PPUTNAMES

From a paper on the "Ascent of Monte Rosa," by J. M. Hart, we make these extracts:-

Alpine travellers and readers of Alpine travels are familiar with Chamounix and its mountain glories, Mont Blanc, the Mer do Glace, the Jardin Vert, the Brevent. Equally well known to them is the Oberland, with its queenly Jungfrau, its enchanting valley of Interlaken, its beautiful panorama from the Rigi Kulm. But there is an Alpine valley grander than that of Chamounix, more striking in its diversified beauty than any in the Oberland. I allude to the Zermatt Thal. Of late years, the tide of public favor has setting in strongly towards this secluded nest in the High Alps; the Alpine Club have explored and re-explored every peak and pass in and around it, and books of travel are full of its praise. For all that Zermatt will, I trust, ever remain what it has been hitherto-a quiet haunt for genuine lovers of Alpine scenery, unfrequented by the herd of hill and glacier grazers that deyour Switzerland in a fortnight. The position of Zermatt favors this comparative isolation. It stands at the head of a long narrow valley. a cui de sac, which has no outlets at the south except over the St. Theodule pass into Italy. This pass is not dangerous, but it is quite high, always covered with snow, and more or less fatiguing to even good walkers. Nor is there any lateral outlet into the adjacent valleys of Saas on the east and Evolena on the west; unless, indeed, the traveller is minded to attempt such passages as the Weiss Thor, the Adler, the Alphubel, or the Col d'Herins-all grandes courses of great height and danger, and also of wild beauty. The ordinary cogageur, therefore, who travels more for pleasure than adventure, is obliged to conclude his Zermatt trip by retracing his steps down the valley to the Rhone at Visp. Thus isolated, Zermatt stands peorless in beauty among the great Alpine valleys. offers no one peak that is quite so high as the dome of Mont Blanc, with its 15,800 feet of elevation; but it has the Monte Rosa, 15,200, the Mischabelhorner, 15,000, the Lyskamm, the Twins, and the Breithorn nearly as high, the Matterhorn, 14,800, the Weisshorn within a fraction of 15,000. And what mountains they are, too! The Hochste Spitze of the Monte Rosa affords the daring climber a panoramic view surpassing any to be had from the dos d'ane of the Mont Blane; the Breithorn displays a dazzling wall of snow that outshines the Jungfrau; the Matterhorn, boldly thrusting its precipitous pile of rock for thousands of feet into the sky, is the Titan of the Alps; while the Weisshorn, pronounced by Ruskin to be the perfection of mountain configuration, may be named the Apollo.

For the venturesome traveller Zermatt is rich in attractions, chief among which is the ascent of the Monte Rosa. I have already stated that the view from the summit surpasses that from Mont Blane; I may add that the ascent is more dangerous. For a long while Mont Blanc was looked upon with reverential dread by admirers of Albert Smith, who failed himself to reach the summit, and the Chamounix guides found pecuniary profit in exaggerating the danger, and thus forcing visitors to take four guides where one would suffice. Thanks to the enterprise and pluck of the Alpine Club, this delusion has been cured, and the ascent of Mont Blanc is now regarded as anything but an extraordinary feat.

The following is a description of a sunrise as seen from Monte Rosa:-

Towards 5 o'clock we were fairly out at sea on the great Gorner Glacier. The ice was delightfully hard and crisp, and the sharp-headed nails in our shoes "bit" into it as though they were patent creepers. The night had imperceptibly given way to the loveliest dawn, and the stars died out the tall snow mountains still remained of a ghostly ashen color. It was almost oppressive-the sky overhead full of warm light, and in front these huge spectral snow-wreaths of the Lyskamm and the Breithorn. Not a breath of air was stirring, not a sound was to be heard except the crunching of the ice under foot. Suddenly Peter Taugwald uttered a low exclamation, and pointed with his alpenstock to the Hochste Spitze that towered on our left. Sure enough, the dull brown rocks on the summit were just tinged with the first

rays of the rising sun.

We all felt what was coming, and involuntarily paused. The entire western side of the Monte Rosa-the one turned towards usrested in deep shadow. As the sun crept slowly up, its rays glanced from summit to summit, falling full upon the Matterhorn far away to the right. The shadow of the Monte Rosa rested upon the Lyskamm, while the latter projected a long cone of darkish green upon the twins. The Breithorn still retained its ashy hue. All at once, in the twinkling of an eye, the sun turned the corner of the Twins and shot a single broad ray of light across the entire face of the Breithorn, flushing it to a light orange. From moment to moment the color on the snow-wreaths grew warmer and warmer, while the most exquisite hues of apple-green and violet played about the summits. For upwards of thirty minutes this indescribable play of colors lasted, until the more delicate tints faded slowly away in the garish glow of the summer day. Never

sively beautiful than this sunrise. The tints themselves, the shifting of the shadows, the sudden bursts of light, everything combined to create a scene of overpowering beauty. Let the reader imagine himself standing on one of the grandest glaciers in the Alps, at the very base of a festooned wall of snow thousands of feet high and stretching away for miles on either side; and then let him imagine these gigantic snowwreaths throwing the most fantastic shadows upon each other and colored with the most exquisite tints. Such is a sunrise on the

have I witnessed a spectacle more impres-

Gorner Glacier. It is a mistake to consider sunrise as merely an inverted sunset. In the Alps, at least, the whole coloring is different. In place of the purple, crimson, and yellow hues of the afternoon, we find colder tints, violet, pale green, and grey. Without presuming to offer a seientific explanation of the difference, I think it may be owing to the variance in temperature. When the sun sets, his rays fall upon an atmosphere charged with heat. During the night the surface-water upon the glacier and the half-melted snows of the nece congeal, so that the sun rises upon an atmosphere that is near the freezing point. I am confirmed in this belief by the circumstance that our sunsets in midwinter very often present these same tints though less promi-

From "Old Times in Virginia, and a Few Parallels," by W. C. Elam, we take the following about witchcraft in the "Old Dominion:"-

Old Virginia has self-complacently held herself guiltless of those crimes and follies which she has attributed to New England.

When a Virginian is in his most unwholesome frame of mind against the "Yankees," he is apt to refer, in terms either derisive or denunciatory, to the New England trials and executions for witchcraft. In vain have the descendants of the Puritans endeavored to palliate the errors of their ancestors, by proving the witchcraft delusion to have been rather the malady of the age than the crime of the individuals who labored under it. The Virginian was not to be propitiated nor silenced by any such process of confes-sion and avoidance. His forefathers had escaped the contagion, and he triumphed in the boast, too easily credited, that the 'sacred soil of Old Virginia" had never been dese-

crated by a trial for witchcraft, Yet this boast is not warranted by facts; for the records are extant which prove beyond a cavil that Virginia has, in at least one instance, tried a woman for witchcraft-the victim being a negress, though only incidentally indicated as such in the account from which I derive my information. Without further preface, I shall relate her story, confining myself strictly to matter of record

Grace Sherwood was the romantic name of the witch in this case, and Princess Anne county was the locality. The complaint was originally brought against Grace by Luke Hill and his wife, on a mere suspicion, and all the proceedings were in the County Court in the years 1705 and 1706. The first entry made in the matter was as follows:-

"Princess Anne, 88. At a Court held ve: 3d of Janry: 170% present:
Mr. Bena: Burro, Collo: Moseley, Mr. John Cornick,
Capt: Hancock, Capt: Chapman, Justiciss,
Whereas Luke Hill & uxor somd Grace Sherwood
to this Court in suspection of witchcraft & she fayling
to appear it is therefore order, yt: attachmt. to ye: Sherr do Issue to attach her body to ansr. ye: sd:

Accordingly, in "ffebry" following, the Court debated the matter very fully before proceeding to examine Grace, and finally ordered that Luke Hill should pay all costs and charges of the complaint, and that said Grace should be at the next Court to be searched by a jury of women; for it appears that the 'suspetion" was chiefly grounded upon certain alleged differences between the accused and other women. In March, therefore, Grace appeared and consented to be privily examined by twelve women, who were empanelled as a jury and sworn. Having completed their inspection, they reported a verdict in the following words, to wit:-

"We of ye, Jury have sereath: Grace Sherwood, and have found two things like fitts with several other spotts—Eliza Barnes, forewoman Sarah Norris Margt, Watkins, Hannah Dennis, Sarah Goodyard Mary Burgess, Sarah Sergeont, Winford Davis, Ur Mary Burgess, Sarah Sergeont, Winford Davis, Ur sula Henly, Ann Bridges. Exable Waplies-Mary

Upon this the matter was presented to the Attorney-General of Virginia, who solemnly laid it before the then Governor in Council Before this high tribunal the charge appeared too general and indefinite, and the County Court of Princess Anne was instructed, if it saw fit, to have Grace Sherwood examined de novo. The court did see fit, and she was arrested by the sheriff and required to give good bail for her appearance at next term. Meanwhile, the sheriff, assisted by the constable of the precinct, was ordered to search Grace's house and all suspicious places adjacent thereto, "for all images and such like things. But it seems that this inquisition was wholly bootless.

A new difficulty in the case now The women of the vicinage, arose. either through modesty, or fear of the supposed witch, or for other good and sufficient reasons, utterly refused to serve on the jury required. In vain the sheriff summoned, and, by turns, implored and entreated. They were inexorable, There seemed to be a perfect conspiracy of the fair sex in that region not to go to Court for any purpose. When the Court, in June, had a number of the absentees summoned for contempt, they still kept away, although threatened with the utmost severity of the law. In fine, it was as clear a defeat on the side of the Court as can be found anywhere in the annals of the wars of the sexes; for in July, 1706, the Court was obliged to content itself with an examination by only "flive antient weamen.

Previous to this second examination, however, Grace Sherwood, on July the 5th, consented to be tried in the water "by ducking, but the day being rainy, the Court graciously postponed the trial on account of "her health, as that body alleged, though obviously for its own comfort and convenience. length, on the 10th of July, that being a beautiful day for the purpose, the court and its officers, the "flive antient weamen," and any number of other spectators, accompanied the accused, through what was then "John Harper's plantation," to a sparkling little inlet making up from Lynhaven bay. There the sheriff performed the order, which was to "but" her into the "debth." And there, though bound, she swam, as we are told, "contrary to custom, and ye: Judgts. of all the spectators," which was certainly a very foolish and terrible thing on her part, when by quietly sinking to the bottom of the "debth" she would have confuted her accusers and confirmed her innocence.

But those "flive antient weamen" (query: were they members of the court?) were not done with Grace yet. They had searched her before the "ducking," and now they had to examine her again. The result of both investigations is recorded as fol-

"Ffive antient weamen have declared on oath yt. she is not like yur: nor noe other woman yt, they know of having two things like titts on her of a Black coller being blacker yn; ye; rest of her body."

Which last statement raises a suspicion that poor Grace Sherwood was at least a mulatto of the despised "free nigger" order, if not a negress. The court then, weighing all the circumstances, ordered the sheriff to "take se: sd: Grace (another proof of her race) into his custody and to comit her body to ye: common Joal of this County their to secure her by irons or otherwise to be brought to a ffuture tryall there."

What was Grace's ultimate fate is involved in mystery, for there is extant no further record of her. What I have told is authentic, being derived from a certified copy of the original records of Princess Anne county, where they are, no doubt, yet preserved. The place where Grace Sherwood was ducked, in lynhaven bay, is still known as "Witch's

As a fitting pendant to what I have narrated in illustration of the ancient superstition in Virginia, I may add the following proof of its more modern existence in the Commonwealth. A poor white, named Marsh, living in 1838 near Abingdon, was afflicted with scrofula, which he imagined to be the result of the black arts of a reputed wizard in the neighborhood named Yates. He insisted that Yates could and should cure him, and Yates accordingly exhausted all his skill upon the disease, but in vain. The sufferer, growing impatient and desperate, then resolved to heal himself by killing his physician - no bad plan, in some cases, it must be admitted. To this end he sketched a figure upon a tree to represent Yates, and at this he fired re- was brought up on the lap of women, and ! pentedly with silver bullets. Provokingly

enough, Yates obstinately refused to die of the mortal wounds inflicted upon his proxy, and so Marsb, loading his musket with wo silver bullets ("to make assurance double sure"), fired both into the back of Yates' neck on the first opportunity. Yates, still obsti-nate, recovered, and Marsh went to the penitentiary. It is to be regretted that the results of the experiment upon the scrofula itself are unrecorded, and thus lost to science.

"HARPER'S."

From Turner, Brothers & Co. we have received the August number of "Harper's Magazine," from which we quote the following paper on "Slavery in Palaces:"-

The old Latin adage, "tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis" (times change, and we change with them), applies to all the world excepting the royal palaces of Spain; for the same slavish ceremonial to which so many bright young princesses were sacrificed during the three centuries preceding our own has held in thraldom the unfortunate dwellers of the Escorial up to the day when the fatuous folly of the weak, if not positively vile, Isabella Segunda opened the gates of the royal palace in Madrid to a deluge which swept away crown, courtiers, and ceremony into, it is to be hoped, an irrecoverable past.

There are few stories more sadly interesting than that of the wife of Charles II of Spain, Marie Louise, daughter of the Duc d'Orleans, niece of Louis XIV, and granddaughter of Charles I of England, a fair and amiable girl, forced to marry a man she had never seen, but whom she knew only too well as most repulsive in appearance, with mental faculties little above idiocy. Marie Louise had been educated at the court of her uncle, Louis XIV, when it was the gayest and most brilliant in Europe, years before Madame de Maintenon and the priests had cast a superstitions gloom over its splendor and its vice. Her aspect is described as mild, her mien graceful; she was a good musician and composed operas: her eyes were black, her eyebrows gracefully arched, her lips remarkably rosy, her hair profuse, and of a dark chesnut.

But, like all the unhappy princesses of France doomed to marry Spanish kings, she regarded her destiny with dread and aversion, Transferred from the gay Court and brilliant intellectual life of France, these young creatures were killed off fast by the sombre dullness, monotony, and iron etiquette of the palaces of Spain. None of the queens of Spain were long-lived. Philip II used up four in his lifetime.

Marie Louise made more than one pathetic appeal to her royal uncle to be saved from uch a fate, but all in vain. She was married by proxy at Fontainebleau, and escorted to the Spanish frontier, where the sad-hearted bride was delivered over to the tender mercies of the Duchess de Terra Nueva, her Camarera Mayor, and the Marquis de Astorgas, her Mayordomo.

A female familiar of the Inquisition could not wear a more repulsive face than that of the Duchess. She was a bronze incarnation of Spanish rigidity and gravity. Not a step in her gait, not a movement in head or hand, which was not performed with the regularity and stiffness of a machine. She was lean, colorless, long-faced, and wrinkled; her eyes small, black, and sharp. Her "quiero" and 'no lo quiero" made people tremble; and she was generally insupportable to her equals, haughty and dignified to her sovereign, but, nevertheless, tolerably gentle to her inferiors. She was penetrating in observation, ready of wit, and inflexible in decision. She would spare no extremities of violence to serve her interest or revenge, and had a cousin of her own assassinated because he contested her right to an estate.

Marie Louise took leave at the Bidassoa of most of her French female attendants, who adored her, and knelt and kissed her hand in the eyes of their mistress. Immediately on crossing the frontier, visages grew longer and life fearful. On setting foot in Spain she travelled partly on horseback and partly by coach; when she rode it was by the side of the Terra Nueva, who looked, in her stiff Spanish dress, and with her gaunt form seated on a mule, a strange figure too terrible to be ridiculous. The Marquis de Astorgas or the Duke de Ossuna, her Master of the Horse, both in large spectacles, which all grandees of Spain wore at that time to give them greater gravity of appearance, rode next on the other side, when they could settle their disputes about precedency, as to which they quarrelled the whole way. The young Queen supped and slept the first night at an inn, and was so surprised at the badness of the food that she could eat nothing. No particular incident appears to have occurred on the route, nothing so humorous as the incident which happened to Maria Anna, the mother of Charles II, who, on her way across Spain as the bride of Philip IV. stopped at a town famous for the manufacture of stockings, some of which the alcalde of the place was offering to her Majesty, when he was thrust out by the Mayordomo with, "Habens de saber que las reynas de Espana no tienen piernas" (You must know the queens of Spains have no legs). Upon hearing which declaration the young Queen began to cry, saying, "I must go back to Vienna. If I had known before I set out that they would have cut my legs off, I would have died rather than come here. One of the two occasions on which her husband laughed in the course of his life was when this story was repeated to him. However, the young bride of Charles II had immediately hard experience of the unyielding tyranny of Spanish etiquette, for she was not allowed to have her way in any thing on the whole road, and found that she was expected to be a mere machine without volition in the hands of her household, and to conduct harself at once as if she had been in Spain her

Charles II had advanced in impatience as far as Burgos; but when he had news of the approach of the cortege from Vittoria, his desire to see the Queen made him, in spite of all remonstrances, rush forward to meet her at Quintanapalla, a wretched village of a few peasants' houses three leagues beyond Burgos, and he resolved to have the marriage culebrated there. Marie Louise saw him arrive from the balcony of a peasant's hovel in which she had rested. Prepared as she was, she was shocked at the sight. Charles II came into the world in 1661, four years before the death of his father Philip IV; he was born in the hour of that father's deepest humiliation, and when the cadaverous, proud, but gentle-hearted monarch was in an almost dying condition. The son was the living embodiment of the sorrow, humiliation, and diseased constitution of his father. The infant seemed at first hardly to have life at all, and was so perishable and delicate as to require to be placed in a cotton box. He was suckled at the breast of his wet-nurse till he was four years old. The young prince could not walk till the age of ten, and then only by leaning on the shoulders of his pages of honor. He in their company. His mother, who was was replaced by the Duchess de Albuquerque,

Regent, was afraid to make him study, and he never showed any disposition to eceive the elements of education and know-His appearance was thus described by edge. the English ambassador, and is truly ghastly:
—"The King's ankles and knees swell, his eyes bag, the lids as red as scarlet, and the rest of his face a greenish yellow; the whole crown bald. He hath a ravenous stomach, and swallows all he eats whole; for his nether jaw, like that of Charles V at a more advanced age, stands so much out that his two rows of teeth cannot meet; to compensate which he has a prodigious wide throat, so that a liver or gizzard of a hen goes down whole.'

Charles had been so tyrannized over by his mother during her regency that he hated the sight of a woman; he would turn away if he met a lady; his former governess, the Marquesa de los Velez, had to wait six months to get a word from him; and when he was obliged to receive a petition from a woman, he looked

another way. Such was the man who now, under one of the strange caprices of a weak intellect, rushed up the steps leading to the miserable room in which sat the trembling Louise, who attempted several times to fall at his feet, but he prevented her. Embracing the princess as much as etiquette permitted kings of Spain to embrace, by clasping her arms with his hands, and looking fondly at her face, he ejaculated, 'Mi reyna! mi reyna!'

After her solemn entry into Madrid the young Queen began the life she was destined to lead othe end of her brief existence: a life combining the jealous seclusion of the harem, the lugubrious monotony of the cloister, and the iron tyranny of Spanish etiquette personified in the Terra Nueva, relieved only by occasional drives in a carriage with closed windows, according to the fashion of Spain, stupid plays, hunting parties, and visits to Aranjuez and the Escorial at fixed times, For everything in the Court of Spain was regulated like a clock; the only disarrangement was when money was needed to carry out the programme. The young Queen, in desperation, seems to have taken to eating as a way of killing time. Like a lady of a Moorish harem, she got fat on her seclusion, and no wonder, if, as Madame de Villars says, "she sleeps ten or twelve hours a day, and eats meat three or four times a day." Pretty good for Spain, where nobody eats as a rule, and at a time when one of the grandest of the grandees, the Duke of Albuquerque, the inventory of whose plate took six weeks to write out, dined ordinarily on an egg and a pigeon. Indeed, what was a poor young creature, shut up with her attendants, to do after the gay open life of the French Court, where she could move as free as air, where the staircases and the ante-chambers were thronged with brilliant ladies and gentlemen, and where wit and gayety were ever effervescent in some form or other? In the gloomy, desolate palace of Madrid she was allowed hardly to see a man's face. No balls, no public levees, and couckers, and toilets; no soirces, no plays, no hunting parties but those of the gloomiest character; no diversion but promenades in carrieges with closed windows, and these in summer on the dusty bed of the Manzanares.

The Terra Nueva even informed her that a queen of Spain must not look out of a window; there was nothing to see from the window but the blue sky and desert court of a monastery; but even that diversion was too exciting in the eyes of this she-dragon of etiquette. To laugh was ever forbidden to a

queen of Spain.

The poor imbecile king did his best to amuse his wife, not with much effect. He would play with her at joncets-which appears to have been an amusement of the nature of that known among us as spills-for three or four hours a day. The King had a frightful jealousy of everything French. He had been told by the Terra Nueva that his wife was of a light nature, and that coming, with tears, which were answered with tears as she did, from a light court, every precaution was necessary. The poor was so jealous at the sight of anything French that he could not even endure the Queen's French spaniels, and cried when he entered her apartments, Fuera, fuera, perres fran-

(Begone, begone, ye French dogs! cesses! The Queen had two parrots who talked French, and these with her spaniels were her chief companions. Disappointed as it appeared she was likely to be in the hope children, which, however, the King persisted in looking for, she concentrated all her affection on these pet creatures. But the Terra Nueva, herself hating all things French, and trusting to a like hatred on the part of the King, one day, when the Queen was out for a drive, twisted the parrots' necks. On the return of their mistress she called for her birds and her dogs as usual. At the mention of her birds the maids of honor looked at each other without speaking. The truth, however, was told: and when the Camarera Mayor appeared to kiss the Queen's hand as usual, the meek spirit of Marie Louise could endure no longer; she gave the Terra Nueva two or three slaps

with her hand on either cheek. The rage of the she-griffin, the descendant of Fernando Cortez, the feudal proprietress of Sicily and Spain, with her principality in America, was immense; she collected all her four hundred ladies, and went at the head of them to the King to ask redress. The King betook himself to the Queen, and asked for an explanation; the Queen replied, "Senor, esta es un antojo" (Sir, this is a longing of mine). This antojo was devised with delicious malice by the young Queen. For not only in the case of a royal lady, but in that of the humblest woman of Spain, the antojo had a prescriptive, invariable privilege to be satisfied. Charles was delighted with the antojo and its significance, and declared to his Queen that if she was not satisfied with two slaps of the face she might give the Terra Nueva two dozen

After this the Queen determined to get rid of her Camerara Mayor, for her despotism was quite intolerable. On one occasion the Terra Nueva saw, to her dissatisfaction, that the front hair of the Queen was not stiffened and flattened down with proper Spanish rigidity and precision; so the ugly harridan spat on her shrivelled hand and applied it to the rebellious part! Moreover, the jailoress ruthlessly insisted that the Queen should, as precedent required, be in bed regularly every night by eight o'clock; and the first part of her domination, when the Queen was less submissive, and lingered over her solitary supper, the maids of honor en tered and undressed her while she was still sitting and eating at the table. One unfastened her dress, another her hair, and another

got under the table to take off her shoes. It was no easy matter to induce the King to consent to change the Camarera Mayor When Marie Louise broached the subject Charles was startled, and well he might be Did not Philip III die a martyr to Spanish etiquette-roasted to death because the proper officer was not at hand to remove the brasier and now to commit this frightful breach of Spanish etiquette to please a queen "Never," he said, "since Spain was Spain had a queen changed her Camarera Mayor. But he yielded, and the Duchess Terra Nueva

the wife of the noble who, out of his immense revenues, could get no better dinner

than an egg and a pigeon.

The Duchess de Albuquerque proved a much more amiable guardian for the Queen, and at her suggestion the King granted his wife a little more liberty. She was permitted, contrary to all Spanish Court usage, to go to bed at half-past 10, and to ride occasionally on horseback. But still these innovations were not sufficient to lighten the air of ennui

of the palace; indeed, the life of the Queen partook, as before said, of the monotony both of the harem and the convent. Riding in a closed carriage, and now and then on an occasional bad religious in which the angels descended astride on beams of wood, and the devils came on the stage by ladders; an occasional visit from the queen-mother and the French ambassadress, and one or two other privileged

ladies, were the sole diversions of the secluded Queen at Madrid. As for her rides on horseback, these were

surrounded with such rules of etiquette that it was a matter of great difficulty for her to get even on horseback. If the King was not by her she had to mount quite unassisted! It was death for the greatest grandee to touch a queen of Spain. On one occasion the Queen might have had a fatal accident had it not been for the audacity of two cavaliers. She was obliged to mount from her carriage door to the back of the horse which was placed before it. One day, while the King was looking from a window of the palace of Aranjuez, her horse, a spirited Andalusian, reared before she was well in the saddle, threw her to the ground, and dragged her along with one foot in the stirrup. gentlemen, Don Luis de la Torres and Don Jaima de Soto Mayor, who were standing near, after some hesitation, rushed to her rescue, but immediately after they had effected her deliverance they ran to saddle their horses and escape from Court. However, friends interceded with Charles II, and their flight was made unnecessary.

As for the company of an imbecile king, it may be imagined that the unfortunate Queen found not much amusement in this; nor were his letters, written during his hunting excursions, of a lively nature, if we may judge by the specimen immortalized in Ruy Blas: "The wind is very strong; I have killed four wolves. His affection for the Queen was absorbing; and if the devotion of an idiot was worth anything, no woman ever had more of such.

Year by year, day by day, the Spanish Court went on in the same mechanical way, only as years passed without an heir to the throne, the Queen's existence was rendered more wretched by the intrigues regarding the

But her end was at hand-an end of a tragic character, recalling both in its manner and her sweetness in meeting it the death-bed of her mother, Henrietta of England. The suddenness of her death may have been caused by cholera; the French ambassador merely states in his report that she died in frightful torments and with great suddenness. Louis XIV publicly clared at supper that she was poisoned, and Saint Simon, some years later, found the belief still current in Madrid. But the suspicion of this reptile crime was common throughout that century, the hiss of the serpent was heard, or thought to be heard, on every occasion of sudden death.

Marie Louise herself, knowing the ruinous consequences which might attend the contrary belief, assured M. de Rebenac that she died a natural death. With a charming sweetness of temper, she asked forgiveness of all she might have offended, of the queenmother, and of the Duchess of Terra Nueva; and when she was told that there were crowds at the palace gates, and that the churches were full of people praying for her recovery, she said that "she was well entitled to their affection, since she would at any time have laid down her life to relieve them of the burdens th dured:" And so died a not unworthy daughter of the Stuarts and the Bourbons.

Her married life with Charles II had lasted ten years, and after her decease the king sank deeper and deeper into torpid and melancholy lethargy. The only thing he seemed to care for was to go, on pretense of hunting, with one or two attendants, and wander like a ghost amidst the gloomy woods of pine and ilex, and the granite rocks of the vast solitudes around the Escorial, where he would pass day after day, and sometimes lose himself for hours in these sombre wildernesses.

Not long before his death one of those

strange funereal yearnings came upon him, so distinctive of the last days nearly every member of the Anstrian House of Spain. A visionary sepulchral fancy animated the decaying brain of Charles II. He, the last decrepit relic of a great race, would descend into their mausoleum and open their coffins, and look face to face on the chiefs of his race who had worn his crown before him. He went down by the light of torches into the dark vault of the Pantheon, the huge candelabrum was lit, and all the coffins, beginning with that of Charles V, were opened for him in order. After the kings, he passed to the queens. He paid little regard to the features of his mother, but when the coffin of Queen Marie Louise was opened, and he saw the form and still charming features of her who had glorified his dark life and brain for awhile, his throat was convulsed, tears streamed from his eyes, and he fell with outstretched arms on the bier, crying, "Mireyna, mi royna," before a year is past I will come and join

Surely this visit of the last descendant of the House of Austria to the Pantheon of the Escorial, this corpse-like king, stealing among the collected corpses of his race, is one of the strangest scenes in history. It was a last review of the whole departed grandeur of their race by their idiot descendant—sic transit. The fiery courage of Charles the Bold, the imperious spirit of Charles V, and the scheming brain of Philip II ended here.

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OITY ORDINANCES.

COMMON COUNCIL OF PHILADELE CLERK'S OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA, June 25, 1860
In accordance with a Resolution adopted in Common Council of the City of Philadelphi Thursday, the twenty-fourth day of June, 1860 annexed bill, entitled

annexed bill, entitled
"An Ordinance to Anthorize a Loan for the
ment of Ground Rents and Mortgages," is be
published for public information.

JOHN ECKSTEIN Clerk of Common Cou

A N ORDINANCE
To Authorize a Loan for the Paymer
Ground Rents and Mortgages,
Section 1. The Select and Common Councils of Section I. The Select and Common councils of the council of the co for the payment of ground rents and mortgage against the city, for which interest not to excee rate of six per cent, per annum shall be paid yearly, on the first days of January and July, office of the City Treasurer. The principal of loan shall be payable and paid at the expiral thirty years from the date of the same, and no ore, without the consent of the holders there the certificates therefor, in the usual form of the incates of city loan, shall be issued in such am as the lenders may require, but not for any fract part of one hundred dollars, or, if require amounts of five hundred or one thousand do and it shall be expressed in said certificates the ionn therein mentioned and the interest there

payable free from all taxes.

Section 2. Whenever any loan shall be may wirtue thereof; there shall be, by force of this bance, annually appropriated out of the incomine corporate estates, and from the sum rais taxation, a sum sufficient to pay the interest of certificates, and the interest of certificates, and the interest of certificates, and certificates, and the further sum of three-b one per centum on the par value of such cert so issued shall be appropriated quarterly out o income and taxes to a sinking fund, which and its accumulations are the redemption and payment of said

RESOLUTION TO PUBLISH A LOAN BILL.
Resolved, That the Clerk of Common Coun
nutherized to publish in two daily newspape
this city, daily for four weeks, the ordinance
sented to the Common Council on Thursday, 24, 1869, entitled "An Ordinance to Anthorize for the Payment of Ground Rents and Mortga And the said Clerk, at the stated meeting of C cis after the expiration of four weeks from first day of said publication, shall presen this Council one of each of said newspaper every day in which the same shall have

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6,000 Teaspoons, 50 Mess Chests, 800 Rubber Cushi

UCTION SALE OF HOSPITAL FURNIT ASSISTANT MEDICAL PURVEYOR'S OFFICE,

Washington, D. C., July 20, 186 Will be offered at public auction, in this ci Judiciary Square Depot, E Street, between P and Fifth streets, on WEDNESDAY, the 18th d August, at 10 A. M., a large assortment of Hos Furniture and Appliances, among which w ound the following, viz.:-800 Delf Tea Pots,

600 Salt-cellars, 1,200 Razors and St 1,500 Spittoons, 10,000 Tablespoons, 3,000 Iron Bedsteads, Wooden Buckets,

9,000 Tin Cups, 2,500 Delf Dishes, as-15,000 Knives and Forks, 5,000 yards Gutta-p

2,000 Gutta-percha And a large variety of other articles, embrackers, and a large variety of other articles, embrackers, Corkscrews, Dippers, Gridirons, Lante Scales and Weights (shop), Slates and Pencils, side-tables, Sick-chairs, Cots, Horse-litters, Comills, Tin Tumblers, etc. etc.

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6 29 dm No. 222 F Street, Washington, D.

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