

she, to have and to hold in sickness and in health, &c.; and as there was a community of chattels so should there be no enigmas between them. By day she contented herself with veiled sarcasms or cunningly concealed leading questions, which should unwittingly betray him into confession of the truth; by night she essayed, by the blandishments of the nuptial couch, to play Delilah to this stubborn Samson. At last the husband's life had grown to be such an intolerable burthen to him, that one morning, in the small hours, when all the household were fast asleep, when church-yards yawned, and graves were giving up their dead, in the very "witching hour of night"—meet time for his fearful lapse of his obligations—the wretched man yielded up the secret. The entire mystery of Freemasonry, he whispered her, having first sworn her to secrecy, made sure that no one was listening at the key-hole, and stuffed the sheet into her mouth to prevent her screaming at the forthcoming revelation—the whole secret of Masonry, ancient and modern, French, American, English, Irish and Scotch, consisted in a certain password, and this password was "Corn-beef, Cabbage, and Mustard." Happy days of blissful non-inquisitiveness accrued to the forsworn Mason, until at last, as was too much his wont to do, he was enjoying himself rather late into the night with some brother Masons at a certain tavern. Having gone to fetch him home, and having failed to detach him from his companions by all the invectives of which she was mistress, she bethought herself of a device. If he did not come home, she declared to him, she would then and there, in the presence of his brethren, "let out" the secret which he had criminally imparted to her. Terror seized upon the unfortunate Mason, and he conjured her not to ruin him; but her "dander" was "up," and now nothing could stop her. "Cornbeef!" she hissed out between her clenched teeth.

"Haud ye, woman, for mercy's sake," cried the husband. "Cabbage," she continued, with the triumph of a Spanish inquisitor. "D'ye want to have my life, woman?" screamed he. "And Mustard," concluded the infuriated spouse. "And now let them grill ye on a gridiron over a slow fire, for all I'll hinder them." It is unnecessary to add that the enraged lady vanished from the room amid such a roar of laughter from the company as brought the landlord upstairs.
—*The Keystone.*

Japan.

We read in the *Japan Gazette* an account of a brilliant reunion which took place at Yokohama, under most successful auspices, on the 20th January last. The ball-room was decorated with exquisite taste, each panel of the side walls serving as a frame for a Masonic emblem in evergreen, whilst between them were hung tiny silk banners, which produced a very pretty effect. The room was brilliantly lighted by six large chandeliers, suspended from the high-pitched roof in the form of a double triangle, and by candelabra placed at frequent intervals against the walls. The powerful band of the Leipzig, which had been kindly granted by Captain Paschen, was placed outside one of the windows, and played a capital selection of dance-music with unflagging energy. The company began to arrive soon after half-past eight o'clock, and by the time that the pleasures of the ball were at their height the scene presented was picturesque and animated in the extreme. Nearly eighty ladies were present—a number, we believe, never before equalled on a similar occasion in Yokohama—and the toilettes were of the most brilliant description. The American and German naval officers, both hosts and guests, appeared in uniform, while the usual sables of the civilian brethren were relieved with aprons and collars of divers degrees of splendor. The Masonic costumes