

russo, and other edibles, and feebly crying, "Off, I say be off, the great State of New York will not suffer her rights to be trampled upon—if the great Lodge of *Hamburg* interferes, I'll cut her up into sandwiches. I can't eat any more now, but these things are mine, and no 'foreign power' shall interfere." Poor John, although he has an appetite that a Mastodon might envy, and although his powers of imbibition would put to shame the healthiest old Bactrian camel that ever laid in a supply of liquid for a desert tramp; he had been over-matched this time. His weakness, "not his will," consented to stop. His *virtual* energies were extinct, and all the powers of mastication had ceased their operations, —and there the "miserable relic" of his former self sat in utter despair.

We took our seat sadly and sorrowful, when a sound struck our ear which seemed somewhat familiar to us. Could it be? Yes, it was even so. Sir Joseph P. Hornor of Louisiana was speaking *again*. With frenzied eye and frantic gesture he was spouting away like a "right whale." We have often pitied "poor Robinson Crusoe" because he could not "hear the sweet music of speech," but no one can complain of that affliction when Hornor is in the neighborhood. On the slightest provocation, Joseph is ever ready to "rise to explain." Be it funeral or wedding, installation or institution, banquet or reception, the sweet tones of his persuasive tongue can be heard. His supply of wind is so inexhaustible that when at last

"Silence, like a poultice, comes
To heal the blows of sound,"

we devoutly return thanks that all is over. Fortunately the guests began to depart, the lights were turned down, and thus ended Sir Joseph's harangue."

CORRESPONDENCE.

[MONTREAL, 13th Nov. 1871.

To the Editor of the Craftsman.

DEAR SIR, and Bro. may I again trespass upon your space for the publication of the following letters.

Yours fraternally,
THOMAS WHITE JR.

ORILLIA, Ont. October 16, 1871.

R. W. Bro. THOMAS WHITE,

D. G. M. G. L. of Canada, Montreal, Province of Quebec.

RIGHT WORTHFUL SIR,—Yours of the 13th inst. received to-day, and I have the honor to state:

1st.—That in response to a letter written by me to R. W. Bro J. H. Isaacson, Grand Sec. G. L. Quebec, shortly after my return home from G. L. of Canada, that R. W. Bro. informed me that neither Bro's. Racicot nor Pickel had called upon him, and that you did not seem inclined to move in the matter, since the resolution or amendment (I forget which it was) *which you supported* (I erroneously said moved I believe in my note) *had not been adopted*.

2nd.—I further have the honor to assert that when at *Grand Chapter* I was never informed that you *had called a meeting* or even intended to attend a meeting—I was told by the S. W. of Strict Observance Lodge and also by Bro. LeBlanc, that there was to be a meeting on a certain evening about that time of the *Worshipful Masters and Wardens of Montreal* Lodges, but although I wrote for particulars, I heard no more of it and was consequently at the time of writing my article under the impression that it had either proved a failure or been postponed.

3rd.—I can assure you I am perfectly willing that you should treat this correspon-