

New Orleans Republican

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF NEW ORLEANS

AUCTION SALES TO-MORROW.

BY SHERIFF HARPER, AT 12 O'CLOCK, at the Merchants and Auctioneers Exchange, the improved maps of the city...

Local Intelligence.

REV. FATHER DUFFY.—The recognition of duty well performed, of services lovingly and unselfishly rendered, is always a pleasure...

BRIEF MENTION.—A thief who climbed an awning post to gain entrance to the house of Mr. Brown, at the corner of Lafayette and St. Denis streets...

COURT RECORD.

SAUNDERS, JULY 11, 1874.

Superior District Court.

Robert Watson et al vs. B. M. Turnbull, Administrator of Commerce.—Petitioners are property holders on the front of the city...

Superior Criminal Court.

Jack Owens, convicted of burglary and assault with a dangerous weapon, was granted the motion in arrest of judgment...

Second District Court.

Successions of Frank Larkin, Rev. Charles Marie, Robert N. Minor, John A. Quail, Sarah Parkman, Edward Landrum, Francis Larkin, Mary H. Larkin, John A. Teller and Jane A. Teller opened.

The Weather and Rivers.

OFFICE METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVER, New Orleans, July 11, 1874.

The following is a report of the weather and rivers at 3:45 P. M. to-day, local time.

Stations. Bar. Fall. Wind. Rain. In. Direction. Force. Direction. Force.

Cairo, 29.8 12.0 12.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0

Davenport, 29.8 12.0 12.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0

Dubuque, 29.8 12.0 12.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0

Keokuk, 29.8 12.0 12.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0

Louisville, 29.8 12.0 12.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0

Memphis, 29.8 12.0 12.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0

St. Louis, 29.8 12.0 12.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0

St. Paul, 29.8 12.0 12.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0

Yankton, 29.8 12.0 12.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0

Augusta, 29.8 12.0 12.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0

Key West, 29.8 12.0 12.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0

Moblie, 29.8 12.0 12.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0

New York, 29.8 12.0 12.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0

Savannah, 29.8 12.0 12.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0

THE RIVERS. Above low water. Below low water.

Stations. Bar. Fall. Wind. Rain. In. Direction. Force. Direction. Force.

Cairo, 29.8 12.0 12.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0

Davenport, 29.8 12.0 12.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0

Dubuque, 29.8 12.0 12.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0

Keokuk, 29.8 12.0 12.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0

Louisville, 29.8 12.0 12.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0

Memphis, 29.8 12.0 12.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0

St. Louis, 29.8 12.0 12.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0

St. Paul, 29.8 12.0 12.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0

Yankton, 29.8 12.0 12.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0

Augusta, 29.8 12.0 12.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0

Key West, 29.8 12.0 12.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0

Moblie, 29.8 12.0 12.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0

New York, 29.8 12.0 12.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0

Savannah, 29.8 12.0 12.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0 0.0

THE TEMPERATURE.

The thermometer at Louis Frigerio's, No. 50 Chartres street, on July 11, stood as follows: At 8 A. M., 71°; at 2 P. M., 81°; at 6 P. M., 78°. Lowest point during the night of July 10, 67°. Rain, one inch.

Rayner, of Mississippi.

A private note from Mr. Rayner, the Mississippi member of the Alabama claims commission, says he will be in the city on Monday next.

Nothing has been heard of Weidner's hiding place, if he is hidden, and the detectives had not struck even a warm trail last evening.

THE NEW GREAT SQUIRT.—No. 2's new machine will not be tried to-day, as Foreman Dan Rose informs us in consequence of the company not possessing a hose of sufficient strength to stand the test.

THE BOARD OF RELIGION.—For years past most of our citizens have noticed a certain man walking along the streets as if on important business.

England is scandalized by a report that Queen Victoria has been dancing at a servant's ball at Balmoral, where John Brown led her through a reel.

THE BOARD OF RELIGION.—For years past most of our citizens have noticed a certain man walking along the streets as if on important business.

Nothing has been heard of Weidner's hiding place, if he is hidden, and the detectives had not struck even a warm trail last evening.

THE NEW GREAT SQUIRT.—No. 2's new machine will not be tried to-day, as Foreman Dan Rose informs us in consequence of the company not possessing a hose of sufficient strength to stand the test.

THE BOARD OF RELIGION.—For years past most of our citizens have noticed a certain man walking along the streets as if on important business.

England is scandalized by a report that Queen Victoria has been dancing at a servant's ball at Balmoral, where John Brown led her through a reel.

THE BOARD OF RELIGION.—For years past most of our citizens have noticed a certain man walking along the streets as if on important business.

Nothing has been heard of Weidner's hiding place, if he is hidden, and the detectives had not struck even a warm trail last evening.

THE NEW GREAT SQUIRT.—No. 2's new machine will not be tried to-day, as Foreman Dan Rose informs us in consequence of the company not possessing a hose of sufficient strength to stand the test.

THE BOARD OF RELIGION.—For years past most of our citizens have noticed a certain man walking along the streets as if on important business.

England is scandalized by a report that Queen Victoria has been dancing at a servant's ball at Balmoral, where John Brown led her through a reel.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD—No. 9.

BERLIN, June 14, 1874.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:

I have already mentioned in a former letter some points in the environs of Berlin.

I have since visited the residence of the Humboldt family, which is a pleasant little excursion by carriage about nine miles outside the city.

It was originally a hunting lodge of the great elector, but altered afterwards in imitation of a Roman villa.

In its present state it is very beautiful and romantic, and the lands around it are very picturesque as well as highly cultivated.

On the four corner towers the winds are represented in relief. In the niches of the central part of the building toward the garden are Diana, Minerva, an amazon, a faun.

The interior is decorated with admirable works of art. The park contains the burial place of William and Alexander Humboldt, marked by a noble granite column, with a statue of Hope by Thorvaldsen.

Potsdam and its environs is the most interesting place near Berlin. It is the seat of government for the province of Brandenburg, and charmingly situated on the Potsdamer Wender, an island in the Havel, which here expands into a series of lakes and is bounded by thickly wooded hills.

The town is of ancient Slavonic origin, but was a place of no importance until the Great Elector founded his palace and park in the neighborhood.

It is indebted for its modern splendor to Frederick the Great, who generally resided here, and in whose reign the palace of "Sanssouci," the new palace and a number of handsome private residences were erected, and the grounds greatly extended.

Crossing the Lange Brucke which leads from the railway station to the town, we have a fine view of the Royal Palace opposite. Enclosed by two rows of columns may be seen also the celebrated garden belonging to this palace.

There are in this garden fourteen bronze busts representing York, Blucher, and other celebrated Generals, by Rauch, and many statues and groups of the beginning of the last century, of great artistic value.

A grand military parade, with fine music, is held here on Sundays, at eleven o'clock. The palace is interesting chiefly on account of the reminiscences it contains of Frederick the Great, whose rooms, with their contents, have been preserved in their original condition.

His writing desk, inkstand in his service, book case, with French works, music, hat, scarf, and shade for the eyes; his sofa and chairs—the favorite of which were partially torn off by his curious dogs. Adjoining the bedroom is a cabinet, with double doors, into which a table could be let down from a trap door above, and where the king usually dined with his friends, without the risk of being overheard by his attendants.

The apartments of Frederick William III. and his wife, Queen Louise, are also here preserved unaltered. Those occupied by the late King Frederick William IV. are adorned by a large number of fine modern paintings. There is another fine view of the palace to be seen from the dome of the Church of St. Nicholas. This church contains paintings and objects of greater value than any other in Germany.

The tympanum of the entrance contains a beautiful relief of the Sermon on the Mount, designed by Schinkel, and executed by Kiss. The frescoes are unusually attractive and finely executed. They are the work of Cornelius, teacher of the immortal master, Raphael. One of the most interesting is a large fresco of Christ with the apostles and evangelists. There are many others on the dome and vaulting. A vault beneath the pulpit contains the remains of Frederick William I., the founder of the church. French eagles, flags captured in 1813-15, and in 1870-71, are suspended on each side of the pulpit. The tower contains musical bells, so arranged as to play the German national hymn every half hour. The buildings of interest are too numerous to enter into a detail. There is the Military and Civil Orphan Asylums, the French Church, in imitation of the Pantheon at Rome, the Casino, the Theatre and Hussars Barracks, all in this fine neighborhood. An avenue outside the Brandenburg gate leads to the park of "Sanssouci." At the entrance to it rises the Friedenskirche, or "Church of Peace," in the early Christian basilica style, designed by Persius, with a large quadrangular entrance court and detached clock tower. The court contains Rietchel's Pietas, the Saviour's body and the weeping mother; opposite to it Rauch's Group of Moses, supported by Aaron and Hur praying for victory; then a copy of the Risen Christ, by Thorvaldsen. The interior is borne by Ionic columns and handsomely fitted up. A vault in front of the church is the resting place of Frederick William IV.; there is an angel over it, worked in Carara marble by the Roman artist Tenerani, the pose and expression of which are sublimely beautiful. There are some Venetian mosaics from Cipriani di Malanconco.

The Berliners are remarkable in their love and enthusiasm for all that is great and beautiful in science and art, and I think that all I have written you of is in praise. But they are a most unchristian people, and ought to be made suffer penance for their sins; they have so many fine churches, and yet pass their doors to promenade under the shade of the Linden trees, or out in the fields and woods talking, laughing and enjoying Sundays, instead of keeping them in quiet rest after their week's labors and in prayer and devotion. Shall I scold them? Frankly, I can not, for when the spring is there the Lord has opened the wide door of His own church, and His herald, the holy, all-reviving sun, knocks at the windows of all living hearts and opens their millions of little doors to call them out. The sad, cold veil of winter is torn aside; the air waves mild and spicy, and the joyful rivulet of life floats through all our pulses; in all corners of our hearts awake nightingale voices, singing their happy songs, and the genius produces buds of joy and happiness which shoot forth into the arms of life! The whole nature, God's own church, with its eternal renewing life, blooms in our breast; the brooks gurgel and tell merry stories, the trees open their eyes of hope and play with the sunbeams, the young grass peeps cautiously out of the earth, listening to the songs of the birds and the rustling of the leaves. No; I can not scold them, for the Lord is preaching Himself, and none of His words go lost. Our hearts are great, and open world! Heaven and earth, air and sun create the life in this world, and the joys of life flourish and bloom in it as fresh flowers. Yours, L.E.A.H.

An Iowa girl has broken off a match because the young man said she had a foot like a rain bow.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:

I have already mentioned in a former letter some points in the environs of Berlin.

I have since visited the residence of the Humboldt family, which is a pleasant little excursion by carriage about nine miles outside the city.

It was originally a hunting lodge of the great elector, but altered afterwards in imitation of a Roman villa.

In its present state it is very beautiful and romantic, and the lands around it are very picturesque as well as highly cultivated.

On the four corner towers the winds are represented in relief. In the niches of the central part of the building toward the garden are Diana, Minerva, an amazon, a faun.

The interior is decorated with admirable works of art. The park contains the burial place of William and Alexander Humboldt, marked by a noble granite column, with a statue of Hope by Thorvaldsen.

Potsdam and its environs is the most interesting place near Berlin. It is the seat of government for the province of Brandenburg, and charmingly situated on the Potsdamer Wender, an island in the Havel, which here expands into a series of lakes and is bounded by thickly wooded hills.

The town is of ancient Slavonic origin, but was a place of no importance until the Great Elector founded his palace and park in the neighborhood.

It is indebted for its modern splendor to Frederick the Great, who generally resided here, and in whose reign the palace of "Sanssouci," the new palace and a number of handsome private residences were erected, and the grounds greatly extended.

Crossing the Lange Brucke which leads from the railway station to the town, we have a fine view of the Royal Palace opposite. Enclosed by two rows of columns may be seen also the celebrated garden belonging to this palace.

There are in this garden fourteen bronze busts representing York, Blucher, and other celebrated Generals, by Rauch, and many statues and groups of the beginning of the last century, of great artistic value.

A grand military parade, with fine music, is held here on Sundays, at eleven o'clock. The palace is interesting chiefly on account of the reminiscences it contains of Frederick the Great, whose rooms, with their contents, have been preserved in their original condition.

His writing desk, inkstand in his service, book case, with French works, music, hat, scarf, and shade for the eyes; his sofa and chairs—the favorite of which were partially torn off by his curious dogs. Adjoining the bedroom is a cabinet, with double doors, into which a table could be let down from a trap door above, and where the king usually dined with his friends, without the risk of being overheard by his attendants.

The apartments of Frederick William III. and his wife, Queen Louise, are also here preserved unaltered. Those occupied by the late King Frederick William IV. are adorned by a large number of fine modern paintings. There is another fine view of the palace to be seen from the dome of the Church of St. Nicholas. This church contains paintings and objects of greater value than any other in Germany.

The tympanum of the entrance contains a beautiful relief of the Sermon on the Mount, designed by Schinkel, and executed by Kiss. The frescoes are unusually attractive and finely executed. They are the work of Cornelius, teacher of the immortal master, Raphael. One of the most interesting is a large fresco of Christ with the apostles and evangelists. There are many others on the dome and vaulting. A vault beneath the pulpit contains the remains of Frederick William I., the founder of the church. French eagles, flags captured in 1813-15, and in 1870-71, are suspended on each side of the pulpit. The tower contains musical bells, so arranged as to play the German national hymn every half hour. The buildings of interest are too numerous to enter into a detail. There is the Military and Civil Orphan Asylums, the French Church, in imitation of the Pantheon at Rome, the Casino, the Theatre and Hussars Barracks, all in this fine neighborhood. An avenue outside the Brandenburg gate leads to the park of "Sanssouci." At the entrance to it rises the Friedenskirche, or "Church of Peace," in the early Christian basilica style, designed by Persius, with a large quadrangular entrance court and detached clock tower. The court contains Rietchel's Pietas, the Saviour's body and the weeping mother; opposite to it Rauch's Group of Moses, supported by Aaron and Hur praying for victory; then a copy of the Risen Christ, by Thorvaldsen. The interior is borne by Ionic columns and handsomely fitted up. A vault in front of the church is the resting place of Frederick William IV.; there is an angel over it, worked in Carara marble by the Roman artist Tenerani, the pose and expression of which are sublimely beautiful. There are some Venetian mosaics from Cipriani di Malanconco.

The Berliners are remarkable in their love and enthusiasm for all that is great and beautiful in science and art, and I think that all I have written you of is in praise. But they are a most unchristian people, and ought to be made suffer penance for their sins; they have so many fine churches, and yet pass their doors to promenade under the shade of the Linden trees, or out in the fields and woods talking, laughing and enjoying Sundays, instead of keeping them in quiet rest after their week's labors and in prayer and devotion. Shall I scold them? Frankly, I can not, for when the spring is there the Lord has opened the wide door of His own church, and His herald, the holy, all-reviving sun, knocks at the windows of all living hearts and opens their millions of little doors to call them out. The sad, cold veil of winter is torn aside; the air waves mild and spicy, and the joyful rivulet of life floats through all our pulses; in all corners of our hearts awake nightingale voices, singing their happy songs, and the genius produces buds of joy and happiness which shoot forth into the arms of life! The whole nature, God's own church, with its eternal renewing life, blooms in our breast; the brooks gurgel and tell merry stories, the trees open their eyes of hope and play with the sunbeams, the young grass peeps cautiously out of the earth, listening to the songs of the birds and the rustling of the leaves. No; I can not scold them, for the Lord is preaching Himself, and none of His words go lost. Our hearts are great, and open world! Heaven and earth, air and sun create the life in this world, and the joys of life flourish and bloom in it as fresh flowers. Yours, L.E.A.H.

An Iowa girl has broken off a match because the young man said she had a foot like a rain bow.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:

I have already mentioned in a former letter some points in the environs of Berlin.

I have since visited the residence of the Humboldt family, which is a pleasant little excursion by carriage about nine miles outside the city.

It was originally a hunting lodge of the great elector, but altered afterwards in imitation of a Roman villa.

In its present state it is very beautiful and romantic, and the lands around it are very picturesque as well as highly cultivated.

On the four corner towers the winds are represented in relief. In the niches of the central part of the building toward the garden are Diana, Minerva, an amazon, a faun.

The interior is decorated with admirable works of art. The park contains the burial place of William and Alexander Humboldt, marked by a noble granite column, with a statue of Hope by Thorvaldsen.

Potsdam and its environs is the most interesting place near Berlin. It is the seat of government for the province of Brandenburg, and charmingly situated on the Potsdamer Wender, an island in the Havel, which here expands into a series of lakes and is bounded by thickly wooded hills.

The town is of ancient Slavonic origin, but was a place of no importance until the Great Elector founded his palace and park in the neighborhood.

It is indebted for its modern splendor to Frederick the Great, who generally resided here, and in whose reign the palace of "Sanssouci," the new palace and a number of handsome private residences were erected, and the grounds greatly extended.

Crossing the Lange Brucke which leads from the railway station to the town, we have a fine view of the Royal Palace opposite. Enclosed by two rows of columns may be seen also the celebrated garden belonging to this palace.

There are in this garden fourteen bronze busts representing York, Blucher, and other celebrated Generals, by Rauch, and many statues and groups of the beginning of the last century, of great artistic value.

A grand military parade, with fine music, is held here on Sundays, at eleven o'clock. The palace is interesting chiefly on account of the reminiscences it contains of Frederick the Great, whose rooms, with their contents, have been preserved in their original condition.

His writing desk, inkstand in his service, book case, with French works, music, hat, scarf, and shade for the eyes; his sofa and chairs—the favorite of which were partially torn off by his curious dogs. Adjoining the bedroom is a cabinet, with double doors, into which a table could be let down from a trap door above, and where the king usually dined with his friends, without the risk of being overheard by his attendants.

The apartments of Frederick William III. and his wife, Queen Louise, are also here preserved unaltered. Those occupied by the late King Frederick William IV. are adorned by a large number of fine modern paintings. There is another fine view of the palace to be seen from the dome of the Church of St. Nicholas. This church contains paintings and objects of greater value than any other in Germany.

The tympanum of the entrance contains a beautiful relief of the Sermon on the Mount, designed by Schinkel, and executed by Kiss. The frescoes are unusually attractive and finely executed. They are the work of Cornelius, teacher of the immortal master, Raphael. One of the most interesting is a large fresco of Christ with the apostles and evangelists. There are many others on the dome and vaulting. A vault beneath the pulpit contains the remains of Frederick William I., the founder of the church. French eagles, flags captured in 1813-15, and in 1870-71, are suspended on each side of the pulpit. The tower contains musical bells, so arranged as to play the German national hymn every half hour. The buildings of interest are too numerous to enter into a detail. There is the Military and Civil Orphan Asylums, the French Church, in imitation of the Pantheon at Rome, the Casino, the Theatre and Hussars Barracks, all in this fine neighborhood. An avenue outside the Brandenburg gate leads to the park of "Sanssouci." At the entrance to it rises the Friedenskirche, or "Church of Peace," in the early Christian basilica style, designed by Persius, with a large quadrangular entrance court and detached clock tower. The court contains Rietchel's Pietas, the Saviour's body and the weeping mother; opposite to it Rauch's Group of Moses, supported by Aaron and Hur praying for victory; then a copy of the Risen Christ, by Thorvaldsen. The interior is borne by Ionic columns and handsomely fitted up. A vault in front of the church is the resting place of Frederick William IV.; there is an angel over it, worked in Carara marble by the Roman artist Tenerani, the pose and expression of which are sublimely beautiful. There are some Venetian mosaics from Cipriani di Malanconco.

The Berliners are remarkable in their love and enthusiasm for all that is great and beautiful in science and art, and I think that all I have written you of is in praise. But they are a most unchristian people, and ought to be made suffer penance for their sins; they have so many fine churches, and yet pass their doors to promenade under the shade of the Linden trees, or out in the fields and woods talking, laughing and enjoying Sundays, instead of keeping them in quiet rest after their week's labors and in prayer and devotion. Shall I scold them? Frankly, I can not, for when the spring is there the Lord has opened the wide door of His own church, and His herald, the holy, all-reviving sun, knocks at the windows of all living hearts and opens their millions of little doors to call them out. The sad, cold veil of winter is torn aside; the air waves mild and spicy, and the joyful rivulet of life floats through all our pulses; in all corners of our hearts awake nightingale voices, singing their happy songs, and the genius produces buds of joy and happiness which shoot forth into the arms of life! The whole nature, God's own church, with its eternal renewing life, blooms in our breast; the brooks gurgel and tell merry stories, the trees open their eyes of hope and play with the sunbeams, the young grass peeps cautiously out of the earth, listening to the songs of the birds and the rustling of the leaves. No; I can not scold them, for the Lord is preaching Himself, and none of His words go lost. Our hearts are great, and open world! Heaven and earth, air and sun create the life in this world, and the joys of life flourish and bloom in it as fresh flowers. Yours, L.E.A.H.

An Iowa girl has broken off a match because the young man said she had a foot like a rain bow.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:

I have already mentioned in a former letter some points in the environs of Berlin.

I have since visited the residence of the Humboldt family, which is a pleasant little excursion by carriage about nine miles outside the city.

It was originally a hunting lodge of the great elector, but altered afterwards in imitation of a Roman villa.

In its present state it is very beautiful and romantic, and the lands around it are very picturesque as well as highly cultivated.

On the four corner towers the winds are represented in relief. In the niches of the central part of the building toward the garden are Diana, Minerva, an amazon, a faun.

The interior is decorated with admirable works of art. The park contains the burial place of William and Alexander Humboldt, marked by a noble granite column, with a statue of Hope by Thorvaldsen.

Potsdam and its environs is the most interesting place near Berlin. It is the seat of government for the province of Brandenburg, and charmingly situated on the Potsdamer Wender, an island in the Havel, which here expands into a series of lakes and is bounded by thickly wooded hills.

The town is of ancient Slavonic origin, but was a place of no importance until the Great Elector founded his palace and park in the neighborhood.

It is indebted for its modern splendor to Frederick the Great, who generally resided here, and in whose reign the palace of "Sanssouci," the new palace and a number of handsome private residences were erected, and the grounds greatly extended.

Crossing the Lange Brucke which leads from the railway station to the town, we have a fine view of the Royal Palace opposite. Enclosed by two rows of columns may be seen also the celebrated garden belonging to this palace.

There are in this garden fourteen bronze busts representing York, Blucher, and other celebrated Generals, by Rauch, and many statues and groups of the beginning of the last century, of great artistic value.

A grand military parade, with fine music, is held here on Sundays, at eleven o'clock. The palace is interesting chiefly on account of the reminiscences it contains of Frederick the Great, whose rooms, with their contents, have been preserved in their original condition.

His writing desk, inkstand in his service, book case, with French works, music, hat, scarf, and shade for the eyes; his sofa and chairs—the favorite of which were partially torn off by his curious dogs. Adjoining the bedroom is a cabinet, with double doors, into which a table could be let down from a trap door above, and where the king usually dined with his friends, without the risk of being overheard by his attendants.

The apartments of Frederick William III. and his wife, Queen Louise, are also here preserved unaltered. Those occupied by the late King Frederick William IV. are adorned by a large number of fine modern paintings. There is another fine view of the palace to be seen from the dome of the Church of St. Nicholas. This church contains paintings and objects of greater value than any other in Germany.

The tympanum of the entrance contains a beautiful relief of the Sermon on the Mount, designed by Schinkel, and executed by Kiss. The frescoes are unusually attractive and finely executed. They are the work of Cornelius, teacher of the immortal master, Raphael. One of the most interesting is a large fresco of Christ with the apostles and evangelists. There are many others on the dome and vaulting. A vault beneath the pulpit contains the remains of Frederick William I., the founder of the church. French eagles, flags captured in 1813-15, and in 1870-71, are suspended on each side of the pulpit. The tower contains musical bells, so arranged as to play the German national hymn every half hour. The buildings of interest are too numerous to enter into a detail. There is the Military and Civil Orphan Asylums, the French Church, in imitation of the Pantheon at Rome, the Casino, the Theatre and Hussars Barracks, all in this fine neighborhood. An avenue outside the Brandenburg gate leads to the park of "Sanssouci." At the entrance to it rises the Friedenskirche, or "Church of Peace," in the early Christian basilica style, designed by Persius, with a large quadrangular entrance court and detached clock tower. The court contains Rietchel's Pietas, the Saviour's body and the weeping mother; opposite to it Rauch's Group of Moses, supported by Aaron and Hur praying for victory; then a copy of the Risen Christ, by Thorvaldsen. The interior is borne by Ionic columns and handsomely fitted up. A vault in front of the church is the resting place of Frederick William IV.; there is an angel over it, worked in Carara marble by the Roman artist Tenerani, the pose and expression of which are sublimely beautiful. There are some Venetian mosaics from Cipriani di Malanconco.

The Berliners are remarkable in their love and enthusiasm for all that is great and beautiful in science and art, and I think that all I have written you of is in praise. But they are a most unchristian people, and ought to be made suffer penance for their sins; they have so many fine churches, and yet pass their doors to promenade under the shade of the Linden trees, or out in the fields and woods talking, laughing and enjoying Sundays, instead of keeping them in quiet rest after their week's labors and in prayer and devotion. Shall I scold them? Frankly, I can not, for when the spring is there the Lord has opened the wide door of His own church, and His herald, the holy, all-reviving sun, knocks at the windows of all living hearts and opens their millions of little doors to call them out. The sad, cold veil of winter is torn aside; the air waves mild and spicy, and the joyful rivulet of life floats through all our pulses; in all corners of our hearts awake nightingale voices, singing their happy songs, and the genius produces buds of joy and happiness which shoot forth into the arms of life! The whole nature, God's own church, with its eternal renewing life, blooms in our breast; the brooks gurgel and tell merry stories, the trees open their eyes of hope and play with the sunbeams, the young grass peeps cautiously out of the earth, listening to