

**THE RUSSO-TURKISH
WAR. JANUS; OR, THE
DOUBLE-FACED MINISTRY**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649320738

The Russo-Turkish War. Janus; Or, The Double-faced Ministry by Edward Jenkins

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

EDWARD JENKINS

**THE RUSSO-TURKISH
WAR. JANUS; OR, THE
DOUBLE-FACED MINISTRY**

THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

JANUS;

OR,

The Double-Faced Ministry.

BY

EDWARD JENKINS, M.P.



WILLIAM MULLAN AND SON,

34, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON;

4, DONEGAL PLACE, BELFAST.

1877.

24496, e. 2

JANUS ;

OR,

The Double-faced Ministry.

HER MAJESTY'S Government has failed. Its first object was to maintain the "Peace of Europe." The result of eighteen months of meddlesome, shifting, and inept diplomatic agony has been to bring all Europe to the verge of war.

The banners are unfurled. In the air of awakening spring the Crescent and the Cross wave and shimmer on silken webs; the vernal sun gleams on swords unsheathed, and on the polished barrels of long-ranged rifles; the clang of arms and the tramp of a million feet disturb the repose of Europe—for the question of centuries, grown to dimensions that appal the boldest mind, has come to the supreme issue. Race, religion, humanity, the infallible claims of justice, the resistless forces of civilisation—all these are hastening to occupy the ground which has been wasted, fouled, and ruined by the rankest evils of barbarity, of ignorance, of tyranny, of inhumanity, and of an infernal superstition.

Before this question Her Majesty's Ministers—one half generous and earnest, the other half sardonically politic and selfish—stand, watching the mysterious, awful play of the tremendous forces which are sweeping onward, charged with the fate of empires. With folded arms, as a shopman looks forth of his shop upon some whirling storm, and wonders what goods of his are on their way, they are asking themselves: "What interest of ours is in danger?" Behind them, it is true, is Christian England, offering up its prayers in thousands of temples to a God of justice, of love, of mercy, to dispense His blessings to all mankind; but according to this Ministry, representing these people, our prayers are for ourselves alone, and we are not troubled that others should be favoured with more than the dregs of the Divine bounty. If enlightenment, superior civilisation, a purer religion, a higher morality, and the knowledge gained of experience, that only by humane and generous government can even material human interests be amply fostered—if all this teaches only a "gospel of selfishness," and invokes no wider responsibility than the bounds of our own interests, then, indeed, is the "streak of silver sea" God's warrant to a mean isolation, and we ought to dwell hereafter in proud retirement from the fraternity of nations.

But the noble task which they have had neither the nerve nor the principle to undertake, has fallen from their hands into those of a rival. Strange destiny! The leader in the crusade which is to clear Europe from the dying clutch of a decaying and insufferable barbarism is the autocrat of a half-civilised people,

possessed with the enthusiasm of a faith poor, and blind, and gross, but real in its intensity, and enlightening through all its mistiness. The least advanced of Christian nations meditates a crusade! The most powerful and intelligent of Christian peoples shuts up its sympathies, withholds its aid, ay! even offers its protest!

If we seek to know the meaning of this, we must take note of some singular phenomena. Jealousy of Russian aggrandisement, fears about our Indian Empire, an ancient tradition that in some measure the fate of Turkey is inextricably interwoven with the interests of England, indefensible arrogance of pretence to a maritime monopoly in the Mediterranean, have influenced the councils of Her Majesty's Ministers within. Without, we have witnessed the play of a large-hearted, a righteous, and, I believe, in all the vast interests of humanity in which the stability and prosperity of the British Empire are so concerned, a *politic* enthusiasm, demanding that the chronic causes of disturbance to European peace, the incurable waste of human life and rich opportunity in the Turkish provinces of Europe, should once and for all, and by the help of England, be abolished. Again we have seen the curb upon this generous feeling of a narrow and blinded bigotry. The "Peace at any Price" politicians, with their non-intervention fallacy, have restrained the Liberal leaders, and have played into the hands of those who are deliberately driving the country on to a contest more inglorious, if not more fatal to its highest interests. And lastly, we have had a new development of philanthropy. Its temple is Stafford House.

It has now become the fashion of humanitarian Christianity, in certain aristocratic quarters, where, we must suppose, it has attained a hot-house perfection, to entertain feelings so delicate and to be so kindly in its sentiment, so broad in its sympathies, as to be willing to draw to its compassionate breast, with maudlin tears, the robber, the murderer, the violator, the most inhuman examples of humanity. It weeps over their woes. It subscribes to lessen the pangs of their righteous punishments. It offers its help in the resistance of the criminal against the inflamed vengeance of mankind. It is of the sort that would have sewn up the bowels of Judas Iscariot from motives of sublimest pity.

At the head of these morbid sentimentalists, beseeching fair play for the convicted felon in the very act of escaping from justice, and of committing more infamous crimes, the Government of England, half-angry with the convict, half-afraid of the executioner, still feebly rubs its hands together, and seems to wish that the culprit may escape, the executioner be worsted. Either unable to comprehend or unwilling to own to themselves the vastness, urgency, and power of the forces at work, and of the issues to be solved ; regarding the whole matter within the narrow bounds and relations of their own national shop, they have allowed the current to flow until its volume and momentum are past all efforts of restraint.

At the tail of these saints of the new era may be seen a committee of Whig aristocrats, uniting the godly purposes of charity with the worldly objects of political manoeuvre. These noblemen and gentlemen, whose

united incomes I daresay amount to some two or three millions a year, display the depth and intensity of their sympathies, and their keen sense of humour, by subscribing a few thousands of pounds to send blankets and bottles of physic as a solace for a quarter of a million of shivering ruffians who, slaves at once of a vicious Government and an inhuman religion, are engaged in affirming their right, as a matter of national independence, to forswear their engagements, to break their treaties, to mock their own laws and declarations, to live in daily defiance of all the principles of justice, morality, and humanity, and, with awful proofs of their infernal spirit, to vindicate their freedom from the oversight or control of outraged civilisation.

Verily we are living in an age of strange and monstrous births! An England at once generously Christian and selfishly Mahommedan. A Conservatism at once liberal and bigoted. A foreign policy at once mean and spirited. A Ministry which includes a Beaconsfield and a Salisbury. A House of Commons in which a philanthropic Hanbury is a Philo-Turk, and a Kenealy expresses, amidst rapturous plaudits, the opinions of Tory gentlemen. An age in which Mr. Butler-Johnston is a prophet. A popular Government in a reformed Parliament, which at the moment when the British people are bent upon following a path of honour, dignity, and righteousness, is pursuing a policy of the meanest, and narrowest selfishness. And lastly, an era in which the philosophical and moral imposture called Positivism stands shoulder to

shoulder with the ancient organisation of an Infallible Papacy, and with the silly and brutal fanaticism of the False Prophet. Surely these are portentous phenomena, which in themselves ought to rouse to anxiety and terror any man who cares for the future of his race.

On the eve of a war which, in spite of the efforts of Her Majesty's Government, who from time to time have taken cardinal action in momentous junctures, and who, by their own affirmation, have now and again in such junctures held the leading strings of Europe, Ministers stand before the people of disappointed Britain to give account of their stewardship. It is truly a sorry record!

If to checkmate every move of Europe towards an effective and permanent solution—if to bolster up the Ottoman Porte in a fatal and indomitable obstinacy—if to defeat the generous indignation of the English people—if, for the purpose of gaining a temporary peace, to work for any settlement, however unmanly and demeaning to European diplomacy—if to be at once obstructive and complaisant, at once imbecile and strong, at once sympathetically earnest at home and cynically indifferent and selfish abroad—if to protest to England a policy dictated by the highest motives of humanity and Christian responsibility, and to exhibit abroad the renowned selfishness of a nation of shopkeepers—if to do all this at one and the same time is an achievement whereof a Tory Government may be proud, let all the world arise and bow down and congratulate them on their indisputable success.