MEMPHIS APPEAL

SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 19, 1874.

TO OUR SUNDAY READERS.

The SUNDAY APPEAL seldom discusses politics; but the election is so rapidly approaching, and the issues involved are of such grave magnitude, that we feel assured our readers will excuse this departure. As everybody reads the SUNDAY APPEAL, we desire that they should read something to-day in regard to the present election, as Sunday is the only day that many can give to this subject. To all such we would say that the anti-Radical convention which recently assembled in Memphis did its work wisely and well. If the delegates had taken a month for deliberation, they could not have framed a ticket better calculated to insure harmony among the voters, or more admirably adapted to the exigencies of the times. It is a ticket of which every man in Shelby county may feel proud. Turn it upside down, combine its elements in any way you choose, it will present a ticket eminently worthy of confidence and enthusiastic support. Each member of it is a white man, an old citizen of the county, and identified with the people in interest and feeling. Each possesses an unblemished character and every pre-requisite for the offices to which they have been nominated. Delegates fresh from the people in convention having thus faithfully discharged their duty in nominating such a ticket, it now becomes the duty of the people at the polls, on Thursday, the sixth day of August, to ratify these nominations by triumphantly electing them. On this point there should not be a shadow of doubt. The interests of the county and the tax-paying people are too great, too direct, too personal to every citizen to stand idle and see them sacrificed by negligence and inactivity. The issue now joined, and upon which the people will be called on to render their verdict, is: Which race—white or black—is to govern Shelby county? Shall we, by our votes, declare that we are in favor of mixed schools? The issue is between intelligence, learning and the tax-payer, on the one side, and ignorance, amalgamation, social equality and carpetbaggers on the other. It may be true that among the colored people there are some who possess a high degree of intelligence, and whose moral worth entitles them to our respect. But these cannot deny that the mass of their race are ignorant, indolent and unfit depositories of the great interests of a county like Shelby. Should we allow them, by our indifference and apathy on the day of election, to get control of the county government, it is easy to see what would be the practical effects. South Carolina and Louisana are standing admonitions to the people of Shelby. They proclaim to us, in no uncertain sounds, that if we want robbery and grinding taxation; if we want county and individual bankruptcy; if we want corruption in every county office; if we want mixed schools, mixed churches, mixed hotels, mixed public conveyances and places of amusement, then let the white people stay away from the polls, and we will soon have these things, which will break up our admirable school system, and produce a war of races. It is a notorious fact that nine-tenths of the Radical voters of Shelby county are negroes. The successful candidates of every party are bound in good faith to reflect the wishes and sentiments of the majority of those who place them in power. To do otherwise is to practice a fraud on the constituent body. If, then, the negroes are allowed to elect their candidates, even though they may be white men, we will inevitably have an administration reflecting negro sentiment; or, in other words, we must have a negro policy and a negro government! No one can regret more than the whites do, this unfortunate array of the whites against the blacks. It ought not to be so. Since the war, the white people of the south, and especially in Shelby county, have felt friendly toward the negro. They were grateful for their fidelity during the war, and for the important assistance which they had rendered in the support of their families. They were disposed to extend to them a helping hand and aid them in fulfilling their duties in the new condition to which they had been elevated. But, unfortunately, the ignorant and credulous negroes suffered themselves to be seduced by artful and self-seeking demagogues into "union leagues" and other secret societies, whose only bond of union was hostility to their former masters. These unfortunate combinations rendered an union of the whites indispensable for their own protection. And now, the very miscreants who inaugurated or fostered these "leagues," for the advancement of their selfish purposes, are the most clamorous in denouncing that division, which is the logical result of their own nefarious teachings. Such are the issues involved in this canvass. They are of serious import, surely grave enough to arouse every white man in the county of Shelby. This is the only thing we have to fear. We have a white voting majority, and will be safe if this majority will work and vote on the day of election.

THE PLUNDERED NEGROES.

A few days since we alluded to the "scoundrels" and "villains" who came south and arrayed race against race for the purpose of securing office and plundering the people. We had reference to that class who have bankrupted South Carolina and Louisana, and who robbed the colored people of Memphis through that corrupt and bankrupt concern, the Freedmen's savings bank. We presume the colored people of Memphis lost two hundred thousand dollars by the suspension of the Memphis freedmen's savings bank. The deposits in this defunct institution varied, we understand, from ten to two thousand dollars. The colored population of Memphis, men, women and children, deposited their hard earnings in this rotten concern. During the week, the negro laborers trudged through rain, and hail, and sleet, and snow, and on Saturday night they would deposit in the savings bank the money earned by their horny hands, their sweat, sinews and muscles. They little dreamed that they were toiling for carpetbag thieves, who were laughing in their sleeves at the credulity of the ignorant negro. The Freedmen's savings bank of Memphis was a big thing with the poor, unsuspecting race. They showed each other their certificates of deposit, and the idea of accumulating money in bank stimulated them to new efforts and they never wearied in their toils. Soon the vaults of the Freedmen's bank were plethoric with greenbacks, the fruits of the negroes sweat and labor. Then the crash came. The mash-trap fell and crushed men, women and children, leaving them penniless. An officer filled his carpetbag and decamped. He left for Washington promising to return and resume payments. For twelve months the cheated depositors have been promised their money. But they begin to see they are hopelessly swindled. An examination into the Freedman's bank shows that it is hopelessly insolvent. The losses inflicted upon the negroes of Memphis are very great, and the deluded victims of this grand fraud have the sincerest sympathy of the white people of Memphis who paid the colored people the money out of which they have been swindled. The confidence of the negroes has been shamefully abused by their own friends. Yet they vote for the class of people who robbed them and hurl themselves at every election, against the whites, who gave them employment and paid them the money which has gone "where the woodbine twineth." They do not seem to know that their former darling and pet, the Freedmen's saving bank, though ostensibly a business enterprise, was really a political machine, conceived, organized and managed by the Radicals in the interests of the Radical party, and now that it is to be wound up, a great part of its funds, the hard earnings and savings of our industrious [illegible] will go into the pockets [illegible] appointed to [illegible]. We would [illegible] been swindled by the savings bank of Memphis not to dispose too hastily of their claims at a ruinous sacrifice. There are speculators, Radical adventurers, who will learn in advance the small per cent. that will be paid, and they will commence buying up the claims of depositors. It is unfortunately true that an institution in the condition of this bank is not likely to make large returns to its depositors, and, under the most favorable circumstances, the losses will probably be heavy, while the ignorance of most of the sufferers, and their natural anxiety to realize something at as early a day as possible, renders them peculiarly liable to become the prey of sharpers and speculators, who, better informed than the negroes can possibly be, may attempt to buy their claims at a heavy discount. We know that many very industrious and deserving negroes in this city and county have been made the victims of this Freedmen's savings bank, and we sympathize with their misfortune, and desire to mitigate it as much as possible, knowing, at the same time, that the colored voter is ready to march up to the polls on the sixth day of August next and cast his ballot for the very party and the very class of men who robbed him by stealing the money he deposited in the Freedmen's savings bank.

PARTY OR NO PARTY.

Mr. Eastman, a noted politician of Illinois, in his speech at Elgin, in that State, on the fourth of July, said:

I boldly say it, with the whole history of my country back of me as a guarantee, that both the Democratic and Whig parties of the country were detrimental to the perpetuity of this government. So is every party combination that puts the freedom of the ballot under bonds. That they do so when, in the heat of the conflict for office, the truth is blinded, and false issues are set up. The effect of the party discipline is such that there is little free voting done. The ignorant go blindly to the ballot-box, and do the party will. Those informed go as deceivers, or in fetters. Many vote the party ticket because they dare not do otherwise, for they know that the eyes of their masters are upon them. The freedom of the elective franchise has become a manacled ballot.

Per contra, the New York *Herald*, an independent newspaper which has never known party in the sense of partisanship, in an editorial on the "no-party fallacy," says:

Our history affords no example of administrative success without party support and party tactics, and it lies in the very nature of free government that such success is impossible. Many heads are wiser than one, and a public officer who has only his own head to guide him is certain to get stranded by viewing things from the standpoint of his fancied personal interest, on the same principle that a lawyer who is foolish enough to argue his own case, or a physician who in a dangerous disease prescribes for himself or his own family, is pretty sure to blunder.

This is true. For, as the *Herald* further on has it, all experience shows that we have never had a successful administration in this country, except by a harmonious political party. Tyler was supported by neither party, and failed; Andrew Johnson had a similar experience; and if Filmore's administration was measurably unsuccessful it was because he never dissolved his Whig ties and continued to act with the party that elected him. John Quincy Adams attempted to organize a no-party administration, and lost public confidence. Washington's administration is no exception to the rule, for although he appointed Jefferson and Hamilton to the two most important places in his cabinet the arrangement did not last, and after their quarrel Washington sided with the federalists and remained a federal partisan to the end of his life. His administration was a success only because the whole body of the federalists warmly supported him, and they were at that time a majority, as was proved by the election of John Adams and his successor. We have many other examples of this failure in municipal as in State affairs. On the whole, therefore, the *Herald* is right. Parties are the essential safe-guards of a free State, and should be maintained intact. As it truly says:

True reform consists in the reform of parties, for there can be no reform without party. There is great safety in party arraignment against the individual folly of office-holders. It is the beneficial function of political parties to keep a sharp eye on each other's mistakes, and discredit their opponents by exposing and magnifying their blunders and corruptions, and making capital of them in the elections. When parties are so nearly balanced that a small proportion of the votes will change the result of an election, their mutual watchfulness is the surest check on abuses of power; and it is accordingly a great public misfortune for one party to be so overwhelmingly strong as the Republican party has been for many years in the nation, and as the Democratic party was in this city previous to the overthrow of the ring. But even when parties are unequally matched, there is no safer way than to keep party lines strictly drawn, and to hold each responsible to the people for its discharge of public trusts.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

They have at the theaters an actor who is prized for his general utility. He plays farce or tragedy, as the occasion requires. When one of the regular company is absent, the utility-man comes in, and always performs his part. The people of Crawfordsville, Georgia, use Hon. A. H. Stephens as their utility-man. He discusses everything, from profound statesmanship down to petty family broils. A few days ago, Mr. Stephens was called upon to address the pupils and teachers of the various Sunday-schools, and in the course of his remarks gave the following interesting personal reminiscences:

It is a source of high gratification to me to say to you all, and especially to these boys, that the first awakening of such thoughts in my mind, as well as my first taste for general reading, was quickened and brought into active exercise in a Sunday-school. It was at the old Powder Creek log meetinghouse, not five miles from this place, more than half a century ago, I became a pupil in what was known as a "Union Sunday-school." The day I entered it was a great epoch in my life. It was in the latter part of the summer the school was opened, or when I entered it, and though but a small boy at the time, still I had to do as much work on the farm as I was able to do during the week. This was picking cotton or peas, or going to mill, or other light work of like character. It was only at night, and by a pine-knot light that I had any opportunity to study the lessons assigned me, and yet so deeply did I become interested in the Union catechisms that two o'clock often found me poring over the chapters of the Bible set apart for the next Sunday's examination. To the impressions thus made I am indebted in no small degree for my whole future course in life, whether it is for good or for evil. If in the midst of any evil that has marred that course there is anything good to be found or anything worthy of imitation, then it is due to that Sunday-school and to that great cause which you to-day celebrate with inspiring mottoes, banners and music.

These words should sink deep to the heart of parents who permit their children to engage in all sorts of vices on Sunday, instead of sending them to the Sabbath-school. The experience of Mr. Stephens is that of thousands of others. The Sunday-school has made many a good and useful man, and the failure of parents to send their children to such places has sent many a man to the penitentiary and the gallows. The Sunday-school is the nursery of the church. It is the place where the foundation of christian character is laid. A child's training should begin in the family, and expand in the Sunday-school.

TO IRISHMEN.

We publish among the "Letters from the People" to-day one addressed to you that cannot fail to command your attention, brimful as it is of good sense and of matter pertinent to your best interests. We, in common with all who espouse the Bartlett ticket, cannot believe that you will desert the party of your preference and help to elect the Radical ticket. We cannot believe, and do not, that you will deliberately assist to injure a community of which you form a part, and which has always taken a pride in your advancement and prosperity. You will not. You will vote the Bartlett ticket. You will support every one of the Bartlett nominees, and will labor to prevent the ascendancy which the Radical party is working for. The county election is the forerunner of that for legislative and congressional representatives and for governor, and it is essential to success in these contests that we be successful in this, the most momentous election that has ever taken place in Shelby county. Our Irish fellow-citizens must stand, as in times past, true as steel, and help us to an assured victory that will scotch the Radical snake in Tennessee forever.

THE SHIP IN THE DESERT.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Mr. Joaquin Miller has written some of the very worst poetry ever produced by a man of genius—poetry so thoroughly bad that nobody but a man of genius could have written it. But, if Mr. Joaquin Miller will give us only a few more poems as noble as this which we now extract from the last number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, the scarlet of his sins of the Sierras shall be white as snow:

THE SHIP IN THE DESERT.

They stood upon the mountain brow,
The bearded trappers, halting stood
Irresolute, in settled ire;
A group from out the cooling wood
They gazed right eagerly below.
The flushed sun settled to the west
Like some far hemisphere of fire;
The sands flashed back like fields of snow.
And yet again they gazed. And now,
Far off and faint, they saw or guessed
They saw, beyond the sands, a line—
A dim and distant lifting beach
That daring men might dare and reach;
Dim shapes of topped peaks with pine,
And watered foot-hills dark like wine.

Their leader turned and shook his head.
"And shall we turn aside," he said,
"Or dare this hell?" The men stood still
As leaning on his sterner will;
And then he stopped and turned again,
And held his broad hand to his brow.
The far, white levels of the plains
Flashed back like billows. Even now
He saw rise up remote, 'mid sea,
'Mid space, 'mid wastes, 'mid nothingness,
A ship becalmed as in distress.
The dim sign passed as suddenly.
And then his eager eyes grew dazed—
He brought his two hands to his face.
Again he raised his head, and gazed
With flashing eyes and visage fierce
Far out, and resolute to pierce
The far, far, faint receding reach
Of space and touch its farther beach.
He saw but space, unbounded space;
Eternal space and nothingness.

They rested on the desert's rim
Of sand. They saw the sun go down
Like some round, sinking isle aflame.
Behind them wheeled white peaks of snow
As they proceeded. Gray and dim,
And ghostly shapes, bat-winged and brown,
And awful objects went and came
Before them now. They pierced at last
The desert's middle depths, and lo!
There loomed from out the desert vast
A lonely ship, well built and trim,
And perfect all in hull and mast.

No storm had stained it any whit,
No seasons set their teeth in it.
The rains, the elements, and all
The moving things that bring decay
By fair green lands or fairer seas,
Had touched not here for centuries,
Lo! date has lost all reckoning
In this lost land, and no new thing,
Or old, can anywise befall,
For time goes by the other way.

The ages have not any course
Across this untracked waste. The sky
Wears here one blue, unchanging hue,
The heavens one unbending mood.
The far, still stars, they filter through
The heavens, falling bright and bold
Against the sands as beams of gold.
The wide, white moon forgets her force;
The very sun rides round and high,
As if to shun this solitude.

What dreams of gold or conquest drew
The oak-built sea-king to these seas,
Ere Earth, old Earth unsatisfied,
Rose up and shook man in disgust,
And smote his cities down, and dried
These measured, town-set seas to dust?
Who trod these decks? What captain knew
The straits that led to lands like these?

Blew south sea-breeze or north sea-breeze?
What spiced winds whistled through this sail?
What banners streamed above these seas?
And what strange seaman answered back
To other sea-king's beck and hail,
That blew across his foamy track?

Sought Jason here the golden fleece?
Came Trojan ship or ships of Greece?
Came decks dark-manned from sultry Ind,
Wooed here by spacious wooing wind;
Some like a grand, sweet woman; when
A great love moves her soul to men?

Came here strong ships of Solomon
In quest of Ophir by Cathay?
Sit down and dream of seas withdrawn,
And every sea-breath drawn away.
Sit down, sit down. What is the good
That we go on still fashioning
Great iron ships or walls of wood;
High masts of oak, or anything?

Lo! all things moving must go by.
The sea lies dead. Behold, this land
Sits desolate in dust beside
His snow-white, seamless shroud of sand;
The very clouds have wept and died,
And only God is in the sky.

MONACO.

For the Sunday Appeal.]

Monaco, the gambling-place of Europe, is only about one hours ride on the cars from Nice, the great watering-place of the continent. Since the suppression of gaming at Baden-Baden by the Prussian government, Monaco has come into notoriety. Previous to this but little was known or thought of it by the people at large, only by the sovereigns immediately around it. The name of the particular locality where the casino is situated is called "Monte Carlo;" but being within the dominions of Prince Monaco, and only twenty minutes walk from the old city, it is known abroad as "Monaco." The prince could easily measure around his principality with a "string cut from a bull's hide," and not cut it very fine, either. Although he governs his little kingdom entirely independent, it nominally belongs to France. Previous to a treaty between Victor Emanuel and Napoleon the Third, Monaco was claimed by Italy. Still, for over three hundred years, this has been an independent principality, with a long line of hereditary princes. The town, palace and fortifications are built on a high promontory rock in the Mediterranean, which in feudal times "have laughed a siege to scorn." Towering up a thousand feet high, in the background, stands the maratime Alps, either bold in gray rock or gorgeous in tropical verdure. No scenery on earth could be more strikingly beautiful. The severe grandeur of the mountains being relieved by the dark blue sea, and soft, southern sky; add to this the immediate landscape resting at your feet in the valley-gardens of oranges, lemons, beautiful flowers arranged with the artistic skill that only these children of southern poetic lands ever seem to attain. Nature furnishes the country, and they the cunning hand to prune and dress. The Mediterranean railway runs along the border of the sea, hunting the valleys and most convenient short-cuts. This gives fine land and water views, but when no other alternative presents itself, and some granite giant opposes all further progress, there is a bold plunge made under the mountain. You arrive at Monaco at the foot of the cliff, and ascend to the fortress by a fine, broad staircase cut in the slide of the rock. From this staircase you overlook the new part of the town in the valley below, and Monte Carlo situated just beyond on a high plateau, but not as high as the old town of Monaco and fortifications. The only attractions offered to visitors by the city is the palace and beautiful scenery from so high a lookout. On certain days you are permitted to go in the old historic part of the chateau, the other side being now inhabited by the family of the present Prince Charles III. The entrance is a fine old gateway with some very creditable carving over the door, and the armorial crest. This entrance is guarded by a squad of soldiers, not quite the whole standing army of the prince, but nearly so, which, by the way, numbers about sixty soldiers, officers included. In passing through into the court-yard you are stopped by the gold-trimmed state officials to examine your passport, register your name and grant a visiting permit, and, in the meantime, do not think it beneath their dignity and gold lace to drive a sharp bargain in photographic views of the chateau and surroundings. The whole entire quadrangle is very beautifully frescoed, in a good state of preservation. Some of them they claim to have been done by Michael Angelo, a statement that would be well enough to take at a little discount. Anything in the line of art that is somewhat antique claims none but the great masters as their authors. I have seen enough on the continent already attributed to Raphael and Angelo that would have made the lifetime labor of a hundred such men, still there could be no reasonable doubt that this was the work of the fifteenth century. A broad, white marble double stair-case leads up to a piazza running around the whole range of buildings. From this, looking down into the court and around at the brilliantly colored frescoes, the scene is truly oriental and ancient, and seems out of place to speak a modern language. Nothing is dilapidated or out of place, to remind one of age and ruin. "Heaven's first law" seems to have been the ruling code in the family, through all their generations. At the head of the stairs you are met by a white-gloved, white-stockinged, knee-breeched, gold-laced attendant, whose responsibilities are so immensely heavy that, to carry them safely, he must not swerve a fraction of an inch from an exact perpendicular. If he held a bucket of quicksilver on his head, and under penalty of death if he spilled a drop, he could not be more rigid and precise in his movements. He gives the historic incidents of the different rooms in a low monotone, with his eyes fixed on you, as though he were prophesying your eternal doom for some offense committed against his lord and prince. You first enter a long corridor that leads to the range of apartments fronting on the sea. The doors being thrown open between the chambers, you get an extended inside view of the whole length of the sea-side of the *chateau*. All the floors but one are highly-polished marble mosaic. The drapery of each room is different in color, but all of heavy silk. The walls, furniture and windows are draped alike. They have high vaulted ceilings, with handsome reliefs and frescoes. One room they call the Duke of York's chamber is by far the richest in the palace. It is called his chamber because he died there. He came to this balmy climate to try its beneficial effects on his failing health, and was the guest of the then reigning Prince of Monaco. From the windows of his room the royal invalid could look out over the Mediterranean, or change the range of his vision to the inland mountains and valleys or may-be cast his eye at his feet, where lay a garden of tropical fruit and bloom, every scene an artist's dream. Surely not a bad place to take the last recollections of earth from. Then the room itself—his eye could rest on nothing but the most gorgeous splendor. The halls, furniture, bed and window drapery is gold-colored satin, [illegible] with crimson velvet flowers. All the woodwork of the room is heavily gilt. The floor a most exquisite piece of marble mosaic, polished like a mirror. They seem to have more pride in exhibiting what they call the "Salle Grimaldi," the large audience chamber of Prince Charles Grimaldi. The brocatelle-covered walls and variegated marble floor, together with its vast size, make it a decidedly imposing room, but its greatest attraction centers in its beautifully carved marble chimney, a work of the fifteenth century. The figures on the top are three-quarter life size, and finely executed. Until within the past three years this prince has had rather a close time of it to support his royal position; but the banishment of the players from Baden-Baden became his rich revenue. His religion is made of sterner stuff than to feel any twinges because men choose to chance their money on the turn of a card within his dominions, particularly when it lines his pocket with gold and builds him a beautiful town. The Casino at Monte-Carlo pays him sixty thousand dollars a year, besides the leases of hotels and boarding-houses that have been recently built for the accommodation of pleasure-seekers. All around this part of the town is entirely new, and being still built up, so that the real estate that to him three years ago was of little or no value, and almost a barren rock, is now the cream of his possessions. Here congregate men and women of wealth and rank, who take life on the flood-tide of excitement, together with those who make gaming a profession, and now and again some poor "plebe," who risks his last hard-earned dollar. The casino, like the grave, is greatly cosmopolitan—about the only places in Europe where you can stand side by side with the nobility without giving your pedigree.

MARY J. HOLMES, of Memphis.

BERLIN.

By a Correspondent of the New Orleans Republican.]

The handsomest and busiest parts of Berlin are the streets extending from the Brandenburg gate to the royal palace; these are the Linden, Opernhaus and Platz am Zeughaus, which terminate into the Schlossbrucke, or palace-bridge. The Linden is a street fifty-five yards in width, deriving its name from the double avenue of lime trees in the middle; it resembles the boulevards of Paris, although not so long, and is lined with handsome palaces, spacious hotels and attractive stores, between which the long vistas of the number of side streets are visible at intervals. The most striking part of the street, and indeed the finest point in the entire city, is by the monument of Frederick the Great. A view is here disclosed of the Opernplatz and its environs, the palace of the emperor, the library, the cathedral, the operahouse, the palace of the crown prince, the university, arsenal, and beyond the bridge the royal palace and museums, which I have already described to you. These important buildings may be viewed almost at the same time from this point, while the extensive and beautifully arranged Schiller-platz, with its two churches surmounted with domes, is in the immediate vicinity. The statue of Frederick the Great is an impressive and masterly work by Rauch, and probably the grandest monument in all Europe. It is in bronze, and forty-two feet in hight. The great king is represented on horseback, with his coronation robes and his walking-stick. The pedestal is divided into three sections. The upper section contains allegorical figures and scenes from Frederick's education and domestic life, and his apotheosis, with figures of moderation, justice, wisdom and strength at the corners. At the corners of the central section are four equestrian figures, Prince Henry of Prussia, Duke Frederick of Brunswick, and Generals Zeiten and Seydlitz. Between these are placed groups of other contemporaries and officers of the king, Prince Augustus William, Keith, Winterfeld, Lessing, Kant and others, all life-size. The lower section contains names of other distinguished men, chiefly soldiers of the time of Frederick, with the dates of their birth and death. The basement is of a polished granite. The foundation stone was laid on the thirty-first of May, 1840, the hundredth anniversary of the accession of Frederick to the throne of Prussia, and the monument was completed and inaugurated in 1851. The Bradenburg gate, at the beginning of Linden, forms the entrance to the city. It is most interesting in structure. It is seventy feet in hight, and two hundred feet in width, with five different passages separated by Doric columns—the central is reserved for royal carriages—on the outside are handsome open colonades for the use of foot-passengers. The gate is in imitation of the propylara at Athens; some parts of it were taken to Paris, by the French, in 1806, but restored in 1814. The length of the Linden street, from this gate to the palace, is a German mile. The university, formerly the palace of Prince Henry of Prussia, is well worthy of note. It contains the lecture-rooms and scientific collections. The mineral cabinet is one of the most extensive of the kind on the continent. Among the curiosities may be mentioned a piece of amber weighing fourteen pounds, found one hundred miles from the Baltic, and numerous meteorolites, besides many curious objects brought by Humboldt from South and Central America. The library is also very valuable; it contains seven hundred thousand volumes and fifteen thousand manuscripts, among which may be mentioned the manuscript of Luther's translation of the bible; Gutenberg's bible on parchment, of 1450, the first book printed with movable types; the *Codex Wittekindi*, a manuscript of the gospels of the eighth century, and to have been presented by Charlemagne to the Saxon duke. Wittekind, minatures, portraits and autographs of celebrated characters, Chinese books, French, Italian, English, Spanish, besides all important Greek and Latin classics, a small octagonal Koran, and many classic musical works. Opposite the university is the operahouse, the largest in Europe. The tympanum contains an admirable group in zinc, designed by Rietschel; in the center is represented the muse of music, on the right the tragic and comic muses, with the bantering satyr, the dramatic poet, with arts of painting and sculpture, and on the left a dancing group with Three Graces. The house will accommodate three thousand spectators. This fine building, which of course, has been much altered and embellished since, together with the Roman Catholic cathedral, are memorials of the reign of Frederick the Great. The cathedral is in imitation of the pantheon at Rome, with a spacious dome and a portal borne by six Corinthian columns; the interior contains some of the finest paintings of the classic masters. I cannot speak in praise of the cemeteries of Berlin. They are in general arranged with little regard to taste and beauty, and often without respect. This is the case in most parts of Germany, I believe. Outside the gate lie the Old and the New Jerusalem cemeteries, where many distinguished Germans are interred. Adjoining these is the old Trinity cemetery, in which the body of the immortal Mendelsohn is buried; it is a simple tomb, but the name tells us more than sculptors or poets are able to describe. The Kreuzberg is not far from the cemeteries. It is a hill two hundred and thirteen feet above the sea level, rising over a hundred feet above the city, of which it affords a fine view. On the top rises a Gothic obelisk, in iron, sixty-two feet high, dedicated by Frederick William III to his people. In the "Tempelhofer Feld," an open piece of ground commencing near the Kreuzberg the grand reviews of the Berlin garrison take place annually from spring to autumn. These are, indeed, grand to witness. A little further lies the Masenhaide, with the infantry rifle galleries and large gymnastic grounds, in which a statue of John, the German "turnvater" (father of gymnastics), is conspicuous. The Carlsgarten here contains monuments to the guardsmen who fell in 1866 and 1870-71. Close by is the new Trinity cemetery, where lie buried the fallen heroes of the last war. Thiergarten is the largest and most attractive park near the city. It is shaded by fine old trees and enlivened by little lakes. On one side flows the river Spree. Farther up on the bank of this river is situated the royal chateau of Bellevue, now the residence of the Duke of Mecklenburg. The lakes in the Thiergarten are the scene of fine skating parties in winter and yachters in summer. The royal gardens are beautifully arranged and at an enormous cost, but far pleasanter and more interesting from the romances connected with it is the palace garden in Charlottenburg, a site where Sophia Charlotte, wife of Frederick I, founded a residence during the seventeenth century. It lies on the Berlin and Spandau roads, and surrounds the barracks. This palace is covered with a handsome dome and flanked with wings. At the entrance to the court are statues of the Borghese Gladiator in bronze. The pleasant garden is entered from the west wing of the palace. There is a highly-cultivated orange grove, where the nightingale and other birds have their homes. This requires the most expensive and tender care, and its naturalness and exquisite beauty are wonderful—one might well here dream himself in a southern land. Following an avenue of pines after leaving the orange bower, you reach the mausoleum where Queen Louise and her husband, Frederick William III, repose. The tomb shows the masterly hand of Rauch. The recumbent figures of the illustrious pair, executed in marble, are strikingly impressive. At the sides are beautiful candelabra, one with the "Three Fates," by Rauch, and the other with the "Three Hors," by Peck. The splendid crucifix was executed by Achtermann, at Rome. The heart of Frederick William IV, is here placed at the feet of his parents in a marble casket. Divine service is celebrated here on the anniversaries of their deaths. This garden contains a spacious palmhouse of great beauty, and is stocked with the finest flowers. One flesh-colored rose of delicious odor and perfect appearance excites great attention by its remarkable growth, and it is said to have been planted by the hand of Queen Louise.

THE MAGNETIC CAVE OF CALIFORNIA.

Correspondence New York Graphic.]

I have noticed that some newspapers, the Springfield *Republican* among others, are talking about the magnetic cave near Pine Grove, California. It is impossible to exaggerate the strangeness of the phenomena of the cave; but, observing that they are neither accurately nor fully described in the papers, I send you an acount of them as observed by myself not a month ago, when, in company with Mr. Stokes, I visited the cave. The cave is in Amador county, and has long been known to the people of the neighborhood as a curiosity. The story in regard to the discovery is that, in making the surveys near the spot, the magnetic needle was noticed to act in an unusual way, to dip with remarkable, and, at that time, unaccountable force, and certain sensitive persons were said to be peculiarly affected when in that region, where the divining-rod of witch-hazel was even brought into requistion by some of the older people. It is said—though, of course, I can not vouch for the truth of the assertion—that the forked rod, when held in the hands of a "sensitive," would twist and turn with the greatest velocity, and, at certain spots, be, as it were, wrenched from the hand of the holder and act as if, according to the old notion, there was running water beneath the ground there. I give this for what it is worth; it may or may not be true, but having seen so many curious things in my lifetime, I scarcely doubt anything I hear confirmed. It was, however probably the action of the magnetic needle that led to the discovery of the cave. When the party of which Mr. Stokes and myself were members visited the cave, we wandered about in it for, say, a mile and a half before we reached the laboratory of nature, with its curious magnetic appliances. The approach to it is gloomy, and what poets would call romantic. There are no stalactites hanging from the roof, as in the Mammoth cave of Kentucky, but the iron ore is more rusted than any I have seen, the acidation being undoubtedly accelerated by the magnetic currents, as the copper bottoms of ships are rusted when iron nails are used as rivets, the electric currents effecting the molecular changes. The fragments of ore lying in the path, and which I afterward tested, are most highly magnetic, and, as the assay showed, very rich in iron. As we entered the chamber, which is lined with a brownish black ore, all the party were more or less affected in a peculiar way, which some described as a chill along the spinal column, but which seemed to me more like the "aura" one feels when he brings his face into close proximity to an electric machine in vigorous action. There was—at least so it seemed to me—a slight odor of ozone in the air, which, considering the current theory of the close connection of magnetism with electricity, might have been expected. It may be true, as Mr. Stokes says, that in the middle of the chamber a hatchet carried by one of the party was "snatched from him by a magnetic rock near which he passed, and the combined strength of four of us was insufficient to detach it," but the curious circumstance has escaped my memory. Mr. Stokes's account is though, on the whole, trustworthy. A circumstance to which he fails to allude attracted my attention. Polarity is an essential of magnetism; the austral attracts and the boreal but repels the austral. In walking along the slippery floor of the cavern I struck with my foot a small oblong rock in such a way as completly to overturn it bringing its south pole where its north had been in contact with the north pole of another. It was immediately repelled, rebounded to a distance of several feet with considerable force, but it must be remembered that the floor was slippery with ooze, which had all the effect of oil. I do not hesitate to pronounce Mr. Stokes's account of the iron nails of the boots of one of the party being so strongly attracted to the floor as to necessitate their abandonment, a mere canard, and I doubt much that he ever gave it to the *Sutter Creek Independant* as the truth. The story was probably cooked up in the office. One of the party had taken a gun into the cave, which, of course, he carried with its muzzle toward the floor. Its ramrod was withdrawn by the magnetic force, and, to the surprise of us all, stood upright on the ground. When struck on one side, it would fall over to the other, but instantly snap back; but it was easily taken up and replaced in position. The watches of all the party were found, on emerging from the cave, to have stopped while in. A knife tossed to the roof remained fixed there. An experiment which I afterward wished I had tried, would have been to feel the pulses of the party to see what effect, if any, the peculiarity of the situation had on the human body. There was with us a young man of a peculiarly delicate and nervous physique, upon which what, for lack of a better term, I may call the physico-psychological effect of the cave acted in singular manner. He remarked when in the center of the magnetic chamber that he could see behind him as well as in the direction in which he was looking. At first he was laughed at, but, as he persisted in his statement, I drew from my pocket a letter and, holding it behind his head, proposed that he should read it. To my great surprise he read it without the slightest hesitation, and even corrected an error in spelling which I had not noticed. For the benefit of those who may believe in "magnetism" and "trance" and "mesmerism" I record this fact, as it seems to confute the notion that the clairvoyant reads only what is in the mind of the interrogator. Lord Bacon was, I believe, the first to account for clairvoyance in this way, though of course not under the common name of clairvoyance; and it has commonly been accepted as an explanation of a matter of which we know but very little. The young gentleman read the papers in the same way, although previously he had never been a clairvoyant. What is equally singular is that he actually became a magnet and attracted iron. This condition continued for a number of hours after he left the cave; a pen-knife or steel key would hang from his finger tips as from a magnet. Upon being brought in contact with the north pole of a large horse-shoe magnet he felt quite a violent shock, while in the dark a spark was perceptible when the two touched. All the while we were in the cave I felt the aura of which I have spoken; I felt as if my entire body was enveloped in cobwebs. I was conscious of great mental and spiritual exaltation, and half unconsciously solved a problem in triangulation of which I had been thinking for several days—solved it, too, while thinking of other things and observing the phenomena of the cave. The poles of a magnet, when in my hand, were reversed; when placed elsewhere they returned to their former condition. Mr. Forbes possessed the singular faculty of directing the needle to any point of the compass, merely by exerting his will, but this he could not do when another person held the needle. Passing near a large fragment of rock, Mr. Stokes, if I remember rightly, was pulled or drawn violently from the path, as if by spirit hands, and thrown against the rock, whence we removed him to the outer air, he being almost powerless. The young "sensitive," naturally a weak person, carried him bodily for quite a distance. After leaving the cave we were all exhausted and languid. I do not believe this magnetic place conducive to good health. Of the facts I have given there can not be the slightest doubt, though they seem very strange.

E. T. BELLEW.

In Paris there are now nine mantuamakers and six milliners of the masculine persuasion, each of whom is at the head of a large establishment. They are all gentlemen of unusually refined manners and luxurious habits. They never go abroad without a carriage, and are always attired in faultless costume. By untiring taste and tact, with a business faculty, they are rapidly building up an enviable reputation and fortunes. Is there not a lesson for ladies in their career? It is a little curious that, while women are venturing into vocations hitherto monopolized by the stronger sex, men should turn the tables upon them, and taking up trades which have been deemed their exclusive prerogatives quickly coin wealth and fame out of the undertaking. Does not this tend to show that there is not so much difference between the masculine and the feminine intellect after all? that the great disparity noted in their inclinations, pursuits and achievements is more the result of education than of nature?

A SEA SIDE NUISANCE.—A great annoyance and a decided nuisance at the seaside hotels are the importunities of the negro servants. It is a constant begging—morning, noon, and night. No sooner are you seated in your seventy-ten room than George Washington Shakespeare Byron Thompson appears and desires to know if you have any inclination to imbibe a little ice-water. You say "No," and G. W. S. B. Thompson disappears, only to come again at frequent intervals on the same errand. This happend to Jones. He had gone to bed early hoping to escape Mr. Sumner's friends, but from nine o'clock in the evening until two o'clock the next morning the ice-water man came regularly at intervals of half an hour to know if Jones wanted Adam's ale. At two in the morning, Jones arose, and striding toward the African something after the style of the ghost in "Hamlet," said, grasping him by the throat: "Sir, a repetition of that request will justify me in murdering you!" G. W. S. B. T. left.

It is announced that no subscriptions to the John Stuart Mill memorial will be received after the thirtieth of June. The amount already paid in is over ten thousand dollars. It has been decided that the money, or so much of it as may be needed, shall be expended in a statue. Some one has suggested that Mr. Watt's admirable portrait of Mill should be purchased by, or for, the British nation, and hung in the national portrait gallery.