

Athens can never wholly die! Her *ἔθνος* floats over all that is purest and best, claiming each as her far off foster child.

Before following Professor Hutton into his analysis of Greek thought, I should like to say a few words about the Greek type as compared with that of other nations. It was Matthew Arnold who stifled that fierce egoism which led the Anglo-Saxon to believe that every characteristic worth having was embodied in himself. Matthew Arnold's critical allusions to the "English mind" have led us to be rather too introspective, and consequently to belittle our race. Be this as it may, Buckle tells us that the Greek was probably the highest type ever produced. Alfred Russel Wallace quotes from Mr. Francis Galton, that "the average ability of the Athenian race was, on the lowest possible estimate, very nearly two grades higher than our own—that is, about as much as our own race is above that of the African negro." The Greek mind never achieved half-wrought work, what it effected was classical and well-nigh perfect. Mr. Mabie, in a recent work of his, remarks that *Æschylus*, in the glory of his ardent fervour, is rather an Oriental than a Greek. The Athenian of the time of Pericles was a child richly dowered by Nature, full of possibilities and exulting in his triumph over the Persian despot. It was an age, as Professor Hutton says, "of boundless hope," and Pericles was the genius of the age. "He dreamed of a state in which the privileges and prejudices of caste should exist no more, in which there should be no aristocracy but the aristocracy of talent and of merit, and in which Democracy should mean not froth and fury, ignorance and intolerance, but increased intelligence, universal moderation, universal interest in art and politics, law and poetry, perfect citizenship, and perfect manhood." Such was the dream of this idealist, and who will say that it has borne no fruits? "He did but attempt," says the professor again, "in Athens under favourable conditions what democracy is attempting in the modern world under conditions which even in America are not more favourable than his, though more favourable than elsewhere." We have here the foundation of a wide and far-reaching truth. A gifted people, united under the fear of a common danger, have triumphed over every obstacle, and in the struggle have drawn closer together. Everything is possible for such a people at such a time, generosity, hope, liberty! Nothing is above them, nothing is beyond them; they seem to have arrived at the conception of the unity of all things. At such a time an individual springs to the front, the creation rather than the creator of his epoch. He will have vast dreams and mighty hopes, but he will die even as the vague aspirations of his followers. Everything will again become normal, but the sacred beauty of the vision will triumph over time itself.

Centuries will roll by, and again in other climes and amongst other races the roseate flush of divine hope will appear; George Washington and Danton will drink of the inspiration of Pericles. "Que mon nom soit flétri, que la France soit libre." And yet there was something wanting in the realization of the dream. It is ever so, but the world is better for the fact that such dreamers have existed. Professor Hutton has shown us that the same phases of disposition exist in modern times as in the age of Pericles, and that the great thoughts which inspire the best of all ages are essentially the same, because they are spontaneous and in harmony with the same natural expansion of the nation. Pericles was, according to Professor Hutton, an idealist of the philanthropic school; he has called him the Greek Milton. Nicias is introduced next. "Mirabeau's genius was lost to France because his private character was bad, Nicias' incompetence was raised to office in Athens because his private character was good. In both cases the confusion of thought was visited upon the thinker in tragic ruin and utter overthrow." Yes, but how much worse in the case of—Nicias! Nicias was a conservative, and his antithesis is placed before us in the person of Cleon. The English school-boy fresh from his alleged Greek history will exclaim: "Cleon is a demagogue, *voilà tout!*" but we are shown that there is a great side to such demagogues as well as a small and an ignoble one. That Cleon was a keen observer and analyst of human nature the lecturer's quotations from *Thucydides* will prove. He called this brilliant, pleasure-loving people of Athens "the slaves of each fresh paradox," and in this brief sentence he has solved the problem advanced by the lofty idealism of Pericles. Passing over *Theramenes*, whom we may call a "trimmer," and *Eubulus*, "who found out that every man had his price and worked on that principle," in which he anticipated Charles II., we come to the last important figure on Professor Hutton's catalogue, Phocion, "the pessimist." We started with Pericles, the idealist, and we have come to Phocion, the pessimist; if both are representatives of their country and of their time, it is obvious that Greece must have undergone a marvellous change; we shall presently see that such in fact was the case.

Roughly speaking, in the Game of Life there are two sets of leaders, those who exclaim, "*Faites votre jeu, messieurs*"—the idealists, and those who cry out, "*Le jeu est fait, rien ne va plus*"—the pessimists. Now as the influence of the latter increases the play becomes less and less, and the Game of Life is in danger of coming to a standstill, which means that we are drawing dangerously close to the axioms of Schopenhauer elaborated by Mr. George Moore into the "Denial of Life." Such indeed was the result of the influence upon the Athenians. Athens was denying her life, her national existence; Demosthenes

was at once opposing Philip of Macedon and Phocion, the scornful, incorruptible idol of the Athenians!

Grote dwells upon the innate honesty of Phocion and upon the vital force of his laconic speeches; quoting Poly-euktus, he says: "Demosthenes was the finest orator, but Phocion the most formidable in speech." "Here comes the cleaver of my harangues," exclaimed upon one occasion Demosthenes himself. The average Athenian of B.C. 360, like the modern Russian, respected honesty in others all the more because he was not honest himself. Phocion enjoyed an extraordinary popularity at Athens, but there was another reason for this besides his honesty of purpose. "While despising their judgment," says Grote, "he manifested no greater foresight as to the public interests and security of Athens than they did." That is, Phocion, the pessimist, was in accordance with the Athenians of his day, and they were not as they once had been; "very differently," says the same historian, "had the case once stood. The Athenian citizen of 432 B.C., by concurrent testimony of the eulogist Pericles and of the unfriendly Corinthians, was ever ready to brave the danger, fatigue and privation of foreign expeditions for the glory of Athens. . . . The Demosthenic Athenian of 360 B.C. had, as it were, grown old." The decadence was already beginning.

These deductions may be drawn from Professor Hutton's lecture: first, That in any age and amongst any people, after a crisis has been successfully passed, the natural tendency is towards idealism; second, That this idealism must of necessity die out and be followed by a more normal state of affairs; third, That when this idealism has passed into pessimism the nation is on the downward path. But why should Athens and the Athenian people be the especial subject for study? Because in poetry, in art and in philosophy Athens yet lives because she speaks to us through the void of centuries with an eloquence that has never been surpassed; because the charm of her own peculiar culture has been felt for all time by all nations, and because our present efforts for greater liberty, intellectual, political and religious, are fashioned after the model of her own.

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THE MONARCHY.

SOMETHING of natural human pride must have flecked the melancholy with which most Englishmen have read the accounts of the funeral of the Duke of Clarence. To desire respect for our dead is a universal instinct, born at once of affection and of piety; and hardly in modern history has respect in its fullest sense been shown in a way so striking to the general imagination. We are not speaking of the stately yet quiet ceremonial in St. George's Chapel, where the group representing so many of the Kings and States of Europe, all assembled to do honour to a coffin, bore adequate testimony to the place in the world occupied by the deceased Prince, but rather of the unofficial and spontaneous evidence offered by the demeanour of the Queen's subjects throughout the world. It is contrary to our manners, and, indeed, to our institutions, that subjects should be "ordered" to mourn, merely as subjects, even for a future King; and yet on five continents labour halted for half-a-day to show that an event was happening which compelled the most dispersed of modern peoples to acknowledge, in sadness and quiet, that they felt a common bond. The shutting of shops simultaneously in London and Melbourne, in Toronto and Calcutta, in Durban and Vancouver's Land, is an incident in a mournful pageant which could not have happened in any other age, and which brings home to all men with irresistible force what a place on this planet is occupied by the dominion over which the Queen presides, and which on Wednesday voluntarily testified to its sorrow that its head and standard-bearer should have suffered such a blow. It was not only that London mourned through all its endless grades—nine thousand cabmen, for one item, draping their whips in crape—but that cities in every quarter of the world, cities scattered over the great islands of the South Pacific, cities in North America, cities in Southern Africa, cities in the great Asiatic peninsula so crammed with dusky life, mourned also as sincerely, that is, with as deep a consciousness that one who was related to all, and who interested all, had prematurely passed away. Grant that much of the sorrow was "conventional," "ceremonial," or "factitious," so are most of the public sorrowings and rejoicings of the world; yet those who voluntarily share in them are testifying to the presence, the effective presence, of some common tie which they would not voluntarily weaken even by abstaining from a form. Who goes willingly to a funeral? and who doubts that all who do go, testify in going that some link of affection, or circumstance, or respect, or interest, bound them in some way strongly to the dead? The group that stands about a grave cares—no matter from what motive, for it can never be a hostile one—for the tenant of that grave; and this group in St. George's Chapel represented, as the evidence proves, a world in itself, not only the thirty-eight millions at home, but the other millions who are stumbling over earth, founding Republics, building cities, organizing trades, ruling dark races, making fortunes, but all willing on the day of such a funeral to halt for a moment in their toil, straighten their backs, and think with regret that one has passed from among them who should some day have been their first. To those who can see, we can imagine no pageant half so impressive as this momentary

halt of toil through fifty States all under one common banner, nor any so clearly indicative that the disintegrating forces which ultimately break up all Empires, have in the British Empire as yet done but little of their destructive work. While all can feel, as Englishmen everywhere on Wednesday seemed to show they felt, a common reverence for the same Throne, a common affection for its occupant, a common feeling as regards any incident, grievous or joyous, which affects its fortunes, the tie of our unity will not readily be broken.

Would that unity survive the Monarchy? That is a question which our children, be the particular generation what it may, will one day have to answer in long histories, and we fear those histories will be sad. We who write, and who are so often now upbraided with conservatism, have always acknowledged to a tinge of Republican feeling, a dislike of privilege in any shape, which necessarily includes a distaste for the hereditary principle; but we acknowledge also that the price of its abrogation is too heavy a one to pay, for with the Monarchy the Empire would also in all human probability depart. We cannot see the *nexus*, other than loyalty to a common Throne, a Throne founded by history and not by us, a Throne the origin of which recedes into the twilight time, which can act as the Imperial bond. The dream of a Federal Republic is a dream, for if we understand our countrymen, they will no more consent to be governed from Melbourne than from St. Petersburg, or pay any respect they can help to any authority whatever not emanating from themselves alone, which sprung up yesterday. An alliance of all who speak English is possible, and would make the world very peaceable—as India is peaceable,—very prosperous—as the United States are internally prosperous,—and exceeding dull; but an Anglo-Saxon Federal Republic is beyond either hope or fear. There would not be one general tradition to soothe away incessantly lacerated local prides, or to override the local peculiarities of feeling which every country displays, and which in Colonies rise to all the dignity of distinctive opinions. We say nothing of interests, for interests do not govern, or Ireland would be the most loyal member of the general body, and Canada would be lost next week; but the feelings which defend Empires, which have their root in history, and are as much beyond the reach of argument as the great religions are, would be either paralytic or in a state of constant and furious inflammation. The heir to the status of the Monarchy would be and must be the British Parliament; and outside this island—we will not include even the two islands—Parliament is at once despised and hated, despised for its chatter and liability to emotion and vacillation, hated for the supercilious superiority it claims over other Parliaments. It lacks, too, the first essential of a common authority, that strange impartiality which sooner or later infects and preserves all Kings; which made the Emperors of Rome declare the citizenship universal, and caused Constantine, by descent a Roman, to found a new capital in supersession of Rome; which induces our Queen to take such pride in the "R. et L." that she signs it when signing is almost a breach of compact; and which makes the Austrian Emperor of to-day doubt whether it is better for him to be a German or a Slav, and take refuge from the doubt in the pretension to be Caesar, and therefore above both. An impartial Parliament, impartial, we mean, between those who elect and those who do not elect it, is an impossibility, a contradiction in terms; and with the belief in the impartiality of the governing power, would disappear all affection for it, while of reverence, especially that wholly voluntary reverence which is so marked a feature of life in the British dominion, there would be no trace. We see our Parliaments think, and human reverence can hardly stand that strain. It is not the Throne to which the Colonies object, or even the Cabinet, but Parliament, which they think, with a perfectly natural if rather amusing pride, is no better than their own. The British world will never put on crape because a Speaker is dead. Failing Parliament, the only *nexus* of Empire even conceivable is the British people, and it may answer for itself if it thinks that it is loved. American or Australian, Canadian or African, the Englishman born abroad has but one reply,—that the Englishman born at home is the most respectable of beings, with much strength, many virtues, and a grand history, but that of all men with white faces he is the least agreeable. His quality of superciliousness, which cannot be cured, overweights in the eyes of all but a reflective few his other virtues, and his character would everywhere but in India be, not a bond, but a disintegrating force. It is not because he was Briton that the Duke of Clarence was mourned. There can, we fear, be no substitute for the Monarchy, which governs no one, affronts no one, forgets no one, but presides over all tranquilly, and as if it owed its origin to Nature; and unless a substitute can be found, the Empire, deprived of it, must pass away. Loyalty has been its strong cement, and by loyalty we mean that regard for the common tie which Englishmen in all the ends of the earth showed on Wednesday towards the memory of the young man borne to his untimely grave within St. George's Chapel. There are influences which reason hardly acknowledges, yet which cannot be replaced; and one of them, for Englishmen at least, is the half-traditional, half-mystical influence of the Throne.—*The Spectator*, Jan. 23, 1892.

AUTHORS and lovers always suffer some infatuation from which only absence can set them free.—*Dr. Johnson*.