SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JUNE 9, 1848.

THE Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 12. "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 40.

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by Durant & Co., at their office in the brick building of L. H. Deveber & Son, west side Prince Wm. street.

Terms—15s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.

Any person forwarding the names of six responsible subscribers will be entitled to a copy gratis.

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All letters, communications, &c., must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid; except at the option of the publisher.

Weekly Almanack.

June.	R. Sun. S.	Moon	H. W.
10 Saturday,	4 25 7 34	1 1	5 48
11 Sunday,	4 25 7 34	1 29	6 55
12 Monday,	4 24 7 35	1 59	7 57
13 Tuesday,	4 24 7 35	2 30	8 56
14 Wednesday,	4 24 7 36	3 4	9 51
15 Thursday,	4 24 7 36	3 42	10 34
16 Friday,	4 24 7 36	Rises.	11 14

Full Moon, 16th, 4h 14m. even.

MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

THIS Company is prepared to receive applications for Insurance against FIRE upon Buildings and other Property, at the Office of the subscriber. I. WOODWARD.
St. John, Nov. 11, 1846. Secretary.

THE HARTFORD Fire Insurance Company,

OF HARTFORD, (CONN.)

OFFERS to insure every description of property against loss or damage by Fire, on reasonable terms. This company has been doing business for more than twenty-five years, and during that period have settled all their losses without compelling the insured in any instance to resort to a court of justice.

The Directors of the company are Eliphalet Terry, James H. Wells, S. H. Huntingdon, A. Huntington, junr., Albert Day, Samuel Williams, F. G. Huntingdon, Elisha Colt, R. B. Ward.

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The subscriber having been duly appointed as Agent for the above company, is prepared to issue Policies of Insurance against Fire for all descriptions of property in this city and throughout the Province on reasonable terms. Conditions made known and every information given on application to JOHN ROBERTSON.
St. John, 1st March, 1844.

Minerva Life Assurance Company.

King William street, London.

ALL Persons assured at the above Office, are requested to take Notice, that in future no Extra Premium will be charged on their Policies for residence in British North America, as heretofore; nor will such Extra Premium be charged on any Assurance hereafter effected. All applications for assurance to be made to
RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.
Agents for New Brunswick.

Medical referee, John Paddock, Esq., M. D.
January 30, 1846.

National Loan Fund LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY of London.

EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Capital, £500,000 sterling.
Exclusive of a Reserved Fund (Surplus Premiums) of £37,000 sterling.

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Robert F. Hazen, Chairman.
Edward Allison, Esq. William Wright, Esq.
John H. Gray, Esq. F. A. Wiggins, Esq.

Advantages offered by this Society.

Perfect security, arising from a large Capital, totally independent of the Premium Fund.

Loans.—Two-thirds of the Annual Premiums paid, or half the Premiums for the first five years, which half may remain on interest, to be deducted from the amount of the Policy at the death of the insured.

Low rates of Premium.—The rates of Premium are as low as any society of equal standing.

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Insurance may be effected for one year, for five years, or for life, with or without participation in the profits of the society.

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Every information as to the Society's Rates of Premium, mode of Insurance, and blank forms of application, may be had at the Office of the subscribers, or of the sub-Agents, who have Pamphlets for gratuitous distribution, and all documents required for effecting Insurance.

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Managers, St. John, N. B.
February, 1848.

Hams, Buckwheat, and Rice.

PER Kate, from Boston—9 Tierces RICE, 1 do smoked HAMS; 43 bags Buckwheat MEAL.
Nov. 11. T. HANFORD, Johnston's Wharf.

HOLLANDS GENEVA.

JUST RECEIVED 12 Hhds. Finest PALE GENEVA.—For sale by
Dec 24. RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.

ROYAL MAIL STAGE BETWEEN St. John and St. Andrews.

THE subscriber having become contractor for conveying Her Majesty's Mails between St. John and St Andrews, hereby gives notice that he leaves St. John, with commodious Carriages and good Horses every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday morning at 6 o'clock, and St. Andrews every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning, going thro' the same day.

Passengers travelling on the route, will receive every attention from the Proprietor of the line, with whom they are requested to leave their names or at the Commercial Hotel, St. John, and Segee's Hotel, St. Andrews, where Stage Books will be kept.

October 15. GEO. CHRISTY.

VULCAN FOUNDRY,

Main Street, Lower Cove, St. John, N. B.

THE Subscriber, begs leave to inform the Public that he is ENLARGING the above named Establishment, and having also recently increased his facilities for Manufacturing Steam Engines, and other Machinery, Boilers, Iron Doors, Shutters, &c. &c., he is now prepared to take New Contracts for work in any department of the Iron Foundry and Black-Smith Business.

He has on hand a large assortment of Cooking Stoves, and Franklins, of the most approved patterns, and is constantly Manufacturing further supplies of these articles; which, together with Mill and ship's Castings, &c., will be sold at lower rates than any other of equally good quality in this market.

September 3. GEORGE CRAIG.

A CARD.

CALVIN POWERS, TAILOR, &c. beg most respectfully to announce to his friends and the public generally, that he has commenced business in the shop in Prince William Street, lately occupied by Mr. J. M. Campbell, where all orders in his line intrusted to his care, will be punctually attended to.
St. John, 1st May, 1846.

Laths, Palings, Boards.

A LARGE quantity of SAWED LATHS, PALINGS, PICKETS, Merchantable and Refuge DEALS, BOARDS, and SCANTLINGS always on hand, at the "Union Point Mills," and will be sold cheap, on application to the subscriber, (deliverable either at the Mills or in the city.)

WILLIAM CARVILL.
February 18. Nelson street.

BUTTER & OATMEAL.

Per schooner Sackville Packet from Sackville—
20 F[illegible]berland BUTTER from Rivers Napan and Macan; 10 barrels new Ground OATMEAL, for sale by H. G. KINNEAR.
April 14, 1848.

Salt, Sugar, Molasses.

Ex schr. *Democrat*, Clements, Master, from Yarmouth, now landing at York Point Slip:
2500 BUSHELS Turk's Island SALT; 56 Hhds. SUGAR; [illegible] Hhds MOLASSES.
For sale low from the vessel.
March 31. JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

Copy of a Letter from His Grace the Duke of Portland to Mrs. Ann Mellish, (one of his Tenants,) whom His Grace was pleased to send as a Patient to the Proprietor of this Extraordinary Medicine.

Madam,
If Mr. Holloway will undertake to cure you perfectly, when the Cure is complete I will undertake to pay him £2 10s. You may show him this Letter.
(Signed) SCOTT PORTLAND.
Welbeck Abbey, May 31, 1842.

Copy of a Letter from the Most honorable the Marquis of Westminster, K. G.
Lord Westminster has just received Mr. Holloway's Medicine, for which he returns him his best thanks.
Eaton Hall, Cheshire, Feb. 12, 1842.

This inestimable Medicine being composed entirely of medicinal Herbs, does not contain any mercurial, mineral, or deleterious substances. Benign to the tender infant, or to the weakest constitution, prompt and sure in eradicating disease from the most robust frame, it is perfectly harmless in its operations and effects, while it *searches out and removes Complaints of every character*, and at every stage, however long standing or deeply rooted.

Of the Thousands *cured by its agency*, many who were on the verge of the grave for a considerable period (by *persevering* in its use) have been RESTORED TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH, *after every other means failed.*

All Diseases (and whatever may be their symptoms, however they may declare themselves, yet one cause is common to them all, viz., a want of purity in the blood and fluids) are cured by this wonderful Medicine, which cleanses the stomach and bowels, while its Balsamic qualities clear the blood, give tone and energy to the nerves and muscles, invigorate the system, and strength to bone and sinew.

The Afflicted need not give himself up to despair, as one without hope, but let him make a proper trial of the Mighty Powers of this astonishing Medicine, and he will soon be *restored to the blessings of Health.*

Time should not be lost in taking this Remedy for any of the following Diseases:—

Ague,	Indigestion,
Asthma,	Inflammation,
Bilious Complaints,	Jaundice,
Blotches on the Skin,	Liver Complaints,
Bowel Complaints,	Lumbago,
Colics,	Piles,
Constipation of Bowels,	Rheumatism,
Consumption,	Retention of the Urine,
Debility,	Sore Throats,
Dropsy,	Scrofula, or King's Evil,
Dysentery,	Stone and Gravel,
Erysipelas,	Tic Douloureux,
Female Irregularities,	Tumours,
Fevers of all kinds,	Ulcers,
Fits,	Worms of all kinds,
Gout,	Weakness, from whatever cause, &c., &c.
Headache,	

These truly valuable Pills can be obtained at the Establishment of Professor Holloway, near Temple Bar, London. And are sold by PETERS & TILLEY, Provincial Agents, No. 2, King St., St. John, N. B.; James F. Gale, Fredericton; W. J. Baird, Woodstock; Alexander Lockhart, Quaco; James Beek, Bend Petitcodiac; O. R. Sayre, Dorchester; John Bell, Shediac; John Lewis, Hillsborough; John Curry, Canning; and James E. White, Belleisle.

In Boxes at 1s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 7s. each.

N. B. Directions, for the guidance of Patients in every Disorder, are affixed to each Box.

Miscellany.

ENGLAND.—There is something more in the thought of England than the mere clinging of the heart of the place which gave us birth. Her very insulated situation seems to impose upon her children, as a duty, to limit, in a degree, their wishes and their feelings to the bounds of her sea-washed shores. There is an interest in her solitary grandeur amongst the waves. There, too, she has ever been the island throne from which a long race of mighty kings has shaken the destiny of of all other lands, and ruled or changed a world. History is full of England. It seems as if hers were the pervading spirit of all past chronicles—as if, like an awful spectre, her image was always present amidst the festivals and feuds of other states. Calm, grand, and sublime, she treads the waters of earthly strife; and, while others are contending for petty trifles among themselves, losing one day, winning another, the power and glory of England marches on, if not unchecked, only the greater for each temporary reverse. Freedom is her birth-right, home joys and rural peace her ornaments; arts, arms, and poetry the coronet on her brow. Oh! it is a glorious land, indeed, and let them call the English proud if they will, thank God we have something to be proud of.—*G. P. R. James.*

JEREMY TAYLOR'S CAMP LIFE.—Wood says that he followed the army in the capacity of chaplain. And this assertion is confirmed by the internal testimony of his works. But I am not aware that any of his biographers of critics have pointed out the vividness and number of his martial images. Keble proves the military experience of Homer from the allusions to arms and combats: and the reader of Taylor's sermons often finds himself hurried into the tumult of the camp, or the terrors of the conflict, by the same freshness and truth of description. A striving example occurs in his discourse, entitled, "Apple of Sodom," where he represents the si[illegible] overcome by [illegible] violence of a [illegible] subsides, to the full horror and peril of his condition. "But so have I known a bold trooper fight in the confusion of a battle, and, being warm with heat and rage, receive from the sword of his enemy wounds open like a grave; but he felt them not; and when by the streams of blood, he found himself marked for pain, he refused to consider then what he was to feel to-morrow; but when his rage hath cooled into the temper of a man, and clammy moisture hath checked the fiery emission of spirits, he wonders at his own boldness, and blames his fate, and needs a mighty patience to bear his great calamity." The wounded trooper carries us back to Naseby or Marston Moor. The following sketch of a humbler hero bears indications of having been painted from life:—"And what can we complain of the weakness of our strengths, or the pressures of diseases, when we see a poor soldier stand in a breach, almost starved with cold and hunger, and his cold apt to be relieved only by the heats of anger, a fever, or a fired musket, and his hunger slacked by a greater pain or a huge fear! This man shall stand in his arms and wounds, pale and faint, weary and watchful; and at night shall have a bullet pulled out of his flesh, and shivers from his bones, and endure his mouth to be sewed up from a violence rent to its dimensions." In another place, the man who prays with a discomposed spirit is compared to him "that sets up his closet in the out-quarters of an army, and choses a frontier garrison to be wise in." Where no particular allusion to military affairs is detected, the language shows the writer's familiarity with the field and the camp. In the case of a believer who has intermitted the watchfulness of prayer, "the temptation returns and forages, and prevails and seizes upon our unguarded strengths."—These specimens might be enlarged.—*Willmott's Life of Jeremy Taylor.*

MINOR MORALS FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.—Punch's Pocket Book gives the following hints to married folk:—

Married people should study each other's weak points, as skaters look out for the weak part of the ice, in order to keep them off. Ladies who marry for love should remember that the union of angels with women has been forbidden since the flood. Wives, be lenient to marital cigar. The smoke always hides the most disagreeable part of the battle. The wife who would properly discharge her duties must never have a soul "above buttons." Don't trust too much to good temper when you get into an argument. The Indians produce fire by rubbing of the driest sticks. Sugar is the substance most universally diffused through all natural products. Let married people take a hint from this provision of nature.

JONES'S FRICTION HAMMER.—We have been favoured with a sight of a novel machine which has just been completed, and is now at work at the Great Western Works, the invention of Mr. John Jones, manager of the works, who also invented the "Cambrian engine." The machine is called a "friction hammer," and consists of frames of cast-iron, in which are vertical slides acting as guides to the hammer, & also supporting the machinery necessary for putting the hammer in motion. The hammer consists of a clane bar of flat wrought iron, so arranged as to work in the slides, and is raised by means of two vertical rollers turning in opposite directions, which are made to bear upon the bar by an exceedingly simple arrangement of levers. A slight pressure upon the handle of one lever raises the hammer to any height not exceeding seven feet; the pressure being removed it falls by its own gravity; this lever is also arranged so as to stop the hammer in any part of its descent, should circumstances render it necessary. The friction rollers are put in motion by means of straps and pulleys, fly wheels being also fitted on each strap. A double punching and shearing machine of great power, by the same inventor, has also just been completed at these works.—*British Mirror.*

ROSAURA.

A THRILLING TALE OF MADRID,

EMBRACING HIGHLY INTERESTING EVENTS IN THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF FERDINAND VII.

(Concluded.)

The words were an electric shock [illegible] The king started, and [illegible] extraordinary agitation. "What [illegible] says that?" he cried, rising from [illegible] chair with the vigor of sudden excitement. "Who knows of the document? Where is it? [illegible]—he shall explain—confess!"

"Seize the scoundrel!" cried T[illegible] dared intrude himself [illegible] the King, his eyes rolling wildly, his features [illegible] "Where is the paper? Tadeo [illegible] Ha! what is this! mercy! [illegible]—!" The word was unfinished [illegible] doubtfully tortured by bodily [illegible] fell back into the arms [illegible] The king is dead! exclaimed [illegible] lay without sense or motion [illegible] Castillo!" said Tadeo. The physician felt the patient's wrist.

'A sudden paroxysm, your Excellency,' replied in a low voice. 'It was to be apprehended—all is over!'

The Count turned away, and his eye fell upon Federico, who, seeing resistance useless, stood passive in the custody of several of the camarilla.—With a vindictive frown, Tadeo pulled open the student's cloak, and pointed to his skirtless coat.

'You cannot deny it,' he said. 'The proof of your guilt is in my possession. Who is the fel[illegible]'

Geronimo, Tegato stepped forward and [illegible] the student's face.

'[illegible] cried [illegible] that Don Federico, the young advocate, well known in this [illegible] house as a virulent Exaltado, a determined seeker, propagator of atrocious doctrines!'

'I thought as much,' said the Count. 'None but such an unprincipled scoundrel would dare to act the spy in the very palace. Call the guard, and away with him to prison. Let this man be securely ironed,' he added to the soldiers who now entered; 'and let none have speech of him.'

The order was promptly obeyed.

A very brief space elapsed before Federico found himself in a narrow dungeon, stretched on damp straw, with manacles on hands and feet. In total darkness, and seated despondingly upon his comfortless couch, the events of the evening appeared to him like some frightful nightmare. But in vain did he rub his eyes and try to awake from his imaginary sleep; the terrible reality forced itself upon him. He thought of Rosaura, the original cause of his misfortunes, and almost doubted whether she were indeed a woman, or some demon in angel's form, sent to lure him to destruction. Of Geronimo, too, he thought with feelings of inexpressible bitterness. He, the friend in whom he had placed such implicit reliance, to betray him thus; for his own advantage, doubtless, and to draw his own head out of the noose! There were none, then, to whom he could now look for succour. The King was dead; his successor, the apostolic ruler, the partisan and defender of the Inquisition, whose name, for years past, had been the rallying cry of the disaffected, owed his crown to the powerful Tadeo, whom the student had offended and ill treated, whose love he had dared to cross, whose revenge he must now encounter. Federico felt that his fate was sealed. Already he heard, imagination, the clank of ponderous fetters in the dismal halls of the Inquisition; already he saw the terrible machines—the screws and weights, the ladder and iron couch, and felt the burning sulphur, as it was dropped, hissing upon his naked flesh by the masked and pitiless executioner. He thought of Argueles, the Divine, whom he had seen an animated corpse, his limbs crushed and distorted by similar tortures; and in spite of his natural courage, a shudder came over him as he heard the bars of his dungeon door withdrawn, and the heavy bolts shot back into their sockets. The next instant he closed his eyes dazzled by a glare of light.

When he re-opened them, the Count, or Tadeo, whichever was his most fitting appellation, stood before him. With the courage of pride and despair Federico boldly met his searching gaze. For some moments they looked at each other in silence, broken at last by Tadeo.

'I come to question you,' he said: 'answer truly and your captivity may be very brief. Deceive me, and your life shall be yet shorter. Your crimes shall meet their just reward.'

'I am guilty of no crime,' retorted Frederico—'I am the victim of circumstances.'

'And what are they?' eagerly inquired the Count.

Federico was silent.

'Do you know me, Senor?' said the Count.

'No,' was the reply.

'Beware then lest you learn to know me to well. What did you, concealed in yonder closet? Where is the paper you robbed me of? Who admitted you into the house? Do you belong to a secret society? Were you sent as a spy? A dagger was found in the closet: did you come to assassinate me?'

He paused after each question, but Federico answered none of them, save the last, to which he replied by a stern negative. 'You had best confess,' resumed Tadeo. 'If you are no political offender, if no criminal project led you where I found you, I pledge my word. Senor—and I pledge it only to what I can and will perform—you shall at once be released.'

'I can say but this,' replied the prisoner; 'it was not my object to overhear you: an accident conducted me where you discovered me, and I bitterly regret that a casual noise betrayed my presence.'

'Is that all you will say?'

'All.'

'You know not with whom you deal,' cried the Count. 'Then, lowering his voice, and with a smile that he strove to render amiable. 'It was, perhaps, a love affair,' he said. "Young man which of Dona Rosaura's handmaidens did you seek? Who introduced you into that apartment? Tell me this, satisfy me of a point that concerns myself personally, and not only will I forget all, but remain your debtor."

Whilst thus he spoke, the Count's features expressed very different sentiments from those announced by his smooth and placable speech. In their convulsive working, and in the savage fire of his eyes, jealously and hatred were plainly to be read; he looked like a tiger about to spring upon its prey.

'Senor,' said Federico contemptuously, 'you waste time. If a lady did introduce me into your house, rest assured I am not base enough to reveal her name. From me you get no further answer. Do with me as you will. In this unhappy land, might is above right.'

'Wretch!' exclaimed the Count, advancing upon his undaunted captive; 'you have betrayed yourself. I will destroy you, knave, like an insect. A lady conceal you! What audacious slander! He struggled with his rage, and mastering himself, resumed—'It has been proved that you are the spy of a dangerous and treasonable association. Where is the paper you stole?'

'I have no paper,' replied Federico, 'and will answer no more questions. I am in your power, do your worst.'

The Count stepped to the dungeon door, and summoned two men in waiting outside. Whilst one of them searched Federico, closely examining each pocket and fold of his dress, but without discovering the much coveted document, the other listened respectfully to the Count, who gave him instructions in a low voice. His last words which reached the ear of the student. 'Be it so,' said Don Tadeo. 'The necessary warrant shall at once be made out, and then—despatch! And with a vindictive glance at his prisoner, he left the prison.

It was some consolation to the unfortunate Federico, when again [illegible] the prospect of a cruel death [illegible] the firmness [illegible] jealous doubt [illegible] revenge was [illegible] excited imagination transported [illegible] gloomy cell to the chamber of the beautiful cause of his misfortunes. She knelt before a [illegible] and wept and prayed for him. He heard her breathe his name and invoke the saints to his assistance: and in a transport of love and gratitude he extended his arms to clasp her to his heart. They were rudely checked by the chain that fastened them to the wall. And now pale spectres [illegible] through the gloom, and grinned at him with their skeleton mouths and murmured in his ear that he must die, and never again see [illegible]ose kiss was yet hot upon his lips. And the ominous words and deadly look of his foe recurring [illegible] chasing all hope. Who would miss him, the humble and friendless student; who inquired how or where he had met his fate! Far greater than he, the wealthy, the titled, the powerful had met the fate he anticipated at hangman's hands, in the dark and silent recesses of Spanish dungeons. To this long list of illustrious victims, he, an insignificant one, would be added unnoticed. And the remembrance of those who had preceded him, ennobling an ignominious death, gave Federico courage. 'Yes!' he exclaimed aloud. 'I will die, as so many great and good men have died before me! Would that I had done service to my poor oppressed country, something to deserve the tyrant's hate. But for thee, Rosaura, will I gladly perish, and to thee only shall my last sigh be given.

His words yet echoed in the dungeon, when he heard steps at the door, and its fastenings again withdrawn. This time he doubted not it was his death-warrant and the executioner. Nerving himself to endure the worst, he gazed sternly and steadily at his visitors.

'That is he,' said the turnkey, to a tall, sullen-looking man.

'Take off his chains,' was the answer; 'and you senor, follow me.'

'Quick with your word,' cried Federico. 'Call your aids. I am prepared.'

Silence and follow!' harshly replied the stranger. 'Lucky for you are prepared for all.'

Without the dungeon stood a third man, muffled in a short mantle. Federico shuddered. 'Another of the hangman blood!' he murmured. 'Lead on I fear thee not!' The man followed without a word. After traversing several corridors, they ascended a lofty staircase. Behind each door Federico fancied a torture chamber or a garrote, but none of them revealed what he expected. At last his conductor paused.

'Are you ready,' he said, 'to appear before your Supreme Judge?'

'I am ready, Federico solemnly replied.

'Then enter here!'

A door opened, the student set foot across the threshold and uttered a cry of surprise. Instead of the garrote, instead of racks and torturers, he beheld a gorgeous saloon, brilliantly lighted up with a profusion of wax tapers. Five or six men of distinguished mien and elegant appearance, with stars and orders upon their breast, were grouped round a long carved chair, and looked curiously and expectantly at Federico. But he scarcely observed them. Even on a lady of great beauty and majestic aspect, who sat in the chair, wrapped in a costly mantle of embroidered velvet, his attention was fixed but for an instant, for behind her stood, another lady, somewhat pale and anxious looking, but who yet bore so strong a resemblance to the cause of his sufferings, to her of the rose-coloured robe to Rosaura herself, that all the blood in his veins rushed to his heart. Her name hovered on his lips, and, forgetting everything but love and newly revived hope, he was about to spring forward and throw himself at her feet, when the lady in the chair addressed him.

'Remain there, senor,' she said with a smile and gracious movement of her head, as if she divined the impulse to which the impetuous student so nearly yielded. 'You have had strange adventures I am told, within the last few hours. They will terminate happily for you, if you tell the whole truth, and relate without reserve all that has occurred. Where have you passed this night? What took you to the house in which you were found hidden? What heard you there?'

'Senora,' replied Federico, respectfully, but firmly: 'I have already preferred death to the revelation of a secret that is not mine. My resolution is unchanged. I can answer no question.'

The lady cast a friendly and approving glance at the steadfast youth.

'Now, by our lady,' she said, turning to the gentleman around her, 'this is a chivalrous fidelity, [illegible] rarest [illegible] to behold in those unchivalrous days. [illegible] young sir, that the lady of your affection [illegible] know how to repay it. But here are great interests at stake, and your excuse may not avail. You must relate all, truly and without reserve. And to remove your scruples, know that the secret you have so [illegible]ly kept is no longer one for any here present. Proceed.'

A look from Rosaura confirmed this assurance, and without further hesitation, Federico told his adventures, and repeated the dialogue he had heard from the closet. At times the listeners seemed surprised: at times they smiled and looked significantly at each other, and spoke together in brief whispers. Twice had the student to tell his tale, and his words were taken down by one of the gentlemen present. That done, the lady rose quickly from her chair, laid a hand upon his shoulder, and fixing her keen bright eyes searchingly upon his face, pointed to the deposition.

"Can you swear to that?" she cried. "Is it all true? Before God and his saints, did all pass, as you have said? No word too much or too little? Saw you the document with your own eyes? *Santa Madra!* Is it possible? Surely it cannot be: and yet—my friends, what say you?" What think you, Duke of San Fernando, and you, Marquis of Santa Cruz? What says his Grace of San Lorenzo, and our discreet friend, Martinez de la Rosa? No, I need not fear, whilst thus surrounded by the best and wisest in the land. Crambronero, advise us. How may we defeat the machinations of our crafty foes?"

The gentleman who had written down the deposition, raised his head, and Federico recognized the features of one renowned throughout Spain as a wise counsellor and learned lawyer. With surprise and respect the student gazed at the distinguished and illustrious person he had just heard named.

'Much depends,' said Cambronero, 'on his Majesty's health. If unhappily he departs this life without regaining consciousness, we must recover the surreptitiously obtained document at the point of sword. No other course will then be open to us. But if, by God's gracious mercy, the king's senses return, not a moment must be lost in obtaining from his hand a revocation of the act. He must be told everything; he must be shown how his confidence has been abused, and what base advantage has been taken of a momentary weakness. He must hear the witnesses whom heaven has raised up for your Majesty.'

[illegible] with an impatient and energetic gesture, [illegible] Cambronero [illegible] we must [illegible] All that can be [illegible] Christina will [illegible] Don Fernando [illegible] retract. He [illegible] how they have [illegible] sought to bring shame upon his name, [illegible] the perfidy of those who have environed him with their snares! I go to tell him.'

The Queen left the room. 'To me it seems, Senores,' said Cambronero, a quiet smile playing on his shrewd features, 'that things have happened for the best, and that the result of this is not at all doubtful, provided only the King be not already dead. The Apostolicals have been active. Their creatures have worked their way even into the cabinet and the camarilla. The Guards, the captains-general, and many officers of state are long since gained over. In all cases, on King Ferdinand's death, a war is inevitable. This succession to the throne is a Gordian knot, to be cut only by the sword. The Infante will never yield his claim, or admit as valid the abrogation of the ancient Salic Law,* and doubtless the crown would be his were not the people and the spirit of the times opposed to him. He is retrograde: the Spain of to-day is and must be progressive. The nation is uneasy; it hates despotic government and the Inquisition; it ferments from north to south, from Portugal to the Mediterranean; but that fermentation [illegible] a rallying point with the decree which commands all to cling to Christina and her children, and repel the Infante. The partisans of Carlos have striven to obtain by craft what they could not hope to conquer by the strong hand, and they have succeeded in making a dying monarch revoke in a moment of delirium or imbecility that all-important act. The revocation is in the hands of the Infante; the Salic is once more the law of the land; and Christin's children are in their turn disinherited. And if it is impossible to restore the King to consciousness I fear———"

'What!' cried the Marquis of Santa Cruz.

'That we are on the eve of a great revolution.'

'Hush!' said the Duke of San Lorenzo, looking anxiously around him. 'These are dangerous words, my friend.' And his eye fell on the handsome countenance of Martinez de la Rosa, who smiled thoughtfully.

'Call it reform Crambonero,' he said; 'wise progress of the times, moderate, cautious, adapted to the circumstances; not rash, reckless, sweeping revolution.'

The lawyer cast a keen glance at the former minister of the Cortez.

'Reform!' he cried. 'Ay certainly; but what reform? Does Senor de la Rosa mean such reform as he helped to bring about? I bid him beware; these are not times for trifling. Here we stand, but a few paces from the death-bed of a powerful prince. He fettered this revolution or reform; but Senoros, it was only for a while and in appearance. Like the mole, it has labored and advanced, surely and unseen. Happy for our King if he expires before the vanity of his efforts, and the inutility of the bloodshed and misery they have occasioned, are demonstrated; before he learns that a principle never dies, though all the artillery of the world be brough to bear upon it. History judges the dead: nations judge the living. Let us so act that we may stand with honour before both tribunals.'

'The subject leads us too far,' said the poet and minister, rising from his chair and glancing at Federico, who, struck and delighted by Cambronero's words, gazed at him with expanded brow and flushing eyes. 'Let us beware of kindling fanaticism; coolness and prudence are becoming to man, and, God knows, we need both.'

He took Cambronero's arm, and led him to the other end of the spacious apartment. The noblemen followed and the conversation was resumed in a lower tone. So enthralling had been the interest with which Federico had listened to the words of those influential Liberals, that for an instant he had neglected Rosaura, who stood nearly concealed behind the swelling cushions and high gilt back of the throne-like chair. Her beautiful face wore an anxious, inquiring expression, which seemed to reproach him for forgetting her; but as he drew near, she smiled, and rays of love and hope broke from beneath her long dark lashes.—And under the magic influence of those beaming eyes, Federico's doubts and fears vanished like

*By the Pragmatic Sanction, promulgated during the first pregnancy of Christina, in May, 1830.

MUTILATED ISSUE