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TOWANDA.
Saturday Morning, May 17, 1851.

Original Poetry.

(For the Bradford Reporter.)
THREE-SCORE YEARS AND TEN.

Now seventy years are passed away,
Since first I drew my breath;
And here I stand like brittle clay,
Amidst the scenes of death.
Like some old oak upon the plain,
I've stood the raging storm;
With limbs presenting feeble frame,
Bereft of beauty's form.
Why am I spared thus long to live!
I try to reason why—
And yet no answer can I give,
Since all that's born must die.
Sufficient then for me to know,
There is a God above,
Who will redeem from sin and woe,
The children of his love.
All earthly things must pass away,
Yet precious hope is given,
Although our bodies must decay,
Our spirits meet in Heaven.
All scenes in life will meet with change,
As time is passing on;
And age can look and view how strange,
Those scenes are passed and gone.
We struck our axes with flint and steel,
Or borrowed from our neighbor;
Now friction matches make us feel
Much saving of our labor.
Then thirty miles we tramped one day,
On foot or one horse power;
And now by steam we fly away,
That distance in an hour.
When lightning's flash'd, then all was fright,
Amid the raging storm;
But Franklin with his simple kite,
Taught us to shun the harm.
And greater scenes are now unfurled,
Dispelling days of fright'ning;
By sending news all round the world,
And hurried on by lightning.
When I look back on youthful years,
And view life's scenes as then,
What mighty progress now appears,
In Three-score Years and Ten.
And stranger things will come to light,
The coming seventy years;
Some youth that's now those scenes shall witness,
When that birth-day appears.

MOSKOW, PA. E. MASON.

THE GRATEFUL MONARCH.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

Pauline was an orphan, adopted by some worthy citizen of the Rue St. Honore, Paris, who brought her up to the age of sixteen, had placed her in his shop—a perfume warehouse—to dispense his goods at the counter. Women in France are almost universally the practical heads of commercial establishments. The master of the house when he does not lounge away in a cafe, play billiards or carns half the day, or walk about like one living on his means, is contented to occupy a dignified and retired position, attending, not to sales but to wholesale purchases. But such was not the case with M. Boulard, the adopted father of Pauline. Both he and his wife shared the labors of his shop together—he kept the books, while Pauline and Madame Boulard attended to the details. The young girl was very pretty and very modest, and her presence contributed not a little to the success of the business. The good couple having no children of their own, had manifested their intention of making Pauline their heiress, and this added to the charm which hung over the perfume store.
Pauline had many lovers, a great many—as young ladies who are pretty, modest, virtuous, are apt to have, especially when rich; for although the world is not so selfish and wicked as certain persons fancy, yet a grain of interest, love will always peep out among the truest suitors. Two lovers were chiefly assiduous in their attentions: the one, a rich shopkeeper of the same street; the other a poor *frotteur*. Both were young, tolerably good looking, and very devoted in their attachment; and it would have been hard to say which was the most deserving. But Monsieur Alexis Laparant was rich, and Jean Prevost was poor. It will readily be understood that the parents of Pauline would not have hesitated in their choice; but they knew only of the affection of Alexis; and Jean was concealed even from himself. Alexis came often to the house under one pretence or another, and was always favorably received. The good Boulards were highly flattered at his preference. Pauline liked his frank open manners, and always greeted him with a smile. The *frotteur*—one who washes and shines by means of rubbing the wooden floors of rooms—came to the house in the exercise of his trade. He always bowed low to Pauline, asked her how she was, and even on her first day had brought a single rose, which was graciously received. Jean was also a commissionaire, and ran on errands, and often came to this house to buy perfumes, soaps, &c., for his employer, who, appreciating his honesty and desire for work, freely trusted him with purchases. How happy Jean was it Pauline only perceived him; and how gentle and respectful were his tones, and how little he concealed his happiness if she gave him a good-natured word. Pauline could scarcely be blind to the open love of Alexis, or the concealed affection of the poor *frotteur*; but however this may be, she said nothing, and appeared to notice neither. But young Laparant had spoken to old Boulard, Boulard had spoken to his wife, and his wife to the young girl; but she kissed her adopted mother so affectionately, and said so gently, that she wished not to leave home, that the woody woman was silent, and put off a little while any serious discussion of the matter.
Jean, meanwhile, became sullen and thought-

ful; he dared not even think of making an offer; he, a poor workman, with uncertain means of livelihood, and so far beneath the position of her beloved! Had she been an unfriended orphan, without home, he would have joyfully offered his heart and the only fortune he had—his honest labor. While thus depressed, an event occurred which drove Pauline completely out of his thoughts. One day he was sent to wax the floors of a house near the Palais Royal, the apartments of which were generally devoted to the pleasure parties of the courtiers. Jean, who was well known and trusted, was told to wax the floor of every room then occupied. He obeyed, and soon found himself in a chamber of luxurious appearance, surrounded by pictures which told of art and happiness. Jean had seen them often before; but they had never affected him so much, and, forgetting time, place, and his duties, he leaned on the sick which held the wax, and fell into a deep thought. Suddenly he was startled by voices in the next room; a horrible sentence caught his ear, and justified his listening. Pale and terrified, he listened to every word, and moved not for fear of being discovered. He had discovered an awful and frightful secret; and he was a dead man if found in that room, the ill-joined waingcot which allowed everything in the next to be distinctly heard.
"What shall I do?" thought he to himself; "tomorrow is the fete of St. Louis—I have no time to lose."
Jean left the room on tiptoe, and with the utmost caution; then, descending the stairs, feigned to leave for dinner. No sooner was he clear of the house, than he made for the prefecture of police, and, entering the hotel, asked to see the lieutenant. The servant replied that he could not be seen. It was one o'clock, and the fashionable Paris dinner hour of that day—now six hours later. Not a valet dared disturb M. de Bellisle from his meal; but Jean insisted, stormed, implored; and at last, as they seized him by the shoulders to pitch him out, cried—
"Do not drive me out. I must see Monsieur de Bellisle; the king's life is in danger!"
It was on the eve of St. Louis, 1753, and the king was Louis XV. The servant hesitated, looked at one another, and an agent of police struck by the man's tone, bade them pause.
"Go, repeat his words to Monsieur le Lieutenant," said he, "and show this person into his private cabinet."
Jean, recovering his breath, followed his guide; and soon found himself face to face with the magistrate, whose mein was severe and inquisitive, and even incredulous. He bade the *frotteur* sit down, and asked him his business in a somewhat petulant tone—the tone of a man disturbed in the midst of his dinner.
"I come, sir," said Jean, firmly, "to inform you of a plot against the king's life."
"I am informed of such plots every day," replied the perfect, who was used to pretended denunciations from persons aiming at exciting attention and gaining money. "But let me hear the details."
Jean related all that the reader knows, and added that the attempt on the king's life was to be made that evening, at the reception on the occasion of the eve of the fete of St. Louis, when it was usual to present the monarch with bouquets of flowers. One of these was to contain a poison so subtle, that the king, on smelling it, would fall as if struck with apoplexy. Bellisle looked at Jean. His mein was agitated; he was profoundly moved. His handsome and honest features were excited as if by deep indignation; the pallor of horror was on his countenance. But the prefect of police, remembering the pretended revelations of La Tude and others, was still not wholly convinced.
"Are you sure," said he to Jean, "that you have heard what you tell me? Be careful. If you have done this for a mere motive of cupidity, and invented a fable, you will pay dearly for it—the Bastille for life!"
"Put me on the rack if you like," cried Prevost; "it will not alter my words. I repeat, the king is in danger. I offer my life as security for my truth!"
"Enough—I believe you. We will go together to Versailles."
It was a very short time after, when M. de Bellisle and Jean Prevost entered the royal palace of Versailles by the stairs of the Cell de Beuf, and arrived secretly at the king's private apartments—Every precaution was taken to conceal the presence of the minister of police from the courtiers, and thus the conspirators might guess the discovery of the atrocious plot.
Louis XV. received the lieutenant, and had with him a long and secret interview. In fact they parted only when, at eight o'clock, the monarch went into the Hall of Treaties to receive the respectful homage of all the foreign ambassadors, princes and courtiers, who, on this occasion, were all received in state. The lieutenant of police joined Jean Prevost, guarded in a private chamber, with two *empts*, and sat down to a hurried meal, in which he invited the *frotteur* to join him without ceremony.
Meanwhile, Louis XV. had entered the Hall of Treaties, and seated himself on his throne at the end of the apartment. Before him was the magnificent round mosaic table given to Louis Legendre by the republic of Venice, and which was destined to receive the splendid and rare bouquets offered on this occasion by the royal family, the grand officers of the household, and the members of the diplomatic corps to the king. The crowd was gay and gorgeous. Every variety of costume, rich, bright, and resplendent, shone beneath the blaze of light which shone off the brilliancy of the diamonds on the women. The king, who despite his frivolity had great courage and a kind of good sense, which with other education, would have made him a different man—was by no means moved, but smiled graciously on Madame de Pompadour, and caressed her favorite, *spaniel*, which sat upon a stool between them and at her feet.

The ceremony commenced. The king was the custom, took the bouquets one by one, thanking every giver by some sprightly word. Preparing to play with the *spaniel*, and to express its in-discriminate caresses, he placed every bunch of flowers near the animal's nose and then laid it down on the mosaic table. Madame de Pompadour laughed, but hid her laughter with her fan.
"If they feel hurt," said she in a whisper.
"It is your *spaniel*, countess," replied the king, gallantly.
The foreign minister had precedence, and had presented all their bouquets. The members of the royal family came next, having courteously allowed the diplomatic corps to precede them. The king took the bouquet from the hands of the nearest of the blood royal, who stepped back, bowing. He held the flower to the *spaniel's* nose; the poor brute sniffed, recoiled and fell dead! Madame de Pompadour turned pale, and would have shrieked, but the king had warned her by a look.
"Not a word," whispered he; "it is nothing! Drop the lot of your dress over the poor animal. It has died to make true the saying, 'Son of a king—brother of a king—never king!'"
The ceremony proceeded, Louis XV. completely concealing his emotion, while Madame de Pompadour smothered her alarm and curiosity. As soon as all was over, the king retired to his chamber and sent for the lieutenant of police, who at once was struck with his solemn manner.
"Am I to arrest the guilty, sire?"
"You were correctly informed, Bellisle. Last year the dagger of Damocles; this time a bunch of flowers, and always from the same quarter. I cannot, nor ought I to punish. I order you to abstain from inquiring into this mystery. Where is the man who saved me?"
"Close at hand, sire," replied the lieutenant, who knew well whence the blow came, and also that it descended from two exalted hands, and too near a relative to be noticed.
"Bring him to me."
"I am at your orders, sire," and the lieutenant of police bowed.
M. Bertin de Bellisle was far too honest a man to do as most of his predecessors would have done—used the discovery, and kept all the merit to themselves.
"I have brought this good man with me, sire," continued Bertin; "he is in the guard-room, all confused and alarmed at being in a palace in his rags working dress."
"So much the better," said the king; "it is at least an honest occupation. Bring him in, Monsieur de Bellisle: I will receive him better than I would a courtier."
Bertin de Bellisle went out, and returned leading the *frotteur*, by the hand, Jean Prevost—bold, stout fellow though he was—trembled, held down his head, and turned and twisted his cap in his hands quite unaware that he was pulling it all to pieces.
"Embrace your king," cried Louis XV, with a grateful tear in his eye; "this is your first reward."
"Sire," said Jean, falling on his knees, "I ask no reward but the feeling of having saved your majesty."
"Come hither," and the king seized him and kissed him on both cheeks.
"I am unworthy of such honor."
"What can I do for you?" asked Louis XV, who was capable of very good emotions.
"I ask nothing, sire."
"But I insist. Whatever you ask you shall have."
"If your majesty could give me Pauline," whispered Jean Prevost.
"Oh, oh!" laughed Louis XV, once more himself again: "a love affair. Come, the *frotteur* shall say to-night with the king whose life he has saved, and tell his story. Bellisle, send a coach for him in the morning, or rather come yourself. I will give you further instructions about this matter.—But silence my friend, not a word."
The lieutenant of police retired, and Louis XV, who was always delighted with novelty and an unexpected amusement, took the *frotteur*, just as he was, to the Trianon, where he was to sup with Madame de Pompadour—and there, in the presence of the beautiful court favorite, made him tell his story, which Jean did with naive truth, and sincerity, which deeply interested the king, used wholly to another atmosphere. Next morning Louis, after shaking Jean warmly by the hand, and holding a private conference with Bellisle, said—
"You shall have a house in the park, my friend, near the Trianon. You shall be honorary head gardener, with a hundred *louis* a month for your salary, and every morning you shall bring me a bouquet. I shall thus never forget you, nor the cause which compels my everlasting gratitude."
Next morning, at an early hour, before the bustness of the day commenced, and while a potter was taking down the shutters of the shop, M. Boulard called his wife and Pauline into his little office. The good man's air was grave, and a little annoyed. He had gone out the previous evening, and returned at a late hour. Pauline had long since retired to rest, but M. Boulard had held a long conference with his wife. The excellent citizen spoke with animation, and not without a little anger, but finally cooled down before the soothing of his wife.
"Besides," said he, triumphantly, "she can never hesitate. 'Bah!' prefer a wretched *frotteur* to a substantial citizen—never!"
"Pauline," began M. Boulard in the morning, "I have to speak seriously to you. It seems your marriage must be decided on at once, since high people have troubled themselves about it. But that I have spoken myself with the minister of police, I should never mind; I am not a fool.—But of course I should be wrong. Well, Pauline, you must this morning decide. Two lovers are at your feet—Alexis and Jean—you will never believe it. Jean Prevost, the *frotteur*, and Jean Prevost, the *frotteur*. Dear father, excuse poor Jean," stammered Pauline.

"I knew you would forgive him, child.—But how must you decide freely of your own will between them. We have our wishes; but that is nothing—we leave you wholly unbiased. Speak out, like a good girl, and speak frankly."
"But, dear father, I have no wish to marry."
"But, child you must. You shall know the reason another time. So, now, child, you must speak out. Which is it to be—Alexis or Jean?"
"Must I speak now?" said Pauline, blushing.
"Yes, child," put in Madame Boulard, "it is absolutely necessary."
"Then, dear papa, dear mamma, if it's all the same to you, I like Alexis."
"I knew it," cried the delighted Boulard.
"Very well; but—love—Jean." And Pauline buried her pretty, blushing, pouting face in her hands.
The perfumer looked at his wife, his wife looked at him, and both cried, "I never could have thought it."
"But," said Madame Boulard, resignedly, "perhaps it's for the best."
"Perhaps," replied Boulard, with a melancholy shake of the head. "Oh, women, women!"
A knock came to the door, and then Jean Prevost entered, so well dressed, so proudly happy, so handsome, that all started.
"I come to know my fate," cried he; but the rogue had heard the last words of the old couple through the half opened door.
"She is yours," cried M. Boulard, "though what a poor *frotteur*, can want with such a wife is more than I can imagine."
"I am not a poor *frotteur*," said Jean Prevost; "I am an honorary head gardener of the royal gardens of Versailles, with a hundred *louis* of monthly income, and a house large enough to hold us all, if you will come and live with us, and sell your business. That you may understand my sudden rise, I may tell you, my new partners—but never repeat it—that I have luckily saved the king from the attempt of an obscure assassin, and that Louis the XV. has shown his gratitude to the poor *frotteur*."
"Monsieur Jean—"
The young man smiled; he had never been called Monsieur before.
"Monsieur Jean, here is my hand. We accept and are very glad, since Pauline loves you. It was for her sake we hesitated. There, take her; and may you both be as happy as we have been."
And the old man looked affectionately at his wife, and at the young couple, who had scarcely yet looked at one another.
They were married, and they were happy. They went down to Versailles to live in the house the king gave them, and lived there long after Louis XV's death, the place being kept for them by Louis XVI. Jean became gardener in reality; and for the eleven years that the king lived, he never wanted a bouquet of some kind when at his palace of Versailles; and far more wonderful, he never forgot the action of the *frotteur* nor ceased to bear it grateful remembrance. At his death there were two who shed genuine tears; and cast many a glance on his tomb—and these were Jean Prevost and Pauline his wife.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

From the London Times, April 18.
The Crystal Palace is now, for the second time, in its brief history, emerging from chaos. First, it struggled into architectural symmetry and proportions from piles of timber and iron, collected for its orderly construction. Its pillared sides, its terraced elevations, and its mathematical details and outlines were all evolved from huge masses of materials, which at first sight seemed to defy arrangement. That first vision was executed with speed and success which excited general astonishment. Armies of glaziers and painters surrounded the anatomy of the vast fabric with a vitreous covering and decorated the interior with brilliant and well chosen colors. The galleries were then up, the flooring of the basement laid, and the industrial world had its limits and divisions carefully determined. In this early stage of its existence, when forces occupied the centre aisle, when the ringing of hammers filled the ears, and everything seemed rough and unfinished, the Crystal Palace might be compared to a new creation—its foundations hardly settled, its security doubted, vast unoccupied territories still remained to be peopled, and wide fields of labor to be occupied. Human industry had found a world to inhabit, but it had not yet taken possession.
In that state of matters a deluge of packing cases and contributions flowed in upon the building, and all was once more in confusion. Chaos seemed to have come again. For some time the task of arranging these vast piles of material was continued without much apparent effect. But new accords appeared on the scene.—Every portion of the interior had its occupants. Nationalities became realized. Each man put up a stall for his property, and the whole available area of the building was disposed of in an orderly manner. Now contributors began in earnest to furnish and adorn their respective allotments. Having made every suitable arrangement for the change, they have commenced to cast their shells, and to come on like so many butterfly flies in their best and brightest colors. The transformation is a remarkable process, and we invite our readers, in order that they may understand it, to accompany us through the building. We promise not to drag them over every inch of those inimitable passages, nor to fatigue them by too minute a survey, but rather to take the most attractive points as far as these have become distinctly developed. There will be ample opportunity hereafter for a closer inspection of the entire display, but in the meantime, and before the opening takes place, the chief features of probable interest are those only which it seems desirable to sketch.
The grouping and arrangement of statues, and individual figures in the transept, and along the central aisle, now approach completion, and, on the whole, promise to be most effective. Thornycroft's

equine representation of Her Majesty still retains its prominent position in front of the main entrance, a position unfortunate for the character of British art; and still more so for the reputation of the artist, but which respect for the subject appears to render unavoidable. Other specimens of sculpture, possessing, with one or two exceptions, no very extraordinary merit, fill up the space towards the centre of the transept, where, within a species of covered tent, workmen are busily engaged in constructing the great crystal fountain. Luxuriating in the pleasant coolness likely to be caused by the vicinity of this object stand the colossal statues of the Duke of Rutland and Dr. Jenner. His Grace, executed in bronze, stoops forward as if anxious to say something to somebody who is not visible; and the civilian, seated in a ponderous easy chair, reminds one strongly of that great fundamental law of matter—"that a body at rest will continue at rest." Mr. Owen Jones appears to have disposed these gigantic objects more with reference to the effect of large masses upon the eye in such a position than for any other reason. They have placed near their groups and single figures representing classical and mythological subjects,—among them a charming little statue of Puck, in which the tricky, foliolesome and fairy character of the elf are most happily bodied forth by the artist.
From the transept down the eastern half of the centre aisle the eye is carried over a perfect sea of empty packing cases, which tumbled out of the different foreign compartments, are swept away rapidly to the end of the building, where they disappear in wagons. In the midst of this debris rise the organ and gigantic plaster statues of the French, the Austrian group of Mazepa, their preparations for a magnificent stained glass window, the Amazon group from Berlin, the great lion from Bavaria, and the horses from Stuttgart. The horses have not yet had their tails appended to them, and there are several bronzes and statues intervening between the larger objects, which still present a very strange appearance. For instance, opposite Belgium there is a piece of sculpture representing Cain, his hands outstretched, and his attitude of horror distinctly visible through a mixed swathing of old newspapers and green cloth. Between the two sections of the Zollverein are several castings of nude figures in zinc, the blue mercurial color of which looks very odd. Bronzes of male and female forms are observed standing erect in their packing cases, as if loth to leave that shelter and attract public observation. Two steps, too, might be observed yesterday, resting in the shade of the Amazon group, with their horns lying on the ground beside them, as if to promote their comfort. The last object which catches the eye towards the eastern end of the nave is the legs and lower half of a human figure, apparently making every effort to escape from the building.—So precipitate a retreat are the extremities performing, that we have strong doubts whether the merits of the upper portion when completed will be sufficient to justify its retention.
Besides the objects which, to use an American term are "located" in the nave, there are others which have a temporary usufruct of it, and which must not be omitted in any description applicable to the present state of the interior. Yesterday a bronze lion, the jaws of which were turned out like a dancing master's feet, littered about one of the entrances to the French compartment, as if there was some doubt about the safety of admitting it.—Another foreign division barely sheltered within its hoarding a very fierce looking panther or tiger, we cannot undertake to say which. Germany appears to share the apprehensions of the New York Herald as to a revolution in England this year, or she dreads an encroachment in some shape, with Russia on one side and Austria on the other. She now exhibits at the approaches to her compartments from the nave a formidable piece of artillery mounted and in gear for immediate service. France, judging of what we see of her in the centre aisle, is less bellicose, but still the political state is typified, for only the day before yesterday a huge boiler was slowly moved on rollers from the west end of the building into her space. But, not to linger too long ourselves in the centre aisle, let us pass through the different foreign compartments, where collections of interesting and attractive objects begin to appear.
The reader will pause with us for a moment before that block of marble, dug from the quarries by Phidias and other great sculptors of ancient Greece. After being closed for many a century, they have recently been opened once more, and are expected to supply an article of extensive export. Nature still yields the raw material, but the genius who could fashion it is gone; and now, except that block, which two men are sawing into slabs in order to show its quality; hardly anything worthy mention has been sent from the land where art and science and literature drew their earliest and some of their loftiest inspirations. Italy will make a fair show than Greece; though her department also suggests sorrowful reflections. The specimens of wood carving and ornamental furniture from Tuscany are astonishingly fine, and strike the fancy, both from the remarkable and minute delicacy of execution, and from the perfect harmony of the general design. There is a jewel case in this collection which is a perfect gem itself, what ever it may contain. These specimens of carving, which are not so much manufacturing as an agricultural community, and, lastly, their greatness lies in their expansive energies, and in the scale upon which they do every thing. If, for instance, they could have brought over one of their Mississippi steamers, and exhibited her in the Crystal Palace, she would have astonished the inhabitants of the Old World, who are rather accustomed to rely on perfect or tasteful execution within a small space than on light, rapid and hasty construction extensively carried out. We shall watch with interest the further development of their portion of the Exhibition, and in the meantime, as this article has already run to a sufficient length, we reserve for another occasion our account of the main attractions now visible on the British side of the Exhibition.

not only without injury, but even with a visible desire to improve his person, through the hands of a French artist. He is no longer the "Iron Duke," but a hero of nobler metal, and "Copenhagen" princes on the verge of a rock a mass of shining silver. Napoleon receives no greater honor of distinction from the artist's hands, and an equestrian statue of him which figures opposite the Duke is executed in precisely the same style. The Duke examined the representation of himself a day or two ago; when he was making the round of the building, and expressed himself much pleased with it.
But, besides the warriors of the present age, those of times past are also remembered. Buckingham, Bayard, and other knights of chivalric renown furnish subjects, and when the authentic characters of medieval warfare are exhausted, the imaginary heroes of troubadour lore and poetic tale are introduced. Knights with gorgeous helmets and armor, elaborately chiseled, recline in the most gracefully attitudes upon cloaks which are marvels of gliding and ornament; damels, splendidly attired, ride forth upon nimble palfreys. The material spirit and the showy equipments of generations that have long passed away are reproduced in miniature for the decoration of our apartments, and we, the wearers of broadcloth, who clothe ourselves in garments of sombre hue and hats of fastidious proportions, are taught to wonder at the changes which time and fashion create in the habiliments and pursuits of man. The Austrian display of furniture will be regarded by all with feelings of unalloyed satisfaction. The admission which it excites increases every day, although the arrangement of the suite of rooms is not more than half completed.
But a new attraction has arisen in the sculpture room of the collection. The works of art exhibited therein come almost entirely from Milan, and the credit of them belongs therefore to Italy rather than to Austria. It does affect the mind with some painful emotions; and some regret for a country to which Europe owes so much; to see her genius in art, which is her chief glory, thus appropriated with her territory by conquest. No one can enter the sculpture room; and see the extraordinary merit of some of the works which it contains, without a sorrow of feeling and some sense of injustice. There is in the collection a figure of Semmel in marble, which will, we are confident, be pronounced a masterpiece of art. The expression of exhaustion on the face of the boy—the attenuation of his frame, and the languid, powerless character imparted to his limbs by the manner in which they are disposed, all speak their own story. There are several other works of great merit, especially one which represents an Italian matron teaching her child for the first time to walk.
The German display begins now, like those of other countries, to disclose peculiar and attractive features. Of these, the most remarkable is a collection of stuffed animals and birds, grouped to be to represent scenes from nature, to reproduce in actual form some of Sneyder's most celebrated pictures, and to bring out the humorous fables of the *Rheineke Fuchs*, a very old work, and one of the first books printed in English by the Saxons. The whole of this collection, which comes from Stuttgart, will be examined by the public with extreme interest and amusement. There is a group of owls protecting their young against two weazels. There is also a baton of diminutive hares or rabbits by a large party of circumventing weazels. Then there is the story of the Fox, who inveigled a poor little timid puss to go home with him, and is seen leading her half reluctantly and half confidently along. The next representation shows Master Reynard reclining on his couch alone, enjoying with most comical dignity and comfort the sacred postprandial hour of rest so necessary for sound digestion. These and many other scenes in which animals are made to play human parts with infinite humor, and yet retain throughout their distinctive characteristics, will, we predict, tickle the fancies of old and young, and draw crowds of visitors. The German exhibition of cutlery is in rapid process of arrangement; and promises to be an effective and neatly disposed collection.
As to our cousins from across the Atlantic; they are busy at work getting their "notions" in order. These include a large collection of daguerretype portraits, which may enable the visitors of the Exhibition to form some idea of what the leading men in the U. States are like. Some misgivings are entertained as to the effectiveness of the American show, founded on a variety of causes. In the first place, the want of general supervision and control before their contributions were sent over, made it impossible to secure a high class and select character for the whole collection. Then again the Americans are not so much manufacturing as an agricultural community, and, lastly, their greatness lies in their expansive energies, and in the scale upon which they do every thing. If, for instance, they could have brought over one of their Mississippi steamers, and exhibited her in the Crystal Palace, she would have astonished the inhabitants of the Old World, who are rather accustomed to rely on perfect or tasteful execution within a small space than on light, rapid and hasty construction extensively carried out. We shall watch with interest the further development of their portion of the Exhibition, and in the meantime, as this article has already run to a sufficient length, we reserve for another occasion our account of the main attractions now visible on the British side of the Exhibition.
"Homestead Exemption," exclaimed Miss Partridge throwing down the paper: "it's come to a pretty pass, indeed; that men are going to exempt themselves from home just when they please without any provision for cold nights."
"I shall die like a hero," said the coachman, when it was being consumed, "for I shall mix with the ashes of the grate!"
"Happiness is not to be found in the social glass, nor at the gaming table; not in the pursuit of wealth, nor worldly fame or honor; but it may be found in doing good."