E. R. Hooper

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POET'S CORNER.

"To charm the languid hours of solitude,
He oft invites her to the Muse's lore."

[For the Star.]

ACROSTIC PARODY.*

Just about the midnight dreary, while I slumbered weak and weary,
On my snow-encircled pillow, as I oft had done before,
Scarcely sleeping, barely napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
E'en of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door;
"Pooh! 'tis but the cat" I muttered" rapping at the chamber door—
"Hist! 'tis *Tab*, and nothing more."

In a trice the noise grew stronger, hesitating then no longer—
"Now, dear Queen of pussies, your forgiveness I implore—
"Excuse, do, for I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
"E'en so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
"Madam, faith, I scarcely heard you."—
Here I opened straight the door—
Midnight reigned, and nothing more!

All at once wide flew the shutter, when with many a flirt and flutter,
Cloth'd in white three beauteous Ladies, whom the angels might adore,
O'er my lattice gently slipping, in my room came softly tripping,
"Really," said I, gazing at them, "I have seen you oft before,
"Nay I'm certain, very certain, I have seen you three before"—
Earnestly they sigh'd——"of yore!"

Lo! their starry eyes are beaming! Lo! their glossy tresses gleaming!
In an instant, sweetly bowing, they had tripp'd the lattice o'er,
And I saw them never more! [CHIPS.

*JOSEPHINE, EMMA, CORNELIA.

THE CROWN OF LIFE.

BY MISS SARAH C. EDGARTON.

There's a crown for the monarch, a golden crown—
And many a ray from its wreath streams down,
Of an iris hue from a thousand gems,
That are woven in blossoms on jewelled stems;
They've rifled the depth of Golconda's mine,
And stolen the pearls from the ocean's brine;
But the rarest gem, and the finest gold,
On a brow of care lies heavy and cold.

There's a crown for the victor of lotus-flowers,
Braided with myrtle from tropical bowers;
And the golden hearts of the nymphæa gleam
From their snowy bills with a mellow beam.
They have stripped the breast of the sacred Nile,
And ravished the bowers of the vine-clad isle,
Of the sweetest flower from the holy flood,
But the vine will fade on a brow of blood!

There's a crown for the poet, a wreath of bay—
A tribute of praise to his thrilling lay.
The amaranth twines with the laurel bough,
And seeks a repose on his pensive brow.
They've search'd in the depths of Italia's groves,
To find out the chaplet a poet loves;
But a fadeless wreath, in vain they have sought—
It withers away on a brow of thought.

There's a crown for the Christian, a crown of life,
Gained in the issues of bloodless strife;
'Tis a halo of hope, of joy, and of love,
'Brightened by sunbeams from fountains above,
They've gathered its rays from sources afar,
From Seraphim's eyes, and Bethelehem's star;
And the flow of its light will ever increase,
For a Christian's brow is a brow of peace.

Miscellaneous.

[*From a late New York Paper.*]

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

When there is a scarcity of natural pigeons, sporting men, by way of keeping their hands in, occasionally pluck one another. A rich case of this kind, in which two of the fraternity, one a southerner and the other a New Yorker, figured pretty conspicuously, occurred in this city last week. We give the facts as related to us; indeed they want no amplification. The whole sporting world of Gotham has had a pain in the side for several days past, in consequence of the paroxysms of laughter in which it was thrown by the denouement. We omit the names of the parties, but in other respects the statement may be relied on as full and faithful.

It appears that in the early part of last week Mr.——, of South Carolina, an "upper crust" gambler, arrived in town, with plenty of the fluid, for the purpose of betting on the approaching race between Peytona and Fashion, and of picking up any thing verdant that might come in his way. Soon after landing from the Philadelphia boat he wended his way to a well known restarant in Park Row, where blacklegs most do congregate, and for the purpose of meeting some of his old acquaintances and making professional inquiries. He had just lighted his segar, and was in the act of raising a glass of brandy and water to his lips, when the flash of a large jewel on the finger of one of the craft, who was performing the same operation, arrested his attention.

"That's a fine diamond," exclaimed the Southerner, setting down his tumbler, and stooping forward to obtain a closer view of the jewel.

"Yes," remarked the other, carelessly—"it ought to be, I gave five hundred dollars for it, and got it cheap at that. I wish I had the value of it now, though, for I got regularly cleaned out at ——'s Barclay street, yesterday."

"What'll you take for it cash down," said the Southerner, who, like most of his tribe, is fond of showing *bijouterie*, and having a pocket full of rocks, felt remarkably self-complacent.

"Well," said the New York land shark, speaking slowly, and taking a puff at his segar at every second word, "as I want money, and you are a pretty clever fellow, I don't care if I let you have it at four hundred and fifty dollars."

"Say four hundred and it's a bargain."

"Well, as it's you, the half hundred dollars shan't spoil a trade. You shall have it."

The ring was transferred and the money paid. By this time the parties had become the centre of a little knot of knowing ones upon whose facec sat a sneering expression, which the Southerner, who, like all gamblers, is a good physiognomist, perceived and did not relish. When the transaction was completed, his keen ear caught the sound of a sniggering whisper which ran round the little circle, and he at once concluded he was done. He showed no symptoms of suspicion, however, but called for champaign, treated the company, declared himself delighted with the purchase, and bidding his friends good evening, left the place. Proceeding to the store of an eminent jeweller in Broadway, he placed the ring on the counter, and asked the value of "that brilliant." The jeweller looked at him and smiled. "It is paste," said he, "and worth about fifty cents."

"Have you a real stone about the same size and shape?" said the Southerner.

"I have," was the reply, and a beautiful table diamond, of which the mock stone seemed a *fac simile*, was produced.

The price was four hundred dollars.—The Southerner then exclaimed that he wished to borrow it for a few days, and would leave the value in the jeweller's hands until it was returned, and pay twenty five dollars for the use of it. The proposition was agreed to, the real diamond substituted for the counterfeit, and the Southerner left the store.

On the next evening he paid another visit to the restarant, and found the old party assembled. They all began to quiz him; declaring that he had been regularly "cowhided in," that his ring was not worth a dollar, &c., the former owner of the trinket appearing to enjoy the joke more than the rest.

"Well, gentlemen," said the supposed dupe, with a self-sufficient air, "you may think what you please; I know it is a diamond. I've travelled some, and I'm not to be taken in so easy as you think for.—I'll bet a hundred dollars this is a real brilliant."

The bet was taken up in an instant; the others offered to the amount of five or six hundred dollars more, all of which were promptly met by the Southerner. The stakes being put up, out sallied the sportsmen to find a jeweller. The first they questioned pronounced it a fine diamond and worth from four to five hundred dollars; so said the next, and the next. The betters stood aghast!—it *was* a real diamond, and no mistake; and as the Southerner pocketed the "tin," he coolly observed: "*I told you, gentlemen, I had travelled some!*"

The following day he took the stone back to the jeweller of whom he had borrowed it, and had the composition counterfeit replaced in the ring, and in the evening he sought the restarant for the third time. The same set were there, but looked somewhat crest-fallen. After joking with them for some time, our hero gravely addressed the cute gentleman from whom he had purchased the ring, after this fashion:

"Well, my dear fellow, I have had my laugh out of you; I don't want to rob you, and I don't want the ring. Marquand has offered me three hundred and fifty dollars for it; you shall have it for two hundred and fifty dollars, and you can go to him to-morrow, if you like, and make a cool hundred out of it.

The offer was too tempting to be refused. The shark bit, and the Southerner received two hundred and fifty dollars worth of gold, and the sharper fifty cents worth of paste. The next morning the Carolinian was *non est inventus;* and the over-reached sharper found lying on his table a beautiful note, sealed with perfumed wax, and stamped with the figure of Mercury, the god of thieves. On removing the envelop, the note was found to contain only three words, viz: "DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND."

This was a puzzle; but the first jeweller to whom our "sporting friend' showed the ring explained the mystery. The victim, unable to bear up against the ridicule bro't down upon him by this *denouement*, has left town for a few weeks on urgent business.

TOMMY BUCK.

Tommy Buck was brought up to take care of seventeen cows, belonging to his father; to drive a four ox team with Tib the old mare, at the end of it; cut wood in winter, and raise grain in the summer. But, alas! at the perilous age of 16, a dancing master came into the village, and Tommy by dint of persuading, persuaded his honest old father to permit him to subscribe; and instead of chanting obsolete psalm tunes in the chimney corner, upon a winter's evening, pumps, ruffles, and a fiddle, "reigned in their stead." In lieu of flail, pigeon wings and 'right and left' were heard on the barn floor, and the oxen and Tib were left to "chew the cub" of supperless loneliness.—Tommy's *ideas* were raised, and his wits outright descended from his head to his heels, leaving his upper story to let. Straightway a ball was had, and Tommy chipped the shell of a fashionable and wore gloves, and fell in love. True, he was rather awkward in mannerisms at first; but then he sported a smart toe, and acquired ease and impudence—and eventually, by activity and libel and toe exertion capered into the good graces of Molly Read, who could weave 16 yards of shirting per diem.—Tommy then set up for a beau after the ladies' own hearts, and went to town to sell grown patterns as apprentice, (being above driving the oxen in partnership with Tib) determined to become a "marchant." And so he did—and his father died, leaving him the bulk of his fortune, when Tommy determined to do things viz: cut Molly and keep a curricle. The first was the most difficult, but he had learned a "thing or two," and after a due quantity of tears on her part, the separation was effected, and the curricle purchased. Tib, the old mare, the cows and oxen, were translated into two greys, and Tommy from a ploughboy to a fine gentleman. The farm, milking pails, pigs, hens, and ducks, were changed to cash and style, and the balance over this *necessary* expenditure invested in the house of Tommy Buck, Landshark & Co.—And then Tommy went to the Springs and gamed, to the theatre, and drank, to his counting-house and whistled, and these were beautiful times. Tommy's credit was good, and he used it; his cash was plenty, and he spent it; his health fine, and he gave it a trial. Who like Tommy? He made love anew to a city belle, but the sly old fox of a father said nay. He asked a poet to write doleful ditties, and he said yea and he paid him. The sonnets were full of darts and cruels—and the girl married another. Tommy Buck sighed, and drank, and gamed, and whistled "to drive dull care away," and *then failed*. Tib kicks up her heels in scorn at him. Molly sends four chubby children to school and loves her husband. His lady love of sonnet reading memory does not notice him in the street; and Tommy has shipped to go to India at $10 per month, in the forecastle of a ship.

Moral.—Pigs, and cows, and ducks, and hens, and old Tib, with a good farm and money at interest, are better than greys and curricles, and gaming, and theatres and style; unless one prefers to go to India at $10 per month, before the mast—— and so ends our story.

EDITORIAL COMFORTS.

Publishing men as defunct or crazed isn't always exactly one thing.—We remember once having paid a visit to a country editor in his sanctum, of an astonishing instance in point. A burly farmer-looking man, with "eggs, bacon and ale," legibly imprinted on every muscle, entered the room, and in a voice as an ophleclied demanded to see the editor.

"I am the editor," said that functionary.

"Yer are, are yer? My name's Boyd."

"Indeed. Can I do any thing for you, Mr. Boyd?"

"Look here," said the giant, raising his huge fist and striking our friend a 'settler' between the eyes, "is that any thing like the punch of a dead man?"

"What the devil does this mean sir?" exclaimed the editor, furiously springing up and preparing to defend hemself.

"Mean? Oh nothing. Yer see, yer published my death with a long string of stuff called poetry, attached to-day, and I tho't I'd prove to yer that I'm alive and kicking.

Saying which he kicked the bewildered scribbler twice pretty forcibly and then stalked out of the room. The discomfitted seized one of his papers and lo! there was the death as large as brevier types could make it.

"Do you have many such customers?" we inquired affectionately.

"Many! Yes. I shall give up the berth. The last editor had his collar bone broken. The man before him had three ribs fractured. His predecessor lost an eye, and the person who officiated before HIM had his nose broken."

He *did* leave his situation, such we think, was his true policy.

A LAUGHABLE INCIDENT is related of a certain worthy Senator in Congress, whose voice procured him the title of the "Chinese Gong."

"One day this Senator arose in his seat, and after his fashion opened his mouth and said, "*Mr. President.*" The President of the Senate, (who was at that moment busily engaged in examining a bundle of papers,) responded in his usual bland and gentlemanly tone. "*The gentleman* from CHINA," and raising his eyes at the moment, hastily corrected himself with, I beg pardon, *the gentleman* from Ohio!" A shout of laughter from the members, "irrespective of party," more violent and prolonged than any ever before heard in the Senate Chamber, acknowledged the *hit.*"

MR. RUSH, in his reminiscences, states that two servants of the Persian Ambassador having offended him lately in London, he applied to the British Government for permission to cut off their heads. On learning that it could not be granted, he gravely remonstrated! In the sequel he was ill able to comprehend how the laws of England could deny his request. Finding, however, that his hands were tied up, he told his servants, "it was all one; they must consider their heads as being off, for off they would come when he got them back to Persia."

From the Kingston (Canada) Herald.

A little girl about twelve years of age was lately tried, convicted, and fined by Mr. Macfarlane, for taking *one* gooseberry, the property of Mr. Angus Cameron. The fine was 2s 6d., and the costs will make the whole about £2. When this case was first mentioned to us we could not believe the account, but it proved to be quite correct. The parties reside on Wolte Island, and the girl, who is a good, industrious child, of respectable parents, had to pass Mr. Cameron's garden in going to and fro for milk; a gooseberry bush grows close to the fence, and she put out her hand and took one berry. Mr. Cameron saw her, came out, and seizing her by the arm, dragging her to a root house which has a cellar, into which he put her by a trap door.

The girl was excessively frightened, and screamed herself almost into fits. She strove to raise the trap door, but Mr. Cameron put a stone upon it, and left her there. Still the girl screamed and struggled to raise the door, and at last got her head through, when it caught her by the neck, and she would have been strangled, but Mr. Cameron's servant went and let her out, she having been in the cellar about an hour. Every body else would have thought that she had been more than sufficiently punished for taking one berry, but Mr. Cameron did not think so; for next morning he came over to Kingston, took out a warrant to arrest the girl for stealing his fruit, and had her brought before Mr. Macfarlane, who fined her 2s. 6d. and costs. He could have bought half a bushel of gooseberries for 2s. 6d.

We make no comment on this case; it speaks for itself. An appeal has been taken to the quarter sessions; and it will be seen whether any jury will brand a blameless girl as a thief for taking one berry, of the value of the twentieth part of a farthing. The girl did not dream of any wrong for nobody in the country thinks any thing of taking a few berries, or apples, or cherries. Many persons make their neighbors welcome to as much fruit as they can eat.

The Aristocracy at Saratoga.—A correspondent at this fashionable place of resort remarks:—'Aristocracy!—amusing word as we adopt it. Miss S——, the sausage maker's daughter, proud of her fortune, effects to look with a patronizing air on Miss A——, while her Pa, at all events, was attached to the scientific manufacture of bolognas. Miss A——, in her turn, looks with the most profound contempt on Miss B——, who can only claim descent from a candle maker, and disdains consorting with any one who could even stoop so low in the scale of society as to deal in 'dips.'

A long chase for a rhyming word.—The following is from a country paper, and is not only good sense, but *out of all measure* comical poetry:

He who reads and comes to pay,
Shall read again another day;
But he who will "not plank the cash,"
Through his name on our subscription book
we shall be compelled, however reluctantly,
to make a —— (dash.)

BANGOR CONUNDRUM.

"Why am the steamer Charter Oak like a fashionable novel—ha, Jumbo?"

"Well, caze she's had a great run."

"Dat's werry good, but 'taint it."

"Well den, Bill, I gibs dat up."

"It's bekase she's from the *Pen-ob-Scot.*'

The very last.—The person who made the following ought to stop, he has certainly done his worst:—

Why is our *recalled* friend, the ex-Consul, like an orphan? "Give it up?" *Because he can't go to* PA-nor-MA.—(Panama.)

Dutch Bull.—An honest Dutch farmer thus writes to the Secretary of the Massachusetts county Agricultural Society:—"Gentlemen, you will have the goodness to enter me on your list of cattle for a bull."

"George Washington Napoleon Jackson Hannibal Harrison!" "Yes, ma'am!" "Tell Josephine Rosina Cleopatra Matilda Victoria to bring up the slop pail!" "Yes, ma'am."

"Mislike me not, for my complexion—the burnished livery of the sun" is a quotation which may be frequently used now-a-days, by beaux and belles returning from the watering places.

☞A distinguished Divine says, people should never get religion in a *bustle*. If that is the correct doctrine its a bad show, under the present reign of fashion, for the sisters in these diggins.

☞"Have you ever seen the perpetual motion.'

'Yes my dear,' replied the gallant husband.

'Where?' inquired she. "Between your jaws."

POLITICAL.

THE OLD PROMISES.

As the time approximates for the opening of the fall campaign and the selection of delegates to represent the people in the next Legislature, we may expect to hear the same old cry from our opponents of the "faith of the State," and the broadest and boldest promises made, that if the people will "once more" extend their generous confidence to them, they will certainly "this time" keep their often made promise to redeem the State from its disgraceful and overburdened condition. Indeed, one of the organs in this city, has already, in view of the coming contest, stated—"it is next to impossible that another year should pass without a final adjustment of our financial affairs upon the basis of restored credit!" This is the old cry;—the old game of "promise,"—which has been played over and over again, at every campaign; but never, in a single instance been faithfully adhered to or carried out; and never will be, so long as the people, year after year, permit themselves to be humbugged, by such baseless fabrics as whig promises universally rest upon.—We should suppose, they have had quite time enough to fulfil some one of their many promises;—and having the entire control of the Legislature and Executive departments they can have no just apology to make. They cannot charge their derilection to the account of barriers thrown in the way by the Democrats; for they have had every thing their own way, and instead of relieving the people—instead of fulfiling their promises about "State faith," they have done worse than nothing. Will the people still listen to the Syren songs, which they sing them on the eve of every election, when they want their support to perpetuate their power, and enact their high-handed, tyrannical and iniquitous laws, which paralize the industry and business of the people? Every day are we getting deeper and deeper into the mire,—and every day will we continue to do so, if the party, advocating such measures as are persevered in by our opponents, are continued in power. Let us, therefore, neither falter nor halt in our exertions the coming campaign. Let them hear the voice of the people proclaiming them unworthy of further trust. They have not a single tenable ground for excuse,—they have been fully tried in the balance, and have proven conclusively that the interests of the people, have no weight whatever with them, when they are in opposition to the wishes and interests of an aggrandizing clique, who have for years, ruled the State with a rod of iron. Let *reform* be the word every where—LEGISLATURE,—JUDICIAL,—CONSTITUTIONAL;—let its influence be felt every where—in all departments—then, and not till then, may we talk sensibly and meaningly about our "financial affairs being upon a basis of restored credit."—*Balt. Argus.*

THE INDEPENDENT TREASURY.

In behalf of the Democracy of Herkimer—"a county that has never wavered in its political faith"—we say too, '*let us have the Independent Treasury System of Mr. Van Buren, and nothing but that.*" Let us have it—

1. Because it is obviously the system originally intended by the Constitution for collecting, keeping and disbursing the public revenue.

2. Because it would produce a perfect and entire separation between the financies of the nation and all the banks of issue, or discount, however or by whatever authority existing.

3. Because it is necessary to maintain the independence and efficiency of the Government.

4. Because, instead of fostering overtrading and wild speculation, like the deposite of the public moneys in Banks, it would be a most effective and salutary check upon those practices.

5. Because it would tend to preserve a currency of *specie*, or its equivalent. And

6. Because it would place the keepers of the public money under the direct authority and control of Congress, the constitutional guardian of the people's treasure.

For these, among other reasons, the democracy of Herkimer desire to see an Indepent Treasury system of Mr. Van Buren permanently adopted; and to hasten the accomplishment of this great object, they will leave no stone unturned.

It is pretty evident that the Administration are awake to the necessity of this measure. They look to the people for support. If they take the first step are the people ready to sustain them?

The Democracy by a mighty effort, have cast off "the old and wrinkled skin of corruption," in and with the U. S. Bank; let them now divorce Bank and State by establishing the Independent Treasury, and they will be forever free from the iron grasp of incarnate chartered avarace.—*Mo. Cour.*

USEAWORTHY!—We find the following in a letter from Washington, written to the N. Y. Enquirer, by which we should judge Secretary Brancroft is determined to break up the play of "old soldier," too often resorted to by men in public service. Every day convinces us, more and more, that Mr. Bancroft will make one of the very best officers the American Cabinet has ever had; and the general applause which his active efficient and valuable servicee have already drawn forth, is spreading side by side with his high reputation as a distinguished writer. He has been but a short time in a position to prove his qualifications for public offices of high trust and responsibility—but even in that short time he has done enough to give goodly promise for the future. His commencement has been auspicious, and the "womb of time" may have much in store for him.

"A rather singular correspondence has taken place recently between Mr. Bancroft and various other persons in the Navy, which would indicate that Mr. B. had some idea of putting a stop to some of the abuses which now exist in the Navy. I learn that a short time ago Mr. Bancroft ordered Mr. Purser Handy of New York, to join the sloop of war Cyane, at Norfolk, which is about to go on a cruise to the Pacific and report himself for duty. Now, Mr. Handy, I understand is the President of one of the steamboat companies whose boats navigate Long Island Sound, and no desire to give up his snug berth, while he sincerely wished the government to pay to him his purser's salary for doing nothing for the service. Mr. Purser Handy therefore goes to Dr. Ruschenberger, at the Naval Hospital, N. York, and Dr. R. gives to him a certificate that he is not fit for sea service, which the worthy purser encloses in a letter to Mr. Bancroft. Mr. B. immediately on receipt of it, placed Mr. Handy on furlough. He then wrote to Dr. Ruschenberger, giving him a very sharp reprimand for having ventured to give him such a certificate without having had any orders from the Department to examine Mr. Handy, and requests him for the future not to give any until he was asked for them. He then detailed these surgeons to form a board of survey and sent orders to them to report themselves to Com. Morgan at the Naval Asylum, Philadelphia, and writes to Purdy to do likewise. Mr. Handy replies that he will do so, and encloses in his letter a certificate from Dr. Wiley of the Naval Rendezvous at New York, stating that he had been intimately acquainted with Mr. Handy's constitution for many years, and that he was not fit for sea service. Mr. H. went to Philadelphia, the survey was held, and the Board reported to the Secretary of the Navy that Purser Handy *was fit for service.* Hereupon Mr. Bancroft wrote a most peremptory letter to Mr. Handy to join the Cyane forthwith, and at the same time sent orders to Dr. Wiley to join the same vessel, informing him that as he was so intimately acquainted with Mr. Handy's constitution, he would be afforded a most excellent opportunity of attending to it during a cruize. What will be the end of it remains to be seen. Mr. Handy will hardly like to give up his Presidency of the Steambot Company, and yet it would be unjust to allow him to receive pay as purser when he tried to escape the service for which he is justly liable. I learn also that when the survey had been held, and the peremptory order given for Purser Handy to join the Cyane, he wrote a letter covering eight pages of foolscap to prove to the Secretary of the Navy that a purser who had been in the service twenty years, ought not to be required to sea at all.

GEN'L. JACKSON'S MARRIAGE.—This event in the history of General Jackson has been often alluded to, but the circumstances attending it are very little known—at least we have never met with any account of them until now. The subjoined narrative is from a eulogy delivered at Natchez, and highly creditable to the General's fame:

Miss Rachel Donelson, the daughter of Col. Donelson, of Virginia, had been celebrated for her gayety, affability and sweetness of disposition. Her father emigrated to Tennessee, and, dying, left her an orphan. She formed an unhappy matrimonial connexion with a morose, jealous and dissipated character by the name of Roberts, who soon abandoned her.

The difficulty was made up, and the wedded pair came together again; soon after which Andrew Jackson became a transient boarder in the same house where Roberts and his wife were residing. A second rupture soon occurred, and Roberts left his wife and went to Kentucky. Learning that he intended returning and taking her there, and dreading his inhumanity and bad treatment, she determined to seek an asylum in Natchez, beyond his reach. Natchez was then the Oregon of America. In the spring of 1791 she came here with Col. Starke and his family. At the earnest request of Col. Starke, General Jackson piloted his family through the Indian country. After his return, Judge Overton communicated to him the astounding intelligence that he was the unconscious cause of the last separation; that it arose from Roberts' jealousy of him; and the circumstance of his accompanying Col. Starke, to protect his family from the Indians, had been seized upon by Roberts as a ground of divorce, in a petition to the Virginia Legislature.

The thought that an innocent woman was suffering so unjustly on his account, made General Jackson's sensitive mind most uneasy and unhappy. He immediately sought out Roberts and expostulated with him on the injustice and cruelty of his causeless suspicion; but the interview ended in mutual defiances. At length news came that the Virginia legislature had actually granted the divorce in accordance with Roberts' petition. Forthwith Andrew Jackson hastened to Natchez, and offered his hand and his heart to the innocent and amiable woman, who had been made so unhappy by false and unfounded accusations. He came to Natchez to give the world the highest evidence he could of her innocence.

Although free to form a new connexion, Mrs. Roberts declined the proffered offer.—But Andrew Jackson was not to be outdone. He addressed her in the language of Ruth to Naomi: "Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee, for where thou goest I will go, where thou lodgest I will lodge, thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried." A promise which he literally fulfilled in refusing the sacrophagus of the Emperor Alexander Severus, that he might be buried by her. At length, after some three months, Mrs. Roberts, being convinced that the chivalry which prompted the proposal had become associated with genuine love, accepted the offer, and they were married in this city or its vicinity, and returned to Tennessee. On arriving there, finding that the divorce had not gone through all the forms required by the laws of Virginia, at the time of their marriage here, the ceremony was again peformed there.

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