

Mary, both Latinists in some degree, passed hundreds of feet through a dark, lofty, arched, subterranean hall, lighted by torches in Italian hands, and then turned into a descending, but much narrower like passage-way, till we saw in the darkness, by the gleams of torches the veritable river Styx. When thumbing my Virgil, how dreamy soever I may have been, I did not dream of seeing this river so feared by mortals.—Charon was not there with his boat, however, to ferry us over. The *imps* of those regions offered to carry us over, but we declined! Some more than wished to carry Mary over, she and others being in the rear in the narrow passage, but, being called, I interposed American authority, proclaiming "hands off!" and then keeping our party in firm phalanx. I had a good sized stone in my hand to preserve the peace, even if I had to fight for it! Some of the party said that the burden-bearers would have earned their money to carry me across the Styx! The grotto of the Dog was visited. The air is so devoid of oxygen that a dog put where the gas issues soon *dies*, but lives again in common air. He dreads so dying, though so accustomed to it! Nero's hot baths were in the side of a mountain, sulphurous in character. One of our company passed through the subterranean way, and had to hurry in order to be able to breathe. He took a good sweat in his hurry. We saw ruins of three vast temples, viz: Diana, Mercury and Venus. The two former had partially their huge roofs remaining. Into the second some peasants entered and danced the "Tarantula" for us, or for money! One of our party, a lady, joined in this strange performance with much skill, and, at my suggestion, received a *son* therefor. We sat down on the ground by the wall of the Temple of Venus and ate with a good relish our lunch. Bottles of wine cost the party half a franc for each. Our guide and coachman were supplied from our "board." We came back by another route overlooking the beautiful bay of Naples, delighted with our tour, and dined heartily at 6 o'clock. I forgot to report that a lady from the "hub," and a gentleman from New York chatted cozily under the shadow of the Temple of *Venus*, but whether the twain shall be one deponeth saith not. With love to all.

A. G. SHEARS.

THE MASONIC ENTHUSIAST, BRO. ORLOFF.

BY BROTHER ROB. MORRIS.

In every moral and religious society, those who exhibit a clear appreciation of its purposes, and conscientiously fulfill its obligations, are termed, by their more phlegmatic companions, *enthusiasts*. The term implies a reproach, or at the best a sarcasm. In religious matters the man who acts strictly by the principles of his creed is styled an enthusiast, and, in Masonry, the same low estimate is expressed of those who really practice what they profess. Thus the non-performers, all the world over, excuse themselves for neglect of duty by ridiculing the performers. The following sketch is given to illustrate this singular phase of human nature.

Bro. P. P. Orloff was a man of uncommon physical energy and great conscientiousness. The former gave him the nervous ability to perform, the latter the soul to contrive. In every society to which he had been attached, he had been noted for a prudent and thorough examination of the groundwork and principles upon which it was founded, and for the thoroughness of his practice. As a Christian, for instance, he was devoted to his creed, and ever ready to explain, justify and defend it. As a temperance advocate, he was fearless and untiring. Finally, when, after years of careful reading and oral inquiring of Masonic brethren, upon matters relative to their craft, he signed a petition to Record Lodge "to be made a Mason," he entered upon the work as a life-time affair, to be pursued with conscientiousness and ardor to its promised results.

In all his Masonic life, short and brilliant as it was, he acted the *role* of an enthusiast, according to the description of the term upon which we set out. He acquired in perfection the lectures and the work, the "drill and the drama" of each degree prior to advancement, and was known as the first person in Record Lodge who refused to "go on" until he "felt his ground firm under him." He was troublesome to Bro. Coldpegg, the Worshipful Master, whose Teutonic phlegm could poorly brook so much inquisitiveness concerning matters of which he (Bro. C.) had never inquired, and his patience gave way more than once or twice under the infliction. He was an annoyance to the other officers, as insisting upon frequent and exact definitions of their duties from these worthy but unenlightened officials. He was a thorn in the side of his fellow-members, especially those known as Old Pap Dusenbury and Long Jim Fullcover, whose indulgences were too open for disguise, and it called down the speedy condemnation of those brethren. This enthusiasm was much sneered at by