

that is. He never praises or blames except where he honestly thinks that commendation or censure is due, and there is no concealment and no ambiguity of language. When he differs from us, and plainly tells us that he thinks that we are wrong, and tries to convince us that we are in the error, it don't hurt us. He was not a fool who said that "Open rebuke is better than secret love. Faithful are the wounds of a friend; but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful."

This pen-photograph of Guilbert is peculiarly good :

"The Report on Correspondence is from the ever facile pen of Sir Knight Guilbert. It is pleasant to read his reports for they evince such a reckless disregard of literary conventionalities that his assertions become truly refreshing. We look upon him as the Napoleon of special pleaders and as he winds through his arguments under the head of Missouri and saw what a plausible case he made out against us, the thought flashed across our mind as follows: Suppose we got on a tight and in our tightness committed an offense against the dignity of the Commonwealth, and before we got over the tightness we 'plead guilty' to enough people around, who, as witnesses, could 'send us up,' at court. We thought that, in such an emergency, we would not select any counsellor beside our good frater of Iowa for if he could not make every witness testify contrariwise, and throw snuff in the eyes of the jury, and bamboozle the courts then there would be no use of having courts—they are an unnecessary expense. Testimony and facts with him would not amount to a row of pins, for he would not only stick them where he wanted them, but would pull out those that stuck in his way. Kicking a jury into a quick verdict by the application of fleas would be nothing to his endless witticisms. We hope to hear from him again."

We are glad that Sir Frank has concluded to cease his intemperate discussion of the A. and A. Rite. We have fought him to some extent on this matter—we may possibly have tried to poke some fun at him—and we may probably have used language that might have been considered too harsh—but we have never written a word of him or any one else for the purpose of wounding his feelings or exciting anger. We deem him wrong then, and we think so still; but we are perfectly willing to let the subject rest forevermore. There's always a crumb of bread at the point of our sword.

We will—yes, we positively will—quote the following from his review of New Jersey, despite all the anathemas that other reporters may hurl upon our devoted head, and all the fun they may try to make of our "Mutual Admiration Society":

"Sir Thomas J. Corson, the unregenerate, is still at the correspondence mill, and has ground out a report that does him infinite credit, for no one else could have written it, and would not if he could.

"We have read his report with more than ordinary satisfaction, because we could see the man in it all. He has abused us most terribly, but, like a woman, whose heart he has, he means just the opposite. We would not be his wife for all he's worth (not much, to be sure), for he would tease us to death, just for the sake of being contrary. Sir F. G. Tisdale tells us, Tom, that we must not be so personal. This arises, no doubt, from the lack of that love we bear to each other, and he thinks, poor fellow, that we are mad. Not a bit of it, he is mistaken.

A female writer has said that none of the same sex love each other, except women. She must have been betrayed into that belief by a kiss, for only women kiss each other; but, oh! if she could only know the impulses of manly hearts, and know how men love each other, honestly, truly and feelingly she would not thus have slandered our sex. Men, to be sure, do not kiss each other; but, in this, they are superior to the female habit, for we have seen them, in a crowd, kiss those whom they actually disliked. Men being naturally sincere, do not kiss one another, because they would have to kiss all or give offence, hence they merely shake hands, which, being a secret token, may be of any pressure of emotion each feels, without disclosing the fact to others. We have often seen ladies, especially young ones, whom we instinctively felt like kissing, heartily, because they were so beautiful, but we know of those of our brethren for whom we feel the same impulse, because we love them.