

Selected Poetry.

My Father.

BY HENRY R. JACKSON.

My Father! when they laid thee down,
And heaped the clay upon thy breast,
And left thee sleeping all alone
Upon thy narrow couch of rest,
I know not why I could not weep—
The soothing drops refused to roll,
And oh! that grief is wild and deep,
Which settles tearless on the soul!

As die the members on the hearth,
And o'er the floor the shadows fall,
And creeps the chirping cricket forth,
And ticks the death watch in the wall,
I see a form in yonder chair
That glows beneath the waning light—
There are wan, sad features—there
The pallid brow and locks of white.

But when I saw the vacant chair,
Thine idle hat upon the wall,
Thy book—the pencilled passage where
Thine eye had rested last of all—
The tree, beneath whose friendly shade
Thy trembling feet had wandered forth—
The very prints those feet had made,
When last they feebly trod the earth!

And thought when countless ages fled
Thy vacant seat would vacant stand—
Unworn thy hat—thy book unread—
Effaced thy footsteps from the sand—
And widowed in this cheerless world
The heart that gave its love to thee—
Torn like the vine whose tendrils curled
More closely round the falling tree!

Oh! Father! then for her and thee
Gushed madly forth the scorching tears;
And oft, and long, and bitterly
Those tears have gushed in later years—
For as the world grows cold around,
And things take on their real hue,
'Tis sad to find that love is found
Alone above the stars with you!

Thou Wilt Never Meet Me More.

Thou art gone, but I am keeping
In my heart thy treasured name;
If I'm smiling—if I'm weeping,
Thou art with me all the same.
Yes, the link at last is riven,
All our pleasant dreams are o'er,
And, unless we meet in heaven,
Thou wilt never meet me more.

Once the summer sun slighted
On the petals of a rose,
And though her leaves he blighted,
Still he lingered till life's close.
Thus the heart has sometimes cherished
Thoughts that wear away the soul,
Giving pleasure while we perish,
'Neath this strange yet sweet control.

Thou art gone, yet love hath bound thee,
Thou may'st struggle to forget,
In the heartless crowd around thee;
'All in vain!—thou'rt captive yet.
'Ah, forgive the pain I've given,
And thine own deep wrongs of yore,
For unless we meet in heaven,
Thou wilt never meet me more.

Agricultural.

Trunk, or Blind Ditching.

We are surprised to see such quantities of swamp and bottom land lying altogether useless to the owners, when, by proper means, these lands might be brought to the highest state of cultivation. Our experience in farming is very limited; yet we have good authority for proposing a system of trunking land which contain an abundance of water.

The first experiment of this kind that came within our knowledge, was made a few years since, by Dr. J. J. Trautman, in Kershaw District. This land lies on a branch which runs into Flat Rock Creek, and is composed of gravel and clay; yet was generally wet or swampy after rain. Being of good soil, and lying in a good position for tillage, the Doctor supposed he could redeem it to a state of cultivation. He therefore undertook, (at some expense, as his force was small,) to run ditches through in parallel lines to intersect the main stream, and by this means carry off all the water. And in order to make no obstruction, he dug these ditches in such a form as might be filled with pine poles, or other timber, and then be covered over, so as to prevent the frequent stopping and turning which these ditches would have caused, and also to dispense with the labor of continually clearing out. We have seen very pretty corn grow on this land, which, before, at intervals, was a miry swamp. It has amply repaid, long since, all the time and labor expended in reducing it to its present freedom from water.

More recently, we had occasion to visit the house of M. M. Chaney, Esq., of this District, on Twelve Mile Creek; and while there, we were requested to walk over the farm, and see how he managed to make grain on land that had been condemned by all his predecessors as useless swamps, fit only to enhance fever and chills, and to serve as a nursery for mosquitoes and snakes. This land is on either side of the Charlotte road, 15 miles north of Lancaster, and is known as the Churchville Anderson place; and has been proverbial as a "sleazy place" until lately. One great cause of this was because a large swamp of 40 acres, lies between the house and creek. The soil is of excellent quality, as the color and the fine growth of timber indicate.

The other land on the plantation being well watered, Mr. Chaney, although he had lately purchased it, saw at once he must bring this swamp into service, otherwise he had made a bad bargain. He is a gentleman who reads a great deal, and in order to

avail himself of any and all improvements in farming, took an Agricultural paper—which, perhaps, gave him hints how to proceed—but, to use his own language, "he got ahead of his papers." The plan he adopted was a laborious one, and with his force, very few men would have undertaken it. He began by digging large open ditches or canals to convey the water into the creek, and on each side of these canals he forms his trunks, which is done by digging parallel ditches, 15 or 20 feet apart, throughout the whole of the swamp, running so as to intersect the canals, which carry off all the water. After digging these ditches, he places a pole of the size of a ground pole for a fence, at each side in the bottom of the ditch, and on these poles is placed a very large gum log, which abounds in the swamp, and could not otherwise be of service. He then throws earth over this ditch, generally deep enough to produce a good stalk of corn. Underneath this log is a trunk which never fills with dirt, and the water has a free passage into the canals, as above stated. These trunks are dug 24 feet deep by 24 feet wide; but may be less if timber is not convenient to fill the trunk sufficiently, as in the present case. Mr. Chaney was laughed at by his neighbors when he undertook the Herculean task of reducing those swamps to cultivation; but we challenge the District to produce a finer crop of wheat than his, standing on the land that was a few years ago, in wet weather, a regular pond, and when all other land was dry, was a mire of 6 or 8 inches deep. The cost was heavy on him in consequence of a want of sufficient force. It averaged \$38 per acre; but the first year paid for his trouble, as well as the price of the land. The wheat crop this year will be from 35 to 40 bushels to the acre. It is undoubtedly the richest we ever saw—breast high to any man, well headed, and free from rust or smut. He has promised to square one acre, and measure and send the result to the writer of this article, which shall appear as soon as convenient. We believe it to be our duty to impart any information that may be of service to our farmers; and if any good can be effected for Mr. Chaney or the readers, we will be fully paid for our trouble. Lancasterville, June, 1852.

Hilling Indian Corn.

It is a mooted question in the agricultural world, and will probably long remain an undecided one, whether Indian corn should be "HILLED." For my own part, I confess that both observation and experience have convinced me that it should not. I do not intend to discuss the subject philosophically in this paper, but merely state the result of experiments. In the summer of 1850 I had a piece of corn—comprising about one acre—half of which I hilled up with a broad, conical hill at the last hoeing, the other being left flat. Both plans were decidedly good, and both had received the same quantity of manure, and precisely the same cultivation, with the exception above named. "In July there came a heavy tornado, and the corn in both pieces was much prostrated, but on examining, I found that the hilled piece was broken off in many cases, indeed in almost every hill, while the unhilled or level part had escaped. The consequence was that the plants on the latter row, while those on the former did not, but retained, to a great extent, the recumbent position they had been compelled to take by the wind. There was also a very perceptible difference in the quantity of the crop in favor of the former. Now let us examine the reason of this. When fresh soil is brought up around the corn stalk, it induces a fresh evolution of brace or tatter roots, and this every time fresh accessions of dirt are made. But the brace roots do not tend in a powerful degree to the support of the plant; they are too superficial—the soil is light, and they sway with the swaying of the plant. Besides, the effect of the dirt is to blanch and render brittle the portion of the stalk around which it is placed, and consequently liable to snap off before even a moderate wind. If no dirt was to be brought up, the original laterals or brace roots, would extend themselves, acquire size and energy, and be capable, by their magnitude and strength, to hold upon a firm soil, of supporting the plant in any wind. My plan is to plant so as to have the rows run both ways of the piece, i. e. cross each other at right angles, which admits of working the crop with the harrow or cultivator, and to keep the surface entirely level. There is no philosophy whatever, in making an elevation above the roots, so far as the support of the plant is concerned, and it must be obvious, I think, to every reflecting person, that the exposure of an extra extent of surface, in a dry time, as in the case of hilling, must increase the effect of drought.

ALABAMA WHEAT.—The wheat culture, as a general thing, was introduced into South Alabama more than ten years ago, and no crop, not even corn, has proved uniformly more certain and satisfactory. With the solitary exception of 1851, when a severe frost came just as the wheat was heading, and almost entirely destroyed it, no casualty of importance has happened to it. The rust has rarely shown itself and smut hardly been known during all this time. So certain indeed has the crop been considered that the culture has rapidly extended during the last four or five years. When we take into view the slovenly mode of culture and the little labor bestowed on it, we doubt whether the most fertile portion of the west gives a better result. In all kinds of soil—sandy uplands, river and creek bottoms, red lands and prairie—it has succeeded equally well, the general product being from ten to fifteen bushels to the acre. The latter description of land, containing a large amount of calcareous matter, seems peculiarly adapted to the growth of this cereal. As the culture becomes to be better understood and planters get into the habit of more pains-taking, a large portion of this region will doubtless be devoted to wheat. We may mention in this connection that it has been found that good South Alabama wheat is several pounds heavier per bushel than the best Western.—Southern Press.

PLANT TREES.—We never, says the Cheraw Gazette, entertained anything like a just conception of the value of trees as a protection against fire until our town was visited by its recent calamity. She trees on Front street were scarcely the growth of a dozen years and yet they presented a perfectly impenetrable barrier to the devouring elements, and but for their protection no human effort could have saved the buildings on the opposite side of the street from destruction. We had long esteemed trees indispensable to our comfort and health, and henceforth we shall esteem them as the very best protection against the consuming element. Indeed so apparent is their value in this respect, that were we in control of an insurance office, we should make a marked difference in the premiums demanded on property, thus protected and not thus protected.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—Of all the arts of human life, there is no one branch more important than the economy of the household, and yet, strange to say, it is more talked of, and less written about, than any thing else. What lady ever took tea with a neighbor, that did not find out all about the muffins, how much saleratus and soda was put into the biscuit, how the butter came to be yellow, and the thousand trifles, which go to make a house keeper. Now, if that information is worth any thing to the immediate neighborhood, it is not equally valuable to those at a distance. We should like much to give a series of articles, each number, on our own peculiar domestic economy. There have been great losses among our housekeepers in following directions from abroad for putting meat into pickle, making preserves, sweetmeats, jellies, pickles, &c. The extreme heat of the climate is not taken into consideration, and loss frequently ensues. We know that many are opposed to book cooking, as well as to book farming, but we have yet to learn that nature ever taught the art of baking, stewing, or roasting; and as all have not the same opportunities for picking up information on these important subjects, we again offer our columns for the dissemination of all useful, practical receipts. Madam, we will thank you for the history of that butter cake, of that snow-white bread, of that acid, brittle pickle. And you, sweet miss, tell us what witchcraft wrought that light, spongy cake, from that heavy, leathery dough. How that melting, quivering jelly came from the acid crab; how the flimsy, soiled lace again appears in snowy beauty. Tell us all this, and more, and perchance we will give you something in return which you did not know before—this giving and receiving, until one mind, and one heart, shall bind together the sisters of the South.—Sail of the South.

TO PREVENT COWS FAILING IN MILK.—Mix.—Wash the cow's udder and teats with pure cold water before milking, and then milk her morning and evening as dry as possible; negligence in this latter precaution is one of the causes of cows failing in their milk. The cow should, if possible, be always milked by the same person, and while the process is going on a small quantity of hay should be placed before the animal. This furnishes employment for the jaws, and draws her attention from what is going on, and the milk is in consequence yielded freely.—American Veterinary Journal.

Make hay while the sun shines.

chance, to his utter astonishment he there found a purse of ducats. He took it out, turned pale, and looking at the King, shed a torrent of tears, without being able to utter a single word. "What is that?" said the King, "what is the matter?" "Ah! sire," said the young man, throwing himself on his knees, "somebody seeks my ruin. I know nothing of this money which I have just found in my pocket." "My young friend," said Frederick, "God often does great things for us, even in our sleep. Send that to your mother; salute her on my part, and assure her I will take care of both her and you."

Sweet and Bitter.

When I was a little boy, I remember one cold winter's day I was accosted by a smiling man, with an axe on his shoulder. "My little fellow, has your father a grindstone?" "Yes, sir." "You're a fine little fellow—will you let me grind my axe upon it?" Pleased with the compliment of fine little fellow, I answered— "Oh, yes, sir! sit down in the shop." "And will you, my little man," tapping me on the head, "get me a little hot water?" How could I refuse? I ran and soon brought a kettle full. "How old are you? What is your name? I am sure you are one of the best lads I ever saw. Will you just turn a few minutes?" Ticked with his flattery, like a fool, I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new axe, and I toiled and tugged until I was tired almost to death. The school-bell rang, and I could not get away; my hands were blistered, and it was not half ground. At length, however, the axe was sharpened, and the man turned to me with— "Now, you little rascal, you have played the truant—scud to school, or you'll rue it!" Alas! thought I, it was hard enough to turn the grindstone; and then to be called "a little rascal," was indeed too much. It sunk deep in my heart, and I have often thought of it since.

A Hint for the Boys.

Boys, truth is one of the richest jewels you can ever find, and one you should cherish as of priceless value. Many of your class have been lost to honor and greatness by disregarding its sublime precepts and have failed to become what they might have been, men of renown, by foolishly casting it from their bosoms. All have this gem in the beginning, boys, but it may be lost in wickedness and carelessness; if you have not lost it, and we hope you have not, let nothing cheat you out of it; for its equal is hardly to be found when lost.

Profane language, boys, is a sure index of a wicked heart and low breeding. Do you know of a man or a boy who commands respect from his neighbors? You never hear them swear—no oath ever trembles off their lips—emulate their bright example. Will you rob the catalogue of sin and crime? Will you find the disgraceful actors to have been profane? Reflect on this, boys, and let no word of profanity escape your lips.

Beware of the company of such as haunt the Tavern; they may induce, over persuade you to partake of the cup of shame and poison, beware of them—the tempting wine cup shun; it will lead you to every sin, and disgrace you forever—our word for it, boys; we are dealing in facts with you. Touch not a drop; for you may become a drunkard in the end, and you know how pitiful an object the poor drunkard is.

Be honest, be generous, be frank, be sober, be virtuous, abounding in truth, my boys, and you need not fear the consequences. Life is just opening her fiftieth page before you, but armed with these Messianic traits you may rush fearlessly to the battle of life and fear no evil. You may be reproached, but if you have these as your jewels you will meet with friends and encouragement in every lane of life. Men of business and wealth have their own eyes upon you—watching you; they want clerks for their stores and apprentices for their workshops—if you have the virtues we have mentioned they will not ask a better recommendation, but will choose you as one, taking you to their confidence and make men of you and when they sleep in their graves as all must you may fill the places with honor and renown, as they that have passed away. Boys, will you think of what we have been saying and thinking. Adieu!

A City miss newly installed as the wife of a farmer, was one day called upon by a neighbor of the same profession, who, in the absence of her husband, asked her for the loan of his plough a short time.—"I am sure you would be accommodated," was the reply, "if Mr. Stone was only at home—I do not know though where he keeps his plough, but," she added, evidently zealous to serve, "these are the cart by the yard—could you plough with that till Mr. Stone gets back?"

Stories for the Young.

The Young Prussian.

Frederick, King of Prussia, one day rung his bell, and nobody answering, he opened his door, and found his page fast asleep in an elbow chair. He advanced toward, and he was going to awaken him, when he perceived a letter hanging on his pocket. His curiosity prompted him to know what it was; he took it out and read it. It was a letter from the young man's mother, in which she thanked him for having sent her part of his money to relieve her misery; and telling him that God would reward him for his dutiful affection. The King after reading it, went back softly to his chamber, took out a purse full of ducats, and slipped it with the letter into the page's pocket. Returning to his chamber, he rang the bell so loudly that it awakened the page, who instantly made his appearance. "You have fast asleep," said the King. The page, who was so excuse himself, and putting his hand into his pocket, by

Sunday Reading.

Beautiful Thoughts.

BY BISHOP TAYLOR.

God has sent some angels into the world, whose office is to refresh the sorrow of the poor, and to enlighten the eyes of the disconsolate. And what greater pleasure can we have, than that we should bring joy to our brother; that the tongue should be tuned with heavenly accents, and make the weary soul listen for light and ease; and when he perceives that there is such a thing in the world, and in the order of things, as comfort and joy, to begin to break out from the prison of his sorrows at the door of sighs and tears, and by little begin to melt into showers and refreshment? This is glory to thy voice and employment fit for the brightest angel.

The Call to Prayer.

Among the many beautiful allusions to the solemn and soothing sound of the "church going bell," as it rings out on the clear morning air of the Sabbath commend us to the following quaint, yet surpassingly effective homily, from the pen of the gifted Jerold, the well known author of "St. Giles and St. James."

There is something beautiful in the church bells. Beautiful and hopeful. They talk to high and low, rich and poor in the same voice; there is a sound in them that should scare pride and envy, and meanness of all sorts from the heart of man; that should make him look on the world with kind, forgiving eyes; that should make the earth seem to him, at least for a time, a holy place. Yes, there is a whole sermon in the very sound of the church bells; if we only had the ears to understand it; there is a preacher in every peal that cries—"Poor weary, struggling, fighting creatures—poor human things, take rest, be quiet. Forget your vanities, your follies, your week-day craft."

And you, ye human vessels, gilt and painted, believe the iron tongue that tells ye that, for all your gilding, all your colors, ye are the same Adam's earth, with the beggars in your gates. Come away come, cries the church bell, and learn to be humble; learn, that, however daubed and stained about with jewels, ye are but grave clay! Come, Dives, come, and be taught that all your glory, as you wear it, is not half so beautiful in the eye of Heaven, as the sores of the uncomplaining Lazarus; and ye, poor creatures, livid and faint—stained and crushed by the prides and hardships of the world—come, come, cries the bell, with the voice of an angel—come, and learn what is laid up for ye. And learning, take heart, and walk amidst the wickedness, the enormities of the world, calmly as Daniel walked among the lions.

Wit and Humor.

Shot Between the Eyes.

BY PAUL CRETTON.

It was in a moment of passion that Dick Ankers levelled his rifle at the head of his dog and fired. Tiger stood but three rods off; the bullet struck him between the eyes, and he fell dead without a whimper.

It was on a bank of a river in Illinois. Ankers had been out hunting, and owing to wanton disobedience in Tiger, he had missed shooting three deer. Tiger would bark; therefore Ankers would get angry; and hence the tragic fate of Tiger.

As soon as the dog was dead, Dick re-peated. Although he dragged the carcass into the shade of some bushes on the edge of the grove near the stream, and got his knife all ready to skin him, his heart failed him and he wouldn't do it.

Dick sat down upon a log, looking sorrowfully at Tiger, and meditated on the evil consequence of bad passions. About half an hour afterwards, his thoughts were interrupted by hearing the report of a rifle on the opposite bank of the river. Looking through the bushes, he saw his neighbor, Major Nutter, standing among some willow, loading his rifle. He seemed to be gazing anxiously at some object on the same bank with Ankers, further up the stream.

"He has shot something," thought Dick. Now the stream was not deep, nor was it very broad; but it had a miry bed like all the streams which flow through the rich, dark soil of the bottom lands in the west. Dick knew it was impossible for the Major to cross without going to a bridge about half a mile up the river, and he saw him depart rapidly in that direction, he emerged from the bushes where he had lain concealed, and moved forward to see what the Major had killed.

It was a prairie wolf. He had come to the edge of the stream. It struck Dick as rather singular coincidence, that he was shot in the breast, directly between the eyes, like poor Tiger. It also appeared to Dick that the wolf looked very much like the dog, and he wondered if the Major could have distinguished them from each other, across the river.

While pondering these matters in his philosophic mind, Dick—without reflecting what he was about, I suppose—dragged Tiger to the spot, and laid him down by the side of his wild brother. Dick also cast his eyes up and down the stream. At length Dick's mind became confused, and, on leaving the spot, he somehow committed an unaccountable blunder. In short, Dick left Tiger where he had found the wolf, and dragged the wolf away. It was a singular mistake, and I can't explain it.

With great care Dick concealed the wolf in some bushes and taking a circuit through the woods, came up with Major Nutter shortly after the latter had crossed the river.

"Hallo! Major! where are you going so fast?" "Hal! is that you, Dick?" cried the Major, looking around.

"What's your hurry? I'm going down the river, but I can't run to keep up with you." "Oh! I'm in no great hurry; only I've shot a wolf down here—"

"Ah! the devil you have!" "Dick's memory failed him." "Fired across the river," said the Major. "Dropped like a log."

"Just so. Glad to hear it. But wait a minute and I'll go with you." "And Dick began to whistle." "I'm calling my dog. The cur is always running off. Never can keep him near me."

The Major expressed his sympathy—then Dick whistled again, and called at the top of his voice; but Tiger, although he was within hearing, did not see fit to come; and, in a minute, his master accompanying the Major along the bank of the river.

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