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POET'S CORNER.

THE RAINBOW.

BY AMELIA—MRS. WELBY.

I sometimes have thought in my loneliest hours,
That lie on my heart like the dew on the flowers,
Of a ramble I took one bright afternoon,
When my heart was as light as a blossom in June;
The green earth was moist with the late fallen showers,
The breeze fluttered down and blew open the flowers, [rest,
While a single white cloud to its haven of
On the white wing of peace floated off in the West.

As I threw back my tresses to catch the cold breeze,
That scattered the rain drops and dimpled the seas,
Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unrolled
Its soft tinted pinions of purple and gold;
'Twas born in a moment, yet quick as its birth, [earth,
It had stretched to the uttermost ends of the
And, fair as an angel it floated all free,
With a wing on the earth and a wing on the sea.

How calm was the ocean! how gentle its swell! [fell.
Like a woman's soft bosom, it rose and it
Whilst its light sparkling waves stealing laughingly o'er,
When they saw the fair rainbow knelt down to the shore;
No sweet hymn ascended, no murmur of prayer,
Yet I felt that the spirit of worship was there;
Thus forming a girdle as brilliant and whole
As the thoughts of the rainbow that encircled my soul—
Like the wing of the Deity, calmnly unfurl'd
It bent from the cloud and encircled the world.

There are moments, I think, when the spirit receives
Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves,
When the folds of the heart in a moment unclose,
Like the innermost leaves from the heart of a rose;
And thus, when the rainbow has passed from the sky, [by;
The thoughts it awoke were too deep to pass
It left my full soul like the wing of a dove,
All fluttering with pleasure, and fluttering with love.

I know that each moment of rapture or pain
But shortens the links in life's mystical chain;
I know that my form, like that bow from the wave,
Must pass from the earth and lie cold in the grave:
Yet, oh! when death's shadows my bosom encloud,
When I shrink from the thought of the coffin and shroud,
May Hope, like the rainbow, my spirit unfold
In her beautiful pinions of purple and gold.

MISCELLANY.

[From Brougham's Irish Entertainment.]

The Emigrant's Family.

One of the strongest peculiarities—indeed, I may say *passions*—of the Irish is the devoted fondness of their offspring.

A curious illustration of this occurred to me on my recent journey through the northern Lakes. It happened to be what sailors call very *dirty* weather, finished up by a tremendous gale, which obliged us to seek shelter at a lump of aboriginal bareness, between Manitou Island, where we were obliged to remain for five days. There were a *few* deck passengers—between five and *six* hundred; and inasmuch as they had only provided themselves with barely sufficient for the average time, provisions became alarmingly scarce, and no possibility of a supply. To be sure there was one venerable ox—a sort of semi-petrifaction, an organic remnant—a poor, attenuated, hornless, sightless, bovine patriarch, who obligingly yielded up his small residue of existence for our benefit. Indeed, it was quite a mercy that we arrived to relieve him from a painful state of suspense; for so old and powerless was he, that if his last breath had not been extracted, he certainly could not have drawn it by himself.

Well, as you may suppose, there was considerable consternation on board. Short *very* short allowance was adopted to meet the contingency, and the poor deck passengers had a terrible time of it. Amongst the latter was an Irish emigrant, with his wife and three beautiful children, the eldest about seven years, and all without the smallest subsistence, except what the charity of the fellow passengers could afford them; and as they were but scantily supplied, it can be readily imagined how miserably off was this poor family. However it so happened that the beauty and intelligence of the children attracted the attention of one of our lady passengers, who had them occasionally brought into the cabin and their hunger appeased. Gleesome, bright-eyed little creatures they were, scrupulously clean, despite the poverty of their parents, all life and happiness, and in blissful ignorance of the destitution with which they were surrounded.

One day; delighted with her little *proteges*, the lady happened to say half-jestingly—"I wonder if this poor man would part with one of these little darlings? I should like to adopt it."

I don't know,' said I; "suppose we make the inquiry.'

The man was sent for, and the delicate business thus opened:

'My good friend,' said the lady, 'you are very poor, are you not?'

His answer was peculiarly Irish:—'Poor! me lady,' said he. 'Be the powers of pewther! if thore's a poorer man than myself troublin' the wuld, God pity both of us, for we'd be about aiqual.'

'Then you must find it difficult to support your children,' said I, making a long jump towards our object.

'Is it support them, sir?' he replied.—'Lord bless ye, I never supported them—they git supported somehow or another; the've niver ben hungry yit—when they are it'll be time enough to grumble.'

Irish all over, thought I;—to-day has enough to do, let to-morrow take care of itself.

'Well then,' I resumed, with a determined plunge, 'would it be a relief for you to part with one of them?'

I had mistaken my mode of attack. He started, turned pale, and, with a wild glare in his eye, literally screamed out.—

'A relief! God be good to uz, what d'ye mane? A relief!—would it be a relief d'ye think, to have the hand chopped from me body, or the heart torn out of me breast?'

'You don't understand us,' interposed my philanthropic companion. 'Should one be enabled to place your child in ease and comfort, would you interfere with its well doing?'

The tact of woman! She had touched the cord of paternal solicitude;—the poor fellow was silent, twisted his head about, and looked all bewildered. The struggle between a father's love and his child's interest was evident and affecting. At last he said—

'God bless ye, me lady, and all that thinks of the poor! Heaven knows I'd be glad to betther the child; it isn't in regard to meself, but——but hadn't I betther go and spake to Mary; she's the mother of thim, and 'twol'd be onraisonable to be givin' away her childher afore her face, and she not know nothin' of the matther.'

'Away with you then,' said I, 'and bring us back word as soon as possible. In about an hour he returned, but with eyes red and swollen, and features pale from excitement and agitation.

'Well,' inquired I, 'what success?'

'Beddad, 'twas a hard struggle, sir,' said he; 'but it's for the child's good; and Heaven give uz strength to bear it.'

'Very good, and which is it be?'

'Why, sir, I've ben spakin' to Mary, and she thinks as Norah here is the ouldest, she won't miss the mother so much, and if ye'll just let her take a partin' kiss she'd give her to yez with a blessin.'

So my poor fellow took his children away, to look at one of them for the last time. It was long ere he returned but when he did he was leading the second eldest.

'How's this,' said I. 'Have you changed your mind?'

'Not exactly changed me mind sir,' he replied, but I've changed the crather.—You see, sir, I've ben spakin to Mary, and whin it cum to the ind, be goxty! she couldn't part wid Norah, at all at all; they've got used to aich other's ways; but there's little Biddy—she's purthier far, if she'll do as well.'

'Its't all the same,' said I, 'let Biddy remain.'

'May Heaven be yer guardain!' cried he, snatching her up in his arms, and giving her one long, hearty kiss. 'God be kind to thim that's kind to you, and thim that offers you hurt or harum, may their soul niver see St. Pether!' So the bereaved father rushed away, and all that night the child remained with us; but early the next morning my friend, Pat, re-appeared, and this time he had the youngest child, a mere baby, snugly cuddled in his arms.

'What's the matter now?' said I.

'Why thin, sir,' said he, with an expression of the most comical anxiety, 'axin yer honor's pardon for bein' wake-hearted, but whin I begun to think of Biddy's eyes—look at thim, they're the image of her mother's bedad—I couldn't let her go; but here's little Paudeen—he won't be much throuble to any one, for if he takes afther his mother, he'll have the brightest eye and the softest heart on the top of creation; and if he takes afther his father, he'll have a purty hard fist on a broad pair of shoulders to push his way through the world. Take him, sir, and give me Biddy."

"Just as you like," said I, having a pretty good guess how matters would eventuate. So he took away his pet Biddy, and handed me the toddling urchin.—This chirping little vagabond won't be long with us though I. Nor was he.—Ten minutes had scarcely elapsed, when Pat rushed into the cabin, and seizing little Paudeen up in his arms, he turned to me, and with large tears bubbling in his eyes, cried out—

"Look at him, sir—jist look at him!—it's the youngest. Ye wouldn't have the heart to keep him from uz. The long and short of it is, I've ben spakin' to Mary.—Ye see she couldn't part wid Norah, and I didn't like to let Biddy go; but, by me sowl, naither of uz could live half a day without little Paudeen. No, sir—no; we can bear the bitterness of poverty, but we can't part from our childher, *unless it's the will o' Heaven to take thim from us!*"

GOOD.—The Boston Post says that the name of Frelinghuysen, answers a sort of chloride of lime purpose on the Clay ticket."

A GOOD STORY.—Old Col. W——, formerly a well known character in one of our eastern cities, was remarkable for but one passion out of the ordinary range of humanity, and that was for buying at auction any little lot of trumpery, which came under the head of "miscellaneous," for the reason that it couldn't be classified. Tho' close-fisted in general, he was continually throwing away his money by fives and tens upon such trash. In this way he had filled all the odd corners in his dwelling and out-houses with a collection of nondescript articles, that would have puzzled a philosopher to tell what they were made for, or to what use they could ever be put. This, however, was a secondary consideration with the Col. for he seldom troubled his head about such articles after they were housed. Not so with his wife, however, who was continually remonstrating against these purchases, which served only to clutter up the house, and as food for the mirth of the domestics. But the Colonel though he often submitted to those remonstrances of his better half, could not resist the passion; and so he went on adding, from week to week, to his heap of miscellanies. One day while sauntering down the street, he heard the full, rich tones of his friend C——, the well known auctioneer, and as a matter of course stepped in to see what was being sold. On the floor he observed a collection that looked as if it might have been purloined from the garret of some museum, and around which a motly group were collected; while on the counter stood the portly auctioneer, in the very height of a mock indignant remonstrance with his audience. "Nine dollars and ninety cents!" cried the auctioneer. Gentlemen it is a shame—it is barbarous, to stand by and permit such a sacrifice of property. Nine dollars and ninety——good morning, Colonel! A magnificent lot of—of—*antiquies*—and all going for nine dollars and ninety cents. Gentlemen, you'll never eee such another lot; and all going—going—for nine dollars and ninety cents. Colonel W——, can you permit such a sacrifice?" The Colonel glanced his eye over the lot, and then with a nod and a wink assured him he could not. The next instant the hammer came down and the purchase was the Colonel's at ten dollars. As the articles were to be paid for and removed immediately, the Colonel lost no time in getting a cart and having every thing packed up and on their way to his house, he proceeded to his own store, chuckling at least with himself that now at least he had made a bargain at which even his wife could'nt grumble. In due time he was seated at the dinner table, when lifting his eyes, he observed a cloud on his wife's brow. "Well my dear?" said he inquiringly. "Well?" repeated his wife, "it is not well, Mr. W. I am vexed beyond endurance. You know C——, the auctioneer? "Certainly," replied the Colonel; "and a very gentlemanly person he is too." "You may think so," rejoined his wife, "but I don't, I tell you why. A few days ago I gathered together all the trumpery with which you have been cluttering up the house for the last twelve months, and sent it to him, with orders to sell the lot immediately to the highest bidder for cash. He assured me he would do so in this week at farthest, and pay over the proceeds to my order. And here I've been congratulating myself on two things: first on having got rid of a most intolerable nuisance; and secondly, on receiving money enough therefor to purchase that new velvet hat that you promised me so long ago. And now, what do you think? This morning about an hour ago, the whole load came back again, and without a word of explanation!" The Col. looked blank for a moment, and then proceeded to clear up the mystery. But the good woman was pacified only by the promise of a ten dollar note besides that in the hands of the auctioneer; on condition' however, "that she should never mention it." Of course she kept her word!

"FIFTY YEARS SINCE."

The New York Mirror contains an essay on the manners and customs fifty years since, which is full of admonition to the present generation. Fifty years make a great change, not only in the condition of an individual, but in the habits and principles of society.

We make an extract for the benefit of our readers, male and female. The writer says:—"When Washington was President, his wife knit stockings in Philadelphia, and the mother made doughnuts and cakes between Christmas and New Year; now the married ladies are too proud to make doughnuts, besides they don't know how, so they even send to Madam Pompadour, or some other French cake baker, and buy sponge cake for three dollars a pound. In those days, New York was full of substantial comforts; now it is full of splendid misery; then there were no gray-headed spinsters, (unless they were ugly indeed,) for a man could get married for a dollar, and begin housekeeping for twenty, and in washing his clothes and in cooking his victuals, the wife saved more money than it took to support her. Now I have known ministers get five hundred dollars for buckling a couple, then wine, cake and et ceteras, five hundred more—wedding clothes and jewels a thousand—six or seven hundred in driving to the springs or some deserted mountain, then a house must be got for eight hundred dollars per annum, and furnished at the expense of two or three thousand—and when all is done, his pretty wife can neither make a cake nor put an apple in a dumpling. Then a cook must be got for ten dollars per month—a chambermaid, a laundress, and seamstress at seven dollars each, and as the fashionable folly of the day has banished the mistress from the kitchen, those blessed helps aforesaid reign supreme, and while master and mistress are playing cards in the parlor, the servants are playing the devil in the kitchen—thus lighting the candle at both ends it soon burns out. Poverty comes in at the door and drives love out of the window. It is this stupid and expensive nonsense which deters so many unhappy old bachelors from entering the state of blessedness; hence you find more deaths than marriages.

From the Florida "Light of the Reef."

THE FALL OF ALAMO.—OR LAST DAYS OF CROCKETT.

A pamphlet, with this title, has been issued in St. Louis; it is by John Henry Brown, a gentleman who has resided many years in Lavunca, Texas, and writes from observation and correct information, derived from enquiry on the spot. It gives an account of Fanin's Massacre, as well as the battles of Conception, Goliad, San Antonia, and in fact the history of the war, we copy a part of

THE DEATH OF CROCKETT.

Col. Crockett, wounded and closely pursued by a number of the enemy, retreated into the church, felling them as they approached; he was stationed in a niche, in the corner, determined to face the foe to the last, and sell his life dearly; with his favorite rifle and a superabundance of side arms, he hewed and shot them down with the same awful certainty which was characteristic of his indomitable spirit. His position rendered access to him impossible, except by a direct and exposed approach in front, and after some eight or ten had been laid dead before him, a feeling of awe seemed to seize hold of the assailants. One of them who could speak a little broken English, probably preferring to have the signal honor of capturing so noble a specimen of American valor, to present to his 'dread master,' said to Crockett, 'surrender senor.' A flash of most sovereign scorn darted from his fiery eye, and as it pierced that of the enemy he seemed to be transfixed. In a voice of thunder, Crockett answered—Surrender! No! I am an American! and as he spoke, he sent a ball through the heart of the paralyzed foe. He appeared for a moment like a wounded tiger, strengthened and buoyed by each additional wound; now hewing them down sword—next dealing death with his firearms. His person was literally drenched with his own blood; his strength must yield to its loss. Yet such physical power wrought to the highest degree of excitement can perform incredible prodigies. This was the last concentrated energy of a powerful man, animated and guarded by but one attribute—love of liberty. He knew for what his life was to be sacrificed, that devastation and butchery would follow the footsteps of his heartless foes—that helpless woman would be sacrificed to satiate the cruel desires of the conqueror; and feeling the holy inspiration of a dying patriot, he fought manfully till the loss of blood and the approach of death stayed his upraised arm; his rifle was broken to pieces, his pistol fell to the floor, and nothing but his faithful sword remained. In the agony of death, with a terrible grasp, he brought his last weapon down upon the head of the nearest assailant, and fell victoriously across his body, into the arms of death.—In this corner of the church there were twenty six dead Mexicans, and no other American having fought or fallen at that point, it is considered beyond reasonable doubt that all of them fell by the hand of Tennessee's favorite son! Not a compatriot to raise a monument is required to perpetuate their fame. So long as freedom has an abiding place in America, will their heroic deeds and proud names be held sacred.

From the Boston Olive Branch.

ANECDOTE OF AN INDIAN WARRIOR.

A writer in the New World who describes with remarkable force and interest the 'Adventures of a Kentuckian,' or 'Wild Life on the Texan Frontier' relates an anecdote of Castro an Indian chief of the Lipan tribe which we have taken the liberty to condense for our columns. The Lipans were once, a very powerful tribe, and a match for the Camanches, with whom they kept up perpetual hostility. As the Lipans were dangerous enemies to the Texans, a plot was devised by the latter, to exterminate them, which was so nearly successful, that only sixty of the Lipan warriors with a few women escaped the general slaughter.—These were so soon beset by their old enemies the Camanches, that they were forced to sue for mercy at the hands of the Texans, and they promised in return to be the fast friends and servants of the Texans. A young brave of this party named Castro was afterwards associated with the Texans in resisting the predatory incursions of the Camanches and Mexicans, and he was so delighted with the courage of the Texans, particularly of Col. N. that he begged the Colonel to tell him the charm that would make Castro fight like the big warrior. He could not be made to believe there was no conjuration about it, and in every subsequent battle he was sure to place himself near the Colonel, and in the thickest of the fight he would watch every motion of the Colonel and imitate him as near as possible. The narrator says, 'when he met with Capt. Hays, of Bexar, who is the most daring and successful ranger we ever had on the Texan frontier, I though the fellow would go crazy with delight. He almost worshiped him! and for a year or two, he never left him; and the Texans used to say it was nip and tuck between Jack, as they call Hays, and Castro, who would do the most foolhardy things.

Every rash thing Hays did—and he did a plenty of 'em—Castro would forthwith do something just as rash, and a little more so, if possible. He was along with Hays and his party of ten Rangers, on an expedition to the Rio Grande once, and they very unexpectedly came in view of a troop of eighty Mexican cavalry. There seemed to be no chance for it, but to fight—great as the difference in number was—or be taken; and the latter idea never, for once, entered into Hay's calculations.—The Mexican Colonel rode out some distance in advance of his men, and very insolently ordered Hays to surrender. The parties were about three hundred yards apart. Hays coolly turned to his men and said, 'set still boys, I'll fix that chap!'—They were so accustomed to his odd ways that they obeyed, and let him ride on alone, to meet the Mexican officer. The officer thought he was coming for a parley, and approached him off his guard. It happened that Hays was riding a wild young horse that was not accustomed to firing.—He forget this, though, and supposing it was his old horse, when he got in about eighty paces of the officer, he jerked his rifle suddenly to his face, and tumbled him off. His young horse, desperately frightened, ran off with him, and carried him like a streak clear through the Mexican line.—They were so much astonished at the rapidity of the thing, and the fall of their leader, that they did not attempt to interrupt him, and he passed thro' unhurt. Castro, when he saw this, instantly put spurs to his horse—for he thought it was a bravado feat, and was determined not to be laid in the shade. So all alone he came charging down upon the Mexicans too—but they had by this time, somewhat recovered from their stupor, and gave him a little hotter reception than Hays had met—though they were most thoroughly confounded by this new mode of fighting. They closed around Castro, who fought like a wild cat, and soon unhorsed him, with a half dozen wounds; and, but that the Rangers, just in time, dashed into his rescue, he would have been cut to pieces.

The Mexicans never got over the confusion these two extraordinary sallies produced, and were badly whipped. After they got through tying the prisoners, Hays stumbled upon Castro, lying bruised, bleeding, and almost insensible, under the feet of their horses. He stopped by him, thinking he was mortally wounded, and took his hand affectionately. Castro opened his eyes, and seeing who it was, said, smilingly, as he closed them again, 'Ah, Captain Hays! you be too much brave for poor Castro! He no go through the fire like you!'

It was a long time before the brave and simple hearted fellow got over it, and when he did get well, he merely answered the joke that was [illegible] about the affair, saying, 'The whi[illegible] of no more shall beat Castro for the l[illegible] I was much delighted with the s[illegible] this gallant knight of the 'Order' of nature.' [c.

SINGULAR CASE OF WITCHCRAFT.—We learn from the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal that a strange case of catalepsy has lately occurred in the town of Pepperell, Massachusetts. It is thus explained by Dr. Gilbert, of Boston:

Miss L. of Pepperell, is supposed to be prodigiously handled by *evil angels*. I have myself been an eye-witness of some strange occurrences, and there are several substantial witnesses to the same exhibitions. The facts are sufficiently attested by Drs. Bancroft of Groton, Parker of Pepperell, and others of high intellectual and professional attainments. The afflictions of Miss L., now about fourteen years of age, commenced in school by loss of speech. Immediately upon this misfortune, she fell sick of a disease that quickly led to the calling in of physicians and others, for she had odd *fits*, and in the course of a few hours changed so much in figure as to satisfy her parents that she was *bewitched*. Some of the neighbors were shrewd enough to suspect the origin of this mischief. In a word the poor girl lay cataleptic eight months, perfectly rigid, insensible to all around, with her jaws *perfectly locked*. During all this time, there was a frequent descent of *devils* upon the family! Noises were heard; there was the horrible appearance of a black man with a tail peeping out under his coat together with a foot minus a boot. This ambassador from Pandemonium, sometimes came in the shape of a white woman upon a white horse, riding right through the room, with his feet up in the air! At another time he, presto, got into the churn, preventing the butter from coming, and he could only be driven from under the dasher by introducing red-hot tongs in the cream.—Sad to relate, he thus got a tremendous burning upon the ankle joint, and the sore was visible to all who saw the spectre. These phantoms came with their faces so veiled that believing spectators could never have a distinct view of their physiognomy.

Now it is most unchristian and uncivil to suppose these paroxysms are feigned. No one acquainted with the patient or the family suspects either of imposition. The intelligent physicians in attendance, and the neighbors, suppose this a marked case of catalepsy. They also believe that it was induced and kept up by the continued idea of *witchcraft*, and further, that the spectral sights are the result of an excited imagination. If such is the fact, it admonishes people to be careful how they excite the marvellousness of their children by highly colored fictious.

SECOND LETTER FROM GEN'L. JACKSON ON TEXAS.

HERMITAGE, May 13, 1844.

To the Editor of the Nashville Union:—

SIR: I am induced to address you this letter, because I have, within a few days past received letters from many of my friends, who have expressed a desire to know whether my views in relation to the policy of annexing Texas to the United States have been changed by the light which the subject has received from the recent letters of Mr. Van Buren, and other prominent citizens; and because it seems to be necessary that I should answer or be misunderstood.

Having no connection with the question except the interest which, in common with other citizens, I take in all that concerns my country, what I have heretofore said upon it was dictated by no desire to be a prominent actor. It was certainly far from my expectation that there should be an effort in any quarter to make the question a mere party one. Hence, when it was brought to my notice some twelve months ago by the honorable Mr. Brown, of this State, I answered his inquiries with promptness and frankness.

I had not forgotten the principles by which my administration had been guided when attempting to obtain Texas by negotiation with Mexico, nor the care which was taken to convince Mexico, afterwards, that this government had no agency, directly or indirectly, in the steps resorted to by the people of Texas to establish for themselves an independent government. In the reference which Mr. Van Buren has made to my conduct as President in these respects, he has stated what is entirely true, and has delineated with the ability and perspicuity which so eminently distinguish him, the general principles which characterise the course of our government in its intercourse with foreign powers. But just and accurate as he is, and subscribing, most fully, as I do, to all that he alleges as applicable to the question as it stood in my administration, and as it did under his own, I still think that the circumstances are so far altered as to give a new aspect to the whole question, and to authorize a corresponding change in the discretion with which our government may now act upon it.

At the present period, it cannot be doubted that Texas is able to maintain her independence of Mexico, if each State is left to its own resources, uninfluenced and unaided by any foreign power. Eight years have elapsed since the memorable battle of San Jacinto, and there has been no serious attempt on the part of Mexico to occupy the country, and it is certain none can be made with any prospect of success. In this state of affairs, acknowledged by ourselves and the principal powers of the world as an independent nation, and treated as such, Texas renews to us the almost unanimous wish of her citizens to be annexed to the United States—telling us, substantially, that if now repulsed, she must form such alliances elsewhere as will best enable her to improve her resources and repair the disasters which she has suffered from a protracted *quasi* war.—She is sensible that her happiness will be best secured by incorporation into our Union—that the disposition and pursuits of her people, being homogenious with those of the United States, can receive no adequate protection from any other quarter. We admit the truth of these assertions, and feel that they constitute a powerful motive for action, independent of the considerations which are suggested by a prudent regard for the stability of our own institutions.

In reference to Mexico, I would use the following language: We have carefully abstained from all interference with your relations to Texas except to acknowledge her independence, in the same manner and upon the same principles that we did your independence when you separated from Spain. We have, indeed been more scrupulous with you than with Spain, for, without consulting or respecting the feelings of the latter power, our government did not hesitate to open a negotiation with you for the retrocession of Texas, and that too, long before your independence was acknowledged by Spain. But the time has now come when we feel that this delicacy ought no longer to restrain us from a treaty with Texas, particularly as we know that our failure to do so will produce results that may endanger the safety of our own confederacy.

I cannot think there is discrepancy between these views and those avowed by my administration, when proper allowance is made for the change of circumstances, or that they contain any well-founded cause for complaint on the part of Mexico.

It may now be stated as a fact, on which we may rely with the greatest confidence, that if Texas be not speedily admitted into our confederacy, she must and will be inevitably driven into alliances and commercial regulations with the European powers, of a character highly injurious, and probably hostile, to this country. What would then be our condition? New Orleans and the whole valley of the Mississippi would be endangered. The numerous herds of savages within the limits of Texas, and on her borders, would be easily excited to make war upon our defenceless frontier.

I do not deem it necessary to be more explicit here in the enumeration of the reasons which justify, to my mind, the speedy annexation of Texas to the United States. My aim is to give to this country the strength to resist foreign interference. Without Texas, we shall not have this strength. She is the key to our safety in the southwest and west. She offers this key to us on fair and honorable terms. Let us take it and lock the door against future danger. We can do it without giving just offence to Mexico. Indeed we may say that the measure is called for by the interests of Mexico, no less than of our own; for without it, she can have no reliable guarantee against future invasion.

As to the form of annexation, I do not think it material whether it be by treaty or upon the application of Texas by an act or joint resolution of Congress.

I cannot close these remarks without saying that my regard for Mr. Van Buren is so great, and my confidence in his love of country is strengthened by so long and intimate an acquaintance, that no difference on this subject can change my opinion of his character. He has evidently prepared his letter from a knowledge only of the circumstances bearing on the subject as they existed at the close of his administration without a view of the disclosures since made, and which manifest the probability of a dangerous interference with the affairs of Texas by a foreign power. I am respectfully, your servant,

ANDREW JACKSON,

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