principle, had signalized his career in the Senate by bitter, continuous attacks on the governments of Europe in general, and that of Spain in particular. To send such a man abroad, clothed with powers as a Minister, was the absurdest proposition ever submitted to a civilized nation. It was an insult to the Spanish government, and was so regarded by its proud and irritable people. That this selection should be acquiesced in by Senators and Representatives not in the secret that actuated the appointment, only gives additional proof of our ignorance of the laws and usages of diplomacy. To choose an avowed and bitter enemy as our representative at the court of a friendly power, was to close the door to all usefulness in the Minister. As his appointment was an insult, his presence would be a continued irritation; and one might well be puzzled to know how important information could be obtained, or advantageous negotiations conducted, by such an agent.

It was not intended, however, by the managers of this little affair that Pierre Soulé should waste his time in picking up information or negotiating treaties. He was to procure the acquisition of Cuba, either by purchase or by force. And they were well aware that either process could not in any event be a friendly one. They knew that no class or clique of politicians was to be found in Madrid bold enough to advocate or consent to the loss of this last possession out of the many that had given so wide a space to Spain in the history of conquest. The Spanish grandee, who will live upon garlic to preserve his feathers, and suffer the severest privation rather than soil his hands by labor, is not the man to approach with a proposition based on his weakness or poverty. Young America and the Southern politicians were well aware of this. But Cuba, from the fact that we wanted it, and for no other reason, was a source of constant irritation. Every thirty days the American flag—so dear to the South—was grievously insulted; and, instead of instant reparation or war, it all passed off in stupid negotiations. Young America was too impatient and the South too proud for such delays and such results. They wanted an agent whose knowledge of diplomacy, or rather practice, did not extend beyond a demand for instant apology and indemnity—or his passport. The first they knew would not be given; but the last could be forced, and Mr. Pierre Soulé was well selected for that business.

Read by the light of subsequent events, it is not difficult to understand why Davis, Toombs, Mason, Slidell, and others of the South, favored this abominable design. While Young America, full of honest enthusiasm, promulgated the

doctrine of Manifest Destiny, that would not only extend our dominions to the salt-water's edge, but embrace the islands adjacent, the addition of two slave States in Cuba, and no end to slave territory taken from Mexico, would serve to preserve that balance of power upon which, in its estimation, depended the preservation of our Union, the Southern intriguers saw in the acquisition of Cuba further reasons and means for the breaking up of that Union, and the creation of a great empire based on slavery. This design of a confederacy of slave States, originating with John C. Calhoun, had been brooded over by the South for thirty years, and would have assumed shape long before, but for the presence of Henry Clay, whose great mind embraced the entire country, and to whose heart our integrity as a people was dearer than life itself.

Although from his association and support as a politician one might reasonably think otherwise, I do not believe Mr. Soulé was ever affected by these Southern doctrines. He understood them well; and frequently, after his arrival in Paris, called my attention to the designs of Southern leaders. But he believed that, in preserving the balance of power between the free and the slave States, we would strengthen the Union. He held that, while Northern territory should be acquired and given up to free labor, the South should look to Cuba, Mexico, and Central America for the addition of slave States. He believed that, in these events, the Union would be more durable than before.

In spite of the remonstrances from Mr. Marcy, the President gave way to the importunities of Young America and the solicitations of Southern politicians. He appointed Mr. Soulé Minister to Spain.

The Minister was not long without an opportunity for the exercise of his diplomatic talent. The *Black Warrior*, a merchant vessel of the United States, sailing in the waters of Cuba under suspicious circumstances, was fired at and brought to by a Spanish man-of-war. Under the then prevailing doctrine of the sacredness of the flag, and the consequent exemption from the right of search, it was exceedingly easy to get a vessel fired into. Filibusters, pirates, and slavers had only to run up the Stars and Stripes to secure their protection. Any interference was then at the risk of the party interfering. If he fortunately seized a pirate, well and good; but if, on the contrary, he molested an honest bark, woe betide him!—the flag had been insulted, and great was the indignation.

In this instance, the flag so jealously guarded by Southern politicians was grievously insulted. A round shot from a six-pounder had ricocheted across the bows of the vessel carrying that flag; and the skipper, under the shadow of that banner, had been called to account. The country, North and South, was aroused by the indignity; and from the press



and the stump came loud demands for apology. In response to these outcries, Colonel Sumner (since Major-General Sumner) was hurried to Madrid with dispatches, and Young America was jubilant. I asked Mr. Barringer, Pierre Soulé's immediate predecessor, and then in Paris on his way home, if he thought a war likely to grow out of the affair.

"Oh! certainly not."

"I can not well see how it can be avoided. Mr. Soulé will certainly demand an apology, and that will not be given; then he will ask for his passports."

"Hardly. Soulé will first state the circumstance, and ask if the outrage is sanctioned by the Spanish government. The Minister will respond that he is not yet in possession of the facts; he will reply as soon as he receives them. A month will be exhausted in waiting for reliable intelligence; and when this at last arrives a long correspondence will spring up in relation thereto. When, at last, the responsibility is settled, the question comes as to the indemnity; and when this, after a tiresome correspondence, is determined upon, the Minister of Foreign Affairs will take up some old claim against our government or citizens, and ask to have it admitted as a set-off. This will be deemed sufficient ground for further correspondence, and by the time it is at an end the *Black Warrior* outrage will have passed from the memory of man."

The shrewd remarks of Mr. Barringer showed considerable knowledge of the Spanish Ministry and European diplomacy. But they exhibited a profound ignorance of Pierre Soulé. The correspondence opened as the ex-Minister predicted. The Minister of Foreign Affairs responded that he was not yet prepared, as he was awaiting later and important intelligence. Mr. Soulé immediately protested. He claimed that the Cuban mail, that left subsequent to the event under consideration, arrived previous to his dispatches; and certainly so grave an event, affecting the peace of two great nations, was not left unexplained by the Captain-General of Cuba. He must insist upon an immediate response. Twenty-four hours after, this peremptory demand remaining unanswered, the Secretary of the American Legation, Mr. Perry, appeared before Calderon de la Barca.

"I am instructed, your Excellency, by the American Minister, to say that he sees no good reason for this extraordinary delay in responding to his note demanding an explanation for the recent insult to our flag. Your Excellency will observe," the Secretary continued, looking at his watch, "that it is now twelve o'clock. At this hour to-morrow, I am instructed to say, I will call again. If the response is not ready, his Excellency wishes his passports."

"My God, young man!" said the startled Minister, "his passports? Does Mr. Soulé mean war? Would he involve these two great powers in a war?"

"I am not instructed by his Excellency as

to his intentions, other than what I have already said. I wish your Excellency a good-morning."

The note was received ere the twenty-four hours had passed, and proved entirely satisfactory. There was no excuse for demanding passports; and, alas! no hope of a war.

The fact is, Senator Soulé soon discovered that, between Mr. Secretary Marcy at home and dull, honest, yet experienced Calderon de la Barca as Minister of Foreign Affairs in Madrid, he had more than he could well manage. Calderon, as I have said, was dull and honest; but his long residence at Washington as Minister had given him a correct knowledge of our government and a fair appreciation of our people. He was able, therefore, to meet Soulé successfully, although vastly his inferior in every respect.

I do not recollect, if indeed I ever knew, who proposed the Ostend Convention. The design was that Messrs. Buchanan, Mason, and Soulé should meet at some convenient place, compare notes, and give the administration at Washington the benefit of their information touching the acquisition of Cuba. I can readily imagine the alacrity with which Mr. Secretary Marcy consented to, if he did not suggest this pitfall. He had little faith in Southern politicians, and none whatever in Young America. He despised Buchanan, hated Soulé, and laughed at Mason; and must have chuckled at the thought of exhibiting them to the world as making a proposition as impracticable as it was odious. It would be difficult to conceive, even with a knowledge of the character and antecedents of these men, how they could possibly agree upon any one thing. But it must be remembered that while Soulé had sought the acquisition of Cuba as the representative of a party honestly and enthusiastically imbued with the doctrine of Manifest Destiny—a destiny that would eventually give the continent of North America to one grand, powerful, and perfect republic—Mason was the blind, narrow, and bigoted believer in a Southern Confederacy, and wished Cuba for additional slave States; while Mr. Buchanan, knowing little of, and caring less for either project, was looking anxiously for the Presidency, and had a profound respect for Southern influence, and a wholesome fear of the reckless organization that in the late National Convention had so effectually put a quietus to his political claims.

George Sanders and Mr. Sickles had contrived to bring him in contact with Felix Pyat, Kosuth, young Hugo, Louis Blanc, and other distinguished Red Republicans, whose favorite resort was the house of Mr. Sanders, where dinners were given and duly chronicled, and revolutions plotted; but that the American Minister should partake greatly disgusted my worthy chief in Paris, who roundly asserted that such undignified and unprincipled conduct greatly impaired Mr. Mason's usefulness as a Minister, and retarded his diplomatic work. What this



usefulness and work consisted of would puzzle one to say, unless they were a profound gravity of deportment, and a close imitation of diplomatic life, very difficult to maintain when the actor had any sense of fun in his composition.

The Ostend Convention was an absurdity. What information those three gentlemen could gather up, other than that already possessed by the administration at home, it is difficult to imagine. But when we remember that this trio of sages were not ministers, had no diplomatic power, but were merely the clerks or agents of the State Department, and that even the head of the State Department was only the clerk of the President, and that the President could not move without the sanction of the Senate, the amazement, and next the amusement, of the diplomates in Europe can be appreciated.

It was, in fact, an appeal to the people of the United States, made over the heads of the administration, showing the necessity of seizing upon Cuba, how it could be accomplished, and how such seizure—albeit in the teeth of certain maxims cherished by civilized people—was yet an “honest thing.” Unsophisticated people saw in it only a shameful exhibition of unprincipled knavery on the part of these pretended representatives. The immorality of the proceeding does not astound us so much as its intense stupidity. Diplomatic effort has but one moral criterion, and that is Success. We have seen, as every student must see, how governments, while professing the purest and highest regard for rights of all sorts, unhesitatingly trample upon them when their safety or interests seem to demand the sacrifice. But it is something new in history, and unique in diplomacy, to plan a burglary of such magnificent proportions, and to publish the prospectus in advance. That these prominent men should unhesitatingly assume the moral status of our people to be on a level with such a paper, and give the world to understand that such an appeal would be popular, was most infamous; and that Mr. Secretary Marcy should have consented to the act seems incredible, unless he saw in it, as he probably did, the willful suicide of these obnoxious politicians.

The Convention assembled. I was to have been its secretary, but declined in favor of Mr. D. K. M'Rea, American Consul at Paris. Mr. Soulé came prepared with an elaborate document, but with the tact and penetration peculiar to him, he submitted it to Mr. Buchanan with an earnest request that he would adopt it, and consider it merely a few thoughts hastily thrown together, and from them, as from the rough ore, produce the finished coin of his own creation. The ponderous Pennsylvanian, completely carried away by the flattery, worked out the Manifesto. It is a singular fact that this document, as it originally stood in the handwriting of Mr. Buchanan, did not exhibit one redeeming feature. The most abandoned criminal could scarcely have thrown out a more bare-

faced plea in behalf of villainy than did this so-called statesman of Pennsylvania. Born and raised in a free State, where all his early and better associations ought surely to have endeared freedom to him, he yet sold himself to Southern masters—and for what?—and placed on record in this notorious Manifesto his conviction that our possession of Cuba was a necessity, in order to perpetuate slavery there; for its seizure by any other power would most likely result in the emancipation of its slaves; and such a menace to our peculiar institution threatened injury and danger to our government, and hence there was no remedy for the evil but a forced purchase or seizure of the island.

The original draft, in the handwriting of Mr. Buchanan, was corrected here and there by Mr. Soulé, who endeavored to soften it somewhat by a few moral paragraphs and rather pious reflections; while traces might be seen of Judge Mason's pen correcting a few verbal inaccuracies. The naked deformity of the thing seems to have shocked even the Frenchman. Judge Mason can scarcely be held accountable. It depended very much whether it was before or after dinner that he signed the paper. But Mr. Buchanan offered himself unhesitatingly and shamelessly for sale. The Presidency was his object; that secured, he cared little for the disasters he brought upon the republic, even should the gratification of his vanity and ambition involve the very destruction of the republic itself.

The Ostend Manifesto was received with grins by the diplomatic circles of Europe, and ridiculed and abused at home. The trap intended for Mr. Marcy caught those who made it.

“I have read your paper, gotten up at Ostend, with great interest,” said Drouyn de L'Huys, gravely, to Mr. Mason, “and I must say that it is able and clear. I never before understood your American policy.”

This was too much even for the simple mind of the Virginian diplomate; but restraining his wrath until he reached his carriage, he turned to me and said, emphatically,

“D—n his impudence!”

One of the Commission, however, was eminently successful. At the National Democratic Convention following its publication, Mr. Buchanan, its reputed author, received the nomination as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. Young America was true to its pledge; and the Southern politicians saw in this man a creature they could mould to their own traitorous purposes—even then clearly defined. They were not mistaken. The Minister who had unhesitatingly appended his signature to his own degradation, in the hope of such a reward as was eventually given him, occupied the Presidential chair in stolid indifference for four years; while, to his knowledge, the most active preparations were being made for the destruction of the government that had so honored him.

“I am the last President of the United States!” he said, in a tone indicative of triumph rather than of sorrow.