

necessity of testing its utility, it was not strange that he should fail to appreciate it. It is true that he was aware that his and other Lodges in the Kingdom raised large sums of money for the support of asylums for indigent widows and orphans of Masons, but to him it was very much as it is with us when we raise funds to convert, clothe, and educate the heathen of foreign lands.

It was at the close of the year 1860, that we were together at Jerusalem. Occasional letters from home had informed me of the movements of the two political parties and the threatened rupture of the Union in the event of the election of Lincoln. Naturally we talked over the matter, and strange to say I found that Chester had espoused the cause of the South. This did not interrupt our intimacy, for like many an American abroad at the time I did not believe there would be an appeal to arms for the settlement of the differences between the two sections of the country. But later correspondence told me of the war cloud lowering over our country, of its bursting at Fort Sumter, of the uprising of the loyal North, and subsequent events which occurred early in the spring and summer of '61. This was enough to fire my blood, and immediately I bade adieu to my friend and turned my face homeward. Arriving at New York, I made a short trip home, put my affairs in order and enlisted for the war. It is not my purpose to follow the tide of battle as it ebbed and flowed these four eventful years. The fall of '63 found me with a Colonel's commission in command of an Ohio regiment. At the battle of Chattanooga I was wounded in the shoulder, so that I was unfit for further service in the field; accordingly I obtained a furlough and returned home, that rest and quiet might accomplish what the surgeon's skill had failed to do. At the end of a month I returned to my regiment a well man. The day following my arrival at my quarters, while passing the

guard house, which was then in a small building formerly used as a shop of some kind, I thought I heard some one calling my name. Halting, I listened, but heard nothing more but an order from the guard to some one to keep quiet. As I passed the sentinel I asked him if some one did not call me by name. "Yes, Colonel," he replied, "'twas that Johnny reb in there." Having many acquaintances in the South I supposed one of them through the fortune of war had been taken prisoner, and not caring to renew the acquaintance under such unpleasant circumstances, I gave the matter no further thought, but passed on to attend to the business in hand. At about dusk, as I returned to my quarters, I was again obliged to pass the guard house. As I did so, I again heard my name called, and this time in strangely familiar terms, which at once arrested my footsteps. I immediately entered the building, and by the dim light of early evening I distinguished a forlorn looking object seated at a table. As he raised his head I thought I recognized him; approaching him, I found I was not mistaken. The recognition was mutual. Claspng hands, each ejaculated the name of the other, and for a few moments war with its grim surroundings was forgotten in our joy in beholding each other once more. But that joy was short lived, as I learned from the prisoner that he was then under sentence of death as a spy, and to be executed on the following morning. Upon subsequent conversation he told me that soon after my departure for home he returned to England, and like many other foreigners, came to this country to watch the progress of events, and that he might do so the better, had accepted the position of special correspondent for a prominent London daily. Sympathizing with the South, he preferred to view the situation not only from a Southern standpoint but on Southern soil. Letters of in-