

THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

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"Puff's Corner."

Puff's Corner.
BY PAUL Z. ORANGE.
There are who from their cradle hear
The impress of a grief—
Deep, mystic eyes, and forehead fair,
And locks that ask relief,
The shadow of a coming doom,
Of sorrow and of strife,
When Fate's confining round the loom,
Wave the web of life.
And others come, the gladdest ones,
All shadowless and gay,
Like sweet surges of a wind,
Or music gone astray—
Arrested half in doubt we turn
To catch another night,
So strangely rare, so fit to learn
A presage of delight.

Miscellaneous Selections.

Correspondence of the Tribune.

A SUMMER EXCURSION.

OWEGO, N. Y., Saturday, July 9, 1853.

A most agreeable summer excursion is that to the Great Bend of the Susquehanna, and thence to a portion of the coal region known as Lackawanna. (The magnificent scenery of the country traversed by the New York and Erie Railroad—the pursuit of the sportive Delaware a hundred miles through its lovely valley—the crossing of the mountains—the enchanting pictures of the Susquehanna valley, with the endless variety of panoramic views and startling scenes of grandeur—present charms enough to make an excursion the least susceptible. At the Great Bend, a few miles from Lanesboro, so celebrated for the beauties of scenery, the cars are exchanged for those of the Lackawanna and Western Railroad, and these take a southerly direction.

Our party of five ladies and two gentlemen, all intent on the nicest sort of a party, left Owego in the afternoon, and after an hour and a half on the New York and Erie Railroad, quitted it as aforementioned. The scenery became wilder as we proceeded; the hills were closely bordered by abrupt and rugged hills, with here and there newly-cleared fields, the stumps not yet subdued, or smoking and blackened with the first labors of the settler; now log or frame cabins of the rude, primitive fashion, being seen at intervals, and wastes of land luxuriantly overgrown with blackberry bushes. A pretty, dark stream flowed in a body of deep woods, sometimes pouring its crystal treasures along meadows and smooth slopes; for there was not wanting occasionally the aspect of high cultivation; orchards and farms, golden harvest-fields and rich patches of clover bespeaking the agricultural wealth of a region just redeemed from the wild. Now and then the view would open and disclose a splendid picture of the mountain ranges, their dense, sombre garniture of woods unbroken in outline, the sunlight falling in silver flakes from towering evergreens, and giving brilliancy to the lighter green of the summer foliage; or a fair valley, stretching far as the eye could reach, would spread its varied features of loveliness before us; or a deep shadowy ravine, with a leafy curtain stream filling its depths with music. The winding road passes over many steep embankments and curved bridges, affording picturesque views at every turn. At length you ascend to a commanding elevation, from which the eye, delighted, measures a spacious amphitheatre skirted by mountain heights mantled by the heavy shadows of approaching evening; the golden lines of sunset shooting athwart these, seem to cluster upon the spires and white roofs of a distant village in the center of the open space, and gleam brightly in foliage. This was Scranston, the point of our destination. After a winding descent the train neared the place, rushed to the depot, and we found ourselves in the heart of what was called, a few years since, 'the wilds of Pennsylvania.' Not far from hereabouts was it that a county physician, going several miles out of his way to visit the ague-stricken family of a Dutch farmer, was forced to ride on the bog which contained the rye meal from which his supper was to be made, saw the meal prepared in the cabin with but a solitary cooking utensil—a small iron pot—and drank coffee which had been kept ground seventeen years in a rag tucked under one of the log rafters—a remnant of the luxuries of a wedding feast. It was at no great distance also that the same adventurous traveler discovered a snake den in the cliff of a rock, where he had crept to seek shelter from a storm in the forest. Now only enough wilderness remains to give the zest of romance to the picture.

Next houses and stores are scattered among clusters of forest trees spared as yet by the ruthless hand of 'improvement' and near at hand a new Presbyterian church, semi-gothic in architecture, with a beautiful spire, is flanked by a close grove of silver pine, which it is to be hoped the villagers will preserve in its solemn beauty for years to come. The village has a population of about 3,000, and is growing fast, for its coal and iron mines and railroads are advantages not to be overlooked. By next year the iron track will be laid over the mountains, by Stroudsburg and the Water Gap, as far as Belvidere, in New Jersey, affording the traveler through the views of enchanting scenery in the country.

By the time we had taken from the top of the house a survey of the extensive valley skirted by its blue mountain ramparts, their misty outline beginning to grow undefined against the evening sky, and had been refreshed with tea, the mantle of night was over the landscape. It was just the time for a visit to the 'Rolling Mill,' nearly a mile distant, where rails

for the roads are manufactured from the ore brought from the mountains. The path wound along the banks of 'Rolling Brook,' a picturesque stream crossed by several rustic bridges, and the view of the many-colored lights in the several chimneys of the mill, produced in different stages of combustion, was curious and imposing. Within the building the begrimed and half-nude figures of the laborers sitting about in the lurid glare of the furnaces, of bending to and fro the flaming spouts rising from the jaws of the fiery replete—the intense white light streaming from different points of the solid gloom in other parts of the lower mill, formed a singular scene, full of wild and weird romance. As we stood on a ledge three feet wide, overlooking the operations of the workmen on the floor below, a sensation would ever and anon be excited by the sudden and swift approach of a huge ball of the molten metal, spitting its glowing sparks on every side, as borne in one of 'Pluto's cars,' it would shoot past, and roll furiously down the inclined mold into a shapely mass. Such a screaming and starting, and crowding off as far as the still glowing bars were drawn into long lengthened rods, all they trailed along the ground like great fiery serpents, and when the cutting of the finished rails sent forth thick showers of sparks like fireworks, the effect was highly picturesque. A lasting impression gained was compassion for the workmen (who spend their nights in this fearful sort of labor); although well paid, they find their health ere long impaired by the scorching vapors, and perilous proximity to the furnaces. We had not a little moralizing on the superior advantages of the simpler life in Eden, as compared with the grand old garden, the more genial products, instead of dabbling in employments assisted by the great powers of the fallen powers of Paradise. Perhaps some of the party thought the penalty had got into the locks of their chamber doors, which had to be forced open, to the subsequent uneasiness of some of the ladies, who forgot that burglary and robberies were probably as yet unknown in these primitive 'diggings.'

By 5 in the morning those of us who loved new sights better than late slumbers, were wandering in the pine grove, and getting white hills from a large half-drawn pond in the central part of the town. A choice bouquet from the garden of Mt. Scranston, was a delightful gift. The village owes not only its name, but its enterprise to two brothers of that name, who came to the place as pioneers eight or nine years ago. We were glad to find in them acquaintances of former years, and to discover some cousins, who most kindly did the honors of the locality. Having to return in the train a little after noon, we had barely time for a visit to the coal mines, and a walk or drive to a waterfall two or three miles distant. Perhaps no tourist has yet noticed this natural curiosity, and as it most necessarily becomes a prominent attraction in view, a brief description may not be uninteresting.

Hoarsing Brook Falls are a mile or more eastward of the Rolling Mill, and the winding road, which ascends a considerable elevation, commands at various points splendid views of the town, valley, and surrounding mountains. The woods are composed chiefly of the spruce, pine and hemlock, with the beech, sweet birch, and a variety of other trees, and a profusion of the kamia or mountain laurel. A path turns from the road to the right, penetrating the scarcely broken forest, the gigantic trees interlaced with younger saplings so as to be almost impervious on either side. The descent over broken rocks is steep and difficult for nearly a quarter of a mile. Then a wide and deep gorge opens on the right, filled with primeval woods—the deep gray tones of the beech, which were of great size and height, being seen waving in the breeze. Here and there a century-old pine, blasted and denuded, reclines across his huge vigorous companions, as unwilling, yet to cumble the lap of earth. The descent becomes more abrupt; boulders are heaped in wild confusion on either hand, and on the opposite side of the ravine, far up against the back ground of the dark mountain, a moving line of cars on the Washington Railroad may be seen gliding apparently over the summits of the somber woods. The roar of the cascade mingles with the hurrying of the wind in the pine-tops, and a little further on, a flash of white foam in the midst of green foliage discloses the cascade. On a level with its top you may find a seat of repose, and a hemlock imbedded in the solid rocks and starting its boughs far over the chasm. A stream of considerable size dashes in a succession of precipitates through a narrow rift above, and descends itself in a perpendicular descent of about forty feet into a deep, sunless, cavernous cleft, forty or fifty feet in width, and inclosed by a perpendicular wall of rock, rising to the height of more than a hundred feet on either side. Gigantic boulders, heaped on the summit of the opposite cliff, overhang the stream several feet, covering it with perpetual shadow. These are crowned by a growth of heavy pines and hemlocks, lifting their sharp, ragged forms, in relief against the sky, and a luxuriant drapery of laurel-bushes covers the rugged and moss-grown precipice. Far below, the dark imprisoned vapors, flecked with snow, sweep impetuously over the rocks, and a little further on, a lofty arch is formed by two cliffs approaching each other; lacking, seemingly, but a foot or so of forming a complete natural bridge. The trees on either side interlace their boughs in a close embrace, and a short plank would there bridge the chasm. One, or two tall and slender pines on the topmost peak, stretching far upward, stand like sentinels to guard the lovely spot; verdure of a vast variety of shades lies all around, in cum-

brous masses, and the bright sunshine on the tender green and tufts of rich moss, in the depth of rock and forest, through which the stream rushes with a perpetual sullen murmur. There is no footing below from which a view of the fall could be obtained, the water being some twenty-five feet deep and enclosed in the cleft as in a wall, but a small boat could easily enter from below, and the view of the majestic arch over head, the overshadowing rocks, and the falling mass in front, churned into a creamy foam, and sending up silvery spray, would rival any of the famed cascades of Trenton. At the first view caught of the fall, before the eye can measure its entire descent, it resembles the beautiful fall of Minnehaha, in Minnesota.

Weeks might be spent pleasantly in this wild region, but our late deprived us of the drive through Wyoming valley, and various objects of interest. Those in search of a desirable locality for a summer sojourn, will be interested to know that board and lodging can be had at the hotel mentioned at five from eight dollars a week, and that trout-fishing abounds in the vicinity. I have no space left to dwell on our homeward journey, of the trip onward to the queen city of the Erie track—Elmira—the beauties of Tioga Point and the Chemung—the unrivaled scenery on the branch road to Canandaigua; the mountainous region gradually changing to the soft, cultivated beauty of the garden of the 'State,' bordering Seneca Lake; the unequalled sight of Hector's Falls, leaping hundreds of feet in successive bounds to the blue lake; the rich gallery of pictures on the opposite slope of that delicious sheet, imitable by artist's pencil; the green woods touched by a drouth; the lovely plains and golden fields and smiling villages; the undulating varied landscape perpetually offering new scenes of beauty. These may be described hereafter.

At Home in the Evenings.

The following, from one of our religious journals, is such appropriate advice to youth, that we publish it without further comment: One of the greatest neglects of youth, producing incalculable mischief and ruin, is the spending of his evenings. Darkness is temptation to misconduct; suffering the young to be out when the light of day does not restrain them from misconduct is training them to it. We have already an abundant harvest of this seed-fruitful error. Youth becoming agents of outrage, by running, unlearned, for in the evenings. What we see in these respects are deplorable enough—but what is this compared with what we do not see—multitudes making themselves miserable and noxious to the world, and what is that to come to? Parents should look at the truth, that evening pleasures and recreation are often dearly purchased—the price of their own impaired comfort, and the blighted prospects of their offspring. It must be obvious that, in this matter, there can be no prescribed rule. There can be no interdict of all the evening recreations and employments, yet there is an evil not only destructive to youth, but planting thorns in many paths, and covering many lives with desolation. The information demanded must proceed from judgment and conscience—must be enlightened. Heads of families must learn that the place on earth best adapted to be a blessing is home; and by example and wholesome restraint, they must teach this truth to all under them. Especially should home during the Sabbath hours be consecrated. Sabbath mornings and evenings are blessed indeed when they gather under the shelter of the circle of converse and instruction, and parents and children, and masters and apprentices and servants, in his presence and by the grace of God, who has made them and placed them in their respective stations, raise themselves to the exalted level of the truth; and they are invested with capacity and obligation in their respective conditions assigned by an all-wise Providence, to help each other onward to honor, glory and immortality—eternal life.

The Source of American Greatness.

The Pilgrim Fathers were educated men, and from the period of their settlement in New England they devoted themselves to the work of diffusing instruction. It was from the beginning the custom, and it soon became the law, 'that none of the brethren should suffer so much barbarism in their families as not to teach their children; and apprentices so much learning as to enable them perfectly to learn the English tongue.' And to the end that learning may not be buried in the graves of the forefathers, it was ordered 'that every township, after the Lord had increased them to the number of fifty householders, shall appoint one person to teach in all the children to write and read; and where any town shall increase to the number of one hundred families, they shall set up a grammar school.' This far off spring is the source from whence has flowed the peculiar greatness and glory of the people of the United States.

A gentleman praising the personal charms of a very plain woman, his friend asked him—
"Why don't you lay claim to such an accomplished beauty?"
"What right have I to her?" said the former.
"Every right, by the law of nations, you being the first discoverer."

A tremendous conflagration occurred in Owego, upon Lake Ontario, N. Y., on Tuesday of last week. Two hundred buildings were consumed. Loss estimated at One and a half Million of Dollars.

Reminiscences of a Genius.

A few years immediately prior to the celebrated battle of Waterloo, a period replete with stirring events, and remarkable for the number of illustrious men in all professions and pursuits, there flourished, in a town in the south-east of Ireland, a genius, whose natural talents fostered by education, won the admiration and applause of all who knew him. His fame indeed did not extend to the ends of the earth, for modest merit ever shrinks from the public gaze; yet it reached to the utmost limits of the country in which he dwelt.

As a poet he was undoubtedly inferior to either Milton or Byron; yet he was universally acknowledged to be a superior talent to Moore. Still, had not his genius been confined by the circumstances of the place in which he lived, and cramped, as too often is the case, by impetuous necessity, it must be said that no poet could have soared so high, or gone so near to heaven's gate in the sublimity of his flights. But the talent in which he excelled was music. In this his natural genius shone forth with an unrivaled lustre. If Handel had but heard him he must have stood entranced with our hero's delicious compositions; and while he listened in ecstacy, with swelling heart and tearful eye, to the rich volume of sound improvised by this heaven-taught spirit, the great master of music would not have disdain to have embodied his conceptions in a far nobler production than that of his celebrated 'Harmonious Blacksmith.' As a vocalist the subject of these remarks surpassed his competitors by many degrees. Even Brahms himself, with all his powers of voice and power of expression, could not be heard beside him. Whenever he chose to pour forth the full power of his song, every other voice was hushed, every other voice silent. Nor was it easy to know which to admire most—the brilliancy, beauty and excellence of his execution, or the sweetness and pathos of that music which he seemed to compose at will. But this did not constitute his whole merit. His accomplishments and acquisitions were so many and various, that he was the delight and admiration of every beholder, and the entertainment of every company.

We need not stop to inquire why most clever people are oddities. Whether it is that talent is scarce, or that the possessor presumes too much upon that wherein he excels—the truth, however, of genius, was a truth that the subject of these remarks was a living illustration of. If you sought the entertainment and delight of the evening, you would find him in the society of his friends, and from his mouth, if you asked him to gratify you with a specimen of his vocal powers and his enchanting music, he would probably retire to his apartment as if you had given him some offence. But when the fit was over, and the sun again shone forth, then would he exert his powers, without further solicitation, and hold the attention of an entire company in breathless admiration.

Doubtless, my young readers are anxious to learn the name and lineage of such a strange yet admirable personage. His family was certainly respectable, being as old as the cradle, and particularly remarkable for any thing very particularly remarkable in any of his ancestors, nor indeed, any of his name, till we met with him. There was very nearly omitted, namely, that though humble in their origin, every one of his kindred that came to maturity invariably rose in the world, except himself, and that, singular to say, it was his superior talent which effectually put a bar to his advancement in that way. As to his name, it was humble like his birth; yet it had had talent connected with it, from Thomas Aquinas, down to Thomas Moore. His style and title was Thomas Lark, Esq., but he was more generally known among his friends, and acquaintances, and admirers, by the familiar name of 'Tommy.'

And so, we think we fear our readers exclaim, 'after all it is but a poor insignificant skylark.' Very true, indeed; but if you had seen and heard that same skylark, as we and hundreds of others have, you would be delighted to make his acquaintance. He was found in a nest in the grass by some mowers, while they were employed in cutting a meadow. He was fully feathered and ready for his first flight, and he was brought home by the man-servant, as a present to the young ladies of a family where it was once our privilege to be an inmate. A cage was immediately procured, and a boy employed to bring a shamrock sod every morning for Tommy's pleasure and refreshment.

We need scarcely say that we were much opposed to the practice of depriving poor little animals of their natural liberty, and incarcerating them in cages, and such like portable prisons, for the mere self-gratification of vacant minds; and we cannot realize of vacant minds, Stern's picture of the captive, shut up in his solitary dungeon, counting the weary moments as they stole sluggishly along, and at the close of an almost interminable day, adding it to the number of the past on his wooden calendar. We cannot fancy, without a pang of sympathetic suffering, the wounded spirit—the hope deferred which maketh the heart sick—and the iron entering into his soul. 'Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, slavery, thou art a bitter draught.' Surely, the practice we condemn must form part of that burden under which the whole creature travails and groaneth together.

the nest before he was old enough to know what liberty was; and yet he was sufficiently old to no longer require the fostering care of the parent bird. He stretched far away into the blue expanse of heaven, carolling that beautiful hymn of glory to the Creator which thrills through the heart while it dies away on the ear, as the soaring bird disappears in the distance.

But if this was not Tommy's lot, he at least fell into kind hands, and he soon began to pay the tender and judicious care which was truly astonishing. 'He became familiarized to the presence of every day near the morning work-table of the young ladies of the family; and to that of strangers by the daily calls of visitors. At length the elder of our three young female friends ventured one day to let him out of his place of confinement; and it would appear as if the little creature was given to the feeling of gratitude, for he seemed to recognise her in a peculiar way as if he held her in the deepest veneration and respect. Indeed, though evidently attached to every member of the family, which he pleased by his usual endearing ways, he yet exhibited toward each a different mode of behavior. It now became a daily practice to permit the door of his cage to remain open, except on those occasions when it was necessary to ventilate the apartments by having any of the windows raised; and he soon began to consider it as a place of refuge, to which he always retired when anything occurred to give him offence or alarm.

When the family were assembled at breakfast, he would fly on the table, and walk round picking up small pieces of egg or crumbs of bread, and sometimes he would hop on a loaf, and actually allow a slice to be cut under his feet before he would change his position. In the course of the morning, if the ladies sat at their embroidery, or other ingenious works at which they often amused themselves, Tommy was again permitted to leave his domicile, and on these occasions he always paid a visit to their work-table, where he delighted to play sundry droll and mischievous tricks. It was curious to see him watching the operation of threading a needle. When the thread was put over so little into the eye, he would seize the thread and dexterously pull it through. Sometimes, when the young lady had fastened her thread to the needle, he would creep up to the end of reach and chuckle over the mischief. Sometimes he would hop on her work-table, and seizing the end of a cord, he would fly with it to the other side of the apartment, unwinding yards upon yards from the revolving spool. The second of the young ladies to whom we allude was remarkable for the elegance and neatness with which her hair was always braided. This did not escape Tommy's observation, and he frequently made an attack upon it, by taking the end of each tangle in his bill, and fluttering before her face, would leave it in the most admired disorder. He would then again chuckle as we have heard a magpie do after 'any act of mischief.'

With the younger of the three ladies his practice was, if possible, to perch on the top of her head, and sing his beautiful song till the music would pierce thro' her ears, and she was obliged to shake her head; but he never made the same attack upon her hair, though it was always becomingly settled. From the opportunity we had of watching the development of the little bird's intellect, we are quite convinced he understood everything that was said to him. There was a gentleman, an intimate friend of the family, who in his repeated visits, had made himself familiar with Tommy. Whenever he made a morning call, he would exclaim, 'Ha! Tommy! good morning to you; are you ready for a game at shuttlecock?' The little creature would instantly fly to his extended hand, and puffing itself he would take the air like a very true, indeed; but if you had seen and heard that same skylark, as we and hundreds of others have, you would be delighted to make his acquaintance.

Another game which Tommy perfectly understood was 'hide-and-seek,' and for this he preferred, as his companions the second of the three sisters. She would say, 'Now Tommy, I am going to hide; and then drawing the room door open, she would place herself behind it, and cry 'Whoop.' Tommy would immediately commence strutting up and down the floor, and stretching out his neck as if he were seeking for her. At length coming opposite to where she stood, he would give a loud scream and then to attack her hair. When this was over, and he again became quiet, she would say, 'Now Tommy, I am going to hide.' Immediately the bird would stand still under a table, and she would commence a diligent search. 'Where is Tommy? Did any one see Tommy?' In the meantime he would never give by sound or movement the least indication that he was in the room; but the moment she thought proper to find him, he would again scream, and fly up to her.

We were of recent only the twentieth part of the many circulating little tricks and gambols he used to exhibit, we should trespass too much on the space allotted to our biography—and, perhaps, too on the patience of our readers.

Perching sometimes on the head of the lady who first gave him his liberty, he would walk down her face as she held it up, with outspread wings, and give her a kiss. At other times he would walk the shape of a fan, and his wings trailing on the ground, just like a turkey-cock in miniature, warbling all the while a beautiful gentle melody in a subdued tone and quite different from his song of the skies.

The mistress of the house, a little advanced in life, wore spectacles, which he would frequently pull off in his flight, and immediately let fall, as they were too heavy for him to carry; and after every feat of this kind, he would chuckle at his success. When the dinner things were removed, and the dessert set on the table, he would frequently come upon the table, and going round it would, like a young gentleman, give an exulting chuckle when he presented to each person. He would bite the fingers of the master of the house, and give an exulting chuckle when he presented to each person. He would strike like a gamecock, and seem to be in a wonderful passion. Then he would take a sudden flight at a lady's cap, and catching the end of a ribbon would gracefully flutter before her face, carolling a snatch of his favorite song, and plucking out his comb, would speedily demolish her glossy curls.

There remains however one trait of angelicity which those who recollect the entertaining little creature would scarcely pardon us if we omitted. The younger of the three ladies was accustomed each night before she retired to take her candle over to Tommy's cage to bid him 'good night.' He would instantly bring out his head from under his wings, and standing up sing one of the most beautiful little songs you could conceive it possible for a little throat like his to warble—a song, too, that he never sang on any other occasion. And if she attempted to go out of the room without taking his head under his wing, and plucking out his comb, he would speedily demolish her glossy curls.

It may well be imagined that a little creature so sagacious and entertaining would become very interesting not only to the family but to all who chanced to know him. His fame extended far and near, and many came from the remote quarters of the county to see him. It was not always on these occasions that Tommy showed his best. Like most pets, he was capricious; and while sometimes he would delight a large company at others he would refuse to come out of his cage or even notice the carriages of his own favorites. Induced by the astonishing docility and attainments of this adored and well-known pet, many persons tried the experiment of training and domesticating birds of the same species; and the result was a general lark-mania throughout the entire town. 'But it would not do.' Whether it was that Tommy was an original genius, or that the circumstances of his education were more favorable for the development of that natural talent, we cannot say; but it is a fact that of the numerous birds so trained to imprisonment, after his example, not one could be in the least degree tamed, or even brought to sing in their state of confinement. And such of them as escaped from the fangs of that miniature tigress the cat, were after a long and hopeless trial, restored to the green fields and their native liberty.

But this rage for lark-training occasioned a sad sight to the lady of the house on Tommy's account. Returning home one day from some shopping excursion, she found a dead lark at the hall-door, and taking it up in her hand, with what feelings my amiable young readers may suppose, she rushed to the apartment where Tommy was usually kept. Her first glance at the cage showed her the pretty pet alive, safe, and well; and throwing the dead bird on the table, it was some time before she recovered from her agitation.

But an accident of a serious nature occurred about this time, which occasioned great alarm in the family. Tommy was lost! The first duty of the servant, when she came in to lay the cloth for dinner, was to ascertain that the bird was in his cage, and to close him in; but he should be trodden upon. One day, however, Tommy could not be found. Search was made in every direction; inquiries sent about in all quarters. No news could be obtained that anyone had seen him for the previous two hours. At length dinner was announced, and the family sat down with grieving looks and uncomfortable feelings. Many conjectures were hazarded as to what had become of the bird. Could a cat have laid her felon claws upon him, or could he have been inadvertently trodden upon? At length it was recollected that the room having been unusually close and warm that morning, one of the windows had been thrown open for ventilation. It was concluded, therefore, that poor Tommy had got out; and that alarmed at the novelty of his situation in the open street, he had not found his way back. It was decided, therefore, that messengers should be sent out in all directions to search for the bird. 'Just at this moment, however,' a thought occurred to the lady of the house, and she thrust her hand to the bottom of a spacious pocket, which, despite of the fashion, she was in the habit of wearing; she drew there a small key, and running over to the work-table, she unlocked the drawer, and sure enough, Tommy popped up his head with a chirp, as much as to say, 'Not lost, only delayed!' The truth happened to be as was now recollected, that the bird had been picking at some crumbs of

gingerbread in the open drawer, when the lady hastily called away, and locked the drawer, without perceiving the bird was there. Such however was its exceeding tameness, that without being disturbed, it merely deked its head as the drawer went in, and thus was poor Tommy enclosed in his imprisonment, and forgotten until the anxiety produced by his unaccountable disappearance led to his happy recovery.

What the duration of the lark's age usually is we cannot say. It is probable that in the natural state they do not live so long as when well taken care of in a tame condition. The frost of winter, want of food, and other circumstances, must cut off large numbers of the older and more weakly birds. However this may be, Tommy himself lived a happy life for sixteen years. As he grew old a curious complaint affected him. He cast the appearance of his bill every season for a few weeks before he died. At those periods, more than usual care was necessary; he required to be fed with soft food, and seemed in some degree to languish while the process was going on; but when the new portion of the bill had grown, and the old part was thrown off, he soon recovered his spirits and became as enterprising as ever.

But alas! larks must die as well as men. At length poor Tommy fell sick, and now, indeed, he lost all his energy and power of entertaining. His feathers ruffled, his head drooped, his wings hung, and his eyes grew dim. Every one suffered with poor Tommy, and there were as many messages to enquire how he did, as if it were indeed some dear friend. A humane and skillful surgeon, who was intimate in the house, and regarded Tommy with unbounded admiration, did not disdain to visit him several times a day, and contrived to administer medicine in homoeopathic doses. 'But all would not do, the sympathy of attached friends, and the skill of human science, were alike unavailing. Tommy was wrapped in cotton and placed near the genial warmth of a gentle fire; yet still he languished, and took but little notice of those around him. His young friend, for whom he used to sing his sweet 'good night,' approached to stroke his candle; he lifted his little head, and as the dying swan is said to sing, he attempted to warble his last good night. She burst into tears, and retired. In the morning, Tommy was dead!

[This additional chapter to the instincts of animals" is true in every particular. Ed.]

It with Smith!
"Easiest thing in the world, my dear, give him a twitch backward when you want him to go forward." For instance, you see to day, had a loaf of cake to make well, do you suppose because my foot is in the pastry room, that my soul has left there too? Not a bit of it. I am thinking of all sorts of celestial things (the willow). Now, Crakers has a way of tagging round at my heels, and bringing me plump down in the midst of my aerial flights by taking me the 'price of the sugar I am using.' Well, you see it drives me frantic! and when I woke up this morning and saw this furious storm, I knew I had him on my hands for the day unless I managed right; so I told him that I hoped he wouldn't get going out to catch his 'death' such was the weather, that I was at a loss to know what to do. I was very lonely some days, and that it was very lonely some days, and that I wanted him to stay at home, and talk to me; at any rate he must go out, and I hid his umbrella and Lydia Robbins. Well, of course, he was right and up (just as I expected); and in less than five minutes was streaking off down street at the rate of ten knots an hour.
You see there's nothing like human nature; no woman should be married till she is thoroughly posted up in this branch of her education. Favor's Frank.

Slavery in Virginia.—A correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, who has taken a recent excursion into Rappahannock and about Fredericksburg, noticed that labor appeared to be scarce and high, and a general complaint in Virginia of the scarcity of labor—owing to the emigration of so many proprietors with their slaves. Good cradlers, whether black or white, commanded readily two dollars a day—a high price in proportion to the low rate of the produce market. Looking to the character of the labor in the harvest, he was struck by a notice a great change within the last thirty years. There is, among the slaves, more of free black and much more of white labor than formerly. A few foreign laborers, German and Irish, are now coming in to the country. It is very clear to him that the time is to come, and is not very far off when, in that part of the country, slaves will be retained chiefly for home servants, while labor in the field as well as in all mechanical employments, will be free, and for the most part, white.

Literature.—We publish the following as appropriate to the present season:—
"Mr. E. Marston, of New York, a distinguished Scientific writer and practical philosopher, says that persons struck by lightning should not be given up as dead for at least three hours. During the first two hours they should be drenched with cold water, and if this fails to produce restoration, then add salt and continue the drenching for another hour."
A Good Hint.—The New York Daily Book is responsible for the following:—
"John Van Buren got into a Sixth Avenue stage on Monday morning to come down town in the rain, and seeing four or five men and six on the other, he respectfully made a seventh on the fall which a quiet laugh went through the omnibus. 'You never get him to go any more but you're wrong side.'"