

As Foreseen.

The expected details are at hand of the butchery of thousands of helpless Armenians at the hands of the Turk. England's protege, the Unspeakable Beast at Constantinople, has again wrought after his nature, and renewed the old familiar shambles amid the Christian subjects over whom England has twice maintained his rule. Will the reek of this blood now reach to the nostrils of Russian NICHOLAS, or will the civilizer of the East abdicate her guardianship? If NICHOLAS fails to act, then will all mankind be able to see that ALEXANDER died too soon.

WALTER SCOTT, in one of his metrical romances, describes an incantation performed by seven sisters. Each had her distaff, and as they span

With blood from their bosoms they moistened the thread.

The thread from England's spindles is drenched with the blood of her feudatories and sub-feudatories. With the clay that fraudulently loads her cloth, is kneaded the mortal part of her own millions, wasted at the looms that weave it. Its glaze is reflected from the eyes of Chinese opium fiends upon whom her cannon forced the drug.

The fields of Armenia, now steaming with the gore of men, women and infants, recalls the close of the war that settled the Unspeakable, smeared to the eyelids with human blood, on his seat. The snuffle of Exeter Hall was then audible amid the Te Deum that pealed through St. Paul's in thanks to the Christian God who had fixed anew the heel of the Mohammedan on the necks of fellow Christians. Only a few years later, and the same old Mohammedan steel is in their bosoms, and a renegade Oriental, leading England's proudest party in her Parliament, tried to laugh the incident down the wind. But the Russian had a human heart in his bosom and recognized the duties and high responsibilities of his position. He went to the rescue.

England, her ancient nobility happy to avail of the needed brains and to follow the belaced coattail of the renegade upstart, struck up the arm of Russia and rescued for the performance of to-day the monster whose sword has not ceased to drip with the blood of the helpless throughout the whole of an entire and completed century. To-day she has the shameless, the incredible hardihood to excuse and justify her work. "It is idle," says the *London Times*, "to imagine that the new atrocities will be made an excuse for reopening the Eastern question." Possibly, but either the Eastern question will be opened, or NICHOLAS II. of Russia will take his place in the eyes of the world lower even than the Turk himself, basest of living rulers.