

The Spirit of Democracy.

"PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES, AND MEN THAT WILL CARRY THOSE PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES INTO EFFECT."

BY JAMES R. MORRIS.

WOODSFIELD, OHIO, FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1844.

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THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY

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BY J. R. MORRIS.

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POETRY.

HOPELESS LOVE.

BY MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

The trembling waves beneath the moonbeams quiver.
Reflecting back the blue, unclouded skies;
The stars look down upon the still bright river,
And smile to see themselves in paradise;
Sweet songs are heard to gush from joyous bosoms,
That lightly throng beneath the greenwood tree,
And glossy plumes float in amid the blossoms,
And all around are happy—all but me!

And yet I come beneath the light that trembles
O'er these dim paths, with listless steps to roam.
For here my bursting heart no more dissembles;
My sad lips quiver, and the tear-drops come;
I come once more to list the low-voiced turtle,
To watch the dreary waters as they flow,
And lay me down beneath the fragrant myrtle
That drops its blossoms when the west winds blow.

Oh! there is one on whose sweet face I ponder,
One angel-bent mind the beautiful band,
Who in the evening's hush comes out to wander
Amid the dark-eyed daughters of the land!
Her step is lightest, where each light foot presses,
Her song is sweetest 'mid the songs of glee,
Smiles light her lips, and rose buds mid her tresses,
Loop lightly up their deep redundancy.

Youth, wealth and fame are mine, all that enthralls,
The youthful heart, on me their charms confer;
Sweet lips smile on me too, and melting glances,
Flash up to mine—but not a glance from her!
Oh! could I give youth, beauty, fame and splendor,
My all of bliss—my every hope resign,
To wake in that young heart one feeling tender—
To clasp that little hand and call it mine!

In this sweet solitude the sunny weather,
Hath called to life light shapes and fairy elves,
The rose buds lay their crimson lips together,
And the green leaves are whispering to themselves,
The clear, faint starting on the blue waves flashes,
And, filled with odors sweet, the south wind blows,
The purple clusters load the lilac bushes,
And fragrant blossoms fringe the apple boughs.

Yet I am sick with love and melancholy,
My locks are heavy with the drooping dew,
Low murmurs haunt me—murmurs soft and holy,
And oh, my lips keep murmuring, murmuring,
To!

I hate the beauty of those calm, sweet bowers,
The birds' wild music, and the fountain's fall;
Oh! I am sick in this lone land of fountains,
My soul is weary—wearied of them all!

Yet had I that sweet face on which I ponder,
To bloom for me within this Eden home,
That lip to sweetly murmur when I wander,
That cheek to softly dimple when I come,
How sweet would glide my days in these lone bowers.

Far from the world and all its heartless throngs
Her fairy feet should only tread on flowers,
I'd make her home melodious with my songs.

Ah me! such blissful hopes once filled my bosom,
And dreams of fame could then my heart enthrall,
And joy and bliss around me seemed to blossom,
But all these blissful hopes are blighted—all!
No smiling angel decks these Eden bowers,
No springing footstep echoes mine in gleam—
Oh I am weary in this world of flowers!
I sigh—I sigh amid them all—ah me!

A BRIGAND STORY.

We give another little story from "Dumars in his Curricule," as we find it in Blackwood. They serve to show the style of the writer, and as agreeable effusions from the mind of a man of enlarged observation, dashed with a little good humor, it will be read with interest. What follows is one of his serious sketches. It relates to the Vardarelli, a band of out-laws which for some time invested Calabria and the Capitanato.

Gaetano Vardarelli was a native of Calabria, and one of the earliest members of the revolutionary society of Carbonari. When Murat, after some time favoring that society, began to persecute it, Vardarelli fled to Sicily, and took service under King Ferdinand. He was then 26 years of age, possessing the muscles and courage of a lion, the agility of a cheetah, the eye of an eagle. Such a recruit was not to be despised, and he was made Sergeant in the Sicilian guards. On Ferdinand's restoration in 1815, he followed him to Naples, but finding that he was not likely ever to rise above a very subordinate grade, he became disgusted with the service, deserted and took refuge in the mountains of Calabria. There two of his brothers, and some thirty brigands and out-laws, assembled around him and elected him their chief, with the right of life and death over him. He had been a slave in the town; he found himself a king in the mountains.

Proceeding according to the old formula observed by banditti chiefs, both in Calabria and in Melodromas, Vardarelli proclaimed himself redresser of wrongs and grievances, and acted up to his profession by robbing the rich and assisting the poor. The consequence was that he soon became

exceedingly popular among the latter class; and at last his exploits reach the ears of King Ferdinand himself, who was highly indignant at such goings on, and gave orders that the bandit should be immediately hung. But there are three things necessary to hang a man—a rope, a gallows, and the man himself. In this instance, the first two were easily found, but the third was unfortunately wanting. Gendarmes and soldiers were sent after Vardarelli, but the latter was too cunning for them all, and slipped through their fingers at every turn. His success in eluding pursuit increased his reputation, and recruits flocked to his standard. His band soon doubled its members, and its leader became a formidable and important person, which of course was an additional reason for the authorities to wish to capture him. A price was set on his head—large bodies of troops sent in search of him; but all in vain.

One day the Prince of Leperano, Col. Calcedona, Major Delponce, with a dozen other officers, and a score of attendants, were hunting in a forest a few leagues from Bari, when the cry of "Vardarelli!" was suddenly heard. The party took to flight with the utmost precipitation, and all escaped except Major Delponce, who was one of the bravest, but at the same time, one of the poorest of the whole army. When he was told that he must pay a thousand ducats for his ransom, he only laughed, and asked where he was to get such a sum. Vardarelli then threatened to shoot him, if it was not forthcoming by a certain day. The major replied that it was losing time to wait; and that if he had a piece of advice to give his captor, it was to shoot him at once. The bandit at first felt half inclined to do so; but he reflected that the less Delponce cared about his life, the more Ferdinand ought to value it. He was right in his calculation; for no sooner did the King learn that his brave major was in the hands of the banditti, than he ordered the ransom to be paid out of his privy purse, and the major recovered his liberty.

But Ferdinand had sworn the extermination of the banditti, with whom he was obliged to treat as from one potentate to another. A certain colonel, whose name I forget, and who heard his vow, pledged himself, if a battalion were put under his command, to bring in Vardarelli, his two brothers and the sixty men composing his troop, bound hand and foot, and to place them in the dungeons of the Vicaria. The offer was too good to be refused; the minister of war put five hundred men at the disposal of the colonel, who started with them at once in pursuit of the out-law. The latter was soon informed by his spies of this fresh expedition, and he also made a vow, to the effect that he would cure the pursuer, once and for all, of any disposition to interfere with the Vardarelli.

He began by leading the poor colonel such a dance over hill and dale, that the unfortunate officer and his men were worn out with fatigue—then when he saw them in the state that he wished, he caused some false intelligence to be carried to them at two o'clock one morning. The colonel fell into the snare, and started immediately to surprise Vardarelli, who he was assured was in a little village at the further extremity of a narrow pass, through which only four men could pass abreast. He made such haste that he marched four leagues in two hours, and at day-break found himself at the entrance of the pass, which, however, seemed so peculiarly well adapted for an ambushade, that he halted his battalion, and sent on twenty men to reconnoitre. In a quarter of an hour the twenty men returned. They had not met a single living thing. The colonel hesitated no longer, and entered the defile, but, on reaching a spot about half way through it, where the road widened out into a sort of platform, surrounded by high rocks and steep precipices, a shout was suddenly heard, proceeding apparently from the clouds and the poor Colonel looking up, saw the summits of the rocks covered with brigands, who levelled their rifles at him and his soldiers. Nevertheless, he began forming up his men, as well as the nature of the ground would permit, when Vardarelli appeared upon a projecting crag—"Down with your arms or you are dead men!" he shouted in a voice of thunder. The bandits repeated his summons, and the echoes repeated their voices, so that the troops who had not made the same vow as their colonel, who thought themselves surrounded by greatly superior numbers, cried out for quarter, in spite of the entreaties and menaces of their unfortunate commander. Then Vardarelli, without leaving his position, ordered them to pile their arms, and to march to two different places which he pointed out to them. They obeyed, and Vardarelli, leaving twenty of his men in their ambush, came down with the remainder, who immediately proceeded to render the Neapolitan muskets useless (for the moment at least,) by the same process which Gulliver employed to extinguish the conflagration of the palace at Lilliput.

The news of the affair put the King in very bad humor for the first twenty-four hours, after which time, however, the love of a joke overcoming his anger, he laughed heartily, and told the story to every one he saw; and as there are always lots of listeners when a King narrates, three years elapsed before the colonel ventured to show his face at Naples and encounter the ridicule of the court.

The general commanding in Calabria takes the matter rather more seriously, and vows the destruction of the banditti. By offers of large pay and privileges, they are induced to enter the Neapolitan service, and prove highly efficient as a troop of gendarmes. But the general cannot forget his old grudge against them; although, for lack of opportunity, and on account of the desperate character of the men, he is obliged to defer his revenge for some time. At last he succeeds in having their leaders assassinated, and by pretending great indignation, and imprisoning the perpetrators of the deed, he lulls the suspicions of the remaining banditti, who elect new officers, and on an appointed day, proceed to the town of Foggia to have their election confirmed. Only eight of them, apprehensive of treachery, refused to accompany their comrades. The remaining thirty-one, and a woman

who would not leave her husband, obeyed the general's summons.

It was on Sunday, the review had been publicly announced, and the square was thronged with spectators. The Vardarelli entered the town in perfect order, and armed to the very teeth, but giving no sign of hostility or mistrust. On reaching the square they raised their sabres, and with one voice exclaimed, "Viva il Re!" The general appeared on his balcony to acknowledge their salute. The aid-de-camp on duty came down to receive them, and after complimenting them on the beauty of their horses and good state of their arms, desired them to file past under the general's window, which they did with a precision worthy of the regular troops. They then formed up again in the middle of the square and dismounted.

The aid-de-camp went into the house again with the list of the three new officers; the Vardarelli were standing by their horses; when suddenly there was a great confusion and movement in the crowd, which opened at various places, and down every street leading to the square, a column of Neapolitan troops was seen advancing.

The Vardarelli were surrounded on all sides.—Perceiving at once that they were betrayed, they sprang upon their horses and drew their sabres; but at the same moment the general took off his hat, which was the signal agreed upon; the command "Faccia in terra," was heard, and the spectators throwing themselves on their faces, the soldiers fired over them, and nine of the brigands fell to the ground, dead, or mortally wounded. Those who were unhurt, seeing they had no quarter to expect, dismounted, and forming a compact body, fought their way to an old castle, in which they took refuge. Two only trusting to the speed of their horses, charged the group of soldiers that appeared the least numerous, shot down two of them, and succeeded in breaking through the others and escaping. The woman owed her life to a similar piece of daring, effected, however, on another point of the enemy's line. She broke through, and galloped off, after having discharged both her pistols with fatal effect.

The attention of all was now turned to the remaining twenty Vardarelli, who had taken refuge in the ruined castle.—The soldiers advanced against them, encouraging one another, and expecting to encounter an obstinate resistance, but to their surprise, they reached the gates of the castle without a shot being fired at them. The gate was soon beaten in and the soldiers soon spread themselves through the halls and galleries of the old building. But all was silence and solitude; the bandits had disappeared.

After an hour had passed in rummaging every corner of the place, the assailants were going away in despair, convinced that their prey had escaped them; when a soldier who was stooping down to look through the air hole of a cellar, fell, shot through the body.

The Vardarelli were discovered; but still it was no easy matter to get at them. Instead of losing men by a direct attack, the soldiers blocked up the air-hole with stones set guard over it, and then going round to the door of the cellar, which was barricaded on the inner side, they heaped light faggots and combustibles against it, so that the staircase was soon an immense furnace. After a time the door gave way, and the fire poured a torrent into the retreat of the unfortunate banditti. Still a profound silence reigned in the vault. Presently two carbine shots were fired; two brothers, determined not to fall alive into the hands of their enemies, had shot each other in death. A moment afterwards an explosion was heard; a bandit had thrown himself into the flames, and his cartridge-box had blown up; at last the remainder of the unfortunate men being nearly suffocated, and seeing that escape was impossible, surrendered at discretion, were dragged through the air-hole, and immediately bound hand and foot and conveyed to prison.

As to the eight who had refused to come to Foggia, and the two who had escaped, they were hunted down like wild beasts, tracked from cavern to cavern, and forest to forest. Some were shot, others betrayed by the peasantry, some gave themselves up, so that before the year was out all the Vardarelli were dead or prisoners. The woman who had displayed such masculine courage, was the only one who finally escaped. She was never heard of after-wards.

THE MILLER AND HIS WHIG CUSTOMERS.

The Illinois State Register happily illustrates in the following *jeu d'esprit*, the force of that remarkably conclusive dogma, that high duties make low prices.—*Argus*.

Some weeks since Mr. McConnell was in Mr. Douglas's congressional district making democratic speeches, where he met a staunch democratic friend of his who accosted him very familiarly, and said: Friend Mack, I hear you are going to make a democratic speech here to-day about the tariff.

Well, says Mr. M., I'll think of it; have you any objections, friend Bob?

Well, I have, said his friend; I am afraid you are going to interfere with my interest with your confounded discussion about the tariff, and about high and low prices.

If that is so, Bob, I am very sorry, said Mr. M.; pray how can that happen?

Well, now, Mack, I will tell you in a private way like, but I don't want you to be blabbing it all around the country and make a blowing horn of yourself about it, and get me into a deal of a scrape, perhaps into the newspapers, besides.

Oh, of course, says Mr. M., I will not whisper it to any one; but how is it?

Well, says Bob, now you know I am a miller, and keep a gristmill and grind for toll.

Yes, I know, and a first rate mill it is too, and all your neighbors say that you are an anomaly in nature; a first rate, accommodating and honest miller, that never takes too much toll.

Some weeks ago, one of my whig customers came to mill, and brought with him a copy of Mr. Evans' speech upon the tariff; and while his grist was grinding he sat down and read it over to me, and commented learnedly and long upon that part of the speech that proves that a high tariff makes goods lower, and the higher the duties the lower the price to the consumer. I listened attentively, and never disputed a word he said; and when he was about to start home, I asked him to lend me the speech, for I was greatly taken with it, and wanted to read it to the people as they came to the mill. My whig friend readily complied, thinking that he had made such a valuable convert to the high whig tariff protection cause. As soon as he had left, I went to work and made me a new toll dish, and I made it about two inches higher than the old one, and immediately commenced taking toll with my new dish.

The report was soon circulated in the neighborhood, too, that I had turned whig, and my whig neighbors flocked in by dozens to see me, and among the rest, my old friend that loaned me the speech, with several others came together to get grinding, and all shook me cordially by the hand, and welcomed me to the household of whiggery. As soon as their greetings were over, I took my new toll dish, and in their presence heaped it rounding full out of each of their grists.

Hallo, Bob, says one of them, you have got a new toll dish, ha'n't you?

Oh yes, says I, the old one got a little shackling like, and a little wore off at the top, and rather too small for the interest of my customers and I thought it was best to have a new one.

Yes, by gracious, says another of them, do you see that, Williams; if it ain't about a third bigger than the old one, I will be shot sure enough says the other. Why, Bob, what the mischief does this mean? how is that for the interest of your customers, as you say?

Oh, says I, very plain, don't you understand it? the higher the toll, the lower the price of grinding, the more meat you get.

Pshaw! now, Bob, says one of them, how can you make that out? Now none of your humbugging us with your big toll dish in these hard Tyler times.

Well, now, says I, it is all as plain as day—come set down here and let me explain it to you; and I straightway took out Evans' speech and read it to them and explained how the high tariff worked, and although it appeared to increase the cost of the goods to the importer and retailing merchant, yet the higher he paid for them, the lower he could afford to sell them to his customers, the farmers and laborers who consumed them, and now, said I, the same universal law of trade and cause and effect applies with equal force to the miller and his customers. He does the grinding and takes the toll—you are his customers and consume the meal, and the toll being the price and cost of grinding, it follows as a necessary consequence, that the higher the toll the lower the price of grinding, and although my new toll dish appears larger, yet you get more meal by it; and all this I proved very clear by Mr. Evans' speech and the argument of my whig neighbor who gave me the document; and I tell you, friend Mack, it was a knock down argument to those boys—they looked at each other like so many pigs in a Newfoundland fog—each expecting the other to answer my speech, but it was no go; it was a good whig argument and proven by accredited whig documents, and they immediately gave in and admitted, that although they did not exactly understand it at first, yet it is now clear and as self evident as Mr. Evans' argument, showing that the higher the tariff, which stands in the place of the toll, the cheaper the goods, which stand in the place of the meal.

From that time I have been using my new toll dish pretty freely, and manufacturing meal and flour has got to be a first rate business; and what is better, my whig customers, although their grists of meal don't last quite as long as they used to, are well satisfied, and now Mack, I don't want you to be blowing away here that Evans' speech is not true, and that this whig doctrine about the high tariff making goods lower, is all wrong, for if you do, my pond is out, and I am ruined, with my new toll dish operation.

But, says Mr. McConnell, pray Bob, how do you get along with your democratic customers, surely you can't humbug them with your Evans' speech and whig arguments?

Oh shaw, no, says Bob, I use the old toll dish for them, and all goes off well—but now don't you tell any body what I told you.

COL. POLK AND TEXAS.

The following is Col. Polk's reply to a committee in Cincinnati, and the letter is characteristic of his manly, noble and patriotic heart:

COLUMBIA, TENN. APRIL 23, 1844.

Gentlemen: Your letter of the 30th ult. which you have done me the honor to address to me, reached my residence during my absence from home and was not received until yesterday. Accompanying your letter, you transmit to me, as you state, "a copy of the proceedings of a very large meeting of the citizens of Cincinnati, assembled on the 29th inst. to express their settled opposition to the annexation of Texas to the United States." You request from me an explicit expression of opinion upon this question of annexation. Having at no time entertained opinions upon public subjects which I was unwilling to avow, it gives me pleasure to comply with your request. I have no hesitation in declaring that I am in favor of the immediate reannexation of Texas to the territory of the United States. I entertain no doubts as to the power or expediency of the reannexation. The proof is clear and satisfactory to my mind that Texas once constituted a part of the territory of the United States, the title to which I regard to have been as indisputable as that to any other portion of our territory. At the time the negotiation was opened with a view to acquire the Florida, and the settlement of other questions, and pending that negotiation, the Spanish government itself was satisfied of the validity of our title, and

was ready to recognise a line far west of the Sabine as the true western boundary of Louisiana, as defined by the treaty of 1803, with France, by which Louisiana was acquired. This negotiation, which had first been opened at Madrid, was broken off and transferred to Washington, where it was resumed, and resulted in the treaty of Florida, by which the Sabine was fixed on as the western boundary of Louisiana. From the ratification of the treaty of 1803 with France, until the treaty of 1819 with Spain; the territory now constituting the republic of Texas belonged to the United States. In 1819, the Florida treaty was concluded at Washington, by Mr. John Q. Adams, (the Secretary of State,) on the part of the United States, and Don Louis de Onis on the part of Spain; and by that treaty this territory lying west of the Sabine, and constituting Texas, was ceded by the U. States to Spain. The Rio del Norte, or some more western boundary than the Sabine could have been obtained had it been insisted on by the American Secretary of State, and that without increasing the considerations paid for the Florida. In my judgment, the country west of the Sabine, and now called Texas; was most unwisely ceded away. It is a part of the great valley of the Mississippi, directly connected by its navigable waters with the Mississippi river, and having once been a part of our Union, it should never have been dismembered from it. The government and people of Texas, it is understood, not only give their consent, but are anxiously desirous to be reunited to the United States. If the application of Texas for a reunion and admission into our confederacy shall be rejected by the United States, there is imminent danger that she will become a dependency if not a colony of Great Britain—an event which no American patriot, anxious for the prosperity of this country, could permit to occur without the most strenuous resistance. Let Texas be reannexed, and the authority and laws of the United States be established and maintained within her limits, as also in the Oregon territory, and let the fixed policy of our government be not to permit Great Britain or any other foreign power to plant a colony or hold dominion over any portion of the people or territory of either. These are my opinions; and without deeming it necessary to extend this letter, by assigning the many reasons which influence me in the conclusions to which I come, I regret to be compelled to differ so widely from the views expressed by yourselves, and the meeting of citizens of Cincinnati whom you represent. Differing, however, with you and with them, as I do, it was due to frankness that I should be thus explicit in the declaration of my opinions.

I am, with great respect,
Your obedient servant,
JAMES K. POLK.
To Messrs. S. P. Chase, Thomas Heaton, &c. committee, Cincinnati.

FROM THE NASHVILLE UNION.

GEN. JACKSON AND ANNEXATION.

We present our readers to-day with another letter from Gen. Jackson on the subject of the immediate annexation of Texas to the United States, in which he brings this important question before the country in its true light. This letter comes forth at the earnest request of General Jackson's numerous friends, who have addressed him of late, and expressed a desire to know if his sentiments have not changed in regard to annexation, since so much information has been brought to bear upon this question, by the letters of Mr. Van Buren and other distinguished men of our country.

HERMITAGE, MAY 13, 1844.

To the editor of the Union:
Sir: I am induced to address 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 by the Hon. 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 characterize 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 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, unassisted 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 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 homogenous 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 the 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 enumerations of the reasons which justify in my mind, the speedy annexation of Texas to the United States. My aim is to give this country strength to resist foreign interference. Without Texas we shall not have strength. She is the key to our safety in the south-west 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 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 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.

MORE RIOTS.

IN PHILADELPHIA.

We are pained to announce further riots in Philadelphia. The first cause of alarm was the imposing Native American procession on the 4th inst. and by authority of the Governor, arms were taken to some of the Catholic Churches. This becoming known on Saturday morning a mob assembled in front of St. Philip's Church. Unsuccessful efforts were made to induce the mob to disperse, and in the evening the military were called. At first a display of force was successful, but at length the military were dared to fire, and Charles Naylor, Esq. running up before a cannon in a manner of defiance, he was immediately arrested. This determined stand of the military arrested the mob, and they dispersed.

On Sunday morning the mob again assembled with a gun, and declaring they would fire unless Mr. Naylor was released and he was released, when he urged the mob to disperse. Further depredation being threatened, the mob were addressed by Messrs. Levin and Grover, who besought them to disperse. They promise to do provided the Hibernia Greens, who were guarding the Church were sent away.

They accordingly were drawn off the crowd following them and pelting them and retreating rapidly some of the soldiers fired their guns. One of the Greens was seriously wounded and is reported dead; another was caught by the mob and killed.

LATER NEWS.

One of the Hibernia Greens was caught and terribly beaten. After the church was given up, a rumor that the Greens had fired on their assailants caused a new excitement. The crowd at the Church became dense; the defenders stood firm.—A log of wood was hoisted to batter in the door, but was thrust aside. A breach was soon made in the brick wall above the door; the mob rushed in and dispersed themselves over the church. An Irishman was arrested in the church. In about an hour smoke issued from the cellar, but the fire was