

submissive air possible. The trunks containing the clothing of the whole family stood in the hall, ready to be carried away when the family should arrive. These were split to fragments by the tomahawk. These wretches had actually met the wagon with the rest of the family, and turned it back; but the brother-in-law, watching his opportunity, wheeled off from the road when his savage guards were somehow engaged, and escaped.

The ladies were seized, and, as Mrs. W. claimed protection, they were delivered into the charge of some squaws to be driven to the British camp. It was unpleasant enough the being goaded on through such a scene by savage women, as insolent as the men were cruel; but the ladies soon saw that this was the best thing that could have happened to them; for the town was burning in various directions, and soon no alternative would be left between being in the British camp, and in the thick of the slaughter in the burning streets. The British officer did not wish to have his hands full of helpless female prisoners. He sent them home again with a guard of an ensign and a private, who had orders to prevent their house being burned. The ensign had much to do to fulfil his orders. He stood in the doorway, commanding, persuading, struggling, threatening; but he saved the house, which was, in two days, almost the only one left standing. The whole town was a mass of smoking ruins, in many places slaked with blood. Opposite the door lay the body of a woman who, in her despair, had drunk spirits, and then defied the savages. They tomahawked her in sight of the neighbours, and before her own door, and her body lay where it had fallen, for there were none to bury the dead. Some of the inhabitants had barricaded themselves in the jail, which proved, it was said, too damp to burn; the rest who survived were dispersed in the woods.

Before the fire was quite burned out the Indians were gone, and the inhabitants began to creep back into the town, cold and half dead with hunger. The ladies kept up a large fire (carefully darkening the windows,) and cooked for the settlers till they were too weary to stand, and one at a time lay down to sleep before the fire. Mrs. W. often, during those dreary days, used to fasten a blanket, Indian fashion, about her shoulders, and go out in the wintry night to forage for food; a strange employment for a young girl in the neighbourhood of a savage foe. She traced the hogs in the snow, and caught many fowls in the dark. On the third day, very early in the morning, six Buffalo men were enjoying a breakfast of her cooking, when the windows were again broken in, and the house once more full of savages. They had come back to burn and pillage all that was left. The six men fled, and by a natural impulse, the girl with them. At some distance from the house she looked behind her, and saw a savage leaping towards her with his tomahawk already raised. She saw that the next instant it would be buried in her skull. She faced about, burst out a laughing, and held out both her hands to the savage. His countenance changed, first to perplexity; but he swerved his weapon aside, laughed, and shook hands, but motioned her homeward. She was full of remorse for having left her mother and sister. When she reached the door the house was so crowded that she could neither make her way in nor learn anything of their fate. Under the persuasion that they lay murdered within, she flew to some British dragoons who were sitting on the ground at a considerable distance, watching the burning of the remainder of the town. They expressed their amazement that she should have made her way through the savages, and guarded her home, where they procured an entrance for her, so that she reached the arms of her patient and suffering mother and sister. That house was at length the only one left standing; and when we returned Mrs. W. pointed it out to me.

The settlers remained for some time in the woods, stealing into a midnight warming and supper at the lone abode of the widow and her daughters. The ladies had nothing left but this dwelling. Their property had been in houses which were burned, and their very clothes were gone. The settlers had, however, carried off their money with them safely into the woods. They paid the ladies for their hospitality, and afterward for us much needlework as they could do; for every one was in want of clothes. By their industry these women raised themselves to independence, which the widow lived some tranquil years to enjoy. The daughter who told me the story is now the lady of a judge. She never boasts of her bravery, and rarely refers to her adventures in the war; but preserves all her readiness and strength of mind, and in the silence of her own heart, or in the ear of a sympathizing friend, gratefully contrasts the perils of her youth with the milder discipline of her riper age.

**EULOGY ON BURNS.**—At a late celebration in Louisville, Kentucky, on the birthday of Scotland's favourite poet, Robert Burns, Mr. Prentice, the celebrated punster of the Louisville Journal, addressed the company in the following happy strain:

"Britain and America assemble to pay their heart-felt tribute of admiration to the memory of Robert Burns, the unrivalled minstrel of Scotland, whose fame gathers freshness from the lapse of years, and like the ivy, flourishes greenly over the lone prostration of the lovely and the beautiful.

"You all know the history of Burns. The world knows it by

heart. The Scottish boy, born in poverty and obscurity, won his way through toils, privations and sufferings, to one of the loftiest and brightest places in the history of literature. He was the child of misfortune: and mankind still weep over the sorrows of that gifted genius, and will weep over them for ever. He was unfitted for the rough trials of a world like this. The lyre of his soul should have been fanned but by the airs of Eden, and have given out its music in a heavenly clime; and who can wonder that its chords were jarred and almost broken, when visited by the fierce winds, the swift lightnings, and the blasting hurricanes of life. Like the rainbow, his fame sprung up amidst clouds of gloom; but, like the rainbow, it was a reflection of the sun, and 'its arch, though resting upon the earth, was lost in heaven.'

"The genius of Burns was universal; in whatever he attempted his success was perfect. His talent was all-powerful whether he aimed at the heart of the lover, to call forth the loud or the quiet mirth of the votary of festivity, to kindle the high and holy fervour of devotion, to pour his great enthusiasm for liberty into the soul of the patriot, or to nerve the arm and send the lava-tide of vengeance along the veins of the warrior. If you pass through Scotland, you feel his mighty influence everywhere, like a universal presence. He has made that wild and romantic country emphatically his own. His step is upon her mountains, her braes and her glens—his image is reflected from her blue lochs and her gushing streams—and his name is breathed by her winds, echoed by her thunders, and chanted by her brave sons and beautiful daughters."

#### LAUGHTER.

Laughter—good, hearty, cheerful-hearted laughter—is the echo of a happy spirit, the attribute of a cloudless mind. Life without it were without hope, for it is the exuberance of hope. It is an emotion possessed by man alone, the happy light that relieves the dark picture of life.

We laugh most when we are young. The thoughts are free and unfettered; there is nothing to bind their fierce impulse, and we sport with the passions with the bold daring of ignorance. Smiles and tears, it has been observed, follow each other like gloom and sunshine; so the childish note of mirth treads on the heels of sorrow. It was but yesterday we noticed a little urchin writhing apparently in the agony of anguish; he had been punished for some trivial delinquency, and his little spirit resented it most gloriously. How the young dog roared! His little chest heaved up and down, and every blue vein on his forehead was apparent, bursting with passion. Anon, a conciliatory word was addressed to him by the offended *gouvernante*, a smile passed over the boy's face, his little eyes sparkling through a cloud of tears were thrown upward, a short struggle between pride and some more powerful feeling ensued, and then there burst forth such a peal of laughter, so clear, so full, so round, it would have touched the heart of a stoic.

Our natural passions and emotions become subdued or altogether changed, as we enter the world. The laugh of the school-boy is checked by the frown of the master. He is acquiring wisdom, and wisdom—ye gods, how dearly bought!—is incompatible with laughter. But still, at times, when loosened from its shackles, the pining student will burst forth as in days gone by; but he has no longer the cue and action for passion he then had; the care and trouble of the world have already mingled themselves in his cup, and his young spirit is drooping beneath their influence. The laugh of boyhood is a merry carol; but the first rich blush has already passed away. The boy enters the world full of the gay buoyancy of youth. He looks upon those he meets as the playmates of other hours. But experience teaches him her lessons; the natural feelings of his heart are checked; he may laugh and talk as formerly, but the spell, the dreams which cast such a halo of glory around his young days, are dissipated and broken.

There are fifty different classes of laughers. There is your smooth-faced, polite laughter, your laughter by rule. Those beings are generally found within the precincts of a court, at the heels of some great man, to whose conduct they shape their passions as a model. Does his lordship say a *bon mot*, it is caught and grinned at in every possible manner, till, the powers of grimace expended, his lordship is pleased to change the subject and strike a different chord. And is it not astonishing? Who would refuse to laugh for a pension of two hundred a year? Common gratitude demands it.

There is then your habitual laughers; men who laugh by habit, without rhyme or reason. They are generally stout, piggy-faced gentlemen, who eat hearty suppers and patronise free-and-easies. They will meet you with a grin on their countenances, which, before you have said three sentences will resolve into a simper, and terminate finally in a stentorian laugh. These men may be truly said to go on through life laughing; but habit has blunted the finer edges of their sympathies, and their mirth is but the unmeaning effusion of a weak spirit. These persons generally go off in a fit of apoplexy, brought on by excessive laughter on a full stomach.

There is then your discontented, cynical laughter, who makes a mask of mirth to conceal the venom of his mind. It is a dead

fraud, that ought not to be pardoned. Speak to one of these men of happiness, virtue, etc., he meets you with a sneer, or bottle-imp kind of chuckle;—talk to him of any felicitous circumstance, he checks you with a sardonic grin that freezes your best intentions. He is a type of the death's head the Egyptians displayed at their feasts, to check their exuberant gaiety.

There is then your fashionable simperer, your laughter *a-la-mode*, your inward digester of small jokes and tittle-tattle. He never laughs, it is a vulgar habit; the only wonder is that he eats.—People, he will tell you, should overcome such vulgar propensities; they are abominable. A young man of this class is generally consumptive; his lungs have no play, he is always weak and narrow chested; he vegetates till fifty, and then goes off, overcome with a puff of eau de rose or milefleur he has encountered accidentally from the pocket handkerchief of a cheesemonger's wife.

Last of all there is your real good, honest laughter, the man who has a heart to feel and sympathize with the joys and sorrows of others, who has gone through life superior to its follies and has learned to gather wisdom even from laughter. Such are the men who do more to honor society, who have learned to be temperate in prosperity, patient in adversity, and who, having gathered experience from years are content to drink the cup of life, mingled as it is, to enjoy calmly the sweeter portion, and laugh at the bitter.

**STEAM ESTABLISHMENT AT MOSCOW.**—Mr. Stephens, in his *Incidents of Travel*, gives the following ludicrously laughable description of the "manner and form" in which he was used up in a steaming establishment at Moscow, on the first day of his arrival in that great Russian city:

Having secured my room, I mounted a drosky and hurried to a bath. Riding out to the suburbs, the drosky boy stopped at a large wooden building, pouring forth steam from every chink and crevice. At the entrance stood several half naked men, one of whom led me to an apartment to undress, and then conducted me to another, in one end of which were a furnace and apparatus for generating steam. I was then familiar with the Turkish bath, but the worst I had known was like the breath of the gentle south wind compared with the heat of this apartment. The operator stood me in the middle of the floor, opened the upper door of the stove, and dashed into it a bucketful of water, which sent forth volumes of steam like a thick fog into every part of the room, and then laid me down on a platform about three feet high, and rubbed my body with a mop dipped in soap and hot water; and then he raised me up, and deluged me with hot water, pouring several tubfuls on my head; then laid me down again, and scrubbed me with soap and water from my head to my heels, long enough, if the thing were possible, to make a blackamoor white; then gave me another sousing with hot water, and another scrubbing with pure water, and then conducted me up a flight of steps to a high platform, stretched me out on a bench within a few feet of the ceiling, and commenced whipping me with twigs of birch, with the leaves on them, dipped in hot water. It was hot as an oven where he laid me down on the bench; the vapour, which almost suffocated me below, ascended to the ceiling, and finding no avenue of escape, gathered around my devoted body, fairly scalding and blistering me; and when I removed my hands from my face, I felt as if I had carried away my whole profile. I tried to hold out to the end, but I was burning, scorching, and consuming. In agony I cried out to my tormentor to let me up; but he did not understand me, or was loath to let me go, and kept thrashing me with the bunch of twigs until, perfectly desperate, I sprang off the bench, tumbled him over, and descended to the floor. Snow, snow, a region of eternal snow, seemed paradise; but my tormentor had not done with me; and, as I was hurrying to the door, he dashed over me a tub full of cold water. I was so hot that it seemed to hiss as it touched me; he came at me with another, and at that moment I could imagine, what had always seemed a traveller's story, the high satisfaction and perfect safety with which the Russian in mid winter rushes from his hot bath and rolls himself in the snow. The grim features of my tormentor relaxed as he saw the change that came over me. I withdrew to my dressing-room, dozed an hour on the settee, and went out a new man.

**THE ERRORS OF GENIUS.**—The very errors of a man of genius are beautiful and attractive; they enlighten, instead of darkening the world. So Phœbus stands in heaven, and the earth is dimmed by the shadow of his clouds; but these very clouds enhance the splendour of the god of day, and they transmit to our planet his light and heat; and without those clouds, he is himself but earth.

**LATE PIETY.**—Plants that receive only the evening sun, never grow so high as those that enjoy the rays of morning. So is it with those men, whose hearts were not turned to divine things till the evening of their days, compared with those who, in early youth began to drink in the rays of religion, and ripen their fruit in due season.