

The United States and Hybrid Annexation.

A few weeks since a number of zealous patriots in and out of Congress discovered a nice job in St. Domingo wild lands, mining grants, Samaná bay speculations and a trifle of a few millions in a public debt worth one or two cents on the dollar, and straightway a protectorate scheme was rushed into Congress in the hope that the American eagle would spread its wings and carry it into a state of hopeful existence. To the infinite disgust of the jobbers the House could not see it in that light, and the protectorate scheme failed almost as suddenly as it was born. The failure was ascribed to the want of skilful management on the part of the nurses, and so the bantling was dressed up in a new suit to try again if Congress would not adopt it. A Haytien red bandanna kerchief was wound round its crispy locks, a Cuba liberty cap was placed upon its head, a bogus Mexican rattle was put in its little fist, and it was then wrapped in the striped mantle of American progress and presented gingerly to the conscript fathers in the shape of a joint resolution that anybody who wanted to come into the Union had only to knock at the door, and it should be opened unto him.

But the trick did not succeed. The conscript fathers were in no mood to adopt new bantlings, particularly of the hybrid breed. They had recently been trying to bring in a large black family as members of the body politic, to which the Northern mind exhibited unmistakable signs of reluctance. The big dose of Southern niggers was yet to be swallowed in the shape of a constitutional amendment, and it was thought best to see how that would affect the public stomach, if it could be digested before proceeding to other measures of hybridation. So the joint resolution was laid under the table to await the effect of our own colored experiment and to see if the body politic could assimilate the large influx of black blood.

This is at it should be. We have no time now, with so large a debt to provide for and an immense mass of corruption to purge from the government, to foster petty jobs in hybrid annexation schemes for the benefit of a few sharp speculators. St. Domingo, Hayti, Cuba, Mexico and Central America are all going through a natural process of ripening and rotting, and in due time will come legitimately within the pale of our control. The blood-thirsty blacks who have converted Hayti into a second Dahomey; the sparse, mixed population that exists in the Dominican republic and claim the right to sell the malarious and uninhabitable shores of Samaná, and all the other mixed and mutinous agglomerations south of us dignified with the name of nationalities, are eating out rapidly the remnants of the old Latin civilization in their midst and preparing the way for the new era of steam and electricity in the lands they now convert into deserts. The only point worthy the present attention of the government is Panama and the Isthmus of Darien, where our rapidly increasing commerce demands immediate and permanent safety. If we can save Cuba from the fate of St. Domingo, Hayti and Mexico it should be done; but the country at large is in no mood now for further hybrid annexation.
