

Speaking of BENJAMIN WEST, we have in the "Parlor" two pictures which were painted by that artist when a boy. They are sorry daubs, but, of course, valuable for their associations. An inspection of them would have added bitterness to the contempt of BYRON, who styled our great Pennsylvania painter, after he had gone to London to ply his pencil:

"———The dotard West,
Europe's worst daub, and poor England's best."

Chester Mills were built in 1682, and WILLIAM PENN, SAMUEL CARPENTER and CALEB PUSEY were all interested in the ownership thereof. A weathercock was put upon the building; it was a skeleton sort of an iron affair, and this vane is to be found in the Penn Parlor. It has the following described letters and figures upon it, held together by iron ribs:

W. P.
S. C. & C. P.
1699.

Near by this relic is a large pewter platter which has engraved upon it the arms of the Penn family. It is now the property of the Schuylkill Fish Company. Judging from the dimensions of this monster trencher, the Penns must have been liberal feeders, for it has capacity for holding a quarter of beef at least.

We cannot give in detail all the curiosities to be found in this most unique and precious collection of Penn relics, and we must, therefore, be content to notice them in brief. There is a wooden mantel-piece which occupied a place in Carpenter's Hall, in 1774, when the first Continental Congress met there; stone axes, made by the Indians; a fire-bucket of the days before Fair Mount and hose companies; an assignment of the province of New Jersey by its then five owners; the signatures of one hundred and sixty-nine Philadelphia merchants attached to a letter of compliment to John Penn, and bearing date 1763; William Penn's shaving-dish and razor; George Fox's burning-glass; portraits of the first two mayors of the City; a handsome model of the Slate Roof house; a curious old British coat of arms of the days of Queen Anne, which occupied a place in a court-room in Philadelphia in colonial times, and which was taken down upon the breaking out of the Revolution; Indian head-dresses, bows, arrows, &c., from the splendid collection of Mr. John H. McIlvain; William Penn's clock, candle-stick, looking-glass, &c., &c.; a carved oaken panel from Kenilworth Castle; a pair of high-heeled and silver-buckled shoes made for a young Quaker bride; a painting of the grave of William Penn in Buckinghamshire, England; a portrait of Mrs. Richard Penn, painted in London in 1751; antique chairs almost without number, and an immense variety of other curious matters which, to use a highly original phrase, must be seen to be appre-

ciated. The visitor to the Fair who fails to carefully inspect the curiosities in the Penn parlor, should be the subject of profound commiseration.

The original charter of the city of Philadelphia, which is esteemed more precious than its weight in ten thousand dollar treasury notes, will be found in the Penn parlor. It is usually in the custody of the City Solicitor, and it is rarely suffered to see daylight.

Peter COOPER's large view of the city of Philadelphia, painted in 1720, will delectate the antiquarian souls of all appreciating visitors to the Penn parlor. There is the city as it stood nearly a hundred and fifty years ago, and a queer looking old town it is, when compared with the present metropolis, which Gothamites will persist in merrily calling "a one-horse town."

The Penn Parlor is particularly rich in the way of original portraits. There are two paintings of Indian Kings which were known to have belonged to the Founder; and the Pennsylvanians of 1864 can form some idea of the fashions prevalent here two hundred years ago by an inspection of the counterfeit presentments of these two royal sons of the forest.

Then we have an original portrait of PENN before he adopted the tenets of Fox, and when he patronized the blacksmith, in lieu of the tailor, when he wanted a new suit, "not to put too fine a point on it," as Mr. SNAGSBY would say. Our illustrious Friend is represented in a full suit of armor, and a plump, good-looking young fellow he is in his iron "fixings."

A very appropriate companion picture to this is an original portrait of Admiral PENN, the father of the last mentioned gentleman. The Admiral looks like a sturdy old Cavalier as he was. At a rough guess, we should judge that the original of the picture, concerning which we are writing, was abundantly able to do his full share with a knife and fork, drain to the bottom a reasonably large tankard of stout English ale, and use some pretty emphatic expletives in case his British marine "hearts of oak," of about A. D. 1660, failed to reef topsails, or perform some other nautical feat, in good season.

BENJAMIN WEST's great original portrait of PENN's treaty with the Indians, graces the walls of the PENN Parlor. Here, too, we find an original letter from the distinguished painter, giving a description of an engraved copy of the picture which he painted in England. The letter is addressed to WM. WEST, in Upper Darby, Pa., and (omitting some purely family matters) runs as follows:

DEAR BROTHER:—I could not neglect so favorable an opportunity as this by Capt. FALCOMB, to send you the print of WM. PENN's Treaty with the Indians when he founded the Province of Pennsylvania. I have taken the liberty to introduce the likeness of our father and brother of Reading into the picture in the

group of Friends that accompany WM. PENN. That is the likeness of our brother that stands immediately behind PENN resting on his easel. I need not point out the figure of our Father. I believe you will find some likeness of him in the print tho——have all lost something of that when compared with the original picture. * * * * *

I am, dear Brother, your affectionate,
BENJAMIN WEST.

London, July 12th, 1775.

When you, for the future, write me, direct to Newman street, Oxford street.

The Agricultural Department has already produced its watchword. A gentleman prominent in its proceedings, being asked yesterday if it would be a good thing to buy a few shares in "Reading," replied, "You had better buy some of our shares." "And what are they?" "Plough-shares," was the reply. Two gentlemen claim to have said this. They "go it" on shares..... To produce a perfect delusion, visit the Dutch kitchen, and fancy yourself *am Rhein*, or up in Berks county, which is quite as beautiful a country, though not as fashionable as yet. One of these days the world will find what a lovely land lies hidden in the interior of Pennsylvania, and the *elite* will come from Russia and Paris to inspect the only real fragment of Germany which will be left..... Talking of this county reminds us that the list of articles contributed by Reading in "gallant old Berks," which we have under hand, is extremely creditable, three of the Presbyterian churches in that city contributing in beautiful, useful and fancy work, which is by no means overpriced, \$302.80.....To revert to our agricultural friends: one of the most eminent literary men of America, and of New York, calls our attention to the fact that many articles after being planted, undergo the most extraordinary metamorphoses. Thus, for instance,

<i>If you plant</i>	<i>There will come up</i>
The Polka,	Ladies' slippers.
"Number Four,"	Ivy (I-V.)
McClellan,	Virginia creepers.
Office-holders,	Celery.
City streets,	Car-rats.
Elbows,	Palms.
Plumbers,	Leeks.
Frogs,	Crocus (croakers).
Tides,	Currents.
Red shawls,	Bulrushes.
A utilitarian,	Art-i-choke.
Peter and Paul,	Twomartyrs (!)

[I propose as an amendment, If you plant tight boots, there will come up corn and toemartyrs.] [And we propose, yet again, If you plant a copy of Uncle Tom, there also will come up a Tom-Martyr.]

Pet dogs,	Cat-nip.
Lalla Rookh and Pick-	
wick,	Peri-winkles.
A kiss,	Tu-lips.
Herod's daughter,	A red-dish.
Sea sand,	Beeches.
Flirtations,	Pears.
Lucky speculations,	Plums.
Peruvians,	Lima beans (beins).

"Of course you know the game," adds our