

and rejoiced in the opportunity afforded them of enforcing the benign and noble principles of the Craft.

After a passage of five days, she reached Vera Cruz, and having a letter from the commandant at New Orleans to the American Governor, she sent it to him, enclosing the talismanic card she received from the Grand Master at Washington. The Governor immediately waited on her at the hotel, and offered her a transport to the city of Mexico, by a train that would start the next morning. The Colonel commanding the train kindly took her in charge and afforded her every facility and comfort on her journey, provided her with a carriage, when the country was level, and with mules and palanquins over the mountains. Within ninety miles of the city, they were overtaken by a detachment of dragoons escorting a government official to the General in command. Anxious to get on faster, she asked permission of the Colonel to join the detachment; and though informed of the danger and fatigue of hard rides day and night on horseback, she was willing to brave all, that she might sooner see her son. The Colonel then provided her with a fleet and gentle gaited Mexican pony, and she assumed her place with the troops, escorted by the officers, and never flagged until the towers of Mexico were in sight.

She reached the city on the second day's battle, and in the heat of the battle attempted to enter the gates. An officer instantly seized her bridle, and told her she must wait until the city was taken. "Oh! sir," she exclaimed, "I cannot wait one hour in sight of the city that holds my son a prisoner—I must see him."

"The city must first be taken, madam," he again replied, with much emphasis.

"I cannot wait, sir," she replied; "my son, my only son, may be ill—dying—in chains—in a dungeon—one hour's delay may remove him from me. Oh! I must go to him—I will enter the city."

"Madam," said the officer, "you cannot reach it out by crossing the battle-field—you will surely be killed."

"Sir," said the lady, "I have not travelled from Virginia to the gates of the city, to fear to enter them; thanks for your kindness—a thousand heartfelt thanks for you and the officers who have been so kind to me. I shall always remember these officers with the most grateful feelings of my heart—but do not detain me longer. Yonder is a gate that leads to the city. I will enter it in search of my dear boy."

And on she sped, but ere she reached the gate, another officer rode up by her side, and admonished her of her danger and imprudence.

"Sir," she replied, "this is no time to talk of prudence and fear. My son, my only son is a prisoner in chains. I am told that Santa Anna is in the midst of yon glittering group. I will seek him, and place in his hand this talismanic card I bear—he is a Mason, and will heed me."

"War destroys all brotherhood," said the officer, who was not a Mason.

She made no reply, but struck her pony and darted across the field of death. At that moment the masked battery that mowed down one-half the Palmetto regiment, opened—yet right across the glory field she was seen galloping on her white pony, avoiding the retreating platoons by a semicircle around their flank—the next moment she was seen coursing over the ground in the rear, the battery in full play. Hundreds seeing her, stop-

ped, forgetful of the storm of iron balls that howled around them, to follow with their eyes what seemed to be an apparition. All expected to see her fall every moment, but on she went with a fearless air.

"The woman's love for her son has made her wild," said the officer who attempted to arrest her flight. "She will surely be killed," said another soldier. "The God of battle will protect her," exclaimed a Tennessean; "she will reach Santa Anna as sound as a rock." The soldier was right—she went over the field of death and reached Santa Anna unhurt. He received her politely, and when she told him her errand and presented her talismanic card, "Madam," said he, "I am a Mason, and know the obligations of the Order in peace and in war. When your son was taken prisoner, he mortally wounded my maternal nephew, who is now dead; but he shall be restored; for I will not refuse your request in the face of the letter you bear." He immediately gave her an escort to the city, with an order to restore her son to her arms. The order was promptly obeyed, and that very day as she promised, she embraced her long lost boy.

So much for a mother's love, and so much for the protecting arm and noble sympathetic heart which Masonry ever extends to lovely helpless woman. Oh! if widowhood be the doom of woman, who would not be a Mason's widow? Who would not be a Mason's wife, mother, daughter or sister, in the hour of peril and need?

### End of a Feud.

In a certain quarter of Kentucky, noted for family feuds, there lived, some years ago, a young man named Martin Hazen. The Hazens had been through many years at enmity with a family named Morgan, by a member of which Martin's own father had been killed in a desperate encounter, while he was yet a child. Martin was now the only male member of the family left, and he had grown up to manhood on the old homestead, under the careful guardianship and teaching of his widowed mother.

She had not taught him the lesson of hatred. She had told him of his impetuous father's death—that she hoped to see no more tragedies—and admonished him, although he might never like the Morgans, to cherish no thought of revenge.

The Morgans were four in number—Henry, a desperate and revengeful man, by whose hands old Mr. Hazen had fallen; his two sons, James and Ephraim, much like him, and his daughter Esther, who was not like him, but who, with a lovely face, possessed the sweet and gentle nature of her mother, whom sorrow had years before hurried to the grave.

The two families lived in the same community, Martin and Esther frequently met—in the village, at church, and at social parties, and notwithstanding the feud that had cast a shadow on both homes, they loved each other; and to the unbounded rage of Henry Morgan and his sons, who hated Martin for his father's sake, they deliberately went and got married.

Esther and Martin well knew that she must not care to visit her old home again after that; so she went with him to the house of the Hazens, and they did not see any of the Morgans for months.

But Martin was warned that he was in danger, and he knew the Morgans too well to doubt it.