

nounced ideas on how the redman should be made a citizen, yet withal labouring here with his young wife, not as he would, but as he can, and trusting that all good endeavours will at length be rewarded. Then comes repose, but at first a dreamy and long drawn out brown-study at the window behind the mosquito bars, looking through the elms at the moon rising across the river, looking down into the straggling village sunk in sleep, and listening to the hoot of the owl and the ceaseless barking of the dogs. There is a long, mellow note, and a river steamer piled high with cordwood, rounds the bend and pants slowly against the stream dragging her train of wood-piled barges. There is a subdued sound of voices and sometimes the tinkle of a bell, until finally they are hidden to view by another bend and you retire to rest, wondering if you have not been dreaming. IOTA.

A NEW WORK ON POLITICAL SCIENCE.*

THIS somewhat ambitious work is put forth as one of a "systematic series edited by the University Faculty of Political Science in Columbia College." The author does not make any extravagant claim to originality, and he is fairly justified in claiming for his work that it is to a considerable extent a new departure as "a comparative study" among treatises in the English language. German influence is plainly apparent throughout the work, and to that fact may be attributed some of the defects, as well as some of the excellences of the work.

Prominent amongst the former may be pointed out a certain *a priori* dogmatism which will not always bear minute and careful investigation. There is generally a strong tendency in treatment of this kind to become fanciful, and this tendency is in certain parts of the work strongly marked. One example of this defect will be found in the discussion of "political psychology." Here the Greeks and Slavs are grouped together, because they are said to agree in finding in the "community," both in the past and the present, the corporate expression of "political life." This generalization is doubly erroneous, for (1) the "community" flourishes in a very primitive form among the Slavs while it has all but disappeared among the Greeks, and (2) the "community" was in former times quite as characteristic of the Celts and the Teutons as of either the Greeks or the Slavs. In fact the most typical modern communities are those of India, the Slav districts of Europe, and parts of Germany. In Bulgaria there are many districts where there is not to this day any law but custom, and where "boycotting" is the only punishment recognized by public opinion as legitimate. The old Highland clan was a genuine "community."

Dr. Burgess shares in the too prevalent tendency to ignore history in the development of what he calls the "political psychology" of a nation or a race. He credits the Celts with having "produced and elaborated a great religion," but asserts that "they have never created anything in the political world which they can call distinctively their own, higher than the personal clanship." Even if this description were strictly correct, and it is not, it would be too narrow a basis on which to rest the suggested inference. Take the two countries, England and France, as examples by which to test the value of such an induction. The English are generally held up by publicists to admiration as a race peculiarly endowed with a capacity for self-government and for the development of political institutions, while the French are just as generally cited as a race that have had to struggle painfully in the rear in this respect. As a matter of fact every intelligent reader of history knows that the difference, which is admitted, can be largely, if not wholly, accounted for by the events of history apart altogether from racial distinctions. At one time when France and England were both brought under the feudal system, which took the place of the village community, France was quite as advanced in political development as England was. By the genius of William the Conqueror the power of the landed aristocracy was minimized, and by the wars of Henry II., Edward III. and Henry V., in France, an opportunity was afforded for the growth of Parliament and the development of other political institutions. The insular position of England was another favourable condition, because it secured her comparative immunity from such a succession of foreign assaults as enabled the French kings to consolidate their power while they were consolidating the nation. The line of historical development led in the one country, through the wars of the Roses, the Reformation and the Revolution, to the constitutional Government of William III.; it led in the other, through the absolutism of Louis XI. and the comparative suppression of religious freedom, to the contemporary despotism of Louis XIV. But in spite of the tendency of centuries, and the terrible reaction of the French Revolution, which threw all but a few philosophical Englishmen off their balance, France is to-day a successful republic, after twenty-one years of crucial experiment, and is in all essential respects quite as well governed a "nation" as Germany or even Prussia, which are Teutonic. It would be going too far to say that "race" has nothing to do with political aptitude, but the share it has had in the development of aptitude is enormously exaggerated by the school of publicists to which Dr. Burgess belongs.

In some parts of his work the author has stated great

truths in a concise and attractive way, as, *e. g.*, where he compares the constitution of Great Britain with the constitutions of Germany, France, and the United States. He asserts quite correctly that the British constitution is partly written and partly unwritten, and that this description applies to all of them. The points of difference are thus stated: (1) It is more largely unwritten than the others; (2) what is written is scattered through different acts instead of being contained in a single instrument; and (3) the revolutions which have attended its formation have not been so violent as in the cases of the others. His opinion that the present British Constitution did not exist before 1832 is singularly absurd, for it implies that there was about that time some changes so marked as to make the constitution virtually new. It is worth while comparing that view with the one adopted by Hallam when he closed his history of the constitution with the same epoch because there has not been any substantial change in it since. The one position is just as correct as the other. The truth is that the British Constitution has always been undergoing change, sometimes more rapidly than others, and at no period, not even in the time of the Conquest or the Revolution, was change cataclysmic.

It would take up too much space to deal with this voluminous work in the way of detailed analysis. All that is called for is to note the general character of the work, and the general treatment of the subject. The illustrations given will suffice to make plain that the writer, however he may class himself, does not really belong to the historical or inductive school. His work would have been better done if he had caught more of the spirit of John Morley or Sir Henry Maine. Nevertheless it is on the whole a valuable contribution to the literature of Political Science, which is far from having too many treatises of any useful kind in the English language.

SUMMER AFTERNOON.

Frondosa reducitur aestas.—Virg.: *Georg.* III., 296.

THE leaves are green: just o'er the trees
Heaven's purest, rarest blue is seen,
While murmurs soft the scented breeze,
"The leaves are green."

Fairer the earth hath never been,
Nor fraught with sweeter mysteries
Of light and life and love, I ween.

Here, as I lie and dream at ease,
Comes subtle joy, ecstatic, keen:
For me, for happy birds and bees,
The leaves are green.

W. P. DOLE.

PARIS LETTER.

THE Monarchists are slating the Bishop of Grenoble, Monseigneur Fava, for going over, arms and baggage, to the present régime, and bringing his clergy and their flocks with him. Cardinal Laviege took some time to accept conversion to the Third Republic, but the Bishop of Grenoble changed as rapidly as Paul on the road to Damascus. After all the *viesse* of a conversion, in these electric days, cannot be scaled like a galloping horse, a locomotive, or a flying bird. The Bishop aims to found a "Catholic party" in the bosom of the Republic; it is that Trojan horse which inspires the republicans with suspicion; they want neither a Catholic, a Protestant, Israelitish nor Atheistical party—only all republicans.

It is to be hoped that M. Mercier, of the Government of Quebec, has succeeded in obtaining a loan for his Canadian Province from once Mother France. He has avowed that his fellow-countrymen were sympathetically French, but concretely attached to England and loyal British subjects—a state of things not desirable to change. M. Mercier was treated to a trip to the monastery of Bellefontaine, in the department of the Maine-et-Loire, which is the parent house of the Trappist monastery, established a few years ago at Oka, some twenty-five miles from Montreal. There are twenty-one Trappist or Benedictine monasteries in France; that at Bellefontaine attests that the Trappists do not confine their conversation to the single phrase: "Brother, it is necessary to die," or that they pass their time in prayer and digging their own graves. On the contrary, they are gay, abreast of current events, are scientific agriculturists; cultivate a model farm of 300 acres; are free traders, vegetarians and water drinkers, though cider is allowed. A cousin of M. Jules Ferry is the abbot of Bellefontaine; another monk is the president and adviser of the local Farmers' Club, while a third is a photographer. There is an hotel department attached to the abbey, where everything can be had, save meat, for three and a-half francs per day—restoration of health included. Materialists even can board, lodge, and enjoy the beautiful country. They will never be asked to pray, nor be inundated with tracts, and they can return, after their rest, to society, and vote for the separation of Church from State if they please.

The undertakers are on strike in Paris, and the scavengers in Bordeaux; motives: underpay and overwork. If the former be conceded their demands, they would look so gay as to be utterly unsuitable for modern mortuary duty. Only the ancient Thracians indulged in mirth at funerals. The whalebone artisans of the capital have struck; cause:

the same old story. The Municipal Council has voted them 5,000 francs out of the taxes; why they should be more petted than the funeralites, is a mystery. In any case, it must be gall and wormwood to employers to see their taxes appropriated to support their dissident hands. The labour upheaval is, for the moment, narrowing to the issue of the formation of syndicates on the side of wage-earners, and resistance to that unioning on the part of employers. The Revolution of 1789, in abolishing the trade corporations and their tyrannies, did well; but in prohibiting the right of association to workmen, the fathers leagued the existing labour anarchy. The tom-tit legislation of various Parliaments is doubtless benevolent, but for practical efficacy about on a par with pills to lay earthquakes. In the case of France her curse lies in the childish dependence of the people on the public powers, and not manfully on themselves. A law ought to be voted declaring that any member of the sovereign people who would demand crutches from the State would be deprived, say, of his *café au lait* for a twelvemonth, and to be ineligible for the Legion of Honour—aye, too, for the order of Mérite Agricole—for ever.

There are people who dispute the birth-place of Bernard Palissy, as did others that of Columbus or Homer. The citizens of Villeneuve-Sur-Loire, in the department of Lot-et-Garonne, have just inaugurated a bronze statue to the famous discoverer of artistic enamel, and so decided the matter for themselves. If Palissy did not deserve to be honoured for his talent, he did at least for his sturdy conscience and terrible sufferings. He died in a cell in the Bastille in 1590, aged 80, from misery and ill-treatment, on account of his Huguenot opinions. "He was strangled by vermin and hunger," wrote a contemporary, Pierre de l'Estoille. The governor, Bussi, had the corpse dragged to the ramparts and thrown to his dogs—the deceased, he said, being only a dog. *O tempora, O mores!*

Lord Salisbury recently observed that Morocco was the western edition of the eastern question; the flag of his Shercean majesty is "red." The Paris anarchists intend to place themselves under that drapeau for the future. Will the flag cover the goods? What a pity France is opposed to the right of search. Z.

THE RAMBLER.

PERHAPS I should have explained more clearly last week that "Shining Light" was the writer of a letter to me upon the subject of School Closings. As in that letter she expressed a wish to get my head into a convenient position against the wall and pound it, I have no hesitation in saying that I thought it prudent to refer as little as possible to the matter, and that little in as friendly a manner as consistent with journalistic dignity. One thing I will say—it was a real letter. Other journals may fabricate letters from "E Pluribus Unum" or "Censor" or "A Well-Wisher," or "Veritas" or "Justitia"—THE WEEK at least never descends to such impertinences. The letter in question was very ably written, and the only reason I did not embody it in my column is that I only have a column, you must remember, and if correspondents' letters are to be included, what will become of the brilliant sarcasm and lively wit and pungent satire and tender pathos and sterling sentiment of the—ah—Rambler? If this sort of thing goes on, the editor will have to give me more room, for here is another letter beginning "Sir—or—Madam," dealing with Ladies' Colleges and concluding "Yours gratefully and fraternally, Alumnus." Now, this writer—Alumnus let us call him, and not Alumnus—makes the astonishing assertion that I evidently disapprove altogether of the teaching in Ladies' Schools, preferring the College system as understood in Canada, for which he is interested and grateful. Alumnus is quite wrong. Each little system has its day, and each contains the germ of unmixed and great good within itself as well as that of unmixed evil. I have observed a great many large female Colleges, both as to working and as to results, and I hesitate to say that they either are very much more to be desired than the old-fashioned Ladies' School, or a long way behind. Their aims are identical, perhaps, but they go about their work in totally different ways. And while the College presents other attractions which prove very strong for one-half the world, the School still holds its own; if not being taken into greater favour again in these latter days than at first seems the case. There can be little doubt that the best school for a gentlewoman is that kept by a gentlewoman, as, conversely, we know it is well that boys who hope to be gentlemen should be taught by one who is already a gentleman himself. But you may remember that somebody's definition of a certain great man was that he was a gentleman and a scholar, master of seventeen languages and a good judge of whiskey, so when you select a noted tutor or coach for your boy you have got to think of something beside the string of letters to his name. A good scholar may not be—I blush to say it—of necessity a gentleman, any more than every sharp, industrious, even kindly schoolmistress is a lady. In the School, the individual is everything. In the College, numbers are more. In the one the influence of the head is strongly felt. In the other, the influence of the members predominates. Those who have to make a choice, should consider the character of the child about to be sent forth from the home, as to whether the peculiar advantages of the School may predominate over those of the College or *vice versa*.

As for the Closing Exercises at some of our Colleges, there is always a lot of pretty talk about Higher Educa-

* "Political Science and Comparative Constitutional Law." By John W. Burgess, Ph.D., LL.D. Two volumes. Boston: Ginn and Company. 1890.