

The Lancaster Intellect

"THAT COUNTRY IS THE MOST PROSPEROUS WHERE LABOR COMMANDS THE GREATEST REWARD." - BUCHANAN.

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SUNSET AFTER A SHOWER.

Over the hill-top, fold upon fold,
Like blood-stained banners with the sky,
Bristled with crimson, and fringed with gold,
In a sea of amber, the spirit
Down in the valley the slumberous trees
Droop, heavily jeweled with falling rain;
And a plover-scattered tremulous breeze
In ripples across the bending grain.
The winding river like silver gleams
Through dreamy vistas that melt and fade;
And the sunlight, shining in slanting beams,
Strikes deep in the heart of the forest's shade.
On distant uplands the lonely pine
Is fringed with purple, and bound with fire;
The stones in the churchyard glaucous and shining,
And the weather-vane is gilded with
The tapering cedar, like a spear,
Shoots out of the cliff where stands revealed
The rocky ledge; and the level appear
Like spots of color within the field.
And the braided banner of clouds are seen
To freeze born as with sudden shade;
While the hills below, and the valley between,
Are drowned in a yellow mist of flame.
And a farmer's boy, all aglow with light,
Looks over the cliff where the cedar grow,
And shades with his hand the shaded
And calls to his comrades down below.
Then the brazen woodpecker and ring,
And the earth and sky sound about with him;
A peevish chirp is the hawk's fleet wing,
And the whistling landscape seems to swim.
On yonder hillside a cottage shines—
The window and door are glowing and glow—
It nestles amid its sheltering vines,
Of glancing ivy like a roe.
And there in the porch two lovers woo—
Her slender form his arms enfold,
While two doves in the dove-cot and oo,
And trill their notes of green and gold.

THE BOAT OF LIFE.

Let's take this world as some wild scene,
Through which, in frail but buoyant boat,
With skis now rude and now serene,
Together I and thou must go,
Beholding, on either shore,
Bright spots where we would love to stay,
But time flies with its flying oar,
And we speed—away, away,
Should chilling winds and rains come on,
We'll raise our weary souls about the shore—
Sit closer till the storm is done,
And smiling wait a sunnier hour,
And if that sunnier hour must pass,
We'll know its brightness cannot stay,
And, happy while 'tis thine and mine,
Complain not when it fades away.
Thus reach we both, at last, that fall,
Down which life's currents all must go—
The dark, the brilliant, destined all
To sink into the vast unknown,
Nor e'er that hour shall wait its charms,
It sits by side still fond and true,
And calmly in each other's arms,
Together linked, go down the steep.

A BONNET SONNET.

Here's a tiny little sonnet on a jaunty little bonnet,
With a mystic wreath upon it, that I saw at church
today;
With a wealth of curls below, in many a golden
tangle down,
On the lightest breeze outflowing, in wavy "wid-
gering" play;
Twas a sweet switching face in it, with wondrous
charming grace in it,
And no the faintest trace in it of anything un-
pleasant;
Pale the forehead was, and fair, under two soft
eyebrows;
Not too high, and not too fair; just arched like a
crescent;
(Ah! I'm half afraid they know it, by their merry-
glancing eyes!)Sweet with rose and lily blended, mouth like Cupid's
low sweet smile,
Or like dewy tulip petals, when it parted in her
smile;
All within that little bonnet,
With the mystic wreath upon it.

ALL COUSINS TOGETHER.

The Cobb family were at breakfast,
A little more grave, if you please," said
Mrs. Cobb.
As she raised her plate there was a loud,
instinctive knock at the door, which
opened instantly, apparently of itself.
"Ho! it's Mr. Wiggins," said Mr. Cobb
to himself in a disappointed tone, as
though he had expected to see the Sec-
retary of War—or at least a contraband.

"Good morning, Mr. Wiggins," said he
affably enough.

"Your servant, Sir! 'Good Morning'"

returned the visitor, stamping the snow
from his boots in the same emphatic
manner that he spoke. He was so large a man
that he seemed exaggerated, with hair that
had once been red, and whiskers that still
were.

"Help yourself to a chair, Mr. Wiggins,"

said Mrs. Cobb, who had forgotten all
about her own gravity. But he preferred
the corner of the wood box, where he sat
with an old hat on his head and his brawny
hands clasped about one knee, as fearing
it might, in its energy, walk away of itself.

"I may as well be brief, and come right
to the point. I am a plain man, as you
know, neighbor Cobb, and when I have
anything to say, speak out a little—blunt,
we'll say, without the ceremony and palaver
that certain classes of our neighbors
have—I won't call them the aristocracy,
you understand whom I mean well
enough." Of course he meant Colonel
Dempester, to whom he was opposed in
every thing, simply because it was his
nature and life to be opposed to some-
body. Having given the inevitable bit
at the urbane Colonel, he proceeded: "My
business, and the reason why I called so
early this morning, is to have some talk
with you about buying young officers. It
is my purpose and intention to take a fair
start to-morrow morning for Vermont,
to look for some. I believe I am not mistaken
in thinking you want more stock, and
therefore I called in to say if you want
to join me in an expedition of this kind, be
ready to step aboard my craft at precisely
half-past five o'clock to-morrow morning.
I am a man of few words, so that you say,
neighbor Cobb, take a moment to con-
sider, and then assenting to his need of
more stock, didn't know but he could ar-
range to leave home to-morrow as well as
any time.

"Half-past five o'clock precisely! I
have told you just how it is; I want to
get an early start," reiterated Mr. Wiggins,
and releasing his knee from duress, with-
out the fashionable flourish of adminis-
tering the oath of the aristocracy, he followed
it actively through the door-way.

"At half-past five precisely, on the next
morning, the mercury stood at a discourag-
ing distance below zero, but Mr. Wiggins's
blue pug and gray horse drew up before
Mr. Cobb's gate, with all the more zest,
for he had an especial relish for out-gener-
allying the weather, and never yielded his
plans a whit for its rigor or indelem-
ency.

THE TRAVELERS.

The travelers were leagues away from
their pig-tails and milk-pails when the sun
came back from China, and showed with
what opals and diamonds the prodigal
front-hung had been decorating even the
humblest way-side bush and tree; and
before nightfall they were near an old and
aristocratic town, where Mrs. Cobb's
cousin, Mrs. Doctor Danvers, resided.

"What do you say to giving cousin Dan-
vers a call?" said Mr. Cobb.

"I am agreed to that," returned Mr.
Wiggins. "But how is it, have your folks
straw and provender enough?"

"Yes! I expect they are very for-
ward-handed, and Doctor Danvers is quite
a likely sort of a man, I should judge by
what little I have seen of him. They vis-
ited us once, some years ago, but it has
so happened we have never returned their
call."

After some inquiry as to the way, the
gray horse and blue pug stopped in front
of Doctor Danvers' stately mansion just
as the sun started off back to China
again.

"I'll run in and see if the folks are at
home," said Mr. Cobb, while Mr. Wiggins
held in the gray horse with all his might,
shouting: "Whoa, whirr! whoa, whirr!"
which had the effect of making him prance
and rear, thus showing his mettle to the
passers-by.

A pert-colored girl answered the door
bell, with her head thrown back as though
taking an observation of the planetary
system, saying, "Doctor Danvers isn't at
home, nor Missis either, was and about
shutting the door in Mr. Cobb's face.

"Won't they be back to-night?" asked
he, before she had time to answer.

"Speaks likely they will," answered she
indifferently.

"Then I guess I will go in and wait till
they come. I suppose I am some connec-
tion of Mrs. Danvers," returned Mr. Cobb,
beckoning with his hand to Mr. Wiggins to
follow him.

Miss Geraldine ushered them into the
parlor, somewhat against her will, as was
manifested by slamming the door when she
made her exit.

"This 'ere looks comfortable!" ejaculated
Mr. Wiggins, depositing his huge bulk in a
velvet arm-chair in front of a blazing
coal fire, and drawing an embroidered
ottoman for his feet. "Thought I won't
say, but the old kitchen and the old kitchen
fireplace at home, suit my notions just
as well."

The dainty embroidery agreed with him
in that, as the snow began to melt from his
heavy boots, and tinge its delicate colors
with a dash of yellow ochre.

Very possible Mrs. Danvers thought so
when she came in, but she showed no an-
noyance, welcoming her cousin's husband
with graceful ease.

Mr. Cobb made her acquainted with the
old neighbor of his Mr. Wiggins; at least he
said he did, and Mrs. Danvers acknowl-
edged it by bowing formally, with elegant
dignity.

"A very fine figure of a woman, and
dressed out like a poppet; but give me my
Poly with a clean calico gown on after
all!" said Mr. Wiggins to himself.

"Do you enjoy good health, Mr. Dan-
vers?" asked Mr. Cobb by way of opening
conversation.

"I'm usually not," replied the lady languidly.
"Indeed for a few days I have been
really ill, and was trying to sleep when you
rang."

"I understand the black girl that you
had gone away," said Mr. Cobb in astonish-
ment.

"She only meant that I was not at home
to company," returned Mrs. Danvers with
composure.

"Oh! ho!" soliloquized Mr. Wiggins,
making another mental comparison in favor
of Poly and her hospitality.

"Do you always keep help?" inquired
Mr. Cobb, still bent on sociability.

"Certainly. We employ two servants,
a colored and an Irish girl besides the
Doctor's office boy, who takes care of the
horses."

"At the word horses Mr. Wiggins glanced
uneasily toward the window, and Mr. Cobb
said: "Then the Doctor has a barn!"
"We've got a horse here that I expect
thinks it is about flogging-time."

"I mistrust a little hay wouldn't taste
bad to him," said Mr. Wiggins going to-
ward the door.

"I shall be obliged to ask you to take
your horse to one of the hotels, as the
Doctor has no extra stalls in his barn,"
observed Mrs. Danvers in a courteous tone,
as though she were accustomed to sar-
castic but respectful replies.

Mr. Wiggins started off, shocked at what
seemed like inhumanity, to him, he
would have made a stable of his bed-
room, if he had no other accommodations for
the horse of a guest, but out of respect
to Mr. Cobb he made no sign of discom-
fort, excepting by a sudden weakening of
the muscles of his neck and eyelids,
which would have been expressive enough
to his faithful Poly.

When he returned to Mr. Cobb from
caring for the horse, Mrs. Danvers was
not in the parlor, and did not appear until
tea-time, which seemed a tedious while
coming to men who had faced the north
wind all day; and, breakfasting at five in
the morning, had eaten nothing but cold
doughnuts and cheese since.

The table, covered with elegant damask,
was glittering with silver and cut-glass;
but alas! the slices of bread were so gen-
erally thin, that after taking a fair
quantity, yet ashamed to take another, a
bit of jelly and a slice of fruit-cake with
tea from cups as delicate and not much
larger than a robin's egg—what was this
to a man who could have devoured a quart
of baked-beans, with pork to match, as
you and I would eat a saucer of straw-
berries?

Doctor Danvers must be excused before
tea was well over, for every minute was a
diamond to him, and his time was so taken
up that really he had seldom an hour to
call his own; but they found Mr. Danvers
much better company. So perhaps
they might, if she had not left them to
order some more coal, and forgotten to
return. Biddy came in with the coal-hod
directly, (Geraldine was above such coarse
work) and Mr. Cobb, who was a man of
friendly, social feelings, with a weakness
for all who came from beyond the sea,
commenced conversation with her in this
wise:

"How long have you been in the coun-
try?"

"And what is it you'll be after speak-
ing about the likes of me?" returned the
girl, turning about and spilling a quan-

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ty of coal on the carpet, just in the cen-
ter of a bunch of white roses.

"I say, how long is it since you left
Ireland?"

"Six weeks, your honor. And sure and
it's longer by that much than I'm wishing
it was! Ooh! but it would be luck to me
if it was a day since I left the bliss-
ful out country, the holy Virgin forgive me
for doing that same!"

"Then you don't like it as well here as
you did in Ireland?"

"Indeed and it's the truth ye are spar-
king to be sure. I'd give more for one
pair of grass that grew in old Ireland
parlor for every tree in America. It's no-
thing but hard work that I get over here,
and plenty of it, but when it was at home
that I was, I never had to lift me little
finger at anything, but lived just like a
born lady of the land, as Patrick O'Flan-
nagan's daughter was, to be sure!"

"Biddy! Biddy! I should like to know
who do you think is doing your work in
the kitchen while you are entertaining
company in the parlor?" said Geraldine,
poking her black face through the door.

After this Mr. Cobb and Mr. Wiggins
dosed before the fire, until the musical
clock on the mantle mentioned that it was
nine of the night, when they were aroused
by Mrs. Danvers, who came in dressed for
a party, and looking "as though she had
been done up at a laundry," Mr. Wiggins
told Poly.

"I hope you are entertaining your-
selves," said she. "The Doctor and I
have an engagement this evening, so I
can't stay to see you. If you would like to
retire before we return, Geraldine will
show you your room."

"I reckon these ere folks would suit
Colonel Dempester's taste to a T, but give
me good plain farmer living, and farmer
manners," remarked Mr. Wiggins, as he
blew out the gas in his bed chamber.

I will not waste your time describing
the state of the atmosphere in the house,
by the time Geraldine had discovered
which room she was leading, except to say
with Mr. Wiggins that "it scented most
killingly."

"We must try to get off as early as we
can this morning," said he, sometime be-
fore cook-crowling, in a hopeless tone. But
not all hopeless enough, being accustomed
as he was to the thrifty housewifery of
Miss Polly.

It was quite nine o'clock before break-
fast was served, and it consisted of waffles
and omelets.

"If you ever come our way, you will
always find the late-string-out with me
and my wife ready to return this favor,
after our plain, poor, homespun style,"
said Mr. Wiggins in his whole-souled,
hearty fashion, by way of taking leave.
As he spoke, he leaned back so heavily in
the light dining chair, that its frail frame-
work gave audible expression of disas-
satisfaction with its huge burden; and when
he sprang suddenly up it fell broken at his
feet.

"If they do come, they will find chairs
that we can't make merely to look at, and
that are stout enough to bear up a mos-
quito!" said he in monologue.

When he found himself and Mr. Cobb
fairly outside the door of Doctor Danvers,
he gave a grunt of relief, saying: "I don't
never desire to set foot among your fash-
ionable folks again, as long as my name
is Nehemiah Wiggins!"

"The pleasure of it is put to breaking
stones on the highway. Now that's so!"
And I'll tell you one thing more, the first
tavern we come to, after leaving this fa-
mine place, I shall stop and take a bit of
something or other to stay my stomach."

You would have thought so to have seen
him eat. Sausages, ham, potatoes, cab-
bage and brown bread, disappeared like
vegetation at the time of the plague of
locusts in Egypt, until he had made ample
amends for his past omission.

It was snowing when they left the hotel,
and snowed thicker and faster as the day
wore away, but the travelers kept on go-
ing bither and thither, as they heard of
farther Dobson's fat two-year old, and far-
mer somebody else's likely yearlings.

"I've a proposition to make to you,"
said Mr. Wiggins, as daylight began to
fall. "I put up at your cousin's last night,
and you say to putting up at my
cousin's to-night, neighbor Cobb, and I
Neighbor Cobb didn't know as he had
any objection, but preferred to leave the
matter altogether with him.

"Then it is settled in a few words! We
will go," returned Mr. Wiggins. "I don't
know exactly for positive where cousin
Ois lives, but it's somewhere among these
ere hills; and one thing I am certain about,
we shan't be bothered with any of that 'ere
nasty smelling stuff that I light up my
nose with, and there won't be more cloth
and silver ware on the table than is need-
ed, I'll warrant you that. Cousin Ois'
folks ain't none of your stuck up gentry,
or I am mistaken, though I han't seen
none of them these twenty years."

The chase for cousin Ois' house was a
long and treacherous one; but after losing
the way several times, and after the buffet-
ing of the wind, and the blowing of the
snow, and the coming in of the light, which
was supposed to show the haven they
sought.

Mr. Wiggins jumped from the sleigh,
and, groping his way to the door, rapped
loudly with his w.h.p. stalk. This call was
answered directly by a woman and two
large dogs. The man of few words was
not long in making himself known. "Most
obedient madam! does Ois Wiggins live
here? If so, his cousin Nehemiah has
come to see him from Massachusetts, and
I am the man."

Before he had finished speaking, the joy
of the welcome began. "Sure enough,
Ois! I've come home Nehemiah come from
the old Bay State in this storm a purpose
to see us; 'only think on it!"

Ois had already retired for the night,
but his bed room and kitchen being one,
he did not wait to dress before joining his
wellcoming with his wife's. "Well now, I
diamond, and it's Heppy! Who'd a
lied it? Clean from the old Bay State,
we han't had such a treat as a cousin to
see us these ten years, aav we Heppy?"

Even Mr. Wiggins, with all his power of
lung, was overpowered for a while, but he
took advantage of the first lull to say he
had a friend in his sleigh at the door.

This intelligence increased the delight.
"Think of that, Ois! Another cousin
come to see us! Two on 'em in one
night! Here, wake up, children, we've
got cousins from abroad come to see us."

While trundle-beds and bunks gave up

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an incredible number of white-headed,
barefoot occupants, cousin Ois was at the
sleigh welcoming Mr. Cobb. "Walk right
in! walk right in! don't stop to knock off
the snow; I am powerful glad to see you,
and so is Heppy." Also on being asked
"So I be, and proud to know you took
the pains to come and see poor folks like
us," said Heppy, coming forward with a
course, shabby dress, hanging in disorder
after her gait form, and not a bit of
grace or polish in her manner; yet with
such cordiality and warmth of heart light-
ing up her hard, care-worn face, that she
seemed almost comely to the weary
travelers.

The poor room, too, with its uneven floor
and sooty furniture, looked cheerful, and
attractive; the big stone fire-place, and
the coals in the great stone fire-place, and
heaped on wood, which sprang into flames,
and sparkled and roared up the blackened
chimney.

Cousin Ois put the horse in his cow
shed, turning the cow up for a night's lodg-
ing with the pig; tipped up the sleigh to
protect it from the snow, and brought in
the buffaloes to dry by the fire.

"He is a cousin too, isn't he?" said
Heppy, looking at Mr. Cobb, as she pro-
ceeded to stir up a Johnny cake for their
supper.

"Now, cousin exactly, but a nigh neigh-
bor of mine, and a most excellent one, I
can assure you!" replied Mr. Wiggins.

"I thought we was all cousins together,
but he's just as welcome, I'm sure; and
it is all the kinder in him to come out of
the way to see poor folks like us that an't
no blood relation to him," replied Heppy,
putting the cake before the fire to bake, in
a spider.

When done, it was served with milk,
and eaten with relish; while cousin Ois,
and his admiring family looked on, con-
sidering every mouthful eaten an especial
favor and compliment to themselves.

When the meal was over, with ready
thoughtfulness, Heppy reckoned they must
be tired, and wouldn't feel like visiting
any more that night. "I am going to have
you turn into our bed," said she hospitably.

Now we got along well enough, but I
kinder handy to have another room, but I
hope you will put up with it, seeing as we
are all cousins together, as it were."

Weariness of body and a clear con-
science brought untroubled sleep to guest
and hosts, although a wild storm of wind
and snow howled in at the broken windows,
and down the wide chimney, until, at the
proper time, morning came, bringing with
it fair weather, and a breakfast of potato-
es roasted in the ashes, and garnished with
salt.

In honor to the visitors, the rickety
table was covered with a sheet, taken from
the bed; and Heppy set her breakfast with
a large butcher's knife and unalloyed satis-
faction.

"I want you to grant me the favor and
pardon of giving my name to this 'ere
little chap of yours, if he is already
provided with one," said Mr. Wiggins, who
had been pondering on some delicate
method of recompensing his entertainers.

"It's a her," replied Heppy, looking at
the scrawny monthling with affectionate
pride, and we laid out to call her Heppy
after me, but it don't make no odds, we
had just as lief save it for the next one."

"Call her Polly, then, after my wife;
and your cousin's name her a better
name, though I say it, and here's a little
present for her from me and my Polly."

"Mr. Wiggins threw a golden half-gal-
lon in the lap of the mother, as he spoke,
which brought the children swarming about
her, like flies around a cup of molasses.

"Now what is it, marum?"

"Let me see it?"

"Oh! 'tan' nothing 'only a yellor cent!"

"It's the yellor gold and it's worth more
than forty cents, I reckon," said the Gen-
eral Beau regard should take up the
idea of old Bulow, who proposed to form
troops, in the face of the enemy, in line
of battle, and order them to advance with
their arms at a shoulder and salute the
foe with ringing bursts of laughter. "Be
sure, said Bulow, that your opponents,
surprised and dismayed at this astonishing
salute, would turn about and run off."

This plan, perhaps, would not do so well
in the present long-range artillery in use;
but as nothing is too absurd to suc-
ceed once, it is related as a matter of fact
that the Mamelukes once turned tail on
an assault upon the French in Egypt, on
hearing the roar of laughter with which
Napoleon's veterans greeted the command
"Un quarre, les ans et les savans au mil-
lieu—Form in square, asses and men of
sense in the centre."

Since Adam, who invented laughter,
no doubtless when he awoke and saw Eve by
his side—no two men have laughed aloud.
The laugh is as distinct as the voice; per-
haps more so, for the laugh of a full
bearded man is very different from that
which he laughs when he has been clean
shaven by a barber. Women laugh differ-
ently from men, children from women, and
some writers even profess to detect natu-
ral peculiarities in the laugh; as for in-
stance, they say that the Frenchman laughs
with his teeth, the Spaniard with his
Damascent thought he had discovered in
the various emanations of laughter, a
sure guide to the temperaments of the
laughers. Thus he said He ha ha belonged
to a choleric man, He he he to the phleg-
matic, Hi hi hi to the melancholic, and
Ho ho ho to the sanguine. It is true that
men laugh commonly in A and O, and
women in E and I, and it is singular that
with all people, even the cockneys, the as-
pirate, H, precedes the vowel.

The old theologians held laughter to be
one of the consequences of the first sin,
and believed that Adam did not laugh till
he was driven out of Paradise.

Great men have often fancied it a part
of greatness to refrain from hilarity.—
Philip IV. of Spain is said to have laughed
outright but once in his life, when his
bride, Anne of Austria, wept at hearing
that the Queens of Spain had no feet.—
She took with German literalness an old
piece of over-wrought Spanish courtesy.
As she was journeying toward Spain some
German nun met her, and desired to pre-
sent some stockings of their own knitting.
The worthy princess was about to accept
the gift when a Spanish grandee of her
suite interfered, with the remark that it
would be against etiquette, as the Queens
of Spain were not supposed to have any
use for stockings! whereat the princess
began to weep—understanding, poor lady,
that on her arrival in Madrid her feet
would be cut off. Lord Chesterfield said

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"Nobody has seen me laugh since I have
come to use my reason; and Congee
remarked on entering a crowded commit-
tee, in parliamentary language—'Will
some member move that I may take the
seat?' Also on being asked how the sen-
sitive Fox would take a salary provided
for by his charitable friends, replied,
'Quarterly.' A poor poet, desiring a
compliment, asked Curran (referring to his
recently published poem of that name),
'Have you read my Descent into Hell?'
'No; I should like to see it,' replied the
wit. A prayer member of Parliament
having asked him—'Have you read my
last speech?' he replied, 'I hope I have.'
Two old New England ministers were
riding by a yellow, when the other one
asked the other—'Where would you like
that tree here its proper fruit?' 'Riding
along, sir,' was the immediate reply. An
Irish girl at play on Sunday was accosted
by the priest—'Good morning, daughter of
the devil,' and meekly replied, 'Good
morning, father.' Two friends meeting,
one remarked—'I have just met a man
who told me I looked exactly like you.'
'Tell me who it was, that I may knock
him down,' replied the friend. 'Don't
trouble yourself, said he, 'I did that my-
self at once.' The celebrated David
Crockett, on visiting a menagerie, was
comparing the countenance of a monkey to
that of one of his fellow members of Con-
gress. Turning, he saw the gentleman
had overheard his remarks; so, to make
matters pleasant, he said—'I do not know
what to apologize to—you or the monkey.'
Two deacons were once disputing about the
preposition of a new grave yard, the
first remark being, 'I'll never be buried
in that ground as long as I live.' 'What
an obstinate man,' said the second. 'If
my life is spared, I will.'

LAUGHTER.

It is an old proverb that laughter is kin
to tears; and, according to Doctor Lec-
mupriere, the one seems to have grown very
naturally out of the other. When Momus
was born he filled all Olympus with his
lusty orisons; all the goddesses hastened to
greet the terribly child, and all the gods,
who could not look without inextinguish-
able laughter at his last creature—Man—
at once dedicated to him the weeping clown.
Laughter draws backward the corners
of the mouth, draws up the upper lip—
especially in young women who have pretty
teeth—wrinkles the cheeks, smooths the
forehead, causes the eyes to sparkle, and
draws down the corners of the eye-brows, while
the cheeks swell so that in those fat per-
sons who are given to laughter, one scarce
sees the eyes. At the same time the veins
of the neck swell, and the blood rushes
with pleasant violence to the head, the
heart, and the lungs. These are the pheno-
mena of laughter, which, if unduly in-
creased, are capable of endangering life.
It is curious that we read only among the
ancients and the French of people laugh-
ing themselves to death. We Americans
laugh either merrily or earnestly, or
with a dash of both. Xenius is said to have
died of laughing at a painting of an old
man, his own handiwork. Pilonem ex-
pired at a donkey who so contentedly ate
the philosopher's figs, that with his last
articulate breath, he sent out a glass of
wine to the beast, who drank it with equal
enjoyment, and thus proved himself, it
seems to me, not such a donkey after all.
Isidore of Melas has a story of a blessed
island in which were two springs, at one of
which mortals could imbibe till they laugh-
ed themselves to death, when a swallow of
the other restored them to life again.

In an essay in the Guardian laughing is
defined to be "an agreeable kind of con-
vulsion, a symptom of inward satisfaction;
and those who practice it are divided into
dimpler, smilers, laughers, grinners, horse
laughers, and sneerers. This is to lay down
a science of laughter, for which there
might be need of a General Medicine, or
General Beau regard should take up the
idea of old Bulow, who proposed to form
troops, in the face of the enemy, in line
of battle, and order them to advance with
their arms at a shoulder and salute the
foe with ringing bursts of laughter. "Be
sure, said Bulow, that your opponents,
surprised and dismayed at this astonishing
salute, would turn about and run off."

This plan, perhaps, would not do so well
in the present long-range artillery in use;
but as nothing is too absurd to suc-
ceed once, it is related as a matter of fact
that the Mamelukes once turned tail on
an assault upon the French in Egypt, on
hearing the roar of laughter with which
Napoleon's veterans greeted the command
"Un quarre, les ans et les savans au mil-