

"We have never seen anything develop so rapidly as the literature of Royal Arch Masonry. Ten years ago, when we first became personally acquainted with this department of letters, there was a paucity of ideas that was positively distressing to a thought-searcher. But year after year has added to the stock of jurisprudence, homilies, and sentiments until, to-day, it is a decided pleasure to read up the intellectual and facetious deliverance of the Reportorial Corps. And the superiority of the veteran reviewers to the Grand High Priests is very apparent to one who annually reads the addresses and the appendices.

"The Grand High Priests remind us of a penny kaleidoscope. As the few bits of broken glass, colored beads, and artificial flowers yield a new pattern every time the instrument is turned over, so the same triteisms, moral cant, and hackneyed phrases are made to do annual service, no matter who reflects them. There is a change of arrangement and of the mental angles of reflection, but the same old fragmentary material. Now and then, "like angel's visits," etc., some one gives us a diorama of new and pleasing views, and such men are hailed by the reviewers as the discoverer of continents, by Kings avaricious of wealth and dominion. The Committees on Foreign Correspondence are the true gold-washers of Masonry—separating the shining particles from the worthless talc and sand. Some of them, too, are mint-masters, giving the mental gold new coinage and currency and sending it into the world stamped with their own image and superscription.

"In no field have we ever found more sharp, active, keen invective, tempered with good humor, than in the Reports on Foreign Correspondence. Like the sham duels and battles of the stage there is such a terrible earnestness as to make one think that blood instead of carmine is flowing, but, behind the gilded, pasteboard shields of these doughty Knights, hearts are beating with such fraternal kindness that the hand that holds the mimic sword would not hurt a hair of the brother with whom he wages harmless war. Most of them, so valiant, are like Sir John Falstaff, fond of the parade and pomp of war enough to exclaim: 'But for these vile guns I would myself have been a soldier,' and when they essay a crusade its more a charge on wind-mills than a tilt with giant Knights. There's good old Dr. Corson! now, one, from the sulphurous smell of his writings, would expect to see one of Satanic mien, a dread Apollyon brandishing his fearful dart, and never so well pleased as when, with sardonic grin, he contemplates some fell victim of his vulcan-forged javelin. But, when you see him, he is a meek and modest Doctor, a veritable hero of *pill-age*, but not the battle-scarred veteran, hung round with trophy scalps, that a deluded fancy painted him to be. Instead of finding him plotting the death of others, you will find him toying with the muses, and far more ready 'to die of a rose in aromatic pain' than clotted with gore amid the tumults and terrors of the battle-field. And so with others. The only really porcupine nature we ever had in our guild has been 'hoist by his own petard,' and no longer lets fly his ugly quills at the amiable coterie who compose our Mutual Admiration Society."

Under the head of "Illinois," he has the following:—

"A committee was appointed to inquire into the expediency, and if deemed advisable, to report a plan for establishing Chapters to work in the German language. We do not approve of such a scheme. It