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TOWANDA:

Saturdan Morning, February 24, 1855.

Selected Poetry.

SUMMER FRIENDS

BY FREERIC S. COZZENS.

When spring the fields in daises dressed, And flushed the woods with maple buds, I spied a little blue-bird's nest Within a cedar's branchy studs.

Its old gray grass, inlaid with hair, The summer's sun had withered up, And autumn's acorns still were there, Though snows had brimmed its tiny cup.

What then? I heard a pilgrim hymn; And half forgave the long neglect, When perched upon the threshold rim A little feathered architect.

And straw by straw the walls he wrought, And hair by hair the floor he spread; And when his blue-bird wife he brought, They slept within the nuptial bed.

Oh! how I loved my pranksome guest! For him I loved his help-mate too; With jealous care I fenced their nest, And watched them as they sung or flew. So April passed; and gentle May

Went murmuring by with leaves and bees; And two small blue-winged chicks had they When summer broadened on the trees.

My very solitude had made That tiny household seem more sweet; And often to the bank I strayed To watch the nestlings chirp and eat.

But when the palsied autumn came, And shook the boughs, and bared the wood, I scarce the feathered brood could blame, Though void their puny wigwam stood:

For summer friends had come like these, Like these the summer friends had flown; When stormy winter stripped the trees, They left the cold and me alone.

Lectures on English Poetry.

Lecture by James Russell Lowell, Esq., AT THE LOWELL INSTITUTE, BOSTON.

We are under many obligations to a friend livered at the Lowell Institute, in that city, by similar. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, of Cambridge. The subject of these lectures is "English Poetry;" they are unsurpassable in originality and beauty, and a perfect appreciation of the subject. The Lecturer has very recently been elected past. Professor of Modern Languages and Belles letters in Harvard College. We are certain our readers will thank us for the privilege of perus-

"These Lectures"—(so write the person, to their ancestors. whom we are indebted for their perusal)—"are erature. But where, for thirteen centuries was the season. The present conrse, has been so popular that they are repeated Wednesday and Tickets for these lectures are drawn by lot .--All persons wishing them put down their names in a big book, opened for this purpose, and duly advertised. At the end of a specified time the number of tickets to be given out are counted-the names divided accordingly. This time all who held tickets divisible by five drew disappointed."]

BALLADS.

One of the laws of the historical Macbeth deother such idle people unless they be specially licensed by the King, shall be compelled to seek

I do not quote this in order to blacken the ample revenge. I cite it only for the phrase,

When Virgil said Arma, virumque cano, arms has been deposed from it, it may be some conare likely to for some time to come. But the Fools here referred to were not those who had cloud. least, but those who had most wit, and assumed that disguise in order to take away any dangerous appearance of intention from their jibes and

made Public Opinion a power in the State by from the ear to the eye, has lessened the immebut in those old days when the minstrels were to heart to heart and from hamlet to hamlet

as unassailable as the memories on which it was imprinted. Its force was in its impersonality, for Public Opinion is disenchanted the moment it is individualized and is terrible only so long as it is the opinion of no one in particular .-Find its author, and the huge shadow which but now darkened half the heaven, shrinks like genius of the Arabian Story into the compass of a leaden casket which one can hold in his hand, Now-a-days, one knows the editor, perhaps, and so is on friendly terms with public opinion. You may have dined with it yesterday, rubbed shoulders with it in the omnibus to-day—nay, carried it in your pocket embodied in the letter of the special corres-

Spencer in his prose tract upon Ireland has left perhaps the best description possible of the primitive poet, as he was everywhere when the copies of a poem were so many living men, and all publication was to the accompaniment of music. He says "there is amongst the Irish a certain kind of people called bards, which are to them instead of poets, whose profession is to set footh the praises or dispraises of men in their poems or rhythms; the which are held in such high regard or esteem amongst them that none dare displease them for fear of running into reproach through this offence, and to be made infamous in the mouths of all men." Nor was the sphere of the bards confined to the present alone. They were also the embodied memory of the people. It was on wings of verse that that the names of ancestral heroes could float down securely lover broad tracts of desert time, and across the gulfs of oblivion .-And poets were sometimes made use of by sagacious rulers to make legends serve a political purpose. The Persian poet Firdusi is a remarkable instance of this. Virgil attempted also to braid together the ravelled ends of Roman and Greek tradition, and it is not impossible that the minstrels of the Norman metrical roin Boston, for a series of Lectures recently de- mances were guided by an instinct somewhat

But the position of the inhabitants of England was a peculiar one. The Saxons by their conversion to Christianity, and the Normans still more by their conversion and change of language, were almost wholly cut off from the past. The few fragments of the Celtic race were the only natives of Britain who had an antiquity. The English properly so-called were a people who hardly knew their own grandfathers. they no longer spoke the language, believed in ing the following lecture, upon a popular theme. the religion, or were dominated by the ideas of

English writers demand of us a national litquite popular here, and I hope you will find their own? Our ancestors brought a past with them sufficiently interesting to re-publish part, them to Plymouth; they claimed descent from are abrupt. You can no more foretell the swift if not all in your own paper. The Lowell In- a great race; the language they spoke had been wheel of the feeling than that of a falcon, and stitute belongs to "the people." It is a free ennobled by recording the triumphs of ancestral the phrases flash forth sharp-edged and deadly daring and genius; it had gone up to Heaven, institution, founded by its namesake, who left wafted on the red wings of martyr-fires; motha handsome sum for the purpose—the interest ers hushed their new-born babes, and priests of which only is used. This donation has been scattered the farewell earth upon the coffin-lid. so well managed, as to enable the Directors to with words made sweet or sacred by immemoextend their means from year to year,—they rial association. But the Normans when they have bought the old Marlboro' Chapel, which men almost as much cut off from the influences is now only used for their Society. There are of the past as those which sprang out of the usually four courses of Lectures given during ground at the sowing of the dragon's teeth.-They found there a Saxon encampment occupying a country strange to them also. For we must remember that though Britain was histori-Saturday afternoons—the regular course being cally old, England was not, and it was as imgiven the Tuesday and Friday nights previous. possible to piece the histories of the two together to make a national record of, as it would continental antiquity by adopting the Mexican

The ballads are the first truly national poe try in our language, and national poetry is not that either of the drawing-room or the kitchen. It is the common mother-earth of the universal sentiment that the foot of the poet must touch, -of course four-fifths of the applicants were through which shall steal up to heart and brain that fine virtue which puts him in sympathy, not with his class, but with his kind.

Fortunately for the ballad-makers they were not encumbered with any useless information. They had not wit enough to lose their way .clares that-"Fools, minstrels, bards, and all It is only the greatest brains and the most in tense imagination that can fuse learning into one substance with their own thought and feelsome craft to win their living," and the old ing, and so interpenetrate it with themselevs, that Chronicler adds approvingly-" these and such- the acquired is as much they as the native.like laws were used by King Macbeth, through The ballad-makers had not far to seek for ma which he governed the realm ten years in good | terial. The shipwreck, the runaway match, the unhappy marriage, the village ghost, the achievement of the border outlaw-in short, memory of that unhappy monarch. The poets | what we read every day under the head of commonly contrive to be even with their ene- Items in the newspapers, were the inspiration mies in the end, and Shakspeare has taken an of their song. And they sang well because they thought and felt and believed just as their unless they be specially licensed by the King, which hearers did, and because they never thought points to a fact on which I propose to dwell for anything about it. The ballads are pathetic a few moments before entering upon my more | because the poet did not try to make them so, and they are models of nervous and simple dietion, because the business of the poet was to and the man I sing, be defined in the strictest | tell his story, and not to adorn it, and accordmanner the original office of the poet, and the ingly he went earnestly and straightforwardly object of the judicious Macbeth's ordinance was to work, and let the rapid thoughts snatch the prevent any one from singing the wrong arms | word as it ran, feeling quite sure of its getting and the rival man. Formerly the poet held a the right one. The only art of expression is to recognised place in the body politic, and, if he have something to express. We feel as wide a difference between what is manufactured and solation to think that the Fools, whom the what is spontaneous, as between the sparkles Scotch usurper included in his penal statute, of an electrical machine, which a sufficiently have not lost their share in the government of muscular professor can grind out by the dozthe world yet, nor, if we may trust appearances, en, and the wild-fire of God that writes mene, mene on the crumbling palace-walls of midnight

It seems to me that the ballad-maker, in re-

paper is now, and circulated from ear to ear its livery oftener than that of the character .with satire or panegyric. He it was who first But the temperament, the deep human nature, the aboriginal emotions, these utter themselves condensing it into a song. The invention of printing, by weakening the faculty of memory, true mother-tongue that knows the short way and by transferring the address of language to the heart is learned. I do not believe that a man born deaf could understand Shakspeare, diate power of the poet. A newspaper may be or sound anything but the edges and shores suppressed, an editor may be silenced, every of Lear's tempestuous woe. I think that the copy of an obnoxious book may be destroyed, great masters of speech have haunted men and not libraries, and have found the secret a power, a verse could wander safely from heart of their power in the street and not upon the

It is the way of saying things that is learned by commerce with men, and the best writers have mixed much with the world. It is there only that the language of feeling can be acquired.

The ballads are models of narrative poetry They are not concerned with the utterance of thought, but only of sentiment or passion, and it is as illustrating poetic diction that I shall chiefly cite them. If they moralize it is always by picture and not by preachment. What discourse of inconstancy has the force and biting pathos of this grim old song of the "Twa Cor-

> As I was walking all alone, I heard twa corbies making a moan, The one unto the other did say, Where shall we gang and dine to-day? In beyond that old turf dyke, I wot there lies a new-slain knight, And naebody kens that he lies there But his hawk and his hound and his lady fair. His hound is to the hunting gone, His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame His lady's taen anither mate-Sae we may make our dinner sweet, You'll sit upon his white neck bone And I'll pick out his bonny blue een: With a lock of his golden hair We'll thatch our nest when it grows bare. Many a one for him makes moan, But none sall ken where he is gone; O'er his white bones when they grow bare The wind shall blow forevermare.

Observe, the wind simply blows. That is enough-but a modern poet would have sought to intensify by making the wind moan, or shriek,

sob, or something of the kind.

Mr. Lowell here quoted a ballad which tells a story of child-murder. It begins:

Fair lady Anne sate in her bower Down by the greenwood side, And the flowers did spring, and the birds did sing,

'Twas the pleasant Mayday tide,] The ballad singers had all the advantage of that spur of the moment which the excitement of speaking gives, and they also received the

magnetism which came from the sympathy of their hearers. They knew what told, for they had their hand upon the living pulse of feeling. There was no time to palaver, they must come to the point.

The Percy out of Northumberland And a vow to God made he That he would hunt in the mountains Of Cheviot within days three, In the maugre of doughty Douglas And all that ever with him be.

They plunge into deep water at once. And like a sword drawn in wrath. The passions speak out savagely and without any delicacies of circumlocution.

It is worth thinking of whether the press which have a habit of calling such a fine institution be not weakening the fibre and damaging the sincerity of our English, and our think ing quite as fast as it diffuses intelligence. Consider the meaning of expression-something wrung from us by the grip of thought or passion whether we will or no. But the editor is quite as often compelled to write that he may fill an empty column, as that he may relieve an overfilled brain. And in a country like ours, where newspapers are the only reading of the mass of the people there is danger of a general be for us to persuade ourselves into a feeling of contentedness in common place. For we al- did stand face to face with life in a way that ways become what we habitually read. We let our newspapers think for us, argue for us, criticise for us, remember for us, do every thing for us, in short, that will save us from the misfortune of being ourselves. And so, instead of continually more and more of mankind and less men and women, we find ourselves in a world of man. We know more of Europe than of our inhabited by incarnated leaders or paragraphs, or items of this or that journal. We are apt to wonder at the scholarship of the men of two centuries ago. They were scholars because they did not read so much as we do. We spend more time over print than they did, but instead general heart. The new editions were struck of communing with the choice thought of choice er of that supreme society, we diligently inform ourselves of such facts as that a fine horse tage on the hill side. Print, which like the belonging to Mr. Smith ran away on Wednesday, and that a son of Mr. Brown fell into the canal on Thursday, or that a gravel-bank cayed in and buried alive Patrick O'Callahan on Friday. And it is our own fault, and not that of the editor. For we make the newspapers, and the editor would be glad to give us better stuff if we did not demand such as this.

Another evil of this state of things is the him. ratering or milk and watering of our English. Writing to which there is no higher compelling destiny than the coming of the printer's devil must make his paragraph, and the longer he makes it, the better for him and worse for us. The virtue of words becomes wholly a matter er any fires, but "disastrous conflagrations;"

fended law, &c. The old ballad makers lived in a better day. of them made any impression. They did not live as we do in a world that seems a great ear of Dionysius, where, if a scandal is whispered in Pekin we hear of it in New-York. The min- shine in their veins. spect of diction, had also this advantage, that strels had no metaphysical bees in their bon-

refine till nothing genuine was left of this beau- give endearingly not as supposing any decrepitiful world but an indigestion.

The ballads neither harangue nor describe; but only state things in the least complex way. Those old singers caught language fresh and hearers were people of healthy sensibilities who must be hit directly and hard. Accordingly rolls down to us out of the past swellen with there is very vigorous handling. They speak bluntly and to the purpose. If a maiden loses ages. The next generation will find Shakspeare her lover, she merely-

Turns her face unto the wall,

And there her heart it breaks. A modern poet would have hardly thrown away the opportunity offered him of describing the chamber and its furniture; he would put a painted window into it-for the inkstand will supply them quite as cheaply as plain glass .-He would tell you all about the tapestry which the eyes of the dying maiden in her extreme agony would have been very likely of course to have been minutely interested in. He would have given a clinical lecture on the symptoms, and a post-mortem examination. It was so lucky for those old ballad-mongers that they had not any ideas!

And when they give a dying speech they do not make their heroes take leave of the universe in general as if that were going into mourning for a death more or less. When Earl Douglas is in his death-thraw, he says to his

My wound is deep; I fain would sleep; Take thou the vanguard of the three, And hide me by the brakenbush That grows on yonder lily lee:

O bury me by the brakenbush Beneath the blooming brere, Let never living mortal ken That a kindly scot lies here!

The ballads are the only true-folk songs that we have in English. There is no other poetry in the language that addresses us so simply as mere men and women. Learning has tampered with modern poetry, and the Muse, like Portia wears a Doctor's cap and gown.

The force and earnestness of style that mark the old ballad become very striking when contrasted with later attempts in the same way. It is not flatness and insipidity that they are remarkable for, but for a bare rocky grandeur in whose crevices tenderness nestles its chance tufts of ferns or harebells. One of these sincere old verses imbedded in the insipidities of a modern imitation looks out stern and colossal as that charcoal head, which Michael Angelodrew on the wall of the Farnesina, glowers through

the paline frescoes.

[Mr. Lowell here read a number of passage from the old ballad entitled "Margaret's Ghost," and compared them with a few stanzas from an 'improved" version of the same by Mallet .-He also read from the ballad of Helen of Kirconnel and from others.]
Of the tenderness of the ballads I must give

an instance or two before I leave them. In the old ballad of Clerk Saunders, Mar-

So painfully she climbed the wall She climbed the wall up after him, Hose nor shoon upon her feet, She had no time to put them on.

O bonny, bonny, sang the bird Sat on a coil o' hay But mournfu', mournfu' was the maid That followed the corpse o' clay. Is there any room at your head, Saunders?

Or any room at your feet? Is there any room at your side, Saunders? For fain, fain, I would sleen, She's sat her down upon the grave

And mourned sae lang and sair That the clochs and wanton flies at last Came and built in her yellow hair.

In further illustration, Mr. Lowell read om "the Clerk's Two Sons of Oxenford."-He concluded his lecture thus. I think that the makers of the old ballads

is getting more and more impossible for us .-Day by day the art of printing isolates us more and more from our fellows, and from the healthy and inspiring touch of our fellows. We learn own village. We feel humanity from afar,-But I must not forget that the ballads have passed through a seive which no modern author has the advantage of. Only those have come down to us which imprinted themselves on the off by mothers crooning their children to sleep, spirits, and insensibly acquiring the grand man- or by wandering minstrels who went about sowing the seeds of courtesy and valor in the cotamber preserves all an author's grubs, gives men the chance to try him by the average ra-ther than the best of his yield. Moreover the Review of the ballad singer was in the faces of his ring of hearers, in whose glow or chill he could read at a glance a criticism from which there was no appeal. It was not Smith or Brown, but the haman heart that judged

Doubtless another advantage of these old poets was their out of door life. They went from audience to audience on foot, and had no must end in this at last. The paragraphist more cramped a study than the arch of Heaven, no library but clouds, streams, mountains woods and men, There is something more in sunshine than mere light and heat. I fancy of length. Accordingly we have now no long- that a kind of flavor we detect in the old ballads is due to it, and that it may give color and nobody dies, but "deceases" or "demises;" men bloom to the brain as well as to the apple and do not fall from houses, but are precipitated plum. Indoor inspiration is like the stove-heat from mansions or edifices; a convict is not hang- of the forcing-house, and the fruits ripened by ed, but suffers the extreme penalty of the of- it are pale, dropsical and wanting in tang. There may be also a virtue in the fireside, which gives to the porthern wind a domestic and fami-They did not hear of so many events that none ly warmth, and makes it skilled to teach the thics of home. But it is not to the chimney corner that we can trace the spiritual dynasties hat have swayed mankind. These have sun-

Perhaps another charm of the ballads is that

The poet was once what the political newsaper is now, and circulated from ear to ear its livery oftener than that of the character.— worth two in the hand. They did not analyze or when we call them old. It is an epithet we tude or senescence in them. Like all true poetry they are not only young themselves, but the renewers of youth in us; they do not lose but accumulate strength and life. A true poem with a flavor of the soil in it still, and their gets a part of its inspiring force from each genfuller of meaning and energy by the addition of our enthusiasm. Sir Philip Sidney's admiration is part of the breath that sounds through the trumpet of Chevy Chace. That is no empty gift with which we invest a poem when we bestow on it our own youth, and that is no small debt we owe the true poem that it preserves for us some youth to bestow.

Glass Eyes and their Manufacture.

On the subject of the manufacture of glass eyes there is but little known in this country, as most of these comes from the manufactories of France and Germany. It is an operation of no little dexterity, care, labor, and ingenuity to make a feature of the "human race divine." and much more so that of that "window of the soul," the eye-to give it the proper form, size, color, and that indescribable character which two pairs of eyes have in common-for no two pair are exactly alike. It may be of interest to speak of the manufacture, by which a piece of senseless glass is made to imitate so nearly as to evade sometimes the closest scrutiny and detection, the natural eye. There are several large factories in Europe where this is the chief subject of work-and their workmanship fairly rivals nature.

In the first place the glass is assorted, and only that of the clearest and purest kind chosen for the purpose. It is then fused with the pri-ming or white which is formed by the addition of some metalic substance, generally arsenic, to give the pearly opacity which is necessary. Sometimes slight traces of cobalt are mingled, to give the delicate bluish cast which the white portion of the healthy natural eye has. This being done-and the utmost care is requisite in order that the fusion be so conducted that no part becomes more or less opaque, or more or less tinged than the rest—the next point is the coloring of the iris; and this is done with metalic colors also—laid on the priming in the proper position, with a fine pencil, by an experienced artist, who, if the eye is made to order, must have an accurate description, or still better must have an opportunity of seeing the eye of the individual for whom it is to be made. For the different shades and colors, many different metalic oxides are necessary-the 'cerulean blue," and "azure," the "hazel" and gray," the "jet black" and "chestnut brown," with their infinite variations of shade are all by all classes. The stronger liquors are chiefly prepared on the porcelain parlette of an eyetinder. These once laid on, the fusion is again gone through with; and now there remains the most difficult of all—the pupil to be laid in. must be so so laid on that it may appear trans-sparent, so that one can look into it, or more properly through it. And this is accomplished by sinking the pupil at first, while it is in a of clearest glass is laid, the heat increased and the eve is completed-all except the necessary smoothing and finishing that follows. This process of the manufacture of a single eve employs a large number of workmen, to each of whom a special department of labor is allotted-one to sort the crystal glass, one to the fusion, one to the color, etc., etc.; and to this fact it is owing that the art has advanced to great perfection.

A SMART Boy .- "Well, sonny, whose pigs

are those ?"

"Old sow's, sir."

"Whose sow is it?" "Old man's sir."

"Well, then, who is your old man?" "You mind the pigs, I'll run home and ask

the old woman.' "Never mind, sonny, I want a smart boy,

what can you do?"

"Oh! I can do more than considerable, I can milk the geese, ride the turkeys to water, hamstring the grasshoppers, light fires for flies to court by, cut buttons off of dad's coat when he is at prayer', keep tally for dad and mam when they scold at a mark—old woman is always ahead."

"Got any brothers?" "Lots of 'em-all named Bill except Bob, his nam's Sam-my name's Larry, but they call me Lazy Lawrence for shortness."

"Well, you're most too smart for me." "Travel on, old stick in the mud, I shan't hire you for a boss to-day."

Morgan Found at Last .- The Masonic Mirror publishes a rather curious story, to the effect that Morgan, who, it was alleged, was murdered by the Free Masons, for disclosing their secrets, has been found in Smyrna, in Turkey; that he now goes by the name of Mustapha, and is engaged in teaching the English language. The authority given for this report, is one Joseph A. Bloom. According to the Mirror, this man Bloom met Morgan, at a house in Symrna, to whom the latter gave a detailed account of his adventures. It is stated that Morgan left the country in the ship Mervine, which sailed from Boston to Smyrna, and belonged to the firm of Langdon & Co .-The captain's name of the Mervine, was Welch It matters little now, perhaps, whether the

Lessing, the celebrated German poet, was remarkable for his frequent absence of mind. Having missed money at different times without being able to discover who took it, he determined to put the honesty of his servant to test, and left a handful of gold upon the table. "Of course you counted it," said one of he had no books. Language, when it speaks nets. They did not speculate about this world to the eye only, loses half its meaning. For or the next. They had not made the great up like violets, and we have only to thank God

story be true or false,

Letter from Dr. Goodrich, U. S. Consul at Lyons, The Wine Trade of France.

The most productive wine districts of France are the South and Southwestern, and the least productive is the Northwestern. The vine grows not only on the level and unduating lands, but also on the hill side and mountain summits. These lands are mostly stony, sandy and sterile, worn out and unfit for wheat growing. During the last three or four years a destructive disease has attacked the vine, not only in France, but in Italy, Spain and Portugal.— This malady is of a fungoid character, and its preventive or remedy has hitherto eluded the vigitance and researches of the chemist and na-

In the statistics I shall give you-and they will be official-I will, for brevity avoid the smaller numerals, as my object can be attained without them. The number of acres of land under the vine culture in France differs but little from 5,000,000. There are about 2,000,-000 of persons (mostly females) employed in the cultivation of the vine and manufacture of wine, exclusive of 250,000 engaged in the transportation and sale of wine. The annual average product is a little more than 800,000,000 gallons-for obvious reasons I give you American rather than French terms. The domestic or home value varies of course with the supply and demand, say from ten to twenty cents a gallon. For the last two years, owing to the disease," the price has augmented from one to two hundred per cent. on former prices. The annual value may be set down in round numbers at \$100,000,000.

In the year 1849, which is probably the best in several years, the number of acres under cultivation was 5,500,000 producing 925,000,000 gallons of wine. This was an increase of 115,-000,000 over that of the last decade, 1839 .-Nearly 50,000,000 gallons are annually exported as French wines. In 1849, 41,000,000 were exported; in 1850, 42,000,000; 1851. 49,500,000; in 1852, 53,200,000; in 1853, 43,500,000. Ninety millions of gallons are annually distilled into brandy, although for the ensuing year, owing to government restrictions there will be but little French brandy exported to the United States except that made from American whisky imported into France. Oneseventh, or about 133,000,000 gallons of wine are annually exported from France either as wine or its distillations. The excise duty on wine and its products paid into the French Exchequer during the past year was \$22,800,000. This includes the ordinary excise, as also the "Octroi," or city duty. There are by estimate, 220,000,000 gallons of wine manufactured into spirits, inclusive of the 90,000,000 made into brandy. This leaves more than 700,000,000 gallons of wine for home consumption, or about twenty-one gallons for each inhabitant for the

Wine, as a beverage, is universally used here for exportation; hence, you see very little drunkenness in la belle France.

The disease of the vine in France has for the last two years been very destructive, and it has garet follows the ghost of her lover to his grave.

For this purpose, a jet glossy black is necessary—and that it may appear more natural, it gravely diminished the production of wine.—This is on the increase, and fears are entertainder this apprehension, may not the subject of vine culture legitimately and appropriately attract the attention of our Southern and Southstate of partial fusion, by pressure, and laying in the color, over which the smallest fragment I opine, are peculiarly adapted to the vine, and from their natural sterility or other causes are unsuited to products requiring richer and stronger soils. The lands of Southern Europe employed by the vine are light and sterile, unsuited to wheat and other grains .- Merchant's Mag., Feb.

> EFFECTUAL METHOD FOR DESTROYING RATS. -A correspondent of the Genesee Farmer gives the following method for destroying rats.

"One day a stranger came to the house to buy some barley, and hearing my father mention the difficulty he had in freeing the house of these disagreeable tenants, he said he could put him in the way of getting rid of them with very little trouble. His directions were simply these: mix a quantity of arsenic with any sort of grease, and plaster it pretty thick around all their holes. The rats, he said, if they did not eat the poison, would soil their coats in passing through the holes, and as, like all furred animals, they are very cleanly, and cannot endure any dirt upon their coats, to remove the offensive matter they would lick their fur, and thus destroy themselves. This plan was immediately put in practice, and in a month's time not a rat was to be seen about the house or

PITCH INTO NICODEMUS .- A celebrated character of the State of New York, holding a high post in the law, was lately taken ill and confined to his bed for several days. His wife, who is an angel of a woman (as wives generally are,) proposed to read to him, to which he readily assented.

"My dear, what shall I read?"

"Oh, I don't care much what, anything you please!

"But have you no choice, my dear !" " None in the world, love; please yourself."

"Shall I read you a chapter or two of the Scriptures? "Oh, yes, that will do very well."

"But what part of the Scriptures shall I

"Any part you like, love."

"But my dear you must have some choice, some little preference—we all have that." "No, I have none in the world, dear; read

any part you like best." But I would rather please you, dear John,

and surely you have a preference." "Well, well, dear, if you will please me, then pitch into Nicodenus."

Young America at his Devotions .- The editor of the Detroit Times says he heard a few days since the following illustration of early piety: "Pray God bless father and mother, and Anna, and by jinks I must scrabble quick

to get into bed before Mary does."