

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

Two Dollars per Annum.

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THE STAR OF THE NORTH

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SIT DOWN, SAD SOUL.

Sit down, sad soul, and count
The moments flying;
Come—tell the sweet amount
That's lost by sighing;
How many smiles—a score?
Then laugh, and count no more,
For day is dying!

Lie down, sad soul, and sleep,
And no more measure
The flight of Time, nor weep
The loss of leisure;
But here, by this lone stream,
Lie down with us, and dream
Of airy tressure!

We dream, do thou the same,
We love forever;
We laugh, yet few we shame,
The gentle, never;
Stay, then, till sorrow dies—
Then, hope and happy skies
Are thine forever!

SCRAPS FROM HISTORY.

SAM HOUSTON AT SAN JACINTO.

The hope of the brave began to grow dim and dark, and the stars of the revolution seemed to be going 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 Fillesola, had crossed the Rio Grande, and the vulture flag of the South, threateningly waved on the banks of the Guadalupe.

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 wall of the Alamo, and the fifth morning's sun shone on a confused mass of the smouldering 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 Mexican 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 this tragic drama, was the massacre of Goliad. The ill-fated Fanning imbued with a 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, and whose every side by a well appointed and overwhelming force, without supplies, and with but very little ammunition Fanning sought to fight and retreat contesting and staining 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 he was a soldier.* A capitulation entered into with all the solemnities of chivalry war, was the result—the Texan flag was hurled, but not in disgrace, for the terms of capitulation are held by all but barbarous nations, and the faith of a Texan General was pledged, that the next day's sun should smile upon the Texans, as they returned to their fire-side homes. Night passed away, and with the early break of the morning dawn, 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 swallowed up on every side, by the brilliant 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 eyes, which was wont to gleam with gentle kindness, blazed like the Lion's, when battling with his young; his expansive brow darkened with the pent up storm within, and his compressed lips, told a will which might 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 expectations and wishes of the army, he commenced his retreat, lying 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 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 just in striking distance of Santa Anna, and Cos was within one days 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 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, 1839, 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 few deep toned burning words, he poured into their hearts the lava flames 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 of the birth spot of Texas Independence—that the condition of his army would not justify his risking two battles and hence he had waited until the forces of Santa Anna and Cos were combined—the enemy before them; to strike was to conquer! And then rapidly arranging his mode of attack, the little army of Houston, 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 to the whirlwind, that little band of heroes, with Houston at their head, hurried 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 that 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 common 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 Houston 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. General 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 General Houston was a member of Congress from Tennessee, and was a Governor of that State. He was twice President of the Texas 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."

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ave my best visits to the last; or perhaps—I did not think it—perhaps I loved Isabel better than them all. So I went into the country, thinking all the way how she must have changed since I left. She must be now nineteen or twenty, and then her grief must have saddened her face somewhat; but I thought I should like her all the better for that. Then perhaps she would not laugh and tease me, but would be quieter, and wear a smile—so calm and beautiful a thought. Her figure too must have grown more elegant, and she would have more dignity in her air. I shuddered a little at this: for I thought, she will hardly think so much of me then, perhaps she will have seen those whom she likes a great deal better. Perhaps she will not like me at all; yet I knew very well that I should like her.

I had gone up almost to the house: I had passed the stream where we fished on that day many years before; and I thought that now she had grown to womanhood, I should never sit with her there again, and surely never drag her as I did, out of the river, and never see her little hands, and never perhaps kiss her, as I did, when she sat upon my mother's lap—oh, no—no. I saw where she buried Tray, but the old slab was gone; there was no ribbon there now. I thought that at least Isabel would have replaced the slab; but it was a wrong thought. I remember when I went up to the door—for it flashed upon me that perhaps Isabel was married. I could not tell why she should not; but I knew that it would make me feel uncomfortable to hear that she had.

There was a tall woman who opened the door; she did not know me; but I recognized her as one of the old servants. I asked her after the house-keeper, thinking I would surprise Isabel. My question suddenly herself—or perhaps that she might have seen me coming up the hill. But when she, I thought, she would hardly know me. Presently the house-keeper came, looking very grave; she asked if the gentleman wished to see her.

The gentleman did wish it, and she sat down on one side of the fire; for it was autumn, and the leaves were falling, and the November winds were very chilly. Shall I tell her—thought I—who I am and ask after her—she said I did not know her; but it was hard for me to call her name; it was very strange but I could not pronounce it at all. "Who, sir?" said the house-keeper, in a voice so earnest, that I rose at once and crossed the room and took her hand—"You know me," said I, "you surely remember Paul?"

She started with surprise, but soon recovered herself, and resumed the same grave manner. I thought I had committed some mistake, or been in some way the cause of offense. I called her Madam, and asked for Isabel. She turned pale—terribly pale. "Bella?" said she. "Yes, Bella." "Bella is dead." I dropped into my chair. I said not a word. The house-keeper—bless her kind heart!—passed noiselessly out. My hands were over my eyes. The winds were sighing outside, and the clock ticking mournfully within. I did not sob, nor weep, nor utter any sound. The clock ticked mournfully, and the birds were singing; but I did not bear them any longer; there was a tempest raging within me that would have drowned the voice of music.

I broke at length in a long, deep sigh—"Oh God!"—said I. It may have been a prayer; it was not an imprecation. Bella—sweet Bella was dead! It seemed as if with her half the world was dead—every bright face darkened—every sunny hope blotted out—every flower withered—every hope extinguished. I walked out into the air, and stood under the trees where we had played together with poor Tray—where Tray lay buried. But it was not Tray I thought of, as I stood there, with the cold wind playing through my hair, and my eyes filling with tears. How could she die! What was she gone? Was it really true? Was Isabel indeed dead—in her coffin—buried! Then why should any body die? What was there to live for, now that Bella was gone? Ah, what a gap was made in the world by the death of those we love! It is no longer whole, but a poor half-world that swings uneasy on its own axis, and makes you dizzy with the clutter of its wreck. The house-keeper told me all—little by little, as I found calmness to listen. She had been dead a month; Lilly was with her through it all; she died sweetly, without pain, and without fear—what an angel she was! She had spoken often of "Cousin Paul"; she had left a little packet for him, but it was not there; she had given it into Lilly's keeping.

Her grave, the house-keeper told me, was only a little way off from her home—beside the grave of a brother who died long years before. The mound was high and fresh. The sods had not closed together, and the dry leaves caught in the crevices, and gave a ragged and terrible look to the grave. The next day I laid them all smooth—as we had once laid them on the grave of Tray; I clipped the long grass, and set a tuft of blue violets at the foot, and watered it with tears. The homestead, the trees, the fields, the meadows—in the windy November, looked dimly. I could not like them again; I liked nothing but the little mound, that I had dressed over Bella's grave. There she sleeps now—the sleep of death—*Ik Marvel's "Reveries of a Bachelor."*

The Victimized Public.

What a great gullible simpleton in spite of all the lessons that schoolmaster press or experience has taught, is that many pocketed monster, the Public; and what a host of impudent and voracious harpies are continually preying upon his simplicity! On every hand he is victimized. Meat, drink, clothing, and even medicine are to him sources of delusion and fraud. Alum and chalk in his bread, glue leaves in his tea, "devil's dust" in his coat, plaster of Paris in his bonnets, and docken leaves in his tobacco—a "weed within a weed"—are but a tithe of the evils the "discerning public" has to endure. Nay, so confident have some of his deceivers actually become, that they will insist to his very face that his vitiated has his taste because that he has in reality acquired a desire for being "taken in and done for." Like the eels of the Billingsgate fish-wife, he has acceded to these disinterested gentlemen, become so accustomed to "skinning" that he rather likes the operation than otherwise. At a meeting which was held in London on Monday week for the purpose of devising means to put an effectual check to the adulteration of coffee, a number of dealers came forward, and in the most barefaced manner, defended the practice, alleging that the mixture was better liked by the public than the genuine product of the bean! One gentleman presented exhibited a sample of stuff occasionally ground with coffee, consisting of burnt peas, dog-biscuits, powdered earth, and other materials too horrid to mention; but this had no effect in checking the opposition of certain retail dealers who present; one of whom indeed unblushingly asserted that such compositions rather "improved the strength and palatable properties of the infusion." If such revelations do not, and that speedily lead to the adoption of stringent measures for the suppression of the evil all we can say is, that John Bull deserves no better beverage. The urchin who picks a pocket, or the individual who palms upon some unwary purchaser a britanna metal spoon on the pretence that is genuine silver, is rightly stigmatized as a rogue, and made to feel the heavy hand of law. Now, for the life of us, we cannot see what mighty difference there is between such offenders and the individual who, under the name of genuine "Mocha," vends the deleterious stuff mentioned above. If honest John does not look after such practices, and that effectually, he may well exclaim, with the stolidity of a Dogberry, "I like to be cheated."—*Glasgow Citizen.*

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A CHAPTER ON REFORM.
BY J. TITUS TOWNSEND.
No one will deny the progress of this age in the paths of science and knowledge, but that man's advance is equally rapid towards perfection of character and consequent happiness, few are willing to admit; true—he can produce the countless achievements of art as his handwork, command the very elements to his bidding, or measure the blue distance from star to star; yet is he not, with all his works and aspirations, the slave of pride and evil passions, with all his greatness and power, wholly unable to govern himself in the smallest matters relating to his moral and physical being? To look upon the masses of earth's population is to look upon a condition of toil, suffering, and degradation. Ignorance and vice, hand in hand; intemperance and licentiousness, and human oppression over all, presents to us a picture from which we may well start in dismay! Select, if you will, from the mass, the minds that govern all human action. Our wisest legislators, most profound scholars, earth's greatest reformers, and art's most talented disciples—even here you will find that deficiency in physical and moral excellence, which alone is sufficient to clog the wheels of progress. The tongue of eloquence and the voice of inspiration may teach the duty of man to man; but we look in vain for an unexceptionable example among the most godly of our pulpits. If the master-spirits of creation thus lack the essential elements of perfection, we may search the works of human life in vain for peace and happiness. In truth, life is full of suffering. Through an incessant pampering of appetite and other animal propensities, a constant violation of the laws of nature, diseases innumerable are entailed upon us, sapping to the foundation the spring of life and energy; hence it is that so few, comparatively, arise from the turmoil of the million to eminence and distinction; that such countless scores drop into the grave before their years are half told.

Selfishness is the all pervading spirit of this boasted age of refinement, and mammon is the universal god before whose gilded altar conscience, truth, and all the pure feelings of man's nature are blindly sacrificed. Wealth is a passport through life, and far surpasses charity in the covering of sins. The causes of the present unhappy condition of the human family, and the remedies for the social evils that now exist, are matters that which none more important can occupy the intelligent mind; suggesting volumes of earnest, thoughtful consideration, and a spacious field of action; yet how few with the moral courage to enter upon the field, and prosecute the noble work of the earth's redemption. The public is given to expounding theoretic hobbies, distorting per scripture to meet the misconceptions of sectarian creeds; vilifying opposing sects, and not un frequently, directly pampering the pride and folly of an auditory assembled at fashion's call to compare silks and jewels, and to lounge on soft cushions in lively inattention to all else than fashion's mockery.

The press, holding the scepter of immense power for good or evil, is equally blinded by passion, prejudice, and self interest, and almost wholly subservient to the "almighty dollar." Lilly talents, fitted to inspire the multitude with the noble spirits of truth, love, and justice, are perverted to the vilest of uses, emanating from which society is dragged to emeration with licentious lore, thrilling illustrations of sickly fiction, teeming with every device, skillfully woven to intoxicate and mislead the imagination, to feed vanity, excite passion, pervert pure natural feeling, and fill the mind with desires never to be realized.

In like manner our theatres are given to the gratification of a morbid craving, and to the perpetuation of human folly—abounding in pernicious examples and influences, and exhibiting those high-wrought, over-drawn pictures of life, tinsel with scenes whose only existence spring from man's overtasked and fevered brain. Scenes of blood and revenge, hypocrisy and intrigue, half-tutored dancing women, unblushing blasphemy, all alike injurious to the morals and demoralizing to the senses. Nor does it require deep research to trace out the cause of the evils with which society is afflicted. We conceive that this distempered condition may be cured, but by no quack theory, religious revival, or—change of costume. Let us look at home for the cause and the remedy.

Woman and her offspring! At the tenderest age should the seeds be sown that, with careful nurture, will rid us into a blessed harvest. Is it not on woman that the task devolves of regenerating the fallen race of man? Is not her receipts and examples the instillation that ever controls his efforts? Woman's influence is the soil in which man's destiny is determined for good or ill. If the soil is barren or ungenial, principles give place to corruption and it springs forth, like rank weeds, to contaminate. How shall we find woman of the present day? Is it with that healthy constitution and self-controlling power of mind fitting her for the important duties of her mission? On the contrary, shall we not find her, intellectually and physically, incompetent for her great task? Her very limited education consists of a vain show of parlor accomplishments, her time is occupied in altering the pattern

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