

"The crushing out of the rebellion" had repressed his enthusiasm in the cause of liberty, but for a brief season, when it again cropped out in behalf of the struggling Cubans; and our hero followed the fortunes of Gen. Jordan, and under his leadership he again fought and bled. During a most brilliant campaign, and when the Goddess of Liberty seemed to be about to perch on the standard of the insurgents, by reason of an unlucky move, he was cut off from his command, and fell a victim into the hands of the victorious Spaniards, "and was carried a captive" to Moro Castle, where he remained in cruel bondage for four long years. Here, as if quite overcome with intensified emotion, a fountain of tears gushed forth, and a momentary pause ensued, during which we "made bold" to inquire why he had sought to favour us with this sad recital of his melancholy history.

The effect of our modest inquiry (and so we thought it) was an electric shock—when he sprang into an improvised "tableau vivant" personating wounded pride; meanwhile flashing that terrible "left" full upon us—for a brief moment only, when assuming a less menacing attitude, like one enduring the pangs of injured innocence, and twirling "that left" with incredible velocity, he exclaimed: "I'm a Mason, sir! I'm a Mason, sir, in distress!" How *we* looked, meanwhile, must remain wholly conjectured, but we may remark, however, that if our feelings at the moment, which we well remember, would afford any clue to the picture, we must have appeared like an object viewed through a perspective in the dim distance.

During our speechless embarrassment he drew from his pocket a paper very much worn, upon which we noticed some cabalistic characters, which he offered us as the indorsement of our Consul at Havana, as to his character and status as a Mason.

Being assured of our entire satisfaction on that point, from his statement of the fact, he expressed his readiness to furnish us any and all of the proofs and tests which might be required to further convince us of his skill in Masonic ritualism.

He was again and again assured that *his word* was all sufficient, and that nothing more was necessary or desirable.

Again resuming the thread of his narrative, he delivered himself substantially, and about thus. That his release had been procured through the intervention of one Dawkins, of Florida; that the master of the steamer which bore him to his native land, though it weighed anchor off Key West, (his home) would not allow him to go on shore, but took him to New York; that he there found a good friend who furnished him the means to reach the home of his father, in West Virginia, where, on his arrival, the sad intelligence first met him that his respected sire, because of his antecedents and rebel sympathies, and chiefly because of his unwillingness to burden his honest soul with the required oath to pursue his profession, had "gone west"—to Memphis. Kind friends again supplied his wants, and sent him on his way—destined, as it turned out, to meet still other disappointments.

Arriving at Memphis, he was informed his father had gone to Mississippi, eight miles below Natchez.

In his low and dependent condition, his natural reluctance (he called it) to seek pecuniary aid was again repressed, and another successful raid upon his Masonic Brethren was achieved.

The assistance they furnished had enabled him to reach our village