

against another's character, "disturb the peace or subvert the government," has become one of our inalienable rights.

But there is a growing tendency to encroach on others' private rights, to stir up local and national strife, to ridicule and mock those high in authority, to decry and destroy our institutions rather than to improve them. The country-store, the street corner, the club-room, the platform, and the stump have furnished and are furnishing vast numbers of so-called "silver tongues" which are ever speaking bombast and satire, not only against the "crying evils," but also against institutions and officials that can not at present be improved. At first we laugh good-naturedly at an institution or an individual and feel satisfied in looking upon either as a good joke; but soon the joke becomes antiquated and we need stronger language to express ourselves. Thus from wit and humor we pass to ridicule and sarcasm.

The American sense of humor has been wonderfully developed;—an American can laugh almost anywhere, at any time and at any thing. There is something funny about the street urchin,—the unskillful wheelman,—the portly judge,—the tramp who has just lost his job,—the young husband's mother-in-law. Humor is sure to be manifest when least expected; when many are impressed with awe and admiration, some few may be bubbling with mirth.

During the Washington Centennial parade, the Governor of Delaware made an imposing appearance. The crowd seemed to be awed by his stalwart bearing. How staunch and noble a man he was! What honor was due him! The noble governor! But when by chance there was a lull in the music of the bands, a ragged little fellow on a lamp post cried, "Say, Governor, how's de peach crop dis year?" The youngster of course meant no offence to the Governor, while the crowd thought it was a good joke and laughed. The remark of the boy simply brought before the public the fact that the Governor was only an American citizen after all, and probably interested in the staple crop of his commonwealth. American humor at its best reveals the equality of the people. The common people laugh at and with all classes. —We all laugh together.

Our humorous writers and our comic papers, supplying the demand of the American public for caricatures, jokes and cartoons, have divided all our people into two classes—those laughed at and those who laugh. They have made a business of making us