

Evening Telegraph

MONDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1864.

LETTER TO MY DEAR FRIEND

BY MARY H. C. BOOTH

I think I'm dying, comrades... The day is growing cold... And that is not the best kind...

BERLIN: UNTER DEN LINDEN.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS HALL.

You won't like Berlin," remarked the Man of the World, when the train stopped at Brunswick.

"Why shouldn't I like it?" I returned, in quiet exultation. "As a rule, I like every place...

"That may be all very true," persisted the Man of the World, "but I reassert that you won't like Berlin."

"I have been in a great many cities to which the same complimentary objections might be urged, and which are emphatically ugly, dirty, lousy."

"But," quoth the Man of the World, "it is not precisely that. There are many towns both ugly and dirty, but which are nevertheless picturesque. Take Cologne, for instance, take Bonn, take Mayence."

"Ah, yes! but its architectural magnificence limits you to the level of the commoner, the middle class, and its civilization is only a staid, stolid, stony, and stony."

"I must nevertheless, take the liberty of observing," I went on, "that the report which has been made of the grandeur and splendor which characterize the public buildings of Berlin, is justly deserved."

"I am glad to hear that," said the Man of the World, "but you have run away with you."

The society of the Russian table d'hôte, however, excited by the general retirement of the French...

I had a stuporous notion of a beard, all plate-glass and iron or silk hangings, as the French people would say, which would be the signal of a noble apartment...

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choosing an engraving after Corneille, or a plaster cast of the Amazon, for a couple of wall-pieces...

And yet, I dare say, there is "life in Berlin" in the life of the jovial, frolicking, merry-go-round...

How a Philosopher Lived. THE PRIVATE LIFE OF KANT. In a recent number of the Cornhill Magazine...

The first straw hat manufactured in this country was in 1795, by Miss Betsy Mearns...

The Russian Empire—Official Statistics. The Central Committee of Statistics at St. Petersburg...

—Anything to please the child," as the nurse said when she let the baby crawl out of the nursery window.

—There is talk in Paris of establishing a Theatre, where will be played only pieces dramatic...

—A new opera-house, to seat three thousand people, is in course of erection at Baltimore.

—A cockney tourist met a Scottish lassie going to the "caldron" for a wash, and he, "I should like to know if all the people in these parts go barefoot?"

—An American Eden Transplanted. A London paper says—"The private and commercial postage stamp system of America is gradually being introduced here."

—The "caldron" most parts of the earth are supposed to be the parts where there are most women.

—"My lad," said a lady to a boy carrying a mail bag, "are you the mail boy?" "Yes, ma'am, I am."

—One hundred and eleven members of the Peace Society have since last April discontinued dealing with the slave-trade.

—Past young brother home from France, say now, when you are married up Capital, how will you be participating in it?

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