

species, that he could put his arm into the cage, and the animal would not bite it. I looked at his arm, and believed him. On the ride out to these gardens, you pass many beautiful private residences, their carefully-tended grounds filled with beautiful flowers, at least at this time of year.

The Market-Places in the Havana offer attractions to the stranger by the variety, queer shapes, and colors of fruits, vegetables, etc. To look at them, one seems to realize the magic fish, flesh, fruit, and other fancy articles of the 'Arabian Nights.' Of a truth, Cuba is Nature's paint-box.

Toward sun-set, it is pleasant to ride out in *volante* or *quitrin* (the only difference that I notice between them is, that the *quitrin* has a movable top, while the *volante* has a stationary one) to the *Paseo de Tacon*, roll along this splendid road, admire the fountains, statues, trees, and the beautiful señoras as they ride by — particularly the latter. Then to the *Paseo de Isabella Segunda*, over which, too, a continuous line of vehicles roll leisurely, or rattle quickly along. The thunder of wheels dies away gradually after sunset, and then if you haven't the opera, or theatre, *tertulia*, or any thing else to attend to, ride to the *Plaza de Armas*, and listen to the military band performing there every night between eight and nine o'clock. If you like a sail or row in the harbor, it is but a short walk to the wharf, and I can assure you that there are a great many beauties in one of these night excursions over the harbor. Beautiful Cuba!

I don't believe that even Sir Charles Coldstream would have said, had he ever visited Cuba, that 'there was nothing in it.'

The curtain of black letters is falling over the white sheet. The play is over. You who have not visited Cuba, go there; for you know not how long it may be ere its romance yields to reality, or how soon some parodizing Spaniard may sing:

'CARTAS le fueron venidas
Que Habana era ganada.
Las cartas echó en el fuego,
Y al mensajero matava.
Ay de mí, O! Cuba!'

'Letters to the monarch tell
How Havana's city fell.
In the fire the cards he stuck,
And the messenger he kicked.
Ah! my eye, oh! Cuba!'

LIFE AND DEATH: AN EXTRACT.

'Or! when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
Which living waves when thou didst cease to live,
And saw around me the wide fields revive
With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring
Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,
With all her happy birds upon the wing,
I turned from all she brought, to those she could not bring!'

BYRON.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE ODOHERTY PAPERS OF THE LATE WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D. Annotated by Dr. SHELTON MACKENZIE, Editor of 'SHEIL'S Sketches of the Irish Bar,' 'The Noctes Ambrosianæ,' etc. In two volumes: pp. 757. New-York: J. S. REDFIELD, Number 34, Beekman-street.

IT was said truly of MAGINN, says the annotator of these two handsome volumes, in a brief and well-written preface, that he 'resembled SWIFT, not merely in his wit, but in the utter carelessness with which he regarded the fate of the productions of his genius. If they served the purpose of the moment, whether it were to make a minister tremble or a lady smile, the Doctor never troubled himself farther about his thunder or his jest. They might be claimed by any passer-by, for no one ever contributed more to the fame of others, or so completely disregarded his own. He had, adds Dr. MACKENZIE, 'what might be called a fatal facility of composition. The stores of his learning and knowledge were so vast that his memory ever found them exhaustless. The composition of a magazine-article, no matter what the subject, appeared to involve scarcely any thing more than the mere manual labor of putting it upon paper. He rarely had occasion to refer to authorities. He was a great reader, and what he once read, he never forgot. Few men were equal to him in conversation, though he was the reverse of a 'great talker.' It was the variety of topics upon which he threw light, and not the diffuseness of his remarks, which gave a proper idea of the wealth of his conversation. Meet him when you might, turn the discourse into whatever channel you pleased, he was master of every subject, the most recondite as well as the most familiar. He was careless of fame, and too fond of society and its temptations; yet all that he wrote was marked with originality and learning, wit and satire. His writings include a large range of subjects — poetry, politics, classics, antiquities, history, criticism, and fiction.'

The '*Odoherly Papers*,' of which the two volumes before us are composed, were mainly written for the pages of 'BLACKWOOD'S Magazine.' Sel-don has the reader encountered, in the same compass, such a wonderful variety of subject, and mode of handling the different themes. Humor and