

by the next morning? And then, too, they had "egg kisses," "almond kisses" and "French kisses"—O! pshaw! come on here my dear boys, and try our Jersey kisses, and you'll never fool your time with any other. We are told that at this banquet there were "ladies, beautiful and lovely, sprightly, nestling amid silks, satins, laces, trails and gems sparkling and bright in the liquid light," and yet these poor fellows had to content themselves with "egg kisses." Out of our sight, ye recreant knights! doff your helmets and off with your spurs—let us hear no more of your devotion to beauty and your worship of woman. These "innocent maidens" shall suffer no longer, for we will send out a delegation of Jersey Knights, who will teach them what kind of kisses a true and valiant Knight Templar delights in.

At the ball, the 12th dance was "quadrille every thing." We don't wonder that about that time "every thing" went dancing around, as we find by the bill of fare that "Piper Heidsick," "Hennessy's Old Pale," and "Very fine Old Bourbon" were provided in abundance. But then we thought that Temperance was a cardinal virtue among Freemasons."

"Illinois having proposed to make certain changes in the uniform, Sir Blackshear thus "rises to explain":

"We wish right here to enter our solemn protest against any further change in the uniform. Though it does not suit our own views as to what a Templar's uniform should be, it has been adopted, and we say let it alone as it is. The Baldrick is about the only part of the uniform now in use that has any claim to antiquity, and if that is to be abandoned, we say, abolish the whole thing, and let each Knight appear in whatever costume his fancy may suggest."

ILLINOIS.

"The "Inspector General" reported that he had visited and instructed various Commanderies, by which it appears that he is a sort of assistant to the Grand Officers, a kind of Sub-Boss; or else a Grand Lecturer of the highest grade. What is an Inspector General, anyhow?"

"Either from excessive modesty, (which is characteristic of the Reporters as a class), or from disinclination to mental and physical exertion, (sometimes called laziness), or from want of time, or some other cause, Sir Miles contents himself almost entirely with making extracts from the proceedings under his notice, and gives very little comment thereon. We regret this, for we would like to have the views of one so well qualified to speak."

IOWA.

"The installation of officers elect was performed in public, and of course Sir Guilbert delivered an address, for to him silence is death. But, of course once more, he gave a first rate address, for he always does that."

"Speaking of the age of chivalry, he says:

"With this age came clearer conception of man's duty to his fellow, and a greater reverence for woman, and the other fine arts."

How dare he class "woman" and "art" together. Why, man, don't you know that woman is above all "art"? Art is human—woman is divine—she is a miracle. One Shakespeare called "woman's eyes" the "books, the arts, the academes," and he died. Now Guilbert puts her down as one of the "fine arts," we tremble for his fate.

Sir W. B. Langridge presented the Report on Correspondence, which, as with all similar productions from his pen, is so replete with Masonic information, and is so generally full of good things, that we hardly know what to do with it. We haven't room for all that ought to be