

to do so; but recent events have shown that his "reformation" is simply this, that being no longer strong enough for a brigand, he has become a swindler instead.

That Turkey will openly defy the congregated might of Europe is hardly probable. Her attempt to detach Germany has utterly failed, and the vaunted "reaction" in Austria amounts to very little. The Hungarian "platform" is not that Austria shall not fight, but that she shall sacrifice Austrian instead of Hungarian soldiers when she does so. But although Turkey herself may submit, who can vouch for Montenegro and Albania? The surrender of Dulcigno may content the Montenegrin, but will only exasperate the Albanian. Its non-surrender, again, while elating the Albanian, would goad the Montenegrin to frenzy; for its present owners are the fiercest of all the Skipetar tribes, the Geghs or "Red Albanians," between whom and Montenegro exists a feud like that of Pole and Russian, intensified quite as much by identity of habits and temper as by difference of race and religion. Between such litigants nothing short of overwhelming force can keep the peace even for a time.

It is a common argument with many who ought to know better that no one fights where success is hopeless. But this axiom, sound enough when applied to those who regard war as a means to an end, is worthless in the case of men who fight for fighting's sake. The Bosniaks of 1878 had no rational hope of crushing Austria, but they fought nevertheless. When a Montenegrin or an Arnaut thinks himself wronged, he seeks redress not by an appeal to some snail-paced court, or a querulous letter in some leading journal, but by going forth, rifle in hand, to plead his own cause in the simple fashion of his fathers. To such men a life without stir and bloodshed would be simply intolerable. Montenegro's whole existence has been one long war, best realized by supposing Staten Island to have resisted for centuries the constant attacks of the whole State of New-York. Nor has this pugnacious little canton contented itself with repelling its gigantic enemy; it has actually seized every chance of attacking him. The pious Montenegrin, unslinging his powder-grimed carbine after a foray, will tell you that "lest we should be straitened, God gave us the Turk," and the poor Turk has certainly been utilized to the utmost in this singular capacity.

EUROPE'S APPLE OF DISCORD.

The evolving of great results from absurdly small causes appears to be a characteristic of Turkish history. The quarrel of two Greek nobles as to which should take precedence of the other in entering the palace first brought the Turk into Europe. The famous siege of Malta by SOLYMAN the Magnificent, one of the bloodiest and most hard-fought struggles of history, was due to the capture by a Maltese cruiser of a cargo of sweetmeats destined for the ladies of SOLYMAN'S harem. The first germ of the Crimean war was the squabble of a few Syrian monks over a cross and a key. At this moment all Europe is in an uproar for the sake of a small, dirty, uninteresting Adriatic sea-port, which would make a poor show beside Rhinebeck or Newburg. It must be owned that Turkey's part in the drama has been played with considerable skill. It is not, perhaps, very creditable to the countrymen of BAJAZET the Thunderbolt and SELIM the Victorious to be found temporizing between their deadliest enemies and their most faithless vassals in order to outwit the Christian Governments which they once trampled under foot. But this prudent baseness has had its reward. Time has been gained. The fierceness of Turkey's Montenegrin foes, the turbulence of her Albanian subjects, have been diverted from herself to one another. The threatened vengeance of the Western powers has been held idle in mid-air long after justice and common sense alike demanded its fall. A full month has elapsed since the present deadlock first declared itself, and during all that time the world has looked with amazement upon the spectacle of five Admirals helping each other to do nothing, a formidable fleet acting as a kind of gratis circus, the Envoys of a great nation mildly presenting "official protests" to a Government proverbially deaf to every protest not uttered through the mouth of a cannon, and the whole might of Christendom held at bay by one paralytic and moribund despotism.

It is true that the Porte seems to be yielding at last, as it always yields when bullying has proved unavailing. But who can tell whether this official rigmarole will not have to be repeated from beginning to end, at no distant date? It is only natural that the Turk should continue to substitute promise for performance, so long as he finds the one accepted as legal tender for the other. The Dulcigno question is only a forewarning of the probable fate of Armenian reform, protection of Christian subjects, and every other change to which the Porte stands pledged. Any jury which should acquit a convicted murderer on the strength of his pledge that this murder should be his last would excite some surprise; yet this is just what Europe has done and is still doing. The Turk promises to reform, and must, therefore, be spared