THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO. PROPRIETORS

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

OFFICE, CORNER STATE ST. AND PUBLIC SQUARE, ERIE.

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Attorney at Law and Justice of the Peace, and Agent for the Key Stone Mutual Life Insurance Company—Office 3 doors west of Wrights store; Erie, Pa.

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MARSHALL & VINCENT,
Attorneys at Law—Office up stairs in Tammany Hall building north of the Prothonotary's office, Erie.

MURRAY WHALLON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law—Office over C. B. Wright's Store, entrance one door west of State street, on the Diamond, Erie.

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SMITH JACKSON,
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G. Loomis. T. M. Austin

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O. D. SPAFFORD,
Dealer in Law, Medical, school Miscellaneous Books stationary Ink, &c. State st., four doors below the Public square.

DR. O. L. ELLIOTT,
Resident Dentist; Office and dwelling in the Beebe Block, on the East side of the Public Square, Erie. Teeth inserted on Gold Plate, from one to an entire sett. Carious teeth filled with pure Gold, and restored to health and usefulness. Teeth cleaned with instruments and Dentifrice so as to leave them of a pellucid clearness. All work warranted.

S. DICKERSON,
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POWDER—104 Keg Rifle, Deer and Blasting Powder, just received and for sale by the keg or less quantity, by
Erie, July 26. R. T. STERRETT & SONS.

Select Poetry.

THE PLOWMAN.

BY J. F. SIMMONS.

Behold his firm and steady tread,
As turning o'er the fruitful soil,
He labors for his daily bread,
Made sweeter by continuous toil.
His mind is not oppressed by cares,
He's neither dreary nor forlorn,
So long as rank, unfrontful tares
Do not choke up his growing corn.

He whistles as he walks along,
With the furrows freshly made,
Or murmurs forth his simple song
Unknown to those of lordly grade!
His tenture bathed in morning dew,
For ere the sun his warm glow yields
In morning's first grey misty hue,
He's plodding through the verdant fields.

His face with health and pleasure glows,
Far different from the lordly throng;
His cheeks are blooming like the rose,
His sturdy frame is stout and strong;
His tone is fearless while he talks,
His voice is open, bold and clear;
His step is steady while he walks,
Nor does he seem to falter e'er.

He has no sordid thoughts of gain—
Has but one simple wish or two;
And as he labors on the plain,
His heart is light and merry too.
His song that floats upon the air,
And echoes in the wooded dell,
Breathes of his love, his maiden fair,
Whose virtues he delights to tell.

His bread is sweet, though brown it be,
His crystal liquid pure and clear,
His heart is merry light and free,
His maiden, as his life, is dear.
His rest at night is sweet and deep,
And with refreshment freely teems,
And while he rests, his gentle sleep
Has for companions blissful dreams.

Plow on, thou hearty, fearless man,
How deeply in the fertile soil,
Thy ruddy cheek will ne'er grow wan
From honest, constant, steady toil.
Fear not the scorn of those less true,
E'en though encased in robes more fine,
They'd give their pleasures, fine robes too,
For hearts as light and pure as thine.

Choice Miscellany.

TWO SCENES
IN THE LIFE OF A CITY BELLE

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

SCENE FIRST.

"Isn't she a glorious creature?" said my young friend Merwyn, glancing, as he spoke, toward a beautiful girl named Florine Malcolm, the daughter of a merchant reputed to be rich. We were at a party, and the object of remark sat, or rather reclined near us on a sofa, with a graceful abandon, or rather indolence, in her whole air and attitude, that indicated one born and raised in idleness and luxury.

"She is a fine looking girl, cert inly," I replied.

"Fine looking!" said my enthusiastic young friend, in surprise, half inclined to be offended at the coldness with which I expressed myself.

"Fine looking, indeed? She's a perfect Hebe; a very impersonation of youth and beauty."

"No one can deny that she is a very lovely and beautiful girl," said I, to this. "But she lacks animations."

"What you speak of as a fault, I consider her greatest charm. I never met any one so free from all vulgar hurry and excitement. An exquisite ease distinguishes her actions, and she reminds you, in nearly everything, of those courtly ladies who give such a charm to foreign aristocratic society. Certainly, I have not met, in this country, with any one who has so perfectly the air of a high-bred lady as Florine Malcolm."

To understand this perfectly, the reader must be told that Merwyn had recently returned from a tour through Europe, whither he had been permitted to go by a wealthy father, and where he had discovered, like most of our young men who venture abroad, that in our forms of social intercourse, and in all that gives fashionable society its true excellence and attractiveness, we are sadly deficient. Foreign manners, habits, and dress were brought home and retained by the young man, who, as a natural consequence, became a favorite among the ladies, and was thus encouraged in his silly imitations of things anti-American, and, therefore, in America ridiculous. In the eyes of sober-minded, sensible people, who did not know him well enough to see that there was a more substantial groundwork in his character than all this would lead a casual observer to infer, Merwyn was viewed as a mere fop, whose brains had grown out upon his upper lip in the shape of a moustache.

Such a man was my friend, Henry Merwyn. I knew his better qualities, and esteemed them; at the same time that I saw his weakness, and bore with them for the sake of the good that was in him. He had been raised in a sickly atmosphere, and his mind had taken an unhealthy tone; but he was honorable, and rigidly just in all his actions towards others.

As for the young lady he so warmly admired—Miss Florine Malcolm—I only knew her as we know those into whose society we are but occasionally thrown. She was a fine, showy girl, with a face of more than ordinary beauty; but, to one of my tastes, uninteresting for the very reason that she proved so charming to Merwyn. This genteel languor, this elegant indolence, this distinguishing repose, never much suited my fancy. I like to see the soul flow into the bodily organism, and thrill its very nerve with life and sentiment. I like to see the eye burn, the lips quiver, and the whole face glow with animating thought. These make beauty ten fold more beautiful; and give to even paleness a charm.

"By a high-bred lady," I replied to Merwyn's particular praise of Miss Malcolm, "you mean, I presume, a woman who is entirely artificial."

"No," he quickly answered, "you put a construction on my words that I do not acknowledge to be fair. By a high-bred lady, I mean one who possesses that peculiar ease and grace, that exquisite repose, and that charming elegance of manner that comes from a refined taste and long association with those who move in the highest rank in society. In fact, it is hard to fix in words all that goes to make up a well bred lady; but, when you meet her, you know her at a glance."

"And you say Miss Malcolm comes nearer to the high-bred, courtly lady, than any woman it has been your fortune to meet on this side of the Atlantic?"

"She does. In Paris or London she would find herself at home in the first circles of fashion. Now, just look at Miss Watson, who sits near her, bolt upright, and stiff as a post; and then observe how gracefully Florine reclines on those cushions like a very queen. There you have the exact difference between a mere vulgar girl, and a true lady."

There was a difference between the two individuals thus referred to—a very marked difference. Miss Watson looked like a girl of thought and action, while the other repposed languidly among the cushions of a sofa, the very picture of indolence.

"I see nothing vulgar about Miss Watson," said I. "And I know that there is nothing vulgar about her. She is a true lady in every sense of the word."

Merwyn half vexed me by his dissenting silence.

Just then he observed that Miss Malcolm looked pale. Going over quickly to where she was, he inquired if she were not well, and learned that some particular perfume used by a lady who sat near, was so unpleasant as to make her feel faint. He immediately proposed that she should go into an adjoining room where were fewer persons, and get a place near one of the windows, offering his arm at the same time. She arose, and I saw her pass out slowly. She was in good health; in fact, in the very prime and vigor of young life; yet, surrounded as she was by every luxury and elegance, she had grown inactive, and felt even a small effort as burdensome. Trifling causes affected her; and she imagined a physical inability to do a thousand things that might have been done with scarcely an effort.

The very sympathy and concern manifested by Merwyn, who was the lover of Florine, made her feel that she was really indisposed; and she languidly reclined on the sofa to which he had conducted her, with the air of an invalid. Finding that she did not grow any better, Merwyn, in a little while, proposed that she should go home, and had a carriage ordered. Wandering into the apartment to which they had gone, I saw him bring her shawl, without which she could not pass into the dressing-room for fear of cold, and saw her meet the attention with a half averted face, and a want of effort, that made me feel as if I would like to have aroused her by means of the wires from an electrical battery.

"A beautiful couple they will make," said I to myself, as Florine arose and went out, leaning heavily on the arm of the young man, to pass through the storms and over the rough places of this troublesome world. A summer breeze will be too rough for that young creature, and the odor of violets too stimulating for her nerve."

A few months subsequent to this they were married, and not long afterward I removed from the city, and did not see them again for some years. But, I learned, in the meantime, with sincere regret, that in a great "commercial crisis" through which the country passed, both of the families of this young couple had been reduced from affluence to comparative poverty. A sigh for the human summer flowers I have mentioned, was my simple response to the news. A couple of years afterward I met them again.

SCENE SECOND.

During a journey through the western part of Ohio, I had occasion to stop for a few days in the little town of R——. On the day after my arrival, a man whose face struck me as being familiar, passed the door of the tavern in which I was standing. A sort of doubtful recognition took place on both sides, but neither of us being certain as to the other's identity, we did not speak, and the man passed on. I looked after him as he moved down the street, wondering in my mind who he could be, when I saw him stop, and after appearing to hesitate about something, turn round and walk back toward the hotel. He was a young man plainly dressed, and looked as if he were a clerk in a store, or, it might be a small store-keeper himself. As he came back, I fixed my eyes upon his face, trying to make out who it was that bore such familiar features.

"My old friend Merwyn!" I exclaimed, as he passed in front of where I stood.

He called my name in return, and then we grasped each others' hands eagerly.

"The last man in the world I expected to meet," said I.

"And, certainly, I as little expected to meet you," was returned. "This is indeed a pleasure! When did you arrive, and how long do you stay in R——?"

"I came here yesterday, and hope to resume my journey to-morrow."

"Not so soon!" Merwyn said, still tightly holding my hand. "You must stay longer."

"I am doubtful as to that," I returned. "But is this your place of sojourn in the world?"

"Yes, for the present, seeing that I can't find a better."

There was a manly cheerfulness in the way this was said, which I could not have believed it possible for the young man to feel, under the great change of circumstances that had taken place.

"And your lady?" I felt some hesitation even while I asked this question.

"Very well, thank you!" was cheerfully replied. "We live a mile or two from town, and you must go out and spend a night with us before you leave. Florine will be delighted to see you."

"It will be quite as pleasant for me to meet her," I could but answer; yet even while I spoke I felt that our meeting must remind the wife of my friend so strongly of the past, as to make it anything but pleasant.

"How long have you lived here?"

"About two years."

"It is almost the last place in which I expected to meet you. What are you doing?"

"Merchandizing in a small way. I had no profession, when kind fortune knocked us all on the head, and so had to turn my hand to the first thing that offered, which happened to be a clerkship in a store at three hundred and fifty dollars a year. This was barely enough to keep body and soul together; yet, I was thankful for so much, and tried to keep down a murmuring spirit. At the end of a year, having given every satisfaction to my employer, he said to me one day—'You have shown far more business capacity than I thought you possessed, and, I think, are the very man I want to go out west with a stock of goods. Can you command any capital?' 'Not a dollar, I fear,' was my reply. 'I'm sorry for that, said he, 'for I want a man who is able to take an interest in the business. Don't you think you could raise a couple of thousand dollars in cash?' I shook my head, doubtfully. We had a good deal more conversation on the subject."

"When I went home, I mentioned to my wife what Mr. L——, my employer, had said, and we talked much about the proposition. I expressed a great deal of regret at not being able to furnish capital, as the offer I had received was plainly an advantageous one, and would give me a fair start in the world. 'Would you be willing to go off to the west?' I asked of Florine, while we talked over the subject. 'Wherever you think it best to go, I will go cheerfully,' was her brave answer. Thus far she had borne our change of fortune with a kind of heroism that more than anything else helped to sustain me. We were living with my family, and had one child.—My father, of whose misfortunes you are aware, had obtained the office of President in an insurance company, with a salary of two thousand dollars a year, and this enabled him still to keep his family around him, and, though luxuries had to be given up, his income afforded every comfort. We had a room with them, and, though my income was small, we had all that health and peace of mind required.

"On the day after the conversation with my wife about the west, she met me on coming home to dinner, with so happy yet meaning a smile on her face, that I could not help inquiring what it meant. As I sat down by her side, she drew from her pocket a small roll of bank bills, and, handing them to me, said—'there is the capital you want.' I took the money, and, unrolling it in mute surprise, counted out the sum of two thousand dollars!—'Where did this come from?' I inquired. She glanced across the room, and my eyes followed the direction here had taken. I missed something. It was her piano!—'Explain yourself, Florine,' I said. 'That is easily done,' she replied, as she looked tenderly in my face. 'I have sold my piano and watch, my diamond pin, bracelet and ring, and every article of jewelry and *bijouterie* in my possession, but *this*,' holding up the wedding ring, 'and there you have the money.' I cannot tell you how much I was affected by this. But, no matter. I used the two thousand dollars in the way proposed, and here I am.—Come, walk down to my store with me, and let us chat a little about old times, there."

I went, as invited, and found Merwyn with a small, but well selected stock of goods in his store, and all the evidences of a thriving business around him.

"You must go home with me this afternoon," said he, as I arose to leave him, after having had an agreeable talk for an hour. "I live, as I told you, a short distance in the country; so you will stay all night, and can come in with me in the morning. The stage leaves here at five o'clock, and passes within a short distance of my house, Florine will be delighted to see you."

I consented, well pleased with this arrangement, and, at five o'clock was seated in the stage by the side of my old friend, who bore as little resemblance to one of your curled, perfumed, and moustached exquisits—what he had once been—as could well be imagined. His appearance was plain, substantial, and business-like.

Half an hour's ride brought us to our stopping place.

"I live off to the right here," said Merwyn, as we left the stage, "beyond that piece of wood. Ten minutes' walk will bring us to my door. We prefer the country for several reasons, the principal one of which is economy. Our cottage with six acres of ground, costs us only fifty dollars a year, and we have the whole of the land worked on shares by a neighbor, thus more than clearing our rent. Then we have plenty of fruit and milk for ourselves and children, and fresh air and health into the bargain."

"But don't Mrs. Merwyn find it very lonesome out here?" I inquired.

"Oh, no. We have two children, and they, with a very clever young woman who lives with us more as a friend than a domestic, although we pay her wages, give Florine plenty of society through the day, and I come in by night-fall, and sometimes earlier, to make the evenings all she could wish. At least, I have Florine's own declaration for this." The last sentence was uttered with a smile.

As we walked along, the nearness of my meeting with Mrs. Merwyn, turned my thoughts back to other times. A beautiful girl was before me, languidly reclining upon a sofa, overcome by the extract of some sweet herbs, the perfume of which had fallen unharmoniously upon the sense. A hot-house plant, how was it possible that she could bear the cold, bracing atmosphere of such a life as that she was now living? When last I saw her, she was but a tender summer flower, on whom the warm sun shone daily, and into whose bosom the night dews came softly with refreshing coolness.

Silently I walked along with my mind full of such thoughts, when an opening in the woods through which we were passing, gave me a glimpse of a woman's figure, standing on the second rail of a fence, and apparently on the look-out for some one. The intervening trees quickly hid her again from my view. In a minute or so afterward we emerged from the trees but a short distance from the woman I had seen, who was looking in another direction from that in which we were coming. We were close upon her before she observed us. Then the voice of Merwyn, who called "Florine!" startled her, and she turned upon us her beautiful young face, glowing with health, surprise and pleasure. I passed in astonishment. Was that the indolent, languid city belle, who could scarcely sit erect even with the aid of cushions, now standing firm and straight on a fence-rail, and looking more lovely and graceful than she had ever seemed in my eyes.

She recognized me in a moment, and, springing from the rail, came bounding forward, full to overflowing of life and spirits. Grasping my hand, she expressed the warmest pleasure at seeing an old face, and asked me a dozen questions before I could answer one.

I found them occupying a neat little bird's nest of a cottage, in which were two as sweet little children as I have ever seen. While I sat and talked with Merwyn, holding one child upon my knee, and he the other, Florine busied herself in getting the supper. Her only domestic was away. Ever and anon I caught a glimpse of her as she passed in and out of the adjoining room where she had spread the table. A very long time did not elapse before I sat down with my old friends to a meal that I enjoyed as well as any I have ever eaten. The warm, white biscuits were baked by Florine; the sweet butter she had herself churned, so she said, and the cake and preserves were her own.

"I am surprised at all this," said I, after tea. "How is it possible for you to be cheerful and happy under such a change? How was it possible for you to come so efficiently into a mode of life, the very antipodes of the one to which you were born, and in which you were educated?"

"Misfortune," replied Merwyn, "brings out whatever is efficient in our characters. This has been particularly the case with us. We had both led artificial lives, and had false views of almost everything, when, at a blow, the golden palace in which we had lived, was dashed to pieces. We were then thrown out into the world, with nothing to depend upon but our individual resources, which were, at first, you may well believe, exceedingly small. The suddenness with which our fashionable friends turned from us and the entire exclusion from fashionable society that followed, opened our eyes to the utter worthlessness of much we had looked upon as of primary consideration. The necessity of our circumstances turned our thoughts, at the same time, to things of real moment, the true importance of which grew daily more apparent. Thus we were prepared for other steps that had to be taken, and which, I am glad to say, we are able to take cheerfully. We now lead a true and useful life, and I am sure Florine will join me in saying, that it is a happier life than we ever led before."

"Yes, with all my heart," replied the young wife.—"I have good health, good spirits, and a clear conscience; and, without these, no one can be happy."

"Still" remarked Merwyn, "we look to growing better off in the world, and hope, one day, to be surrounded at least by a portion of the elegance and luxury of early times. But until that day comes, we will enjoy the good things of life that fall to our lot; and should it never come, we will have lost nothing by vain anticipations."

When I parted with my old friends on the next day, I felt that their lot was, beyond comparison, more blessed than if it would have been had not misfortune visited them; and wished from my heart, that all who had met with similar reverses would imitate their good example. Still, I wondered at the change I had seen; and, at times could hardly realize its truth.

☞ "Come here, my little man," said a gentleman to a youngster of four years of age, while sitting in the parlor where a large company were assembled, "Do you know me?" "Yes, sir, I think I do." Who am I then, let me hear." "You are the man what kissed sister Jane last night in the parlor." Jane fainted.

Seeing a Light.—A sailor, the other day in describing his first efforts to become a "water man," said that just at the close of a dark night, he was sent aloft to see if he could see a light. After a short time he was hailed from the deck with:—"Mast head ahoy!" "Ay, ay, sir," was the answer. "Do you see a light?" "Yes, sir!" "What light?" "Daylight, sir!" The lookout was ordered down with a run.

SAM HOUSTON AT SAN JACINTO.

SCRAPS FROM HISTORY.

The hope of the brave began to grow dim and dark, and the stars of the revolution seemed to be going down in gloom, to rise no more. Three heavy columns of the pampered soldiery of Mexico, led on by Santa Anna, supported by Urrea, Cos, and Filisola, had crossed the Rio Grande, and the vulture flag of the South threateningly waved on the banks of the Guadaloupe.

The heroic Travis, brave to a fault, and reckless and defiant as he was brave, at the head of one hundred and thirty spirits fashioned after himself, occupied the Alamo, the frontier fortress of Texas. In defiance of the express orders of General Houston, the commander-in-chief, he determined there to await the combination of the legions of the despot. Courier after courier reached the Alamo, commanding Travis to fall back upon the camp of Houston; but his undisciplined spirit brooked no control, and each successive courier bore back the reply, "*We will not retreat. We will conquer or die!*"

The shock came! Four days and nights of sleepless battle, with unabated fury, raged around the doomed walls of the Alamo, and the fifth morning's sun shone on a confused mass of blood-stained ruins and bones, and the smouldering ashes of the intrepid dead. No living Texan was left to tell of his comrades' deeds, but the huge pile of Mexicans slain, and their ghastly and gaping wounds told with terrible certainty, that Travis, and Bowie, and Crockett, had fought, and bled, and died, *if they had not conquered there.* The next scene in that tragic drama was the massacre of Goliad. The ill-fated Fanning, imbued with the same spirit of reckless self-reliance which proved the destruction of Travis and his command, too long hesitated to execute the order for retreat, issued by that wise and intrepid man, whose great mind conceived, and whose iron will achieved the revolution. Pressed on every side by a well-appointed and overwhelming foe, without supplies, and with but very little ammunition, Fanning sought to fight and retreat, contesting every inch of the ground with the life blood of the foe. But the power of numbers on one side, and the want of ammunition on the other, caused Fanning to commit the unpardonable error of trusting to the plighted honor of a Mexican, *even though it belied as a soldier.* A capitulation entered into with all the solemnities of chivalric war, was the result. The Texan flag was furled, but not in disgrace, for the terms of capitulation are held by all but barbarous nations, and the faith of a Mexican General was pledged that the next day's sun should smile on the Texan's as they returned to their fireside homes. Night passed away, and with the early beat of the morning drum Fanning and his comrades were marched out to the plains of Goliad to receive their release. Unarmed and unsuspecting, they were conducted through the long lines of the Mexican army, drawn up in battle array, until they were walled up on every side, by the bristling bayonets of the foe. A signal was given, not of release, but of death! One wild terrific crash was heard; a lurid cloud of flame and smoke enveloped the Texans, and all that was left of them was their mangled remains, weltering in their blood.

Like the angry howl of the storm, when it first burst upon a southern sea, the wail of death, and the cry of vengeance swept over the plains of Texas. The great heart of Houston swelled with grief and indignation; his mild blue eye, which was wont to gleam with gentle kindness, blazed like the Lion's when battling for his young; his expansive brow darkened with the pent up storm within, and his compressed lips told a will which nought but destiny could thwart. His little army of scarce sixteen hundred men, inspired with a wild chivalry, and imbued with devoted patriotism capable of any sacrifice, save that of submitting to absolute control, burned for vengeance, and demanded to be led forward against the treacherous foe. But Houston, alike a great soldier and a statesman, had three months before, on the plains of San Jacinto, selected the altar on which to consecrate the liberty of Texas. Contrary to the wishes and expectations of the army, he commenced his retreat, laying waste the country over which he passed, and making his movements with such skill as to completely bewilder the enemy. His troops uttered loud murmurs against his policy, and in tones of threatening mutiny demanded that a stand should be made at the Colorado, declaring that they would disband unless the foe were given battle. Houston sought to impress upon his troops the fact that battle upon the Colorado was defeat to Texas—he said to them, "our cause is just; it must and will triumph; let those return to their homes who are not prepared to make every sacrifice for the good of Texas."

The next morning's dawn found less than eight hundred men by the Texan standard. The retreat was commenced; the scouts of Houston watched the movements of Santa Anna's troops with eagle vigilance—they began to weary, and their line of march commenced to be marked with deserted arms and accoutrements—their supplies grew short, and the Texans swept before them the wild cattle of the prairie, as they pursued their march of retreat. Houston was within striking distance of Santa Anna, and Cos was within one day's march of joining the latter. Houston still declined battle, but quietly took position upon the field of San Jacinto, the exact spot he had selected three months before for his battle field. One day more, and the columns of Cos and Santa Anna united within a short distance of Houston's camp, without being aware of its proximity. His strategy was perfect, and its success complete. The two armies now lay facing each other on the rolling prairie, surrounded by forests and bayous; the only means of retreat was on a frail bridge extended across a deep bayou. The hour had arrived when the destiny of Texas was to be decided—the blow about to be struck on that field which was to determine whether Texas was to exist as the conquered province of a despot, or to take her place among the nations of the earth as a free and sovereign power. It was on the 21st of April, 1836, when Houston, mounted on his war steed, forming his little army of 700 men in column of attack, and approaching to their very front, in a few deep-toned burning words he poured into their hearts the lava flame which until then had been pent up in his own noble soul. He told them that by his order the bridge had been destroyed—that retreat was impossible—that the field of San Jacinto must be the grave or the birth spot of Texan Independence—that the condition of his army would not justify his risking two battles, and hence he had waited until the forces of Cos and Santa Anna were combined; the enemy before them; to strike was to conquer! And then rapidly arranging his mode of attack, the little army of heroes moved forward, masked by the tall prairie grass, until within rifle shot of the foe, when rapidly deploying into line of battle, the electrical voice of Houston was heard rising high and clear above the battle line, "*Now charge! my lads! and remember the Alamo—Goliad!*" The very Heavens seemed to echo that fierce battle shout—"*Remember the Alamo!—Remember Goliad!*" and with the roar of the tornado, and the force of the whirlwind, that little band of heroes, with Houston at their head, hurled themselves upon the foe. Short, desperate, and terrific, like the mad crashing of the elements, was that wild, strange, and glorious battle. Seventeen minutes had scarcely elapsed, before eight hundred Mexicans were lying dead and dying on that proud field, and Santa Anna, the boasted Napoleon of the South, was seeking safety in flight. And from amid the smoke and mad carnage of battle, was seen to rise from the bloody plain the star of Liberty! the lone star of Texas!

Although his leg was badly shattered by a four ounce copper ball, Houston still kept his horse, galloping hither and thither over the field, issuing orders for the care of the wounded, the protection and safe keeping of the prisoners, and the pursuit of the flying foe.

On the 23d of April, the second day after the battle, nearly eight hundred Mexicans were prisoners in the Texan camp. Quiet and calm had succeeded the turmoil of battle, and the hero of San Jacinto was reclining in his tent, with his shattered leg supported on a rough hewn stool, while his mind was busily employed in revolving plans for the future civil government of Texas. Suddenly a shout burst from among the Mexican prisoners of, "*Viva, viva, Santa Anna,*" (live, live, Santa Anna,) and under an escort of two Texan soldiers, the fallen Emperor in person approached, disguised in the garb of a *comuon soldier.*

Santa Anna was immediately taken to Houston's tent, who treated him with distinguished kindness and courtesy, assuring him that the magnanimity of the Texans would prevent any retaliation on a prisoner for the breach of faith and butchery at Goliad.

The Mexican General expressed great admiration for the prowess of the Texan troops, but told Houston that he had violated one of the plainest rules of warfare, in not attacking Cos and himself in detail, instead of awaiting their combination. Houston smiled, but made no reply, until Santa Anna again pressed the remark, when he quietly told him that it was his habit not to take two bites at one cherry.

Santa Anna ever after entertained a high admiration for Houston, and often remarked that he was the most remarkable man of the age.

Gen. Houston is yet in the full vigor of manhood; he is six feet four inches in height, of light complexion, a deep blue eye, and a remarkably pleasing manner. His bearing is kind, dignified and courteous, and the goodness of his heart is clearly indicated by the sweetness of his smile, and the mildness of his eye. When quite a boy, he distinguished himself by daring exploits among the Indians, and afterwards served under Andrew Jackson, in the Seminole war, and at the battle of New Orleans. For many years Gen. Houston was a member of Congress from Tennessee, and was a Governor of that State. He was twice President of the Texan Republic, and was her first Senator, after the annexation of Texas to the United States. All in all, he is truly "the most remarkable man of the age."

A Grave without a Monument.

The noblest of cemeteries is the ocean. Its poetry is, and in human language ever will be, unwritten. Its elements of sublimity, are subjects of feeling, not description. Its records, like the reflection mirrored on its waveless bosom, cannot be transfered to paper. Its vastness, its eternal heavings, its majestic music in a storm, and its perils, are things which I had endeavored a thousand times to conceive; but until I was on its mighty bosom, looking out upon its moving mountain waves, feeling that eternity was distant from me only a single plank, I had tried in vain to feel and know the glories and grandeur of the sea. I there first felt what John of Patmos meant when he said to Heaven: "There shall be no more sea." But there is one element of moral sublimity which impressed my mind, and which I would be pleased if I could transfer in all its vividness to the minds of our readers. The sea is the largest of cemeteries, and its slumberers sleep without a monument. All other graveyards, in all other lands, show some symbol of distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor; but in that ocean cemetery the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant, are alike undistinguished. The same wave rolls over all—the same requiem by the minstrelsy of the ocean is sunk to their honor. Over their remains the same storm beats and the same sun shines; and there, unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and the unhonored, will sleep on until awakened by the same trump when the sea will give up its dead. I thought of sailing over the slumbering Coakman, who after his brief but brilliant career, perished in the President—over the laughter creating Power, who went down in the same ill-fated vessel we may have passed.

In that cemetery sleeps the accomplished and pious Fisher; but where he and thousands of others of the noble spirits of the earth lie, no one but God knoweth. No marble rises to point out where their ashes are gathered, or the lover of the good or wise can go and shed the tear of sympathy. Who can tell the tens of thousands of Afric's sons who perished in the "middle passage?" Yet that cemetery hath ornaments of Jehovah. Never can I forget the days and nights as I passed over the nobles of cemeteries without a single human monument.—*Giles.*

Singular Geological Fact.—At Modena, in Italy, within a circle of four miles around the city, wherever the earth is dug, and the workmen arrive at the distance of sixty-three feet, they come to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an augur five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the augur is removed, and upon its extraction the water bursts up with great violence, and quickly fills the well thus made, the supply of water being affected neither by rains or droughts. At the depth of fourteen feet are found the ruins of an ancient city, houses, paved streets and Mosaic work. Below this, again, is a layer of earth, and at twenty-six feet walnut-trees are found entire, and with leaves and walnuts still upon them. At twenty-eight feet soft chalk is found, and below this, vegetables and trees as before.

"Is Time of Peace Prepare for War."—A lady of wealthy parentage, a fledgling from one of our fashionable boarding schools, a type of modern elegance, was recently united by the silken tie of matrimony to a gem of a beau. The mammas and papas on both sides being surrounded by all the concomitants of luxury, and the many agreeable little paraphernalia bespeaking the possession of "the dust," determined to get a fine "establishment" for the young couple, and accordingly they were fixed in a mansion out on Walnut st., at the West End.

A few days after this a school companion of our heroine called upon her, and was surprised to find so many servants about the house.

"Why, Mary," said she, "what in the name of sense have you so many people about you for?"

"Oh!" replied Madam, "we haven't any more than we want. There is but one cook, one chambermaid, two house-girls, one house-keeper, and—a—child-nurse. I'm sure there ain't too many!"

"Ha! ha!" said her friend, "what do you want with a child nurse? Oh, that is too funny."

"Well, we haven't any immediate use for *her*; but then when we were