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Selected Tales.

From the Star Spangled Banner. VANINA, OR THE PRIMA DONNA'S REVENGE.

BY CORNELIUS MONTGOMERY.

CHAPTER I.

Oh! there are some Can trifle in cold vanity, with all The warm soul's precious throbs, to whom It is a triumph that a fond, devoted heart Is breathing for them—who can bear to call Young flowers into beauty—and then crush them!

London.

In an elegant apartment of the Astor were lounging two young men.

"Come Harley," said the taller of the two a splendid looking fellow of six and twenty, with brilliant dark eyes, and teeth of dazzling whiteness, "own that Vanina is divine; and he took the segar from his mouth, as if to await an answer.

Harley Wharton raised his eyes. Oh! what a world of beauty was there revealed in those lustrous black orbs. A faint smile crossed his pale intellectual face as he replied—

"I do own, Eugene, that she is a splendid creature, but not more lovely than Maria Fitzherbert."

"Fshaw! Harley, they are not to be compared, as to beauty. Maria is very pretty, and high bred, and therefore produces quite a sensation among the beaux, but place her beside Vanina, and what a contrast!"

Here the young man laughed at his own suggestion.

"Marie Fitzherbert," returned the other, "is a creature of exquisite refinement and rare sensibility, far different from the common fashionable circle of young ladies.—Her delicate beauty might appear dim beside the gay loveliness of the Italian, even as would a stainless lily in contrast with some flower of gorgeous hue: to me she is ten-fold more bewitching."

"You are warm in your praises, Harley," said Eugene Harrington. "I'm half inclined to believe that you are in love with my intended bride, yet I am glad you think my choice so perfect. Indeed, I don't think with a cool two hundred thousand is not to be found every day."

"The flush that overspread the face of Harley Wharton at the jesting remark of his friend, now died away, and he replied—

"I would speak seriously, Eugene. Can it be that you will allow mercenary motives to influence you in regard to that sweet young girl? Have you no love for one so purely beautiful?"

"Oh, don't begin a homily on love, I entreat you," said Eugene. "Of course, if I regarded her with indifference, I should not marry her. I wish she were not so cold, however; sometimes she appears almost insensible; it requires so much exertion to amuse her, and when a fellow has tried his best, she will turn away with a smile of sarcasm or pleasure, I know not which. It is a mystery to me how we ever became engaged."

"Eugene," interrupted his friend, "you are wrong. Marie Fitzherbert is not the cold passionless creature you describe her; she possesses as much sensibility and animation as one could wish. I will allow that it is not more common-place that that will arouse it, but no lady of my acquaintance possesses the rare intellectual powers of that fair girl; and, besides all this, Eugene, she loves you, with a devotion that is seldom met with in this heartless world. The hue of her cheek, her beaming eyes, all bespeak, when you are near, the depth of her love for you. Your passion for the beautiful Italian is but a momentary freak—"

"Heavens!" interrupted Eugene Harrington, as he consulted his watch, how late it is. The Opera commences at 8 o'clock, and it lacks but a quarter of that hour, so Harley, I will attend to your discourse some other time. We must hasten, for Vanina sings to-night.

The friends departed arm in arm; into a friends of sadness upon the lofty brow of Harley Wharton, but Eugene Harrington carefully hummed an air from Lucia di Lammermoor.

Hark! what heavenly strains I hear they thrill the heart of the listener. Pure, sweet, unfettered as the notes of a bird,

they gush forth, filling the air with their melody. Swelling in brilliant tones, the entrancing melody floats along, now soft as the gentle zephyrs playing among the leaves, and then dying away, like the last sad strains of an Æolian harp.

In a box near the stage sat Eugene Harrington and his friend. Breathless had he listened to the voice that had enthralled his senses, and even when maddening applause rent the air, and bouquets were hurled at the feet of the singer, he continued to gaze as if spell-bound, upon the bewildering loveliness of the magnificent prima donna.

But she has bowed her last graceful adieu, and is gliding from the stage, when those glorious nymph-like eyes are lifted to the face of Eugene Harrington. But for an instant they linger there; the ebullient smiles fall, and the next moment she is—

"Harrington seemed to awake to his senses and turning to his friend he exclaimed—

"Oh, Harley is she not glorious! Did you mark the glance of those starry eyes? the smile that wreathed those lips? To-night I meet Vanina; again shall I behold her dazzling beauty—shall drink in the music of that heavenly voice."

"Stop, Eugene Harrington," said Harley Wharton; "you are mad. Why follow that syren woman? She will lure you to your own destruction. Where are the vows you have pledged to the beautiful and pure? Oh, Eugene, this is but the influence of a blind passion; you love her not, you are mad—infatuated. You must not meet that Italian cantatrice."

"Must not! That is a strange word for you," said Harrington. "Know you to whom you are speaking? I go and come and meet whom I please; and with a hurried step he passed his companion and left the box.

Harley Wharton gazed after his retreating form with emotions of pain and sorrow.

"Poor Marie," he murmured.

But the house was being vacated, and he departed. Before he left the opera house he beheld the cantatrice led to her carriage by Eugene Harrington; he saw him press her hand to his lips, as they exchanged a few words, and then the carriage rolled away. With rapid step the young man pursued his way through the brilliantly lighted streets, now filled with rolling carriages, and often did he press his hand to his throbbing brow. There was a raging fever in his brain, for he loved Marie Fitzherbert—aye loved her with a deathless love, but a love that he knew was hopeless, for her heart was centered upon Eugene Harrington. Yet it caused him the most exquisite anguish to know that he whom she had chosen, was indifferent and even faithless, for sooner or later it would cause her young heart deep agony, and rather than she should suffer, he would gladly lay down his life.

To die for her would be bliss, in comparison with a life which would henceforth be naught but a dreary void, without one ray of light to pierce the turbid waters of a heart made desolate by unrequited love.

"Sad doom—at sorrow's shrine to kneel, Forever covetous to feel, And impotent to bear; Such one was his to think, and think Of blighted love, and only sink, From anguish to despair."

CHAPTER II.

All do not know how hate can burn, In hearts once changed from soft to stern, Nor all the false and fatal zeal, The covet of revenge can feel.

It was midnight—deep midnight—and the prima donna awaited the coming of her lover. Waxen candles burned upon the mantle and, with the light of the glowing fire, shed a soft and subdued lustre through the room. Delicious perfumes exhaled from vases of rare exotics, and the warm and fragrant atmosphere seemed to breathe the voluptuous breath of love itself.

Amid the splendor of the gorgeously furnished apartment, sat the beautiful cantatrice. She still retained the robe she had worn during the evening, and though her complexion was olive, yet so transparent and delicate, that it was by no means unsuited to the snowy satin, while the deep carnation that glowed upon her cheek, contrasted charmingly with the radiance which the diamonds in her raven hair, and the lustre of her splendid black eyes diffused around her. Like an hour of Mahomet's paradise she seemed to be a vision too perfect for human beauty.

With her jeweled hand, she swept her shining hair from off her brow, then rising she slowly paced the room. Now she bends her head in a listening attitude. Oh! mark the unsteady grace of that splendid figure, the arching neck and sloping shoulders. But hark! a footstep is heard in the passage; how the color comes and goes upon her cheek; in variations as the rippling surface of a lake. Her heart beats audibly; the door opens—another moment and she is in the arms of her lover.

"Dearest Vanina," murmured Eugene Harrington, "do I again find thee in my arms, and fast mine eyes upon thy angelic loveliness!"

"My own Eugene," came from the lips of the beautiful Italian, as with all the ar-

dor of her impassioned clime, she gave back the kisses that were pressed upon her brow, her cheek and lips. "Thou wert long coming love, the last few minutes have seemed an eternity."

"Nay, do not chide me beautiful one," was the reply; "on the wings of love have I flown to thee, for since we parted, thy image has not been absent a moment from my mind."

"Dearest Eugene, I have also thought of thee without ceasing," returned Vanina, the carnation upon her cheek growing deeper, and her magnificent black eyes glowing with renewed lustre, as she gazed into the handsome face of her lover.

"Thanks, thanks for that sweet assurance," he replied; "and oh, Vanina, I now realize the golden dreams and brilliant hopes which my fancy has ever formed, when wandering could be."

"And did you never love till now?" asked the prima donna, in that dulcet voice that had crazed half the world.

"Never, with the ardor, the devotion I feel for you, my angel," he replied, as he pressed her hand passionately to his lips; "that you, Vanina, who have been so admired and caressed, is it possible that you have never met with one who awakened the divine sensation in your heart?"

As Eugene Harrington spoke, he fixed his large, dark eyes full upon her face.—The cantatrice started—the rose hue gave way to marble paleness upon her cheeks, and she clasped her small hand convulsively.

"Vanina! Vanina! you are ill!" exclaimed Eugene, terrified by her appearance.

"No, no!" she murmured faintly, "tis nothing—a mere faintness."

Then leaning her head upon her lover's shoulder, she burst into a flood of tears.

"What means this, dear Vanina?" said Eugene; "oh, why this emotion? Do not weep, love, and he tenderly soothed her."

"No, I will not weep," she replied, "foolish creature that I am; and raising her head proudly, she compressed her lips firmly, as if struggling against some secret grief. Her black eyes flashed, and her bosom heaved tumultuously.

"Tell me the cause of thy grief, sweet one!" whispered Eugene.

"Oh! do not ask me," she answered, wildly; "would mar all my happiness this evening."

"Then not for worlds would I cause thee pain," said her lover, as he pressed her to his bosom, and kissed again and again her coral lips.

"That night, ere Eugene Harrington parted with the prima donna, he had promised, for her sake, to abandon home, friends, and his betrothed bride, to seek with her a retreat 'mid the orange groves of her sunny native land. Intoxicated and bewildered by the dazzling beauty of the syren woman, he had yielded to her arts, and she had triumphed; and that night, after she had parted with him, as she stood before the mirror, taking the glittering gems from her hair, a smile of triumph played upon her face, and she murmured—

"I shall yet be revenged, and the pale browed American girl will learn how bitter 'tis to have the heart once her own torn from her by another."

A wild laugh broke from her lips, that sounded strangely through the lofty apartment, while her large eyes shone with a strange, unearthly expression.

"Ere three days have passed," she continued, in a low tone, "we shall be upon the blue waters of the ocean, and again, dear Italy, shall I tread thy shores; again shall I meet that love-look of my father's eye, and the embrace of a noble brother; and then, with Eugene, why may not my days pass peacefully? Vain thought that I shall ever rest again! Oh, Lavelli, Lavelli! though thou wert false—though this heart was rent in twain by thy false vows,—yet thy name rises up in my memory. I see thy tall, noble form, the lustrous light of thy glorious eyes, and—but wherefore this weakness! What is it—concealment, but for revenge! Again she laughed wildly, 'revenge! revenge!'"

Two years previous to the opening of our tale, on a starry night, the halls of one of Italy's proudest nobles were filled with the beautiful and gay. Brightly flashed the ruby wine, and to music's gayest measures, fairy feet tripped through the mazy dance. Brave knights and high born ladies graced the lighted halls, and all was joy and highest mirth.

Among the crowd of revellers, with a queenly air, moved Berenice di Livoli, and by her side, the young Count Lavelli.—Every eye was upon the youthful couple, and praises of the beauty of the Lady Berenice and the noble bearing of the young Count were on every tongue.

At length a young girl entered, accompanied by her father. That they were Americans might be discovered at the first glance—strangers of distinction then sojourning in Italy. What a contrast between that slight, fair girl, and the voluptuous Italian beauties. She was very beautiful, with soft blue eyes and shining hair, and every motion of her exquisite form was grace itself. Among the crowd of admirers that soon surrounded her, was the young Count Lavelli, who, immediately upon her entrance, had led the side of Berenice di Livoli, and sought an introduction.

Soon it was whispered that the young Count was no longer devoted to the Lady

Berenice, but was passionately enamored of the beautiful American. Jealousy flashed from the eyes of the beautiful girl. It was late ere the fête was broken up. Count Lavelli handed the American to her carriage, and Berenice returned to her lordly home, filled with rage and jealousy.

The next day the Americans left Rome, for Florence, whither they were followed by the young nobleman. Upon this, all the fire of an Italian disposition was roused in the breast of Berenice di Livoli, and she now sought only revenge; love was crushed from her bosom. She soon left Rome, and the debut of a new prima donna was shortly afterwards announced in the United States.

CHAPTER III.

He won that heart in its simplicity, All undisguised in its young tenderness, And smiling saw that he, and only he, Had power to wound it or to bless.

Upon a divan in a luxuriously furnished drawing-room, lay a young girl. She was fair, oh! very fair, with eyes of a heavenly blue, and shining hair, of a bright golden brown. There was an air of exquisite refinement in every motion of her graceful form—in the wave of her beautiful hand, or the tone of her thrilling voice. Dreamily the sweet girl lay, her head supported by her hand, and her eyes half closed.—The soft folds of her blue silk robe fell gently around her slight figure, and the rich lace was scarcely whiter than the polished throat it encircled.

"Marie," said a deep, musical voice; "talvans dreaming?"

She started; those eyes, usually of so mild a lustre, brightened, and a faint color rose upon her cheek as she met the glance of the intruder.

"Eugene," she murmured, as he coldly pressed a kiss upon her brow, "dear Eugene, have you come at last! All last evening I waited for you, and oh! how long I awaited the weary hours."

As Eugene Harrington listened to these gentle words of reproach, a pang of remorse for a moment shot through his heart, but he answered gallantly—

"You flatter me, Marie."

She replied with a glance of those soft eyes, in which love and tenderness shone with a glorious lustre.

There was something touching in the look, and as he gazed upon the gentle girl, he shuddered inwardly at the course she was pursuing. His promise to the Italian rose up in his mind—a promise which, in his cooler moments, he knew he should never fulfil, and he resolved that moment never to see her again. It was a sudden resolve, but naturally Eugene Harrington was possessed of a strong mind and a noble heart, brought up to have his every feeling gratified, he had given way to the evil passions of his nature, and at all times self predominated. Such was now the case, for in giving up the prima donna and marrying Marie Fitzherbert, he it is true, sacrificed his feelings to his interest.

For the last two or three years, Eugene had been living upon the debris of a once magnificent fortune, dissipated by his useless extravagance. It was this that caused him to seek the hand of Marie Fitzherbert, and beside being the only daughter of a millionaire, she was very beautiful, high bred, and of an old and aristocratic family. Winning the hand and heart of the sweet girl had been a source of great triumph to him, for a mid circle of admirers that surrounded her, most of them were very wealthy, and every way calculated to win her hand. But she loved Eugene Harrington—loved him with the first, pure love of a young heart. In him were centered all her earthly hopes, her joys, and she believed that it was returned. True, at times he seemed moody and neglectful, but she forgave all this, attributing it to a disposition noble, but somewhat capricious; and then how trifling seemed the faults when, with his assumed tenderness, he pressed her to his bosom, and called her his own precious Marie. Ah! those were golden-tinted days to the sweet girl; bright visions of the future were continually thronging her brain. When Eugene was her own, time would steal on rosy-footed hours, and earth would seem almost a paradise. Ah! little did she dream of her lover's faithlessness; had she known it, how like a stricken flower, laid low by the chilling blasts of autumn, would that fair form have sunk; but she was destined to live on while ere the dazzling dream was over.

A month had passed, and Eugene Harrington had not broken his resolve, for the prima donna had been absent on a visit to some of the other principal cities of the Union. He was one morning startled by an announcement in the morning papers that the Italian cantatrice was in the city, and would sing that evening for the last time ere she sailed for Italy.

A sudden desire seized him to listen to the tones of that ravishing voice. He thought himself firm; vain thought!—Again he listened to that dulcet voice, and drank in the beauty of that splendid face; once more he beheld those dark, lustrous eyes—the coal black, shining hair, glittering with gems of priceless value—that throat of polished whiteness, with the long, sloping shoulders—that voluptuous though symmetrical figure. Again was the love thrown by the syren woman around him;

his senses were bewildered, and the same influence that had subdued him once, was again at work. Again had the Italian conquered, and again did Eugene Harrington yield to her power. She had vowed revenge, and never does an Italian disposition rest till its revenge is complete.

Again Eugene Harrington sat with the prima donna in her splendid boudoir. She was more beautiful than ever; her cheek wore a more brilliant hue, and the light of her glorious eyes were brighter. Fondly her lover rested upon his shoulder, and as her head nestled upon his sholder, his thick, dark locks mingled with her shining hair.

"Oh, Eugene!" she murmured, "when in my own bright Italy, we shall be happy; where the breezes whisper through the groves of orange and myrtle, bearing along the fragrant breath of countless flowers, oh, there shall we have each other with a deeper love. The hours will pass like one long, bright summer day, beneath my own beautiful arching sky."

"The dream is very bright, my own Vanina," whispered Eugene, fondly, "too blissful to be ever realized."

At this moment, however, a hurried step was heard in the passage, and voices as if in attention, Eugene Harrington's cheek paled, but the eyes of the prima donna flashed yet brighter as she proudly drew herself up to await the intruder.

The door was flung open, and Harley Wharton stood before them, his hair and robe disordered, and evidently laboring under some powerful excitement.

"Eugene Harrington!" he madly exclaimed, "for God's sake, come!—leave this accursed place! Marie is dying!—Even now that sweet voice is faintly calling for one who should be watching by her side, instead of revelling in the arms of that syren woman. Oh! for her sake, hasten, ere the pure spirit is fled!"

The prima donna gazed upon the speaker, and seemed to drink in every word he uttered. She was deadly pale, and as he concluded, a wild, mocking laugh broke from her, and she turned scornfully to Eugene Harrington, who stood, white, and like one deprived of his senses.

"Go! go!" she cried, and bid the pale-browed American girl farewell; her heart is breaking, and 'tis well—mine was broken long ago."

Again that laugh resounded mockingly through the room; another moment, and she was gone. Eugene Harrington pressed his hand wildly to his brow, and gazed around as if awakening from a dream.

"Linger no longer!" cried Harley Wharton; and seizing him by the arm, he led him forth where the stars were shining.

Upon a couch, in a darkened chamber, lay Marie Fitzherbert. Her blue eyes were closed, and the long lashes rested upon the cheek, pure and colorless as Parian marble. Low sighs broke from her lips, like the wail of weary childhood, and then all was silent, and she lay still, white and motionless as before. The silken curtains were looped far back, that the sulfer might breathe more freely, and floated like an azure cloud around her. Her sickly curls, of a lat pale, golden hue, damp with perfume, lay in dishevelled masses upon the snowy pillow, scarce whiter than the small hands folded upon her bosom. Poor Marie! thy heart is almost broken; thou hast learned thy lover's faithlessness, and like a summer flower, bent to the stroke.

But now shadows darken the apartment, and Eugene Harrington kneels by the side of his betrothed. He gazes upon that paled cheek and marble brow, and low, deep groans break from his breast. At a little distance, with folded arms and compressed lips, stands Harley Wharton. There is anguish in every lineament of that noble face, but the deep emotions of that heart are manfully kept down.

"Marie! oh, Marie!" murmured Eugene Harrington, as he pressed to his lips her cold hand, "speak to me!"

But the sweet girl answered not.

"My God!" he cried, "will those blue eyes never more open to the light of day?—and I have caused all this, oh! miserable, despicable being that I am! Curses upon the syren Italian! Oh, Marie, awake, and let a life's devotion repay thy young heart's grief; 'tis thy Eugene that calls thee!"

Slowly the beautiful eyes unclosed, and her glance fell upon the repentant one kneeling beside her.

"Eugene," she faintly murmured, "who called that name? He is faithless to his Marie!"

"Oh! forgive me! forgive me! my beautiful, my own!" he cried, passionately; "live to bless my future life!"

Those soft eyes grew brighter; she gazed into her lover's face with a look of returning life, and faintly twined her arms around his neck. He drew her to his bosom; her head fell upon his shoulder, and she gently slumbered in those embracing arms.

"Thank Heaven, she is saved!" ejaculated Harley Wharton, and pressing his hands tightly upon his brow, he rushed from the apartment.

Eugene Harrington was a changed and a better man. The devotion of the fair girl, even when she knew his perfidy, went to the depths of his heart, and as he, kneeling, held her in his arms, he inwardly vowed to be faithful and—forever live for her, and her alone.

CHAPTER IV.

"Soon, fair bride, Will thy bright dream be over?"

Lights flashed from the large windows of a stately mansion in St. Mark's Place. Floods of delicious harmony swept through the vast saloons, filled with the young and beautiful. It was the bridal night of Marie Fitzherbert, and already was the sweet girl arrayed in the spotless robe of snowy satin, and her long veil, fastened with a simple wreath of orange blossoms, floated like a dewy mist around her. She sat in a little balcony that overlooked the spacious gardens, and by her side was Eugene Harrington, awaiting the hour that should unite them in the holiest of ties. Smiles wreathed her beautiful lips as she looked into that noble face, and her gloved hand gently gave back the assuring pressure it received. Yes—Eugene Harrington had learned to love the fair young being at his side, and now it was no selfish love. A change had come over that spirit, naturally noble, and all that was good and manly in his disposition, shone forth with renewed lustre.

From the day that Marie Fitzherbert hovered upon the verge of the spirit-land—when he gazed upon that marble face and closed eyes—he was a different man; and when the first vows of penitence and forgiveness were passed, a deep and holy love seemed to take possession of his heart, purifying it, and dispersing those evil passions that had hitherto predominated.

Long had they sat upon the star-lit balcony, and more holy vows were given and received, of unending love and constancy. But now light footsteps were heard approaching, and a fairy child, of scarce ten summers, bounded into their presence, her soft eyes radiant, and her golden hair falling in shining masses upon her shoulders.

"See! sister, see!" she cried, holding up a magnificent bunch of flowers, which I have brought you!"

"Where did you get them, Florence darling?" said Marie Fitzherbert, as she took them from the hands of the child.

"Oh, a beautiful lady gave them to me, with such large black eyes, and dark hair; but she was so pale, and she said bring them to you, and be very careful and not spoil them!"

"It must have been Julia Elton, by Florence's description," said the fair girl to her lover; "she arranges flowers most beautifully, and this is certainly exquisite. Look, Eugene—this white rose, surrounded by japonicas and camelias—how beautiful!"

Eugene Harrington took the flowers from her hand, and holding them to his lips, breathed in their delicious perfume.

"They are very fragrant," he replied, and again he inhaled their perfume.

But suddenly they dropped from his hand, and he trembled violently.

"Eugene!" cried the fair girl, leaning upon her arm; but she received no answer. "Dear Eugene," she repeated, "are you ill?"

But he replied not. His head rested against a marble pillar, and as the night breeze lifted his thick hair from off his brow, she saw by the light of the pale moon that his eyes were closed; she pressed her hand upon his brow—it was cold as death, and the throbbing of his heart was still. A piercing scream broke upon the night air, so loud and long that the cheeks of many a one in that gay assemblage blanched. A wild, mocking laugh was heard, and a white form glided from the thick shrubbery that surrounded the balcony. A few moments more, and the form of Eugene Harrington was found, cold and lifeless, but his arm even in death, encircled the form of his bride, who lay pale and senseless upon his bosom. At their feet lay a bunch of crushed flowers, the snowy petals of which had assumed a dark purple tinge, and the air was filled with an odor as almonds.

They removed the inanimate form of the beautiful girl, and in her bridal robes, laid her upon the same couch where a few months previous she had laid as cold and senseless as now. A raging fever was in her brain, and again that pure spirit hovered between heaven and earth.

Three years have flown. In the deep bay window of a noble mansion are two persons. In the tall, noble figure of the gentleman we recognize Harley Wharton. There is the light of subdued joy in his eye, as he gazes fondly upon the slight form beside him. We have before seen those curls of golden hair, and those deep blue eyes, and in the gentle voice of Harley Wharton, we behold the beautiful Marie Fitzherbert. Time has softened the poignancy of her grief, and as she meets the love-look of those dark eyes, she feels that she is loved deeply and truly, and though she may not feel that passionate love that filled her heart three years before, yet she is happy, calmly and serenely happy.—There are lines of deep suffering upon her white brow, but the devoted love of him who had worshipped her from childhood, had alleviated the misery of an almost broken heart.

The Italian prima donna sailed immediately for Italy upon the announcement of the death of Eugene Harrington. Al-

though foiled in her purposes, yet she exulted in the death of him held so dear by one against whom she had vowed re-venge.

News Items, &c.

This is a Boy that I can Trust.

I once visited a large public school.—At recess a little fellow came up and spoke to the teacher; as he turned to go down the platform the master said:

"That is a boy I can trust. He never failed me." I followed him with my eye, and looked at him when he took his seat after recess. He had a fine manly open face. I thought a good deal about the master's remark. What a character had that little boy earned! He had already got what would be worth more to him than a fortune. It would be a passport in the best store in the city, and, what is better, into the confidence and respect of the whole community.

I wonder if the boys know how soon they are rated by other people. Every boy in the neighborhood is known, and opinions are formed of him; he has a character, either favorable or unfavorable. A boy of whom the master can say, "I can trust him, he never failed me," will never want employment. The fidelity, promptness and industry which he shows at school are in demand everywhere, and are prized everywhere. He who is faithful in little, will be faithful also in much. Be sure boys that you earn a good reputation at school. Remember, you are just where God placed you, and your duties are not so much given you by your teacher or your parents, as by God himself. You must render an account to them, and you also will be called to render an account to Him. Be trusty—be true.

Mr. Vanderbilt's steam ship, in which it is proposed to make a pleasure trip to Europe and the Mediterranean, has been named the North Star. She will be launched in a day or two, and it is expected she will make the passage from New-York to Southampton, the first port visited, in twelve days. She is only 500 tons smaller than the Collins' steamers.

A New-York paper mentions a rumor, for which it does not vouch, that another expedition is being organized in New-Orleans, with the design of invading the Island of Cuba. A colonel of the late Hungarian army is to have command of the expedition, which already, it is said, numbers a force of fifteen hundred men, from Cincinnati and elsewhere.

A letter from Havana, dated February 23, states that on the day previous the commander of the British corvette Ves tal called on Judge Sharkey, the American Consul, to make an explanation concerning the firing on the barque Martha Ann. The explanation is said to have been satisfactory.

The Boston Transcript says that the friends of Mr. Jonas Chickering will be pleased to learn that his Manufactory is again under full operation. He is now turning out about twenty pianos per week.

During the past year, 182 applications for divorce were made in the Court of Common Pleas of Pennsylvania, and 44 since the 1st of January.

The hog crop of the West appears to have turned out most bountifully this year. According to the returns the excess of animals slaughtered and packed over last year amounts to four hundred and eighty one thousand.

Penalties.

The penalty of buying cheap clothes, is the same as that of going to law—the certainty of losing your suit and having to pay for it.

The penalty of marrying, is a mother-in-law.

A lawyer once asked a Dutchman concerning a pig in court, "What ear marks had he?" "Vel, ven I first begame acquainted mit de hock, he had no ear marks, except he had a short tail!"

The Last Altar.