

HARMONY OF INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

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Harmony of International Relations by Anonymous

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BY
A ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST



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CHAPTER I.

Prefatory Remark—Nullity of our 'Comity of Nations' shown by the late War—The hopeful moral of that War as affecting France and Europe—No more Caesarism in France—No more wars in Europe—Insufficiency for that end of any 'High Court of Arbitration,'—the Amphictyonic Council—Or, any loose 'Alliance' of Nations,—the Achaian League—Or Our 'Law of Nations'—A true 'Law of Nations'—Glance at the Congress at Washington—United States of Europe—The duty of England—Opportuneness of the cry of 'Home Rule' from Ireland.



IN our first book, the '*Harmony in Religion*,' which appeared in the Spring of last year, we observed in the introductory passages, glancing at the

'Comity of Nations,' how it was a prey to 'deep-seated jealousies and bitter rivalries, portending disastrous wars.' Three months had not elapsed since that utterance, when the very most disastrous war in the record of history swept like an all-withering tornado over the fairest provinces of Europe. We have still scarce recovered from the shock of the appalling spectacle of the two greatest peoples in the world grappled in the death-struggle. And what was the conduct of the 'Comity of Nations' the while? In this gigantic war between Germany and France, did they ever interpose in any shape or form? Never, no never. There they stood passively all around—Scandinavia, and Russia, and Austria, and Italy, and Spain, and—*proh pudor!*—our own England too; this peace-loving, peace-preaching England, shamelessly looking on, some with awe-stricken, others with gloating eyes, and never budging

an inch, or lifting a finger to arrest the hideous havoc—the ruthless ruin at which all mankind stood aghast! Who shall venture to speak again of the ‘Comity of Nations?’

Whilst oppressed with the horrors of this monstrous war, we are relieved by two consolatory hopes,—the first, that our good next neighbours, the gallant and acute, the noble and chivalrous French people will now at last be cured effectually of their blind worship of Cæsarism; and that, in their deep and bitter humiliation, they will be mindful of its true cause, and reject with scorn and contempt the audacious advances of their late mock ‘Saviour of Society,’ and calmly assume and steadily accomplish the great task of saving society themselves, and for themselves; and our second consolation is, that this most disastrous war shall be *the last*. We are boasting every day, and all the nations join in the boastful chorus, of our

all-accomplished and all-accomplishing civilization. We all admit, all nations admit, the whole world admits and proclaims, that war is a barbarism, pure and unmitigated barbarism. Why, then, in God's name, does not this all-accomplishing civilization grapple with that confessed barbarism, and crush its life out? And now that this barbarism affects to be a *science* forsooth, and that the art of killing aims at becoming the finest of the fine arts, surely it is high time to take the matter in hand. What a lofty problem!—but let us attempt it boldly.

That 'High Court of Arbitration' which some would fain rely upon, we must dismiss as insufficient. It would be like the Council of the Amphictyons, in ancient Greece, without any executive power to carry out its decrees. So long as that Council held its meetings in Delphi, a sort of sacredness attached to its decrees, and they were re-

spected by the several States sending deputies to it, as if, at least indirectly, inspired by the god of that famous temple. But when, subsequently, it assembled in a small town near Thermopylæ, it lost its moral influence, and the first encroachment of Philip upon the liberties of Greece was his undertaking to execute its decrees by force of arms. In our 'High Court of Arbitration' we would have none of that divine influence of Apollo, but very possibly we might find a Philip in the Czar of all the Russias, and not at all unlikely *his* process in executing an award of our 'High Court,' touching any State in his neighbourhood, would be to gulp it down bodily with the help of his bear's grease, somewhat after the manner of a huge Boa-constrictor.

Others insist upon some sort of 'Alliance' between the nations comprising the European group. But from what we know of