

many a wrong. The treaties that have at length settled the Eastern question are also, we fear, stained as regards England, if not with blood, yet with duplicity; for, although the promise given by the Prime Minister of England to Turkey has been kept to the ear, it has been broken to the heart. It is not, however, at the morale of the matter that we propose here to look, but at the far-reaching consequences that lie in this rude germ.

As the *founding* of Constantinople conjoined with the open acknowledgment of Christianity as the religion of the Roman Empire, signified the *overthrow of the old Pagan world*; and as the *fall* of it, conjoined with the invention of printing, powder and other beneficent and maleficent powers, heralded the *rise of modern civilization*; so the *regeneration* under the eye and hand of Britain, of the great historical city of the Bosphorous, which now, we trust, begins, signifies, men begin to hope, the settlement of peace for Europe, the downfall of Mahometanism, the destruction of heathenism, and the triumph of Christianity in the Eastern Hemisphere.

1. There is now a fair prospect that Europe may gradually begin the great work of disbanding its enormous armies and settling down to a peace basis. For centuries back Turkey has been (as a carcase) a centre of attraction to the war eagles of Europe and Asia, and has thus fostered standing armies. It is true that local quarrels and jealousies in western Europe, and the Jesuitism that has its home in Rome, still exist as disturbing elements, and as a partial excuse for the vast standing armies that are depopulating France and goading the German people into madness and communism.* But now

* Germany, like an overburdened beast of toil, staggers and trembles under the load of her army, and men ask, "Must we always pay this price for a united Germany? Must we ever be under a system which makes every man a soldier—drains the country of her sons in the precious seedtime years of their life, which oppresses the treasury, which makes mothers tremble when they look into the eyes of their first-born sons and think of these weary, weary, ever recurring wars?" It was blood and iron with Schleswig-Holstein, blood and iron with Austria, blood and iron with France—now it is blood and iron with Germany. This fair Germania, beautiful among the nations, which was to be the harbinger of peace and industry and brotherhood, whom all men were to love and hail her coming—this comely Germania of which poets dreamed. She has come. The hope of Barbarossa is realized. But she comes in blood and iron after all. Suspicion reigns. Detectives float around you. Soldiers stand guard at every corner. You hear the beating of the drums. You are told of "stronger" and "stronger measures."—*Correspondent in Berlin of New York Herald.*