

# Selected Poetry.

## Building on the Sand.

BY ELIZA COON.

'Tis well to woe, 'tis good to weep,  
For so the world has done  
Since myrtle grew, and roses blew,  
And morning brought the sun.

But have a care, ye young and fair—  
Be sure ye pledge with truth—  
Be certain that your love will wear  
Beyond the days of youth;

For, if ye give not heart for heart,  
As well as hand for hand,  
You'll find you've played the 'unwise' part,  
And "built upon the sand."

'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have  
A goodly store of gold,  
And hold enough of the shining stuff—  
For charity is cold.

But place not all your hopes and trust  
In what the deep mine brings;  
We cannot live on yellow dust  
Unmixed with purer things.

And he who piles up wealth alone,  
Will often have to stand  
Beside his coffer chest, and own  
'Tis "built upon the sand."

'Tis good to speak in kindly guise,  
And soothe where'er we can;  
Fair speech should bind the human mind,  
And love link us to man.

But stay not at the gentle words,  
Let deeds with language dwell;  
The one who plies starving birds  
Should scatter crumbs as well.

The mercy that is warm and true  
Must lend a helping hand,  
For those who talk, yet fail to do,  
But "build upon the sand."

## From the Dublin University Magazine.

### The Old Oak Tree.

I would I were a child again,  
As when I sported free,  
Upon the greenward through the glen,  
Beneath the old oak tree.

My father's calm and thoughtful brow  
In memory still I see;  
My mother's smiles shine on me now,  
Beneath the old oak tree.

The sunshine falls as warm and bright,  
As freely breathes the air;  
The stream still dances down as light,  
The flowers still bloom as fair.

Where'er my tearful eyes may range,  
Familiar spots I see;  
The scenes I loved seemed slow to change  
Around the old oak tree.

But gone are all those cherished forms  
I gazed on when a child,  
Like autumn's leaves when early storms  
"Sweep through the woodlands wild."

And all alone within the glen  
I linger musingly,  
And wish I were a child again  
Beneath the old oak tree.

# Agricultural.

## Covered Drains.

At your request I shall endeavor to report in the following article, concisely and precisely the method of constructing the "covered drains" which I had executed during the past winter on my plantation. I had between a thousand and fifteen hundred yards constructed, varying from three and a half to seven, and in some instances eight feet deep. The average depth of them was about five feet—this depth being considered necessary to effect thorough drainage in every instance, where the quantity of land requiring it, is of any consequence. They were from twenty-four to thirty inches wide at top, and twelve inches at bottom. The width at top should be as little as will afford room enough for the movements of the ditcher when at bottom, says Mr. Ruffin, and I found his views in this matter, as in others, sensible and worthy of adoption. The drains were laid off straight, and when it was necessary to change their direction, it was done at angles—which facilitates the regular laying of the materials used for filling them.

A fall of one inch in twelve feet was allowed in grading the bottoms of the drains, which I deem sufficient to enable water to freely escape, and carry off any particles of dirt that may be washed down from above. The materials used for filling the drains consisted of green pine poles and green pine brush. The poles varied from three to five inches in diameter—it being difficult to procure them of inferior size. Attention was paid, however, while laying them down, to selecting those of the same size, and laying them side by side. Two were laid on the bottom and one on top of them—the spaces between them and the sides of the drains being filled with chunks and limbs of trees, in order to prevent the bottom piles separating and permitting the top one to slip between them. A very little separation is sufficient to allow the water to escape freely. At each angle of the drains the poles were cut off even with the angle, so as to join well with those of the succeeding course. On the poles green pine brush was laid about twelve or fifteen inches thick, and when the depth of the drain was as great as seven or eight feet, two feet thick, as sufficient depth of earth would still be preserved for the purpose of cultivation. The limbs of the brush were chopped so as to lie close and even as possible, filling all places around the poles well. This being done, earth was thrown in to about half the remaining depth of the drain. The brush was then required to walk up and down the sides, leaving the earth with loose and pressing it with the

feet, to close all hollows and prevent subsequent irregular settling. After this was done the top sides of the drains were sloped off about six or eight inches—the slopes extending ten or twelve inches below. The remainder of excavated earth was then thrown in, which filled the drains and raised them four or six inches above the surrounding land, which latter was done for the purpose of allowing for settling, and preventing water standing on them after heavy rains.—My object for sloping the top sides was as follows: The earth used for filling any ditch will, after drying and settling, leave the sides of the ditch, and produce cracks into which rain-water will penetrate, and be apt to choke the conduit below with any loose dirt it may carry with it. By giving the slope, the earth, as it shrinks, settles down upon, and adheres closely to the sides. The time occupied in procuring materials for filling the drains, and the digging them, cannot be accurately stated, as it was done by piecemeal. If poles and brush are close at hand, the work can be carried on rapidly after the drains are dug. I have considerable ditching yet to do, and I shall try income portion of it, green pine rails, which I imagine will prove equally durable, with the advantage of lying more steady, and being more nearly of uniform size. On these I shall put green pine slabs, one foot long, and one or two inches thick, crosswise—and fill with brush as before.

Covered drains should be constructed with great caution to render them effectual, otherwise time and labor are unprofitably employed. If properly done, they will amply repay the cost, as I can testify, so far as my work has been tested—the cotton now growing on the land being vigorous and healthy, and the land thoroughly relieved of superabundant moisture. I was detained at home while the work was progressing, and visited my plantation but once only during that time.

I instructed my overseer as to the "modus operandi," who, judging from the effect produced, executed the trust faithfully and creditably. The opportunity presented almost induces me to descant upon the subject of draining generally; but I forbear, as long articles forbid their being read, and as I am aware that the opinions and suggestions of young planters fall to carry with them the weight, and exert the influence, which those of more practical and experienced men do. Want of thorough drainage is a radical defect in Southern agriculture, and it must be extensively performed before our rich and extensive river and creek flats can be profitably and successfully tilled. Health is promoted by it—the temperature of the soil is changed—the products increased, and its tillage rendered less laborious. I will add, in relation to using green pine poles for covered drains, that Mr. Ruffin, whose experience in their use extends beyond that of any farmer or planter in the South, says he had occasion to take up the poles in one of his drains after they had been there five years, and they were perfectly sound. If sound at the expiration of that time, I see no reason why they will not last for fifty years. We all know they decay rapidly under ordinary circumstances—but when cut green, the turpentine in them, after sealing a short time, becomes hardened, and the pores and prevents the absorption of water to the extent that would occur with seasoned materials. This, in connection with their being constantly wet when buried, and not subjected to alternate moisture and dryness, renders them durable. Similar reasons might apply to other green materials. Winter, I think, is the proper season for ditching, as the earth is full of water, and temporary sources are absorbed. But, as some locations are too wet to operate on in inclement weather, it is proper to mark them out and stake the course of the drains, and perform the work in summer, after the crop is laid by, or in autumn, which I think preferable.—*Correspondence of the Soil of the South.*

**NEW PROCESS OF MAKING BUTTER.**—Mr. James Stubbs, of Cuthyunk Island, informs us of a new and simple process of making butter from the cream, which promises to supersede the labor of the churn at least during the warm season. At his dairy recently, a quantity of cream which had obstinately refused to become butter under any reasonable or even unreasonable amount of "agitation" in the usual mode, was at length emptied into a clean "salt bag" of coarse linen and deposited in the ground at a depth of about twelve inches below the surface, to cool. On the following morning it was found that the butter-milk had entirely separated and disappeared, and the butter remained in the bag perfectly nice and sweet. He has since frequently manufactured butter by this method with invariable success, in from six to twelve hours. As an effectual preventive of any earthy taste becoming imparted to the butter, Stubbs suggests that the bag containing the cream be placed in another bag or cloth of the same material. The value of the discovery may be easily tested.—*New Bedford Mercury.*

**COTTS.**—The breaking of a colt should be commenced before he is twenty-four hours old. Handle him frequently—make a pot of him. Bridle him young, and the winter when he is two years old, place a wagon saddle on his back, and buckle the girth loosely. Take it off at night, and after doing this a few times, add the breeching, and pursue this course with all parts of the harness, until the whole is familiar to him. Then add the whiplashes, and while a careful person leads him, hold back so that he may feel the pressure of the collar, or breastplate gradually. If he is high spirited, so much the better—if he is not, beat him. Be resolute and firm with him, but not abusive.—*Scientific American.*

## Thoughts on the Culture of Cotton.

There is no branch of Agriculture which merits a larger share of attention than the Culture of Cotton. Its importance to the preservation of the peace of the world, as well as its importance to those who grow it, would seem enough to concentrate public attention to its culture, and inspire men of competent qualifications with an inclination to try experiments in the mood of its cultivation, with the view of protecting themselves from the frequent disasters which now destroy their crops. The experience of the last few years proves beyond cavil, the supreme folly of adhering to the old system of culture, when it has lost its adaptation to the seasons. It is a historical fact, that countries become colder as the primeval forests are cleared up and the land put in cultivation. This is true of the seasons in the Cotton States. Our climate is annually changing, and approximating to that of North Alabama. Planters are now exposed to mishaps, which were unknown to them ten years ago.—This Spring may be regarded as a type of future seasons, and as showing the numerous trials and drawbacks to which farmers will be subjected; yet I by no means design to be understood as saying that it will be exactly similar in all respects. There is diversity in all animate and inanimate things; and there is a marked diversity apparent when we compare two seasons together. The past winter was remarkably cold, but about the middle of February the weather became serene and mild; vegetation was rapidly developed, and planters pushed forward their preparations, with enthusiastic eagerness. They planted corn in defiance of the experience of the last few years, and until the 17th of March they seemed to have adopted the wisest course, as the weather was balmy and the corn thrifty and growing. But the wind shifted round to the North—the weather became biting cold, and the ground was completely frozen. Since that time we have had an occasional spell of good weather, whose influence on the crop was neutralized by heavy rains, accompanied with both wind and hail.

It is not strange that men, whose success is so much dependent on the seasons, should be content to plot on without any effort to note the changes of seasons. Were they to note the period when vegetation developed itself; mark the various drawbacks that occurred from seed time to harvest; and contrast one year with another, it does seem to me that they might escape many vexatious disasters, and raise larger crops. We would pronounce a farmer who should plant corn in Virginia in February, a fit subject for Bedlam; yet, notwithstanding the seasons have been so materially changed even since 1850, there are those among us who conceive that they would be irreparably ruined, were they not to plant corn before the first of March. Is there any more rationality in their course than that of the Virginia farmer? Let the repentant destruction of their crops by frost declare the folly of such a system.

I assume, as a fair deduction from the previous observations, that Cotton ought not, even where the land is prepared, to be planted prior to the 5th or 6th of April. As a general thing, the spring rains are over by this time; the ground becomes warm enough to make the seed sprout in a few days, and the weather balmy enough to make it grow off just as soon as it comes up. I hail it as a favorable omen, that this opinion, once so much scouted, is gaining ground, as year after year shows that late planting is more certain to secure a good stand of cotton, and that the cotton is less liable to be stunted by bad weather, or destroyed by insects. Nor should the ground be prepared too soon where there is abundance of team, as it then becomes weedy and is covered with a hard incrustation before the cotton gets up. In such a case, the land has to be thoroughly broken up anew, before the cotton can grow off, or the land be worked to advantage. For verification of this fact, if any were necessary, I might appeal to the personal experience of every observant farmer.

Just as soon as the cotton is well up, the harrow should be run close to the drill, and a sweep put behind it to re-open the water furrow. Harrows are preferable, because they are not half so apt to cover up cotton as sweeps—they sit the dirt among it better, drag the clods and stalks from the cotton, and leave the ground in admirable order for subsequent working. Deep plowing in light and porous soils is too exhaustive to the nutrition which feeds the plant, and on that account should never be attempted unless in very wet seasons. In weedy land, or where a crust is apt to be formed on the soil, it is better to run the bar of turning plow close to the cotton, and throw the dirt into the water furrow. This mode of plowing greatly facilitates "chopping out," and renders the land loose and pleasant to cultivate during the rest of the season. We rarely bring Cotton to a point stand the first working, unless the weather is peculiarly mild and serene; but from the 1st of April to the 5th of May, we thin it in accordance with the fertility of the land. It is generally agreed, that the plowing makes cotton "shoot on" the pillars of the trees and blooms which it may have on them.

## Treatment of Poultry.

The following rules are authoritatively laid down for the treatment of Poultry:

1. All young chickens, ducks and turkeys, should be kept under cover, out of the weather, during rainy seasons.
2. Two or three times a week, pepper, shallots, shives or garlic should be mixed up with their food.
3. A small lump of saltpetre should be placed in the pen in which water is given them to drink.
4. Whenever they manifest disease, by the drooping of the wings, or any other outward signs, a little saltpetre broken into small lumps should be mixed with their food.
5. Chickens which are kept from the dung hill while young, seldom have the rick; therefore, it should be the object of those who have the charge of them, to confine the birds to the dung hill, from the time they are first hatched.
6. Should any of the above rules be neglected, the poultry will be liable to various diseases, and will not thrive.

Five years ago, Cotton was but a small item of commerce; now it is the life and soul of commerce and wields a powerful influence on the destinies of nations. The West Indies, owing to the forcing effect of a tropical climate, which occasioned the sick to grow up too luxuriantly to allow the bolls to mature, have almost abandoned the growth of cotton to the Southern States of our Union. England has expended millions in the effort to raise cotton in India, but though she procured the aid of persons familiar with the whole process of making cotton, her efforts have been in vain. Similar ill success has attended her efforts to find a substitute for cotton. The sense of dependence on us for a supply of the raw material is galling to her pride, as well as a wholesale check on her characteristic insolence and grasping ambition. Hundreds and thousands of her subjects depend, as much as the infant does on the nutrition it draws from its mother's breast, on our Cotton for the pittance that enables them to keep body and soul together; and hence no prophetic ken is required to predict the deplorable consequences of a war to her population.

Such being the paramount importance of Cotton in a commercial point of view, it well deserves careful consideration. All schemes for regulating the price of Cotton are idle and visionary—and in all probability would produce a re-action as distressing as the evils which were designed to be cured. Liberal sentiments, moderate duties, and a fair interchange of commodities, will be found more conducive to the maintenance of remunerative prices than all the wild schemes that have been suggested. The only feasible way of preventing a depression in the price of Cotton is, to diminish the amount of the crop—yet the certain success of such a "diminution" of the crop, by no means helps us in the solution of the original difficulty—inasmuch as neither eloquence nor self-interest can induce men to forego present gain for a remote, prospective increase of their incomes. Their minds have so long been taught to look upon "a bird in the hands as worth two in the bush," that they seldom look beyond the present. Exhausted nature will necessitate a curtailment of the cotton crop, and force farmers to seek out new channels of profit.

The purient itching of many farmers to be rich, has blinded them to the ruinous effects of their careless mode of cultivation and left them neither inclination or leisure to restore their worn out lands. If the mode of culture is persisted in, lands which now yield a fair crop of cotton will be hopelessly exhausted—the country will be prematurely worn out—our population will rush to new States in search of richer lands—and every branch of trade will decline and languish. The reflection is not anchovy; but we are assured that it is well founded, whenever we pass a field which has been exhausted beyond resuscitation. "What shall we do?" is now the engrossing question with planters. How are our impoverished lands to be restored? These are questions of vast import to Farmers, and need no gurgles of rhetoric to commend them to attention. If they would not bequeath to their children barren, worthless lands, it is full time for them to begin the work of restoring them. We must alternate our crops, sow small grain on worn-out lands, husband barn-yard and stable manure, and apply it to a small lot of land every year until all is managed, and be always on the watch for gullies, and stop them in season. We need agricultural papers to disseminate correct principles; explain the utility of new improvements; explode hoary fallacies; to instruct Agriculture from the slough into which it has fallen, and elevate it, in spite of clods, to its legitimate position in society. We need county societies, to beget emulation among us, by bestowing encouragement on skill and management in all the branches of agriculture, and to familiarize us with each other's mode of culture.

I have not the vanity to suppose, Messrs. Editors, that I have presented any new ideas, or improved the dress of any old ones; yet, as these remarks embody my brief experience, I have given them to you. There are better modes of culture than the one here suggested—and my object will be attained, as well as my ambition gratified, should these crude remarks lead to the publication of wiser, and safer mode of Culture for Cotton.—*Correspondence of the Southern Cultivator.*

**Why Smoking Damages Health.**—Harm is done by smoking, says a writer, because it causes a quantity of carbonic acid to be absorbed into the system, which is a great preservative of most of our animal and vegetable life. It is also a source of the oil of the lungs, and serves to keep them in that peculiar condition. It is formed of two elements, hydrogen and oxygen, and is a gas which is lighter than air.

# Selected Articles.

## Burning Fluid.

At Mr. Ennis's lecture, in Library Hall, he stated that very unfavorable and unjust views are entertained by many, about the common burning fluid now much in use as fuel for lamps. Camphene is spirits of turpentine; burning fluid is a combination of alcohol and camphene; phosphene gas, the brightest and best of these articles, differs from burning fluid in having all of the water taken out of the alcohol before mixture, and on this account it will combine with a much greater amount of camphene. The great error now in the community is the supposition that it will explode dangerously. The danger is not in any explosion. A glass lamp was exhibited before the audience, which had been burning for more than three hours; the fluid was nearly out, and above the fluid, in the upper part of the lamp, was a mixture of the vapor and the atmospheric air. The whole was considerably heated, from the length of time it had been burning from the wick tubes. The lecturer extinguished the flame, unscrewed the metallic top and laid it aside, and then applied a lighted taper to the opening in the tube of the lamp. The result was a slight puff, scarcely audible, and no movement whatever, either of the lamp or the retaining fluid within it. A great many such experiments had been tried by Mr. Ennis with these three substances, camphene, burning fluid, and alcohol, and in all cases the results had convinced him that the explosions are by no means dangerous, and that they have nothing to do with the many accidents we hear of from the careless use of burning fluid.

The real source of danger may easily be avoided if once they be pointed out, and then there can be little or no objection against the use of these really good articles, as far superior to oil in cleanliness, hardness and pleasantness of light. The only way that mischief can be done is by spilling the fluids in a burning state over things that easily take fire; and this spilling generally takes place in two ways. By suddenly shaking a glass lamp quite full of burning fluid, then, unless the wick be very tight in the tubes, the fluid will flow out at the top and run down all on fire on the outside of the glass. Of course the heat will crack the glass, and all the fluid within will flow out over the surrounding object in a devouring flame. This may happen in a person's hand, from violent shaking while walking along; and the garments of ladies being combustible, many lives have thus been lost. Every one who uses the burning fluid, should try his own lamps whenever they have new wicks, and see how much violent shaking they will bear. If you see the fluid coming rapidly out of the tubes in a stream of fire, blow it out quickly with your breath, and do not light it again, if much has come out, until it has been cleanly wiped off.

The lecturer once was present when a young lady quickly took two lighted glass lamps from the mantelpiece, and placed them upon the table. As the fluid gushed out and ran ignited down on the glass, she and the whole company started back, instantly expecting an explosion. He rushed up and blew them both out, and no harm was done. Again they were lighted, without having the fluid wiped off, and they required to be blown out instantly again. Had they not been so quickly blown out, the glass would have cracked, all the fluid would have run flaming over the table cloth, with the table, would soon have been on fire. The very plain remedy for all this, is to put in the wick tightly, and then try how much shaking the lamps will bear when full.

The other mode of camphene accidents is the sudden taking fire of the fluid, that is in the lamp and in the case, when the fluid is repaid while the wicks are burning. Of course the person holding them gets frightened; throws down both lamp and lamp, and the blazing liquid is thrown in every direction, setting fire to all combustibles within reach. Such accidents may be avoided, just as easily as not, simply by filling the lamps in the daytime. When any of these fluids are warm, by being an hour or two in a lighted lamp, their vapors, though invisible, rise thickly, and may take fire a foot or more from the lamp.

It is advisable for housekeepers to try experiments for themselves, so as to know familiarly the nature of these fluids. This may be done in the following ways: Pour some of the burning fluid into a small plate or saucer, and with a light set it on fire, and see the mode of its burning. Also unscrew the top of the lamp when lighted, remove the wick, and with a match fire the fluid within. It may easily be blown out again, before even a glass lamp will crack. The agitation of a lighted lamp, when it has been recently filled, is another useful experiment.—*New York Standard.*

**THINGS OF A HOUSE HUSBAND.**—A soap bubble, as it floats in the light of the sun, reflects to the eye an endless variety of the most gorgeous tints of colors. Newton showed that to each of these tints corresponds a certain thickness of the substance forming the bubble; in fact he showed in general, that all transparent substances, when reduced to a certain degree of tenuity, would reflect these colors. Near the highest point of the bubble, just before it bursts, is always observed a spot which reflects no color, and appears black. Newton showed that the thickness of the bubbles at this black point was the 25,000,000th part of an inch! Now, as the bubble at this point possesses the properties of water as essentially as does the Atlantic Ocean, it follows that the ultimate molecule forming water must have less dimensions than this.—*Lardner's Handbook.*

**ANECDOTE.**—An old gentleman in one of the Southern States, being very ill, and supposing that his end was approaching, gave directions that an aged slave, who had been very faithful to him, should be called into his room. Sam soon made his appearance, and with a joyful face drew near his master, expecting that he was about to announce to him his purpose of leaving him free.

"You know," said the master, "you have been a faithful servant to me, Sam, for many years," he replied. Poor Sam expected the next sentence to contain his freedom.

"But," said the master, "you know, Sam, I always treated you kindly." "Yes, massa," he said, "you did." Sam was now all anxiety to hear, and he looked gratefully into the face of his dying master, and waited to hear the charming word, Freedom! But what was Sam's disappointment when he said, "In consideration of your long and faithful services, I have directed in my will that when you die you shall be buried by my side." After a long pause, Sam replied, "Me no like dat, massa." "Why don't you like it?" "It will be an honor to you." "Me no like it, indeed, massa, for some dark night Debel come, look for massa and make mistake and take poor Sam."

**BAD LUCK BY DEGREE.**—"Well, Peter, what news?"

"Nothing particular, massa, except Bob's lame."

"Bob lame! What's the matter with Bob?"

"He hurt himself trying to stop de horses, massa."

"Horses! what horses?"

"Old massa's horses run away wid de carriage."

"Horses run away with the carriage. What started them?"

"Cannon, massa."

"What was the firing for?"

"To alarm de folks, and I make um come to put de fire out."

"Fire! What fire?"

"Your big new house burnt down."

"My new house burnt down?"

"He catch fire while we all gone to de funeral."

"Funeral! who's dead?"

"Your father dead, massa, cause he heard de bad news."

"Bad news! what bad news?"

"De Bank fail, massa, and he loose all de money."

"You rascal, why didn't you tell me this bad news at once?"

"Cause, massa, I afraid it is too much for you at once, so I tell you little at a time."

**DOWN EAST ELOQUENCE.**—The Bangor Republican gives the following as a specimen of the eloquence of the land of the celebrated Downings, of whom Major Jack was the first and chiefest: "The wind blew a terrible hurricane—the sea, rolled mountains high—and behold! a great clam stuck up in the mud!"

The editor of a paper somewhere out in Pennsylvania, has been travelling in the country, and having got stuck in the mud he tore off the following:

"The roads are not passable, and not even jackassable— And those who will travel 'em— Should turn out and gravel 'em!"

**LITTLE FAITHFUL.**—"My James is a very good boy," said an old lady, "but he has little faith; for we are none of us perfect—but he put the cat in the fire, flung his grandfather's wig down the cistern, put his daddy's powder-horn in the stove, tied the coffee pot to Jowler's tail, set off squibs in the barn, took my cap bolting for fishing lines, and tried to stick a fork in his sister's eyes, but these are only childish follies."

The man who pushes aside the paper with his first sip of coffee, and says "there is nothing in it," and who turns up his nose at typographical blunders, might find a profitable exercise in trying to make a paper of his own some evening, and then get the candid opinion of his friends upon its merits.

**TO MAKE WHITE WASH.**—The following recipe is the best known, combining excellence and durability. Take a barrel and stick one bushel of freely burned lime in it, by covering it with boiling water. After it is slacked add cold water enough to bring it to the consistency of cold white wash. Then dissolve in water, and add one lb. of white vitrol (sulphate of zinc) and one quart of fine salt.

**FOURTEEN.**—The Kinkelin booker gives the following as an exemplification of what we have in the prevalent idea of the duty of brightness.

"Hear from a Sunday-school teacher, just now, an illustration of one kind of 'Christian forgiveness.' Improving upon the parable, the teacher asked a boy whether in view of what he had been studying and repeating, he could forgive those who had wronged him. 'Could you?' said the teacher, 'forgive a boy, for example, who had insulted or struck you?' 'Yes, sir,' replied the lad very slowly. '—Could you?' he asked, 'if he was a more timid man?' 'I would if he was bigger than I am!' And then something of 'groves experience' in that

# BRITISH QUARTERLIES

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