

TUESDAY, JUNE 15, 1869.

ONLY SEVEN YEARS OLD WHEN SHE DIED.

Only seven years old when she died,
Surely the angels must love her dearly!
Bright golden-haired and violet-eyed,
None could ever look on her face severely!
There are children as many as the flowers,
But never was one more sweet than ours,
The latest bud on an aged tree
Where never blossom again may be,
Once I held up my head with the best,
Crowned with three flowers of promise bright;
Two—two of the fairest—Death tore from my breast,
Five years ago, in the self-same night.
She was the only one left to me,
And I prayed with groans of agony
That burst from my heart, a mingled prayer
Of hope and doubting and black despair,
That the who death wisely, whatever betide,
Would be willing to leave her eye by my side,
Still blessing her richly with increase of days,
It may be he heard me—but ah! His ways
Are not as ours—from the heavenly place
Perhaps she gazed beneath our life with grace.

Only seven years old when she died!
Yet the hopes of two life-times died with her!
We have not a wish in the world wide,
Save that we had gone out on the tide with her!
The tide that has borne them all away,
Sylvia and Avis, now little May;
The ebb that never knows turn or flow,
However the full moons come or go!
But I would not murmur—no complaint
Breaks from the lips, asleep or awake,
Of the mother who bore them, making a faint
Or long content for my love's sake.
But sometimes her hand clings to her heart,
And at certain hours she sits apart;
And the golden light of sunset skies
Brides a far-off look into her eyes;
And I fear me much that her treasure in Heaven
Her heart from its earth-hold has almost given,
And soon, hearing the voice of her children three,
She too, will drift out to that unknown sea—
"The sea of glass" for her it should be—
God's promise! what then will become of me!

Only seven years old when she died!
How our old hearts took young delight in her,
Our only pleasure, our hope, our pride!
Well! He who made her had the most right in her!
We took her from Him thanksgiving;
We gave her back—no, not willingly,
But not with repining—God forbid!
Yet I think He pardons that we did
Falter awhile and fall in our praise,
Missing the key to which it was set,
For a sweet child made in happier days,
The old time haunts our memory yet,
And we scarce can read, for tears, the page
Of blessings left to our altered age.
Our "larks," once "fallen in pleasant places,"
Blackly stare in our darkened faces,
And our larks on the willows of grief hang low;
But God, ever-true, has known what we know,
Once the harpings of Heaven ceased suddenly,
And His heart was thrilled by a bitter cry—
"The cry of His Son's last agony;
He knows what we felt when we saw her die.

Only seven years old when she died!
Passed from the earth ere she learned its history!
Now she stands up with the glorified,
Fully as wise in the heavenly mystery
As they who through great tribulation
Fought their way up from every nation,
Leaving the world with their life-blood warm,
Carried the kingdom of God by storm.
Sometimes still they talk of their story—
How they suffered, and conquered, and died;
Cleft a path on through the cloud to the glory;
She stands listening, wondering eyed,
Nought she knew of toil or endeavor—
Mother's arms were around her ever;
Little of sorrow, doubt, or despair;
Half she questions her right to be there—
She who has nothing either suffered or done;
But smiling, she looks to the Son,
And, folding her pretty hands reverently,
Looks on her child-eyed most confidently—
"The same she leaned at her mother's knee—"
"He said: 'Let the little ones come to me.'"

Only seven years old when she died!
Seventy long years, yet, and more years still,
We have clung and clung to the side—
She stands even now at the top of the hill,
Bright in the beams of the morning light!
Ours, at the best, is a starry night,
We toil on through the dust and the heat;
She sits at the Master's feet,
Reading the truth of his lovely face,
Answering him back glad smile for smile,
We tremblingly shrink out for grace—"Lord! more grace!"
Dreading to meet his look all the while,
So spotted our souls, and mottled with sin,
She shows stainless without and within—
A snow-white soul in a robe like snow,
Went, and way worn, and sad we go,
Sorely doubting it, after our course be run,
Our life-lasting journey well battled and done,
When the Judge stands up the awards to divide,
We shall be worthy to stand by her side,
Whose sword was never fleshed, whose strength was
undefiled—
Only seven years old when she died!

—Chambers' Journal.

The Disorders in Havana

Havana (June 2) Correspondence of the New York World.

You will remember that I told you in my last of the fact that the members of the 6th battalion of volunteers started at Las Cabanas, where they were on duty when the twenty Cuban passengers of the captured English schooner *Galvanic* were transferred to the war steamer *Chorron*, and left for Cuba. The *Voz de Cuba* editorially approved of the conduct of these men the next day, thus indirectly endorsing their shouts on the occasion of "Death to Colonel Ibanez!" "Death to Captain General Dulce!" For this, the editor, I understand, received an admonition from his reforming excellency through the censor of the press. This appears to have only made him more bitter against the Captain General. On Thursday the latter received an admonition that on that evening, immediately after the disbandment of the Corpus Christi procession, certain parties, including Señor Castanon, the editor of the *Voz de Cuba*, backed by some 2,000 volunteers, armed, would make a demonstration against his authority, take possession of the palace, and force him to then and there resign the Captain Generalcy. Strong preventive measures quickly adopted seem to have intimidated the conspirators, and caused them to abandon their plans for the while, so Thursday passed off without disturbances.

On Friday evening General Dulce heard that Castanon and colleagues were still plotting against him; so on Saturday he summoned the first, and Señores Suarez Vigil, Pueblo, and two or three others, to his presence at the palace, he having left his sick room expressly to have the interview. This was not at all satisfactory to either parties. Señor Castanon was so plain-spoken and defiant to General Dulce that the latter sent him away, with a positive order to be ready by twelve o'clock the next day to leave by the Spanish mail steamer that evening for Spain, where he would be placed at the disposition of the national authorities. Sullen and considerably soured, Castanon and friends left the palace, and, instead of preparing for the early departure of the former, went about talking of what had occurred at the palace and of General Dulce's order. By this their friends were soon incited to defy the Captain General's authority. Hundreds of volunteers told Castanon not to obey the order, that they would protect him. He agreed to stay by all means, and so the volunteers made ready to defend him, strong detachments, principally from the light infantry battalion, in which Castanon holds the position of captain, of their own volition, going on guard around and about his home. General Dulce heard of this, and became more emphatic and determined that Castanon should leave on Sunday evening, and his declaration to that effect being made public, the impression spread to all sides that a collision must inevitably occur on the morrow between the backers of Señor Castanon and the marines and few regular troops at General Dulce's disposal. But this, fortunately, was not to happen, and did not happen.

On Saturday evening a telegram was received from Madrid, announcing the acceptance of General Dulce's resignation as Captain General of Cuba, and the appointment of General Cabellero de Eodas as his successor, who would soon be in Havana. The publication of this telegram in all the journals decreased somewhat the hostility against General Dulce. It was apparent from it that he would be here in authority only a short while longer, and so even his bitterest enemies might afford to put up with his rule for a few days. The report given up in one of my letters nearly a month ago that he was determined to return to Spain by July 1 was not known in Havana only until last Monday week, when, in reply to a delegation of volunteer officers that requested his resignation because his health was too bad to allow him to properly attend to the duties of his position, and for other advanced reasons, he told them that his resignation was for some time on the way to Madrid; that he every moment expected to hear of its acceptance, and the selection of his successor, to whom, when arrived, he would gladly turn over the reins of government. The change in the public feeling caused by the telegram of acceptance led influential Spaniards to interfere to arrange matters about Señor Castanon's received order to be off for Spain on Sunday evening. A sort of weak, highly diluted apology for the language to General Dulce was obtained from the Señor, whereupon the Captain General was persuaded to rescind the order of departure, and so no disturbance occurred on Sunday, contrary to general expectations.

The compromise made and peace patched up was of short duration. On Monday General Palaez, Military Commander of the Cinco Villas, arrived here from Trinidad to give an account of his management of affairs in his military division. I have given you full particulars of his quarrels and difficulties with the volunteers of Cienfuegos and Villa Clara, and of other difficulties with the authorities of Trinidad. So many complaints were made against him to General Dulce that the latter was forced to order him to Havana to explain away the accusations urged against him. Numerous letters to Havana citizens and volunteers from Cienfuegos, Villa Clara, and Trinidad parties—all more or less abusive and condemnatory of his past course as a Spanish major general—preceded him here, and inflamed the Spanish Loyalists very much against him, even before was he offered an opportunity to defend himself. When the Havana volunteers heard that he had come, they resolved to give him a telling demonstration of their ill will and condemnation of his conduct in the *Cinco Villas*. Between 7 and 8 P. M. some thousand or more men assembled around the Telegraph Hotel, in which General Palaez had taken his quarters, and treated him to a most discordant serenade from tin pans, pots, kettles, horns, &c., in fact to a regular *charivari*. The awful din made, accompanied by yells, screams, and shouts of *Muera Palaez!* (death to Palaez!) attracted a very large crowd around the hotel.

This ugly serenade lasted fully an hour, but in the while no harm was done to either person or property. General Palaez wisely kept in-doors, and did not appear to personally notice the midnight compliment paid to him. If he had, no doubt but that he would have been immediately killed. When exhausted and tired the *serenaders* ceased their awful music, and then some one proposed to also give General Dulce a serenade. The proposition would at once have been adopted and carried into effect had not several peace-disposed individuals reminded the men that General Dulce was sick; and an alarm of fire in the Fourth District, not very far from the

Telegraph Hotel, having been sounded at that moment, the crowd betook itself for the most part there, and so the evening's sport terminated with General Dulce having been insulted by a first-class *charivari* in noise and confusion.

But he was not to be spared, after all, from insults, threats, and menaces. On Tuesday some of the Cienfuegos volunteers arrived here to urge their accusations against General Palaez. They soon became intimate with the riot-disposed members of the Havana volunteer battalions, and by their grievous charges against the General quickly wrought them into a frenzy and a determination to kill him. It was arranged that in the evening several thousand men should again repair to the Telegraph Hotel, seize General Palaez, and then shoot him for being a supposed traitor to Spain. General Espenaz, Segundo Cabo, of the island, heard of the arrangement, and at once informed General Dulce of his danger, and then aided him in obtaining a safe refuge on board the iron-clad *Victoria*, lying in the harbor. At night the rioters assembled over two thousand strong, and around the palace instead of the Telegraph Hotel, having been informed that General Palaez was no longer at the hotel; and supposing he must, therefore, be in the palace with Captain General Dulce, they yelled like demons and madmen for General Palaez, asking for his life at once. The guards on duty—from the 2d battalion of volunteers—offered no opposition to the tumultuous demonstrations, but contented themselves with closing the lower doors and windows of the palace, and forming in line of battle in front and rear of the main entrances. Told where General Palaez was, the rioters next turned their attention to General Dulce, and, as if in common accord, hundreds of voices shouted long and loudly: "Death to Dulce! He is a traitor! His head as well as that of Palaez!"

Some of the rioters endeavored to enter the palace, but the volunteers of the 2d on duty at the main entrances, very fortunately for General Dulce, would not allow them to do so, and with presented bayonets kept them at bay. His reforming excellency had left his sick-room when the rioters first appeared around the palace and gone to the audience-room. There he could neither see nor be seen by the rioters, but heard very distinctly the demands and shouts for his life. His wife was very much frightened by them, and, weeping, went to her husband and, woman-like, urged him to make some verbal concessions to the mob. To his credit be it said, he would not, but gave orders that the cavalry of regulars in Havana, some 150 men, should at once be called out, march to the palace, and check the mob. Some fifteen or twenty minutes elapsed before the cavalry came, and after it did, in about ten minutes it cleared, by charging up and down the streets, the immediate vicinity of the palace of rioters. By these manoeuvres a few men were slightly injured. Only one shot was fired by the cavalrymen, which struck no one.

Forced some distance from the palace, the rioters nevertheless continued their shouts against General Dulce, and added the cavalrymen in their denunciations. Continual reinforcements, in part of armed men, in an hour or so gave the rioters the boldness to press towards the palace; but the cavalry would not give way, and an encounter was imminent, and would have taken place had not the rioters at the last moment retreated somewhat. At this time General Dulce sent for more troops, and some 200 civil guards, dismounted, arrived at about 12. These at once increased the space around the palace free from the rioters' presence, and never allowed them to come near the building again during the night. Rather afraid to attack the regulars and civil guards, the rioters remained in large crowds at some 150 to 200 yards from the palace, continually shouting and yelling until exhausted, about 3 A. M., when most of them dispersed and went home. I imitated them in the latter particular, and also retired to my couch, having waited in vain some eight hours to see the expected fight.

Havana (June 2) correspondence of the New York Times says: "At 4 o'clock this morning three battalions of volunteers began to assemble at the Tacon, and all the morning it was feared that scenes of riot and bloodshed would ensue if Dulce remained at the Palace; but up to 11 A. M. nothing had taken place, and it was then rumored that Castanon and other members of his party had succeeded in quieting the volunteers somewhat. Half an hour later, however, the revolution was *un fait accompli*. Dulce had been turned out and kindly permitted to retire to his *guinea* and plant sweet potatoes. Espenaz assumed the reins of government."

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