

INCREASE OF CRIME.

The calendar at the late Assizes for the Gore District, exhibits startling evidence of the fearful increase of crime in our community. No fewer than four rational beings have been sentenced to death, three of them for murder. Here, then, if these sentences are put in execution, are seven units deducted from the sum of human existence, not by the "act of God," but by the agency of human crime. Such a fact, more especially as it is far from being an isolated one, is well calculated to awaken deep and serious reflection. The crime of murder, which, till within a few years, was of rare occurrence, and when discovered was invariably visited with stern and relentless retribution, has now become, as it were, part and parcel of the social economy—a merely ordinary subject of speculation. Men of depraved and vicious habits have always been accustomed to rob and steal for a livelihood, or for the means of gratifying their evil propensities; but murder, as an every-day sign of the times, is a new thing altogether. How is this startling frequency of a crime so shocking to the common feelings of humanity to be accounted for? The law requiring the forfeiture of life for life is still unrepented; and innocent blood cries as loudly from the ground for vengeance as ever; yet so it is that the destruction of human life by violence has become so common as to be regarded with a less degree of horror than that which accrues from the ravages of an epidemic disease. However paradoxical it may appear, we have no hesitation in attributing, in a great measure, the increase of this terrible crime to that morbid, maudlin spirit of sympathy, which characterises the age. So eager is the hunt after subjects of exciting sympathy and interest, that a murder is regarded as a God-send. Tears are so plentiful in those days that if there were nobody murdered, half of the people would be drowned in their own tears. But the murderer's victims are far too few to satisfy the craving appetite of weeping sentimentalism, and they are done to death with too little preparation and parade to answer the purpose of effect. There is no thrilling suspense, no exciting anticipation of the dread event in their case—the world knows nothing of the deed till it is done; and being deprived of the "luxury of tears" over the bleeding and mangled corpse of the murdered, the world pours them forth in a full flood over the impending doom of the unhappy murderer. He becomes the "observed of all observers," the "cynosure of all eyes"—he is so penitent, so interesting, or so insane, that the majesty of justice gets submerged in an ocean of indiscriminating and overweening mercy. How cruel, then, it becomes to hang the hoary miscreant—he is a "venerable gentleman," or the young villain—he is an "interesting youth," or of prepossessing manners, respectable connections, and all that sort of thing. Now, this lionizing of murderers has a direct tendency to make the perpetration of the crime of murder an object of ambition to ill-regulated and vicious minds, and the maudlin mercy which falls into fits at the mention of a gallows, and turns up the whites of its eyes in pious horror at the violation of the sanctuary of life, by the stern requirements of law, is steeped to the very lips in unconscious cruelty. The crime of murder is as repugnant to the laws of nature, as deeply stamped with the sentence of condemnation by the laws of God, as it ever was, and ever against it still stands recorded on the statute book of every land of civilization the doom of death. But the law, or rather the lawlessness, of popular feeling has arrayed itself against the infliction of the punishment of death, and just in proportion to the growth of that feeling has been the increase of the very evil which it deprecates—death by violence. The arm of the law has been paralyzed, and that of the assassin doubly nerved by the interposition of this diseased sentimentalism. It is time, therefore, for legislation to inquire, not into the expediency of abrogating the punishment of death for murder, in order to reconcile the law with the practice, as is frequently and properly done in other cases—the law of God says nay to that—but into the propriety of admitting, in any case, the plea of insanity, as an excuse for, or palliation of, this horrible crime. In England, this plea has lately superseded the necessity of making any other. In the United States, no plea is necessary but the public feeling against capital punishment in any case, except the colour of the criminal be tinged with black. Both are beginning to gain strength in this country, and the effects of the influence of both are every year showing themselves more and more in the progressive march of crime. God forbid that we should advocate the adoption or maintenance of a Draconic code of laws; but when we see that crime is increasing in proportion to the leniency with which it is treated, we cannot help feeling it to be our duty to direct the attention of the Legislature to a subject of such paramount importance. The flood-gates of murder, so widely open in the neighbouring States, are opening here; and it is time to think of devising some means of closing them before the land shall be deluged with unrequited blood.—*Branford (Canada) Courier.*

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

The ancients, it must be owned, contrived better than we do to attract the crowd to their games and races, to excite the surprise and constantly vary the amusement of the spectators. Who is it that is not acquainted with the wonders exhibited at, and the enormous sums lavished upon the Circus? At times the arena was converted into a forest, and those impromptu woods harboured a thousand ostriches, a thousand stags, a thousand deer, a thousand wild boars, which on a signal given by the Emperor, were yielded to the impetuous ardour of the people. Where secular trees had arisen, the waters of a lake would spread on another occasion, with crocodiles and sea-horses swimming in them. One day twenty zebras, twenty camels, or other animals renowned for their beauty and gentleness, were exhibited to the multitude; on another, animals whose timidity or ferocity had been overcome. Despite of his achievements, Mr. Van Amburgh, as is seen, is very far from producing these marvellous results. Pompey was the first who yoked elephants to a car; Anthony harnessed lions, and those monarchs of the desert gently dragged him through the wondering crowd. I forget which Emperor of Rome subjected to the yoke, at a later period, stags and tigers. Like us, the ancients set a great value on the primitive characteristics or improved qualities of animals, such as strength, beauty, and swiftness. They had carried to a higher degree than we have the art of softening their nature, or developing their intelligence. The quadrille performed at our Circus, in the Champs Elysees, surprises and delights us, but the art of the rider subdues, supplies, and directs his steed, whilst at the combat of gladiators given by Germanicus, elephants executed by themselves a ballet, danced the Pyrrhic, walked along an inclined rope, both backwards and forwards, and four of them carried a fifth with prudence and carefulness, according to Pliny. One of those animals had learnt to write some Greek letters, and would, with his proboscis, inscribe the following sentence upon sand—"I have myself written these words, and consecrated Celtic spoils." As for the lion, he who first tamed him had to pay dearly for the feat. It was Hanno, the famous Carthaginian, who had the merit and glory of it. For the achievement only, his countrymen banished him, it appearing to them that freedom had too much to dread from a man who had contrived to subdue ferocity itself.—This art was carried further still after him. That effeminate prince, Helagabal, fed tamed bears, lions, and tigers; and when his guests, stupefied by wine, slumbered upon the purple beds which lay in his golden rooms, he introduced those formidable animals, that their sight at daylight, or their touch at night, might strike his guests with terror when they opened their eyes. Several died of fright. After him Numerianus and Carinus, in the games given in their reigns, admitted among the actors in pantomimes, bears that successfully represented various comic personages; those formidable performers were much applauded by the people, and much liked by their comrades. A more useful industry had obtained better things from the intelligence of horses; a large number had been taught to pick up with their teeth the darts scattered over a field of battle, and to present them to their masters. But the taste, fondness, and enthusiasm of the Romans for horses were above all excited when they beheld in their instinct an omen of the greatness of Rome. Races were given at Veies, and

Ratomena won the prize. On his return, he fell from his car; but his horses pursued their course, and arrived at the capital bearing his crown. Rome henceforth expected everything from her fortunes, courage and horses. Those heroes who quitted the plough to command armies, valued, sought for, and fed, at first in their humble fields, and, later, in their vast and rich farms, the breeds of animals the most remarkable and the most useful to rural labours. Varro says that the Senator Axius paid 1000 sesteres or 90,000 francs for an ass! What must he have paid for horses? To the English alone, after the Romans, belong the art and honour of improving the breeds of animals by judicious selections, and of imparting to every species the forms best suited to their destination. Rome displayed both *recherche* and grandeur in her public amusements. The Circus was crowded with marble and decked with statues; around its vast enclosure arose eighty rows of seats, also of marble, covered with cushions, where-upon 80,000 spectators sat at ease. Rich draperies, extended over their heads, sheltered them from the sun or rain, spouting waters cooled the air, which flowers of the most exquisite odours perfumed. The arena, upon which the finest sand was scattered, assumed the most varied aspect, exhibiting at one time the Hesperid gardens, at another the caverns of Thrace. On many occasions, the decorations were of gold, silver, or amber; gold nets protected the people against the leaps of wild beasts: the spectators had but a choice of pleasures, and the Emperor Aurelianus was the first who carried his attention to the public so far, as to supply them with little handkerchiefs, either to applaud, *ad favorem*, or to wipe their faces, *ad sudorem*, according to a more learned reading. What attraction must not have been presented by such performances, enhanced by such splendour? To please the people, the Emperors lavished the state treasures upon the amphitheatre: Nero and Commodus figured in it, and all assiduously attended it. Marcus Aurelius, indeed, read whilst the circus games proceeded, and this habit gave the Roman people cause to doubt his virtues. Consuls, prefects, knights, senators, princesses, and Roman ladies, in all the pomp of their rank, and all the splendour of the most elegant dress, flocked to the place. It was there that tidings from Germany or the East, from the army and fleet, and palace and court news, circulated. It was there, above all, that love intrigues were carried on; in his "Art of Loving," (as if it were an art!) Ovid urges the beginner in seduction first to be pale, "palliat omnia amans," and then to exhibit himself at Pompey's Porticos, and the Amphitheatre games, for the women, says he, repair thither in large numbers, both to see and to be seen.—*Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectantur ut ipsæ.* We can but observe, in conclusion, that most modern play or race-going women follow their Roman predecessors in the last-mentioned respect.—*Paris Print.*

THE BUDGET.—As regards the resources of the country, and its present position, the most important debate which has occurred in the House of Commons for many a day, took place on the 8th instant, when the annual Budget was laid before the House by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Robert Peel, who developed the financial scheme last year, has been sadly out in his calculations, as Mr. Goulburn demonstrated, every branch of the revenue, with the exception of the Post-office, having fallen off. In the Customs, there has been a deficiency of £750,000; in the Excise it is even greater—£1,200,000. The gross revenue would produce, Sir Robert calculated, £47,640,000; it has only yielded £45,600,000—a falling off to the extent of nearly two millions. Fortunately, the Income Tax has far exceeded the minister's calculations, and the Chinese silver has come in very opportunely, and the Corn duties, which were not calculated upon, have realised a very handsome sum. But for these resources, which could not have been anticipated—God sends they have been very appropriately termed—the actual deficiency would have been three millions and a half on the year! This affords a melancholy index of the utter prostration of commerce, and the sufferings under which the great bulk of the people have of late been labouring. Under these circumstances, the remission of the Income Tax before the time fixed for its expiration—two years hence—must not be looked for; and unless the commerce of the country takes an unexpected bound during the interval, it is difficult to see how it can be dispensed with. It will yield upwards of £5,000,000 a-year, which is more than Sir Robert Peel estimated by nearly two millions. The total income this year is reckoned at £50,150,000, the expenses £49,387,000, leaving a surplus, towards the deficiency of last year, of £760,000. Little reliance, however, is to be placed on these estimates, which are little better than guesses, while it is certain that two heavy payments will have to be made—namely, a million and a quarter to the owners of the opium seized in China, and £800,000 to the East India Company, towards the expenses of the war. At present, England is in the unenviable spendthrift condition of the man whose outlay far exceeds his income.

THE MOUSTACHE.—A gentleman never affects military air or costume if he is not a military man, and even then avoids professional rigidity and swagger as much as possible; he never sports spurs or a riding whip, except when he is upon horseback, contrary to the rule observed by his antagonist, the snob, who always sports spurs and riding-whip, but who never mounts higher than a threepeenny stride on a Hampstead donkey. Nor does a gentleman ever wear a moustache, unless he belongs to one of the regiments of Hussars, or the Household Cavalry, who alone are ordered to display that ornamental exuberance. Foreigners, military or non-military, are recognised as wearing hair on the upper lip with propriety, as it is the custom of their country; but no gentleman here thinks of such a thing, any more than he would think of sporting the uniform of the 10th Hussars. There is an affectation among the vulgar clever of wearing the moustache, which they clip and cut à la *Vandyke*. This is useful, as affording a ready means of distinguishing between a man of talent and an ass: the former, trusting to his head, goes clean shaved, and looks like an Englishman; the latter, whose strength lies altogether in his hair, exhausts the power of Macassar in endeavouring to make himself as like an orang-outang as possible. Another thing must be observed by all who would successfully ape the gentleman—never to smoke cigars in the street in midday. No better sign can you have than this of a fellow reckless of decency and behaviour; a gentleman smokes, if he smokes at all, where he offends not the olfactory of the passers-by. Nothing, he is aware, approaches more nearly the most offensive personal insult than to compel ladies and gentlemen to inhale, after you, the ejected fragrance of your penny Cuba, or your three half-penny mild Havannah.—*Blackwood.*

THE RED SEA.—After a tedious passage from India, we entered the straits of Jabel; and few countries present themselves to the imagination of the traveller under circumstances so well calculated to awaken a deep and lasting interest as those around us. From the earliest dawn of history, the nether shores of the Red Sea have figured as the scene of events which both religious and civil records have united to render memorable. Here Moses and the patriarchs tended their flocks, and put in motion those springs of civilization which from that period have never ceased to urge forward the human race in the career of improvement. On one hand, the Valley of the Wanderings commenced near the site of Memphis, and opening upon the Red Sea conducts the fancy along the track pursued by the Hebrews, during their flight out of Egypt. On the other hand is Mount Sinai, bearing still upon its face the impress of miraculous events; and beyond it that strange, stormy, and gloomy-looking sea, once frequented by Phœnician merchants' ships, by the fleets of Solomon and Pharaoh, and those barks of later times which bore the incense, the gold, the gems and spices of the east, to be consumed or lavishly squandered upon favourites at the courts of Macedonia or Rome. But the countries lying along this offshoot of the Indian Ocean have another kind of interest peculiar to themselves. On the Arabian side we find society much what it was four thousand years ago; for amidst the children of Ishmael it has undergone but trifling modifications. Their tents are neither better nor worse than they were when they purchased Joseph of his brethren on their way to Egypt; the sheikhs possess no other power or influence than they possessed then; and

relations of the sexes have suffered little or no changes; they eat, drink, clothe themselves, educate their children, make war and peace, just as they did in the day of the Exodus. But on the opposite shores all has been change, fluctuation, and decay. While the Bedouins have wandered with their camels and their flocks, unimproving, unimproving, they have looked across the gulf, and beheld the Egyptian overturned by the Persian; the Persian by the Greek; the Greek by the Roman; and the Roman in his turn by a daring band from their own burning deserts. They have seen empires grow up like Jonah's gourd. War has swept away some; the vanities and luxuries of peace have undermined and brought others to the ground; and every spot along these shores is celebrated.—*Lieut. Wellsted's Travels in Arabia.*

PHONOGRAPHY.—A late English work has the following account of a new discovery, viz, the art of writing by sound;—Another art has been lately added to various forms of abbreviated writing, which seems far more available than any which has been hitherto invented. It is called phonography, or literally writing by sound; that is, writing each word exactly as it is pronounced. It does away altogether with the tedious method of spelling, for it has distinct signs for all the sounds of the human voice. It is applicable to all languages. We have before us a book containing a part of the Scriptures in English, French, and German, Chinese, and Hebrew, all written in the phonographic character. Nothing has yet been invented which comes so near to the "universal character," so much desired by Bishop Wilkins. If generally introduced, it would be a very valuable acquisition to the deaf and dumb, enabling them to express their thoughts with almost as much rapidity as we can do by speech.

WHO WROTE THE BIBLE?—A Sabbath-school teacher gave out the following question to her class:—"What proof can you assign that the Bible was written by good men?" A little girl, four years old, rose and replied, "Bad men would not have written so much against themselves."

STEAMING POTATOES.—The whole mystery consists in suffering the steam to escape, and at the same time keeping the potatoes hot. When the cook throws off the water, under the jurisdiction of the cooking book, what is she to do next? The steam rushes out, and she places the vessel opposite the fire, but fearful that the potatoes may cool in the meanwhile, she puts on the cover. Thus she undoes one process by the other, for the steam no sooner escapes from the potatoes than being confined by the lid, it condenses rapidly, and falls back in water upon the vegetables. And thus, through the ignorance and obstinacy of our cooks, we are perpetually served with what are familiarly called wet potatoes—a sort of vague excuse, which helps to throw the fault upon the season or the gardener, or any thing or any body rather than the real culprit. The Irish peasant woman, wholly ignorant of science, but with instinctive sagacity, gets rid of the difficulty by the simplest process imaginable. Placing the vessel without the cover in a slanting direction opposite the fire, so as to hasten the process of steaming by the action of the external heat, she throws a napkin over the potatoes, which receives and retains so much of the steam as does not effect its escape, while it performs the equally essential office of preserving the heat to the vegetables below.—*English Paper.*

SYSTEM.—System is as essential in farming as in any other occupation of life. Let the farmer, therefore, who has never reduced his methods to order, commence now; let him examine his farm, make a map of it, number each field, and having provided himself with a memorandum book, (a few sheets of paper doubled will do, if a better one cannot be had,) and a regular debt and credit kept with each field. Charge to the field the manure, labour, seed, &c., and credit to it the crop taken from it, whether of grass or grain. It is only in this way that anything like an estimate of profit or loss can be correctly formed. In another part of your book, enter in separate columns all the cash received or paid out by you. Look it over occasionally, and see if any purchases have been improvidently or needlessly made.—This will be particularly necessary if you are in the habit of purchasing articles on credit, one of the very worst practices, in our opinion, into which a farmer can fall.

TO CLEAR A WHITE VEIL.—Use white soap, and water about a blood heat, for getting out the dirt, taking care to handle the veil gently; then rinse it well and finally in spring water, to which a little liquid blue has been added, or fine blue from a saucer; then starch and beat between the hands until dry.

WISE.—There is more truth than poetry in the following, though it fell from the lips of Mr. H. A. Wise. It was delivered in 1840.—

Corruption first attacks the people themselves; it tempts them with *appointments to office*, and intimidates them with removal from office. By avarice and ambition it addresses them, and insinuates itself amidst their very crowds at the *precincts of their elections*; it purchases their *public presses*, and buys up their *representatives, and agents, and servants*; it destroys the *independence* of their legislatures, and adds to the tremendous *relo* power of a President, to say what law shall not be sanctioned, the greater power far of *initiating* the laws—of saying what laws shall, and what laws only shall be passed or originated in Congress; it destroys the *responsibility* of all subordinate officers of the people, and enables the President to "take the responsibility" of all subordinate officers of the people, and enables the President to "take the responsibility" with impunity. It is not reason or right which binds the *party of office-holders* together. It is the leaves and fishes. The purse-string draws them as tight as the mouth of the reticule—the spoils! the spoils! gather them together like wolves around the carcass of the dead deer on the prairie, or like vultures and crows around the carrion. You cannot reason with avarice or ambition—that love of place, lust of power, and "sacra fames auri," which are the besetting sins of the times.

The garrison of Cork now musters a force of 2200 men. There has not been so large a military force in Ireland for the last 16 years, as at the present time.

The Duke of Wellington was born 1769, and is now aged 74—Lord Brougham 1779, aged 64—Sir Robert Peel 1788, aged 55—Lord John Russell 1792, aged 51—Lord Stanley 1800, aged 43.


YUCATAN ARISTOCRACY.—Society at Yucatan is divided into two great classes, those who wear pantaloons and those who do not. The latter, by far the most numerous body, go in *calconellos*, or drawers.

By felling the trees that cover the tops and sides of mountains, says Humbolt, men in every clime prepare at once two calamities for future generations—want of fuel and scarcity of water.

DEATH OF NIMROD.—Mr. Apperley, the celebrated sportsman, and writer upon sporting subjects, under the signature of 'Nimrod,' died at his residence in Picnic, on Friday, of inflammation of the bowels.

TO MAKE GINGER BEER.—One ounce of ginger, well bruised in a mortar, 1½ lbs. of loaf sugar, 1 oz. of cream of tartar, and two lemons sliced. Pour on the ingredients two gallons of boiling water, stir it well, and let it stand until lukewarm; then add two table spoonfuls of yeast, and let the mixture stand till the next morning. Bottle it off, and cork it well.

READING A MEANS, NOT AN END.—No man has time to read dead books. The living ones are quite as much as any industrious man can get through; in the course of an ordinary life. The proper business of human life is action; to do; to be something; to discharge our social, and political, and religious duties (if, indeed, these are distinguishable); to work with men, upon men, for the ordinary wants of existence, and the furtherance of good. Reading is not the business of life; nor should it be allowed to occupy an undue share. Ploughing is not the end or aim of agriculture, only the means. For if a man is reading live books, he must take time to think about them, else he might as well be asleep. The mind of a man is a sword, fashioned to cut a way for itself in life, and reading is one of those whetstones whereon the blade is set. Would ye grind on forever to find an edge? Of a truth, the whole substance of the weapon that was designed for use would be worn out in the sharpening.—*McCulloch's Use and Study of History*



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