

and he asked to have it done for him.

Capt. Fitz opened his frock, and took from his neck a silken ribbon, upon which was hung a gold ring—a Ring of the 14^o of the A. & A. Rite. The Texan took it in his hand, and having looked upon it awhile in silence, he said, to his captor:—

“My name is McFarlaine. I told you I was a Templar; So to, am I *with this*. Albert Pike, gave me that ring; and you know that when I am dead, it belongs to my wife. My wife is now at Shreveport. If she knew my body was here, she would come and get it. I ask you, upon your honor as a true and courteous Knight, to promise me that, if you can accomplish it, this ring shall be sent to my wife, and that, if she should come or should send, my body shall be given to her!”

The man knew he was dying. He had been shot through the lungs, and through the bowels. It was a question of only a few short minutes, at best. He knew it; and all who saw knew it, also. Capt. Fitz gave his word; and he got paper and pencil, and wrote down all necessary directions.

Major McFarlaine had several times spoken of his servant, *Jack*, and wondered if the poor boy was killed. “If you could find him,” he said, “he would do the errand.”

As chance would have it, a man who heard these words had seen a negro dodging about in the edge of the bush, and afterwards he went out, and succeeded in bringing the darkey in, upon the promise that he should go again, and for his master's good. So the “boy” Jack, a stout, intelligent negro of sixty or more,

was brought in, but not until his master had breathed his last. His grief was sincere and deep. Upon being asked by the Captain if he would take the ring to his mistress, and give to her any errand from himself, he gladly answered, yes; and said he could do it “quick.”

Capt. Fitz first saw Gen. Emory, in company with his Colonel, and readily obtained permission to do all he had promised. The doing could work no harm to us, and might work much good to others.

Our Captain then wrote a kind and sympathizing letter to the wife of the dead Major, and sealing the ring up in it, gave it to the negro, and posted him off beyond the lines. Afterwards he procured an empty box, sufficiently large for the purpose, and reverently laid the mortal remains of his departed brother therein; which having been done, the box was buried in a shallow grave, and the place marked. This was on Wednesday, April 13th.

On Sunday, the 17th, a party of three men and two women appeared at the point where our baggage had been attacked, under a white flag, and shortly thereafter Capt. Fitz was called for. He went out, and found the widow of Major McFarlaine, with her friends, come for the remains of her dead husband. Fitz had Gen. Banks' permission, obtained through Gen. Dwight, who had just been appointed Chief of Staff, to deliver the body, and to admit a sufficient number of men within the lines to take it away. Thus empowered, our Captain was at liberty to grant all favors required, and after the body had been exhumed, and recognized, and borne away by two negroes, the grateful