

forbids us to ruin innocent citizens without compensation, for the convenience of the public. Nobody proposes anything extravagant; we only want reasonable notice, and when that is insufficient to obviate wrong, a reasonable amount of indemnity. Above all, we want in the highest interest of society, a recognition of the principle that philanthropy, even when most convinced of the paramount excellence of its object, is to keep itself within the bounds of justice.

THE writer of a letter to the *Globe* the other day sought an answer to the doubts created in his mind by the difficulties which arise about discipline in our public schools. Why are extreme measures necessary? Why are our young boys so disrespectful towards their teachers in school, and sometimes afterwards? Why are many of them equally disrespectful to their parents, even in the presence of strangers? Why are they so insolent in the streets, using profane and foul language, puffing their cigar smoke in the faces of passengers, spitting on the dresses of ladies, and committing every sort of outrage? The facts, unhappily, cannot be disputed. Even Lord Dufferin, who poured his eulogies so copiously over everybody and everything, could not help declining to eulogize the manners of children. The blame, as the writer in the *Globe* is inclined to think, rests on the home. It cannot fairly be said to rest upon a schoolmaster, who is denied effective means of maintaining discipline among the pupils, and if he whips a young barbarian for the grossest outrage or the most contumacious disobedience, is brought before a magistrate and fined for excessive punishment, his moral influence being at the same time totally ruined. The home, no doubt, is the chief seat of the evil. But the home itself only participates in the general decay of authority. Few of those who have studied social history without prejudice doubt that democracy, with all its drawbacks, is, on the whole and for the mass of the community, a vast improvement on any previous state of things. But democracy has its drawbacks, at least while it is crude, and before people have learned that without authority there can be no true liberty. The world has been too much occupied in deposing or constitutionalizing kings to think how order, which is indispensable to progress itself, was to be maintained when the kingly power was gone. Men are now afraid to rule their own households lest they should offend democratic sentiment. Indeed, the headship of the family is itself the object of a special attack in which some, even of the churches, led by their anxiety to cultivate popularity, are beginning to join. The home being the mould of character, domestic anarchy will breed insubordination in the commonwealth. Then comes such literature as *The Boys of New York, a paper for Young Americans*, and fires the undisciplined imp with that precocious passion for playing the bandit, of which instances, at once ridiculous and revolting, are constantly reported in the papers. Destruction of any property left exposed to his playfulness is the chartered right of the embryo citizen. Reverence for parents, or for age, on this continent, is fast becoming a thing of the past; it is feeling, like everything else, the decay of the religious sentiment on which it has hitherto been largely based; to see the beauty and sanctity of domestic life you will soon have to go to some quiet nook in the Old World. A firmer basis than ever may be presently found and all may come right again; but we, at any rate, live in the transition. No book seems to be more popular, and certainly none is more characteristic of the time, than *Peck's Bad Boy and his Pa*, a merry narrative of a series of practical jokes played by a boy on his father, whose age and infirmities, it is assumed, make him the natural object of insult and derision. One of the liveliest of the jokes consists in substituting a lot of small rubber hose for the "old person's" macaroni, and watching his futile attempts to chew it with his failing teeth, a show which affords the party "more fun than they would have at a circus." The father is represented throughout as fully accepting his degradation, and if his son were represented as kicking him, there would be nothing in the act at all out of keeping with the rest of the book. Indeed, kicking him would not be a much stronger measure than soaping the door step and giving him a bad fall. The author of this witty work would no doubt be startled if he were told that the grossest indecency which he could pen would neither be more revolting to right-minded men nor more noxious than what he has written. He has the excuse of living in a general atmosphere of irreverence, and perhaps he may partly trace his inspiration to another popular work in which a manufacturer of jokes goes round all the most sacred places of history, including the Holy Sepulchre, and profanes each of them with his mechanical grins. Machiavel's *Prince*, and Mandeville's *Fable of the Bees*, Chesterfield's *Letters to his Son*, are each of them literary portents in its way; and so in its way is *Peck's Bad Boy*.

THE anguish which, to judge from the language of her journalists, Chicago felt when an arrow from Matthew Arnold's silver bow had, as she

supposed, touched her Philistinism shows how sensitive she is upon that point. Philistinism has always been, to minds not celestial, a somewhat cabalistic word, but if it means devotion to pork and grain, we can scarcely deny that to the eye of the close observer something of the kind is visible beneath the beautiful surface of Chicago's intellectual and spiritual life. However, Matthew Arnold is large-minded and will no doubt have judged fairly. He will have set the marvellous proofs of energy, enterprise and commercial intelligence against anything in the pork or stock-jobbing department on which the Muses and Graces would not smile. He must know that culture is necessarily sacrificed to hard work; that Apollo, if he could touch the lyre while he was watching the herds of Admetus, could not have touched the lyre while he was turning a hog into sausages; and that the intellectual apex of society must rest upon a coarse foundation. No doubt he will also have been warned by native Americans that round the commercial gambling table of Chicago, as round that of New York, there are almost as many foreigners as natives, so that it is hardly the place where a fair idea of American character, even as it exists in the cities, can be formed. But there is still danger lest, by Matthew Arnold and other Englishmen who visit the States, city life and character should be taken for the life and character of the whole people. Englishmen now come to the United States much more than they did; for such of them as are in public life or mean to enter it, a visit to the Republic has become an essential part of political education; and though they may, as we are told, have composed the Longfellow inscription in deplorable ignorance of the fact that there were other Portlands besides that in the State of Maine, and may otherwise show that they have still a great deal to learn, it is yet pretty safe to say that they know as much about the people of the United States as the people of the United States know about them. Still they hardly go beyond the cities, or, at most, the villas on the Hudson. Country life they see only from the train; and if the political facts relating to it are pretty well known to them from conversation with American politicians or from books, the social facts are not. Rural society is by no means pervaded by the devouring greed of gain which gnaws the vitals of the Chicago or New York speculator, and hurries him through a restless life into an early grave, any more than it is pervaded by the nervous excitement for which social philosophers are always prescribing remedies. The farmers and the village merchants are industrious and thrifty; their standard of material civilization is high, and therefore they want to earn more money than would satisfy a Mexican or a Negro. That they care for nothing but money would never be said by anyone who had lived among them: they care for higher things than money, and care for them a good deal. The cluster of church steeples which crowns every American village is a proof that though the inhabitants may be far from being philosophers, their hearts are not set wholly on pelf. In a new country, where the development of wealth is rapid, and the prizes dazzling, money-making is an exciting game; and it is the excitement of the game as much as the gross love of money that prevails in the American breast. In all countries, however, new or old, just now the empire of Mammon is pretty strong. There has ceased to be a rival near his throne. The missionaries, the crusaders, the cathedral-builders of former days had a faith, and believed, foolishly it may be, but sincerely, that if they sacrificed the material to the spiritual they would win a spiritual crown. In our day the man of science, the writer, the artist, may still be lifted above the love of money by their special pursuits; but in the minds of ordinary men, desire of wealth and the pleasures which it brings must, for the time, dominate, and Philistinism, if that is to be the name for gross tastes, must have its hour. The Agnostic is not asked to believe against evidence that religion is true. He is not asked to renounce the belief that something far better than religion is in the womb of evolution and will presently come forth. But without doing either, he may admit that between that which has been and that which is to be there is likely to come an interregnum marked by phenomena, including dynamitism as well as mammonism and sybaritism, of which social science will find good specimens at Chicago.

LORD LORNE's proposal to make the Province, instead of the county, the basis of local self-government in Ireland, and to introduce Provincial Home Rule, was propounded and discussed twenty years ago. At that time Lord Russell was inclined to approve it. It has its advantages; among other things, it would enable public education to be localized; Ulster might have her own system; the Catholic provinces might have theirs, and if they failed to deal with the subject at first in a liberal spirit, the responsibility would not rest on the Government of the United Kingdom. But the difficulties of inaugurating any plan of local self-government in Ireland are now greatly increased. To decentralize the police under present circumstances is impossible; it would be baring the breast of loyalty to the knife