

each other. So long as the outward surface stands above this which is composed by our Bevel, so long will freemasonry exist on the earth."

Three thousand years have come and gone. Frost, rain, chemical decomposition and the knowing to of time have conspired to eat away that outward surface, and uniting the two surfaces to obliterate the chisel marks of the Bevel. But still they appear distinct as the day they were made. All over the land—at Keloniah, at Tyre at the Pools of Solomon, at Gebal—wherever these lauded architects labored, their Bevel device is seen, and the outward surface of the blocks rises apparently as high above it as the day it was made. So may freemasonry abide on the earth forever and forever.—*The Evergreen.*

THE MASONS IN CUBA.

OUR esteemed brother, the Masonic Editor of the *New York Courier*, in commenting on our former article under the above heading states that on private authority:—

Out of the thirty Masons who were lately imprisoned in the Moro Castle in Havana, charged with having held secret Masonic meetings, twenty were admitted to bail on the 22nd of June. Those that were released were Spaniards, and their bail was given by Spaniards. The other ten Masons still incarcerated are Cubans, and now lie in the noisome dungeons of the Carcel de la Habana, the most noted jail in Cuba.

A short time ago one of the ten, whose name for his sake we cannot publish, was taken from the Carcel and whipped and scourged with sticks to oblige him to tell what he knew about the revolution. But he, like a man as well as Mason, refused to do so. He was then put on bread and water and enclosed in a dark cell, receiving nothing but bread and water, suffering as the victims of the Spanish Inquisition used to suffer in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. No money or influence could buy his infamous jailers to provide him any relief from his torture, and when at last he became sufficiently emaciated, they again brought him forth. This time they whipped him with a lash two yards long, the man to whom the cruel office was delegated standing some four feet from his victim while administering the cruel blows. The punishment for his obduracy (or manliness) was done in private, and he alone can or dare tell the story.

After he had been beaten some fifteen or twenty minutes, when again asked to tell, he replied, "I would sooner be dead than speak of what my brothers told me, or what I may have heard at our meetings; for it was done under oath that no true Mason can disregard while living." His heroism, however, did not prevent his being again incarcerated, and he and the other nine Cuban Masons now lie in the infamous Carcel de la Habana. They have written several communications to the "Masons of the world," but the letters have all been intercepted, and the prisoners are now hopeless.

This is a sad state of affairs. The *Courier* fitly speaks when we read in it the following.

"Something at least must be done, no matter what, so that it be legal—to help those who have thus stood firm and true."

To this all agree, but there is a difficulty in determining what is best.