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Choice Poetry.

ANGEL MUSIC.

When the twilight weeps 'neath her azure veil,
And the sweet flowers sigh as the day grows pale,
Then an angel comes on her silver wings,
And a golden harp in her hand she brings;
Soft, sweet and low,
Rich numbers flow,
And I hush my breath while the angel sings!

Oh! the love-rays fall from her dew-filled eye,
Like the soft star beams from the twilight sky,
And she fans my brow with her fragrant wings,
While she gently strikes on the golden strings;
Soft, sweet and low,
Rich numbers flow,
And I weep for joy while the angel sings!

Like the soft south wind when he woos the flowers,
Like the glad bird's note in his love-wreathed bowers,
Like the thrilling sigh of the wind's harp-strings,
Are the rapture tones that the angel sings;
Soft, sweet and low,
Glad breathings flow,
And I dream of love while the angel sings.

Like the plaintive voice of the moaning pine,
Like the wild, wild wail of the heaving brine,
Like the groans that sweep on the night-wind's wings,
Is the strange sad song that the angel sings;
Dark, deep and low,
Sad moanings flow,
And I weep o'er the lost while the angel sings!

Then a lofty strain on the rich harp swells,
And the soul of bliss in its music dwells:
And the tide of song o'er the glowing strings
Flows fresh and free from the Eden springs;
Soft, sweet and low,
Rich breathings flow,
And I dream of Heaven while the angel sings!

Miscellaneous.

The Peasant's Cot.

A THRILLING STORY.

On my last voyage to Bristol, the owners of the ship took passage with me. The whole cargo belonged to them, and they not only wished to do some business in England, but they also had a desire to travel some. Besides the three owners I had four passengers in the cabin. The passage from New York to England on that occasion was the most severe and stormy I ever made. I have experienced heavier storms, but never such continued hard weather. The old ship was on a strain the whole of the time, and though I run her into the Avon without loosing a life or an important spar, yet she had received much damage. Her mainmast was sprung, her rudder damaged, her timbers strained, and for the last week the pumps had to be kept going all the time, owners, passengers, officers and all doing their share of work at the brakes.

As soon as we could get the cargo out, the ship was hauled into the dock for repairs, and we found, upon examination, that it would be a week before she could fit for sea, and if she had all the repairs which she absolutely needed, it would take her nearer two weeks. A contract was made for the job, and one of the owners agreed to stay by and superintend the work. This left me at liberty, and I began to look around for some place to visit.—I had heard much of Salisbury Plain. The famous Stone-henge was there, and there were three other relics of Roman and British atiquities. Accordingly to Salisbury Plain I resolved to go. When I went on board the ship to make arrangements with the owner who had remained there, I found one of the passengers just leaving. His name was Nathan Leeman. He was a young man, not more than thirty years of age, and I supposed him from his features and idiom, to be an Englishman.

I told him I was going to Salisbury, and he informed me he was going the same way.

Leeman had been intending to take the stage to Devizes, and thence to take some of the cross coaches; but I had resolved to take a horse and travel where, and how, and when I pleased, and he liked the plan so well that he went immediately and bought him a good horse and saddle.

It was about the middle of the forenoon when we set out, and I found that Leeman intended to visit the curiosities with me, and then keep on towards London, by the way of Andover and Chertsey, he having sent his baggage on ahead to Salisbury by the great mail route, which ran many miles out of the way. I found my companion excellent company, and on the way he told me some passages from his own life. He was born in England, but this was the first time he had been in the kingdom since he was fourteen years of age, and I was led to infer that at that time he ran away from his parents. During the last six years of his residence in the United States he had been engaged in Western land speculations, and he was now independently rich.

We took dinner at Bradford, a large manufactureing town, [illegible] six miles southeast of Bath [illegible] horses were rested we set out again as soon as our ho[illegible] middle of the afternoon the sky began to grow o[illegible] and we had promise of a storm. By five o'clock the great black clouds were piled up in heavy masses, and it began to thunder. At Warminster we had taken the direct road for Amesbury, a distance of fourteen miles, and when this storm had closed upon us, we were about half way between the two places. I was in no particular hurry, and so I had no desire to get wet, I proposed we should stop at the first place we came to. In a few moments more we came to a point where a small cross road turned off to the right, and where a guideboard said it was five miles to Deptford inn.

I proposed that we should turn into this byway and make for Deptford inn as fast as possible, and my companion readily consented. We had gone a mile when the great drops of rain began to fall; but as good fortune would have it, we espied a small cottage not more than a furlong ahead, through a clump of populars. We made for this place, and reached it before we got wet.—There was a good sized barn on the premises and a long sheep-shed connected it with the house. Beneath this shed we rode, and just as we alighted, an old man came out. We told him we had got caught in a storm, and asked him if he could accommodate us over night. He told us that we should have the best his humble place could afford, and that if we would put up with that, we should be welcome.

As soon as the horses were taken care of we followed the old man into the house. He was a gray headed man, certainly on the down hill side of three score, and his form was bent with hard work. His countenance was naturally kind and benevolent, but there were other marks upon his brow, than those of old age. The moment I saw him I knew he had seen much of suffering. It was a neat room to which we were led, a living room, yet free from dirt and clutter. An old woman was just building a fire for supper, and as we entered she rose from her work.

'Some travelers, wife, caught in the shower,' said the old man.

'Surely gentlemen, you're welcome,' the woman said, in a tone so mild and free that I knew she spoke only the feelings of her soul. 'It's poor fare we can give ye, but the heart of the giver must e'en make up for that.'

I thanked the good people, and told them I would pay them well for all they did for us.

'Speak not of pay,' said the old woman taking her tea kettle from the bob, and hanging it on the crane.

'Stop, wife,' uttered the old man tremulously. 'Let not your heart run away with ye. If the good gentlemen have to spare out of their abundance, it becomes not such sufferers as we to refuse.

I saw the woman place her apron to her eyes but she made no reply. The door close by the fire place, stood partly open, and I saw in the room beyond a bed, and I was sure there was some one in it. I asked the old man if he had sickness.

'Yes,' he said, with a sad shake of the head. 'My poor boy has been sick a great while. He's the only child I have—the only helper on the little farm—and he's been sick now all the spring and summer. I've taken care of the sheep, but I couldn't plant. It's hard, but we don't despair. My good wife—God bless her—shares the trial with me, and I think she takes the larger share.'

'No, no, John, don't say so,' uttered the wife. 'No woman could do the work you do.'

'I don't mean to tell too much, Margaret, but you only have kept me up.'

A call from the sick room, took the wife away, and the old man began to tell me in answer to my questions some of the peculiarities of the great Plain, for we were on it now; and I found him well informed and intelligent.

At length the table was set out, the clean white cloth spread, and were invited to sit up. We had excellent white bread, sweet butter, some white stewed damsons and a capital cup of tea. There were no excuses, no apologies—only the food was before us, and we were urged to help ourselves. While we were eating, the rain ceased falling but the weather was by no means clear, tho' just as we moved from the table a gleam of golden light shot through the window from the setting sun.

It may have been half an hour after this—it was not more than that—when a wagon drove up to the door, in which were two men. The old man had just come from the barn, and it was not so dark but we could see the faces of the men in the wagon. They were middle aged men one of them habited a sort of jockey hunting garb, and the other dressed in black clothes with that peculiar style of hat and cravat which marks the officer. I turned towards our host for the purpose of asking if he knew the new comers, and I saw he was very pale and trembling.—A low deep groan escaped him, and in a moment more his wife moved to his side, and put her arm about his neck. She had been trembling, but that groan of her husband's seemed to call her to herself.

'Don't fear, John,' she softly said. 'They cant take away our love nor our souls. Cheer up, I'll be a support to ye, John, when all else is gone.'

A tear rolled down the old man's cheek, but when another started he wiped it away and having kissed his wife, he arose from his chair. Just then the two men entered. He in the jockey coat came first, and his eyes rested on Leeman and myself.

'Only some travellers, Mr. Vaughan,' said our host.

So Mr. Vaughan turned his gaze elsewhere about the room, and at length it was fixed upon the old man.

'Well, said he, what about the rent?'

'We havn't a penny of it yet sir,' answered the host trembling.

'Not a penny! Then how'll you pay me twenty pounds?'

'Twenty pounds!' murmured the old man painfully. 'Alas! I cannot pay it. You know he was to have earned the rent if he had been well.'

'I dont know anything about it,' returned the landlord doggedly—for Mr. Vaughan owned the little farm, it afterwards appeared. 'All I know is, that you have had the house and land, and that for two whole years you havn't paid me a penny. You know I told you a month ago, that you should have just one more to pay me. The month was up last night. Can you pay me?'

'No, no,—O, God knows I can't.'

'Then you must leave the house.'

'When?'

'To-night.'

'You do not mean that. You will not turn us out so quickly as—'

'Out upon your parting! What do you mean by that? You had notice a month ago. How long a notice do you suppose I give? If you havn't had time in a month to move, then you must look out for the consequences. To-night you move! If you want a shelter you may go into the old house by the horse pond.'

'But there is not a window in it.'

'Beggars shouldn't be choosers, remarked Mr. Vaughan. If it hadn't been for hunting up the officer, I should have been here this morning. But 'tisn't my fault. Now I can have a good tenant right off, and he wants the house to morrow. So there is not a word to be said. I shall take your cows and sheep and if they go for more than twenty pounds after taking out the expenses, you shall have the balance back.'

The poor peasant gazed for a moment, half wildly, into the landlord's face and then sank into a chair, and covered his face with his hands.

'My cows! my sheep!' he groaned, spasmodicly. 'O, kill me and have done with it.'

'In God's name, Mr. Vaughan,' cried the wife, 'spare us them. We will work with all our might until we pay you every farthing, but do not take away our very means of life. My poor boy will die! O, you are rich and we are poor.'

'Nonsense,' uttered the unfeeling man.—'I'm used to such stuff, I make a living by renting my farms, and this farm is one of the best I have. A good man can lay up more than ten pounds a year here.

'But we have been sick urged the woman.'

'That isn't my fault. If you are paupers, you know where to get taken care of. Now I don't want another word. Out you go tonight, unless you pay me twenty pounds, and your cows and sheep go too.'

I was just on the point of turning to my companion to ask him if he would not help me make up that sum, for I was determined that the poor folks should not be turned out thus. The woman had sunk down and she too had covered her face with her hands.—At that moment Nathan Leeman sprang to his feet. His face was very pale, and for the first time I saw that tears had been running down his cheeks.

'Look, ye, sir,' said he to Vaughn, how much do these people owe you?'

'Twenty pounds,' returned he, regarding his interlocutor sharply.

'And when did this amount come due in the year?'

'It was due one month ago. The rent was twelve pounds, but I allowed four pounds for building a bridge over the river.

'Show me the bill.'

The man pulling out a large leather pocket book, from it took a bill. It was receipted. Leeman took out his purse and counted out twenty golden sovereigns. He handed them to the landlord, and took the bill

'I believe that settles the matter,' my companion said, exerting all his power to appear calm.

'Yes, sir,' returned Vaughn, gazing upon the man who had given the money to see if he was in earnest, and turning to to the window to see if the gold was pure. 'Yes, sir,' he repeated, 'This makes it all right.'

'Then I suppose we can remain here now, undisturbed.'

'But I have no surety of any pay for the future. A month has already run on an unpaid term.

'It is right you should have your pay, surely. Come to morrow, sir, and I will arrange it with you—only leave us now.'

Mr. Vaughn cast one glance about the room, but without speaking further he left, and the officer had to follow him, without having done anything to earn a fee. As soon as they were gone, the old man started to his feet.

'Sir,' he uttered turning toward Leeman, 'what means this? Do you think I can ever pay you back again?'

Sometime you can, returned my companion.

'Yes—yes, John,' said the wife, sometime we shall surely pay him.'

'Alas! when?'

'Any time within a month will answer,' said Leeman.

Both of the old people looked aghast.

'Oh! you only planted more misery for us, kind sir,' cried the old man. 'We could have borne to be stripped of our goods by the landlord, better than we can bear to rob a noble friend. Bou must take our stock—our cows and sheep.'

'But not yet,' resumed Leeman. I have another way. Listen: Once you had a boy—a wild, reckless wayward child.

'Yes,' murmured the old man.

'And what became of him?'

For some moments the father was silent but at length said:

'Alas! he fled from home long years ago. One night—we lived then far off here in Nosthamptonshire—my boy joined with a lot of other youths, most of them older than himself, and went into the park of Sir Thomas Boyle and carried away two deer. He was detected, and to escape punishment he fled—and I have—not—seen him since.—But Sir Thomas would not have punished him, for he told me so afterwards.'

'And tell me, John Leeman, did you never hear from that boy?'

'Never!' answered the old man.

As soon as I heard my companion pronounce the old man's name, the truth flashed upon me in an instant: and I was not alone in the conviction. The quick heart of the mother caught the spark of hope and love. At that moment the fire upon the hearth blazed up, and as the light poured out into room, my companions face was fully revealed. The woman arose and walked towards him She laid her hand upon his head, and trembling she whispered:

'For the love of Heaven, don't deceive me. But speak to me—let me call you—*Nathan—Nathan Leeman?*'

'And I should answer for that is my name!' spoke the man starting up.

'And what would you call me,' the woman gasped.

'MY MOTHER!'

The fire gleamed more brightly upon the hearth, and saw the aged woman upon the bosom of her long lost boy. And then I saw the father totter up and join them—and I heard murmured words of blessing and joy. I arose and slipped out of the room and went to the barn; when I got there I took out my handkerchief and wiped the tears from my cheeks.

It was an hour before I returned, and then I found all calm and serene, save that the mother was still weeping, for the head of her returned son was resting upon her shoulder, and her arms about his neck. Nathan arose as I entered, and with a smile he bade me be seated.

'You know as well as I can tell you.—When we first stopped here I had no idea of finding my parents, for when I went away sixteen years ago, I left them in Kingsthrope upon the Ken. I knew them, of course, but I wished them to see if they would know me. But from fourteen to thirty is a changing period. I think God sent me here,' he added in a lower tone, 'for only think what curious circumstances had combined to bring me to this cot.'

It did truly seem as though some power higher than our own had brought this all about. But at all events there was a higher power thought of that night beneath the peasant's humble cot, for God was praised again and again.

On the following morning I resumed my journey alone, but had to promise that I would surely call there again on my return. I went to Salesbury, from thence to Winchester, and thence to Pourtsmouth, to see the great ships of war. I returned to the cot in eight days, and spent a night there. Money possessed some strange charms, for it had not only given the poor peasant a sure home for the rest of his life, but it had brought health back to the sick boy. An experienced physician from Salsbury had visited him, and he was now able to be about. I remained long enough to know that an earthly heaven had grown up in that earthly cot. Nathan told me he had over a hundred thousand dollars, and that he should take his parents and brother to some luxurious home when he could find one to his taste.

That was several years ago, I have received several letters from him since, and he is settled down in the suburbs of Bradford on the banks of the lower Avon, where he has brought a large share in several of the celebrated cloth factories in that place, and I am under a solemn promise to visit him If I ever land in England again.

Adams and Bonaparte.

A CONTRAST.

Only two years after the birth of John Quincy Adams, there appeared on an island in the Mediterranean Sea, a Human Spirit, newly born, endowed with equal genius, without the regulating qualities of Justice and Benevolence, which Adams possessed to such an eminent degree. A like career opened to both:—Born, like Adams, a subject of a king—the child of more genial skies, like him became in early life a patriot and a citizen of a new and great Republic. Like Adams, he lent his service to the State in precious youth, and in its hour of need, and won its confidence. But, unlike Adams, he could not wait the dull delays of slow, and laborious, but sure advancement. He sought power by the hasty road that leads through fields of carnage, and he became, like Adams, a Supreme Magistrate, a Consul. But there were other Consuls. He was not content.—He thrust them aside, and was Consul alone. Consular power was too short. He fought new battles, and was Consul for life. But Power, confessedly derived from the People, must be exercised in obedience to their will, and must be resigned to them again at least in death. He was not content. He desolated Europe afresh, subverted the Republic, imprisoned the Patriarch who presided over Rome's comprehensive See, and obliged him to pour on his head the sacred oil that made the persons of kings divine, and their rights to reign indefensible.

He was an Emperor. But he saw around him a mother, brothers and sisters, not ennobled, whose humble estate reminded him and the world that he was born in Plebian [illegible] and he had no heir to wait impatient for the imperial crown. He scourged the earth again and again. Fortune smiled on him even in his wild extravagance. He bestowed Kingdoms and Principalities on his kindred—put away the devoted wife of his youthful days, and another, a daughter of Hapsburg's imperial house joyfully accepted his proud alliance. Offspring gladdened his anxious sight; a diadem was placed on its infant brow, and it received the homage of princes even in its cradle. Now he was indeed a Monarch—a legitimate Monarch—a Monarch by divine appointment—the first of an endless succession of Monarchs who held sway in the earth. He was not content—he would reign with his kindred alone. He gathered new and greater armies from his own land—from subjugated lands. He called forth the young and the brave—one from every household—from the Pyrenees of the Zuyder Zee—from Jura to the Ocean. He marshalled them into long and majestic columns, and went forth to seize that Universal Dominion which seemed almost within his grasp. But Ambition had tempted fortune too far. The nations of the earth resisted, rebelled, pursued, surrounded him. The pageant was ended. The Crown fell from his presumptious head. The wife who had wedded him in his pride, forsook him in the hour when fear came upon him. His child was ravished from his sight. His kinsmen were degraded to their first estate, and he was no longer an Emperor, nor Consul, nor general, not even a citizen, but an exile and a prisoner on a lonely island in the midst of the wild Atlantic.

Discontent attended him there. The wayward man fretted out a few long years of his yet unbroken manhood, looking off, at the earliest dawn, and in the evening's twilight, toward that distant world that had just eluded his grasp. His heart was corroded.—Death came, not unlooked for, though it came even then unwelcome. He was stretched on his bed within the fort that constituted his prison. A few fast and faithful friends stood around, with the guards who rejoiced that the hour of relief from long and wearied watching was at hand. As his strength wasted away, delirium stirred up his brain from its long and inglorious inactivity. The Pageant of Ambition returned. He was again a Lieutenant, a consul, an Emperor of France. He lifted again the throne of Charlemagne. His kindred pressed around him, again here invested him with the prompous pageantry of Royalty. The daughter of the long line of kings again stood by his side and the sunny face of his child shone out from beneath the diadem that encircled his flowing locks. The marshals of the Empire awaited his command. The legions of the Old Guard were in the field, and their scarred faces rejuvenated, and their ranks, thinned in many battles replenished, Russia, Prussia, Austria, Denmark, and England, gathered their mighty hosts to give them battle. Once more he mounted his impatient charger, and rushed forth to conquest. He waved his sword aloft, and cried, "Tete d'Armee." The feverish vision broke, the mockery was ended. The silver cord was loosend, and the warrior fell back upon his bed, a lifeless corpse. Thus was the *End of Earth. The Corsican was not content.*

☞ A colred preacher eloquently told his good brethren "they would mount on weagle's ings and sore to de land ob catfish and eels, when de grabs runs down bofe sides yer mou. Yea, verily, de day will cum when you all will mount on de weagle's ings, and play on a harp ob a thousan' strings!"

A Beautiful Poem.

WOOING.

BY ANNE A. FREMONT.

"Ha, ha! the wooing o't!"

When first, some twice twelve months ago,
Sweetheart, I sought to win you,
It seemed an angel-spirit bright
Had its abode within you.

How anxiously, how earnestly,
With what a pained delight,
I watched to catch a single look
From eyes so pure and bright.

And when I found their gentle glance
So oft upon me fell,
My heart throbb'd with a strange, deep joy,
These lips can never tell!

And yet, our love's true course scarce flow'd
So smoothly as it ought;
For, as there was nought else to vex,
We our own torture wrought.

You sometimes wore a mask of pride,
Yet your fond heart shone through it;
Or tried to look so cold and calm—
But ah! you could not do it.

I, too, was—if the truth be told—
A wizard strange, who raised
Spectres, whose unreal shapes of fear
Had well-nigh made him crazed.

My wooed and won! I often think,
As in those days departed,
The angel fingers with you still,
My true and single-hearted.

Those wooing days were pleasant days,
Despite their fear and doubt;
But these are lit with love's pure rays,
Which Time shall ne'er put out!

Historical Sketches.

E. A. Poe's Death and Burial.

The New York *Woman's Temperance Paper* (a spirited little monthly, edited by Mrs. Mary C. Vaughan) gives the following statement by Dr. Snodgrass, formerly of Baltimore—where Mr. Poe entered the spirit-world:

On a chilly and wet November afternoon I received a note, stating that 'a man, answering to the name of Edgar Allen Poe,' who claimed to know me, was at a drinking house, in Lombard street, Baltimore, in a state of deep intoxication and great destitution. I repaired immediately to the spot. It was an election day. When I entered the bar-room of the house I instantly recognized the face of one whom I had often seen and knew well, although it wore an aspect of vacant stupidity which made me shudder. The intellectual flush of his eye had vanished, or rather had been quenched in the bowl; but the broad capricious forehead of the author of 'The Raven,' as you have appropriately designated him, was still there, with a width, in the region of ideality, such as few men have ever possessed. But perhaps I would not have so readily recognised him had I not been notified of his apparel. His hat, or rather the hat of somebody else, for he had evidently been robbed of his clothing, or cheated in exchange, was a cheap palm-leaf one, without a band and soiled; his coat, of commonest alpaca, and evidently 'second hand;' and his pants of grey-mixed cassimere, dingy and badly fitting. He wore neither vest or neck-cloth, if I remember aright, while his shirt was sadly crumpled and soiled. He was so utterly stupified with liquor that I thought it best not to seek recognition or conversation especially as he was surrounded by a crowd of drinking men, actuated by idle curiosity rather than sympathy. I immediately ordered a room for him, where he could be comfortable until I got word to his relatives—for there were several in Baltimore. Just at that moment, one or two of the persons referred to, getting information of the case arrived at the spot. They declined to take private care of him, assigning as a reason, that he had had been very abusive and ungrateful on former occasions, when drunk; and advised that he be sent to a hospital. He was accordingly placed in a coach and conveyed to the Washington Hospital, and placed under the care of the competent and attentive resident physicians of that institution. So insensible was he, that we had to carry him to the carriage, as if a corpse. The muscles of articulation seemed paralyzed to speechlessness, and mere incoherent mutterings were all that were heard.

He died in the hospital, after some three or four days, during which time he enjoyed only occasional and fitful seasons of consciousness. His disease, as will have been anticipated, was *mania a potu*—a disease whose finale is always fearful in its maniacal manifestations. In one of his more lucid moments when asked by the physician whether he would like to see his friends, he exclaimed: 'Friend! My best friend would be he would take a pistol and blow out my brains, and thus relieve me of my agony.' These were among his last words.'

So much for the manner of the death of Edgar A. Poe. It has not been called forth by anything in your 'woman's Temperance Paper,' but in other papers that have published a statement hinting that he had died 'by his own hand.'

Now for the manner of his burial:

'The remains of the author of 'The Raven' do *not* lie mouldering in a corner of the Potter's Field, at Baltimore.' The *truth*, as I remarked, is bad enough, and discreditable enough to his relatives, not to say the city where he died. He was interred in an old Presbyterian burying ground in Green street which has not been much used for many years. On a portion of it a church has since been erected, but not over his grave. In the removal of the dead, which will sooner or later take place, it is quite probable the bones of 'Poor Poe will be collected among the remains of the friendless and unknown, and removed beyond recognition, for nothing but a couple of pine boards were placed at his grave, in lieu of grave-stones. But worse than this, and far more disoredable to relate there were no planks placed over the coffin, as is usual in all 'decent burials,' and the earth was thrown directly upon it.

'This was a harrowing circumstance to my feelings. The impression of it has never been erased from my memory. Even now as I write this hurried letter, I seem to hear the clods rattling upon that unprotected coffin, in contemptuous derision of the transcendent genius of its occupant! It must have equally so to the two relatives, the single other attendent, besides the officiating clergyman, who was himself a relative of the deceased, and who, with the undertaker, the two coachmen, and myself, made up the entire funeral *cortege*.'

The Laughing Hero.

AN INCIDENT OF THE MASSACRE AT GOLIAD.

It was the morning of the 17th of March, 1836, *Aurora*, mother of dews and mistress of golden clouds, came, as she almost ever comes to the living scenery of the plains of Goliad—a thing of beauty, queen of the sky, on a throne of burning amber, robed in the crimson of fire, with a diadem of purple, and streamers of purple pink. Oh! it was a glorious dawn for the poet to sing of earth, or the saint to pray to heaven; but poet's song nor saint's prayer made the matins of the place and the hour. Alas! no: it was a very different sort of music.

A hundred hoarse drums roared the loud *reveille* that awoke four hundred Texan prisoners and their guard—four times their number of Mexican soldiers—the *elite* of the Chief Butcher's grand army.

The prisoners were immediately summoned to parade before the post, in the main street of the village, and every eye sparkled with joy, and every tongue utterred the involuntary exclamation of confidence and hope—

'Thanks, Santa Anna! He is a going to to execute the treaty! We shall be shipped back to the United States! We shall see our friends once more!'

Such were the feelings which the American volunteers, and the few Texans among them greeted the order to form into line.

The line was formed and then broke into two columns, when every instument of music in the Mexican host sounded a merry march, and they moved away with a quick step over the prairie towards the west.

Five minutes afterwards, a singular dialogue occurred between the two leaders of the front columns of the prisoners:

'What makes you walk so lame, Col. Neil? Are you wounded?' asked a tall, handsome man, with blue eyes, and bravery flashing forth in all their beams.

'Col. Fannin, I walk lame to keep from being wounded; do you comprehend?' replied the other with a laugh, and such a laugh as no words might describe—it was so loud, so luxurious, like the roar of the breakers of a sea of humor, it was, a laugh of the inmost soul.

'I do not comprehend you, for I am no artist in riddles,' rejoined Fannin, smiling himself at the ludicrous gaiety of his companion, so strangely ill-timed.

'You discover that I am lame in each leg,' said Col. Neil, glancing down at the members indicated, and mimicking the movements of a confirmed cripple, as he laughed louder than ever. 'And yet, he added, in a whisper, 'I have neither the rheumatism in my knees, nor corns on my toes, but I have two big *revolvers* in my boots!'

'That is a violation of the treaty by which we agreed to deliver up our arms, Col. Fannin mournfully suggested.

'You will see, however, that I shall need them before the sun is an hour high,' replied Neil. 'Ah! Fannin, you do not know the treatchery of these base Mexicans.'

At the instant the sun rose in a sky of extraordinary brilliancy, and a million of flower-cups flung their rich odors abroad over the green prairie, as an offering to the lord of light, when the mandate to 'halt' was given by one of Santa Anna's Aids, and the two columns of prisoners were broken up and scattered over the plain, in small hollow squares, encircled on every side by Mexican infantry and troops of horses, with loaded muskets and drawn swords. And then came a momentary pause, awful in its stillness, and disturbed only by an occasional shriek of terror, as the most timid among the captives realized the impending storm of fire and extinction of life's last hope.

And then the infernal work of wholesale murder was begun, and a scene ensued such as scarcely might be matched in the very annals of hell itself. The roar of musketry burst in successive peals like appalling claps of thunder, but could not utterly drown the prayers of the living, the screams of the wounded, and more terrible groans of the dying!

Col. Fannin fell among the first victims, but not so the giant Neil. With the order of the Mexican officer to his men to fire, our hero stooped almost to the earth, so that the volley passed entirely over him. He waited not for a second; thrusting a hand into a leg of each boot, he rose with a couple of six shooters, the deadly revolvers, and commenced discharging them with the quick rapidity of lightning into the very thickest ranks of his foes.

Panic stricken with surprise and fear, the Mexicans recoiled and opened a passage, through which Neil bounded with the spring of a panther and fled away as if wings were tied to his heels, while half a dozen horsemen gave chase. For a while it seemed doubtful whether the giant Colonel would not distance even these, so much had the perils of the occasion increased the natural elasticity of his mighty muscles. But presently a charger fleeter than the rest might be discerned gaining on his human rival, and approached so near that the dragoon raised his sabre for a *coup de grace*. Neil became conscious of his danger, and hastily slackened his speed, till the hot stream of smoke from the horses nostrils appeared to mingle with his very hair; and then, wheeling suddenly, he fired another round from a revolver, and the rider tumbled from his saddle. The victim then renewed his flight.

A mad yell of grief and rage broke from the remaining troopers as they witnessed the fate of their comrade, and its effect was immediately evident in the augmented caution of their pursuit—for they galloped afterwards in one body, thereby greatly retarding their progress, so that Neil reached the river before them. He paused not a moment, but plunged headlong down the steep bank into the current, and struck for the other shore. The dragoons discharged their side-arms ineffectually, and gave over the chase.

In a few moments Neil landed and as soon as he felt satisfied that he was really saved, burst into an insuppressible convulsion of laughter, and exclaimed: 'It will kill me! just to see how astonished the yellow devils looked when I hauled my revolver out of my boots!'

Such was Col. John Neil—possessing a fund of humor that no misfortune could ever exhaust, and a flow of animal spirits which would have enabled him to dance on the graves of all his dearest friends, or to have sung Yankee Doodle at his own execution.

"She has Outlived her Usefulness."

Not long since a good looking man, in middle life, came to our door asking for "the minister." When informed that he was out of town, he seemed disappointed and anxious. On being questioned as to his business, he replied: "I have lost my mother, and as this place used to be her home, and my father lies here, we have come to lay her beside him."

Our heart rose in sympathy, and we said, "you have met with a great loss."

"Well—yes," replied the strong man, with hesitancy, "a mother is a great loss in general; but our mother has outlived her usefulness; she was in her second childhood, and her mind was grown as weak as her body, so that she was no comfort to herself, and was a burden to everybody. There were seven of us, sons and daughters; and as we could not find anybody who was willing to board her, we agreed to keep her among us a year about. But I've had more than my share of her, for she was too feeble to be moved when my time was out and that was more than three months before her death. But then she was a good mother in her day, and toiled very hard to bring us all up."

Without looking at the face of the heartless man, we directed him to the house of a neighboring pastor, and returned to our nursery. We gazed on the merry little faces which smiled or grew sad in imitation of ours—those little ones to whose ear no word in our language is half so sweet as "Mother," and we wondered if that day could ever come when they would say of us, "She has outlived her usefulness—she is no comfort to herself and a burden to everybody else!" and we hoped that before such a day should dawn, we might be taken to our rest. God forbid we should outlive the love of our children! Rather let us die while our hearts are a part of their own, that our grave may be watered with their tears, and our love linked with their hope of heaven.

When the bell tolled for the mother's burial, we went to the sanctuary to pay our only token of respect to the aged stranger; for we felt that we could give her memory a tear, even though her own children had none to shed.

"She was a good mother in her day, and toiled hard to bring us all up—she was no comfort to herself, and a burden to everybody else?" These cruel, heartless words rang in our ears as we saw the coffin borne up the aisle. The bell tolled long and loud, until its iron tongue had chronicled the years of the toil worn mother. One—two—three—four—five. How clearly and almost merrily each stroke told of her once peaceful slumber in her mother's bosom, and of her seat at night-fall on her weary father's knees. Six—seven—eight—nine—ten rang out the tale of her sports upon the green sward, in the meadow, and by the brook. Eleven—twelve—thirteen—fourteen—fifteen, spoke more gravely of school days, and little household joys and cares. Sixteen—seventeen—eighteen, sounded out the enraptured visions of maidenhood, and the dream of early love. Nineteen, brought before us the happy bride. Twenty spoke of the young mother whose heart was full to bursting with the new strong love which God had awakened in her bosom. And then stroke after stroke told of her early womanhood; of the love and cares, and hopes, and fears, and toils through which she passed during those long years, till fifty rang out harsh and loud. From that to sixty each stroke told of the warm-hearted mother and grandmother, living over again her own joys and sorrows in those of her children and children's children. Every family of all the group wanted grand-mother then, and the only strife was who should secure the prize; but, hark! the bell tolls on! Seventy—seventy-one—two—three—four. She begins to grow feeble, requires some care, is not always perfectly patient or satisfied; she goes from one child's house to another, so that no place seems like home. She murmurs in plaintive terms, and after all her toil and weariness, it is hard she cannot be allowed a home to die in; that she must be sent, rather than invited, from house to house. Eighty—eighty-one—two—three—four—ah, she is now a second child; now, she has outlived her usefulness, she has now ceased to be a comfort to herself or anybody else, that is, she has ceased to be profitable to her earth-craving and money grasping children. Now sounds out, reverberating through our lovely forest, and echoing back from our hill of the dead. Eighty-nine, there she lies now in the coffin, cold and still; she makes no trouble now, demands no love, no soft words, no tender little offices. A look of patient endurance, we fancied also an expression of grief for unrequited love, sat on her marble features. Her children were there clad in weeds of woe, and in irony we remembered the strong man's words, "She was a good mother in her day."

When the bell ceased tolling, the strange minister rose in the pulpit. His form was very erect, and his voice strong, but his hair was silvery white. He read several passages of Scripture expressive of God's compassion to feeble man, and especially of his tenderness when grey hairs are on him, and his strength faileth. He then made some touching remarks on human frailty, and of dependence on God, urging all present to make their peace with their Master while in health, that they might claim His promises when heart and flesh should fail them. 'Then,' he said, "the Eternal God shall be thy refuge, and beneath thee shall be the everlasting arms." Leaning over the desk, and gazing intently on the coffined form before him, he then said reverently. From a child I have honored the aged; but never till grey hairs covered my own head, did I know truly how much love and sympathy this class have a right to demand of their fellow creatures.—Now I feel it. Our mother, he added most tenderly, who now lies in death before us, was a stranger to me, as are all these, her descendents. All I know of her is what her son told me to-day; that she was brought to this town from afar, sixty-nine years ago, a happy bride; that here she has passed most of her life, toiling as only mothers ever have strength to toil, until she had reared a large family