

system. While the present mode of inspection remains, much advancement in common school education cannot be accomplished. If the inspectorial system is defective, the whole school system is sadly so. The regulator must be kept in order. By appointing competent teachers to Inspectorships which are sufficiently large, justice will be administered, a wholesome incentive will be presented, and an increased efficiency in the school system will be effected.

Ha! Ha!

ALL hail America!—That part of it I mean which is Yankee.

WHAT shall a man christen thee, by what honorablest name shall thy pre-eminence be fitly designated, thou safety valve of the Nineteenth Century? Scotland may boast of her metaphysicians and bards; England of her most excellent logicians, mathematicians, sages, and what not, but it was reserved for the last resort of Civilization to give birth to that incomparable trio: Mark Twain, Artemus Ward, and Josh Billings—at whose advent the circumambient either shook with irrepressible laughter, infinitely surpassing in quality and quantity the fabled inextinguishable giggles of the Olympian gods. Truly the age of puritans is gone. Methinks I behold a venerable Ancient, an old Cromwellian, with shaven hair, all run to seed (his human nature) his soul prim and most dapperly, clad in the conventional vestments of his sect, standing back with a look of utter woebegoneness, aghast, feebly muttering some Jeremiaic text, invoking the spirits of ye Pilgrim fathers to look upon their degenerate descendants. Verily most worthy shade, thy posterity hath erased the eleventh commandment, writ by the perverse genius of thy Theology, and “Thou shalt not laugh,” no more menaces our cheerful exuberance with Plutonian scowl. Meanwhile, we have added to the wondrous Nine the most beneficent goddess of them all. Beside the classic form of Terpsichore, on the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains, stands the incarnate Grin—wine of mirth distilling from his ambrosial locks.

Now, there is one thing which I utterly and irrevocably abominate—the giggle which is inanity—the eternal titter which betokens the half idiotic, half hysterical bundle of unhealthily convoluted nerves, misnamed a

man or woman. By no means fall into the error of mistaking the ripple which plays on the bosom of the sea beneath the sturdy mountain breeze, for the bubble that ascends to the surface of the mire at the croak of a frog. Degrade not human nature to that extent. O thou healthy, buoyant carolling laugh of a proper-sized human, what shall I call thee—Thou art the symbol of perpetual youth—the type of rejuvenescence, the safety-valve of that throbbing thundering engine, the soul,—the stop-cock to the torrents of despair—the rainbow-herald of the stormless day—the gleam which banishes for the time that gaunt spectre, Mortality; yes, thou art the negation of all thought—the relaxing of all tension—the washing out of all starch—the reduction of life’s spring time, when care was not; when the glory was upon the earth which comes but once—when nature was all a passionate dream, and fauns and dryads, nymphs and Naiads, haunted the shadows which are now peopled by memories of Wall Street Brokers—financial disasters, bankruptcy and ruin. Heaven pity the lean, shrivelled up thing thou callest thy soul, whoever thou art that frownest at life’s innocent joyousness.

H— was a humerous fellow—the soul of fun, and withal a not unworthy wit. Sometimes he may be seen, extemporizing a somewhat rustic dance and executing a not altogether unmelodious song—pleasing for its quaintness—while around him a motley crowd of students would split their sides with uproarious mirth. Anon, he might be seen before a mixed audience, gravely rehearsing the Gulliver-like adventures of his pathetic youth. Oh, H—, what a peculiar hairpin wert thou; nature poured some of her choicest wine into thy cup—designing thee to intoxicate, (one receptive soul at least, to which thou aspiest in due time.) H— cuts his fun from the pure loaf. He is no parrot; he chants no parodies; he retails no second-hand Irish or Dutch poetry; does not put himself in the place of a blunderer. H— is an original, demure fellow, and gets off his sallies unostentatiously. Long mayst thou live to cheer the spirits of the remnant whose forms flit to and fro around the mouldering debris of Old Acadia!

How happy we ought to be in this age of the world. There was a time when fun was a penal crime; I wonder if such men as Cal-