

same charges of cruelty and brutality which the Turk, who was the only authority, made against the Russians, are now made by him against the Austrians; but Jingoism turns a deaf ear. It is as well proved as any fact of the kind can be by the evidence of British and German officers as well as by that of newspaper correspondents, that while the Turks regularly refused quarter, murdered the wounded and mutilated the dead, the Russian armies, during those campaigns, gave quarter, usually treated the enemy's wounded in the hospitals like their own, and committed no excesses but those which always attend the cruel steps of war.

For the gift of his daughter to England, the Emperor Alexander was repaid by Mr. Martin, the English Court biographer, with the third volume of the life of the Prince Consort. In that volume there is an attack on the Russian soldiery, in the shape of an extract from a letter written from the Crimea, so gross and venomous that the reader, when he sees it in such a work, can scarcely believe his eyes. This passage and the book generally are not unlikely to cost blood if Alexander's son, less gentle and pacific than his father, should mount his father's throne. History will do justice on these calumnies. Amidst all the trickery, all the treachery, all the solemn technicalities, all the hollow bombast and vainglorious fanfaronading of the High Mightinesses and High Mountebanks, the Russian soldier, by his valour, his endurance and his discipline in the murderous days of Plevna, and in the terrible marches through the Balkans, has wrought a solid work of deliverance for humanity. It may be true that he fought and bled in obedience to the command of his Czar, and under the impulse of his peasant faith, with very imperfect light as to the real nature of his mission; but perhaps a being endowed with a vision larger than ours might say pretty much the same of the life's work of us all.

In the imbroglio which ensued upon the promulgation of the Treaty of San Stefano, England, for the first time, had recourse to that vilest and most dangerous of all the instruments of national ambition, a mercenary soldiery. Till then the Sepoys had been kept for India, or at all events for the East alone. Amidst the loud applause of all Jingos these barbarous and savage hirelings were now mingled with the British army and brought on the European scene to add, at some future day, new crimes and horrors to European war.

Then came the Congress of Berlin. That Congress was to be an august international tribunal, an 'Areopagus' of Europe, deciding all questions not by the rule of force but by the rule of right and public law, a great example to a violent and intriguing world. To prove that force was not to prevail in the assembly all the weaker nations were excluded from the outset. Next, when the Congress met, it was found that the chief questions had been already settled behind its back, by agreements entered into with felonious secrecy between the several powers. Two of these agreements were sprung upon the Congress at the time, and others are evidently in reserve, though Sir Stafford Northcote styles them 'only confidential communications.' Strong Areopagites—England, Russia and Austria—took what they pleased; everything weak—Greece, Bulgaria, Roumelia, Crete, Montenegro—went to the wall. England, in proof of her disinterestedness and as a rebuke to all selfish and hypocritical ambition, filched Cyprus from the ally, the integrity of whose Empire she was in arms to defend. Egypt she would have taken, had not France growled. It was not for the purpose of holding stock in a French company that four millions were paid for shares in the Suez Canal. Cyprus, however, was not all. Mr. Forbes, in his famous article in the *Nineteenth Century*, has proved with superfluous