

☐ We hope our Subscribers, who are in arrears, will lose no time in making their remittances.

☐ For those entering the BRATTON LADIES' ACADEMY, the *Second Term of the Winter Session*, will commence on *Wednesday, the Third day of January, 1849*. This will be a favorable time for pupils to enter, as several new classes will then be formed.

The several departments of the Institution are filled by able and experienced Teachers,—the Principal and Preceptress, having *nine* assistants.

In addition to *Weekly Lectures*, continued through the *Winter Session*, on a variety of interesting and useful subjects.—Two courses will be commenced at the opening of next term; one on *Chemistry*, the other on *Astronomy*, enlivened and rendered interesting by numerous experiments and illustrations, for which extensive apparatus is provided.

It has been the constant aim of the Proprietor, to increase and improve the facilities of this Establishment; the result of which has been a steady increase of pupils since its first opening. Though only the commencement of the Session about 120 pupils, from various parts of the Province, ranging from Montreal to London, are now in attendance;—a greater number than during any previous Term.

The Institution is not subject to the control of any religious sect.

It is essentially a private enterprise; depending for support on the faithful and conscientious performance of duty on the part of the Principal, Preceptress, and Teachers, towards those entrusted to their Guardianship. While steady efforts are made to impress on the youthful mind the evidences, obligations, and duties of revealed religion, Sectarian influences are carefully excluded. No efforts are permitted to be made to divert religious faith from the channel in which home instruction has directed it.

The Pupils attend their own places of worship, accompanied by one of their Teachers; their associations being thus carefully guarded.

For Expenses, and all other particulars, attention is invited to the Academy Circular, which may be obtained by application to the Principal, or of any Wesleyan Minister in the Province.

D. C. VANNORMAN,
Principal.

Hamilton, 7th November, 1848.

Isabella, Queen of Spain.

In the midst of all these scenes of crime, and war, and woe, Christina and the courts of Europe were intriguing for a husband for the hapless Isabella. England, France, and Austria each had a bridegroom to urge upon the passive princess; and yet neither of these powers would consent that either of the others should have the benefit of such an alliance. At last it was decided to compromise the question. All abandoned their claims, and they agreed to force upon Isabella a husband so weak and impotent that none need fear his influence. Francisco, Isabella's youngest uncle, had two sons, Enrique and Francisco. The only difference between them was, that while the elder was coarse, brutal, energetic, and unblushing in avarice and vice, the younger was imbecile, silly, and mean in his bested temper. Isabella preferred Enrique, if she must take one of the two. It was, however, decided that Francisco must be her spouse. His imbecile mind, and feeble person, and squeaking voice, excited her contempt. For a time she flatly refused to surrender herself to one whom her soul loathed. She wept, she stormed, she declared that she would sooner die than wed Francisco.

One night, her unnatural mother and a crafty minister took the weeping, agonized child of sixteen into an inner chamber of the palace, to constrain her consent. The imperious mother, with her conspiring counselor, first tried the efficacy of threats upon the unprotected child. Finding them unavailing, she turned to entreaties and tears. Thus, expostulations, and solicitations, and menaces, the long hours of the night passed away, and day dawned upon the pale and tearful cheek of Isabella, before she would give her consent to receive the despised Francisco for her husband. At last, worn out with exhaustion and despair, she resisted no longer, and submitted herself to the outrage. Fearing lest she might again summon resolution to rebel, the marriage was hastily consummated. But hardly was the irrevocable tie formed, before Isabella's repugnance to her spouse became so absolutely insupportable that she could not even endure his presence. Both were proud and irascible. They quarreled; they separated. Again they attempted to live near each other; again the total want of congeniality, invincible disgust on the part of Isabella, drove them asunder. Our sympathies strongly incline

us to represent Isabella as an amiable, pensive, and gentle child, fading away before the blight of untimely sorrow. Truth, however, compels us to admit that she is imperious, irritable, and masculine. She is the child of ungovernable passions, and is wrecked, both in body and soul, by a life of joylessness. She possesses nothing but her sorrows to win our love. How could it be otherwise! Her father was one of the most worthless wretches who ever disgraced a throne. Her mother was an intriguing, unprincipled, abandoned woman. From infancy, Isabella has breathed as polluting a moral atmosphere as it is possible for one to inhale. It would, indeed, be a miracle, were one, born of such parents and reared in such a home, to possess the graces of a refined and lovely spirit. The wreck and ruin of her own heart are even more desolating and more to be commiserated than the external calamities which have enveloped her in gloom, which apparently never can be dissipated. Isabella has no resources within for consolation. *She never has been, and never can be loved.* Earth has no heavier doom than this.

Isabella's sister, Louisa, was a few months ago married, when fourteen years of age, to the Duke of Montpensier, the youngest son of Louis Philippe. This marriage produced every great excitement throughout Europe, and roused the most vigorous though unavailing, remonstrances on the part of England. Should Isabella die childless, Louisa will ascend the throne. And thus the son of Louis Philippe will be the husband of the queen. Of course, the two kingdoms, had not Louis Philippe, been ejected from his throne, would have been most intimately allied, and the cabinet of Versailles would have had great influence in the councils of Spain. Indeed, it was more than possible that the crowns of the two kingdoms of France and Spain, as in the case of Castile and Aragon, would have descended upon one brow. This would fearfully destroy the "balance of power" in Europe. England was extremely jealous of this influence, and was ready to wage war with France, rather than have a son of Louis Philippe marry the Queen of Spain. Isabella would have liked, it is said, that connection.

The probability, however, now is that Louisa will soon ascend the throne. Isabella looks care-worn and haggard. Wretchedness has broken down her constitution, and epilepsy, one of the most awful diseases to which the human frame is subject, is apparently hurrying her to the grave. It is now most probable that her sorrowful life will soon be terminated by death. Indeed, it is alleged that the ministry of Madrid are on the point of declaring their sovereign incompetent to reign, and of recommending to the Cortes the regency of Louisa. The kingdom is filled with stories of her discreditable demeanor, and of her bickerings with her spouse. England has been calling loudly for the queen's divorce, hoping that another union may be more successful, and that heirs of Isabella may yet prevent a son of Louis Philippe from being queen-consort. The dethronement of Louis Philippe, for the present, allays these fears. But monarchy is not yet dead in France.

The death of Isabella, without issue, would probably be the signal not only for the outbreak of civil war in Spain, but it might also involve all Europe in hostilities. The Carlists would immediately present their claims to the throne, sustained by England, Austria, and Russia. Louis Philippe, with his armies, would, of course, have sustained the cause of Louisa. There is no kingdom of Europe now in a state of deeper depression, or whose prospect for the future is more gloomy, than that of Spain. What combinations are to be presented by the new turn recently given to the political kaleidoscope, no one can tell.

And yet, were it not for foreign interference, Spain, under the nominal reign of Louisa, with the Duke of Montpensier as her counselor, would unquestionably be far better governed than she has been for many ages. The duke is a young man of elevated character and education. He has seen much of the world, and, with peculiarly conciliating and affable manners, has great energy of purpose and action. He undoubtedly would be able to accomplish much toward the redemption of Spain from the degradation into which she has fallen.—John S. C. Abbott.