

aging their usurpation of power. Flagrant usurpation of power must end, or the power of courts to set aside statutes will be taken away. That power exists in no other country in the world except the United States.

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## RELATED THINGS

### CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

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#### WHEN I AM GONE.

When I am gone, oh, lay me not to rest  
Beneath some chilling shaft whose polished gloom  
Shall tell how little virtue I possessed,  
And make a hallowed precinct of my tomb.

Nor would I moulder in that holy ground  
Blest by the priesthood of a distant God;  
Let Nature shroud me in a lowly mound,  
All with her mantle of the living sod.

Beneath some rugged oak let me repose.  
Lulled by the waters of a thousand springs,  
Where the blue violet into beauty grows,  
And life runs gaily as the robin sings.

"Dust unto dust!" Not with your grand parade;  
All things must die, all but the over-soul;  
Then give this clay to lie beneath yon shade,  
And render up to Nature nature's toll.

Let grief go by, and let my burial psalm  
Be sung by mating birds; let flowers fair  
Bloom loving o'er me, and the twilight calm  
Breathe to my soul its threnody of prayer.

KEYES BECKER.

+ + +

#### THE HUNTER OF EUBOEA.

Translated for the First Time in English by Prof. Samuel Ross Winans, Ph.D., of Princeton University, from the Greek of Dio Chrysostom. Reprinted from "The Classics—Greek and Latin," with the Permission of the Publishers, Vincent Parke and Company, New York.\*

(Concluded from last week.)

"The officials proceeded to the theatre, where the assembly sat; and I with them. The theatre is a great hollow, like a cleft in a hillside, the two sides not very deep, but rounding in to make a semi-circle; not a natural hollow, but one built up out of stone.—Perhaps you smile at my description of what is quite familiar to you.

"For a considerable time this crowd of people was occupied with other matters. They would cry out now and then, sometimes in a kind tone approvingly, all of them; and again in tones of intense displeasure. The fierceness of their anger at such times was awful. The men they shouted

at became at once terror-stricken, and ran about begging for mercy; some even flung off their garments crazed with fear. Once I myself almost fell over at an outburst of this yelling—it was like the breaking of a great wave or a sudden clap of thunder. Then other men coming forward, or simply rising in the midst, would harangue the assembly, in a few words or with long speeches. Some speakers they listened to for a long time; while to others they showed anger at their first attempt to speak, and would not let them so much as utter a sound.

"When finally the matters were settled and quiet was had, I was brought forward. Then a man rose and said: 'This, gentlemen, is one of those fellows who have been squatting on the public domain these many years, not only himself, but likewise his father before him. They pasture our mountain slopes, plow our lands, and hunt our game; they have built houses, and planted vineyards, and possess much wealth of other sorts; while they have paid no one the price of the land, nor did they receive it as a bounty from the state. For how, in sooth, could they have so received it? Occupying our lands and growing rich thereby, they have never performed public assessment service in any shape, nor do they pay any tithes of their income; but they live quite exempt from all tax and public service, as though they were the honored benefactors of the state. I fancy,' he went on, 'that they have not so much as ever come to this place before.' Here I shook my head. And the people laughed, as he noticed. The laughter made him angry, and he cursed me. Then facing about, he said: 'If you can approve of such things, we might as well everybody turn to despoiling the state, some robbing the treasury—as no doubt some are already doing—others dividing up the public lands without your sanction, and so on, if you are to suffer creatures like these to hold without paying for it more than a thousand acres<sup>1</sup> of your best land, land from which you might get enough grain to distribute three pecks<sup>1</sup> Attic *per caput* to all citizens.'

"Hearing that, I burst into a loud laugh. But the people were in no laughing mood, as before, and made a tumult. Then this orator fellow grew very angry, and, looking fiercely at me, 'Observe,' said he, 'the insolence and dissembling of this scoundrel, with what brazenness he dares to laugh. I am all but minded to have him led to execution, him and his confederate. For I am informed there are two of these chief offenders, who have taken possession of nearly the whole of the hill country. Moreover, I have a notion that they do not abstain from wrecking, when from time to time ships are cast ashore; for they live just above the rocks of Cape Caphareus. Else how got they means to acquire for themselves such rich fields,

<sup>1</sup>These terms are literary, not metric equivalents of the original.

\*See review in Public of September 23, page 907.

may, whole villages, and herds of cattle, teams of horses, and slaves? You, perhaps, note only that shabby tunic and that skin which he has put on merely to come here and deceive you, pretending that he is a pauper and has nothing. Why, I almost shudder as I look at the fellow and think I see the old-time wrecker, Nauplius<sup>1</sup> himself, come from Caphareus. This man, I can well believe, lights false fires on the cliffs for sailors, to lure them on the rocks.'

"As the orator said these things and more besides, the crowd grew wildly excited; and I was in dismay, fearing they would do me violence.

"Another man came forward to speak; a kind, sensible man he seemed, both from his words and his whole attitude. He asked for silence; and they became still. He then proceeded in a quiet tone to say that men do no harm in clearing and tilling the unutilized lands; that on the contrary they should have commendation; that the people ought not to feel anger toward those who build houses and plant orchards on the public lands, but rather toward those who let them go to waste. 'At this present time, gentlemen,' said he, 'fully two-thirds of our public lands lie wild and barren from public indifference and lack of settlers. I myself own many acres of land—as probably do some of you—both in the hills and on the plain, and if I could find a man willing to cultivate it, I would not only charge him no rent, but I would also pay him to do it. For observe, the land at once becomes more valuable for me; and besides a stretch of country looks so much more beautiful when it shows houses and cultivated fields, while land that lies waste brings in no profit; and it is also a distressing, pitiful sight to look at, seeming to proclaim the run-down fortunes of the owner.

"Hence I believe we should urge others, as many as we can of our city people to take up a portion of public land and till it, men with some means a larger amount, and the poorer as much as each can afford; so that our lands be brought under cultivation, and our people, all who will, may be freed from two of the greatest of human miseries—idleness and poverty.

"For ten years let them have their farms rent free; after that time by a definite arrangement let them pay over a small tithe of their crops, but nothing from their cattle. And if some foreigner would take a farm, let him for *five* years pay no rent, and after that double the tithe paid by our citizens. And if any foreigner will put under cultivation two hundred plethra<sup>2</sup> let him be made a citizen; that thus we may interest strongly as many as possible in our scheme.

"For at present,' he continued, 'land just out-

<sup>1</sup>King Nauplius, in resentment of the treacherous slaying of his son Palamedes at Troy, lighted false beacons on Caphareus and so wrecked numbers of the returning Greek ships.

<sup>2</sup>About fifty acres.

side the gates lies waste, and it is a great disgrace to us, resembling more the heart of a desert than the suburbs of a city. Whereas the empty areas within the walls are mostly sown and reaped.

"Surely then we may wonder at our orators who indict hard-toiling men who live by Cape Caphareus in a far corner of Euboea, and fail to see anything wrong in those who plow the athletic field and pasture the market square. See with your own eyes, I pray you, how they have turned the training place into a wheat field, so that Heracles and the other statues of Gods and of heroes are quite hidden by the high grain. And you may see how every morning early this same orator who spoke last lets his sheep be driven into the market square, where they crop the grass before the Senate house and the public offices. In consequence strangers on their first visit either laugh at us and our city or else they pity us.'

"When they heard this, the people were now indignant with my accuser, and made loud outcries. 'And while he himself does these things,' the speaker continued, 'he thinks he is called upon to send to prison poor, hard-working common folk; to the end evidently that no one hereafter should live by honest toil, but that the poor man of the country shall rob for a living, and he of the city turn cut-purse.'

"In my judgment,' he concluded, 'we should let these men stay in possession of what their own hands have created, on their undertaking to pay a small rent hereafter; and we should remit all previous dues; inasmuch as they have cultivated and reclaimed land which was waste and worthless. And if they desire to purchase this land, I move that we sell it to them cheaper than to any other.'

"After he had spoke on this wise, the first orator made reply, and then followed a long altercation.

"Finally they bade me to speak, if I had anything to say. 'What shall I speak about?' said I. 'About what has been charged against you,' spoke out some one in the assembly. 'Well,' said I, 'I must state that there was not a scrap of truth in what the man charged. Why, gentlemen,' said I, 'I felt I must be in a dream as I heard him ranting about plantations and villages and such stuff. We have no village, nor horses and mules and cattle. I wish we had all the good things he described; then we could pay you taxes, and could count ourselves among rich folk. But what we now possess is enough for our needs, and you may take what you will of it. If you require it all, we can replace it.'

"At this speech they applauded. Then the magistrate asked me: 'What would you be able to give the people?' 'Four deerskins,' I replied, 'very fine ones.' Then most of them laughed, and the magistrate was very angry at me. 'The bearskins,'

I tried to explain, 'are hard; while goatskins are not of the same value, and what are not old and worn, are quite small: but take these, too, if you want them.'

"Again he was angry, and declared I was just a 'country farmer.'<sup>1</sup> 'Here again are you, too,' said I, 'talking of farms? Don't you understand we haven't any farms?'

"Then he asked if we could give, each of us, a hundred pounds<sup>2</sup> Attic. I replied: 'We don't weigh our meat; you may have it as it stands. We have a little in the brine; most of it is smoked and dry, but not much inferior to the salted. There are pigs' hams, haunches of deer, and other first-rate meat.'

"Then there was a great uproar, and they said I was a liar and deceiving them. Next he asked me if we had grain, and about how much. And I told him exactly: 'we have three bushels of wheat, six of barley, the same of millet, but of beans only half a peck. It was not a good season for beans. Take the wheat and barley,' said I, 'but leave us the millet. But if you need millet, take it, too.'

"'Don't you make wine?' another man asked. 'We do,' said I; 'and if any of you comes our way, we will give you some; only let him remember to fetch along a jug, for we haven't one.' 'And how many vines have you?' was asked. 'Beside the house doors,' I answered, 'there are two, and within the yard twenty; also on the other side of the brook—these we set out recently—as many more. They are all of good sorts, and bear big clusters, if passers-by will only let them alone. To spare you the trouble of asking separate questions, I will tell over the rest of our possessions; eight she-goats, a muley cow, a calf from her—it's a beauty—four reaping-hooks, four hoes, three spears, and each of us has a hunting knife. Crocks and pots I need not specify. We have wives, and children by them. We live in two very good cabins, and we have a third shack in which we keep our stock of food and the skins.' 'Yes,' said my accuser, 'and doubtless where you put your silver in the ground.' 'Then you go dig it up, you fool,' I retorted; 'who puts silver in the ground! Silver won't grow.' Here everybody laughed—at the fellow, I thought. 'That is what we have,' I said, 'and if you desire it all, we present it to you freely. You have no need to use force in taking anything of ours, as though we were foreigners or rogues. For we are born citizens of the state, as I have often heard my father say. And at one time he came here to the city, when a distribution of money was made, and received his share among the other citizens. Hence we are bringing up our sons as your citizens; and, if you ever need them, they

<sup>1</sup>The contemptuous expression, even then in common use, passes innocently by the rustic.

<sup>2</sup>One is thinking in sterling; the other knows only avoirdupois.

will be ready to fight for you, whether against bandits or against foreign foes. There is peace just now; but if war should arise, you may well pray for many like us to offer themselves. I fancy you won't expect this orator then to do any fighting for you; he fights only with his tongue, the same as women.

"Now, as for venison and skins, whenever we take any game, we will give you a portion; you have only to send some one to receive it. If our cabins do any harm, and you order us to remove them, we will do so. Only furnish us a place to live in here; or how could we get through the winter? You have many empty houses inside the walls; any one of these will do for us. But if we do not come to live here, and so do not add others to the great mass of people dwelling in narrow quarters in one place, surely this is a consideration why it is not best for us to remove.

"As to what he had the brazenness to say about wrecking—a thing so wicked and inhuman—I had almost forgotten to speak of this, though I should have spoken of it first of all. Can any of you believe this thing? Not to speak of the wickedness, it is quite impossible on that coast to secure anything of value, where you can find only fragments of a ship's timbers, so fine is everything broken up. And the shore at that point of the coast is of all parts least accessible. Once when I found some oar-blades washed up there. I took and fastened them to the sacred oak-tree which stands near the shore.<sup>1</sup> Heaven forbid that I should ever get me gain so unholy from the misfortunes of my fellow-men. Never have I made a profit in that way; on the contrary, I have taken pity on many shipwrecked men who have come to me, have offered them shelter in my cabin, given them food and drink, and any assistance in my power, and then have accompanied them to the settlements. Probably there is no one to testify of all this for me. Indeed, I did not do it for praise or for any return; often I did not know from whence they came. I hope that none of you will ever meet with such dire mishap.

"While I was saying these last words, a man rose up in the midst; and I thought to myself, here, probably, is another to lie about me. He began: 'Gentlemen, for some time I have recognized this man, but was not quite sure. Now that I am certain, I should regard it as nothing less than wicked not to relate what I know of him, and to repay by my words something of the great debt I owe him for his kind deeds.'

"'I am a citizen, as you know, and so is this man'—pointing to one sitting beside him, who stood up. 'We happened to be making a voyage on Socles' ship, now some two years ago. The vessel was wrecked near Caphareus, and of the large number on board, most were lost. Of the few

<sup>1</sup>Dedicating the abandoned tools of trade; a pious act for unknown dead.

saved, the purple-shell fishers took off some; for a few had silver in their belts to pay them. We two were cast ashore utterly bare, and we wandered along a little path, hoping to find some shelter of shepherd or herdsman, being like to perish of hunger and thirst. With great effort we managed at length to reach some cabins, and stood and called.

"Then this man came out and took us in, and kindled up a fire—being careful to warm us gradually; while he chafed the limbs of one of us and his wife the other; and they rubbed our bodies with tallow—having no olive oil; and finally they poured warm water freely upon us; until at length they put life into us again, who were well-nigh gone. Then they made us lie down and covered us with the best they had; and they set before us to eat wheaten loaves, while they themselves ate millet porridge; they gave us wine to drink, while they drank water; and they made us broth and broiled for us venison. And when on the morrow we wished to depart, they kept us for three days, and then escorted us across the plain, giving us as we went meat and to each a fine skin. And as this man saw that I was still quite weak from my suffering, he put a warm tunic upon me which was his daughter's, leaving her with an old ragged one. This tunic I gave back when we reached a village. So we owe our lives—next to the Gods—to this man."

"The people when they heard this, were pleased, and they praised me. Then, remembering the man, I went over and said, 'How are you, Sotades?' and I greeted him and the other man with a kiss. Then the people laughed loud, because I kissed them. Then I saw that it was not in fashion in the cities for men to kiss one another.

"Here that kindly man who had first spoken for me, came forward and said: 'Fellow citizens, I think we should invite this man to a dinner in the town hall. For if on the field of battle he had saved one of our citizens by putting his shield before him, he would have received large rewards. But now he has saved the lives of two of our citizens, and mayhap of more who are not here to tell of it; can it be that he is worthy of no honor? For that tunic which he gave our fellow citizen in his plight, robbing his own daughter, I move that the city present him with a tunic and a cloak—that it may stimulate others to lead honest lives and to assist their fellows in distress; likewise that by edict we grant them liberty to enjoy the lands they occupy, themselves and their children after them, without let or hindrance; and further, that we present this man with one hundred drachmas for proper equipment. And I offer to furnish this money in behalf of the state from my own resources.' They applauded his offer, and everything was voted as he proposed.

"Immediately the garments and the money were brought into the theatre. I was unwilling at

first to accept them; but they declared I could not go to the dinner in my skin cloak. Then said I, 'I will just go without dinner today.' However, they put me into the tunic, and wrapped the new mantle about me. I was about to put the skin on over all; but they wouldn't let me. The silver I simply would not take, and swore firmly I would not. 'If you are looking for some one to take it,' said I, 'hand it over to the orator and let him plant it. He evidently knows how to handle silver.'

"From that day to this no one has molested us."

He had no more than finished his tale when we arrived at the cabins. "Well," said I with a smile, "you managed to hide one thing from those city fellows, and the fairest of your treasures." "What is that?" said he. "This garden of yours," I replied, "so beautiful with all its green things and its fruit trees." "Ah, we didn't have it then," he rejoined; "we made that later."

Entering his house, for the rest of the day we ate and refreshed ourselves. We reclined at ease upon a high couch cushioned with dry leaves and skins; the man's wife sat beside her husband; while a daughter, just in the bloom of the marriageable age, waited upon us, and poured into our cups a dark sweet wine. The boys broiled meat and set it before us, at the same time partaking with us.

I found myself admiring these men, and thinking what a happy life they lived—far beyond any I knew. And I am acquainted with the houses and tables of the rich, not only of private citizens, but also of princes and rulers. And the latter I felt—as I had felt before, but now more strongly—are really the unfortunates, as I looked upon poverty joined to independence, and noted that not even in the pleasures of eating and drinking do these plain people fall short of the rich, but may even surpass them.

When we were well along in our meal, the second man, his neighbor, came in, and with him was a good-looking youth, his son, carrying a hare. He blushed when he entered; and while his father was greeting us, he kissed the girl and presented her with the hare. The girl then gave over waiting upon us, and seated herself by her mother's side; while the young man served us in her place.

Then I asked the host, "Is this the same daughter whose tunic you took to give to the shipwrecked stranger?" He smiled and said: "No, that daughter is long married and now has big children of her own; her husband is a rich man living in the village." "Then, doubtless," said I, "they supply you with anything you need." "We haven't any needs," spoke up the wife; "it is they who are always getting from us—game or fruit and vegetables, for they have no garden. Last year we did get some seed wheat from them—just for sowing; but we returned it at harvest time." "Well," said I, "and do you intend to marry this daughter

to a rich man, that she, too, may lend you wheat on occasion?" At this the girl and the boy both got very red. Then her father answered: "She will marry a poor man, a hunter like ourselves," and he gave a kindly glance toward the young man. Then I again: "And why don't you marry her forthwith? Is the man to come from the village?" "I think," said the father, "the man is not very far away; in fact he is here with us. And we will have the wedding as soon as we pick out a lucky day." "And how," said I, "do you decide upon a good day?" He answered, "When the moon's face shows large, and the air is clear and the sky bright." "And is he really a good hunter?" I asked. The boy spoke up: "I can tire out a deer, and I can meet the charge of a wild boar. I'll show you, to-morrow, stranger, if you like." "And did you catch this hare?" I asked. "Yes," he smiled, "in a snare last night. It was a fine clear air, and the moon was bigger than I ever saw it." Here they both laughed, the girl's father and the boy's. The young man was covered with confusion, and fell silent.

Then the girl's father said: "I won't put it off any longer, but your father is waiting to go and buy a suitable beast for sacrifice; for we must sacrifice to the gods." Here the small brother of the girl cried out: "He's got a pig for sacrifice—all ready this long while. He keeps it in a pen out back; it's a beauty." "Is that so?" they asked the young man. He said, "Yes." "And how did you get it?" was next. He replied: "When we caught the sow with the litter, most of the little pigs got away; they ran faster than hares. One of them I hit with a stone and I caught him, and hid him in my cloak. This I traded in the village for a little sow pig,<sup>1</sup> which I have fed up, making a pen back in the bushes."

"That explains it," said his father, "why your mother laughed when I wondered at hearing a pig squeal, and how the barley disappeared so." "You see," the young man explained, "we hadn't chestnuts enough to fatten her, and she wouldn't eat ordinary mast.<sup>2</sup> If you want to see her, I'll go and fetch her." "Go," they said. Then the young man and the boys ran out in great glee.

While they were gone, the girl rose and fetched from the store-cabin sorb apples—cut and spiced, and medlars and winter apples, and great clusters of cultivated grapes. These she placed on the table, first brushing off with leaves any fragments of meat, and putting fresh fern leaves beneath the fruit.

Soon the boys came back leading the pig—with much sport and laughter. The mother of the young man followed with them, and his two little brothers. These brought wheaten loaves and boiled

eggs in wooden saucers, and roasted vetches. After saluting her brother and her niece, she took a seat beside her husband, and said: "See the pig which the lad has been fattening this long time for the wedding; and we have everything else ready, both barley meal and wheat flour. We only need a little wine; and that will be easy to get in the village."

The young man was standing near his mother and cast anxious glances at his father-in-law to be. The latter said, mischievously: "It is this boy that now delays things; probably he wants to put more fat on his pig." The boy retorted: "She is now fat enough to burst." Then I, wishing to help the lad, said: "Be careful lest while the pig fattens, your boy becomes thin." "The stranger is right," said the boy's mother; "he is already much thinner than he used to be, and one night recently I noticed that he couldn't sleep, but got up and wandered about outside." "The dogs were barking," he explained, "and I went out to see what it was about." "Not you, son," she said; "you went around distracted-like. Do not let us make him suffer any longer." And she put her arms about the girl's mother and kissed her. Then the mother said to her husband: "Let us do as they desire." So it was agreed; and they fixed the wedding for the next day but one. And they insisted that I should stay for the festivity, which I was very glad to do.

I could not help reflecting how such things are managed among the rich:—their match-makers, the careful weighing of wealth and rank, the dowries and marriage-gifts, the promises and the falsifyings, the formal agreements and written contracts, and with all often at the very wedding hard words and disaffections.

This detailed story I have related not, as some might fancy, merely for the pleasure of the telling, but, as said at the start, to present a picture of life among the lowly and as I myself have seen it; thereby that any one interested may see whether the poor in their converse and their acts and in all their intercourse with one another are indeed by reason of their poverty worse off than the rich in all that pertains to a well-ordered life in nature's way, or whether the poor do not at every point have the advantage.

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## BOOKS

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### MARRIAGE OR POLITICS.

The Politician. By Edith Huntington Mason. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 1910.

An American love-and-politics novel this is, with to-day's usual ingredients—the amazingly successful young politician, poor and charming, the appreciative and fascinating young heiress, the com-

<sup>1</sup>By the exchange he got a tame pig, easier fattened, and one of the sex essential.

<sup>2</sup>This seems to be the boy's meaning. The original is obscure.