

While I Listened.

The master played in the organ loft ;
And down the old cathedral nave
There undulated wave on wave
Of Schumann's "Canon en Si" ; and oft

Fine melodies from the fugue would break.
And hide among the arches high ;
A more secluded place to die
Than in men's hearts, which earth's passions shake.

Then Guilman's funeral march sobbed deep ;
Dark weeded chords, and muffled notes ;
Anon Beethoven's music floats
In air, and sor ow is lulled to sleep.

The player turned now to Mendelssohn,
Where art and fancy both combine,
In numbers resonant and fine,
To waft the soul to Euterpe's throne.

The measures clomb to Finale shrill ;
From wall to wall the organ blast
Pealed loud and long : till, list ! at last,
The dying strains whisper'd, " Peace ! be still ! "

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Phases of Athenian Politics.

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(Concluded.)

THE fifth phase of politics which merits notice, if only because it anticipates closely much of our own very recent experience, belongs to the Fourth Century, B.C., and is two generations subsequent to Theramenes. It is best expressed in brief, perhaps, by the name of Eubulus, with the associations belonging thereto.

Not that Eubulus personally is well known to us ; few Athenian leaders are less known ; but the type—of which he may serve as the embodiment—is a familiar one, and recurs from time to time in modern history. For Eubulus governed Athens in an age of lassitude and decay, when everything, both good and bad, which had been powerful had dwindled into the shadow of itself ; the public spirit and delight in politics, which Pericles had fostered, surviving only in the habit of shirking the hardwork of the farm for the gossip of the law court and public meeting ; the devotion to art which Pericles had fostered remaining only in the habit of shirking the hard life of the soldier for the amusement and distraction of a theatre, a theatre which had itself lost much of its high aim and become sensational and spectacular and childishly realistic. Party feeling even, which had been so deplorably strong in the days of Cleon and Theramenes, survived indeed, but without its only *raison d'être*, a difference of principle between the two parties, it had become a question of "ins" and "outs," to use modern terms, rather than of aristocrats and democrats. The only solid difference which divided the two parties—the question of war or peace—being after all an incidental difference, not very closely connected with the issues nominally and ostensibly at stake.

Accordingly that abstention from politics, which has been already noticed among the educated of Cleon's day, spread further and reached the people themselves, and Demosthenes, Eubulus' contemporary, presents us with a picture of political life amazingly modern, amazingly like a paragraph from some history of Modern Switzerland, or Great Britain, or Canada, or the United States.

"In old days," says Demosthenes to the Athenians, "you had a standing committee to manage your finances ; now you have a standing committee who manage all your politics ; there is an orator to lead each party, a general to carry out where necessary his foreign policy, and the caucus of 300 who do the shouting ; as to the rest of you, you are a mere make-weight whichever side you take." In the same vein, and about twenty years earlier, Plato had written that there are three parties in a democratic State ; the first is the drones, some stinging and some stingless, *i.e.*, the professional politicians and their professional supporters, the party caucus. The second class is the bees ; the wealthier classes, the suc-

cessful men of commerce, practically, from whom the drones pillage honey. And the third class is the mass of people indifferent to politics, and engaged in their several occupations, who control the state when they vote, but who generally abstain from voting, and who in any case are hoodwinked by the professional politicians. (Rep. VIII., 565) It was for this indifferent and indolent Athens of the fourth century, Athens of the decadence, with the *fin-de-siècle* tone of mingled levity, luxury, and despair, with its frivolous head full of the latest Corinthian cookery, the latest Corinthian flute-player, the latest fashionable beauty ; Athens, where a joke had become the end of life, and the end of life a joke—Athens which the Apostle himself describes—quoting unconsciously perhaps from Demosthenes—as given over to the hearing and the telling of some new thing ; it was for this Athens that Eubulus catered.

Necessarily, he did not trouble himself much with statesmanship as a whole. Life had come to mean comfort and amusement, and comfort and amusement meant money, and money was the one branch of statesmanship to which he attended, and in which, in one sense at least, he excelled. He was the first Athenian statesman, who, discerning that everyone—in that age at least—had his price, set himself to find and supply the price. This mode of corruption was the more specious, the more modern, and the more fatal, in so far as he bribed, not individuals, but whole classes. To fill the treasury and to save the people from military service, he advocated peace at any price, and the treasury so filled, he emptied again by the lavish scale on which he paid—all who wanted payment, jury-fees, parliament-indemnities, and the price of admission to the theatre. So the whole State was put upon a salary, as in the dreams of modern socialists.

That he was able to do this easily was due to Pericles. Pericles, in the execution of his visionary scheme of universal enlightenment had established these payments in order to bring enlightenment within the reach of the poorest ; they had been a means to an end, they now became the end to which the perfunctory attendance in Court or debate served only as a means. Again it was enlightenment, not amusement, which Pericles had intended to encourage ; work, not play, or if play, play only as a relaxation, after the day's work of the trader, or the farmer, or the soldier was finished. But now the idea of enlightenment, of laborious self-culture had disappeared, leaving only a restless itch for amusement and distraction. After us, they said, the deluge. Look at Eubulus' Athens and you begin to understand for the first time why philosophers, like Plato, thought so hardly of Pericles, and looked back with so much resentment to his most characteristic legislation. It was he, they said, and not Eubulus only, who had turned Athens into Tarentum ; who had developed the most mischievous elements in the Athenian character ; its egotism, its captiousness, its loquacity, its indolence, its aversion to country life and agriculture, its rebellion against discipline, its incapacity for combined effort, for organized exertion, for unselfish co-operation, its eagerness for the excitements and amusements of the city. It was he who had converted the Athenians into idle sentimentalists ; the idle metaphysicians, the *dilettanti* statesmen and lawyers of an empty day. The Athenians were both deficient in the impulse to action—born with a tendency to trifling, and Pericles had grafted upon this nature a second nature of the same kind, *viz.*, habits of trifling, a daily life spent between the parliament and the jury box and the theatre, which canonized trifling, and attached to it a salary.

The worst of these salaries, the salary which excited Demosthenes' wrath most, was the *θεωρικόν*, the price of admission to the theatre. To guard this, the most popular and the least defensible of the State payments, Eubulus passed a law, making it treason to propose its abolition. By this unblushing effrontery, he made extravagant waste, not merely legal but sacred. In an age when finality had otherwise disappeared, when there was no other mental horizon, when all other questions were open, the right of democracy to be amused at the public cost became the one inviolable principle of the constitution, and in this case the extravagance had not even the excuse which is sometimes urged for the extravagance of modern democracies, that the money was sunk in building up enterprises and industries, which would some day pay it all back with interest.

By this stroke more than by any other, Eubulus bought the support of the majority of his fellow citizens, and secured