

THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor.

MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1870.

VOLUME XXVII, NUMBER 28.

Business Cards.

LITTLE & BLAKESLEE,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law. Office the one
heretofore occupied by H. B. & G. R. LITTLE, Main
street, Montrose, Pa. (April 18, 1870.)
E. B. HAWLEY, G. F. LITTLE, E. L. BLAKESLEE.

McKENZIE, FAUBOT & CO.
Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misses
Fine Shoes, Also Agents for Great American
Tea and Coffee Company (Montrose, Pa., Sep. 1, 1870.)

CHARLES N. STODDARD,
Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Leather and
Furniture, Main Street, 33 door below Erie's Hotel.
Work made to order, and repairing done neatly.
Montrose, Jan. 1, 1870.

LEWIS KNOLL,
SHAVING AND GROOMING.
Shop in the new Postoffice building, where he will
be found ready to attend all who may want anything
in his line. Montrose, Pa., Oct. 18, 1869.

P. REYNOLDS,
AUCTIONEER—Sells Dry Goods, and Merchandise—also
attends at Vendues. All orders left at my house will
receive prompt attention. (Oct. 1, 1869—11)

O. M. HAWLEY,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY,
Hardware, Hats, Caps, Wall and Window Paper,
Paints, Oils, etc., etc. No. 101, Main St., Montrose, Pa.
(Sept. 8, 1870.)

DR. S. W. DAYTON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his services to the
citizens of Great Bend and vicinity. Office at his
residence, opposite Barrans Hotel, Great Bend, Pa.
Sept. 1st, 1869—11

LAW OFFICE.
CHAMBERLIN & McCORMICK, Attorneys and Counselors
at Law. Office in the Brick block, Montrose, Pa.
A. CHAMBERLIN, J. R. McCORMICK.

A. D. R. LATHROP,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
Crockery and Glassware, Table and Pocket Cutlery,
Paints, Oils, Dry Goods, Hats and Shoes, also
Furniture, etc., etc. No. 101, Main St., Montrose, Pa.
(August 11, 1869—11)

A. O. WARREN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Bonny, Lack Pa. Pension,
and Exam on Claims warranted to Office, No. 101,
Main St., Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1870.)

WM. A. CROSSMAN,
Attorney at Law, Office in the Brick block, Montrose, Pa.
Can be found at all reasonable hours at the County
Commissioner's Office. (Montrose, Aug. 1, 1869.)

W. W. WATSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Office with L.
P. Fitch. (Montrose, Aug. 1, 1869.)

M. C. SUTTON,
Auctioneer and Insurance Agent,
entirely at Friendsville, Pa.

C. S. GILBERT,
U. S. Auctioneer,
Great Bend, Pa.

AMIELY,
U. S. Auctioneer,
Address, Knoxville, Pa.

JOHN GROVES,
FURNITURE TAILOR, Montrose, Pa. Shop over
Chamberlin's Store. Formerly of Erie, Pa. Cutting
done on short notice, and warranted to fit.

W. W. SMITH,
CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURER—Foot
of Main Street, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1869.)

H. BURBETT,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, CROCKERY,
Hardware, Iron, Stoves, Dry Goods, Wall and Window
Paper, Paints, Oils, etc., etc. No. 101, Main St.,
Montrose, Pa. (August 11, 1869—11)

DR. E. P. HINES,
Has permanently located at Friendsville for the
purpose of practicing medicine and surgery in all the
branches. He may be found at the Jackson House.
Office hours from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.
Friendsville, Pa., Aug. 1, 1869.

STROUD & BROWN,
WIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENTS. All
business attended to promptly, on fair terms. Office
at door north of Erie's Hotel, Montrose, Pa.
Public Square, Montrose, Pa. (Aug. 1, 1869.)
Business Office, CHARLES L. BROWN.

JOHN SAUTER,
RESPECTFULLY announces that he is now pre-
pared to cut all kinds of garments in the most
workable style, warranted to fit with close
and ease. Shop over the Post Office, Montrose, Pa.

W. L. LUSH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Office oppo-
site the Turnell Hotel, near the Court House.
Aug. 1, 1869—11

DR. W. W. SMITH,
DENTIST, Rooms over Boyd & Co's Store, Hard
Way Stone, Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.
Montrose, Aug. 1, 1869—11

ABEL TURRELL,
DEALER IN PATENT MEDICINES, Christian's
Liquor, Patent Pills, Dry Goods, Varieties, Wine
& Cider, Groceries, Glass, Wall and Window Paper,
Furniture, etc., etc. No. 101, Main St., Montrose, Pa.
(Aug. 11, 1869—11)

D. W. SEARLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in the Brick Store of A.
Lathrop, in the Brick block, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1,
1870.)

DR. W. L. RICHARDSON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his professional
services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity.
Office at his residence, on the corner east of Spruce &
Bros. Foundry. (Aug. 1, 1869.)

DR. E. L. GARDNER,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Montrose, Pa. Give
special attention to diseases of the Heart and
Lungs and all Surgical diseases. Office over W. D.
Barrans Boarding House, Montrose, Pa. (Aug. 1, 1869.)

BURNS & NICOLA,
DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, Groceries, Chemists, Dye-
sters, Paints, Oils, Wall and Window Paper, Fine
Art, etc., etc. Patent Medicines, Perfumery and Toilet Ar-
ticles. All prescriptions carefully compounded.
Barrans Boarding House, Montrose, Pa. (Aug. 1, 1869.)
A. S. BURNS, ARO NICOLA.

DR. E. L. HANDRICK,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, respectfully tenders his
professional services to the citizens of Friendsville
and vicinity. Office in the office of Dr. J. H. Foster,
Barrans at J. H. Foster's. (Aug. 1, 1869.)

PROF. MORRIS,
The Hoyal Barber, returns his thanks for the kind
notice that has been given to his new method of
shaving. He has it now to sell the whole stock, but one
set of tools on hand, in the Old Store, No. 101,
Main St., Montrose, Pa. (April 13, 1870.)
—Wyming nurses calm the rising gen-
eration by singing:
—Nice little baby, don't get in a fury,
Cause mammy has gone to sit on the jury."
—A stump speaker exclaimed: "I know no North, no South, no East, no
West, fellow citizens?" "Then," exclaimed
an old farmer in the crowd, "it's time
you went to school and learnt jargon."
—"Doctor, how came you and Squire Lucas
to be such great friends?" "I don't
know, unless it was because I attended
his wife when she was attacked with dip-
theria, and was unable to cure her."

Foot's Corner.

Fourth of July Ode.

[At the Tammany Celebration in New York
City on Independence day, John G. Saxe read
the following patriotic Ode—patriotic in the
broad, Catholic sense of the founders of the Re-
public—heretic, we suppose, in the eyes of the
fifteenth amendment administration now driv-
ing us to perdition.]

"The voice of the croaker, I hear him complain
"Those Tammany boys, they are at it again!
"Why keep such a feast in a partisan way?
"Independence, I'm sure, is a National Day."
"So it is, God be praised, and that is just why
"We Democrats honor the Fourth of July!
"Were it anything other, or smaller, I own,
"We'd all be contented to let it alone."
"Or leave it to men—to a party, I'll say,
"Accustomed to think in a narrower way;
"Party peculiarly fitted to shine
"In the spot of light in a different line."
"Those leaders, for instance, (I won't call them
"knaves)
"Being partial to soldiers—when cold in their
"graves—
"Appointed a day (he tenderly said)
"For evening prayers to the patriot dead;
"Flowers, flowers for the heroes!" the daunt-
"less spirit

White wiping a tear that "is in your eye"
"I honor his office, for the soldier to memory dear!
"Whom, living, they robbed every day in the
"year!
"And still at the Capitol mark how they treat
"The hero too noble to cringe at the feet
"Of the Don who determine a General's merit
"By the gauge—nothing else—of his partisan
"spirit.

Mere fealty to party reckon much higher
"Than service to country, and so they inquire
"If he fluent of speech in the Radical camp?
"And what has he done, now, for Gen. Grant?
"Don't let us," they cry, "of his honors and
"scars

"But what is the brand of his vote—and cigars?"
"Well, I shan't abuse him by calling him names;
"I honor his office, and let us reflect
"The head of the nation demands some respect.
"I do not forget he's our President, placed
"In the chair that a Jackson and Jefferson grace'd.
"But as I recollect that—'till he laid on the shelf—
"However he seems to forget it himself.

And as to abuse, with the worst I could say
"By giving my genius the best of my day,
"I never could hope to accomplish the end
"Half so well as I heard a Republican friend,
"On having unwisely forgot to subscribe,
"Or being, unluckily not of the tribe,
"Presidential or 'Dem'—at, as certainly failed
"Of the office he sought for, and therefore assail'd
"The man in such language as passes belief
"As one could employ in denouncing his chief.
"He said—as I heard it, so you will receive it—
"Do not forget me, if I think you'll believe it—
"He said, in such bitter, extravagant speech,
"A simple hyperbole never could reach;
"Pronounced in a manner less civil than Henry—
"The fellow disgraced the Republican name,
"Appropos of the party of which I've made
"mention.

Suppose, I should give it some further attention;
"It has very few friends, and while I am 'in,'
"I own the temptation to 'hit it again!'
"A party which buses with singular ease,
"Immoral proceedings on 'moral' ideas;
"Denounces small rogues who are caught in the
"act.

But far more the big ones, or hold them in tact;
"Like the land-stealing rascals and similar jobbers
"Face-d, parliamentary, Radical rogues,
"Who hasten to place on the visible high
"The flag of dishonor in an infamous brand,
"While they, on the moment, grow bold and
"bolder.
"Are plunged in the Treasury up to the shoulder.

Success to old Tammany, long may she stand
"The bulwark of Freedom—the pride of the land!
"What parties and factions, of transient renown,
"In her Century's life, have come up and gone
"down.

While she, looking on in her vigilant way,
"Poked her fun at the face, or her hand, at the
"eye!
"And still to her honor, whatever the fight,
"Had won and a blow in defense of the right.
"She hailed the first triumph of Liberty's cause,
"Her motto to-day is, 'The Union and Laws';
"She stood by the Flag when Old England once
"more.

Unshodded by disaster invaded our shore,
"She set the old Union repeated so plain
"That she will need to be taught it again!
"And when it bled that the tottering State,
"For the wind of dissension that Faction had
"blown.

Through the length of the land had been
"sowing afar.
"Was reaping the whirlwind of treason and war,
"Still true to the Union see Tammany stand
"With 'the old star banner' still firm in her
"hand.

While she, at the South where the Union divide,
"And looks at the North where for letting it slide!
"Success to old Tammany! therefore, I say,
"How sweetly she smiles on the festival day!
"In health, strength and beauty, long, long may
"she stand.
"The bulwark of Freedom—the pride of the land.

BREVITIES.

—Railways are aristocrats. They teach
every man to know his own station and to
step there.

—Why is a lawyer like a sawyer? Be-
cause whichever way he moves down
must come the dust.

—Chimney sweeping must be an agree-
able business, for it suits everybody who
tries it.

—I have loved lightly," as the man
said when he married a widow weighing
three hundred pounds.

—Alluding to chignons, Mrs. Clever
said, "a girl now seems all head." "Yes,
till you talk to her," replied Mr. Clever,
complacently.

—A Louisiana negro who was paid his
wages in silver coin, was thankful that he
had got some money that rats couldn't
chaw.

—An Irishman, eating his first green
corn, handed the cob to the waiter, and
asked, "will ye please put some more
banes upon my stick."

—A little Connecticut boy, asking a
mate who Good Friday, received the
withering reply: "Well, you go home and
read your 'Robinson Crusoe'."

—When a great man dies, said Quip,
"the first thing done is to resolve to build
a monument to his memory, and the sec-
ond is, not to build it."

—Wyoming nurses calm the rising gen-
eration by singing:
—Nice little baby, don't get in a fury,
Cause mammy has gone to sit on the jury."

Miscellaneous.

TRUE TO DEATH.

It was in the reign of Edward the Third,
and at a time of temporary rebellion
against the monarch and his valiant son,
the Prince of Wales, that our tale opens.
The scene was a beautiful picturesque
part of the country in Berkshire; and the
charming Barbara Claxton—the dreaming,
enthusiastic admirer of genius, sat beside
her lonely cottage door, watching the
shadows deepen and darken as twilight
approached. Her reveries were disturbed
by a stranger appearing in breathless haste.
"Hide me, hide me," she exclaimed, "for
the love of Heaven! quick—my foes are
approaching!"

For an instant Barbara scanned the
novel features, and well knit form of the
suppliant.
"Follow me," she replied, "there is but
one place wherein there is the least vestige
of security."

And she led him into the cottage, into
an inner room, where prostrated on a bed
of pain, lay a sick woman.

"I will lift my grandmother up," she
said hurriedly; "and you must get
under the bed underneath her. It will be
very warm, but it is the only safe
place. I do not think they will disturb
her."

He did as he was ordered; the bed was
spread down, and the old lady lay back
on her pillow, unconscious of the scene
which had just occurred. Barbara hasten-
ed back to the door, and sat down in
her old place.

A moment later a party of horsemen
approached. They stopped; and the leader
cast a critical eye upon the lovely maiden.

"Surround the cottage my men," he
ordered, "and if he here we will soon
uncover him. Now my dear girl," he
(addressing himself to the girl) "have
you seen anything of a stray?"

She looked up shyly, the color fluctuat-
ing on her cheeks as she returned, "A
stray, sir, in meek tones. 'No sane
man would stray into the hands of the
President or 'Dem'—at, as certainly failed
Of the office he sought for, and therefore assail'd
The man in such language as passes belief
As one could employ in denouncing his chief.
He said—as I heard it, so you will receive it—
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ond is, not to build it."

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eration by singing:
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Cause mammy has gone to sit on the jury."

than the majority of her sex, and had
taken great pains with her daughter be-
fore she had died; and Barbara, being of
an intelligent turn of mind, had thought
and read much since.

Days lengthened into weeks, and a
warmer feeling than that of friendship
sprang up between them. As yet, he had
not mentioned by what rank or title he
was known.

"I must leave you now, sweetheart," he
said, throwing himself down beside her
one day; "but I cannot go away content
until you give me the right to return.
Will you Barbara, my love, my life, come
to the church," he pleaded, "and let the
priest solemnize our vows, and I will de-
part happily?"

She had risked her life for him once, she would willingly
sacrifice all now. Led on by his words
she could not resist him, but blindly,
devotedly followed him to the altar.

What he whispered to the priest re-
garding the ceremony took place, she did not
care to hear.

"You will not see my love, sweetheart,"
he said, "because I have not revealed my
rank? When I come again, I will come
as one worthy to receive you."

He kissed her pale cheeks, and quiver-
ing lips over and over again as he left her,
and had turned his back to the little cot-
tage.

Months passed by before she ever heard
from her lover, and she feared he
must have fallen into the hands of his
foes.

He came at last, a star glittering on his
breast, and his army kindly. Her heart
fell within her as he hastened to her with
out-stretched arms.

"Barbara, my love," he cried, folding
her to his breast, "I have come at last!
But why do you shrink? Are you not
my own true love still?"

"And are you —" she queried.
"Edward to the world the Prince of
Wales, the heir to the throne," he said.
"They were seeking my life—the rebels!
But why do you look pale? I have made
up my mind to forsake all for you, dear-
est."

"But the princess?" she cried. "All
England knows of your approaching mar-
riage."
"I will not have her," he ejaculated
sternly. "I will resign all pretensions to
the throne, and fly with you."
For a moment the bliss of being once
more within the arms of her beloved, in-
toxicated her senses; but then her resolu-
tion was taken.

"My lord," she said, "and he placed his
finger on Barbara's lip. "I am still only Edward
you saved and loved."

"Then my beloved," she cried, "you
cannot do not doubt the fitness of my
love—the love that would only too gladly
this moment give my life to preserve you
retained."

"I do not doubt it, my sweetheart," he
replied.
"Then, oh believe what I say is only
prompted by that love. You must leave
me, my life; you must go back to your
father's palace and obey his commands.
I will be true to you, faithfully, I will
be true to my duty; my last breath shall
be drawn in supplicating a blessing on my
prince—my king."

"Never!" he exclaimed, gazing on the
slight, exquisite form of his beloved that
was so readily attached to his emotion.
"You must be so. Edward, my love,
listen! Go—go to a happy future; do
not blight your own precious life as well
to mine. Go and in other days you will
think upon and bless the love of Barbara
Claxton."

He was silent for a moment; his words
had struck upon his heart; she
spoke the truth; but the struggle was too
great to endure quietly, and he went like
a child.

"Your wisdom is greater than mine,
Barbara," he cried in a hoarse voice; "you
are more worthy of rubies. Oh cursed
fate that divides the peasant from the
Prince. Barbara, be merciful! I beseech
of me merciful, my life!" she cried, her
cheeks glowing with passionate love;
"more merciful to you than you are your-
self. Do you not know that this renun-
ciation is costing me more than my life?
Go; be happy, be brave, be good, be great;
and sometimes think of your Barbara
Claxton."

"I carried until his horse chafed with
restlessness, and his servants became im-
patient.

"I accept my destiny," he said, bowing
his head; you have prevailed. I live no
longer for myself, but for my people. God
bless you for ever, and when you need a
friend come to my aid."

Her emotion was equal to his own, and
she turned away and wept unrestrainedly.
She had given her all up freely.

Time passed. Often news of the Black
Prince's prowess fell upon her ears; she
never heard his name but it was linked
with bravery or goodness; the nation re-
joiced.

The grand dame died. Barbara,
whose beauty became each day more strik-
ing, was left alone. She sent a petition
to the Prince.

"A cousin of mine, friendless, forsaken,
craves a situation as page, messenger, or
in some post near your highness. In re-
membrance of the past, I pray, grant this
request of your faithful
BARBARA CLAXTON."

Perhaps Edward divined her meaning;
perhaps it was only old memories that
shook him; but he trembled strangely as
he dictated the following, and signed it
with his own hand:

"In memory of the brave Barbara
Claxton, the Prince grants her request.
Let her come to me immediately."
The next day a youth of most graceful
symmetry was ushered in, and dropped
on one knee before the Black Prince. He
looked for an instant on the beautiful
contour of the noble face, the black clus-
tering curls, and the gray, lovely, dreamy
eyes, shadowed by their heavy black lash-
es, and sighed.

"Barbara, the Prince is thy friend," he
said, in an unsteady voice, as he laid his
hand on the bowed head.

The touch thrilled him through like
a magnetic shock.

"I go to the wars," he continued, "I
must leave you behind me."
"No, no," cried the youth, impulsively

"Let me go with your highness. I can
endure hardship, brave danger—sell my
life, if need be—only let me go.
How could he resist! The memory of
the past was strong within him.
"You shall go," he said kindly. "And
if you repent, you shall return here."

"Ever after that the youth was the brave
Prince's shadow. He followed him
through danger and through victory.
Even near, and ever smiling. Oh the
Prince tried to turn him thoughts to
something that would cheer him, but
everything failed. He grew more delicate,
more soft beautiful, each day; but it
was in vain the Prince urged him to re-
turn to the palace, and await his coming
home.

"My place is by your side, my prince,"
he would return, "and my only happiness
is there. Surely you will not deprive me
of that?"

At last, just as the Prince's army had
gained a great victory over the French
on the retreat, he turned delirious,
and dying, he was carried to his home.
His wife saw it, and interposed be-
fore the Prince, and received the arrow in
his own breast. He fell backward in his
master's arms, looked into his eyes with
a smile, and murmured, "I die happy; I
die happy, remember that Barbara Clax-
ton has given her life for thee."

"Barbara, my Barbara!" he cried, hold-
ing her in a close embrace, "would I had
died for thee?"

The weary eyelids closed; there was a
faint fluttering of her breath, a smile
which remained after death, and she was
dead. The Prince bathed her face in
tears, and the attendants said, "See how
strong is his affection for that youth."

He returned to England, but his health
began perceptibly to fail; the same arrow
which pierced poor, faithful Barbara Clax-
ton's heart had reached his own, in a dif-
ferent way. He sank, declined, failed,
and died on the 8th of June, 1370.

The nation was in mourning for the good
Prince, for all loved him for his unselfish
purity, and England missed having one
of the best and purest of monarchs to sit
on her throne.

A Prince Donna's Revenge.
The celebrated poison of the Borgias is
said to have been produced by causing
some animal to swallow certain drugs of
a deadly nature, after which it was sus-
pended by the hind legs, and the foam is-
sued from its mouth during its dying
agonies was carefully collected. This
poison, which is a most violent one, that
though certain in its effects, its presence
never could be detected in the body of the
murdered man.

However much we may doubt the effi-
cacy of such a method, it appears certain
from a drama which recently started in
an Italian city, that poison is conveyed
in an apparently very innocent man-
ner.

A young singer, a Miss L., had been
so successful in her debut in opera, at
Pavia, as completely to eclipse the attrac-
tions of the lady who had hitherto been
the prima donna, and the supreme favor-
ite at the theatre was in some danger
of being supplanted.

Vengeance is proverbially an Italian
passion, and the ex-prima donna, finding
herself outshone by the superior charms
and accomplishments of the new favorite,
meditated revenge, which she endeavored
to obtain by the assistance of a young
man ready to do anything for money.

She procured a box of poison, and in-
tended to give it to the young singer, but
she was so successful in her debut in opera,
at Pavia, as completely to eclipse the attrac-
tions of the lady who had hitherto been
the prima donna, and the supreme favor-
ite at the theatre was in some danger
of being supplanted.

Vengeance is proverbially an Italian
passion, and the ex-prima donna, finding
herself outshone by the superior charms
and accomplishments of the new favorite,
meditated revenge, which she endeavored
to obtain