

when he was introduced to Madame Jacl, at whose "feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down; at her feet he bowed, he fell; where he bowed, there he fell down dead." We are told that in ancient times the denizens of the celestial regions left their blissful abode to take to themselves wives from among the "daughters of men," and all we have to say about it is that if those "daughters of men" were anywhere near equal to these "blooming belles of Baltimore," we don't wonder that they did it.

While we were gazing with rapt vision on a scene of ravishing beauty at one of these evening receptions, a wretched lunatic from Missouri placed his hand on our shoulder, and whispered in our ear: I say, old fellow, ain't it splendid? Never saw anything like it since I was weaned. These fair ladies seem to think, with Saint Peter, that their 'adorning' should not consist in 'putting on of apparel.' Don't they look nice and cool? Eh? Are they going to swim?" We turned to the young man, with feelings of sorrow not unmixed with anger, and sternly addressed him: "Rash youth, are you aware that there is another person by the name of Gouley in this house?" Whereupon, Master Frank suddenly subsided, and imploringly asked; "Where is she? Have you seen her? Has she seen me? If you meet her, tell her that I am busy at a committee meeting," and he left. We do not know whether that committee has reported yet or not; it was the Committee on Domestic Relations.

One of the most noteworthy features of this most majestic celebration, was the banquet given by Mary Commandery, of Philadelphia, to the officers and members of the Grand Encampment of the United States. The entertainment was held at the Maryland Institute, on Tuesday evening, September 19th, and it was perfect in all its parts, and complete as a whole. The assemblage was large and was graced by the presence of ladies, as all Masonic banquets should be. The ladies were there as guests, not as spectators, and sat down with us, right by our side—and he's a mighty poor Templar who can't get a lady to sit by his side.

The toast to "Woman" was responded to by Sir James H. Hopkins, of Pennsylvania, and we regret to say that the newspaper report does great injustice to his beautiful speech. We sat next to this "eloquent orator of the West," and we will endeavour to give some of the gems which fell from his inspired lips. With quaking knees and tremulous voice he thus spoke:

"Mr. Most Eminent President, dear sisters, beloved brethren, and you other fellows.

"Woman is an institution—she is a great institution. Without her, where would you be, sir? Where would I be? Where would any other man be? From early infancy to decrepid age, woman is our guardian angel—our protector—our joy—our delight—our oh, "you know how it is yourself." The learned Blackstone, whose humble disciple I am, saith of her—

Fee simple and simple fee,
With all the fees entail,
Are nothing when compared to thee,
Thou best of fees, fe-male.

(Applause) "She is the source of all the wit, wisdom, eloquence and virtue which the world possesses. With her man can accomplish miracles—without her, he is powerless. She originates ideas, we execute them. Who first started a salt mine? Why, Lot's wife, and