

The sign was scarcely made, before the bravest Mexican of them all leaped from his saddle, took him to his embrace, and, in a glorious effort to save his fallen brother, was himself felled to the earth by his dastardly and ferocious countrymen, who were ignorant of that holy tie which thus bound those two kindred spirits together in the dread collision of arms, and winged their gallant souls from the glory field of death to the bright fields of Paradise above. Locked in each other's arms, they both yielded up their lives, and thus gave to the world one more imperishable example of the force of those links that unite the hearts of Masons, in prosperity, in adversity, and in life and in death.

The gallant, blunt old hero, Putnam, was once captured by the Indians. As he was known to be as dreadful as the thunderbolt in war, these merciless and vindictive savages subjected him to every species of privation, of hunger and pain, until his manly form was wasted to the merest shadow. At last the great day which was to gratify the thirst for vengeance that rankled in the breasts of his captors had arrived. The feast was prepared, the victim was tied to a stake, the faggots were piled around the brave old soldier, the lighted torch was touched to the fuel, the blaze ascended, and at the same time the yells and shouts of his enemies arose to the heavens. For once the spirit that never quailed in battle had nearly given way. But he remembered that he was a Mason—he made a sign (never made in vain) of distress. In a moment his cords were cut asunder, and he was rescued from the fire, and from the hands of his diabolical foes by a gallant Frenchman, who was with the Indians, at the imminent hazard of his own life.

In further illustration of the benefits of Freemasonry, it is suitable to give the thrilling narrative of Capt. Barralier—of his sufferings in the

Peninsular war in 1812, and of his deliverance from certain death by no other means than the devotedness of Freemasons to the sacred principles of their Order, and to the holy vows and obligations they assume when they become admitted and initiated into the rites, ceremonies, and degrees of the fraternity.

It was his fate to be joined to a Portuguese regiment, commanded by Col. Stubbs, and in the progress of the action, and in the conflict which took place with the French under Marmont, on the 17th, 18th, 19th, 21st and 22nd of July of that year, he was dangerously wounded by a gun shot, plundered, and left for dead on the battle-field.

In the course of the fight, all besmeared with blood, and oppressed with thirst, hunger, loss of strength, and the loss of all the vital powers, as he was, in some of the movements of one of the French divisions, a column of infantry passed by him, and a soldier, discovering that there were yet signs of life in him, put his bayonet at his breast, and was in the act of thrusting him through the body, when, upon his discovering, by an appropriate sign, that he was a Freemason, a French officer flew to his relief—warded off the blow, and preserved him from destruction. But the action was still raging, and his wounds were fast festering, and he was dying for want of nourishment and attention, and no one had either the time or the inclination to staunch the rents of his body, or to afford him succor.

As the ground was again occupied by his own division, he was attempted to be murdered by a soldier of his own brigade, but was saved by a soldier of the 74th British regiment, who gave him water, but he having to leave him, a sergeant of the 60th came up, and gave him wine and water, but he was constrained to leave him too, until the dying captain reached up his hand, which was grasped by the sergeant, and in a