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TOWANDA:

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Selected Poetry.

SOULS NOT STATIONS.

Who shall judge a man from manners?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for something less.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May belittle the golden ore
Of the deepest thought and feelings—
Satin vests could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar
Ever swelling out of stone;
There are purple buds and golden
Hidden, crushed and overgrown.
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me.
While he values treasures, the highest
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man, upraised above his fellows,
Oft forgets his fellow men;
Masters—rulers—lords—remember
That your meanness hands are men!
Men by labor, men by feeling,
Men by thought and men by fame,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine
In a man's ennobled name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans;
There are little weed-cleaved rills,
There are little inch high saplings,
There are cedars on the hills.
But God, who counts by souls, not stations,
Loves and prospers you and me,
For whom all vain distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Tolling hands alone are builders
Of a nation's wealth and fame;
Tried labors are pensioned
And fed and fattened on the same.
By the sweat of other's foreheads,
Living only to rejoice,
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lingers in his voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with love and light;
And sunset's wrongs shall never prosper,
While there is a sunny right;
And God, whose world-wide voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Will walk oppression with its titles,
As the pebbles in the sea.

PEACHES IN BRAZIL.—From a series of very interesting sketches of Brazil, in the Boston Rambler, by the pen of Mr. George S. Raymond, who has spent several years in that country, we extract the following:

There is a real genuine Jerseyman to be taken from his native State and without previous warning set down on some one of the many beautiful plains which are found along the Northern and Western limits of the Banda Oriental, about the head waters of the tributaries of the Rio Grande, in Southern Brazil, and there to behold a score of sturdy negro slaves, naked to the waist, engaged in felling the tall peach trees laden with luscious fruit; and aware to be told that this was done for the purpose of securing firewood, to supply some neighboring market, or perhaps for the purpose of opening out a plantation for the growth of Indian corn and potatoes, he would scarcely credit his own senses, and exclaim, "Sacrilège! vandalism!"

And yet such is the fact. Many of the small towns and villages, on the extreme Western limits of Brazil, are supplied with fuel almost exclusively from the peach forests in the neighborhood; and many beautiful plantations have been opened within a few years, along the Eastern banks of the Uruguay and Parana Rivers, which were formerly a dense growth of peach trees. The trees grow spontaneously along nearly the whole length of those rivers and are found in native orchards, scattered here and there, throughout the vast pampas of Brazil. And even in the mountain passes of the Andes.

Considering this wholesale destruction of the peach orchards and the loss of the peach, which is so much cultivated to greater perfection in Western Brazil and the adjacent country of Paraguay, than any other part of the world, New Jersey not excepted.

The Oyster.—The oyster as most of young people are aware, is a shell fish affording very nutritious and palatable food which many consider a great luxury. In many parts of the world the oyster attains a very large size, the shells of some from the coast of Madagascar we have seen measuring more than a foot and a half in diameter. Some of them are said to contain food sufficient for a meal for several men. All the various species of oysters, also some other kinds of shells contain at times pearls, but one particular species called the Pearl Oyster, is especially valuable for this account. It has a strong shell, rough and uneven on the outside but smooth and polished within. The internal cavity of the shell is taken what is called mother of Pearl, resembling the pearl in color. But it is the pearl itself which is by far the most valuable. The value of this article increases proportionally to its figure and color as well as to its size.

The most extensive pearl fishery is said to be in the Persian Gulf. It is as wretched and hurtful an occupation for a human being, as it is possible to conceive. Those engaged in it are chiefly slaves, and are to the bottom of the water, with a net attached to their necks, for the purpose of catching the oysters, and are let down by a rope, with a weight of 40 or 50 pounds, fastened to it to keep them down to the bottom where the remainder of the time is most inclined to these who have never witnessed the operation; sometimes it is by long practice, being enabled to remain underwater a quarter of an hour, which we think is exaggeration. Their lives are consequently shortened, being mostly cut off in the prime of life by disease occasioned by the pressure upon the chest while in the water.

From one upright, genuine resolve, and it will alter your whole being.

THE GREASED POLE.

SHOWING HOW ZEKE PHILPOT GOT SOILED IN, AND THEN AGAIN HOW HE DID IT.

Ezekiel Philpot was born in America, some where near the head waters of the Penobscot, and when he arrived at the age of nineteen he had "got his growth" and "cut his eye teeth," a circumstance which was generally admitted by all who knew him. One bright morning in June, Zeke placed his long body into a clean shirt, ran his long legs through a new pair of striped trousers, wrapped a brand new waistcoat about his breast, and up his stiff starched cotton dicky, and tied a check gingham about his neck, and then donned the swallow-tailed coat, the brass buttons of which looked like a row of newly risen stars—Zeke was literally a pioneer in the "Bloomer Costume," at least so one would have thought to have seen him now. He declined to have his trousers legs dangling in the mud, or to have the cuffs of his coat stopping in the wash-bowl; so his blue stockings peeped forth from beneath the tops of his porphyrine and looked up full six inches to the trousers' bottoms, while his bony wrists had free scope from between his shirt sleeves or cuff. Zeke's hair, which was of no color in particular, but bore all the lighter shades of the vegetable kingdom, was down flat with pure bar's oil, and directly on the top of his head he put a white hat, somewhat resembling an inverted butter fluke, and after gazing at his presentment in the looking glass for four and a half minutes he said—

"Thar, Mr. Zeke Philpot, if you don't blide on that, then I guess what ain't what, that's all." Zeke was bound for Bosting with a load of genuine apple sass, and he expected, ere he returned to make a slight commotion, if not more, in the great metropolis. The old mare was harnessed, and in due course of time Zeke and his load arrived in Bosting, where the "sass" was disposed of to good advantage, and with seventy-five dollars in his pocket, our hero began to look round to see the sights.

"Hell-low!" exclaimed Zeke, as he stopped one morning before a blazing placard which adorned one of the brick walls in Flag Alley; "war'n'tarnation's that! Golden Ladder—A Road to Fortune—oh, forr'n, that's it—a road to forr'n."

Zeke went on to decipher the reading beneath, and gradually he obtained the intelligence that on the back Bay there was to be a pole twenty feet high, upon the top of which the proprietor would place a prize of \$200, to be retained by any one who could obtain it. The challenge was—

"Wal, two hundred dollars is some punkin'," soliloquized Zeke. "Five clomb some pooy skiny trees in my day. 'I'll jes' walk inter that feller's few hundred, forr'n I jes' don't!"

With this feeling of cupidity, Zeke started for the scene of action, and 'twas not until he had run down a couple of apple women in his course that he remembered his entire ignorance of where the Back Bay might be, and when this information was gained, he happened to remember that the "old mare" hadn't been seen to.

Zeke was economical in his horse keeping. He hired a single stall in a horse shed near the Providence Depot, bought his own hay, and took care of his own animal. Thither he hastened his steps, and having watered his beast, he took from his wagon-box an old wool-card, and raked down the mare in the most approved fashion, to be sure she shined like a little more than the others.

At length, by dint of much inquiry, Mr. Ezekiel Philpot found his way to the spot where the people had already begun to collect around the "Golden Ladder."

"Hell-low!" exclaimed Zeke, as he came up; "what's the chap wot keeps this 'ere pole?"

"I'm the man," answered a burly fellow with a red nose and pimply chin, who occupied a chair near the pole; "want to try a chance? Wal, up, gentlemen, walk up—only three dollars. Who wants the two hundred? Who?"

"Hole on ole feller," interrupted Zeke; "dew yer mouth to say as how there's tew hundred dollars in that 'ere bag up top of that pole?"

"Certainly!"

"An' if I kin git it, it's mine?"

"You can have a chance for three dollars."

"Xactly. Wal, now, there's yer three dollars, an' now here's wot goes for the hull lot!"

Zeke divested himself of his coat, rolled up his shirt sleeves, and giving a powerful leap, he grasped the pole about ten feet from the ground. A single second—no longer—he stood there, and then—

—slid back upon terra firma. Zeke looked at his hands, and then down upon his striped dicky. Then he looked at his hands again, raising them to his nose, with a deep, long, small scream to see his doubts and queries at rest, he uttered—

"The d—! 'Hole's fat, by holly!"

ly he crept up from the ground. He hugged like a blood sucker to the greased pole, and by degrees he neared the top. His hand was within a few feet of the bag of dollars, and he stopped to get breath. One more lift and then another, and—the prize was within his grasp. Zeke slid to the earth with two hundred dollars in his hand!

"Thar! I knowed I could do it! I hain't clumb spruces and willow maples all my days for nothin'! Good bye folks, so 'I enny of yeon ever come down east, give us a call!"

Zeke left the crowd in wonder, and made the best of his way to his stable. He shut the door of the shed, and then pulling up his trousers, he untied the swallow-tailed coat, the brass buttons of which looked like a row of newly risen stars—Zeke was literally a pioneer in the "Bloomer Costume," at least so one would have thought to have seen him now.

"Wal, old Dobbin," said Zeke, patting the mare affectionately on the back, while he held the pieces of card leather in his hand, the scattering teeth of which had been filed sharp, "rather guess I ken 'ford to buy yeon a new head 'now!"—Carpet Bag.

Now to BOSTON LOVE.—A shrewd fortune-teller named Imogene H. Lord, at New Orleans, writes to a green and love torn spinster named Jane Stockton, the following receipt for love, at a cost of one dollar:

"A great press of business has prevented your letter being replied to earlier. The following is the method in question.—The first thing to be done is to discover whether you have a rival or not in the affections of the person whom you wish to secure. If so, procure one single hair, pulled from her head on Friday; pour rain-water on it, and bury it in oak ashes; then take a lock of the gentleman's hair, cut at the fall of the moon; if dark, containing just one hundred hairs; if light fifty; bathe it with your tears four times. Next, take a lock of your own, cut at new moon; if dark, containing twenty-four hairs; if light, thirty. Conceive to get the gentleman to kiss it twice. Lastly, put the lock of his hair in your right shoe, and the lock of yours in your left; wear them thus for three months, taking them out every night, and placing them under your pillow; using all the time the gentlest and most winning manners towards the person whose affection you wish to secure, showing no jealousy, envy, or anger; and by the end of that period he will love you devotedly."

ANECDOTE OF DAGUERRE.—M. Dumas, a short time since, related the following interesting anecdote of Daguerre.—In 1827 he was lecturing in the Theatre of the Sorbonne, on chemistry. At the close of his lecture a lady came up to him and said—

"Monsieur Dumas, as a man of science, I have a question of no small moment to me to ask you. I am the wife of Daguerre, the painter—for some time he has let the ladies seize upon him that he can fix the images of the camera—do you think it possible? He is always at the thought; he can't sleep at night for it; I am afraid he is out of his mind; do you, as a man of science, think it can be done, or is he mad?"

"In the present state of knowledge," said Dumas, "it cannot be done; but I cannot say it will always remain impossible, nor see the man down as mad who seeks to do it."

This was twelve years before Daguerre worked his ideas out, and fixed the images; but many a man so haunted by a possibility, has been tormented in a mad-house.

ENJOYMENT OF LIFE.—Two wealthy gentlemen were lately conversing in regard to the period when they had best enjoyed themselves. "I will tell you," says one, "when I most enjoyed life. Soon after I was twenty-one, I worked for Mr. —, laying stone well, at twenty-one cents per day."

"Well," replied the other, "that does not differ much from my experience. When I was twenty I hired myself out at seven dollars a month. I have never enjoyed myself better since."

The experience of these two individuals (teacher, first that one's happiness does not depend on the amount of his gains and the station he occupies; second that very small beginnings, with industry and prudence may secure wealth.

FALLING IN LOVE.—A young man comes with a silly gift and marries her on a fortnight's acquaintance. His folly is at length apparent even to himself, and he accounts for his ill advised conduct by saying that he "fell in love." True enough, that's the way to fall. A warm hearted, weak minded, impulsive fellow, liable to the false protestations of a reckless rascal who with or without the opportunity, brings her down from affluence and virtue to poverty, vice and degradation. She tells her scornful relatives of sympathetic friends, "that she fell in love." Alas, she says rightly, she fell in love! It is better not to fall.

PASTORAL TROUBLE.—An amusing little incident occurred at the Wright House last evening. A verdant looking chap sat down to take "some fillin'."

As Joe Larsson would stay, and in due time a waiter presented himself at the back of our hero's chair and inquired—

"Tea or coffee, sir?"

"Tea," he answered.

"What kind of tea?"

"Greeny-looking up in the waiter's face, and with considerable emphasis," said "Why store-tea, of course! Don't want your blasted assasin's stuff!"—Indianapolis Journal.

ACCURACY.—Betty, said a learned lady to her dimmy Abigail, "Go for some spirits for the lamps, and tell Mr. Maxam that the last he sent was so very weak that it only served to make the darkness visible."

"Yes'm," replied Betty, and away she went with the message which she delivered as follows: "Missus says the last spirits you sent warn't good for nothin', and it only served to make the darkness visible—it was so weak it was."

The Boatman of the Loire.

The greatest interest has been excited among a certain class of persons by the investigation of papers of the rich capitalist who died lately in Paris, leaving behind him not only an immense fortune, the greater part of which is to be distributed in deeds of charity, but also a reputation unstained, a name honored and blessed by the poor and needy, to whom he was indeed a friend and benefactor.

It appears (at least thus goes the Paris gossip) that the said individual has kept very curious memoirs of his life, wherein are preserved the chronicles of all his transactions with the high nobles of the country. The numerous occasions wherein the bearings of the greatest names among the aristocracy were fain to have recourse to his assistance to extricate them from pecuniary embarrassment; the correspondence which from time to time has been going on with every member of the exiled family of Bourbons, all tending to the one result—absorbing subject of our epoch, the raising of money, are all set forth in these memoirs, which will be of the most extraordinary interest, should the family persist in causing them to be published.

This man, with the soul of a philosopher, the heart of a prince, was the son of a poor boatman who worked the ferry at Ancenis, on the Loire—a true Vendee a Chouan to the very soul—and yet, by dint of prudence and circumspection, managed to earn a living without suspicion of the part of the sans culottes all throughout the Vendean war. With the steady courage of his race he would ply the oar the whole day long upon his usual beat, conveying homes, men and baggage, for the service of the Republic—believing his principles, not for the sake of gain, but for the opportunity which his occupation bestowed for serving his friends—the royalist chiefs—and at night would start forth, under cover of the darkness, to convey arms and provisions from one bank to the other, in order to assist the Vendean in carrying on the war. One night the boatman was lying as usual waiting at Ancenis (the reeds which line the shore just above the passage at Ancenis; his oars were muffled, and himself closely enveloped from head to foot, for he had received information during the day that a family of royalists of great importance would cross the river at midnight, in order to join their party then shut up in La Ferté, where they were bent on making their last stand. It was a dark and dreary night, just fitted to favor the escape of the fugitives, and the honest boatman was forced to trust his ear alone for the announcement of their approach. The night was far advanced ere the well-known hissing sound, indicative of the scorching oar, the rallying cry of the Chouans, broke upon the stillness of the night. In a moment the little black craft cut through the water with the swiftness of an arrow towards the spot where the sound proceeded; and without saying a word—for both speed and silence were necessary in those days—Jean Landrean proceeded to assist the fugitives on board. The party consisted of a gentleman and lady with two infant children. The gentleman was standing holding one of the children in his arms, while the lady was seated on a small chest with the other infant on her knee. The rumbling sound of the oars which brought them to the spot was distinctly heard in the distance. The passengers were seated in the boat, and the boatman proceeded to lift the chest, but all his efforts were in vain. The weight of its contents, and the impudence of the lady who had seated herself with her child upon it while waiting for the boat, caused it to sink so deep in the mud as almost to disappear among the reeds, and it became evident at once that it would be impossible to recover it without assistance. In the midst of this dilemma, the heavy gallop of horses, and the clanking of the swords of the horse-pistol, who in those troublous times were ordered to place the shore the whole night long, were heard approaching. In a hurried whisper the gentleman bade Jean Landrean push off. "The chest contains my fortune," said he—"the hopes and security of our most righteous cause—but the safety of my wife and little ones is of more importance. Let us row them across, and we will return and fetch the chest when we have seen them safely landed on the opposite shore."

Jean Landrean did as he was bid; he rowed the party across the river, and landed them all in safety. By this time the patrol had approached close to the spot they had just quitted, and the sound of their voices could be distinctly heard. They passed on, however, without observing any trace of the strangers; but the incident had caused the lady to feel such nervous terror for her husband's sake, that she would not enter him to leave the place of safety he had reached, in order to rush upon danger, as it were, by crossing again to the opposite bank; Jean Landrean therefore departed alone in search of the chest, taking with him ropes and tools to disengage it from the mud. He succeeded in a short space of time, and returned in high glee, bearing it in triumph before him. His error may be conceived when, upon reaching the spot he had quitted a short time before, he found it deserted—not a trace of the travellers he had ferried across to be seen—not a sound indicative of their presence to be heard.

The wandering distracted up and down until the dawn, and the first light of day showed him the traces of strife and murder, which must have taken place during the short time he had been occupied on the other side of the river. The grass and reeds were all trampled and broken, and evident tokens of scuffle and resistance to be observed as far as the entrance to the small wood which clothes the rising ground which encloses the Loire at this spot. Jean Landrean followed, through brambles and through briar, the path which had evidently been forced by the resisting fugitives; until beneath a tree he found the lifeless corpse of one of the children, lying bathed in blood; its limbs having been dashed out against a tree. By its side lay the hat and cloak of the lady; all denuded in gore; but no other token of the passage of the fugitives—no other indication of the path by which the survivors had been hurried was anywhere to be observed; and Jean Landrean returned to his boat, disconsolate

and broken-hearted, to begin his daily task with bitter remembrance of the past night. The chest lay concealed beneath the floor of his hut until the end of the war. Every enquiry concerning its owner was set on foot by Jean Landrean; it contained gold to an enormous amount. As much publicity as could be given to the event was promoted by the honest boatman, but in vain. The thing remains a mystery to this hour. Jean Landrean died a wealthy man, but even on his death-bed he bade his son, whom he left rich, happy, and respected, to use every effort to discover the owner of the gold; and for many years his son also made every research, sparing neither time nor expense to fulfill his father's dying command. A rude cross in the wood, on the spot where it is supposed the mortal struggle took place between the flying royalists and some republican soldiers, a small tombstone of white marble in the grave yard of Ancenis, raised by Jean Landrean over the corpse of the murdered babe, are all that is left to tell the story of the ill-starred royalist gentleman and his wife.

The chronicles of La Vendee could furnish many such an episode as this, but there are few who, like Jean Landrean, would seek to make the story known. He reverts to it even in his will, and leaves an annuity to be bestowed forever on the oldest bourgeois on the Loire, in order to commemorate the unhappy event which against his own desire, had been the foundation of his own fortune.—Paris Cor. of London Atlas.

THEATRICAL FACTS.

That thalo-dramas always open with company of soldiers sitting by a large table, at the foot of a village inn; or, with a band of bear hunters, that come down and range themselves before the foot-lights, and sing a song in praise of the chase.

The hunters always dress in green skirts, and hold long spears, exceedingly blunt, but glittering with tin foil; and that the soldiers generally wear red coats, and that they always drink from jpanned tin cups, which are always emptied at one swallow.

That the landlord who waits upon them always wears a napkin for an apron, and his daughter, the bar-maid, a Swiss skirt, with black bodice; and that the wine is always brought in on a black waiter.

That the Captain of the soldiers, who is on the lookout for some notorious ruffian, generally a smuggler or bandit, always looks the young lady under the chin, whereas she makes a low curtsy, and takes hold of the comedienne of her apron.

That the young man who loves the young lady is to be smuggled off by somebody who hates him; a bad fellow, either the Squire's son or nephew, about to turn robber, out of spite to the world, and to replenish his pockets, which are supposed to be empty.

That he is kidnapped at the end of the first act and comes home at the end of the second to interrupt the wedding, and kicks up a promiscuous bobby, in which the heavy villain is to be killed and all things made right.

That bandits always wear sugar loaf hats, tied up in red, blue and yellow ribbons.

That letters are written on the stage in less time than oil, and that pen, ink and paper are always on the table.

That letters are always rapped with the right hand as soon as opened, and read at a glance, no matter how long they may be, unless, indeed, the reader is the old man of the piece, in which case specs are to be hunted for in the right breeches pocket, and wiped with a bandanna found in the left breast.

That old gentlemen wear white powdered wigs, antique coats, and knee buckles, and are always "aback" on their legs, and often patsied in their fingers, especially when in a passion, to which falling they have a natural tendency.

That they always want to marry warts to their own sons, and their wants want to marry somebody else, and do, at last.

That fathers and uncles always end a face with "Take her, you dog!" or "God bless you, my child!"—N. Y. Courier.

REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.—"Husband! husband! wake up, there's a table rumpus going on!" said an old lady "way down East," rousing her sleeping partner, with various punches in the ribs one night in the time that tried men's souls.

"What on earth's the matter, Jerushy?" grunted the old man, not a little put out at his best being broken in this unexpected manner. "Well I dunno what's this, but it was the most cruel racket I ever hearn." It seems to me its either the day of judgment or the British.

"The old continentaler got up, and taking his old rifle down from the hooks where she hung, proceeded to put in a double charge, pick the flint, and prepare for an emergency. Surveying these hasty preparations with evident satisfaction, he added:

"An' so you think it's either the day of judgment or the British? Wal," continued he, in a tone of firm decision, "let'em come off; I believe I'm ready cocked and primed for either o'hem."

CONVERSATION OF A TRUE LADY.—Her words in discussing are rather fit than fine, very choice and yet not chosen. Though her language be not gaudy, yet the plainness thereof pleases; it is so proper, and handsomely put on. Some having a set of fine phrases, will hazard an impertinency to use them all, as thinking they give full satisfaction for digging in the matter by head and shoulders, if they dress it in quaint expressions. Others often repeat the same things; the Platonic year of their discourses being not above three days long, in the term all the same matter returns over again, threadbare talk, ill suited with the variety of their fine clothes.

It is pleasant to see an innocent child, just budding into life—just beginning to lip the words of its mother's tongue. With no care upon its brow, free from art and guile, without deceit, it but lets the feelings of conscious innocence.

Boy's Evening.

Many a boy ruins his character and wrecks all his hopes by misemploying the evening hours. School or business has confined him during the day and the rebound with which his elastic nature throws these dillies off, carries him often almost unawares beyond the limits both of propriety and prudence.

Beside the impetuous gush of spirits whose buoyancy has been thus confined, there are influences peculiar to the time which render the evening a period of special temptation. Satan knows that the hours are leisure ones for the multitude, and the more he is zealous to scourge their services; wily planning that unexpected fascinations may give attractive grace to sin, and unparalleled facilities smooth the path to ruin. Its shadows are a cloak which he persuades the young will fold with certain concealment around every error, in seductive whispers telling them "it is the black and dark night, come." How many thus succumbed to come, "as blind horses to the snare, knowing not that it is for their lives," let the constantly recurring instances of juvenile depravity testify.

Parents acknowledge the evil here pointed out and anxiously inquire, "what is to be done; can we debar our children from every amusement?" Boys themselves confess it, but plead in reply, to the remonstrance of friends, "that evening is their only playtime, and that they must have some sport. It is certainly proper that the young should have amusements—None better than ourselves are pleased to hear the tips of childhood eloquent with the exclamation "O! we have such lots of fun." It seems like our own voice coming back in echo to us from out a long lapsed past.

These amusements should however, be innocent and innocent amusements are most easily secured and best enjoyed at home. Here parental sympathy may sweeten the pleasures, and parental care check the evils of play, frequently intermingling its incidents with lessons of instruction. If parents would use half this assiduity to render an evening spent at home agreeable, the Satan employs to win to the faints of vice, they would oftentimes escape the grief occasioned by final misdeeds, and secure a rich reward in having their children's maturity adorned by many virtues.

A word to boys, concludes all that we would now say. Spend your evening hours, boys at home. You may make them among the most agreeable and profitable of your lives, and when victor's companions should tempt you away, remember that God has said "Cast not in thy lot with them; walk not thou in their way; retain thy foot from their path. They lay in wait for their own blood; they lurk privily for their own lives. But walk thou in the way of good men and keep the paths of the righteous."—Woodbury Constitution.

THE FEARFUL REVENGE OF A SWISS GIRL.

A Swiss paper states that the beautiful valley of Chamouni has just been the scene of a terrible tragedy the circumstances of which are as follows:

A beautiful young girl, named Adelaide Zwest, was engaged to be married to a young Chamouni hunter named Carl Bigner, to whom she had long been tenderly attached. The marriage day was fixed but Carl found means to postpone it, and the young maiden, true to her promise being still unfilled. His evident unwillingness at length awakened suspicion in the mind of Adelaide—She became jealous and distrustful, and narrowly watched all the movements of her lover, until proof was no longer wanting that her place in his heart was filled by another, and that Carl only awaited a plausible pretext to break with her altogether.

The young girl vowed revenge—and fearfully has she kept her vow.

Having seen some gun-cotton in the trunk of a young druggist, by whom she was passionately, though vainly loved, and whose constancy and devotion merited a better recompense she succeeded in obtaining some from him—without, of course, giving him the slightest hint of the use she intended to do it. It was in appearance exactly like ordinary wadding. Carl was a great smoker, and she had often remarked that sparks from his pipe had burned holes in a large wollen scarf which he was accustomed to wear around his neck during his hunting excursions on the mountains.

Adelaide knit a double scarf, in which she introduced a quantity of the gun cotton, and this "infernal machine" of her construction she presented, with many demonstrations of tenderness, to her faithless lover having obtained in exchange, by way of a souvenir, the old scarf he had been accustomed to wear.

Chance favored Carl for some time; but one evening he did not return from the chase; next day passed, he did not appear. This family alarm at his unaccounted absence, sought him in different directions on the mountains where they at length found him a lifeless corpse—burned in the most shocking manner. Numerous traces around indicated that death had been slow coming, and that the unfortunate victim had struggled long in his agony.

Adelaide, on learning how fearfully she was avenged, was seized with remorse and immediately gave herself up to justice, making a full confession of the crime.

EDUCATION.—The education of man, and above all of a Christian, is the education of duty, which is most forcibly taught by the business and concerns of life, of which even for children, especially the children of the poor, book learning is but a small part. There is an officious disposition on the part of the upper middle classes, to precipitate the tendency of the people towards intellectual culture in a manner subversive of their own happiness, and dangerous to the peace of society. It is wonderful to observe how little avail are lessons of piety taught at school, if household affections and obligations be neglected in consequence of the time taken up in school tuition, and if the head be stuffed with vanity from the gentleness of the employment of reading.—Wardner.