

THE FUTURE OF EUROPE.

The view taken by the 'Pall Mall Gazette' is that the fate of Europe depends on the will and the lives of three men—Prince Bismarck, the Czar, and the Pope. "How much," says the 'Gazette,' "depends on the duration of two of these lives; how much might be changed by the termination of the third! And is there even the average security for the long duration of any of the three? This week Pius IX. entered upon his eighty-fifth year. Prince Bismarck is neither in point of age nor in point of health a life to which one could confidently add another decade. He is an overworked super-sensitive man of upwards of sixty, bearing a greater load of official anxieties and responsibility than has been borne by any statesman of this century. He marches under it—but less erectly and with not so firm a step, noticeably, as he was wont to do. The Czar is not old, but then he is not strong. He has been for some time in that state which is described as 'giving anxiety to his friends;' and observers of his appearance at Berlin report the improvement in his health in very guarded terms. The life of no one of these three is such that men of prudence would count upon its long continuance with any degree of confidence, and the death of any one of them might, and probably would, alter the whole aspect of European affairs." The death of the Pope no doubt, might be made a pretext by Germany for an alteration in her policy toward the Papacy—a policy which has destroyed her safety and strength. The death of the Emperor Alexander would be fraught with momentous consequences in another way. It would remove the control of the policy of Russia from the hands of a Sovereign who is at least on a footing of personal sympathy with the German Emperor, to place it in the hands of a successor whose sympathies and likings are believed to incline strongly the other way. And a Czar sympathizing with France would not be the most likely or the best qualified moderator of the hatred with which a large portion of his subjects regard Germany. The 'Gazette' says:—"On the effects of the death of Bismarck it is unnecessary to speculate, for every one must feel that the removal of a statesman whose policy has been more emphatically personal than that of any statesman perhaps within living memory, and whose individuality makes itself felt at every turn of German or even European politics, would be far-reaching indeed. But the death of the Emperor of Germany himself—another aged man—might also seriously affect the future. The strong will and the keen vision of the statesman would yet remain, but they would energize under different conditions; the material upon which the Imperial Chancellor would have to work would be altogether changed, and therewith the results of its operation, probably."

In this relation we may say that there is no fear that the health of the Pope is breaking down. The Roman correspondent of the 'Journal de Bruxelles' writes that in the course of a conversation which he had quite recently at the Vatican with one of the Pope's medical advisers, that gentleman said to him:—"Undoubtedly he is eighty-four years of age, but his sight, hearing, memory, intellect, vivacity of repartee are those of a man in full vigor. His health is good and resists incessant work, misfortunes and vicissitudes which would bring down an ordinary constitution. He is, in fact, in perfect health, has no infirmities, and may still live for many years. I must also declare that he submits himself willingly to our prescriptions, which he did not formerly. Last week he was bled, as he is always at the changes of the seasons. His medical advisers follow the old practice, and he has not to complain of it."—'Pilot.'

VICTOR HUGO.

A FEW months since, M. Foucher, the brother-in-law to Victor Hugo, a literary man of much ability and a Catholic, died and was buried with all the rites of the Church. Victor Hugo was present, and, to the surprise of all, seemed to enter entirely into the spirit of the ceremonies, kneeling at the elevation, and using holy water at appropriate times. This fact has greatly displeased some of M. Hugo's friends, who consider that it is a sign of a return on his part to the Church which he entered when a youth. The editors of the 'Rappel' must indeed feel annoyed at him for this "misbehaviour;" he ought to have followed their example and to have stayed outside the church during the funeral. This would have been more consistent, but M. Hugo never was and never will be consistent; his good sense teaches him that the Catholic Church teaches the true religion, and it is his vanity alone which leads him astray. There is scarcely one of his books in which he has not acknowledged the beauty and truth of the Catholic Church, and yet almost everything he has written since he has been a man, has been with a view of injuring religion. Who knows what thoughts passed through his mind whilst standing at the foot of M. Foucher's coffin and listening to prayers which were so familiar to his youth? It would, indeed, be a great consolation if, before he dies, Victor Hugo returns to the faith and publicly retracts his many errors.

BELGIUM.

A BRUSSELS paper gives a painful account of the ex-Empress Charlotte of Mexico. Her physical health is good, but her mental condition is hopeless. She lives in constant communication with imaginary beings, and dislikes the presence of any living person. She speaks only when obliged to do so, and gives orders to her attendants in writing. She dresses herself without suffering assistance, takes a fixed walk in the park, every morning when fine, frequently plays on the pianoforte, and sometimes draws and paints with decided taste. She recognizes no visitors, not even her brother, King Leopold, or the Queen. The latter always accompanies the physician on his monthly visit, when, in reply to his inquiries as to her health, the Empress coldly says she is well, and immediately retires. She has become stouter, and shows a tendency to corpulency, but at present it is stated that this has only increased her beauty, which is now truly striking.

THE EDITOR OF THE DAY.

The actual editor is a vastly inferior being to the marvellous one conjured up by the fine fancy of a sagacious public. One room contains him, and his lips fail to penetrate through the walls. During the day he is a charitable public institution. He is credited with being in respect of knowledge an incarnate encyclopaedia, duly indexed for reference or an endowed dispensary whereat information and advice may be had by all comers gratis. His purse and his patience are believed to be inexhaustible, and he is resorted to as if he were a pump, to which empty vessels may go day by day and come away replenished—the general notion being that there is a perennial supply of wealth deep down in him, and that it has been reached as well sinkers reach water, by 'boring.' It is his misfortune, not his fault, that there exists an indestructible superstition by which his broad-sheet is looked upon as an unenclosed common, upon which the villagers may turn their geese and their grunners, or expatiate in freedom unrestrained. No vigilance of his can disabuse some outsiders of the notion that the correspondence column is like one of those bits of waste land which need 'filling up,' and upon which there is a board thus lettered—'Rubbish may be shot here.' He is called upon to decide bets. He receives every week as many applications for place or employment, or private favor, as if he had just been elected president of the American Republic. His special affliction consists of the people fevered with 'a fad'—inventors, incipient bards, hobbyists—writers, who cannot write, and amateurs who are surer of their genius than their grammar. Persons come to him sleek, smiling, and smooth of speech, and most suspiciously civil, to express their admiration of his journal, and to lay before him a happy thought of theirs—a thought inspired by their desire to serve him. Visitors of this complimentary kind generally want, under some pretext of public spirit, to air a private grudge, to indulge an animus against a business rival, to secure a valuable advertisement without paying for it, or to 'improve,' or 'to add a new and attractive feature to,' your paper for 'a consideration,' and when you so far fail to appreciate their courteous solicitude as to tell them that your waste-paper basket nightly receives its half-bushel or so of 'respectfully declined,' they depart convinced that the freedom of the press is a figment, and that the great want of the age is an independent paper.

IS THE KEELEY MOTOR A FRAUD?

It is not safe to conclude with the 'Scientific American,' and the vast body of incredulous unscientific Americans, that there is nothing in Keeley's new motor—but fraud. He was the most indifferent of smatterers who, when a young enthusiast, named Morse, went lecturing through the country to very indifferent audiences about his new motor, electricity, could not prove that the telegraph was in the first place impious, and in the second impossible. It may be—we do not say that it is so—that Keeley has found something worth looking after. His secret has not been authoritatively made known, but it is said to be the expansive power of carbonic acid gas. At 32 degrees Fahrenheit carbonic acid is liquid under a pressure of 36 atmospheres. It can be solidified by being placed under greater pressure in a freezing mixture. From this solid proceeds a vapor with the most amazing expansive properties. This subject has been investigated by a correspondent of the 'Savannah News,' who gives the following table:—

At 5 degrees Fahr.	the pressure in pounds per square inch is 372.
At 10 degrees Fahr.	the pressure in pounds per square inch is 403.
At 20 degrees Fahr.	the pressure in pounds per square inch is 560.
At 40 degrees Fahr.	the pressure in pounds per square inch is 697.
At 45 degrees Fahr.	the pressure in pounds per square inch is 1080.

The solidification of carbonic acid gas was first achieved by Thilorier, in Paris. The strength of the gas may be judged from the fact that a cast-iron apparatus of enormous strength burst during one of his experiments, killing an attendant. The bursting of soda-water fountains, which sometimes happen, is an instance of the wonderful power of this gas. The mysterious casualty in Boston a few weeks ago, in which a large tenement building, the first floor of which was occupied by a drug-store, was blown to atoms with great loss of life, leaving no trace of the source of mischief, was beyond doubt an illustration of what Keeley's motor can do if left to itself. The reservoir of carbonic acid gas exploded. Here is a power far beyond that of steam. Is it certain that nothing can be done to make it manageable? The chemists say that the tension given off by the vapor from the solidified gas is higher than that from any other known substance. They differ, apparently, with the correspondent of the 'Savannah News' quoted above, in that they say that the tension of the vapor is developed by lowering instead of raising the temperature, as usual with other gases. Here is the power beyond a doubt; has Keeley harnessed it? We catch a resemblance in the description of his machine to the apparatus used by Thilorier. A fine hair tube plays a prominent part in the Keeley machine. Thilorier discovered that, if he allowed the liquid gas to escape through a small tube into a brass box, an evaporation followed so powerful that it solidified the rest of the gas. This solid is the seat of the expansive power that gas displays. Carbonic acid gas is very cheap; it can be made out of marble and vinegar; it can easily be liquified, and liquified, will freeze itself; frozen, it can be made to produce a vapor "stronger than that from any other known substance. If Mr Keeley has not found out how to domesticate this creature, some other inventor will be likely to do it before long."—'Pilot.'

"Twelve pounds for a threshing machine!" exclaimed a boy when he saw the card on one for sale. "Why, mother only pays five shillings a pair for her slippers!"

Plato's school was not open alike to the youth of both sexes though one might suppose there were young ladies among his disciples, we hear so much of Platonic attachments.