

the English army.

The fighting with Tosti was no sooner ended than Harold received news of the landing of the Normans, and flushed with success, but with a shattered army and against the advice of some of his nobles, he started at once to give battle to William.

The two armies met at Hastings, and after fighting hard for a whole day with varying success, Harold was killed just at night fall, and the English were driven from the field.

William quickly followed up his victory; taking Dover and leaving it strongly fortified for a base of supplies, he pushed on to London, and was crowned King of England on Christmas Day 1066. His reign was at first just and the people were contented, but before its close the spirit of the military conqueror became all too prominent, and the English were reduced to almost a condition of slavery.

SAM HOUSTON.

Beneath the soil of the Lone Star State lies the body of its former president and framer, Sam Houston. The name of this man who thirty years ago filled the first place in the office of his [state, now comes with a strange sound to the ears of this generation. At the name Houston, many will ask, "Who was he?" It was he who wrested Texas from Santa Anna, governed it as its president, and after maintaining its independence for ten years, voluntarily handed it over to the United States a republic almost as large as the thirteen original states.

Houston was formerly a native of Virginia, poor and uneducated, passing his early life on the extreme borders of civilization or among the Indians. When he re-entered civilization, he came through that medium by which many others have come,—the army, where he gained great reputation as a

military hero. When he settled in Tennessee, which was then a border state, his military renown, ready eloquence and popular manners finally won for him the highest office of the State, that of Governor.

The pinnacle of his ambition was reached. About this time he married; but in his case marriage was a failure; the bride suddenly left. He, the same day resigned his governorship and left also. The next morning he was on his way to become chief of an Indian tribe. Many ascribed his resort to Indian life to the innate depravity and savagery of his nature, but in reality there was more lying under this action than they all imagined. He was scheming to free Texas. When Santa Anna, the Mexican president, shortly afterwards declared a war of extermination against the Texans and was executing it with an overpowering force, Houston appeared in the eleventh hour, took charge of an untrained band of Texans and by maneuvering, succeeded in annihilating the greater part of the Mexican army, besides capturing their commander and president.

Houston's dream was realized. Texas was now an independent republic and he its president. He had formed a government out of chaos, through his sagacity, patience and elevation saving it from ruin, was its representative at the National Capitol from the time he delivered it to the Union until 1859, and at the time when every thing was pointing toward secession was elected its governor, his platform being "the Constitution and the Union."

Here he used all the power of his voice and pen to thwart the secession of the state, but his efforts were of no avail and when he refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy he was ostracised by the people he had liberated and honored.

Three years after at the age of seventy he died broken and impoverished, a striking example of the vanity of humane ambition and the fickleness of human fame.