

Walter, beware; scorn not the gathering throng,
 It suffers, yet it may not suffer wrong;
 It suffers; but it cannot suffer Long.
 And if you goad it these grey rules to break,
 For a few pence; see that you do not wake
 Death and the splendor of the scarlet cap,
 Boston and Valmy, Yorktown and Jemmappes,
 Freedom in arms, the riding and the routing,
 The thunder of the captains and the shouting;
 All that lost riot that you did not share—
 And when that riot comes . . . you will be
 there.

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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
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Sketch of the Author.

Dio, called Chrysostom, or Golden Mouth, from his beautiful style, was born in Prusa in Bithynia about 50 A. D. He was a man of noble character, a stoic in philosophy and a democrat in political belief. Being in Egypt at the time Vespasian, who had just been proclaimed emperor by his soldiers, was there, he was consulted by the general as to the proper course of action in the matter. Dio boldly advised Vespasian to restore the Roman Republic. While the ambitious Roman did not follow this advice, he was not offended at its candor, and invited Dio to come to Rome. This Dio did. He gathered a circle of friends about him of democratic tendency; one of these conspired against the emperor Domitian, the second son of Vespasian, who had succeeded to the throne after the death of Titus, the elder son, and Dio, to escape being charged with complicity in the matter, fled to distant Moldavia, a rude country, where he supported himself by manual labor. When Domitian was assassinated, the soldiers of the region were on the point of revolt; this Dio prevented by an eloquent appeal to their patriotism. Accordingly he was held in high esteem by Nerva and Trajan, the latter bringing him to Rome in triumph in the imperial car after the conquest of the Dacians. But Dio had acquired a distaste for public life, and retired to his home in Bithynia, where he spent the remainder of a long life.

Eighty of Dio's so-called orations remain. They are rather essays, polished in expression but lacking in lasting interest. His most interesting work is the Hunter of Eubœa, a pastoral tale, charming in style and elevating in moral sentiment, the purpose being to illustrate by stories of characters in humble position the happiness which results from a virtuous life, however lowly this may be. This is given in the following pages in a translation made for the present work by Prof. Samuel Ross Winans of Princeton University.

*See review in last week's Public, page 907.

Introductory Note.

—One of the essays of Dio (the seventh) is upon the evils of congested city life. The discussion is introduced by a sketch depicting the simple wholesome life of the country. Although for his argumentative purpose Dio has idealized the intelligence and the simplicity of the hero as well as the essential happiness of his lot, nevertheless the picture in most of its features of surroundings and manners is doubtless highly realistic. The grass-grown streets of a decadent city, the demagogue, and the wrangling impulsive popular assembly; and the rock-bound shore and its tragedies, the wooded dell in the hills rich in all Nature's beauties—these carry conviction; they are real.

And Dio adds a romantic touch so naturally that we overlook the art, this grace of the master passion imparting an interest universal and ever fresh.

This prose idyll has been much admired by classical scholars, but is little known generally, as there has been no modern or accessible translation in English. The whole of the story is here given.

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The incident here related is an actual experience of my own, and thus given at first hand. An old man, we know, is apt to be garrulous and not easily turned aside from telling his tales. The traveler is somewhat like him; for both have had adventures many, which it delights them to rehearse. I shall describe a bit of rural life, men and manners, which I chanced upon in the very heart of Greece.

Summer was well over, when I took passage on a small fishing vessel, crossing over the sea from Chios. A storm came up, and it was only with great difficulty that we managed to make the land at the Hollows of Eubœa. We escaped with our lives; but the boat striking upon the rocky shore under the cliffs at once broke up. The crew went off to some purple-shell fishers whose boats lay behind a neighboring point, intending to join fortunes with them and remain there. Thus left alone, and not knowing where to find a settlement for refuge, I wandered along the shore in the bare chance that I might find some vessel at anchor or sailing near, which would take me on board.

I had gone a considerable distance without seeing a soul, when I came upon the body of a deer which had recently fallen over the cliff and was lying on the pebbles just within lap of the waves, and still gasping. Soon after I thought I heard the baying of hounds somewhere above, though indistinctly on account of the roar of the surf. I went on until I found a place where with some difficulty I climbed up the rocks to a high spot, whence I could see the hounds running at fault hither and thither, missing the quarry. So I concluded that the deer, pressed hard by the dogs, had leaped over the cliff. Presently a man appeared,—a hunter one at once surmised from his

looks and his gear. This man wore his beard nature's way; while the hair on the back of the head only was allowed to grow long, and this hung down his neck. Nor did it look so queer and outlandish. For this is the cut Homer describes of the ancient Eubœans as they came to Troy, with a touch of humor, I fancy, and ridiculing them, that, while all the other Achæans wore the hair in proper fashion, the Eubœans shaved half of the head.

The man hailed me: "Stranger, have you seen hereabout a deer I am chasing?" "Yes," I replied, "he is lying in the surf." Then I led the way and showed him the deer. The hunter drew the body back from the water, and with his hunting knife quickly stripped off the hide, I giving such assistance as I could. Next he cut off the haunches and brought them away with the hide.

He invited me to follow with him and partake of the venison, adding that he lived not far away. "Then tomorrow," said he, "having had a night's sleep with us, you can come back to the shore; for at present sailing is quite impossible. Have no anxiety on that point; for I should be satisfied to see this wind go down after five full days. This is not likely to happen as long as you see the tops of the Eubœan mountains capped with clouds, as they now are." And then he asked me whence I came, and how I got ashore, and if our boat had been lost. "It was a very small vessel," I replied, "belonging to some fishermen, who were crossing over; and I was the solitary passenger being driven by urgent business to take passage with them. The vessel did go to pieces, after it was run on shore." "That is almost sure to happen," he replied; "for you see how rough and rock-bound is all the seaward side of the island. This is the place they call the 'Hollows of Eubœa.' A vessel driven in here is as good as gone; and rarely are any lives saved, unless, as in your case, they chance to be sailing very light. However, come along; don't hesitate. To-day you shall rest and recover from the shock of your mishap, and to-morrow we will devise plans to bring you to a place of safety; for I regard you already as my friend. I think you must be a city-dweller, not a sailor, nor yet one who works with his hands; indeed, you seem to have some ailment of the body, as you look so thin and slight."

I followed him very gladly, with no fear of treachery, seeing I had nothing but one cheap cloak on my back. Here I realized, as often before under similar circumstances in a life of constant roaming, that poverty invests a man with real sanctity of person and renders him inviolate. Men would sooner attack a herald bearing his sacred staff. So now I went along, as I have said, with perfect confidence to his place, which proved to be some forty furlongs distant.

As we tramped along, the hunter told me of his circumstances, how he lived, and of his wife and

children. "There are two of us," said he, "dwelling in the same place; each married the sister of the other, and both of us have children, boys and girls. We live mainly by hunting, though we also till a small bit of ground. The land is not ours; we neither inherited it nor bought it. Our parents were freemen, but like ourselves poor. They were herders, hiring themselves to keep the cattle of a very wealthy man in this part of the island. He owned many horses, and droves of cattle, many flocks of sheep, many acres of good soil, besides much other wealth. His lands included all these hills. When he died, all his property escheated to the state; (and 'tis said he was done to death at the King's instigation for the sake of his property). Thereupon all the herds were driven off to slaughter, and with them a few poor cattle of our own; and no one has ever paid us a penny of compensation.

"So we were forced to remain where we then chanced to be keeping the cattle, and where we had built some huts and a yard, fenced with stakes not very high nor stout, but sufficient for the calves—intended, I fancy, just for the summer. For in the winter we kept the cattle on the plain, finding ample pasture there, and having also abundance of hay stacked up. In summer we always drove them to the hills; and we usually made the camp in this spot. For it is a place well situated; the land slopes down on either side, forming a deep, shady valley; and through the middle flows a brook, not rough and rocky, but easy for the cattle and the calves to wade in, always running full and clear, as it is fed by a spring not far away. A gentle summer breeze draws through the valley all the time. In the surrounding coppices the ground is soft and moist, and they are quite free from the tormenting ox-fly or any other bane of the cattle. There are stretches of beautiful meadowland, with here and there tall, slender trees, and everywhere plenty of lush grass throughout the entire summer; so that there is no need for cattle to wander far. For these reasons they commonly established the herd in this place.

"So when the cattle were gone, our fathers staid on in the huts, waiting until they should be hired or find employment, supporting themselves meanwhile from a small bit of land near the ranch, which they had already cultivated. This was quite enough for their needs, there being plenty of manure at hand to enrich it.

"Being now relieved from care of the cattle, they turned to hunting, at first tracking the game themselves, and later using dogs. For a couple of the cattle dogs when a long way off, missing their masters, abandoned the herd and returned to the old spot. These dogs at first had simply the instinct to follow with their masters. When they saw a wolf, they would give chase for a distance; but of wild swine or deer they took no notice.

While at home, if they saw a strange man at dusk or early morning, they would start up, and bark, and show fight, as if they took man for their proper enemy. But coming to taste the blood of swine and deer, and often eating the flesh, at length they learned to like flesh better than barley cakes; and, as they got their fill when any game was taken, and otherwise went hungry, the dogs soon became eager to hunt. They would chase any game they could see, and likewise could after a fashion follow the scent of a trail. Thus from shepherd dogs they developed to be hunters of a sort, though broken late to this work and always a little slow.

"When winter came on, as nothing presented itself for the two men to do, either by going to the city or to some village, they occupied themselves in enclosing the huts a little more carefully; they also built the yard fence stronger, and cleared for tillage the whole tract occupied. Hunting, too, was easier in winter than in summer. Tracks are plainer in the soft, wet ground; while snow makes them perfectly clear, furnishing a path right up to the game, so that the hunter has no trouble in tracking it. The game, too, is then more slow to stir, and lets the hunter approach. It is possible at times to take hares still on their forms; and deer similarly.

"In this manner our parents came to remain there, and they did not require any other means of support. In time they married us, their sons, each to the other's daughter. Both fathers died about a year ago. They delighted to tell the many years they had lived; yet in body they were strong and hale and hearty to the last. Of the mothers mine is still living.

"One of us has never in his life gone up to the city, although now fifty years old. I myself have been there twice only, the first time as a lad with my father, when we kept the herd. Once later a man came here demanding tax money—as though we had money—and he ordered me to go along with him to the city. We had no silver; and so I took my oath, protesting that I would have given it, if I had it. We gave the man the best entertainment in our power, and presented him with two deerskins. However, I went with him to the city; for he said it was necessary for one of us to go and explain matters.

"There I saw, as on the previous occasion, no end of big houses, and a great wall around the town, with huge square structures rising out of it" (he meant the towers), "and a lot of ships lying at anchor in water still as a pond" (referring to the artificial harbour). "There is nothing like that," he interjected, "where you put in, and in consequence we have the numerous wrecks. I noticed all this," he went on, "and also a great crowd of people gathered in one place and making an awful hubbub and noise. They seemed to be engaged in a general fight.

"The man brought me before certain officials and said with a grin: 'This is the fellow you sent me for. He hasn't got anything—except his long hair, and a hut of stout logs.'"

(To be concluded next week.)

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HEART OF THE CONSERVATION PROBLEM .

Principal Parts of an Article by Wm. Preston Hill
M. D., Ph. D., Originally Published in the Mirror
of St. Louis, September 15, 1910, Under
the Title of "Private Property and
Public Welfare."

From the earliest period of man's existence up on this planet up to the middle of the Nineteenth century the problem that confronted the world was one of production. Namely: to produce enough to satisfy the material wants of all its inhabitants. This problem may be regarded now as practically solved. Every country today produces, or with the knowledge and power at their command could produce, wealth sufficient to satisfy the needs of all its people. The only pressing question, therefore, that confronts the present generation is that of distribution. The issue has shifted from a material to a moral and ethical problem.

The question is: Shall the mastery we have acquired over the forces of nature and the marvelous discoveries developed by modern science conduce to the welfare and needs of all the people, or shall they be the property of a few?

All the evils that seem to accompany advancing civilization—unrequited toil, involuntary idleness, undeserved and helpless poverty, with their train of misery, vice and crime—can be traced to the unjust and unequal distribution of wealth. This problem has its roots deeply enmeshed in the laws of property which have hitherto prevailed in all civilized countries.

I am in favor of private property. I recognize that private property is unquestionably the basis of civilization. I am convinced that the desire for property is one of the elements of human nature; and that a system affording opportunity for its exercise must ever be retained in organized societies. I realize that to attack private property is to undermine civilization itself. I believe that a still greater development of civilization in the future can only come from a still fuller recognition and development of the true rights of property.

But what is the fundamental basis of this right?

It rests on the fact that every man is entitled to the ownership of himself; that the powers of his mind and body are his as against all the world, and that from this ownership of himself by himself springs his right to the ownership of the ma-