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AND COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE.

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THE ST. JOHN CHRONICLE,

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Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamental) Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally, neatly executed.

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WILLIAM DURANT,
Chronicle Office, Saint John, N. B.

Mutual Insurance Company,

JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER, Esquire, President.
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Applications for Insurance against Fire to be made at the Office of the Secretary North Market Wharf.

Provincial Insurance Company,
TORONTO, CANADA WEST,
For Marine and Fire Risks.

ST. JOHN N. B. AGENCY:

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CHARLES MCLAUCHLAN, }
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E. WOODWARD, *Agent.*
Office—Wiggins' Brick Building, Princess-street, over the Telegraph Office. Aug. 19.

CHARLES W. WELDON,
Attorney at Law & Notary Public
OFFICE—Over Messrs. Ranney, Sturdee & Co Prince William-street, St. John, N. B.
May 23, 1852.

SOAP & CANDLE MANUFACTORY.
GEORGE WOODS,
West side Water Street, between the Ferry Landing and Fish Market,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
August 29.

WM. SLEETH,
MANUFACTURER OF MONUMENTS, TABLETS AND
Architectural Ornaments,
IN MARBLE, FREESTONE AND GRANITE.
may 1 DOCK STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

DOOLEY'S
Merchant's Exchange Hotel,
Post Office Buildings,
State Street, Boston.
Terms—ONE DOLLAR per day.
We have obtained the Victory.

RENNAY & SCHIBNER,
PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURERS,
South side King Square, St. John, N. B.

HAVING taken the First and Second Prizes, and the Diploma for their instruments, at the Provincial Exhibition, beg leave to inform the public that they can supply Pianofortes at the following prices:

Square Front Mahogany Piccolo,	£30	0	0
Rosewood O. G. Piccolo,	35	0	0
Do. Elegant do.	40	0	0
Cottage,	42	0	0
Semi-Cabinet,	45	10	0
Full Cabinet,	50	0	0
Elegant, with French front, tuss legs, and circular bottom,	65	0	0

The whole of the above Instruments are 5 1-4 Octave to A above.

N. B.—All Instruments manufactured by R. & S. will be warranted for three years.

Every description of English and American Pianofortes tuned and repaired. March 18th.

THOMAS GOW,
Plumber and Gass Fitter,
NEXT ADJOINING SHERIFF'S PRICE BUILDING,
WATER STREET.

HOUSE and SHIP WATER-CLOSETS; Hot Cold, and Shower BATHS; Forcing, Lifting, Common, and Engine PUMPS; SHIPS' SCUPPERS, &c. &c.—on the most approved principles LEAD PIPE of all sizes, and SHEET LEAD constantly on hand.

☞ LEAD BENDS made to order.
July 2, 1852. THOMAS GOW.

PATENT AGENCY.

THE undersigned will undertake to procure Letters Patent for "new and useful inventions" for this Province, and will attend to all legal requirements in reference to English and Foreign Patents, before they can become effective in New Brunswick. He has made arrangements with Messrs. Stead & Sterling, Architects and Draftsmen of this City, for the execution of such Drawings as may be required.

PETER STUBBS,
Barrister, Attorney at Law, and Notary Public.
St. John, N.B., Dec. 2, 1853.

Furniture Warerooms,
PRINCE WM. STREET.

NOW on hand, an assortment of the best FURNITURE, consisting of Walnut and Mahogany COUCHES; Mahogany and Walnut SOFAS; Mahogany and Walnut CHAIRS, Mahogany Sideboards; Pine, Mahogany, and Walnut Dressing Tables; Walnut and Mahogany Centre Tables; Bedsteads; Washstands, &c. &c. &c. all made of the best materials and by the best workmen. ☞ MATTRASSES, and every thing in the Upholstery business made at short notice.

Undertaking attended to, Hearse and Palls furnished.

A few pieces of the best English HAIR CLOTH. For sale by
October 18. ROBERT RISBET.

VULCAN FOUNDRY MANUFACTORIES.—A large assortment of the manufactories of the Vulcan Foundry, consisting of Bay State and patent Union COOKING STOVES, FRANKLINS, Register GRATES, Close Stoves, PLOUGHS, &c. &c. all of the most approved patterns and descriptions. For Sale at the Warehouse of the Subscribers.

The above Goods can be recommended to the attention of the public.

Orders for Castings or Work required at the Foundry will have attention. Hot at the Counting Room of JOHN V. THURGAR.
April 22. North Market Wharf.

FALL STYLE:

LOCKHART & CO. have received the *Fall Style* of SATIN HATS, per *Admiral* and *Middleton*.

☞ A large lot of Summer and Spring GOODS selling lower prices. 17, King-Street.

SHIP BREAD.—2,000 Pounds SHIP BREAD. For sale by
A. A. COUGHLAN.

NEW FALL GOODS.

St. John Clothing Mart,
WATER STREET.
Sign of the ROYAL ARMS.
MARKET SQUARE.

RECEIVED per packet ships "Imperial," "Europe" and steamer "America," from Liverpool, Eastern City, and Admiral, from Boston, a large and varied assortment of British CLOTHS—consisting of Beaver, Pilot, Kerseys, Whitneys and superfine West of England Cloths and Cassimeres, figured and plain.

40 Cases of American SATINETTS, Striped and Fleeced COTTONS, &c. &c.

Ready-made Department.
Made in the Establishment—fashionable shades.

500 Beaver, Whitney, Pilot, Canada, Satinett and Duffaled COATS, from 25s. upwards;
300 Reefing JACKETS, Pilot and Beaver, double lined from 15s. upwards;
200 Shooting COATS—*every shade and texture*;
1500 Vests—Silk, Satin, Velvet, Cashmere, Bareges, Valentia and White Moselles.

A large assortment of Dress FROCKS, SACKS, and PALETOTS;

Gent's Furnishing Goods.

Men's White SHIRTS, Linen Trimmings Fancy Regatta and heavy Striped ditto—blue, white and red.

Merino and Lambswool Shirts and drawers.

4 cases Gents' Silk and Satin HATS; 6 cases Kossuths and Leghorn Hats; 8 cases Boys' Cloth and Cassimere Caps.

SEAMEN'S OUTFITS—of every description.

Goodyear's Patent Rubber Coats, Leggings, Sou'-Westers, Sporting Bags, &c.; 100 dozen Braces, Silk, India Rubber and Elastic; 20 boxes French Satin and Silk Neck Ties and Stocks, plain and figured, a beautiful article; Silk Pocket Handkerchiefs of every description; Silk, Cotton and Kid-Gloves; Trunks, Valises, travelling Bags, &c.; Silk and Cotton Umbrellas; with every description of goods requisite for a general Outfitting Establishment.

300 Suits of Boy's CLOTHING, in Beaver, Pilot, Satinett, Tweeds, &c. &c.

4 Cases of Fur, Seal Skin, silk velvet, Tweed and Cloth CAPS;
10 Bales of Buffalo Robes and Coats, Seal Skin, and Reversable, ditto;

N. B. Gents. selecting their Cloths can have their Garments cut in the newest style, and executed by the best of workmen and superintended by experienced foreman—fit or forfeit.

☞ All Goods marked in plain figures, and no second price.

☞ WATER STREET, SIGN OF THE ROYAL ARMS, FRONTING ON THE MARKET SQUARE.

November 11. P. NEILL.

Old Wines, Brandy, Geneva, &c. &c.

Now landing ex *Miramichi*, from London—In Store, and daily expected per *Caros*, from London—

30 HHDS., 30 qr. casks, & 20 octaves Choice Old PORT; Pale Brown and Golden SHERRY; MADEIRA, LISBON, Marsalla, &c.
5 Puncheons } Old pale and Brown Cognac
30 Hhds. } Brandy, Martella, Henessys &c
30 hhds. finest Schiediam GENEVA;
40 hhds. very Old Jamacia RUM;
4 puns. Old WHISKY,—(Campbelton, &c.)
12 hhds. Prestonpans and Alloa ALE.

Also—a large Stock of the above in bottle—together with Claret, Hock, Moselle, Champagne, &c. &c. &c.

150 casks of the best London Brown Stout, PORTER, and East India ALE, in pints and quarts.

RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.,
Wine Merchants.
May 27. Prince William-street.

HIBERNIAN HOTEL,
REMODELLED.
BOARDERS, BOARDERS, BOARDERS,

THE Subscriber wishes to inform the Public that he is now prepared to receive a number of Permanent or Transient Boarders, on the following terms, viz:

Yearly or Monthly,	£40	0	0 per annum,
Weekly,	0	17	6
Daily,	0	3	6
Breakfast,	0	1	3
Dinner,	0	1	6
Tea,	0	1	3

Cold LUNCHEONS at any hour from 10 a. m. till 10 p.m. SOUPS on Mondays and Thursdays; and by good attendance, Clean Rooms and choice Cordials (including a wee drop of the Craythur,) he hopes to merit a share of public patronage.

N. B.—Choice Shediac OYSTERS always on hand; also, Cold Roast Fowl supplied to private Families, at the shortest notice.

Sept. 30. JAMES NETHERY.

Wilkers Pure Cod Liver Oil, and Phosphate of Lime.

A CURE for Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Influenza, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, and al Scrofulous Humours.

A supply just received from the manufacturer,—For sale at ONE DOLLAR per Bottle, by
WM. O. SMITH.
July 2. Market Square.

SUGAR.—4 Hhds. and 5 Bbls. good SUGAR, for sale by
October 27. A. A. COUGHLAN.

Halifax Tailoring Establishment.
Now opposite Mr. Sears' Residence, and First Shop from the corner of Princess and Germain Streets.

THE Subscriber begs leave to return thanks to his numerous friends, and the public generally, for the handsome support that has been extended to him, and assures them he will ever be ready to attend any order that may be given him for execution. He further wishes the attention of the public to his unrivalled Stock of CLOTH, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, &c. &c.

Having carried on business in the West of England, he has had extensive experience in Cutting both Military and Naval uniforms as well as every other kind of Fashionable Dress. Subsequently he has been employed as Cutter in the first Establishment in Halifax for seven years, where he took the premium for Cutting Coats; and it was admitted by one of the best Cutters in New York that he is the best Cutter of Spring Bottom Pants in North America.

Persons wishing to learn the most scientific mode of Measuring and Cutting Coats may obtain information at this Establishment.

☞ Garments Made and Trimmed on the most reasonable terms.

August 19, 1852. C. H. BARTLETT.

MAHOGANY.

10,000 FEET of very superior MAHOGANY, just received, will be sold cheap, in the log, or in boards, to suit purchasers.

Also on hand—large lot of Mahogany VENEERS—branch, plain, and mottled.

JOHN DUNN.
Cabinet and Chair Maker,
June 3. Princess-street.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON
Fire and Life Insurance Company.
Instituted in 1836.
Incorporated by Special Acts of Parliament.
Capital, Two Millions Sterling.
Unlimited liability of the Stockholders of the Company.
Subscribed Capital, £1,500,000.

Instalments called in,	£197,197	10	0
Accumulated funds,	346,972	4	9
	£544,169	14	9

TRUSTEES:
SIR THOMAS BERNARD BIRCH, Bart., M. P.
ANDW. HODGSON, Esq., S. R. THOMPSON, Esqr.

DIRECTORS IN LIVERPOOL:
JOHN HORNBY, Esquire, *Chairman.*
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Geo. H. Lawrence,	"	Jas. Aspinal Tobin,	"

SWINTON BOULT, Esq., *Secretary.*

EDWARD ALLISON, } AGENTS,
ADAM JACK, } St. John, N. B.

The Agents are prepared on the part of the Company, to offer a very liberal scale of Premiums, and beg to solicit orders from all parts of the Province.
August 20, 1852.

REMOVAL.

THE Subscriber has removed his STONE CUTTING Establishment from Dock Street, to the Premises formerly occupied by the Hon. R. L. Hazen, Union street, and immediately opposite the residence of Messrs. Lawton, about twenty rods from his former place of business, and desires of his friends and the public to take notice that he has on hand, in addition to his former Stock, a lot of

MONUMENTS,

varying in price from £3 to £60, suitable for the New Cemetery, or other places of burial in town or country; which he will certainly dispose of at a cheaper rate than any other establishment in the city to parties disposed to make the most of their ready money.

M. FITZGERALD.

St. John, April 29, 1853.

N. B.—All kinds of STONE CUTTING for building and other purposes executed to order at the cheapest possible rates.

JOHN HARRY,
Silver Smith, Jeweller & Engraver,
North side of King Street, St. John, N. B., a few doors below the *Waverley House.*

MANUFACTURER of all kinds Silver Plate, viz: Tea, Table, and Dessert Spoons; Forks, Ladles, Fish and Butter Knives, &c. &c.; also, Silver Cups of different patterns, which he will furnish *Cheaper* than any other House in the City. The above work is warranted to be made of Sterling Silver, and for neatness of style and superiority of finish challenges competition.

JEWELLERY made to order and repaired.

—All Kinds of ENGRAVING neatly executed.

Traders, Pedlers, and others furnished with plain Gold Finger RINGS *cheaper* than can be imported. In all cases punctuality may be relied on. Cash and the highest price given for Old Silver.

New Brunswick Hotel.
Charlotte street, nearly opposite the Country Market, Saint John, N. B.

THE Proprietor of the above Establishment thankful for past favors, would respectfully inform the travelling Public, that having erected a large addition in rear of the main Building, he is now prepared to furnish ample accommodation to 70 or 80 Boarders. The Proprietor is determined to leave no means untried to merit the patronage of the community.

Travellers arriving late at night will find the House always open and ready to recive them.

The Sleeping Rooms are large and well ventilated, and the improvements and conveniences which have been made render it emphatically the House of the stranger.

It has always been a Temperance House and the Proprietor is dtermined to adhere strictly to the Total Abstinence principle.

This House is centrally located, and is well supplied with well furnished apartments, clean beds, good fare, the best attention, and reasonable charges, which should render it worthy the support of Travellers.

A Large STABLE has been erected on the premises, capable of accommodating 70 Horses.

Good Hostlers are always in attendance.

July 8, 1853. E. W. FLAGLOR.

REMOVAL,
AND NEW SUPPLY.

THE Subscriber, in thanking the Public for the patronage he has hitherto received, begs to inform them, that he has removed from his late place of business, New Market Place, to the Store four doors North of the Country Market, on

CHARLOTTE STREET.

Where he will keep on hand his usual STOCK, of

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,
&c. &c. &c.

and hopes by the usual attention to the wants of his customers, to merit the continuance of their favor.

W. H. SECORD.

St. John, Aug. 26th, 1853.

No. 13 King Street, Drugs, Medicines, &c.

THE Subscriber has received per ship *Lisbon* from London, an additional supply of DRUGS, MEDICINES, Patent Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, SPICES, Fancy Soaps, Tooth, Nail, Paint Hair, and Clothes BRUSHES.

Also—4 tons Brandram's No. 1, WHITE LEAD and Coloured PAINTS;
2 Cases London Body COPAL VARNISH;
1 Case Gold Leaf; 4 Cases No. 1, STARCH;
2 Casks Bird Seed; 3 Cases Salad OIL;
5 Cases Painter's Colours;
1 Cask Pumice Stone;
1 Case Spanish Liquorice.

November 4. S. L. TILLEY.

Valuable Land For Sale.

THE Subscriber offers for Sale that valuable Lot of LAND, known as No. 9, in the Douglas Valley, close to the Nerepis Road. It contains 200 acres, is well timbered with good wood, and the soil is of the best quality. It will be sold on accommodating terms, on application to

CHRISTOPHER MAILMAN,
Oct. 21, 1853. 3m *Carleton.*

HOLLOWAYS PILLS AND OINTMENT—Just received and for sale by
October 28. FELLOWS & CO.

Poetry.

A FRAGMENT.

(From the Halifax North American.)

I'm one among the busy throng,
That try sometimes to make a song;
And whether it be short or long
'Tis no great matter.
So long's we bring the truth out strong,
So much the better.

The truth we often do abuse,
By circulating spurious news;
Some have got strange erroneous views
Of men, and things,
Such as great bears and Turks, and Jews,
And tyrant kings.

Such men if they but have their way,
They'l slay and kill for love of pay;
No mercy in their breasts have they
For fellow creatures,
Like roaring lions bent on prey,
Such is their natures.

Such characters I do detest,
They won't let sober people rest;
They are a cruel scourge and pest,
That never cease,
Surely they never can be blest,
Nor be at peace.

Dark is this world's true position,
Too dark for selfish politician;
All art we've seen of imposition,
But all won't do,
Unrighteous profile, and cursed ambition,
We've cause to rue.

The Russian bear has gone to work,
To try if he can rob the Turk;
And all for honor of his kirk;
He tells the world,
'Tis time this overbearing shark,
Should down be hurled.

The muse will not withhold her mite,
To advocate for truth, and right;
Not all the tyrants in their might,
Will change her plan;
The pen's her sword to wield, and fight,
For rights of man.

Down with the gorgeous tyrant crew,
Just patriots I appeal to you;
Great did our patriot (Wallace) do
In days of old,
Some thousands with his sword he slew,
And laid them cold.

His match to look for is in vain,
We'll never see his like again;
He was the lad that scour'd the plain
Of tyrant slaves,
Did mow them down like fields of grain
Saved digging graves.

Select Reading

"GOD RELIGION."—A writer in the Christian Herald, under the head of "Western Sketches," gives the following account of a conversation he had with several serious minded persons who had been listening to his sermon. The first person addressed acknowledged she was a member of a church, but, according to his standard, knew nothing about religion. We are inclined to believe that the state of mind disclosed in this case is by far more common than is generally supposed.

The writer, in reply to the woman's confession said:—

"Why, then, are you a professor of religion?"

"I was excited in a meeting last winter; I felt happy; I loved to sing; I even learned to shout. They all told me that I had got religion. I believed it, and joined the church."

"Got religion! Did you love God with all your heart? Did you delight in reading his Word, in meditating upon his goodness, and in labouring for his glory? Did you hate sin—find pleasure in secret prayer, and long for holiness of heart, that you might be like God?"

"No, sir, I was never told, nor dreamed even of any such thing. I thought I had only to feel happy, and go to heaven. When you told about consecration of heart and life; about loving and serving God as if we were his children, I felt as if I had been a hypocrite ever since I joined the church—as if I had no business in it. My religion was all like that dead man you told of, who was galvanised. I have been excited, but never converted. Now, I want to begin right—to get a new heart—to learn to love God—to know that my sins are pardoned—to have a hope that will be an anchor to my soul. I want such religion as you have been preaching about, and I mean to seek until I find it."

There was a deep and tearful earnestness in this woman's manner.

After a few words of direction and encouragement, I passed on. Number two was a similar case, and number three, and so on, for a score of cases. They said, "We thought that we had religion; but now see that we did not even know what it is."

It was a strange scene and a solemn one. There were persons who supposed themselves in the ark, and floatingly smoothly on to heaven, awakened to find that they were adrift amid the breakers of sin, and in hourly peril of shipwreck for eternity. Honest, zealous, but ignorant men, had led them into this state of false security. Our first work was to undo what other ambassadors of Christ there seemed to have done. Never before did I so appreciate the value of the *truth*—the plain, discriminating truth of God's Word; and the necessity for having ministers well grounded *in it*, if we would not send them abroad to be blind leaders of the blind.

CONDITION OF THE WALLACHIANS.—The peasantry are in the lowest state of poverty, ignorance, and barbarism, although the land is not one quarter cultivated. The large estates of the Boyards are very often in the hands of an arrandator, or middleman, who squeezes what he can get out of the very indolent peasantry. The Boyars are very fond of dress and equipages, and in language, manners, and modes of luxury, copy the French; and from what they see in Bessarabia, are excessively afraid of annexation to Russia, in which case the screw would be placed on the landed proprietor, and the aristocracy would be reduced from power and opulence to utter insignificance. Of any active resistance on the part of the Wallachians to the Russian invasion there is no question whatever. Whatever they may have been in the middle ages, they are now the most unwarlike people in Europe—a model people for a peace congress.

One might have heard a pin fall, is a proverbial expression of silence; but it has been eclipsed by the French phrase—you might have heard the unfolding of a lady's cambric pocket-handkerchief.

THE QUEEN'S DAUGHTER.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

A FEW years since, the journals of Madrid announced the following intelligence. The young queen of Spain, Isabella II., on passing with her suite through the Rue Alcala, met the holy sacrament borne to a sick person by a priest of Madrid. In conformity with the immemorial custom of the Spaniards in similar cases, her majesty descended from her carriage and knelt in the street; then the priest carrying the viaticum took her place in the equipage, which she followed on foot to the dwelling of the sick person. This was a house of modest appearance, situated in the narrow street of La Zarza; the young queen entered it in company with the minister of God. At the extremity of a chamber, white washed, furnished with a few straw chairs, a bed curtain with yellow linen, and a fir chest covered with articles indicating former wealth, her majesty found a young girl of sixteen, of admirable beauty, enfeebled by languishing sickness, and watched over by a man of fifty, with noble and martial figure.

At sight of this young girl, the surprise of Isabella was as great as that of the young girl herself. Both looked at each other with an emotion that struck the spectators; then kneeling beside the bed of pain, her eyes fixed on the face of the invalid, her majesty did not cease to shed tears during the whole ceremony. She went out of the chamber, leaving her purse, and saying *au revoir* to the young girl. She immediately sent to her the two chief physicians of the palace, and it is asserted that she even visited her incognito. But suddenly the young girl and her guardian disappeared as if by magic. Neither their names, birth nor previous history could be ascertained. The most profound secrecy enveloped this affair upon which all were lost in conjectures.

This mystery effectually concealed a most affecting story, of which the public has remained in ignorance to this day. At the risk of being indiscreet, we are about to relate to our readers, as we heard it from a former officer at the court of Spain. If we are fortunate enough to render the impression as we received it, it will be found to be a characteristic episode and summary of the bloody discords which agitated Madrid so long.

It was the 12th of August, 1836, the day of the famous revolt of La Granja, which overthrew the absolutists or *moderados* in favour of the ultra-liberals. It is known that the leaders of the former were the ministers Galincio, Rivas, Isturitz and General Quesada. The instrument of the record was that terrible Sergeant Garcia, who dared to engage in personal conflict with the regent.

La Granja is a royal residence, built by the grandson of Louis XIV., in the centre of a forest of pines, at ten or twelve leagues from Madrid, beyond the mountains of Guadamara. Christina was hoping to find repose with her child, then aged six years, when, on the evening of the day named above, her own guards rose at the *Chant of Riego* (Spanish Marsellaise,) burst the doors of her apartment, and surrounded her with a circle of swords and bayonets, summoning her to dismiss her ministers, and to take an oath to support the constitution of 1812. The intrepid regent did not lose courage upon this irruption of an armed force.

"Do you know, my friends," said she to the rebels, "what is the constitution of 1812?"

"Faith, no!" replied Gacia; but they tell us it is excellent—that it will double our pay and lower the price of salt. Carracho! we ask no more."

And the sergeant was about to join this reasoning that of gun-shots, had not the queen mother signed the formal promise exacted of her; which did not prevent the soldiers from guarding her until morning, and dismissing from the door of La Granja the ambassadors of France and England.

At the same time a scene less boisterous but still more terrible, had taken place in another room of the palace. This room, which opened on the gardens, was that of the little Queen Isabella. Ignorant of what was transpiring at a few paces distant, she was without defence, with two chambermaids, who were undressing her to put her to bed. One of the latter went every quarter of an hour, tremblingly and on tiptoe, to look through the galleries at what was passing in the room of the regent.

We have said that Isabella was six years old. This queen thought therefore only of playing with her sceptre. The companion of her sports, at this moment was little girl of her own age, with black Andalusian curls, charming under her national costume, and who answered to the name of Filipa. She was also surnamed *the queen's daughter.*

Who was the child? Whence came she? No one at La Granja knew. The Senora Montemar, the widow of an officer of the guards, then inhabiting the Rue St. Ildefonse, had found her one evening at her door with a purse full of gold, and a letter thus worded:—

"Here is a child presented at her birth, who is doubtless already fatherless, and who will to-morrow be motherless. According to the ancient national custom, the queen of Spain is the mother of orphans. Pray her to have pity on this one. I go myself to implore God for her and for you.

A MORMAN.

"P. S. If contrary to all expectation, a man should present to you some day, a gold medal like that which is suspended from the neck of Filipa, you will surrender the child to this man, for it will be her father."

The medal represented on one side a coat of arms carefully effaced; on the other, an anchor of a Spanish admiral, with the letters C. V.

Dangerous as this cipher appeared, identical with that of Don Carlos (Charles V.,) the Senora Montemoro received the child whom God had sent her, and brought her up tenderly, under the auspices of Isabella whose waiting maid she herself soon became. Thenceforth, domesticated in a palace, the orphan was called the queen's daughter, and was the more beloved by her that a graceful resemblance of features was joined with conformity of age.

This is the way Filipa came to be, on the evening of the 12th of August, in company with her adopted mother, in the Sleeping room of her majesty, Isabella II. When the latter had laid aside the silks and laces which formed her royal costume, she took a fancy to put on the garments of Filipa, and to see the latter dressed like a queen. It is well known that nothing amuses little girls so much as these transformations. Isabella wished to make of the orphan a doll. The waiting-maids in vain opposed this caprice: they were obliged to assist in it.

The scene was delightful to behold. During the exchange of the robe for the basquine, the national comb for the French cap, the pelerine for the mantilla, embroidered slippers for Andalusian shoes, the two little girls found themselves half dressed in white muslin, less white than their plump limbs, and the moonbeams, parting the clouds and piercing through the curtains, caressed this infantine group in its most charming attitudes. Then there were, on the disorded couch, laughter contests, chatting and familiarity, in which the regal majesty was entirely forgotten.

At last the double masquerade was accomplished; the queen could play the camerista, and the camerista could believe herself a queen—for a quarter of an hour. And while the children were thus playing with the crown of Spain, the captive regent was disputing it with the rebels whose furious shouts shook La Granja.

"What is that noise?" suddenly asked Isabella, interrupting a loud laugh.

"It is the sentinels relieving one another and chanting the song of Riego," stammered the terrified gouvernante.

But this contrast troubled them so much that they supplicated the little queen to retire to rest. Filipa remained as it struck by a terrible presentiment, and knelt herself while Isabella said her evening prayer. Neither had yet laid aside her garments.

When the royal child asked God to pardon her enemies, to preserve the days of her mother, to watch over the kingdom of Spain, the maids turned away, concealing their tears. At this moment, a new noise made them start. Voices were speaking low in the garden, beneath the very windows of the chamber. This is the dialogue which these voices were exchanging, and which unfortunately the gouvernantes could not hear.

"You see, Count Terrido, that lighted window"—Terrido de los Valles y Montes, etc., was one of the most noble and most formidable captains of Don Carlos, long before executed in effigy.—"You will scale that window with two men. You will open it by breaking the second square at the left. The *espagnolette*—sash fastening—turns from left to right. You will find in the chamber a child of six years, guard by two women. This child will wear a robe of white brocade, a lace cap, and slippers embroidered with gold."

"But, senor, is this child the queen?"

"Hush!"

"You will seize this child; you will gag her, if necessary, and bring her to us at the end of the garden."

"You will not kill her, senor?"

"No matter that concerns us."

Terrido looked at the window, put one hand over his eyes, and exclaimed resolutely. "It is impossible! Senor," resumed he, brandishing his sword. "I am under your orders, but I have seven generations of nobility. Give me an army to fight—a fortress to take—you shall see whether I will conquer or die! But to attack two women! to carry off a child—to gag her—address yourself to the executioner!"

Terrido was about to retire, when his interlocutor whispered three words in his ear, and placed the ladder against the wall. The vanquished captain climbed it, followed by his two men, asking pardon of God. On reaching the spot, he heard the little queen in prayer, saw the tranquility of this graceful interior, stopped again, and repeated in a stifled voice: "Swear to me, senor, that you will not harm the child!" An imperious gesture replied. The pane of glass flew into fragments, a cry resounded through the chamber, and the three men entered it.

But imagine the surprise of Terrido, on finding two children instead of one. While his men detained the *camaristes*, he ran like a madman from one child to the other, demanded their names without hearing them, uttered an inexplicable cry as he seized Filipa, stammered a thousand questions to which he awaited no reply, had nearly killed one of his companions who wished to gag her, uttered various expressions of joy grief and rage, passed thus some minutes in a perplexity which almost deprived him of reason, and at last darted on Filipa like a tiger who is seizing his prey.

A quarter of an hour afterwards, the young girl with the silk robe and slippers, embroidered with gold was in the power of the chiefs of Terrido;—but they soon learned that by some strange chance the latter had carried off a simple orphan in the clothing of Queen Isabella.

The regent was consoled for her loss of authority by the safety of her daughter, and could not discover the authors of the attempt so happily defeated by Providence. It was proved that this *coup de main* was not connected with the revolt of the liberals, and it was supposed that a band of Carlists, informed of this revolt, had essayed to fish in the troubled waters. It was thought prudent to keep the adventure secret, and the government and the police were alone acquainted with it. As for the queen's daughter, traces of her were sought in vain, and she was heard of no more.

It is known how from La Granja the insurrection spread to Madrid. The next day, the whole population in arms cried out, on the Puerta del Sol, "*Viva la Constitucion!* Death to the ministers,—Long live Queen Isabella!" In vain did General Quesada, struggling alone against the crowd, crush them for an hour beneath the gallop of his battle-steed, and by this *torreador's* success arrest the revolution until evening. He was involved in the route of his colleagues, and in his turn crushed by the populace.

On the evening of the 12th of August, a cavalier, exhausted with fatigue and covered with dust, his face concealed by a large *sombrero*, was taking some refreshment in the *posada* of the *Cruz Verde*, in the environs of Madrid. He was holding in his lap an object carefully wrapped in his mantle, the folds of which he was opening with painful precaution, when there entered the same inn a band of the national militia, returning from the *tumopu* (revolt.) They were dancing and singing these horrible words:

"Que es lo que baja—por a quel cerro? Ta-ra-ra.
Son los huesos de Quesada—que los trae un perro.
Ta-ra-ra.

(What is it which is descending the hill? It is the bones of Quesada dragged by a dog.)

They ranged themselves around a large bowl of coffee, and one of them suddenly exclaimed: *El pañuelo! El pañuelo!* (the handkerchief!) A blue handkerchief was given him, which he opened; he drew from it a bloody hand with some broken fingers, which each dipped in his cup, repeating the refrain—"Son los huesos de Quesada." The chief perceived the man with the sombrero, and presented to him one of these bloody cups.

"Celebrate with us, *caballero*, the national victory."

But the cavalier broke the cup into a thousand pieces, and declared that he was not a cannibal.—At this word, the whole band was about to fall upon the Spy of Quesada, when the unknown, showing his noble features disfigured by a scar, and drawing an enormous sword of Toledo, said:

"Back, traders in constitutions! Here is a rapier which struck Quesada five times, and which fears none of your rusty sabres."

The most insolent recoiled before the circle described by this terrible weapon, and the cavalier tranquilly resumed his burden, from whence a sighing voice escaped.

"What have you there?" exclaimed the soldiers, in whom terror had given place to surprise.

"I have a victim of such as you," replied the unknown, allowing them to see a child, whose rich garments were sullied with spots of blood.—"The absolutists and the constitutionalists are alike," pursued he, with gloomy fury; "those drink the blood of men, and these the blood of children. Shame on Spain and the Spaniards! People who have hearts have only to break their swords!"

At the same time the cavalier broke his rapier in pieces, overthrew the beverage of the militia, shook off on the threshold of the holstery the dust from his boots, sprang upon a horse fastened in the street and disappeared in the direction of the mountain.

The soldiers looked a long time at each other in silence; then their leader, raising the handle of the sword, exclaimed:

"Here is a cost of arms and a cipher which I know. This man is Count Terrido, the famous *guerillero* of Don Carlos!"

Nearly ten years had elapsed since the occurence of these events; Terrido, the queen's daughter, and even Don Carlos himself had been forgotten, the Senora Montemoro no longer existed. Spain had three or four times changed her constitution, and fifteen or twenty times her ministers; she had elevated and overthrown the Regent Espartero, banished and recalled the Regent Christina, when the encounter above related took place, which led the queen to the Rue de la Zarza.

A single word will now explain the surprise and emotion of Isabella. She had believed—very vaguely, doubtless, but with that eye of memory which looks back on so early a period of life—that she had found, in this dying young girl, the orphan of La Granja.

Was this a presentiment of the heart, or a deceptive resemblance? The queen wished to ascertain the fact without saying anything to those around her. Explaining her enquiries by a caprice of generosity, she informed herself of the names of the invalid and her guardian. The former was called Dolores, and the latter Antonio. They were not relatives, it was said, but Dolores had been confided by her family to the care of Antonio, who passed