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BOOK AND JOB PRINTING
Done in modern style and at short notice

Poetry.

Robert of Lincoln.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Merrily swinging on briar and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name;
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the sunny flowers;
Chee, chee chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gaily dress',
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note,—
Bob-o'-link,, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spink, spink;
Look what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat,—
Bob-o'-link bob-o'-link,
Spink, spink, spank;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day
Robert is singing with all his might
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee

Soon as the little ones chip the shell
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me,
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain
Robert of Lincoln come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

—Putnam for June

Bed of the Sea.

Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw upon:
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered on the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That wo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

—Shakspeare.

WELL THOUGHT OF.—Instead of appointing Ministers and Charges abroad, simply for the purpose of rewarding political partizans, and Congressmen who have misrepresented their constituents, the Philadelphia *Ledger* favors the establishment of a political almshouse. It says: "It were better to erect a political almshouse on some beautiful spot on the Schuylkill, the Potomac, or the North River, than to send our domestic failures abroad to involve our Foreign relations." This is a very good idea. Not only would it be much more economical, but it would prevent the many blunders and difficulties which arise from the employment of those who need such missions, instead of those whom the missions need.

Henry Ward Beecher says that he would as soon go a courting with his father's old love-letters as go to church and carry a book to pray out of.

Miscellany.

Siam and its inhabitants.

The following article is an interesting abstract of a work recently brought out at Paris, from the pen of Monsieur Pallegoix, Vicar Apostolic of the Catholic Church in Siam. His statements are presumed to be reliable, and are in some respects new and curious.

Siam formerly went by a name which signified "The Kingdom of the Free," than which, by the way, nothing could be more absurd, as no State is under a more absolute rule. Siam proper has for its tributaries, surrounding it, the Kingdoms Ligor, Cambega, Lao, four petty Malay States, and several Principalities. Every three years these tributaries make offerings to Siam of gold and silver and of a contingent of troops. The population of the Kingdom is about six millions, of whom about two millions are Siamese, one and a half millions of Chinese, one million Malays, the same number Laos, and the residue made up of a variety of races. The great plain of Siam is fenced in on the east and west by ranges of mountains, branches of the Himalays. In the north they are broken up into a variety of inferior ridges. This makes a very mountainous country of the State of Lao. The grand chain is 550 miles long and 250 broad, and is watered by the river Menam, (the Nile of Siam,) by which they are furrowed and also by innumerable canals and small rivers. The sea-shore is variegated and picturesque.

Siam has some ports. In twelve hours up the river Menam, a vessel reaches Bangkok the capital of Siam. The gulf of Siam is not subject to the devastating typhoons of the Chinese sea, and shipwrecks in its waters are very rare. During the months of May, June and July, the gulf is as smooth as a mirror. The heat in Siam is not unendurable. On the great plain an ocean-like breeze blows steadily, and there the climate is salubrious; but in the mountains, clothed with dense forests, there prevails a fever very deadly to the unacclimated. The seasons are but two—the wet and the dry. For six months a steady southwest wind brings white clouds, which are dissipated daily in rain and thunder. The residue of the year, a like constant wind from the north is attended by a perfect serenity of the atmosphere. The dry season is very healthful, and in March and April is the greatest heat. In March, for a fortnight, there always falls a very singular dew. At break of day, the atmosphere being foggy, at the first beam of the rising sun, this fog is precipated in a very heavy dew. The Menam, (mother of waters) the hundred leagues long, empties its waters eight leagues below Bangkok. This river inundates the great plain once each year, and the yield of the rice crop is proportioned to the depth of the overflow. From the effect of the tide the plain twelve leagues from the sea, is never overflowed, while its upper part is under the water several months. Siam perhaps, is quite unequalled in productive power. The sediment of the Menam, with the lightest tillage, yields prodigious quantites of rice beyond the usual necessities of the population. Fish multiply amazingly during the inundations, and at the mouth of the four chief rivers the gulf abounds in them—particularly a large kind of Sardine, which is the chief food of the people for six months of the year. Twelve or fifteen ships' loads of these fish are yearly exported to China. Poultry, game, sugar and bananas are sold astonishly low and yet labor is high. It is not the scarcity of money, but the abundance of food which causes the cheapness.

Bangkok, Capital of Siam, has a population of *four hundred thousand*. The city proper is on an island, encircled by walls, embattled and flanked with bastions. It lies in the midst of an immense garden, glowing with perpetual verdure, and presents a most picturesque appearance. Ships and a multitude of junks, profusely decorated with flags, fill the two channels of the river. There are a great many religious edifices, with domes and lofty spires. Two lines of ships, floating on rafts, and following the curves of the river, which is furrowed in every direction by elegant barges, give novelty to the scene. The fortress is as white as driven snow; the gilded spires of the royal palace, which is walled in, and the pagodas are especially remarkable. The royal pagodas are astonishingly magnificent,—some costing more than seven hundred thousand dollars. One of them forms a grand monastery, where some five hundred priests are lodged, without a thousand children to serve them in the worship they offer to the idol Baudha. Some of the houses are of brick and very elegant, others of wood, and those of the common people of bamboo. Fires are frequent and destructive, and sometimes consume five hundred houses at once. But in the space of a week all is rebuilt afresh. Siam, properly so called, is divided into forty one provinces, bearing the names of their chief places. Much saltpetre is consumed in the manufacture of powder and fire works. No pure silver has been found combined with copper, antimony, lead and arsenic. The tin and copper mines are very rich. There are also mines of iron and precious stone. Of rice, the chief food of the people, there are *forty* species. People in easy circumstances chew cashoo, betel nut and Indian saffron. The betel blackens the teeth, and this is esteemed a beauty. Culinary vegetables of all kinds are abundant. The mountains and forests abound in a great variety of potatoes, which are a great resource in time of dearth. In many provinces the pistachio nut is cultivated. The canals and ponds produce the lotus, which is very serviceable to the poor, and the seeds of which furnish a delicious flour. The fruit of the country most esteemed has a very strong and disagreeable odor, but when eaten this odor changes into a delightful perfume. The bamboo is the most useful product. The commercial products of the country are teak wood, (incorruptible wood,) oil of turpentine, sandal wood, ginger, benzoin, gambege, indigo, cocoa-oil, as well as gutta percha, of which the natives make all sorts of instruments, making it plastic by means of hot water.

The flowers of the country are beautiful and brilliant, and the Siamese rank as the queen among them, not the rose, but a very beautiful odoriferous and golden colored flower called the nempha. The flower is offered to their kings, and to their idol Boudha. The elephant thrives in droves in Siam, and they are tamed and used as beasts of burden. They have three species of tigers and the rhinoceros. Cats and dogs are very numerous, because the natives never kill animals. Here, too, is to be found that anomalous creature, the ourang outang. Vultures abound, and are very serviceable in removing the carrion. Of birds, the white ibis is distinguished for its beauty. Crocodiles are to be found in all the rivers; and here, too, exists the chameleon, which from the fact of its going four months without eating, the ancients thought lived on air. The boa constrictor here grows to a great size, is not poisonous, and is eaten without repugnance by the Siamese. There is a deadly species of viper in the country, and two very venomous insects—the millepedes and scorpion.

The Siamese are of a moderate stature, bodies moderately long, deep set eyes, heads shaven, with the exception of a tuft on top of the head. The rich, and even the common people, esteem it an honor to have long nails and black teeth. They go bareheaded and barefooted. The young girls and women wear scarfs of silk wrapped crosswise about them; and are very fond of gold and silver ornaments,—and very young children are decorated with an ornament of one of these metals. Children of both sexes go naked until they are capable of wrapping themselves in the scarfs of which we have spoken. The girls leave the chest uncovered until they arrive at the age of puberty; and women, after marriage, leave off wearing the veil in the interior.

The Siamese are mild, light-hearted, thoughtless, timid and gay. They dread disputes and everything that approaches to anger or impatience. They are indolent, inconstant, heedless, and very great beggars. Whatever strikes their fancy they are eager to possess. They are kind and hospitable to strangers, and love frankness and sincerity, although, on occasions, they do not hesitate to lie. Their favorite dish is half rotten fish, seasoned to their taste. After water, their favorite drink is tea. Tobacco is generally used. The boys smoke at the age of five and six years. The women do not smoke, but chew tobacco with the cocoa nut. Their custom is to bathe two or three times a day. On attaining manhood they pluck out the beard. In a word, the Siamese are cleanly in their houses, in their habits, and in their persons.

A CHILD'S SYMPATHY.—A child's eyes! those clear wells of undefiled thought; what on earth can be more beautiful! Full of hope, love, and curiosity, they meet your own. In prayer how earnest, in joy how sparkling, in sympathy how tender! The man who never tried the companionship of a little child, has carelessly passed by one of the greatest pleasures of life as one passes a rare flower without plucking it or knowing its value. A child cannot understand you, you think; speak to it of the holy things of religion, of your grief for the loss of a friend, of your love for some one you fear will not love in return; it will take, it is true, no measure of soundings of thought; it will not judge how much you should believe, whether your grief is rational in proportion to your loss, whether you are worthy or fit to attract the love you seek, but its whole soul will incline to yours, and ingraft itself as it were, on the feeling which is your feeling for the hour.—*Hon. Mrs Norton.*

AN OLD BIBLE.—The oldest book in the United States, it is said, is a manuscript Bible, in the possession of Dr. Witherspoon, of Alabama, written over *a thousand years ago!* He describes it as follows:—"The book is strongly bound in boards of the old English oak, and with thongs by which the leaves are also well bound together. The leaves are entirely made of parchment, of a superior quality, of fineness and smoothness little inferior to the best satin.—The pages are all ruled with great accuracy, and written with great uniformity and beauty, in the old German text hand, and divided off into chapters and verses. The first chapter of every book in the Bible is written with a large capital, of inimitable beauty, and spendidly illuminated with red, blue, and black ink, still in vivid color; and no two of the capital letters in the book are precisely alike."

☞ The important question, how shall a bonnet be worn, is now settled by the example of Empress Eugene of France. A description of her dress, while in England, tells us, that although the bonnet of the Empress Eugene displays fully her face and hair, it does not convey to the beholder the idea of its being likely to fall from the head behind, but rather seems to cling to and support her hair in that position. This gives a lightness and grace of carriage to the head totally distinct from that boldness and barefacedness which have characterized the English and American styles.

Speech of Hon. Kenneth Rayner,

OF NORTH CAROLINA.

AT THE AMERICAN BANQUET, PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 7, 1855.

The Americans of Philadelphia gave a grand Banquet to the delegates to the National American Convention and other guests, at which Mayor CONRAD presided. That gentleman "opened the ball" with an eloquent and patriotic address. After quiet was restored, the President announced the first regular toast of the evening "The Union," and called upon the Hon. KENNETH RAYNER, of North Carolina, to respond. "The toast," the Mayor remarked, "deserved three times three, not only from our mouths and hands, but from our hearts."

After nine cheers for the Union, Mr. RAYNER arose amid loud applause and spoke as follows:

Hard, indeed, is the task imposed on him to whom is assigned the duty of responding to such a sentiment as that of the Union, around which cluster so many hallowed and heart stirring associations. The Union! The very word is poetry itself, aye, the poetry of patriotism. What tongue so eloquent as to portray its beauties; what heart so full as to appreciate its glories; what brain so capacious as to estimate its value?

The Union the very mention of the word is enough to still all the tumults of our troubled nature—to hush all the angry contentions of conflicting interests—to hallow all the anxieties of the patriot's heart in regard to our country's future. The idea of the Union of these States! How vast the field of contemplation which it opens before the human mind. It grasps within itself, first, the most glorious associations of the past—the most intense appreciation of our present blessings—the most intense and anxious hopes as to the glories of our country's future.

The union of these States! Why the very idea carries back the mind to the time when our Pilgrim Fathers landed on Pilgrim Rock, at Jamestown at Roanoke, when theirs hearts and their arms nerved with strength and vigor, impelled by devotion to civil liberty and resistance to religious oppression, they braved all the storms of the ocean, they suffered all the privations and perils which were peculiar to a people fleeing from oppression to a distant wilderness. The same idea of union comprehends the time when we glide further down the stream of history to that time when our patriot fathers, stung by the oppression of the mother country, were lashed into resistance for the purpose of asserting the great principles which were the birthright of British subjects, and which they supposed had been invaded.

The same idea of the Union covers the time when that conclave of savages met in this very city, and, my brethren, within a few hundred yards of the spot where we are now congregated, and really when I allude to that important event in our history, when I feel the sterling associations connected with it, I feel I am in the sight of that hallowed place. I feel as Moses did when he beheld the burning bush, that the very ground upon which I stand is sacred ground. (Applause.)

Aye, my friends and brethren, this idea of the Union carries your minds back to that scene, when that conclave of sages, whose hallowed bones now rest in our classic soil, had pledged their lives their fortune and their sacred honor, that these colonies were, and of right ought to be free and independent States. It covers associations still more thrilling than that. It carries you back to all the battle fields of the Revolution. This idea of the Union covers the sacrifices of our fathers at Bunker Hill, at Saratoga, at Brandywine, Guilford and Camden, where the best blood of America crimsoned the soil, and watered the tree of liberty, under whose spreading branches we are now reposing in peace and happiness. (Great applause.)

Yes, my friends, this idea of the Union, which was the result of our father's sacrifices, carries the mind back to the peril, the suffering, the sacrifices of our father's when that man whose name is hallowed in the hearts and affections of every lover of his country, at a time when British cannon was booming across the harbor of Boston, at a time when patriots heart shrank with anxiety; at a time when patriot mothers hugged their babes to their bosoms; that very time when Washington drew from his side his trusty sword and led the sons of Freedom to battle.

In contemplating the glories of that time, you cannot fail ever to observe in the foreground of the picture, that the calm countenance of that man to whom I have alluded was placid amid the stormy strife and tumult of the battle; that great man who is come down to history the greatest, the noblest, and the mightest among "the few, the immortal names that were not born to die." (Great applause.)

My Brothers this idea of the Union covers an event in our history no less momentous. I refer to that time when those hero Statesmen assembled for the purpose of forming that glorious Constitution under which we live, when coming together from all parts of this vast Confederacy, with conflicting feelings and interests, they laid deep and strong the foundations of that Temple of Liberty around whose altar their sons may assemble and offer up their sacrifices in peace and fraternal concord. (Applause.)

This word, the union of these States, that idea I say, which even covers the glories achieved by our flag during our last war with Great Britain, for it was because the nationality of our country, the equality of rights growing out of national equality represented by this Union, emblematised by the stars and stripes which were violated on the ocean, that we drew the sword in that contest, national equality was invaded. (Applause.)

Looking to a period still later within the knowledge of all: our recent war with Mexico was under the broad aegis of the Union as embodied in the stars and stripes, when our sons marched over hecatombs of the slain to the very walls of the Montezumas, and as the very beams of the sun shot athwart the eastern mountains, they saw that glorious flag.

Brothers, this idea of the union covers the proud position which we now occupy among the nations of the earth. Look at your present position? What is it that peoples our wilderness? What is it that has substituted for the shrubbery of the wilderness fields of waving corn? What is it that has whitened with the sails of commerce those lakes and rivers upon whose shores solitude has brooded for ages. What is it that has carried our literature, language, science and arms from the shelving beaches of the Atlantic, to the shaggy peaks of the Pacific; it is the union of these States.

Travel from one end of our country to another, with the same length, the same picture, the same institutions that you see the school house and church throwing their spires heavenward, as you go into the wilderness, where you see agriculture and manufactures. In every direction you see the glorious heritage of the Anglo Saxon race—the common law—dispensing its blessings from the northern rocks to the southern cliffs, throughout all the confines of this broad country where the meanst rill, and the broadest river, roars mingled with its name forever. (Applause.)

Brothers, not only does this idea of the Union cover the glories of the past, and the blessings of the present, but it covers the glorious anticipation of the future. (Applause.) Let this glorious Union be maintained and preserved. Let the camp fires be lit on every hill. Let the stars and stripes wave in triumph on every breeze. (Loud applause.)

Let every heart swell with patriotic feelings as it contemplates our future destiny, when we have performed our duties here, and have gone to that country 'from whose bourne no traveller returns.' Still these great and glorious and estimable institutions all continue, and will be inherited by our posterity. But, my friends, who is rash enough to dare lift that veil which shrouds the future in darkness? for naught save clouds and darkness rest upon the prospect.

The Union—yes, thank God, it is a sentiment which has its home in the heart. It is identical with liberty itself. Destroy this Union, and the very idea of liberty is a wild and senseless abstraction. Assembled, then, as we are, on this festive occasion, representing all various interests of various sections of this country, with freedom's soil beneath our feet, and freedom's banner streaming o'er us, I would invoke my brethren here, and I would appeal to them in language of brotherhood and patriotism, ask them this question, if our fathers braved the perils of the ocean, suffered the privations of the wilderness, encountered all dangers and difficulties, is it possible that this tree of liberty nurtured by their blood, cultivated by their best affections, is it possible that we cannot now preserve those institution for which they suffered so much, and made such great sacrifices to secure to us. I would appeal to my brother who represents the country where sleep the best of those who fell on Bunker Hill. I would appeal to those who marched out to the battles of Germantown and Trenton. I would appeal to those in whose veins flows the same blood that was poured out at Guilford, Camden, Eutaw—if our fathers stood on that trying and dreadful occasion, shoulder to shoulder, sustaining and aiding each other in the hour of conflict and peril, if this institution, this Union is the work of their hands and the heritage of their gift. I would appeal to you by the blood of your fathers, will you lay your unhallowed hands on this Union, cemented by their blood. (Great applause.) If our fathers from the Northern States, the Middle States, and Southern States could meet here in convention in 1787, and there agree to sacrifice sectional prejudice upon the altar of their country, and bequeathe us that glorious Constitution, I ask you, in God's name, is there not enough of patriotism left, and of devotion to the memory of your fathers, to swear that the hallowed work of their hands shall never be degraded.

My brethren, this is no occasion for mere festivity. It is true we have met together here to enjoy the hospitality of friendship, and the generous greeting of our Philadelphia brethren. If I now understand the philosophy of this assemblage, the genius of American liberty is now brooding o'er us. There is a deep philosophy in the object which brought us to this city. The object of our coming here is no secret, although there may be many here who have not entered into the court of the inner temple. There is no one here present who has not, if I may make use of an illustration belonging to the Jewish history, become a proselyte of the gate, at least; and in talking of the Union of these States, one sentiment fills my heart almost to bursting, when I contemplate the possibility of its ever being destroyed.

We have assembled here for a good, high, and holy purpose. The only question is, whether we bring enough to sacrifice upon the common altar to save these glorious institutions. (Applause.) This very sentiment of Union, which has been so kindly greeted here, is an evidence that we believe that the bare possibility of danger to this Union is enough to raise every patriotic heart to the determination that so far as their efforts can avail, this Union shall have no ending. (Applause.)

Then, my brethren, I appeal to you in conclusion—I appeal to you by those glorious associations of the past, by this glorious present, by the bright prospect of the future. I appeal to the North by Northern associations, to the South by Southern associations, to the common prosperity, that before we leave this city of Philadelphia, we shall have laid the foundation broad, deep and everlasting.

Brethren, what are our labors, with the sacrifices required of us, compared to the labors and sacrifices of our fathers? If the institutions already transmitted to us—if the Union is secured to us, a nationality which gives to the American citizen his proud part in every land, and enables him to walk with erect front through every nation with the proud consciousness of being an American citizen. If this Union has secured this blessing, if in it the interests and welfare of our posterity are concerned, our sons in whom our hopes are centered, our daughters the darlings of our hearts. When we contemplate the sacrifices our fathers made to us, in giving us such a government, and in transmitting to us such institutions, if we have not patriotism enough to preserve these institutions, and transmit them to our children as we received them from our fathers, I dare to say we shall become the bastard sons of illustrious ancestors. But I will not believe it—I do not believe it. I feel in my heart and in my soul that there is patriotism and conservatism enough now assembled in Philadelphia to save this glorious Union. Let us do our duty; let us make these small sectional sacrifices which may be necessary, under the exigencies of the case, to perpetuate the Union. We shall then have secured our nationality; we shall have secured the great principle of religious freedom, and having performed our duty, we shall have the proud consciousness that, owing to our efforts in part, the star-spangled banner waves over the land of the free and the home of the brave!

At the conclusion of Mr. Rayner's speech, the speaker was vociferously applauded. Mr. Chas. B Penrose proposed three cheers for the "Old North State," which were given with "a will," and three more hearty cheers were given for the Union.

The Baby Show.

The great Baby Show got up by Mr. Barnum, of which so much has been said for the past few months, was opened on Tuesday, the 5th inst., at the Museum in New York.

The first exhibition of this kind held in the United States, took place at Springfield, Ohio, October 5, 1854, in connection with the Clarke County Agricultural Fair. It was but a trial, and but few competitors were expected; but over 100 babies were presented, and ladies who were there expressed themselves highly pleased with the affair. Some of the first families in Ohio engaged in the exhibition as exhibitors and judges. Barnum seized upon the idea, and prostituting it to his private interest, will speculate out of it, to the amount of at least $5,000.

The novelty of the exhibition hardly justifies its indelicacy in the eyes of many, but others regard it (Barnum aside,) as harmless, though of questionable propriety. We have yet to learn what great good those who favor such exhibitions hope to achieve thereby. We hold ourselves "open to conviction" upon that subject. It strikes us, however, that this public exhibition of innocent babes, and awarding premiums for the fattest or the prettiest, is associating humanity too closely with cattle and sheep and swine.

The number of babies on exhibition Tuesday, was 143.

The following ladies acted as judges: Mrs W. Leland, Metropolitan Hotel; Mrs. W. H. Burroughs, Irving House; Mrs. L. N. Fowler, 308 Broadway; Mrs. R. T. Trall, 15 Laight st; Mrs. H. Williamson 160 Barrow st; Mrs. J. N. Genin, 214 Broadway.

The questions asked of the mothers by the judges were: What is the age of the father and mother? How many children has the mother had previously? What was the diet of the mother for a year previous to the birth? What were her habits of exercise? Have the parents or child resided on elevated ground or the reverse? What has been the diet and exercise of the child? How often has it been bathed, &c.

The premiums, 21 in number, amounted to $1,100.

One room in the Museum was used as a nursery, and exclusively devoted to the Babies and their nurses. It was hung in draperies of blue and white muslin, and provided with jumpers, cradles, and other paraphernalia of such a sanctum, and under the charge of a matron.

THE FIRST PREMIUM.—The judges finished their day's labor Tuesday afternoon, by selecting as the finest child under five years of age for the first premium of $100, Master Charles Orlando Scott, born Feb 18, 1855. The father of the child is a coachman, residing at No. 369 Fourth Avenue, New York. Upon Mr. Barnum's communicating the fact to the mother of the child, the first words that escaped her lips were, "Thank God, that will educate my little Charlie." Thus plainly indicating the feelings which were uppermost in that happy and now thrice proud mother's heart.

The Museum was a perfect jam throughout the entire day, from 9 A. M. to 3½ P. M. The total number of tickets sold at the ticket office for admissions was *ten thousand and four hundred*, making an amount in the aggregate of two thousand six hundred dollars. This added to $125 taken at the upper box office for the parquette seats, formed a total of $2,720 for the day's exhibition.

COMPARATIVE PRICES IN 1846 & 1855.—The N. Y. Journal of Commerce publishes a tabular statement of the wholesale, or cargo prices of articles of consumptinn for ten years past—from 1846 to 1855, both inclusive.—From this it appears that while a few articles such as sugars and molasses, and certain kinds of tea and spices, are now actually lower than they were in 1846, the great majority of articles of consumption have advanced at a frightful rate from the average prices then quoted. Breadstuffs of all kinds are now nearly double what they were in 1846. For example:

Wheat flour in 1846 was	$4.75	a	bbl.—	in 1855.	$9.75	2
Rye "	"	3.05	"	"	6.75	
Corn meal "	"	3.05	"	"	5.25	
Wheat per bush.	"	1 12	bush	"	2.20	
Oats "	"	39	"	"	61	
Corn "	"	67	"	"	1.12	

Liquors of various kinds have fortunately kept pace with breadstuffs. In 1846 Cogniac brandy sold at $3:62 a gallon; now, $4.70 is the wholesale price.

Sperm oil in 1846 sold at 91 cts. a gallon for crude, and 93 cts. for manufactured, now the crude brings $1.79 per gall., and the manufactured $2.05.

Provisions of all kinds have advanced proportionally, thus:—In 1846 mess pork sold at $10.68 a barrel; now it sells at $17.37 1-2; mess beaf then sold at $6.87, now at $11.00. lard was then 6 3-4 cts a pound; now it is 10 cents; butter was 17 1-2 now 26 cents; cheese was 7 3-4 cents; now 11 cts. Rice was then sold at $4.00 a barrel, now it is $6.00. The greatest rise on any one article, however, we believe has taken place in grass seed. In 1846 Timothy is quoted (per barrel we presume) at $13.00, and now it is $28.00.

When Dr, Rush was a young man, he was invited to dine in company with Robert Morris, Esq., a man celebrated for the part he took in the American Revolution. It so happened that the company had waited some time for Mr. Morris, who on his appearance apologized for detaining them, by saying that he had been engaged in reading a sermon of a clergyman who had just gone to England to receive orders. "Well, Mr. Morris," said the Doctor: "how did you like the sermon? I have heard it highly extolled" "Why, Doctor," said he, "I did not like it at all. It's too smooth and tame for me." "Mr. Morris," replied the Doctor, "what sort of a sermon do you like?" "I like, sir," replied Mr. Morris, "that kind of preaching which drives a man into the corner of his pew, and makes him think the devil is after him."

☞ A wag seeing a lady at a party with a very low-necked dress and bare arms, expressed his admitation, by saying that she out-*stripped* the whole party.

☞ A young lady down East advertises for the young man that embraced an opportunity, and says if he will come over to their town he can do better.

BISHOP JOHN HUGHES.—In regard to this prelate there is a great difference of opinion—some regarding him as a demi-god, some as a dema-gogue, and some as a demi-John.

☞ A young lady explained to a printer, the other day, the distinction between printing and publishing, and at the conclution of her remarks, by way of illustration, she said, "you may print a kiss on my cheek, but you must not publish it."

☞ While Raphel was engaged in painting his celebrated frescos, he was visited by two cardinals, who began to criticise his work, and find fault without understanding it.

"The Apostle Paul has too red a face," said one.

"He blushes even in heaven to see into what hands the church has fallen," said the indignant artist.

☞ In addressing a jury upon one occasion, the celebrated Mr. Jeffrey found it necessary to make very free with the character of a military officer, who was present during the whole harangue. Upon hearing himself several times spoken of as "the soldier," the son of Mars, boiling with indigation, interrupted the pleader! "Don't call me soldier, sir, I'm an officer." Mr. Jeffrey immediately went on! "Well gentlemen this officer, who is no soldier, who is the sole cause of all the mischief that has occurred."

☞ One of our daguerreotypists recently succeeded in taking the portrait of a lady in such an admirable manner, that her husband preferred it to the original.

It is told of Lord Norbury, that when passing sentence of death upon a man for stealing a watch, he said to the culprit, "My good fellow you made a grasp at *time*, but you caught *eternity*."

Those who put off repentance till another day have a day more to repent of, and a day less to repent in.

The noblest remedy for injuries is oblivion. Light injuries are made lighter by not regarding them.