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THE WORLD'S POLITICS.

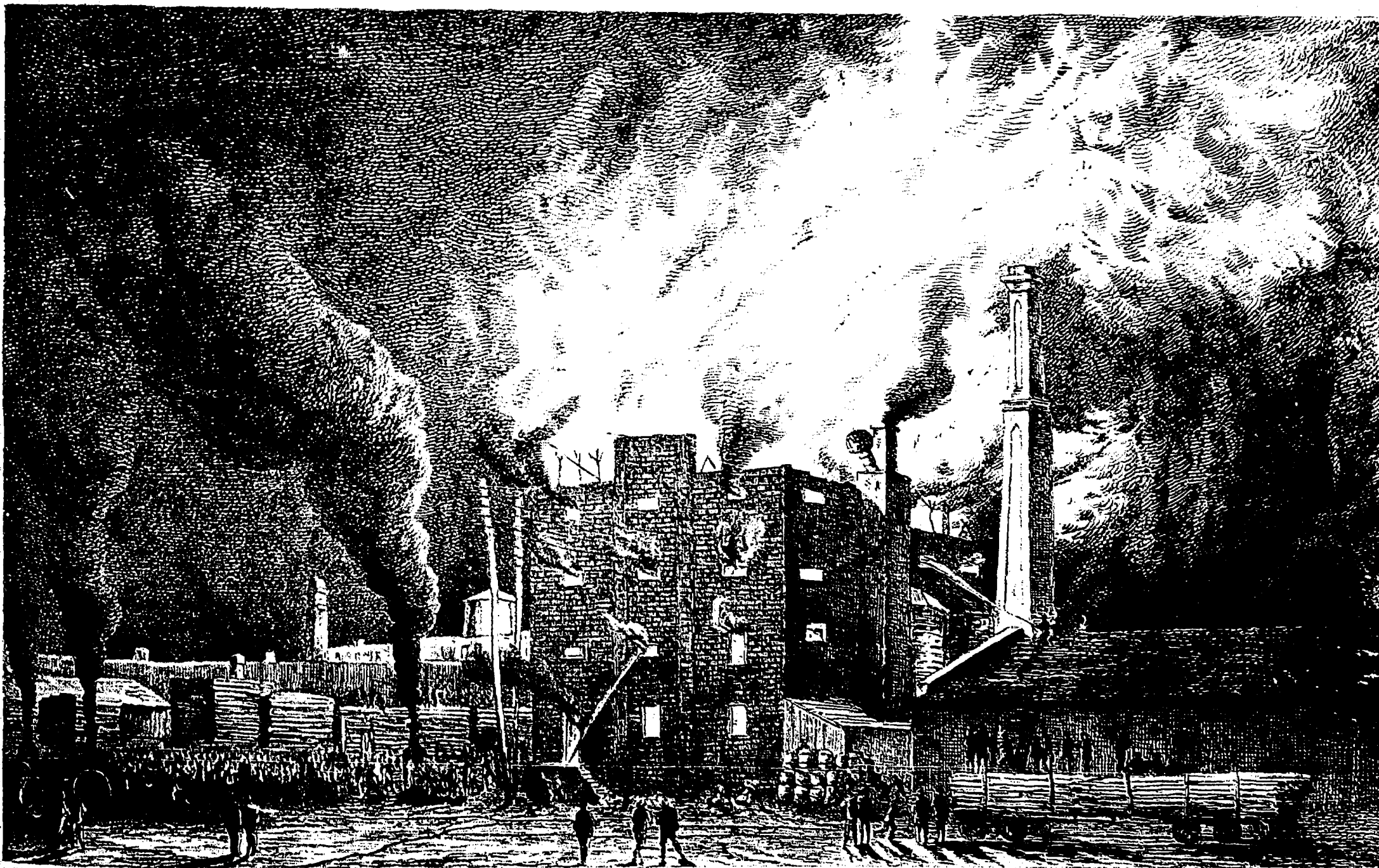
There is something unusually exciting in the present aspect of international relations throughout the world. China is awaiting the avenging hand of France and Britain, because of the Tien-tsin massacre; Russia threatens the peace of the world and the destruction of the Ottoman Empire; the Khedive of Egypt is supposed to be ready for rebellion and the assertion of independence the moment the next Russo-Turkish war breaks out; Italy is convulsed from centre to circumference, agitated by the triple influences of Republicanism, Royalty, and the Papacy. Spain is yet in doubt about her new King, and report says that the father of the Duke of Aosta has banned his acceptance of the Crown. Austria has more than her share of troubles, and England is supposed to be on the verge of a ministerial crisis, with the no distant prospect of a war against Russia on hand. Add to this a threatened rebellion in Ireland; the smaller states of Europe agitated lest they be swallowed up by more powerful neighbours; the pending "Alabama" claims, and the fuse and fustian of the American Republican party, who look upon a quarrel with somebody as essential to the perpetuation of their party rule; and, to say nothing of France and Prussia, we have a picture of the

world's politics such as ought to arrest the attention of every man, and cause him to ask—where are the principles of truth and honesty in the transactions of nation with nation? Need it be wondered at that there is so much of cunning and duplicity between individuals when the foremost men in the State—those who, by their talents and their virtues, have been elevated to the highest positions—bury honour and fair dealing beneath the shrine of expediency, and act as if inspired only by considerations of national gain?

Twenty years ago it was supposed that war among civilized States had become impossible. The world was made to ring with the speeches of the Peace Congress orators, and arbitration was declared to be the final determinant of all international disputes. The Crimean war a few years later dispelled this Utopian dream and exposed the nations in their schemes of selfish aggrandisement. It was, however, believed, and we think justly, that the allies who then threw their swords into the scale on the side of the Mussulman, were fighting in the cause of justice. And should the battle have to be fought over again, it is to be hoped that the same powers would be equally willing to take their part in it: though we cannot believe that they will be equally ready. If Russia means to precipitate the inevitable struggle she will move before

the hand of Germany has relaxed its grasp on the throat of France; before Italy has settled her complicated issue with the Pope, in which she can only plead—"Well! I plundered you, because a meaner than me—that is the Revolution—was ready to strip you naked!" It may be a question whether the King of Italy had not better have left the Republicans to deal with the matter and then have come in behind them. In that case it is possible that blessings would have come whence curses now descend; but what is, is, and the world must move even if Kings and Emperors are ground under its wheels.

In public as in private life, in affairs of state as in transactions between individuals, there ought to be, above all, a respect for the principles of right and justice. Were this observed, it would just be as impossible for nations to go to war as for neighbours to go to law. In both cases there must be a wrong on some side, and it seems unworthy the age in which we live that it has not yet devised some court at which all international disputes might be settled without the horrible resort to war. The expedient of arbitration has failed simply from the spirit of national lust; but this national lust only brings misery upon the people whom it seizes, and since science has opened so many channels for individual and national development, surely the peoples might take the question under their



THE BURNING OF BOULTON'S MILL, TORONTO.