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LOVE'S BELIEF.

I believe if I were dead
And you should kiss my eyelids where I lie
Cold, dead and dumb to all the world contains,
The folded orbs would open at thy breath,
And, from its exile in the Isle of Death,
Life would come gladly back along my veins.

I believe if I were dead
And you upon my lifeless heart should tread—
Not knowing what the poor clod chanced to be—
It would find sudden pulse beneath the touch
Of him it ever loved in life so much,
And throb again, warm, tender, true to thee.

I believe if in my grave,
Hidden in weedy depths by all the waves,
Your eyes should drop some warm tears of regret,
From every salty seed of your dear grief
Some fair, sweet blossom would leap into leaf
To prove death could not make my love forget.

I believe if I should fade
Into the mystic realms where light is made,
And you should long once more my face to see,
I would come forth upon the hills of night
And gather stars like faggots, till thy sight,
Led by the beacon blaze, fell full on me.

I believe my love for thee
(Strong as my life) so nobly placed to be,
It could as soon expect to see the sun
Fall like a dead king from his heights sublime,
His glory stricken from the throne of time,
As thee unworth the worship thou hast won.

I believe love, pure and true,
Is to the soul a sweet immortal dew
That gems life's petals in the hour of dusk.
The waiting angels see and recognize
The rich crown jewel Love of Paradise,
When life falls from us like a withered husk.

BOAT, BABY AND PILOT.

Propeller, compound direct-action engine, two hundred horse power! A good sea-boat, ninety-seven feet over all, 200 tons burden, coppered below, and a fine sea green above the water line. House on deck for engine, captain's quarters, cook room, state rooms, etc., with a wheelhouse on top forward.

A short, well-made, rather plain young woman. Gray eyes, a bronzed complexion, and a quiet air of reserve, suggested a girl matured by the salt-breath sea. Her father had been a pilot, her home the southern shores of Long Island, her husband owned this boat, and on it she had lived since her wedding day. By name, both boat and woman were known as "Jane," with an affix—"Thompson"—for the wife.

The door of the wheel-house opened, and the captain entered. A sea-faring man, tall, bushy bearded and manly. He quietly took the wheel, and the wife sat down on the leather covered sofa behind him.

"The Frenchman is out, and the National has started. The Canada has whistled, but the rest seem quiet. I suppose the White Star will go below?"

"Yes," said the man. "It's a low ebb of tide. She'll go down and wait."

"I suppose you will [illegible] mails and the late s[illegible] have to take the wife. [illegible] down?" said the [illegible]

"That's the order," replied the captain, as he rang the bell.

The mails and steerage are always late. The advertised sailing hour had been announced for two months, and yet half a hundred people were collected on the pier.

The captain's wife watched them from the wheel-house window—a motley company, burdened with valueless treasures and the thinness of their steerage table. They crowded on board the Jane, and sat down on the wet deck in all the rain and drizzle. One young woman in faded black led a crying child by one arm and tried to support a baby in the other.

"Poor woman! She looks dragged out. I've a mind to take her into our state-room, John."

"Yes, I would. She'll have a tough time of it going down."

With real sympathy she opened the wheel-house door and stepped out on the roof of the house.

"Let the woman with the baby have my room, Jack."

"Yes, marm."

The woman entered and sat down on the sofa, and stretched her arms for the baby.

"No; it's asleep now. I'll put it in the berth. Shut the door, Jack."

Such a cosy home. A square room with doors on two sides, and two windows looking out on the deck. There were two neat berths on one side, a table, mirror and sofa on the fourth, and in the centre a steam radiator with a marble top. Two comfortable chairs, a sewing machine, work table and faded carpet. On the walls a few prints, a sailor's cap and a small case of books. Lace curtains before the berths and beneath a small set of drawers.

The stranger took the other child in her lap and gazed round the room in evident surprise.

"This is my home," said the captain's wife.

"It's very pretty; and you live here?"

"Yes, we live on the Jane. It's my husband's boat. Are you going to England?"

"Yes, that is my home. I lived in Kansas before my husband died."

"And have you just come from there?"

"Yes. We were fifty-six hours on the road."

"It was a long ride. I've never been West. New York, or rather North River, is my home. I've never been away from the coast. Oh! wouldn't you like some tea? The kettle's on now."

The woman gave a look of unmistakable pleasure.

"Yes, thank you. We have had nothing to eat since—Ah! what is that?"

"Oh, that's nothing; its only the engine in the next room. We are starting."

The jar and tremor of the boat seemed to frighten the mother.

"Never fear; it always trembles."

"The steamer is anchored just outside the Narrows. I must go and see if John wants anything. Make yourself comfortable till they come for you."

The tug came up alongside the steamship and was preparing to put a line to her. The storm seemed to rage in wilder fury here. Huge waves rolled in from the sea, and the Jane seemed a mere cockle-shell as she reeled and pitched over them. The steamship lay quiet on the water, her vaster bulk making her indifferent to those comparatively moderate seas. A ladder with a plank lashed to it was run out from the steamer's deck, and it fell on the top of the house. Another ladder was put up from the deck, and, one at a time, the steerage passengers were handed up. The wife with steady nerves held the wheel. She started her engine and flung the wheel around with vigorous stroke. The boat churned up the sea, and with a staggering plunge struck off from the steamship. A sudden calm fell on the boat, and there was only the wash of the sea and the throb of the engine.

The captain entered the wheel-house beaming with delight.

"Capital, Jane. You handle her beautifully."

She smiled as she gave up the wheel, and, with a wifely kiss, said:

"Of course, dear. It's our boat, and my husband was my teacher. Say, John, did you see the widow with the baby? It was such a lovely babe. It makes my heart ache to think of them with all those steerage. I gave her a lunch, and she seemed very grateful. Think of it! They came all the way from Leavenworth, Kansas, alone."

The wife opened the door and stepped out on the deck over the house. For a moment she gazed after the retreating steamship, and then went slowly down the steps to her state-room. In an instant after she came flying up again in frantic haste. With tear filled eyes and quivering voice she opened the wheel house door and cried:

"Oh, John! the baby! They have left the baby!"

"Good heavens! What do you mean?"

"They have left the child in our room. It's asleep in my bed. The woman—must—have left it in the confusion, and—"

The rest of the sentence was lost in the roar of the steam whistle. The captain sprang to the speaking tube, and shouted to the engineer:

"Give it to her wide!"

The wheel went round with a rush, and the boat keeled over in the water.

"Call Jack, Jane. Tell him to get out the flag and run her up. 'Union down.'"

The stokers in their cave shoveled their glowing caverns full. The feed pump clattered in angry fury. The rusty boilers seemed to strain and hiss with pent-up frenzy. The engine roared. The quivering hand of the steam gauge rose among the high figures. On deck the men ran hither and thither in hot haste. The wife stood with flattering dress and hair streaming in the wind, clinging to the rail of the vessel.

"Haul in the line."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The engine throbbed with spasmodic energy. The boat reeled and plunged over the sea, and the lamps swayed in the motion.

"We must be out in the bay. I wonder where the steamer is?"

She rose and opened the upper half of the door, and gazed long and anxiously at the steamer as far ahead.

"Ah! they see us. They are blowing off steam."

A faint cloud of white hung over the steamship, and the wife noticed as they rose on the wave that the white waters had disappeared.

"Where is the child?" said the captain as he appeared at the door.

"Come in and see."

They both entered the chamber and stood watching the pretty one asleep.

"It is fortunate you found it. What could we have done with it?"

"It isn't that, John; I was thinking of the poor mother."

Hearing the voice the babe awoke and gazed with blue eyed wonder at the strangers. Then it began to cry softly, and the woman took it to her breast, and comforted it with motherly tenderness.

"Hush, my baby. Mother will come to you soon."

The engine made strange lullaby, and the child slept.

The giant steamship lay rolling lazily on the huge waves that marched in from the Atlantic. Every available spot on deck was occupied by an eager multitude, gazing down on the towboat that with bursting safety valves struggled up alongside.

A red faced officer stood on the bridge, angry and impatient.

"What in ——'s the matter!"

The captain of the Jane touched his hat respectfully and shouted back his reply above the roar of the storm and engines:

"Passenger left, sir."

"Send him aboard, quick, now."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The wheel-house door opened and the wife stepped out with the baby wrapped in a shawl in her arms.

"Give her a ladder there."

There was a murmur of excitement on the steamer. Why did this woman detain the ship? Why was she so stupid as to be left? The towboat man was a fool to stop the steamer for one passenger. Let the woman wait.

The woman held out the child as if she wished to put it on board. The officer shook his head.

"Come aboard with it."

The Jane rose on the crest of a wave, and for a moment the frail bridge was level. The wife darted across, but at that instant the ladder broke and [illegible] ward upon the deck [illegible] she was thrown forward [illegible] of the steamer senseless.

"Was it your child?"

"No, sir; but it was somebody's child."

She looked about the bare cabin, and examined the hard wooden birth on which she lay, in a kind of dazed surprise. There were two men, officers of the steamship, one a young man, who seemed to be the ship's surgeon, and the steerage stewardess. She felt the ship roll in the sea, and knew that it must be moving. She must get up and return to her husband.

"You had better lie down and keep quiet," said the little doctor.

She looked at the boy of a fellow in a kind of amused surprise.

"I must go back to the boat."

"Go back to the boat?" said the officer, "Are you not a passenger?"

"No, sir."

They seemed greatly surprised and held a whispered consultation together. Thus left to herself, she sat up, and brushing back her disordered hair, stood upon the floor and steadied herself by the wall.

"I must go on deck. There seems to be some dreadful mistake. I must see the captain."

The little doctor objected and said that it was wet and cold on deck. She paid no heed to him, and taking the arm of the elder of the two men, she said, with decision:

"Take me to the captain; I must see him."

The deck was quite clear. The passengers were all driven below, and none but the ship's people were stirring. She drew her crumpled hat over her eyes and gazed all around the sea.

"We have shut down the land."

"Yes; two hours ago; it's past five o'clock now."

The ship was reeling and plunging through the storm, with the wind and sea dead ahead. The waves broke in torrents of water over her bows, and the deck was slippery with the sheets of water that swept over it. They led her to the chart room, just behind the wheelhouse on the hurricane deck.

"Oh, captain! you are taking me to Europe."

"Yes, my good woman. Is anything the matter with your quarters, or the food?"

"No, sir. I am not a passenger. I must go back to the towboat. I came on board with the child, and was to return at once. I was thrown down when the ladder broke—"

"And that accounts for the actions of that tow-boat. We thought the captain had lost his senses. He followed us for more than a mile, and then he fell astern. Suspect the sea was too much for him."

"It was my husband, sir."

The burly captain grew red in the face and stamped round the cabin angrily.

"Hang it, marm, it was all a mistake. It can't be helped now. We'll take you over and bring you back, that's all we can do about it. It's very unfortunate and all that, but you see the ship was not clear of Sandy Hook, and I didn't dare to stop to see what your husband wanted."

"Why didn't you put me ashore with the pilot?"

"The pilot? Oh!—yes—well—"

"She was in a dead faint in the women's cabin, sir," said the officer. "The third officer said she was a sick steerage. He must have thought her a passenger."

"You must think my husband a great fool," said the wife, with some asperity. "Why should we stop for one steerage passenger left behind?"

"It seems you did," retorted the captain.

"Yes, sir; but it was a child at the breast. In the confusion of the landing the babe was left in our stateroom."

"You are the captain's wife?"

"Yes, sir. My name is Mrs. John Thompson, and I live with my husband on——"

Before she could finish her sentence, they heard the engine race and stop, and a strange and dreadful hush fell on the ship. The captain sprung to the door, and, tearing it open, rushed out on the deck. The wind had flung the door back with a slam, and the wife and second officer were alone.

"I am truly sorry, madam, that this has happened. There is nothing to be done done but accept the situation. We will make you as comfortable as possible, and at Queenstown you shall be transferred and return to New York."

She did not seem to heed him, and going to the door she looked out and said:

"I wonder why the engine stopped. It sounded like a broken shaft."

The deck, a moment before deserted by all save a few men in yellow oil-cloth, now swarmed with men, women and children, all more or less excited and frightened. The officer pushed past her, and she stepped out on the deck, closed the door, and went forward to the hurricane deck, just under the bridge, and looked up at the four posts and over the main deck below. Everything seemed to be safe aloft, and she heard the noisy rattle of a steam-winch forward and noticed a black jib climbing up the forward rigging. The steam was blowing off with a horrible roar, and there seemed to be a good deal of confusion among the struggling crowd of steerage passengers below. The first class people were more quiet, though quite as much alarmed. A young woman beside her leaned on her husband's arm, pale and exhausted. Her eyes were closed as if to shut out the scene, and the raindrops mingled with the tears that were creeping from beneath her eyelashes. She must comfort the poor child:

"There is no danger, marm. The ship is all right. It's only the engine"—

"Send these people below," cried the rough voice of the captain from the bridge just over her head.

"Gentlemen, take your ladies below. There is no danger. We shall proceed under sail."

The first class passengers listened in respectful silence, and, [illegible] into the saloons. The steerage were less [illegible] stout oaf or two brought them to obedience, and presently the decks were more quiet. The wife kept her post beneath the bridge. She was warmly clothed and accustomed to the weather. She would wait and see what happened. The black jib was now up, and bellied out in the fierce wind as if ready to fly from its bolts. Slowly the ship began to fall off in the wind. Another steam winch began to rattle, and the boatswain's whistle piped shrill commands. As the ship swung round, the tremendous sea struck her with awful force. A monstrous green wall, crested with foam, came rushing toward them. It broke with a thundering jar against the ship. Barrels and timber floated wildly about on the decks, and a cataract of water poured into the sea on the other side. The wreckage fell into the black water, and the sailors, clinging to their engine, were knee deep in the flood. Still the wind puffed furiously, and the immense black sail flapped out and shook with a noise like thunder. It suddenly became rigid and swollen, and the ship began to draw slowly ahead.

To escape the flying spray the wife stepped back toward the wheel-house. As she did so another wave struck amidships, and the send and spray drenched her in a moment. She clung to the railing and looked in the window of the wheel house. A young man was at the wheel, calmly watching the electric signals from the bridge. The place seemed familiar. It was not unlike her husband's wheel-house. She noted the telegraph, the compass and the numerous contrivances for signaling all parts of the ship.

Suddenly an overpowering wave struck the ship, and with a thundering roar came down on deck. A loose rope on the mast just before the house was thrown backward, and with a crash one of the windows of the house fell in. The steersman put his hand to his forehead with a half-suppressed cry. A flying fragment struck him just over the eye, and the blood gushed down his face.

With a spring the wife entered the room, and tried to take the wheel. The man let go his hold before she could reach it, and it flew around like lightning.

"Give it to me; I can steer."

As soon as it stopped she grasped the wheel and turned it back quickly. A loud voice roared down the speaking tube.

"Keep her up! Keep her up!"

"Aye, aye, sir. There's an accident. Send down a man."

A moment later the big captain opened the door, and stood for a moment in speechless astonishment. A voice in the tube filled the room with a hoarse command.

"Southing by one."

"Southing by one, sir," replied the woman, calmly, and slowly letting the wheel slide through her fingers.

"What's all this?" cried the captain.

"Nothing bad, sir," said the woman, without taking her eyes from the compass before her. "The man was hurt, and I took his place."

The captain looked at the steersman, and then he quietly took the wheel from her.

"Call the second officer and tell him to bring a man."

"Yes, sir," said the man, wiping the blood from his face. "The blood blinded my eyes, sir."

"Call the officer—will you?"

"I am perfectly accustomed to steering, and I saw the man's trouble. He was quite blinded, sir."

The captain grimly turned the wheel and made no reply. The second officer, followed by a sailor, appeared.

"Take the wheel. Mr. Hodgeton, get a pea-jacket for this lady and bring her to the bridge."

She quickly guessed what it meant, and put on the rough coat with undisguised pleasure. Then the officer meekly led the way to the bridge.

From this lofty lookout she could see the whole ship and look far around on the wild rage of waters. The captain beckoned for her to come behind the canvas screen to escape the scudding clouds of spray thrown out by the waves as they struck the vessel.

"We have broken our shaft. Do you think you can take us back to New York?"

"Yes, sir," she replied, simply.

"You are perfectly familiar with this coast?"

"Yes, sir. I was born on Long Island, and I've sailed in New York bay these many years. Which way is she heading now?"

"One east of southeast. I'm going to run on this tack till midnight, and then turn back and make for the Hook by daylight."

"So you might, sir; but this wind won't hold. The probabilities for the Middle States say clear winds to the west."

The captain leaned over the rail and called to a petty officer below:

"Clark, find to-day's paper, if you can. Some passenger may have one."

The paper was quickly found and her memory of the signal service reports proved correct.

"My plan would be to run before this till the wind shifts, and then come up the Jersey coast when it—"

Just here the vessel gave a fearful lurch into the sea, and with a deafening crash the gaff on the foresail snapped short off and fell to the deck. A wave broke at the bow and flew in blinding clouds of spray high on the smokestack. The lookout ahead clung to the mast for his life. They put their heads below the canvas screen that reached to their chins, for an instant, to avoid the water. When the woman looked up again, she calmly continued her sentence:

"Changes. By the way it blows, I think it will be out by midnight."

The torn sail was taken in by steam power in the midst of the fury and uproar of the storm; but it was hardly secured before the jib blew away with a loud report. There were loud demands and shrill pipings below, and then the captain gave orders to let her fall off before the wind, and, under easier sail and steadier keel, the great ship ran before the gale down to the Jersey coast.

Then the night fell down on the sea. The passengers crept out to see how it fared with the ship. They whispered the strange news through the saloons and cabins. There was a woman at the helm, and they were making for New York under her pilotage.

All the long, long night she sat, wrapped in a rubber cloak, on that swaying bridge. They lashed her to the railing, and gave her a high seat where she could look out upon the night and the sea. Toward morning the sea went down and the wind abated. At her suggestion they tried the lead about one o'clock, and the monotonous cry of the sailor as he read off the fathoms came up to her through the darkness. Twice she ordered the course changed to the east of south, and the lead sank into deeper water. At three the wind changed and came out due west.

The ship was put about, and under a good spread of canvass ran a little west of north. The rain changed to a mist and finally stopped. Then it grew pale and gray in the east, a heavy fog settled on the water, and the wind fell to a more fitful breeze.

The passengers began to stir about, and many came out and gazed up curiously at the heavily cloaked figure peering over the top of the canvass screen. The deep boom of the whistle broke in measured notes on the air, and the monotonous wash of the waves kept up a dreary undertone.

Two or three hours passed and nothing happened. They were drifting wildly on the sea—they knew not where. The captain began to be anxious, and the under officers murmured at the woman. Why had they taken this mere girl—this stranger—into confidence. They were distrustful and full of doubt. The woman herself went down to the map room and eagerly studied the night's logbook. The old captain seemed to still have faith in her ability, and suffered her to govern the ship. She pointed to the map, and placing her finger upon a certain spot, said:

"We are just there, and when it clears you will see the Hook just abeam. The reason the lead runs deeper is because we are drifting on the ebbs——"

"Hark! There's a whistle!"

A faint murmur, as from an instrument sounding the chord of A, came in at the open door. They stepped out on the deck. A strange hush had fallen on the ship. Every ear seemed strained to catch the sound floated over the water. Again it came—faint, far away, and musical.

"We are lost—my husband's boat!" cried the wife.

With a sweep of muscle that the men in the ladder to the bridge, and sounding the whistle rope, she gave three short notes, followed by one long one. Madly had the booming roar died away, when the invisible steamer replied note for note.

A perfect shout of applause broke from the thousand men gathered on the deck, and for a moment there was a scene of joyful confusion on the ship. Everybody came out, and a buzz of animated conversation, mingled with shouts and laughter, filled the air. The pent-up anxiety of the night and storm gave way to voluble pleasure and satisfaction.

Another whistle far on the north. Then another to the southwest. The sea was full of boats. Ah! the fog lifts! In sudden sweep it lifts and drifts away in pearly masses before the sun.

Ah! the Hook! The hills of Neversink in blue outline in the far horizon. A towboat! another, another. Six of them spread in a gigantic circle over the sea. Brave watchmen waiting to welcome the ships, with iron arms and fiery hearts. A dismasted bark lay far to the south. The schooners, with every sail set, drifted idly to the east. Four of the tugs started in frantic haste for the greater prize, one ran for the bark, and the sixth contented himself with the schooners. Two came to the steamer's bow together—the Jane and the Remapo.

"A hundred dollars!" shouted one large captain.

"Seventy-five!" screamed his rival.

"Give you seventy-five apiece," said the big captain from his bridge.

"All right! Give us your lines."

A woman's dress fluttered among the chains at the bows. The Jane suddenly seemed to have lost her senses. She refused the towline, and it fell with a splash into the water.

"My husband has come. I must go, captain."

The old fellow grasped her hand in both of his, and nearly crushed her wedding ring.

"Call at the office, ma'am—call at the company's office. I shall report you and—Oh, ma'am, you'd better. No! Done your duty! You did, surely. Bless me! Is this him! Glad to see you, Captain Thompson. We have brought back your wife, or rather she brought us back. Clever idea to remember the signal service. Well, now, ma'am, good-bye, and don't forget to call at the company's office."

They gave three times three as she went down the ladder. Somebody held a baby aloft. Then they cheered again. The great cables strained and shook out the water in pearly drops. Slowly the helpless monster behind swung round and forged ahead. Higher grew the hills of Neversink. Long Island came yellow and green out the sea. Slowly they entered the bay, and boat and baby and pilot were safe again.

Carlyle on the Eastern Question.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of November 28 says:

Mr. George Howard sends for publication the following letter on the Eastern question which he has received from Mr. Carlyle:

"DEAR HOWARD—If by no means seems so evident to me as it does to you and your friends that an utterance of my opinion on the Eastern question could be important; but since you assure me that it might be of service to many persons now in doubt on that matter, I overcome the very great reluctance I had to speak of the subject at all, and will try to indicate summarily what my own private views upon it are. In the first place, then, for fifty years back my clear belief about the Russians has been that they are a good and even noble element in Europe. Conspicuously they possess the talent of obedience, of silently following orders given, which in the universal celebration of ballot box, divine freedom, etc., will be found an invaluable and peculiar gift. Ever since Peter the Great's appearance among them, they have been in steady progress of development. In our own time they have done signal service to God and man in drilling into order and peace anarchic populations all over their side of the world. The present Czar of Russia I judge to be a strictly honest and just man, and, in short, my belief is that the Russians are called to do great things in the world, and to be a conspicuous benefit, directly and indirectly, to their fellow men. To undertake a war against Russia on behalf of the Turk, it is evident to me would be nothing short of insanity; and has become, we may fondly hope, impossible for any Minister, or Prime Minister, that exists among us. Twenty years ago we already had a mad war in defense of the Turk; a mass of the most hideous and tragic stupidity, mismanagement and disaster—in spite of the bravest fighting—that England was ever concerned in since I knew it; £100,000,000 of money and above 60,000 lives were spent in the enterprise. By treaties of Paris, etc., the Turk was preserved intact, binding himself only to reform his system of government, which certainly of all things in the world needed reform. And now, after twenty years of waiting, the Turk is found to have reformed nothing nor attempted to reform anything. Not to add that by bankrupt finance he has swallowed a disastrous tribute of many new millions from the widows and orphans of England. As finis to all which he has wound up by the horrors of Bulgaria and such savageries as are without a parallel.

With these weighty aggravations, the Turkish question returns upon us anew, and demands a solution. It seems to me that something very different from war on his behalf is what the Turk now pressingly needs from England and from all the world—namely, to be peremptorily informed that we can stand no more of his attempts to govern in Europe, and that he must *quam primum* turn his face to the eastward, forever quit this side of the Hellespont, and give up his arrogant ideas of governing anybody but himself. Such immediate and summary expulsion of the Turk from Europe may appear to many a too drastic remedy; but to my mind it is the only one of any real validity under the circumstances. Improved management of these unhappy countries might begin on the morrow after this long continued curse was withdrawn, and the ground left free for wise and honest human effort. The peaceful Mongol inhabitants would, of course, be left in peace, and treated with perfect equity and even friendly consideration; but the governing Turk, with all his Pashas and Bashi Bazouks, should at once be ordered to disappear from Europe, and never to return. This result is in the long run inevitable, and it were better to set about it now than to temporize and haggle in the vain hope of doing it cheaper some other time. As to the temporary or preparatory government of the recovered provinces, cleared of their unspeakable Turk government for twenty, or say any other term of years, our own experience in India may prove that it is possible, and in a few faithful and skillful hands is even easy. Nor in the temper of the Czar, and of the Austrian Emperor need the fair partition of these recovered territories be a cause of quarrel. Austria must expect to become more and more a Slavic and Hungarian empire, her 9,000,000 of Germans more and more gravitating toward their countrymen of the great German empire. The Czar, whose serious task it is to protect the Christian subjects in Turkey proper, will justly have a claim to territorial footing in the recovered country. To England there is one vital interest, and one only—that of securing its road to India, which depends on Egypt and the Suez canal. The thing to be desired is concord among the three great powers, and if, as we do hope, there is a mutual trust grounded on honesty of intention on the part of each, none claiming more than in the nature of things belongs to him, we may confidently expect that the difficulties of the business can not prove insuperable. It seems to me the advice of Prince Bismarck, a magnanimous, noble and deep-seeing man, who has no national aims or interest in the matter, might be very valuable; nay, were he appointed arbiter where difficult dissidences arose, what but benefit would be likely to result? But on this portion of the subject I am not called to write. The only clear advice I have to give is, as I have stated, that the unspeakable Turk should be immediately struck out of the question, and the country left to honest European guidance, delaying which can be profitable or agreeable only to gamblers on the Stock Exchange, but distressing and unprofitable to all other men. I remain always, dear Howard, yours truly,

C. HOWARD, Esq. T. CARLYLE.

I SHALL LISTEN SOON.

If I could hear one little song
I heard long years ago,
And hear her sing who sung it then
In accents pure and low,
It seems to me no sweeter joy
A weary heart could know.

At times the soul's mysterious power
Brings back the melody—
Like distant chimes that rise and fall
Like murmurings of the sea;
And then I hear, or seem to hear,
The song once sung to me.

I turn me from the present hour
Against the tides of years,
And looking back to brighter days,
Through days of hopes and fears,
The olden memories fill my heart
And dim my eyes with tears.

I hear, and yet I do not hear,
The good old song of yore;
She can not sing who sung it then,
And never will sing it more,
For light and life and love have gone,
As hope had gone before.

Oh, could I hear the little song
I heard long years ago,
And hear her sing as once she sang
In accents pure and low,
It seems to me no sweeter joy
A weary heart could know.

Can We Control the Weather.

The old fatalistic notions that prevail everywhere in the infancy of civilizations gradually give place to the conviction of human responsibility as the mind in its development advances from simplicity to complexity. The savage, through his ignorance of natural laws, is everywhere at the mercy of the elements. Nature seems inimical to his peace and happiness. He is scorched by the summer's heat and chilled by the winter's cold; he suffers from hunger, wild beasts devour him, the simplest maladies are beyond his control, and a few miles of water impose an impassable barrier to his migrations. The history of the development of man from the savage to the civilized state is the history of the development of new functions or powers, and the sense of personal responsibility increases in a direct ratio therewith. Formerly man felt little or no self-reproach when the young and vigorous were stricken down by disease, when death invariably followed a severed artery, when pestilence raged, when famines decimated communities; even great conflagrations and bloody wars were considered the work of angry or capricious deities, against whom man might not prevail except in rare instances, through long supplications to excite their pity, or through sacrifices to appease their wrath. The tendency of the cultivated intelligence is ever more and more to find the causes of wars, famines, pestilences, poverty, crime, intemperance and all evils rather in our own ignorance of natural laws than in the anger or caprice of divinities. Lord Palmerston is said to have replied to the commission from Glasgow, who prayed for the appointment of a day of fasting and prayer to avert the spread of the cholera: "Gentlemen, the whitewash brush has been found more effective."

Is it possible that man, whose genius has filled the world with comforts and luxuries through labor-saving machinery, tamed the strongest animals, and made them do his bidding, chained the giant steam, and compelled it to carry his railway trains and ships over all the earth, and even made the lightning his obedient messenger—is it possible that he must forever continue to see his fair fields, his promise-laden harvests, blighted by droughts and floods, by armies of devouring insects, and by unthinely frosts? It must be that he is destined to grapple and conquer this problem as he has grappled and conquered others; and in the establishment of weather bureaus in this and other countries a grand step has been made toward the conditions for the solution. We shall by and by possess an uninterrupted line of telegraphic communication around the globe, and then the philosophy of the tides and the rise and progress of storms can be studied as never before.

We know how persistent is the belief among the people that the weather may be foretold. Steinmetz in his admirable work, "Sunshine and Showers," says that "to doubt that a science of the weather is possible is to doubt that atmospheric disturbances are governed by fixed laws;" and he has so far mastered the science that he advocates the use of the hygrometer, if for no other motive, to avoid the wear and tear of umbrellas by carrying them when not needed. He relies upon this instrument, in connection with the evaporation gauge, for his predictions; and he says that since using them he has never been caught in showers without an umbrella, nor been inconvenienced by carrying one when not needed. This is important, for, aside from its inconvenience, an umbrella costs more than the ordinary hygrometer, which consists only of two common thermometers hung side by side, one having its bulb encased in a piece of thin muslin which ends in a cup of water. When the air is dry the evaporation from the muslin will be rapid. This will cool the mercury and condense it. When the atmosphere is absolutely saturated with moisture—which case sometimes occurs—the two thermometers will mark the same degree of temperature. When the air is very dry the difference will be considerable; and at any time the difference, doubled and subtracted from the lower degree, will approximately show the dew point. When this difference is beyond five degrees there is very little probability of rain, however cloudy the sky may be; but when the difference is less, and especially if there should be but the slightest fall of the mercury in the dry bulb thermometer, heavy showers are imminent. Often in dry weather our rain-bearing clouds remain for hours just on the point of condensation. A slight fall of temperature is needed to effect this. In Russia, during the cold of winter, if a window in a crowded ball room be suddenly opened, the company are surprised by a fail of snow in the room, covering them with flakes just as though they were out of doors. The cause is the sudden condensation and freezing of the vapor in the room by the influx of cold air. In summer the sun's rays and the heat radiated from the arid earth tend to expand the vapor in the atmosphere and prevent its condensation and fall in the form of rain, until some cause intervenes to lower the temperature. On low and rather barren soils, like those of southern New Jersey, rain bearing clouds often daily pass the meridian, hover over the drouth afflicted fields, and then disappear without a drop of rain. In fact, every one is impressed with the thought that it tries to rain and can not—that the parching earth calls the moisture from the heavens, but has not the power to command its fall. The soil in those regions has been robbed of its trees to a great extent to support glass manufactories, which formerly migrated from place to place after exhausting the forests in fuel. Rain clouds are attracted to certain localities more than to others, and nature's conductors are "the points of the leaves of all vegetation, especially trees."

Forests not only serve as conductors of atmospheric vapors, but through the ramifications of their roots and their layers of fallen leaves they hold and absorb heavy rains and prevent inundations, besides breaking the force of destructive winds and equalizing the temperature. No regions are so arid as those denuded of trees. The famous land of Canaan, which the Bible cites as the most fertile in the world—a "land flowing with milk and honey"—is now deprived of both water and vegetation through the destruction of the forests. Steinmetz and other writers upon the subject show the effect of destroying forests, not only in their immediate vicinity, but in neighboring countries—for example, that of the clearance of forests in France upon the rainfall in England—but the subject is too broad to be treated here.

Meteorologists, agriculturists and political economists are now extensively and seriously studying the subject of the weather and the possible control of climate within certain limits. The prevention of droughts especially claims their attention, and the belief of the people that this may be accomplished is constantly increasing. Methods of forcing rain-bearing clouds to discharge their precious burdens upon the earth are continually being proposed. One chemist suggests the "discharge of free electricity" into the atmosphere; many suggest cannonading. Steinmetz recommends the English government to try the effect of artillery during seasons of drouth, when the skies are often crowded with tantalizing clouds that will not send down their moisture. He thinks this would be a much better use of the gunpowder that is "blazed away upon the field days and bloody battles." It has also been proposed in England to electrify the whole atmosphere of Great Britain—one mile in height by the use of ordinary electrifying machines; and the calculation of the force required to accomplish this has been affected, based upon the fact that one cylinder or plate of glass revolving at a certain speed will electrify 5616 cubic feet of atmosphere in two seconds of time. Long ago Sir Richard Phillips proposed to cause rain in drouths "by erecting metallic conductors over the country, which might be even more effective than trees, besides diminishing the danger from thunder storms." Placed on elevated surfaces, he and many others believe that a sufficient number of such conductors would arrest the clouds and cause rain enough to sustain vegetation in the most barren regions.

Drouths and floods, sudden changes of temperature and untimely frosts can not be avoided by migrating to this and that much lauded climate; there is no place on the planet which has escaped the curse brought by man's folly and ignorance. The question of improving climates must be studied by the modern methods of science, and to make any grand progress there must be international co-operation. If the barometer is falling or if a storm is raging in any part of the world, we have a right to know it, and every telegraphic line and submarine cable should be at the service of weather bureaus. If only a tithe of the mechanical genius, the time, the money, the *esprit du corps*, the enthusiasm generally, that has been expended during even the last quarter of a century in legally murdering men and devastating fair lands, could have been directed to the study of climates and the control of the weather, the most moderate estimate of the result would seem visionary.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Remarkable Invention.

During the past few weeks a car at the Seventh street depot has attracted much curious attention, and it is certainly worthy of description, as having a great interest to that portion of the public who confess a weakness for fine fruits. The car has the external appearance of a common freight car, but its weight is about 4000 pounds more, and it is built on passenger trucks. It consists of a refrigerator on wheels, such as has never been seen here before. The outside is of wood: Next to this is an inch thick wall of felt. Next is a layer of powdered charcoal, four inches thick, extending all around the entire car, and then is the interior lining, which is of galvanized iron. Projecting downward for three feet from the roof, running the full length of the car and extending about half of its width, is a box, which is provided with three openings on the top of the car, and which is capable of holding more than a ton of ice. The doors to the car and the doors to the ice box are so tightly clamped by patent fasteners as to completely exclude the air. Small pipes near the roof carry air very gradually from the ice box, where it is admitted in small quantities to the car proper, and by its condensed condition it sinks to the floor and keeps the car at a temperature little above freezing point. The purpose of this car is to inaugurate a new era in the transportation of perishable goods. On September 27 this car, loaded with 2000 pounds of fine California grapes, in boxes, left San Francisco by passenger train, and arrived here a week later. Since that time it has been opened daily for removal of a portion of the fruit, and yet the temperature has never been above 39°, and the grapes are as sound as they were on the day they were picked. It need not be remarked that California produces the finest fruits of the world, and how to bring them to the East in good condition has for years been a problem at which hundreds have been working. In order to get them to St. Louis it has been necessary to pick them when half ripe, and then rush them through by passenger train at expense of $900 freight per car, the outcome being not at all satisfactory. By this new arrangement they can be gathered ripe, carefully picked free from imperfections, carefully handled and then sent through leisurely by freight train at the expense of $450 per car freight. This trial car demonstrates the success of the invention beyond doubt, and fruits which have hitherto been considered too delicate for shipment can now be brought by slow freight. It may be wondered how any profit is possible with such an immense item of freight. This is easily explained. In the California grape season, which extends over many months, grapes can be had at one cent per pound. A car will hold 16 000 pounds, independent of boxes and ice. It costs about $350 to pick and pack them. It costs $450 freight by freight train to St. Louis, or $900 by passenger train, or one-third more to New York. At wholesale here the grapes sell for twenty cents per pound, yielding a handsome profit. In other fruits the difference in price is even greater. The wonderful California vegetables can be brought here under like circumstances. Salmon, eggs, etc., can also be profitably shipped. In the car now here was brought a large quantity of luscious California strawberries, which were in perfect condition when taken out. The car uses about three tons of ice in a trip by freight train, requiring replenishing twice. There is not the slightest moisture inside, and a handkerchief rubbed on the galvanized iron lining remains perfectly dry, which accounts for the excellent preservation of fruit. The waste water from the ice-box is carried off by a patent arrangement that prevents ingress of air.

Taken as a whole the invention is something wonderful; and an examination of the car will repay a trip to the yards. Some New York and California capitalists have taken hold of the invention, active among whom is Hon. A. T. Spotts, son-in-law of ex Mayor Brown.

The car was built at the Central Pacific shops at Sacramento, and many others like it are already in operation.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Origin of Life and Mind.

Life appears 10,000 ages or more after the earth began to form. Whence this life? Professor Huxley seems to find it in some protoplasm or gelatinous substance. Was this one of the original elements of the nebulous matter? If so, how did it come through that terribly heated temperature? If it did not exist till after the temperature had cooled, how did it come in? Professor Huxley has been the most determined opponent in our day of the spontaneous generation of life, and is thereby left without a means of generating the life of plants and animals. Darwin feels himself obliged, in order to account for the phenomenon, to suppose that there were four or five germs created by God. Tyndall thinks that Darwin has at this point fallen into a weakness. But, meanwhile, Tyndall has no means whatever of accounting for the appearance of life. Mr. Darwin further calls in a pangenesis—which is just another name for the vital force of the older naturalists—in order to account for the generation of new animals. But he does not tell us, and evidently can not tell us, whence this pangenesis, which can not come from development, of which it is the source and not the product. Herbert Spencer prefers to bring in physiological units.

Whence comes sensation? There was a moment when sensation, pleasurable or painful, was felt for the first time in the universe. Was this at the beginning? If so, one wonders how the sentient substance came through the heat where, so far as we can judge, it must have been suffering intolerable anguish without the power of relieving itself by self-destruction.

Had this protoplasm self-consciousness? I rather think that neither Professor Huxley nor Professor Tyndall would say that it had. Animals from the very first have sensations, and also, at least the higher ones, ideas and very curious instincts, by which they make provision for coming evils of which they can have no conception. Finally, in the last of the unnumbered ages, we have man with his intelligence, his conscience and free will, all attested by consciousness. Will evolutionists pretend that on any rational or inductive principle they can tell how these new powers came into being and to action? When the book of Genesis tells us how these agencies did come in, and in particular how man appeared, science has and can have no facts to