

From the New York European.

### RENEWAL OF OUR PLAN FOR CONVERTING TEXAS INTO A SECOND IRELAND.

"I want a Hero, an uncommon want."—Don Juan.

We renew our project for the converting of Texas into an Irish Colony, Republic or Kingdom. Irishmen, is there not one man amongst us who possesses at the same time, patriotism, audacity, and an ample fortune? If there be, he has only to make now one bold dash to redress the wrongs of his native country; to build a reputation as imperishable and as glorious as that of Brian Borloma, and to make himself a hero, a conqueror, and perhaps a King. We have already told our readers what sort of a country Texas is, and how it is situated. In order, however, to impress the particulars more forcibly upon their memories, we shall recur to them again. Texas then is one of the most magnificent countries in creation—a very poet's paradise. Teeming lands—glorious rivers—delicious climate—smiling valleys, and romantic mountains. It is, in fact, a second edition of Ireland; and judging from the family resemblance between them, and the peculiar situation in which Texas stands at present, we would say it was intended by God that the latter should be peopled by the superabundant population of the former. However this may be, Texas is now without an acknowledged owner. True, it properly belongs to Mexico, of which it is a state, or a province, but Mexico having enough of lands without it, more conveniently situated, and also requiring an increase of revenue, made an offer of it as a settlement for emigrants, upon certain conditions. These conditions being highly advantageous, the bargain was soon closed, and towns, houses, and farms began to spring up in all directions. While things were in this state, circumstances compelled the Mexicans to make a trifling alteration in their form of government; with which, of course, the Texans were obliged to comply. And they did comply; and there was no grumbling about it; and the reason was because the alteration was all for the better, as it increased the influence of good government, and in consequence thereof, their confidence in its protection. It happened, however, that among the infant towns was one—by name San Philippe—which was almost exclusively inhabited by the sweepings of the gao's of the United States. In it there was no law, no order, and no honesty; but every thing conspired to make it a complete nursery for the gibbet; and as a proof of this we can cite one general instance, which is an established fact that no traveller who had any thing to lose, ever entered this place and left it again without being plundered; and that too, most usually, in the open streets, and in the face of the sun. Now these San Philippeans were, as a matter of course, all revolutionists; the idea of any government was an evil to them; but their own was a down right abomination, because of late it had began to take cognizance of their proceedings, and to threaten them with a day of retribution if they did not keep their hands from pecking and stealing. The change, therefore, in the Mexican mode of administration was a great God sent to them; it provided them with a bone of contention; and accordingly, knowing they had but little to lose if they lost, and a great deal to gain if they won, they hoisted the standard of rebellion. Previous to this, however, the land jobbers of America had began to throw a sheep's eye towards Texas; they noted with rapture how beautiful it would look on a map, or read in a puff; and how much less difficult it would be to coax emigrants out of fifty cents an acre for its gorgeous lands, than for the marshes and back woods of Florida and Louisiana. But they knew it would not do for them to advertise it for sale, unless they could show some color of a title, and therefore they endeavored to remain satisfied with their longings until the revolt of the San Philippeans, when they at once rushed simultaneously to the charge. And if it were not for those same land jobbers, the

revolution in Texas would have been all a bottle of smoke; as the original rebels had neither money, nor other inducements to hold out to volunteers, and were totally unable to do anything of consequence among themselves. Many of those speculators have made immense sums of money; they sold millions and millions of acres to which they had no more title than they had to the acres in the moon, and paid editors for puffing them in grants of land, who in their turns resold them through the smaller fry of commission land agents; and so the humbug went round. As a proof of this we would add that many of our daily editors have large lots of Texian lands now for sale; and hence are they so noisy in their raptures touching the benefits that are to be derived from going there, and for admitting that colony into the Union.

We are thus particular, in order to let the reader see how very simple a matter it would be to make a SECOND IRELAND OF TEXAS. Mexico, herself don't want it; now only fighting for it from feelings of national pride: and she would be rejoiced to make a grant of it forever, to an influential colony of Irishmen, for some nominal consideration. And the people of the United States would not only have no objection to such an arrangement, but would be glad of it,—as in the first place, they have more land than is good for them already; and in the second, they would rather have Irishmen than Mexicans for neighbors. And the English reformed government, would be pleased at such a project, as it would at once relieve them from the difficulty of providing for their vast Irish surplus population; and as it would also place a barrier between their West Indian possessions, and the increasing power of the United States. And in short, there is nothing wanted but an efficient leader, a little money, and a few, stout hearts, to confer a greater benefit on Ireland, in a short three months, than she may otherwise derive in thirty years—we might perhaps say, in a hundred.

In our last article, we think we said that about three thousand men would be able to put down the rebels in Texas. We can now safely assert, that twelve hundred would be all-sufficient; because the last intelligence from that place, shows that the United States' volunteers had all forsaken the Houstonites in deep disgust, and were on their return home; not having received a single iota of all the good things that had been promised to them, for their services. And even the few more determined Texans, (whom they have left behind) have divided themselves into two factions,—the "Houstonites" and the "Burnettes," and are fighting pell-mell among themselves. As for the neutrals, (and five to one of the inhabitants are neutrals,) knowing that the United States will have nothing to do with them, and they will have nothing to do with the irresponsible set of blackguards that call themselves their protectors, and the lords of the soil, they were altogether in the Mexican interest, because they are fully aware, that however it may be effected, the "tag and rag" patriots will soon be routed, and then Texas must again acknowledge her present legitimate government, or some other that will have received the sanction of nations.

Now, Irishmen, is this glorious opportunity for making ourselves independent, to be lost forever,—and all for the want of a champion, and a little money. Any man of established wealth and principle would soon be able to draw to his standard five thousand men for such an expedition; two thirds of whom, would defray their own expenses until the fight was over, and their inheritance secured. Where is the man amongst us, that will risk a little ease and a little money, for the presidency or a throne; and better than both, a name that will be as familiar with the pens of future historians and dramatists, as that of Julius Cæsar? For ourselves, (as we said before) we are bowed and jaded, "cabin'd—crubb'd—confined," for the want of the means, or else we would at once snatch the laurels for ourselves, which we now hold

forth so freely to the grasp of another; for so simple would be the accomplishment of our object, that even we feel perfectly assured that we have genius and enterprise far more than sufficient to the task. What do we gain by remaining in the United States? A subsistence from day to day and any quantity of insult to make it palatable; and all is told. What would we get by going to Texas? A home that would be our own, an inheritance for our children, and a people that would neither call us foreigners or strangers, there would be also another comfort in the latter, not to be lost sight of. We would call Texas Ireland, we would establish in it, all the most innocent and endearing usages of the land of our fathers; we would renew our former associations,—we would regain our former cheerfulness; and, (most delicious hope of all,) we would feel ourselves at home.

We will finish our second chapter here—but a third, fourth, fifth, and sixth,—if necessary, shall follow; but we trust that before the time arrives, the hero we are in quest of, shall be found, and the plan organised, for converting Texas into a SECOND IRELAND.

From the Caihness North Star.

W O M A N .

"La Donna rido quando poule,  
"Et piange quando voule.

As changing as the star which flits,  
Ere you can point its place;  
And her course, tho' bright and brilliant—  
As difficult to trace.

A thug of thought and feeling,  
Every fancy's willing slave;  
Now, gliding smooth down pleasure's stream;  
Now tossed on passion's wave.

With a smile for every mischief,  
And a tear for every woe—  
Her bright eyes flashing laughter,  
Ere her tears had ceased to flow.

As ardent in her friendship,  
As implacable in hate;  
And her love, tho' false and sickly  
Deep and terrible as fate.

Oh, fly her! when the wine cup  
And the music, and the song  
Are high, and merry dancers  
Seem borne on wings along.

For there's death in every sparkle,  
Of that brilliant dark eye,  
And for every glance thou gazest,  
Thou shalt heave a bitter sigh.

Still more, in pain and sorrow,  
When she droops her pensive head,  
And her joy, and her pleasure,  
Seem for ever, ever fled.

O, fly her! for, for every tear  
Thou fondly wipest now,  
A thousand of thine own  
Shall in deeper sorrow flow.

NEW STATES.—The papers of the 'far west,' are beginning to talk of two new States to be called Iowa and Wisconsin, to be cut out of the present Territory of Wisconsin. A paper printed at Grand Gulf says there are 60,000 inhabitants in the Territory, about equally divided between the districts of which it is proposed to make new States. Iowa lies west of the Mississippi river and is 450 miles in length. To the west of the future State of Iowa, (says the above-named paper,) other states will soon be added, and the child lives who will travel through TWENTY States lying north of the mouth of the Ohio, and west of the Mississippi, and containing TWENTY MILLIONS of human beings as yet unborn!

How to get the dyspepsia.—Eat every hour, and you will soon have it.