

The Baby is thriving well. It has been a little delicate since born, but now gives signs of vigorous life. Hold till it begins to *teeth*, then look out for squals—the darling! The tax-gatherer was shaking hands with nurse for love of Baby. He is going to buy it a rattle—the darling! when the other *things* about the Corporation are put to rights.

Tax-payers! prepare for the coming contest between honesty and corruption, and oust the distresser! The tax-gatherer's office has degenerated into a bumbailiff's living, and it is high time you gave it an overhauling!—"Know ye not that he who would be free himself must strike the blow!"

Dear girls,—the cry against your extravagance has gone out from all quarters of the globe. The same cry has been about since Eve first saw herself in the stream, but never with more truthful force than at present. It is true that the world is now rich in adornments, and far from us would be the *Adamant* saying that "beauty (woman) unadorned is adorned the most." This we say, however, that your present extravagance eclipses all that ever went before, and we do not wonder that at the present time, in a large European city, there are 8000 young men banded together not to marry until the women shall see fit to circumscribe their extravagant dress. Such style and display can not fail to bear hard on the generality of business men, for few can honestly afford to satisfy your appetite. It also unqualifies you from acting the part you were designed for—a help-meet to man—your whole time being taken up in display. We, Baby NEW ERA, therefore conjure you to temper your extravagance, and devote yourselves to a nobler purpose—To be mothers worthy of the glorious inheritance you will one day bequeath to your—babies!

From the weekly *litter-ary* notices in the *Whig*, people will soon believe that the printers live on *scrapes*. No, gentlemen, a printer is not altogether an amphibious animal, but likes harder tack. Therefore put your heads together and pay the coon in financial style, for he puts more into your *crani* in a week for one cent than many of you got at school for a hundred dollars!

Kingston is going to make Wm. Robb's gray horse a *Mayor* next year! The people are so fond of *cheap BEEF and bones* to pick!

Why are our police like electricity when wanted? Because they are invisible!

For the Baby New Era.

Strike every ill, strike every wrong,
That Kingston's onward progress stays;
Hurl thou thy keenest shafts along,
Show forth Corruption's clouded ways.
With head and hand—with heart and soul,
Resist our foul oppressor's laws,
And thou at last shall win the goal,
And proudly reap your friends' applause.

Yes! Pretty! Very pretty! But a five-dollar advertisement would have been a beetle more persuasive! We remember getting similar advice in our *Courier* experience! "First-rate fellow!" (slap on the shoulder!) "Pitch into them!" Well, the coons that gave that advice were those that pitched *out* the dollars, where they? Yes! but not out of their own pockets! Out of the printer's! We paid a hundred a month for these little bits of advice, and, although our memory is not so *bright* on this subject as it once was, it's *some* bright yet. My dear fellow! the pine forests of Virginia could not supply pitch enough to keep our Corporation ship from *leaking*!

"FATHER'S AT SEA."

"Children! oh, children! awake from thy sleep;
The wild wind is raging—a storm's on the deep.
Come out to the beach, come quickly with me,
For a gale's sweeping on, and your father's at sea!"
Swiftly on to the beach ran the fisherman's wife,
For the storm threaten'd him who was dearer than life,
And the children ran with her, and knelt at her feet,
On the rock where the billows so angrily beat.
"Oh, daddy! dear daddy!" the little ones cried,
As closer they clung to the sad mother's side,
"Come back from your fishing, for dark is the night,
And we fear the loud thunder and lightning so bright.
"We heard mother call, and we jumped from the bed;
Willy started and cried that his daddy was dead."
"Hush, darlings! your words are a terror to me;
Pray with me for father in peril at sea."
The lightning played on the billows no more,
As the morning sun rose on a wreck-be-screw'd shore;
Still they watched and they pray'd, but ne'er should
The father who lay in the depths of the sea. [they see

We promised to give our Advertisers' pictures this week. See first page. They are all men of mark, and require no paint from us!

The Corporation, the Park, the Police, the Fore-stallers, and other hot-house plants, will receive Baby's attention at an early date.

When bent on matrimony and—babies—look more than skin-deep, dive farther than the pocket, and look after temper beyond the *humor* of the moment.

We know a beautiful young lady that accidentally broke a rib (in her crumoline), and could not go to church next day. Monday evening saw her rib well enough to dance a polka? Another young lady we know who can eat an eel but faints at the sight of a frog!

Just like the *Whig*—he won't exchange!