

pony and she assumed her place with the troops, escorted by the officers, and never fatigued till 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 the 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, sir."

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

"I cannot wait, sir," she replied; "my 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 but by crossing the battlefield—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 don't 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 the danger and imprudence.

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

"War destroys all brotherhood," said the officer, who was not a Mason. She made him no reply, but

watching her moment, struck her pony and darted across the field of death. At that moment the masked battery that mowed down one-half of the Palmetto regiment opened—yet right across the gory field she was seen galloping on her white pony, avoiding the retreating platoons by a semi-circle around their flank—the next moment she was seen coursing over the ground in the rear, the battery in full play. Hundreds seeing her, stopped, forgetful of the storm of iron balls that howled around them, an apparition. All expected her to fall every moment, but on she went with fearless air.

"That woman's love for her son has made her wild," said the officer who attempted to arrest her flight.

"She will surely be killed," exclaimed another.

"A mother's love is stronger than the pains of death," exclaimed a soldier.

"The God of Battles will protect her," said a Tennessean. "She will reach Santa Anna safe and sound as a roach."

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 I know the obligations of the order in peace and in war. When your son was taken prisoner he mortally wounded my nephew who is now dead, but he shall be restored, for I will not refuse your request in the face of the letters 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 he promised, she embraced her long-lost son.

So much for a mother's love; and so much for the protecting arm and noble, sympathetic heart which Masons ever extend to lovely helpless