

## *TURKEY AND THE JINGOES.*

There is a monotony of horror in the news from Turkey. Each day repeats the tale of the day before. So many more promises made by

the Porte, and broken. So many more men, women and children butchered, through official neglect if not through official instigation. The same dreary old story of savagery in the provinces and of incapacity or indifference or worse at the capital, which has made that moribund Empire the worst-governed spot on all this ill-governed planet. What is to be said, by way of comment on such chronicle of woe, except to echo Mr. Gladstone's passionate cry of utter exasperation against a Power that truly seems to have been sent to curse the world?

How much longer this international crime is to be tolerated is a matter of painful speculation. The great Powers must, of course, move prudently. It is quite true that they might, with one of Carlyle's "whiffs of grape," bring the

Porte to terms; or, rather, sweep it out of existence. But what then? Anarchy, pure and simple. With the downfall of Abdul Hamid and the foreign occupation of Stamboul there would be war and pillage from the Adriatic to the Persian Gulf. The Kurds and Druses and the rest are not to be overawed by a "demonstration" on the Bosphorus. They would deem the last restraint gone, and give themselves up to unbridled lust and slaughter. Even if some dim consciousness came to them that an awful reckoning was near at hand, they would not for that be stayed, but would choose to go on plundering and killing, and to die, the last knave of them, in battle with the Giaour, thence to go straight to the houris' arms in Paradise.

That is the consideration which stays the uplifted arm of Christian Europe. It is seen that to strike a single blow would be to overturn the Turkish Government, and that to do so until they are ready to put some better government in its place would be to precipitate the most dreadful catastrophe of the age. They must be ready to set up another strong government of some kind, and to do so not in Constantinople only, but in every vilayet and district. Not a demonstration, but a universal occupation of the Empire is what is needed, and that cannot be effected at a day's or a week's notice. Warships at Besika Bay are well enough. But still more important is it to mass armies in Bosnia and the Caucasus, ready to rush in and occupy the land the moment the signal gun is fired. That may seem an ambitious undertaking. It is. But so it is to bring a refractory empire to terms.

Such are the responsibilities and difficulties with which Jingo nations have to contend. If instead of being bold, bad Jingo, demanding that wholesale massacre be stopped and that Turkey be no more "the scandal of God's fair universe," they were meek little nestling Cuckoos, they would have no such trouble. They would bid the Turk stand; and if he did not stand they would let him go and thank God they were rid of him. When Christian missionaries were butchered they would moralize on the uselessness and impertinence of the whole missionary system in general and the political obliquity of missionaries' sons in particular. When native Armenians were robbed and massacred wholesale they would go by on the other side and say it was no business of theirs; they would not interfere so long as Turkey did not bombard Havre or Liverpool; and if she did that, they would merely ask how much ready cash she would take to go away and leave them in Peace-at-any-Price. But since they will persist in being Jingo, and in meddling with what does not concern them, they must bear the penalty.

And yet we doubt not that the average man—such is the perversity of human nature—thinks that the Powers will do well to go in with a strong hand and put an end to Ottoman misrule. Humanity has not yet all become giganity. There is extant a sentiment in favor of truth and honesty and justice, even at the risk of being accused of Jingoism. There is a certain revulsion against rapine and massacre, even though it may set the Cuckoos a-cackling. There are some things which men—not homuncules—regard as worse than Jingoism—worse even than open war; and the state of affairs which now exists throughout a large part of the Turkish Empire is one of them. More power, and speedy action, to the Powers!

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Can it be true that Minister Terrell has been telling the Porte that not so much as a hair of an American's head must be touched in Turkey—not even a hair of an American missionary's head? Why that would be the rankest of jingoism! And under the Administration of the Consecrated One! Ring the alarm bell! Rouse the Cuckoos! Peace-at-any-Price is in deadly peril!