

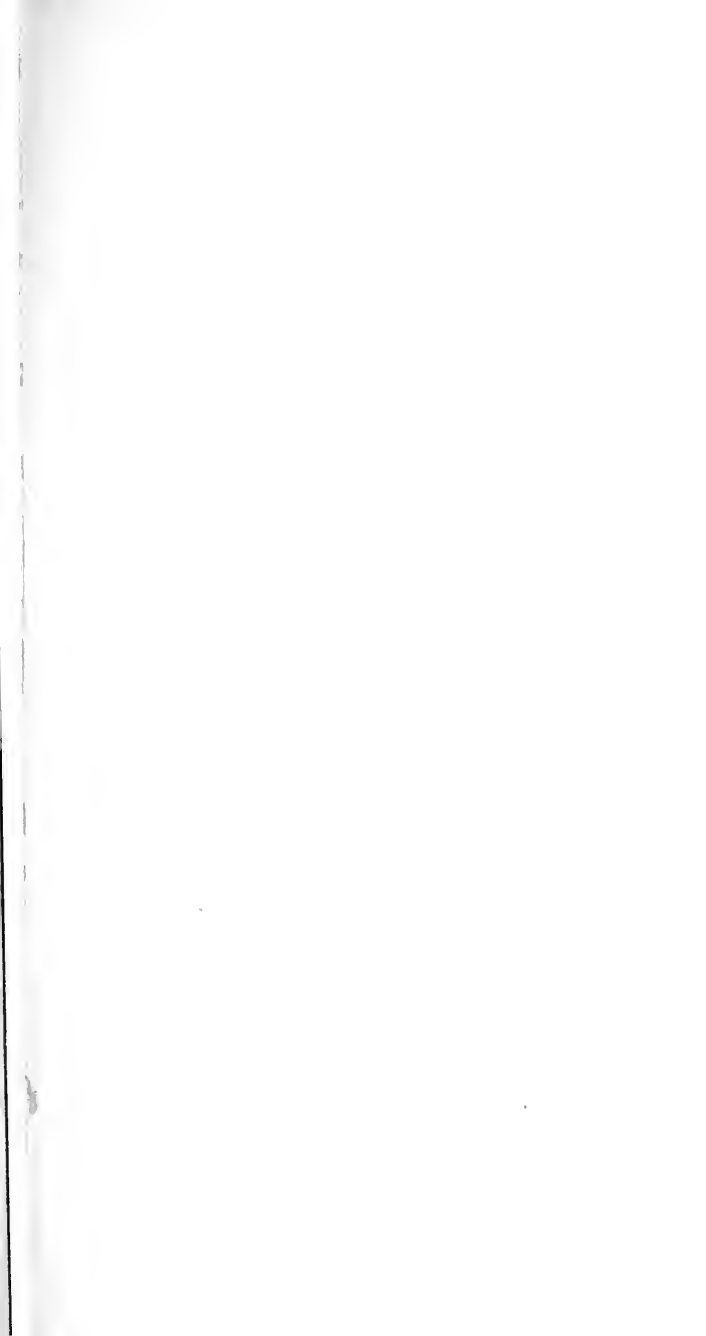
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Plutarch's Lives parallel
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PLUTARCH'S LIVES,

TRANSLATED

From the Original Greek;

WITH

NOTES, HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL;

AND

A LIFE OF PLUTARCH.

BY

JOHN LANGHORNE, M. D.

AND

WILLIAM LANGHORNE, M. A.



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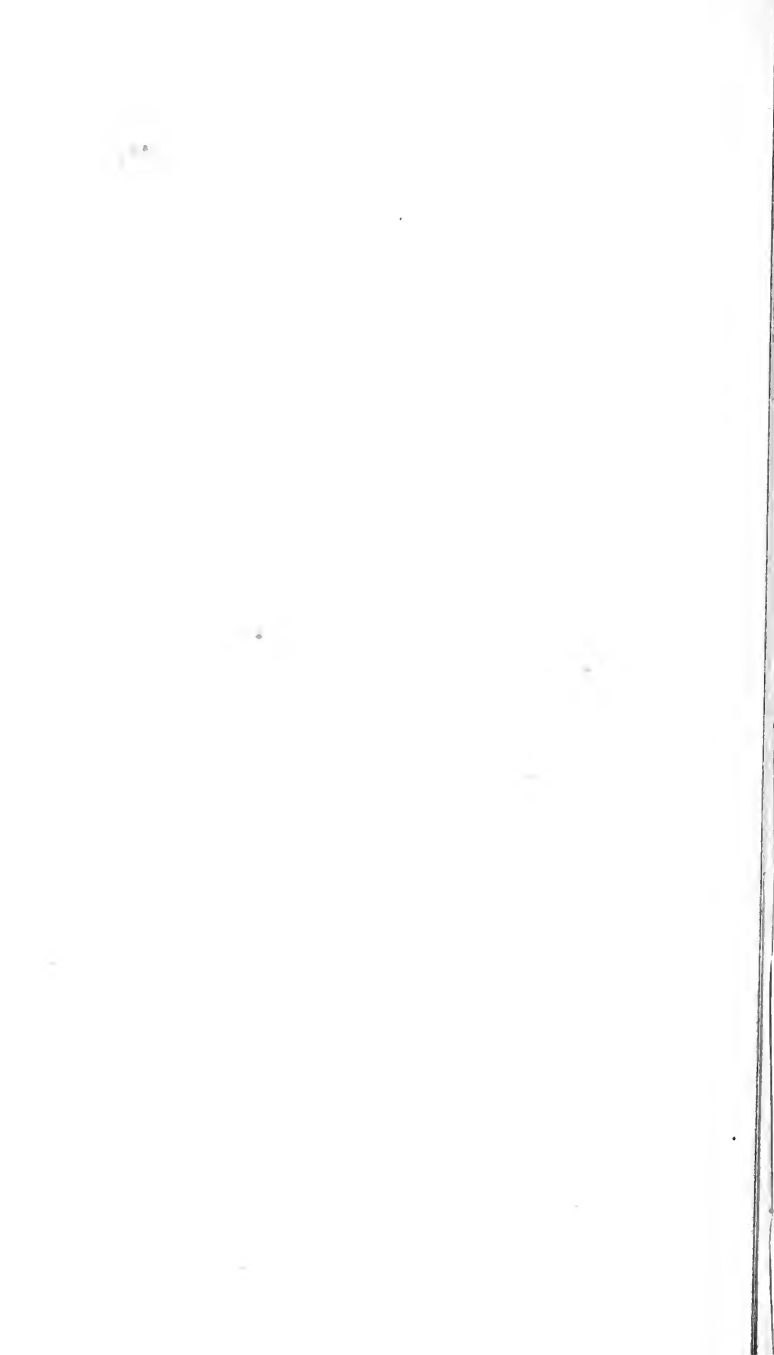
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PLUTARCH'S LIVES.

THE

LIFE OF CLEOMENES.

AFTER Agis was put to death, Leonidas intended the same fate for his brother Archidamus; but that prince saved himself by a timely retreat. However, his wife Agiatis, who was newly brought to bed, was forced by the tyrant from her own house, and given to his son Cleomenes. Cleomenes was not quite come to years of maturity, but his father was not willing that any other man should have the lady; for she was daughter to Gylippus, and heiress to his great estate; and, in beauty, as well as happiness of temper and conduct, superior to all the women of Greece. She left nothing unattempted to prevent her being forced into this match, but found all her efforts ineffectual. Therefore, when she was married to Cleomenes, she made him a good and affectionate wife, though she hated his father. Cleomenes was passionately fond of her from the first; and his attachment to his wife made him sympathize with her on the mournful remembrance of Agis. He would often ask her for the history of that unfortunate prince, and listen with great attention to her account of his sentiments and designs.

Cleomenes was ambitious of glory, and had a native greatness of mind. Nature had, moreover, disposed him to temperance and simplicity of manners as much as Agis, but he had not his calmness and moderation. His spirit had an ardour in it; and there was an impetuosity in his pursuits of honour, or whatever appeared to him under that character. He thought it most glorious to reign over a willing people; but at the same time, he thought it not inglorious to subdue their reluctances, and bring them against their inclinations into what was good and salutary.

He was not satisfied with the prevailing manners and customs of Sparta. He saw that ease and pleasure were the great objects with the people: that the king paid but little regard to

public concerns, and, if nobody gave him any disturbance, chose to spend his time in the enjoyments of affluence and luxury; that individuals, entirely actuated by self-interest, paid no attention to the business of the state, any farther than they could turn it to their own emolument. And what rendered the prospect still more melancholy, it appeared dangerous to make any mention of training the youth to strong exercises and strict temperance, to preserving fortitude and universal equality, since the proposing of these things cost Agis his life.

It is said, too, that Cleomenes was instructed in philosophy, at a very early period of life, by Sphærus the Borysthenite,* who came to Lacedæmon, and taught the youth with great diligence and success. Sphærus was one of the principal disciples of Zeno the Citician;† and it seems that he admired the strength of genius he found in Cleomenes, and added fresh incentives to his love of glory. We are informed, that when Leonidas of old was asked,—“What he thought of the poetry of Tyrtæus?” he said,—“I think it well calculated to excite the courage of our youth; for the enthusiasm with which it inspires them makes them fear no danger in battle.” So the Stoic philosophy‡ may put persons of great and fiery spirits upon enterprises that are too desperate; but in those of a grave and a mild disposition, it will produce all the good effects for which it was designed.

When Leonidas died, and Cleomenes came to the crown, he observed that all ranks of men were utterly corrupted. The rich had an eye only to private profit and pleasure, and utterly neglected the public interest. The common people, on account of the meanness of their circumstances, had no spirit for war, or ambition to instruct their children in the Spartan exercises. Cleomenes himself had only the name of king, while the power was in the hands of the *ephori*. He, therefore, soon began to think of changing the present posture of affairs. He had a friend called Xenares, united to him by such an affection as the Spartans called *inspiration*. Him he first sounded; inquiring of him what kind of prince Agis was; by what steps, and with what associates, he came into the way he took. Xenares at first consented readily enough to satisfy his curiosity, and gave him an exact narrative of all the proceedings. But

* This Sphærus was born towards the end of the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, and flourished under that of Euergetes. Diogenes Laertius has given us a catalogue of his works, which were considerable. He was the scholar of Zeno, and afterwards of Cleanthes.

† He was so called to distinguish him from Zeno of Elea, a city of Lacedæmonia, who flourished about two hundred years after the death of Zeno the Citician. Citium, of which the elder Zeno was a native, was a town in Cyprus.

‡ From its tendency to inspire a contempt of death, and a belief in the agency of Providence.

when he found that Cleomenes interested himself deeply in the affair, and took such an enthusiastic pleasure in the new schemes of Agis, as to desire to hear them again and again, he reproved his distempered inclinations, and at last entirely left his company. However, he did not acquaint any one with the cause of their misunderstanding, but only said,—“Cleomenes knew very well.” As Xenares so strongly opposed the king’s project, he thought others might be as little disposed to come into it; and, therefore, he concerted the whole matter by himself. In the persuasion that he could more easily effect his intended change in time of war than in peace, he embroiled his country with the Achæans, who had indeed given sufficient occasion of complaint. For Aratus, who was the leading man among them, had laid it down as a principle, from the beginning of his administration, to reduce all Peloponnesus to one body. This was the end he had in view in his numerous expeditions, and in all the proceedings of government, during the many years that he held the reins in Achaia. And indeed he was of opinion that this was the only way to secure Peloponnesus against his enemies without. He had succeeded with most of the states of that peninsula: the Lacedæmonians and Eleans, and such of the Arcadians as were in the Lacedæmonian interest, were all that stood out. Upon the death of Leonidas, he commenced hostilities against the Arcadians, particularly those who bordered upon the Achæans; by this means designing to try how the Lacedæmonians stood inclined. As for Cleomenes, he despised him as a young man without experience.

The *ephori*, however, sent Cleomenes to seize Athenæum,* near Belbina. This place is one of the keys of Laconia, and was then in dispute between the Spartans and Megalopolitans. Cleomenes accordingly took it, and fortified it. Aratus made no remonstrance, but marched by night to surprise Tegea and Orchomenus. However, the persons who had promised to betray those places to him found their hearts fail them when they came to the point, and he retired undiscovered, as he thought. Upon this Cleomenes wrote to him, in a familiar way, desiring to know,—“Whither he marched the night before?” Aratus answered,—“That understanding his design to fortify Belbina, the intent of his last motion was to prevent that measure.” Cleomenes humorously replied,—“I am satisfied with the account of your march, but should be glad to know where those torches and ladders were marching.”

Aratus could not help laughing at the jest; and he asked what kind of a man this young prince was? Democrates, a

* A temple of Minerva.

Lacedæmonian exile, answered,—“If you design to do any thing against the Spartans, you must do it quickly, before the spurs of this cockerel be grown.”

Cleomenes, with a few horse, and three hundred foot, was now posted in Arcadia. The *ephor*i, apprehensive of a war, commanded him home, and he obeyed; but finding that, in consequence of this retreat, Aratus had taken Caphyæ, they ordered him to take the field again. Cleomenes made himself master of Methydrium, and ravaged the territories of Argos. Whereupon the Achæans marched against him with twenty thousand foot and a thousand horse, under the command of Aristomachus. Cleomenes met him at Palantium, and offered him battle; but Aratus, intimidated by this instance of the young prince's spirit, dissuaded the general from engaging, and retreated. This retreat exposed Aratus to reproach among the Achæans, and to scorn and contempt among the Spartans, whose army consisted not of more than five thousand men. Cleomenes, elevated with this success, began to talk in a higher tone among the people, and bade them remember an expression of one of their ancient kings, who said,—“The Lacedæmonians seldom inquired the number of their enemies, but the place where they could be found.”

After this he went to the assistance of the Eleans, against whom the Achæans had now turned their arms. He attacked the latter at Lycæum as they were upon the retreat, and put them entirely to the rout; not only spreading terror through their whole army, but killing great numbers, and making many prisoners. It was even reported among the Greeks that Aratus was of the number of the slain. Aratus, availing himself in the best manner of the opportunity, with the troops that attended him in his flight, marched immediately to Mantinea, and coming upon it by surprise, took it, and secured it for the Achæans.

The Lacedæmonians, greatly dispirited at this loss, opposed Cleomenes in his inclination for war. He therefore bethought himself of calling Archidamus, the brother of Agis, from Messene, to whom, in the other family, the crown belonged; for he imagined that the power of the *ephor*i would not be so formidable when the kingly government, according to the Spartan constitution, was complete, and had its proper weight in the scale. The party that had put Agis to death, perceiving this, and dreading vengeance from Archidamus, if he should be established on the throne, took this method to prevent it:—They joined in inviting him to come privately to Sparta, and even assisted him in his return; but they assassinated him immediately after. Whether it was against the consent of Cleomenes, as Phylarchus thinks, or whether his friends persuaded him to

abandon that unhappy prince, we cannot take upon us to say 'The greatest part of the blame, however, fell upon those friends, who, if he gave his consent, were supposed to have teased him into it.

By this time he was resolved to carry his intended changes into immediate execution; and, therefore, he bribed the *ephori* to permit him to renew the war. He gained also many others by the assistance of his mother Cratesiclea, who liberally supplied him with money, and joined in his schemes of glory. Nay, it is said, that though disinclined to marry again, for her son's sake she accepted a man who had great interest and authority among the people.

One of his first operations was the going to seize Leuctra, which is a place within the dependencies of Megalopolis. The Achæans hastened to its relief under the command of Aratus; and a battle was fought under the walls, in which part of the Lacedæmonian army was beaten. But Aratus stopping the pursuit at a defile which was in the way, Lysidas* the Megalopolitan, offended at the order, encouraged the cavalry under his command to pursue the advantages they had gained; by which means he entangled them among vineyards, ditches, and other enclosures, where they were forced to break their ranks, and fell into great disorder. Cleomenes seeing his opportunity, commanded the Tarentines and Cretans to fall upon them; and Lysidas, after great exertions of valour, was defeated and slain. The Lacedæmonians, thus encouraged, returned to the action with shouts of joy, and routed the whole Achæan army. After a considerable carnage, a truce was granted the survivors, and they were permitted to bury their dead; but Cleomenes ordered the body of Lysidas to be brought to him. He clothed it in robes of purple, and put a crown upon its head; and in this attire he sent it to the gates of Megalopolis. This was that Lysidas who restored liberty to the city in which he was an absolute prince, and united it to the Achæan league.

Cleomenes, greatly elated with this victory, thought, if matters were once entirely at his disposal in Sparta, the Achæans would no longer be able to stand before him. For this reason, he endeavoured to convince his father-in-law, Megistonöis, that the yoke of the *ephori* ought to be broken, and an equal division of property to be made; by means of which equality Sparta would resume her ancient valour, and once more rise to the empire of Greece. Megistonöis complied, and the king then took two or three other friends into the scheme.

About that time one of the *ephori* had a surprising dream

* In the text it is *Lydiadas*; but Polybius calls him *Lysidas*; so does Plutarch in another place.

as he slept in the temple of Pasiphaa. He thought that, in the court where the *ephori* used to sit for the despatch of business, four chairs were taken away, and only one left. And as he was wondering at the change, he heard a voice from the sanctuary, which said,—“This is best for Sparta.” The magistrate related this vision of his to Cleomenes, who at first was greatly disconcerted, thinking that some suspicion had led him to sound his intentions. But when he found that there was no fiction in the case, he was the more confirmed in his purpose; and taking with him such of the citizens as he thought most likely to oppose it, he marched against Heræa and Aïsæa, two cities belonging to the Achæan league, and took them. After this, he laid in store of provisions at Orchomenus, and then besieged Mantinea. At last he so harassed the Laedæmonians, by a variety of long marches, that most of them desired to be left in Arcadia, and he returned to Sparta with the mercenaries only. By the way he communicated his design to such of them as he believed most attached to his interest, and advanced slowly, that he might come upon the *ephori* as they were at supper.

When he approached the town, he sent Euryelidas before him to the hall where those magistrates used to sit, upon pretence of his being charged with some message relative to the army. He was accompanied by Thericion and Phæbis, and two other young men who had been educated with Cleomenes, and whom the Spartans call *Samothracians*.* These were at the head of a small party. While Euryelidas was holding the *ephori* in discourse, the others ran upon them with their drawn swords. They were all slain but Agesilaus, and he was then thought to have shared the same fate, for he was the first man that fell; but in a little time he conveyed himself silently out of the room, and crept into a little building which was the temple of FEAR. This temple was generally shut up, but then happened to be open. When he was got in, he immediately barred the door. The other four were despatched outright; and so were above ten more who came to their assistance. Those who remained quiet, received no harm; nor were any hindered from departing the city. Nay, Agesilaus himself was spared, when he came the next day out of the temple.

The Laedæmonians have not only temples dedicated to

* All the commentators agree that *Σαμοθρακας* is a corruption. Palmerius proposes to read *Πυθιας*, *Pythians*. So at Sparta they called two persons whom the king sent to consult the oracle of Apollo, and who used to eat at the king's table. But *Πυθιας* is very distant in sound from *Σαμοθρακας*. The editor of the former English translation proposes, by no means unhappily, to read *δμοθρεπτας*, which is synonymous to *συντροφες*. Proper regard ought to be paid, too, to the conjecture of Bryan and Du Soul, who offer us *Σαμαντορας*. This signifies *persons who give the signal of battle, præfects, generals*.

FEAR, but also to DEATH, to LAUGHTER, and many of the passions. Nor do they pay homage to *Fear*, as one of the noxious and destroying demons, but they consider it as the best cement of society. Hence it was, that the *ephorî*, (as Aristotle tells us,) when they entered upon their office, caused proclamation to be made, that the people should shave their upper lip, and be obedient to the laws, that they might not be under the necessity of having recourse to severity. As for the shaving of the upper lip, in my opinion, all the design of that injunction is, to teach the youth obedience in the smallest matters. And it seems to me, that the ancients did not think that valour consists in the exemption from fear; but, on the contrary, in the fear of reproach, and the dread of infamy. For those who stand most in fear of the law, act with the greatest intrepidity against the enemy; and they who are most tender of their reputation, look with the least concern upon other dangers. Therefore, one of the poets said well,—

Ingenuous shame resides with fear.

Hence Homer makes Helen say to her father-in-law, Priamus,—

Before thy presence, father, I appear
With conscious shame and reverential fear.—*Pope.*

And, in another place, he says, the Grecian troops

With fear and silence on their chiefs attend.

For reverence, in vulgar minds, is generally the concomitant of fear. And, therefore, the Lacedæmonians placed the temple of FEAR near the hall where the *ephorî* used to eat, to show that their authority was nearly equal to the regal.

Next day Cleomenes proscribed eighty of the citizens, whom he thought it necessary to expel; and he removed all the seats of the *ephorî* except one, in which he designed to sit himself, to hear causes, and despatch other business. Then he assembled the people, in order to explain and defend what he had done. His speech was to this effect:—"The administration was put by Lyeurgus in the hands of the kings and the senate; and Sparta was governed by them a long time, without any occasion for other magistrates. But, as the Messenian war was drawn out to a great length, and the kings, having the armies to command, had not leisure to attend to the decision of causes at home, they pitched upon some of their friends to be left as their deputies for that purpose, under the title of *ephorî*, or *inspectors*. At first they behaved as substitutes and servants to the kings; but, by little and little, they got the power into their own hands, and insensibly erected their office

into an independent magistracy.* A proof of this is a custom which has obtained till this time, that when the *ephor*i sent for the king, he refused to hearken to the first and second message, and did not attend them till they sent a third. Asteropus was the first of the *ephor*i who raised their office to that height of authority, many ages after their creation. While they kept within the bounds of moderation, it was better to endure than to remove them; but when, by their usurpations, they destroyed the ancient form of government, when they deposed some kings, put others to death without any form of trial, and threatened those princes who desire to see the divine constitution of their country in its original lustre, they became absolutely insupportable. Had it been possible, without the shedding of blood, to have exterminated those pests which they had introduced into Lacedæmon; such as luxury, superfluous expense, debts, usury, and those more ancient evils, poverty and riches, I should then have thought myself the happiest of kings. In curing the distempers of my country, I should have been considered as the physician whose lenient hand heals without giving pain. But for what necessity has obliged me to do, I have the authority of Lycurgus, who, though neither king nor magistrate, but only a private man, took upon him to act as a king,† and appeared publicly in arms. The consequence of which was, that Charilaus, the reigning prince, in great consternation, fled to the altar. But being a mild and patriotic king, he soon entered into the designs of Lycurgus, and accepted his new form of government. Therefore, the proceedings of Lycurgus are an evidence that it is next to impossible to new-model a constitution, without the terror of an armed force. For my own part, I have applied that remedy with great moderation; only ridding myself of such as opposed the true interest of Lacedæmon. Among the rest, I shall make a distribution of all the lands, and clear the people of their debts. Among the strangers, I shall select some of the best and ablest, that they may be admitted citizens of Sparta, and protect her with their arms; and that we may no longer see Laconia a prey to the Ætolians and Illyrians for want of a sufficient number of inhabitants concerned for its defence.”

When he had finished his speech, he was the first to surrender his own estate into the public stock. His father-in-law,

* When the authority of the kings was grown too enormous, Theopompus found it necessary to curb it, by the institution of the *ephor*i. But they were not, as Cleomenes says they were, in their first establishment, ministers to the kings.

† Lycurgus never assumed or aspired to regal authority: and Cleomenes mentions this only to take off the odium from himself.

Megistonoüs, and his other friends, followed his example. The rest of the citizens did the same; and then the land was divided. He even assigned lots for each of the persons whom he had driven into exile; and declared that they should all be recalled when tranquillity had once more taken place. Having filled up the number of citizens out of the best of the inhabitants of the neighbouring countries, he raised a body of four thousand foot, whom he taught to use the two-handed pike instead of the javelin, and to hold their shields by a handle, and not by a ring, as before. Then he applied himself to the education of the youth, and formed them with all the strictness of Lacedæmonian discipline; in the course of which he was much assisted by Sphærus. Their schools of exercise, and their refectories, were soon brought into that good order which they had of old; some being reduced to it by compulsion, but the greatest part coming voluntarily into that noble training peculiar to Sparta. However, to prevent any offence that might be taken at the name of monarchy, he made his brother Euclidas his partner to the throne; and this was the only time that the Spartans had two kings of the same family.

He observed that the Achæans, and Aratus, the principal man among them, were persuaded that the late change had brought the Spartan affairs into a doubtful and unsettled state; and that he would not quit the city while it was in such a ferment. He, therefore, thought it would have both its honour and utility, to show the enemy how readily his troops would obey him. In consequence of which he entered the Megalopolitan territories, where he spread desolation, and made a very considerable booty. In one of his last marches he seized a company of comedians who were on the road from Messene; upon which he built a stage in the enemy's country; proposed a prize of forty *minæ* to the best performer, and spent one day in seeing them. Not that he set any great value on such diversions, but he did it by way of insult upon the enemy, to show his superiority by this mark of contempt: for, among the Grecians and royal armies, his was the only one which had not a train of players, jugglers, singers, and dancers, of both sexes. No intemperance or buffoonery, no public shows or feasts, except on the late occasion, were ever seen in his camp. The young men passed the greatest part of their time in the exercises, and the old men in teaching them. The hours of leisure were amused with cheerful discourse, which had all the smartness of laconic repartee. This kind of amusement had those advantages which we have mentioned in the life of Lycurgus.

The king himself was the best teacher. Plain and simple

in his equipage and diet, assuming no manner of pomp above a common citizen, he set a glorious example of sobriety. This was no small advantage to his affairs in Greece. When the Greeks addressed themselves to other kings, they did not so much admire their wealth and magnificence, as execrate their pride and spirit of ostentation, their difficulty of access, and harshness of behaviour to all who had business at their courts. But when they applied to Cleomenes, who not only bore the title, but had all the great qualities of a king, they saw no purple or robes of state, no rich carriages, no gauntlets of pages or door-keepers to be run. Nor had they their answer, after great difficulties, from the mouth of secretaries;* but they found him in an ordinary habit, ready to meet them, and offer them his hand. He received them with a cheerful countenance, and entered into their business with the utmost ease and freedom. This engaging manner gained their hearts; and they declared he was the only worthy descendant of Hercules.

His common supper was short and truly laconic. There were only couches for three people; but when he entertained ambassadors or strangers, two more couches were added, and the table was a little better furnished by the servants: not that any curious desert was added; only the dishes were larger, and the wine more generous: for he blamed one of his friends for setting nothing before strangers but the coarse cake and black broth, which they eat in their common refectories:—"When we have strangers to entertain," he said, "we need not be such very exact Lacedæmonians." After supper, a three-legged stand† was brought in, upon which were placed a brass‡ bowl full of wine, two silver pots that held about a pint§ and a half a-piece, and a few cups of the same metal. Such of the guests as were inclined to drink, made use of these vessels, for the cup was not pressed upon any man against his will. There was no music, or other extrinsic amusement; nor was any such thing wanted. He entertained his company very agreeably with his own conversation; sometimes asking questions, and sometimes telling stories. His serious discourse was perfectly free from moroseness, and his mirth from petulance and rusticity. The arts which other princes used of drawing men to their purpose, by bribery and corruption, he looked upon as both iniquitous and impolitic: but to engage and fix people in his interest by the charms of conversation, without fraud or guile, appeared to him an honourable method,

In the text it is γραμματιον, *by billets*; but probably it should be read γραμματειον, *secretaries*, there being no instances in antiquity that have come to our knowledge, of answers in writing to a personal application.

† Τριπους.

‡ Κρατηρ.

§ Δικετυλος.

and worthy of a king. For he thought this the true difference between a hireling and a friend, that the one is gained by money, and the other by an obliging behaviour.

The Mantineans were the first who applied for his assistance. They admitted him into their city in the night; and having, with his help, expelled the Achæan garrison, put themselves under his protection. He re-established their laws and ancient form of government, and retired the same day to Tegea. From thence he fetched a compass through Arcadia, and marched down to Pheræ in Achaia; intending by this movement either to bring the Achæans to a battle, or make them look upon Aratus in a mean light for giving up the country, as it were, to his destroying sword.

Hyperbatas was indeed general at that time, but Aratus had all the authority. The Achæans assembled their forces, and encamped at Dymææ* near Hecatombæum; upon which Cleomenes marched up to them, though it was thought a rash step for him to take post between Dymææ, which belonged to the enemy, and the Achæan camp. However, he boldly challenged the Achæans, and indeed forced them to battle, in which he entirely defeated them, killed great numbers upon the spot, and took many prisoners. Lango was his next object, from which he expelled an Achæan garrison, and then put the town into the hands of the Eleans.

When the Achæan affairs were in this ruinous state, Aratus, who used to be general every other year,† refused the command, though they pressed him strongly to accept it. But certainly it was wrong, when such a storm was raging, to quit the helm, and leave the direction to another. The first demands of Cleomenes appeared to the deputies‡ of the Achæans moderate enough; afterwards he insisted on having the command himself. In other matters, he said, he should not differ with them, for he would restore them both the prisoners and their lands. The Achæans agreed to a pacification on these conditions, and invited Cleomenes to Lerna, where a general assembly of their state was to be held. But Cleomenes

* Polybius calls it Dymæ.

† Ενοθως παρ' ενιαυτου αει στρατηγειν.‡ The former English translator renders this, *who used to continue general two years together*; and Dacier to the same sense, *qui avoit accoutumé d'être capitaine-général tous les deux ans*. But they are both under a great mistake; παρ' ενιαυτου does certainly signify *every other year*. So in Polybius, *παρα τευαρτην ἡμεραν, every fourth day*; and in Aristotle, *παρα μνηα τριτον, every third month*.

‡ The two French translators, and the English one employed by Tonson, change μετρια here into εμετρια, without any necessity, or pretence of authority for it. We do not see why Cleomenes might not, in the first conditions he proposed, possibly demand something less of the Achæan than their allowing him to be commander-in-chief and governor of all Greece.

hastening his march too much, heated himself, and then very imprudently drank cold water; the consequence of which was, that he threw up a great quantity of blood, and lost the use of his speech. He, therefore, sent the Achæans the most respectable of the prisoners, and putting off the meeting, retired to Lacedæmon.

This ruined the affairs of Greece. Had it not been for this, she might have recovered out of her present distress, and have maintained herself against the insolence and rapaciousness of the Macedonians. Aratus either feared or distrusted Cleomenes, or envied his unexpected success. He thought it intolerable that a young man, newly sprung up, should rob him at once of the honour and power which he had been in possession of for three-and-thirty years, and come into a government which had been growing so long under his auspices. For this reason, he first tried what his interest and powers of persuasion would do to keep the Achæans from closing with Cleomenes; but they were prevented from attending to him by their admiration of the great spirit of Cleomenes, and their opinion that the demands of the Spartans were not unreasonable, who only desired to bring Peloponnesus back to its ancient model. Aratus then undertook a thing which would not have become any man in Greece, but in him was particularly dishonourable, and unworthy of all his former conduct, both in the cabinet and the field:—He called Antigonus into Greece, and filled Peloponnesus with Macedonians, though in his youth he had expelled them, and rescued the citadel of Corinth out of their hands. He was even an enemy to all kings, and was equally hated by them. Antigonus, in particular, he loaded with a thousand reproaches, as appears from the writings he had left behind him.* He boasts that he had encountered and overcome innumerable difficulties, in order to deliver Athens from a Macedonian garrison; and yet he brought those very Macedonians, armed as they were, into his own country, into his own house, and even into the women's apartment. At the same time, he could not bear that a Spartan king, a descendant of Hercules, who wanted only to restore the ancient policy of his country, to correct its broken harmony, and bring it back to the sober Doric tone which Lycurgus had given it;† he could not bear that such a prince should be declared general of the Sicyonians and Tricæans.‡

* Aratus wrote a history of the Achæans, and of his own conduct.

† The music, like the architecture of the Dorians, was remarkable for its simplicity.

‡ This probably should be Tritæans. Tritæa was a city of Phocis, and comprehended in the league; but Tricca, which was in Thessaly, could hardly be so.

While he avoided the coarse cake and the short cloak, and what he thought the greatest grievance in the whole system of Cleomenes, the abolishing of riches, and the making poverty a more supportable thing, he made Achaia truckle to the diadem and purple of Macedonians, and of Asiatic grandees. To shun the appearance of submission to Cleomenes, he offered sacrifices to the divinity of Antigonus, and, with a garland on his head, sung *pæans* in honour of a rotten Macedonian. These things we say not in accusation of Aratus, (for in many respects he was a great man, and worthy of Greece;) we mean only to point out, with compassion, the weakness of human nature, which, in dispositions the best formed to virtue, can produce no excellence without some taint of imperfection.

When the Achæans assembled again at Argos, and Cleomenes came down from Tegea to meet them, the Greeks entertained great hopes of peace. But Aratus, who had already settled the principal points with Antigonus, fearing that Cleomenes, either by his obliging manner of treating, or by force, would gain all he wanted of the people, proposed,—“ That he should take three hundred hostages for the security of his person, and enter the town alone; or, if he did not approve of that proposal, should come to the place of exercise without the walls, called *Cyllarabium*,* and treat there at the head of his army.” Cleomenes remonstrated that these proceedings were very unjust. He said,—“ They should have made him these proposals at first, and not now, when he was come to their gates, distrust and shut him out.” He, therefore, wrote to the Achæans a letter on this subject, almost filled with complaints of Aratus; and the applications of Aratus to the people were little more than invectives against the king of Sparta. The consequence of this was, that the latter quickly retired, and sent a herald to declare war against the Achæans. This herald, according to Aratus, was sent not to Argos, but to Ægium,† in order that the Achæans might be entirely unprepared. There were at this time great commotions among the members of the Achæan league, and many towns were ready to fall off: for the common people hoped for an equal distribution of lands, and to have their debts cancelled; while the better sort, in general, were displeas'd at Aratus, and some of them highly provoked at his bringing the Macedonians into Peloponnesus.

Encouraged by these misunderstandings, Cleomenes entered Achaia; where he first took Pellene by surprise, and dislodged the Achæan garrison. Afterwards he made himself master of

* From Cyllarbus, the son of Sthenelus.

† This was a maritime town of Achaia on the Corinthian bay.—The intention of Cleomenes was to take it by surprise, before the inhabitants could have intelligence of the war.

Pheneum and Penteleum. As the Achæans were apprehensive of a revolt at Corinth and Sicyon, they sent a body of cavalry and some mercenaries from Argos, to guard against any measures tending that way, and went themselves to celebrate the Nemean games at Argos. Upon this, Cleomenes hoping, what really proved the case, that, if he could come suddenly upon the city, while it was filled with multitudes assembled to partake of the diversions, he should throw all into the greatest confusion, marched up to the walls by night, and seized the quarter called *Aspis*, which lay above the theatre, notwithstanding its difficulty of access. This struck them with such terror, that not a man thought of making any resistance: they agreed to receive a garrison, and gave twenty of the citizens as hostages for their acting as allies to Sparta, and following the standard of Cleomenes as their general.

This action added greatly to the fame and authority of that prince: for the ancient kings of Sparta, with all their endeavours, could never fix Argos in their interest; and Pyrrhus, one of the ablest generals in the world, though he forced his way into the town, could not hold it, but lost his life in the attempt, and had great part of his army cut in pieces. Hence the despatch and keenness of Cleomenes were the more admired; and they who before had laughed at him for declaring he would tread in the steps of Solon and Lycurgus in the cancelling of debts, and in an equal division of property, were now fully persuaded that he was the sole cause of all the change in the spirit and success of the Spartans. In both respects they were so contemptible before, and so little able to help themselves, that the Ætonians made an inroad into Laconia, and carried off fifty thousand slaves. On which occasion, one of the old Spartans said, "The enemy had done them a kindness in taking such a heavy charge off their hands." Yet they had no sooner returned to their primitive customs and discipline, than, as if Lycurgus himself had restored his polity, and invigorated it with his presence, they had given the most extraordinary instances of valour and obedience to their magistrates, in raising Sparta to its ancient superiority in Greece, and recovering Peloponnesus.

Cleonæ and Phlius* came in the same tide of success with Argos. Aratus was then making an inquisition at Corinth into the conduct of such as were reported to be in the Lacedæmonian interest; but when the news of their late losses reached him, and he found that the city was falling off to Cleomenes, and wanted to get rid of the Achæans,† he was not a little

* Towns between Argos and Corinth.

† In the printed text it is Αχαιων απαλλαγηται βελομενον, and the Latin and

alarmed. In this confusion he could find no better expedient than that of calling the citizens to council, and in the mean time, he stole away to the gate. A horse being ready for him there, he mounted and fled to Sicyon. The Corinthians were in such haste to pay their compliments to Cleomenes, that, Aratus tells us, they killed or spoiled all their horses. He acquaints us also, that Cleomenes highly blamed the people of Corinth for suffering him to escape. Nevertheless, he adds, that Megistonoüs came to him on the part of that prince, and offered to give him large sums if he would deliver up the citadel of Corinth, where he had an Achæan garrison. He answered,—“That affairs did not then depend upon him, but he must be governed by their circumstances.” So Aratus himself writes.

Cleomenes, in his march from Argos, added the Trœzenians, the Epidaurians, and Hermionians, to the number of his friends and allies, and then went to Corinth, and drew a line of circumvallation about the citadel, which the Achæans refused to surrender. However, he sent for the friends and stewards of Aratus, and ordered them to take care of his house and effects in that city. He likewise sent again to that general by Tritymalus the Messenian, and proposed that the citadel should be garrisoned half with Achæans and half with Lacedæmonians; offering, at the same time, to double the pension he had from Ptolemy king of Egypt. As Aratus, instead of accepting these conditions, sent his son and other hostages to Antigonus, and persuaded the Achæans to give orders that the citadel of Corinth should be put in the hands of that prince, Cleomenes immediately ravaged the territories of Sicyon, and, in pursuance of a decree of the Corinthians, seized on the whole estate of Aratus. After Antigonus had passed Gerania,* with a great army, Cleomenes thought it more advisable to fortify the Onæan mountains,† than the Isthmus, and by the advantage of his post to tire out the Macedonians, rather than hazard a pitched battle with a veteran phalanx. Antigonus was greatly perplexed at this plan of operations; for he had neither laid in a sufficient quantity of provisions, nor could he easily force the pass by which Cleomenes had sat down. He attempted one

French translators have followed it, rendering it to this sense, *and the Achæans were hastening home*: but two manuscripts give us βλομενην, which is to be referred to πολιν, before; and with the former English translator, we choose to follow that reading.

* A mountain between Megara and Corinth.

† This range of mountains extends from the Scironian rocks, on the road to Attica, as far as mount Cithæron.—*Strab.* l. vii. They were called ορη' ονεια, the Mountains of Asses.

night, indeed, to get into Peloponnesus by the port of Lechæum,* but was repulsed with loss.

Cleomenes was much encouraged with this success, and his troops went to their evening's refreshment with pleasure. Antigonus, on the other hand; was extremely dispirited; for he saw himself in so troublesome a situation, that it was scarcely possible to find any resources which were not extremely difficult. At last he determined to move to the promontory of Heræum, and from thence to transport his troops in boats to Sicyon; but that required a great deal of time, and very considerable preparations. However, the evening after, some of the friends of Aratus arrived from Argos by sea, being sent to acquaint him that the Argives were revolting from Cleomenes, and purposed to invite him to that city. Aristotle was the author of the defection; and he had found no great difficulty in persuading the people into it, because Cleomenes had not cancelled their debts, as he had given them room to hope. Upon this, Aratus, with fifteen hundred men, whom he had from Antigonus, sailed to Epidaurus. But Aristotle, not waiting for him, assembled the townsmen, and, with the assistance of Timoxenus and a party of Achæans from Sicyon, attacked the citadel.

Cleomenes getting intelligence of this about the second watch of the night, sent for Megistonoüs, and in an angry tone, ordered him to the relief of Argos: for he it was who had principally undertaken for the obedience of the Argives, and, by that means, prevented the expulsion of such as were suspected. Having despatched Megistonoüs upon this business, the Spartan prince watched the motions of Antigonus, and endeavoured to dispel the fears of the Corinthians, assuring them it was no great thing that had happened at Argos, but only an inconsiderable tumult. Megistonoüs got into Argos, and was slain in a skirmish there; the garrison were hard pressed, and messenger after messenger sent to Cleomenes. Upon this he was afraid that the enemy, after they had made themselves masters of Argos, would block up the passages against him, and then go and ravage Laconia at their pleasure, and besiege Sparta itself, which was left without defence. He therefore decamped from Corinth; the consequence of which was the loss of the town; for Antigonus immediately entered it, and placed a garrison there. In the mean time, Cleomenes having collected his forces, which were scattered in their march, attempted to scale the walls of Argos; but failing in that enterprise, he broke open the vaults under the quarter called *Aspis*, gained an entrance that way, and joined his garrison, which

* One of the harbours of Corinth.

still held out against the Achæans. After this he took some other quarters of the city by assault, and ordering the Cretan archers to ply their bows, cleared the streets of the enemy. But when he saw Antigonus descending with his infantry from the heights into the plain, and his cavalry already pouring into the city, he thought it impossible to maintain his post. He had now no other resource but to collect all his men, and retire along the walls, which he accordingly did without loss. Thus, after achieving the greatest things in a short space of time, and making himself master of almost all Peloponnesus in one campaign, he lost all in less time than he gained it; some cities immediately withdrawing from his alliance, and others surrendering themselves not long after to Antigonus.

Such was the ill success of this expedition. And what was no less a misfortune, as he was marching home, messengers from Lacedæmon met him in the evening near Tegea, and informed him of the death of his wife. His affection and esteem for Agiatis was so great, that, amidst the current of his happiest success, he could not stay from her a whole campaign, but often repaired to Sparta. No wonder, then, that a young man, deprived of so beautiful and virtuous a wife, was extremely affected with the loss. Yet his sorrow did not debase the dignity of his mind. He spoke in the same accent; he preserved the same dress and look; he gave his orders to his officers, and provided for the security of Tegea.

Next morning he entered Lacedæmon; and, after paying a proper tribute to grief at home with his mother and his children, he applied himself to the concerns of state. Ptolemy, king of Egypt, agreed to furnish him with succours; but it was on condition that he sent him his mother and children as hostages. This circumstance he knew not how to communicate to his mother; and he often attempted to mention it to her, but could not go forward. She began to suspect that there was something which he was afraid to open to her; and she asked his friends what it might be. At last he ventured to tell her; upon which she laughed very pleasantly, and said,—“ Was this the thing which you have so long hesitated to express? Why do not you immediately put us on board a ship, and send this carcass of mine where you think it may be of most use to Sparta, before age renders it good for nothing, and sinks it into the grave?”

When every thing was prepared for the voyage, they went by land to Tænarus; the army conducting them to that port. Cratesiclea being on the point of taking ship, took Cleomenes alone into the temple of Neptune, where, seeing him in great emotion and concern, she threw her arms about him, and said,—“ King of Sparta, take care that when we go out, no

one perceive us weeping or doing any thing unworthy that glorious place. This alone is in our power; the event is in the hands of God." After she had given him this advice, and composed her countenance, she went on board, with her little grandson in her arms, and ordered the pilot to put to sea as soon as possible.

Upon her arrival in Egypt, she understood that Ptolemy had received ambassadors from Antigonus, and seemed to listen to his proposals; and, on the other hand, she was informed that Cleomenes, though invited by the Achæans to a pacification, was afraid, on her account, to put an end to the war, without Ptolemy's consent. In this difficulty she wrote to her son, to desire him "to do what he thought most advantageous and honourable for Sparta, and not, for the sake of an old woman and a child, to live always in fear of Ptolemy." So great was the behaviour of Cratesiclea under adverse fortune.

After Antigonus had taken Tegea, and plundered Orchomenus and Mantinea, Cleomenes, now shut up within the bounds of Laconia, enfranchised such of the *helots* as could pay five Attic *minæ* for their liberty. By this expedient he raised fifty talents; and having, moreover, armed and trained in the Macedonian manner two thousand of those *helots*, whom he designed to oppose to the *Leucaspides* of Antigonus, he engaged in a great and unexpected enterprise. Megalopolis was at that time as great and powerful a city as Sparta. It was supported, besides, by the Achæans and Antigonus, whose troops lay on each side of it. Indeed, the Megalopolitans were the foremost and most eager of all the Achæans in their application to Antigonus. This city, however, Cleomenes resolved to surprise; for which purpose he ordered his men to take five days' provisions, and led them to Sellasia, as if he designed an inroad into the territories of Argos. But he turned short, and entered those of Megalopolis; and, after having refreshed his troops at Rhœtium, he marched, by Helicon,* directly to the object he had in view. When he was near it, he sent Panteus before with two companies of Lacedæmonians, to seize that part of the wall which was between the two towers, and which he understood to be the least guarded. He followed with the rest of his army at the common pace. Panteus finding not only that quarter, but great part of the wall without defence, pulled it down in some places, undermined it in others, and put all the sentinels to the sword. While he was thus employed, Cleomenes came up, and entered the city with his forces, before the Megalopolitans knew of his approach.

* Lubinus thinks it ought to be read Helisson, there being no such place as Helicon in Arcadia.

They were no sooner apprised of the misfortune which had befallen them, than the greatest part left the city, taking their money and most valuable effects with them. The rest made a stand, and though they could not dislodge the enemy, yet their resistance gave their fellow-citizens opportunity to escape. There remained not above a thousand men in the town, all the rest having retired to Messene, with their wives and children, before there was any possibility of pursuing them. A considerable part even of those who had armed and fought in defence of the city got off, and very few were taken prisoners. Of this number were Lysandridas and Thearidas, two persons of great name and authority in Megalopolis. As they were such respectable men, the soldiers carried them before Cleomenes. Lysandridas no sooner saw Cleomenes than he thus addressed him:—"Now," said he, in a loud voice, because it was at a distance, "now, king of Sparta, you have an opportunity to do an action much more glorious and princely than the late one, and to acquire immortal honour." Cleomenes, guessing at his aim, made answer,—“You would not have me restore you the town?” “That is the very thing,” said Lysandridas, “I would propose. I advise you, by all means, not to destroy so fine a city, but to fill it with firm friends and faithful allies, by restoring the Megalopolitans to their country, and becoming the saviour of so considerable a people.” Cleomenes paused a while, and then replied,—“This is hard to believe; but be it as it will, let glory with us have always greater weight than interest.” In consequence of this determination, he sent the two men to Messene, with a herald in his own name, to make the Megalopolitans an offer of their town, on condition that they would renounce the Achæans, and declare themselves his friends and allies.

Though Cleomenes made so gracious and humane a proposal, Philopœmen would not suffer the Megalopolitans to accept it, or to quit the Achæan league;* but assuring them that the king of Sparta, instead of inclining to restore them their city, wanted to get the citizens too into his power, he forced Thearidas and Lysandridas to leave Messene. This is that Philopœmen who afterwards was the leading man among the Achæans, and (as we have related in his Life) one of the most illustrious personages among the Greeks.

Upon this news, Cleomenes, who hitherto had kept the houses and goods of the Megalopolitans with such care, that not the least thing was embezzled, was enraged to such a degree that he plundered the whole, sent the statues and pictures

* Polybius bestows great and just encomiums on this conduct of the Megalopolitans, l. xi.

to Sparta, and levelled the greatest and best parts of the city with the ground. After this he marched home again, being under some apprehensions that Antigonus and the Achæans would come upon him. They, however, made no motion towards it, for they were then holding a council at Ægium. Aratus mounted the *rostrum* on that occasion, where he wept a long time with his robe before his face. They were all greatly surprised, and desired him to speak. At last he said,—“Megalopolis is destroyed by Cleomenes.” The Achæans were astonished at so great and sudden a stroke, and the council immediately broke up. Antigonus made great efforts to go to the relief of the place; but as his troops assembled slowly from their winter-quarters, he ordered them to remain where they were, and marched to Argos with the forces he had with him.

This made the second enterprise of Cleomenes appear rash and desperate: but Polybius,* on the contrary, informs us, that it was conducted with great prudence and foresight; for knowing (as he tells us) that the Macedonians were dispersed in winter-quarters, and that Antigonus lay in Argos with only his friends and a few mercenaries about him, he entered the territories of that city, in the persuasion, that either the shame of suffering such an inroad would provoke Antigonus to battle, and expose him to a defeat; or that, if he declined the combat, it would bring him into disrepute with the Argives. The event justified his expectation. When the people of Argos saw their country laid waste, every thing that was valuable destroyed or carried off, they ran in great displeasure to the king's gates, and besieged them with clamour, bidding him either go out and fight, or else give place to his superiors. Antigonus, however, like a wise and able general, thought the censures of strangers no disgrace in comparison of his quitting a place of security, and rashly hazarding a battle, and, therefore, he abode by his first resolutions. Cleomenes, in the mean time, marched up to the very walls, insulted his enemies, and, before he retired, spread desolation at his pleasure.

Soon after his return, he was informed that Antigonus was come to Tegea, with a design to enter Laconia on that side. Upon this emergency, he put his troops under march another way, and appeared again before Argos by break of day, ravaging all the adjacent fields. He did not now cut down the corn with scythes and sickles, as people usually do, but beat it down with wooden instruments in the form of scimitars, as if this destruction was only an amusement to his soldiers in their march. Yet, when they would have set fire to Cyllarabis, the

* Polybius, lib. xi.

school of exercise, he prevented it; reflecting that the ruin of Megalopolis was dictated rather by passion than by reason.

Antigonus immediately returned to Argos, having taken care to place guards in all the passes of the mountains. But Cleomenes, as if he held him and his operations in the utmost contempt, sent heralds to demand the keys of Juno's temple, that he might sacrifice to the goddess. After he had pleased himself with this insult on his enemy, and offered his sacrifice under the walls of the temple, which was fast shut up, he led his troops off to Phlius. In his march from thence he dislodged the garrison of Ologuntum, and then proceeded by Orchomenus; by which means he not only inspired this people with fresh courage, but came to be considered by the enemy as a most able general, and a man capable of the greatest undertakings: for, with the strength of the single city, to oppose the whole power of the Macedonians and Peloponnesians, and all the treasures of the king; and not only to keep Laconia untouched, but to carry devastation into the enemy's country, were indications of no common genius and spirit.

He who first called money *the sinews of business*, seems principally to have had respect to that of war. And Demades, when the Athenians called upon him to equip their navy and get it out, though their treasury was very low, told them,—“They must think of baking bread before they thought of an embarkation.” It is also said, that the old Archidamus, at the beginning of the Peloponnesian war, when the allies desired that the quota of each should be determined, made answer, that “war cannot be kept at a set diet.” And in this case we may justly say, that as wrestlers, strengthened by long exercise, do at last tire out those who have equal skill and agility, but not the exercise; so Antigonus, coming to the war with vast funds, in process of time tired out and overcame Cleomenes, who could but in a very slender manner pay his mercenaries, and give his Spartans bread.

In all other respects the times favoured Cleomenes, Antigonus being drawn home by the bad posture of his affairs: for in his absence the barbarians invaded and ravaged all Macedonia. The Illyrians, in particular, descending with a great army from the north, harassed the Macedonians so much, that they were forced to send for Antigonus. Had the letters been brought a little before the battle, that general would have immediately departed, and bidden the Achæans a long farewell. But fortune, who loves to make the greatest affairs turn upon some minute circumstance, showed on this occasion of what consequence a moment of time may be.* As soon as the battle of Sellasiat

* Plutarch had this reflection from Polybius.

† Polybius has given a particular account of this battle. Antigonus had

was fought, and Cleomenes had lost his army and his city, messengers came to call Antigonus home. This was a great aggravation of the Spartan king's misfortunes. Had he held off and avoided an action only a day or two longer, he would have been under no necessity of fighting; and after the Macedonians were gone, he might have made peace with the Achæans on what conditions he pleased. But such, as we said, was his want of money, that he had no resource but the sword; and, therefore, as Polybius informs us, with twenty thousand men, was forced to challenge thirty thousand.

He showed himself an excellent general in the whole course of the action; his Spartans behaved with great spirit, and his mercenaries fought not ill. His defeat was owing to the superior advantage the Macedonians had in their armour, and to the weight and impetuosity of their *phalanx*.

Phylarchus, indeed, assures us, it was the treachery of one of his officers that ruined the affairs of Cleomenes. Antigonus had ordered the Illyrians and Aearnanians secretly to fetch a compass, and surround that wing which was commanded by Euclidas, the brother of Cleomenes, while he was marshalling the rest of his army. Cleomenes taking a view from an eminence of his adversary's disposition, could not perceive where the Illyrians and Aearnanians were posted, and began to fear they were designed for some such manœuvre. He, therefore, called Damoteles, whose business it was to guard against any surprise, and ordered him to reconnoitre the enemy's rear with particular care, and form the best conjecture he could of the movements they intended. Damoteles, who is said to be bribed by Antigonus, assured him that "he had nothing to fear from that quarter, for all was safe in the rear; nor was there any thing more to be done but to bear down upon the front." Cleomenes, satisfied with this report, attacked Antigonus. The Spartans charged with so much vigour, that they made the Macedonian *phalanx* give ground, and eagerly pursued their advantage for about five furlongs. The king then seeing Euclidas in the other wing quite surrounded, stopped, and cried out,—"Thou art lost, my dear brother! thou art lost, in spite of all thy valour! but great is thy example to our Spartan youth, and the songs of our matrons shall for ever record thee!"*

twenty-eight thousand foot, and twelve hundred horse. The army of Cleomenes consisted only of twenty thousand; but it was advantageously posted. He was encamped on two mountains, which were almost inaccessible, and separated only by a narrow defile. These he had fortified with strong ramparts and a deep fosse; so that Antigonus, after reconnoitring his situation, did not think proper to attack him, but encamped at a small distance on the plain. At length, for want of money and provisions, Cleomenes was forced to come to action, and was beaten.—*Polyb.* lib. xi.

* He acted like a brave soldier, but not like a skilful officer. Instead of

Euclidas, and the wing he commanded, thus being slain, the victors fell upon Cleomenes, who seeing his men in great confusion, and unable to maintain the fight, provided as well as he could for his own safety. It is said that great numbers of the mercenaries were killed; and that of six thousand Lacedæmonians no more than two hundred were saved.

When he reached Sparta, he advised the citizens to receive Antigonus:—"For my part," said he, "I am willing either to live or to die, as the one or the other may be most for the interest of my country." Seeing the women run to meet the few brave men who had escaped with him, help to take off their armour, and present them with wine, he retired into his own house. After the death of his wife, he had taken into his house a young woman, who was a native of Megalopolis, and free-born, but fell into his hands at the sack of the place. She approached him, according to custom, with a tender of her services on his return from the field. But though both thirsty and weary, he would neither drink nor sit down; he only leaned his elbow against a pillar, and his head upon it, armed as he was; and having rested a few moments, while he considered what course to take, he repaired to Gythium with his friends. There they went on board vessels provided for that purpose, and immediately put out to sea.

Upon the arrival of Antigonus, Sparta surrendered. His behaviour to the inhabitants was mild and humane, and not unsuitable to the dignity of their republic; for he offered them no kind of insult, but restored to them their laws and polity; and after having sacrificed to the gods, retired the third day. He was informed, indeed, that Macedonia was involved in a dangerous war; and that the barbarians were ravaging the country. Besides, he was in a deep consumption, and had a continual defluxion upon the lungs. However, he bore up under his affliction, and wrestled with domestic wars, until a great victory over, and carnage of the barbarians, made him die more glorious. Phylarchus tells us, (and it is not at all improbable,) that he burst a vessel in his lungs with shouting in the battle: though it passed in the schools, that, in expressing his joy after the victory, and crying out,—“O glorious day!” he brought up a quantity of blood, and fell into a fever, of which he died. Thus much concerning Antigonus.

From the isle of Cythera, where Cleomenes first touched, he sailed to another island called Ægialia. There he had formed a design to pass over to Cyrene, when one of his friends, named Therycion, a man of high and intrepid spirit on all occasions,

pouring upon the enemy from the heights, and retiring as he found it convenient, he stood still, and suffered the Macedonians to cut off his retreat.

and one who always indulged himself in a lofty and haughty turn of expression, came privately to Cleomenes, and thus addressed him:—"We have lost, my prince, the most glorious death, which we might have found in the battle; though the world had heard us boast that Antigonus should never conquer the king of Sparta till he had slain him. Yet there is another exit still offered us by glory and virtue. Whither, then, are we so absurdly sailing; flying a death that is near, and seeking one that is remote? If it is not dishonourable for the descendants of Hercules to serve the successors of Philip and Alexander, why do not we save ourselves a long voyage, by making our submission to Antigonus, who, in all probability, as much excels Ptolemy, as the Macedonians do the Egyptians? But if we do not choose to be governed by a man who beat us in the field, why do we take one who never conquered us for our master? Is it that we may show our inferiority to two instead of one, by flying before Antigonus, and then going to flatter Ptolemy? Shall we say that you go into Egypt for the sake of your mother? It will be a glorious and happy thing truly for her, to show Ptolemy's wives her son from a king become a captive and an exile. No! while we are yet masters of our swords, and are yet in sight of Laconia, let us deliver ourselves from this miserable fortune, and make our excuse for our past behaviour to those brave men who fell for Sparta at Sellasia. Or shall we rather sit down in Egypt, and inquire whom Antigonus has left governor of Lacedæmon?"

Thus Therycion spoke, and Cleomenes made this answer:—"Dost thou think, then, wretch that thou art! dost thou think, by running into the arms of death, than which nothing is more easy to find, to show thy courage and fortitude? And dost thou not consider that this flight is more dastardly than the former? Better men than we have given way to their enemies, being either overset by fortune, or oppressed by numbers. But he who gives out either for fear of labour and pain, or of the opinions and tongues of men, falls a victim to his own cowardice. A voluntary death ought to be an action, not a retreat from action: for it is an ungenerous thing either to live or to die to ourselves. All that thy expedient could possibly do, would be only the extricating us from our present misfortunes, without answering any purpose either of honour or utility. But I think neither thou nor I ought to give up all hopes for our country. If those hopes should desert us, death, when we seek for him, will not be hard to find." Therycion made no reply; but the first opportunity he had to leave Cleomenes, he walked down to the shore, and stabbed himself.

Cleomenes left Ægialia, and sailed to Africa, where he was received by the king's officers, and conducted to Alexandria.

When he was first introduced to Ptolemy,* that prince behaved to him with sufficient kindness and humanity; but when, upon farther trial of him, he found what strength of understanding he had, and that his laconic and simple way of conversing was mixed with a vein of wit and pleasantry; when he saw that he did not, in any instance whatever, dishonour his royal birth, or crouch to fortune, he began to take more pleasure in his discourse than in the mean sacrifices of complaisance and flattery. He greatly repented, too, and blushed at the thought of having neglected such a man, and given him up to Antigonus, who, by conquering him, had acquired so much power and glory. He, therefore, encouraged him now with every mark of attention and respect, and promised to send him back to Greece with a fleet and supply of money, to re-establish him in his kingdom. His present appointments amounted to four and twenty talents by the year. Out of this he maintained himself and his friends in a sober and frugal manner, and bestowed the rest in offices of humanity to such Greeks as had left their country, and retired into Egypt.

But old Ptolemy died before he could put his intentions in favour of Cleomenes into execution; and the court soon becoming a scene of debauchery, where women had the sway, the business of Cleomenes was neglected: for the king† was so much corrupted with wine and women, that in his more sober and serious hours he would attend to nothing but the celebration of mysteries, and the beating a drum with his royal hands about the palace; while the great affairs of state were left to his mistress Agathoclea and her mother, and Oenanthes the infamous minister to his pleasures. It appears, however, that at first some use was made of Cleomenes; for Ptolemy being afraid of his brother Magas, who, through his mother's interest, stood well with the army, admitted Cleomenes to a consultation in his cabinet: the subject of which was, whether he should destroy his brother. All the rest voted for it, but Cleomenes opposed it strongly. He said,—“The king, if it were possible, should have more brothers, for the greater security of the crown, and the better management of affairs.” And when Sosibius, the king's principal favourite, replied,—“That the mercenaries could not be depended on, while Magas was alive,” Cleomenes desired them to give themselves no pain about that: “for,” said he, “above three thousand of the mercenaries are Peloponnesians, who, upon a nod from me, will be ready with their arms. Hence Ptolemy, for the present, looked upon Cleomenes not only as a fast friend, but a man of power; but his weakness afterwards increasing his timidity, as is com-

* Ptolemy Euergetes.

† Ptolemy Philopater.

mon with people of little understanding, he began to place his security in jealousy and suspicion. His ministers were of the same stamp, and they considered Cleomenes as an object of fear, on account of his interest with the mercenaries; inso-much that many were heard to say,—“That he was a lion among a flock of sheep.” Such indeed, he seemed to be in court, where, with a silent severity of aspect, he observed all that passed.

In these circumstances, he made no more applications for ships or troops: but being informed that Antigonus was dead; that the Achæans were engaged in war with the Ætolians; and that affairs called strongly for his presence, in the troubles and distractions that then reigned in Peloponnesus, he desired only a conveyance thither for himself and his friends. Yet no man listened to him. The king, who spent his time in all kinds of Bacchanalian revels with women, could not possibly hear him. Sosibius, the prime minister, thought Cleomenes must prove a formidable and dangerous man, if he were kept in Egypt against his will; and that it was not safe to dismiss him, because of his bold and enterprising spirit; and because he had been an eye-witness to the distempered state of the kingdom: for it was not in the power of money to mollify him. As the ox Apis, though revelling, to all appearance, in every delight that he can desire, yet longs after the liberty which nature gave him, wants to bound over the fields and pastures at his pleasure, and discovers a manifest uneasiness under the hands of the priest who feeds him; so Cleomenes could not be satisfied with a soft and effeminate life; but, like Achilles,

Consuming cares lay heavy on his mind:
In his black thoughts revenge and slaughter roll,
And scenes of blood rise dreadful in his soul.

Pope.

While his affairs were in this posture, Nicagoras the Messenian, a man who concealed the most rancorous hatred of Cleomenes, under the pretence of friendship, came to Alexandria. It seems he had formerly sold him a handsome piece of ground, and the king, either through want of money, or his continual engagement in war, had neglected to pay him for it. Cleomenes, who happened to be walking upon the quay, saw this Nicagoras just landing from a merchantman, and saluting him with great kindness, asked,—“What business had brought him to Egypt?” Nicagoras returned the compliment with equal appearance of friendship, and answered,—“I am bringing some fine war-horses for the king.” Cleomenes laughed, and said,—“I could rather have wished that you had brought him some female musicians and pathies; for those are the cattle that the king at present likes best.” Nicagoras, at that time,

only smiled; but a few days after he put Cleomenes in mind of the field he had sold him, and desired he might now be paid; pretending,—“that he would not have given him any trouble about it, if he had not found considerable loss in the disposal of his merchandise.” Cleomenes assured him,—“that he had nothing left of what the kings of Egypt had given him;” upon which, Nicagoras, in his disappointment, acquainted Sosibius with the joke upon the king. Sosibius received the information with pleasure; but being desirous to have something against Cleomenes that would exasperate Ptolemy still more, he persuaded Nicagoras to leave a letter, asserting that “if the Spartan prince had received a supply of ships and men from the king of Egypt’s bounty, he would have made use of them in seizing Cyrene for himself.” Nicagoras, accordingly, left the letter and set sail. Four days after, Sosibius carried it to Ptolemy, as if just come to his hands; and having worked up the young prince to revenge, it was resolved that Cleomenes should have a large apartment assigned him, and be served there as formerly, but not suffered to go out.

This was a great affliction to Cleomenes; and the following accident made his prospects still more miserable:—Ptolemy, the son of Chrysermus, who was an intimate friend of the king’s, had all along behaved to Cleomenes with great civility: they seemed to like each other’s company, and were upon some terms of confidence. Cleomenes, in this distress, desired the son of Chrysermus to come and speak to him. He came and talked to him plausibly enough, endeavouring to dispel his suspicions, and to apologize for the king; but as he was going out of the apartment, without observing that Cleomenes followed him to the door, he gave the keepers a severe reprimand, “for looking so carelessly after a wild beast, who, if he escaped, in all probability could be taken no more.” Cleomenes having heard this, retired before Ptolemy perceived him, and acquainted his friends with it. Upon this they all dismissed their former hopes, and taking the measures which anger dictated, they resolved to revenge themselves of Ptolemy’s injurious and insolent behaviour, and then die as became Spartans, instead of waiting long for their doom in confinement, like victims fatted for the altar; for they thought it an insufferable thing that Cleomenes, after he had disdained to come to terms with Antigonus, a brave warrior, and a man of action, should sit expecting his fate from a prince who assumed the character of a priest of Cybele; and who, after he had laid aside his drum, and was tired of his dance, would find another kind of sport in putting him to death.

After they had taken their resolution, Ptolemy happening to go to Canopus, they propagated a report, that by the king’s

order Cleomenes was to be released; and, as it was the custom of the kings of Egypt to send those to whom they designed to extend such grace a supper, and other tokens of friendship, the friends of Cleomenes made ample provision for the purpose, and sent it to the gate. By this stratagem the keepers were deceived; for they imagined that the whole was sent by the king. Cleomenes then offered sacrifice with a chaplet of flowers on his head, and afterwards sat down with his friends to the banquet, taking care that the keepers should have large portions to regale them. It is said that he set about his enterprise sooner than he intended, because he found that one of the servants who was in the secret had been out all night with his mistress. Fearing, therefore, that a discovery might be made about mid-day, while the intoxication of the preceding night still kept the guards fast asleep, he put on his military tunic, having first opened the seam of the left shoulder, and rushed out sword in hand, accompanied by his friends, who were thirteen in number, and accoutred in the same manner.

One of them, named Hippotas, though lame, at first was enabled, by the spirit of the enterprise, to keep pace with them; but afterwards perceiving that they went slower on his account, he desired them to kill him, and not ruin the whole scheme by waiting for a man who could do them no service. By good fortune they found an Alexandrian leading a horse in the street; they took it, and set Hippotas upon it, and then moved swiftly through the streets, all the way inviting the people to liberty. They had just spirit enough left to praise and admire the bold attempt of Cleomenes, but not a man of them ventured to follow or assist him.

Ptolemy, the son of Chrysermus, happening to come out of the palace, three of them fell upon him, and despatched him. Another Ptolemy, who was governor of the city, advanced to meet them in his chariot: they attacked and dispersed his officers and guards, and, dragging him out of the chariot, put him to the sword; then they marched to the citadel, with a design to break open the prison, and join the prisoners, who were no small number, to their party. But the keepers had prevented them by strongly barricading the gates. Cleomenes, thus disappointed again, roamed up and down the city; and he found that not a single man would join him, but that all avoided him as they would avoid infection.

He therefore stopped, and said to his friends,—“It is no wonder that women govern a people who fly from liberty;” adding, “that he hoped they would all die in a manner that would reflect no dishonour upon him or on their own achievements.” Hippotas desired one of the younger men to des-

patch him, and was the first that fell. Afterwards each of them, without fear or delay, fell upon his own sword, except Panteus, who was the first man that scaled the walls of Megalopolis when it was taken by surprise. He was in the flower of his age, remarkable for his beauty, and of a happier turn than the rest of the youth for the Spartan discipline; which perfections had given him a great share in the king's regard; and he now gave him orders not to despatch himself till he saw his prince and all the rest breathless on the ground. Panteus tried one after another with his dagger as they lay, lest some one should happen to be left with life in him. On pricking Cleomenes in the foot he perceived a contortion in his face. He therefore kissed him, and sat down by him till the breath was out of his body, and, then embracing the corpse, slew himself upon it.

Thus fell Cleomenes, after he had been sixteen years king of Sparta, and showed himself in all respects the great man. When the report of his death had spread over the city, Cratesiclea, though a woman of superior fortitude, sunk under the weight of the calamity; she embraced the children of Cleomenes, and wept over them. The eldest of them, disengaging himself from her arms, got unsuspected to the top of the house, and threw himself down headlong. The child was not killed, but much hurt; and when they took him up, he loudly expressed his grief and indignation that they would not suffer him to destroy himself.

Ptolemy was no sooner informed of these things, than he ordered the body of Cleomenes to be flayed, and nailed to a cross, and his children to be put to death, together with his mother, and the women her companions. Amongst these was the wife of Panteus, a woman of great beauty, and a most majestic presence. They had been but lately married, and their misfortunes overtook them amidst the first transports of love. When her husband went with Cleomenes from Sparta, she was desirous of accompanying him, but was prevented by her parents, who kept her in close custody. But soon after she provided herself a horse and a little money, and making her escape by night, rode at full speed to Tænarus, and there embarked on board a ship bound for Egypt. She was brought safe to Panteus, and she cheerfully shared with him in all the inconveniences they found in a foreign country. When the soldiers came to take out Cratesiclea to execution, she led her by the hand, assisting in bearing her robe, and desired her to exert all the courage she was mistress of; though she was far from being afraid of death, and desired no other favour than that she might die before her children. But when they came to the place of execution, the children suffered before her eyes, and

then Cratesiclea was despatched, who, in this extreme distress, uttered only these words,—“O! my children! whither are you gone!”

The wife of Panteus, who was tall and strong, girt her robe about her, and, in a silent and composed manner, paid the last offices to each woman that lay dead, winding up the bodies as well as her present circumstances would admit. Last of all, she prepared herself for the poniard, by letting down her robe about her, and adjusting it in such a manner as to need no assistance after death; then calling the executioner to do his office, and permitting no other person to approach her, she fell like a heroine. In death she retained all the decorum she had preserved in life; and the decency which had been so sacred with this excellent woman still remained about her. Thus, in this bloody tragedy, wherein the women contended to the last for the prize of courage with the men, Lacedæmon showed that *it is impossible for fortune to conquer virtue*.

A few days after, the soldiers who watched the body of Cleomenes on the cross,* saw a great snake winding about his head, and covering all his face, so that no bird of prey durst touch it. This struck the king with superstitious terrors, and made way for the women to try a variety of expiations; for Ptolemy was now persuaded that he had caused the death of a person who was a favourite of heaven, and something more than mortal. The Alexandrians crowded to the place, and called Cleomenes a hero, a son of the gods, till the philosophers put a stop to their devotions, by assuring them, that as dead oxen breed bees,† horses wasps,‡ and beetles rise out of the putrefaction of asses; so human carcasses, when some of the moisture of the marrow is evaporated, and it comes to a thicker consistence, produce serpents.¶ The ancients knowing this doctrine, appropriated the serpent, rather than any other animal, to heroes.

* That the friends of the deceased might not take it away by night. Thus we find in Petronius' Ephesian Matron,—*Miles qui cruces asservabat, nequis ad sepulturam corpora detraheret*. And thus we find in an authority we shall not mention at the same time with Petronius.

† This was the received opinion of antiquity, as we find in Varro, &c. &c.

‡ *Pressus humo bellator equus crabronis origo*.—*Ovid*.

¶ *Sunt qui, cum clauso putrefacta est spina sepulchro, Mutari credant humanas angue medullas*.—*Ovid*.

The above verses seem to be taken from some Greek lines of Archelaüs, addressed to Ptolemy on the subject of serpents being generated from the corruption of the human body.

THE

LIFE OF TIBERIUS GRACCHUS.

HAVING thus presented you with the history of Agis and Cleomenes, we have two Romans to compare with them; and no less dreadful a scene of calamities to open in the Lives of Tiberius and Caius Gracchus. They were the sons of Tiberius Gracchus; who, though he was once honoured with the censorship, twice with the consulate, and led up two triumphs, yet derived still greater dignity from his virtues.* Hence, after the death of that Scipio, who conquered Hannibal, he was thought worthy to marry Cornelia, the daughter of that great man, though he had not been upon any terms of friendship with him, but rather always at variance. It is said, that he once caught a pair of serpents upon his bed; and that the soothsayers, after they had considered the prodigy, advised him neither to kill them both nor let them both go. If he killed the male serpent, they told him his death would be the consequence; if the female, that of Cornelia. Tiberius, who loved his wife, and thought it more suitable for him to die first, who was much older than his wife, killed the male, and set the female at liberty. Not long after this, he died, leaving Cornelia with no fewer than twelve children.†

The care of the house and the children now entirely devolved upon Cornelia; and she behaved with such sobriety, so much parental affection and greatness of mind, that Tiberius seemed not to have judged ill in choosing to die for so valuable a woman: for though Ptolemy, king of Egypt, paid his addresses to her, and offered her a share in his throne, she refused him. During her widowhood, she lost all her children except three, one daughter, who was married to Scipio the younger, and two sons, Tiberius and Caius, whose lives we are now writing. Cornelia brought them up with so much care, that though they were without dispute of the noblest family, and had the happiest genius and disposition of all the Roman youth, yet education was allowed to have contributed more to their perfections than nature.

* Cicero in his first book *de Divinatione*, passes the highest encomiums on his virtue and wisdom. He was grandson to Publius Sempronius.

† Cicero relates this story in his first book *de Divinatione*, from the Memoirs of Caius Gracchus, the son of Tiberius.

As in the statues and pictures of Castor and Pollux, though there is a resemblance between the brothers, yet there is also a difference in the make of him who delighted in the cestus, and in the other whose province was horsemanship; so while these young men strongly resembled each other, in point of valour, of temperance, of liberality, of eloquence, of greatness of mind, there appeared in their actions and political conduct no small dissimilarity. It may not be amiss to explain the difference, before we proceed farther.

In the first place, Tiberius had a mildness in his look, and a composure in his whole behaviour; Caius as much vehemence and fire: so that when they spoke in public, Tiberius had a great modesty of action, and shifted not his place; whereas, Caius was the first of the Romans that, in addressing the people, moved from one end of the rostra to the other, and threw his gown off his shoulder.* So it is related of Cleon of Athens, that he was the first orator who threw back his robe, and smote upon his thigh. The oratory of Caius was strongly impassioned, and calculated to excite terror; that of Tiberius was of a more gentle kind, and pity was the emotion that it raised.

The language of Tiberius was chaste and elaborate; that of Caius splendid and persuasive. So, in their manner of living, Tiberius was plain and frugal; Caius, when compared to other young Romans, temperate and sober, but, in comparison with his brother, a friend to luxury. Hence Drusus objected to him, that he had bought Delphic tables,† of silver only, but very exquisite workmanship, at the rate of twelve hundred and fifty drachmas a pound.

Their tempers were no less different than their language. Tiberius was mild and gentle; Caius high-spirited and uncontrolled; insomuch that in speaking he would often be carried away by the violence of his passion, exalt his voice above the regular pitch, give into abusive expressions, and disorder the whole frame of his oration. To guard against these excesses, he ordered his servant, Licinius, who was a sensible man, to stand with a pitchpipe‡ behind him when he spoke in public, and whenever he found him straining his voice, or breaking

* Cicero, in his third book *de Oratore*, quotes a passage from one of Caius' orations on the death of Tiberius, which strongly marks the nervous pathos of his eloquence:—"Quo me miser conferam? In Capitoliumne? at fratris sanguine redundat. An domum? Matremne ut miseram, lamentantemque videam, et abjectam." Cicero observes, that his action was no less animated than his eloquence:—"Que sic ab illo acta esse constabat oculis, voce, gestu, inimici ut lachrymas tenere non possent.

† These, we suppose, were a kind of tripods.

‡ Cicero, in his third book *de Oratore*, calls this small ivory pipe, *Ebur neola fistula*.

out into anger, to give him a softer key; upon which his violence both of tone and passion immediately abated, and he was easily recalled to a propriety of address.

Such was the difference between the two brothers. But in the valour they exerted against their enemies, in the justice they did their fellow-citizens, in attention to their duty as magistrates, and in self-government with respect to pleasure, they were perfectly alike. Tiberius was nine years older than his brother; consequently their political operations took place in different periods. This was a great disadvantage, and indeed the principal thing that prevented their success. Had they flourished together, and acted in concert, such an union would have added greatly to their force, and perhaps might have rendered it irresistible. We must, therefore, speak of each separately; and we shall begin with the eldest.

Tiberius, as he grew towards manhood, gained so extraordinary a reputation, that he was admitted into the college of augurs, rather on account of his high virtue than his high birth. Of the excellence of his character the following is also a proof:—Appius Claudius, who had been honoured both with the consulate and the censorship, whose merit had raised him to the rank of president of the senate, and who in sense and spirit was superior to all the Romans of his time, supping one evening with the augurs at a public entertainment, addressed himself to Tiberius with great kindness, and offered him his daughter in marriage. Tiberius accepted the proposal with pleasure; and the contract being agreed upon, Appius, when he went home, had no sooner entered the house, than he called out aloud to his wife, and said,—“Antistia, I have contracted our daughter Claudia.” Antistia, much surprised, answered,—“Why so suddenly? What need of such haste, unless Tiberius Gracchus be the man you have pitched upon?” I am not ignorant that some* tell the same story of Tiberius, the father of the Gracchi and Scipio Africanus: but most historians give it in the manner we have mentioned; and Polybius, in particular, tells us, that after the death of Africanus, Cornelia’s relations gave her to Tiberius, in preference to all competitors; which is a proof that her father left her unengaged.

The Tiberius of whom we are writing served in Africa under the younger Scipio, who had married his sister; and, as he lived in the same tent with the general, he became immediately attentive to his genius and powers, which were daily productive of such actions as might animate a young man to virtue, and attract his imitation. With these advantages, Tiberius soon excelled all of his age, both in point of discipline

* Amongst these was Livy, lib. xxxviii. cap. 37.

and valour. At a siege of one of the enemy's towns, he was the first that scaled the walls, as Fannius relates,* who, according to his own account, mounted it with him, and had a share in the honour. In short, Tiberius, while he staid with the army, was greatly beloved, and as much regretted when he left it.

After this expedition he was appointed quæstor; and it fell to his lot to attend the consul Caius Mancinus in the Numantian war.† Mancinus did not want courage, but he was one of the most unfortunate generals the Romans ever had. Yet amidst a train of severe accidents and desperate circumstances, Tiberius distinguished himself the more, not only by his courage and capacity, but what did him greater honour, by his respectful behaviour to his general, whose misfortunes had made him forget even the authority that he bore: for, after having lost several important battles, he attempted to decamp in the night: the Numantians perceiving this movement, seized the camp, and falling upon the fugitives, made great havoc of the rear. Not satisfied with this, they surrounded the whole army, and drove the Romans upon impracticable ground, where there was no possibility of escape. Mancinus now despairing of making his way sword in hand, sent a herald to beg a truce and conditions of peace. The Numantians, however, would trust no man but Tiberius, and they insisted on his being sent to treat. This they did, not only out of regard to the young man who had so great a character in the army, but to the memory of his father, who had formerly made war in Spain, and, after having subdued several nations, granted the Numantians a peace, which, through his interest, was confirmed at Rome, and observed with good faith. Tiberius was, accordingly, sent; and, in his negotiation, he thought proper to comply with some articles, by which means he gained others, and made a peace that undoubtedly saved twenty thousand Roman citizens, besides slaves and other retainers to the army.

But whatever was left in the camp, the Numantians took as legal plunder. Among the rest they carried off the books and papers which contained the accounts of Tiberius' quæstorship. As it was a matter of importance to him to recover them, though the Roman army was already under march, he returned with a few friends to Numantia. Having called out the magistrates of the place, he desired them to restore him his books, that his enemies might not have an opportunity to ac-

* This Fannius was author of a history, and certain annals, which were abridged by Brutus.

† He was consul with Æmilius Lepidus in the year of Rome 616.

euse him, when they saw he had lost the means of defending himself. The Numantians were much pleased that the accident had given them an opportunity to oblige him, and they invited him to enter their city. As he was deliberating on this circumstance, they drew nearer, and taking him by the hand, earnestly entreated him no longer to look upon them as enemies, but to rank them among his friends, and place a confidence in them as such. Tiberius thought it best to comply, both for the sake of his books, and for fear of offending them by the appearance of distrust. Accordingly, he went into the town with them, where the first thing they did, was to provide a little collation, and to beg he would partake it. Afterwards they returned him his books, and desired he would take whatever else he chose among the spoils. He accepted, however, of nothing but some frankincense, to be used in the public sacrifices, and at his departure he embraced them with great cordiality.

On his return to Rome, he found that the whole business of the peace was considered in an obnoxious and dishonourable light. In this danger the relations and friends of the soldiers he had brought off, who made a very considerable part of the people, joined to support Tiberius; imputing all the disgrace of what was done to the general, and insisting that the quæstor had saved so many citizens. The generality of the citizens, however, could not suffer the peace to stand, and they demanded that, in this case, the example of their ancestors should be followed: for when their generals thought themselves happy in getting out of the hands of the Samnites, by agreeing to such a league, they delivered them naked to the enemy.* The quæstors, too, and the tribunes, and all that had a share in concluding the peace, they sent back in the same condition, and turned entirely upon them the breach of the treaty, and of the oath that should have confirmed it.

On this occasion the people showed their affection for Tiberius in a remarkable manner: for they decreed that the consul be delivered up to the Numantians, naked, and in chains; but that all the rest should be spared for the sake of Tiberius. Scipio, who had then great authority and interest in Rome, seems to have contributed to the procuring of this decree. He was blamed, notwithstanding, for not saving Mancinus, nor using his best endeavours to get the peace with the Numantians ratified, which would not have been granted at all, had it not been on account of his friend and relation Tiberius. Great part of these complaints, indeed, seems to have arisen

* This was about 182 years before. The generals sent back, were the consuls Veturius Calvinus and Posthumus Albinus.

from the ambition and excessive zeal of Tiberius' friends, and the sophists he had about him; and the difference between him and Scipio was far from terminating in irreconcilable enmity. Nay, I am persuaded that Tiberius would never have fallen into those misfortunes that ruined him, had Scipio been at home to assist him in his political conduct. He was engaged in war with Numantia, when Tiberius ventured to propose his new laws. It was on this occasion:—

When the Romans in their wars made any acquisitions of lands from their neighbours, they used formerly to sell part, to add part to the public demesnes, and to distribute the rest among the necessitous citizens; only reserving a small rent to be paid into the treasury. But when the rich began to carry it with a high hand over the poor, and to exclude them entirely, if they did not pay exorbitant rents, a law was made that no man should be possessed of more than five hundred acres of land. This statute for a while restrained the avarice of the rich and helped the poor, who, by virtue of it, remained upon their lands at the old rents. But afterwards their wealthy neighbours took their farms from them, and held them in other names; though, in time, they scrupled not to claim them in their own. The poor, thus expelled, neither gave in their names readily to the levies, nor attended to the education of their children. The consequence was, a want of freemen all over Italy; for it was filled with slaves and barbarians, who, after the poor Roman citizens were dispossessed, cultivated the ground for the rich. Caius Lælius, the friend of Scipio, attempted to correct this disorder; but finding a formidable opposition from persons in power, and fearing the matter could not be decided without the sword, he gave it up. This gained him the name of *Lælius the wise*.* But Tiberius was no sooner appointed tribune of the people, than he embarked in the same enterprise. He was put upon it, according to most authors, by Diophanes the rhetorician, and Blossius the philosopher; the former of whom was a Metylenean exile, the latter a native of Cumæ in Italy, and a particular friend of Antipater of Tarsus, with whom he became acquainted at Rome, and who did him the honour to address some of his philosophical writings to him.

Some blame his mother Cornelia, who used to reproach her sons, that she was still called the mother-in-law of Scipio, not the mother of the Gracchi. Others say, Tiberius took this rash step from a jealousy of Spurius Posthumius, who was of

* Plutarch seems here to have followed some mistaken authority. It was not this circumstance, but the abstemiousness of his life, that gave Lælius the name of *wise*. *Lælius eo dictus est sapiens, quod non intelligeret quid suavissimum esset.*—Cic. de Fin. Bon. et Mal.

the same age with him, and his rival in oratory. It seems, when he returned from the wars, he found Posthumius so much before him in point of reputation and interest with the people, that, to recover his ground, he undertook this hazardous affair, which so effectually drew the popular attention upon him. But his brother Caius writes, that as Tiberius was passing through Tuscany on his way to Numantia, and found the country almost depopulated, there being scarce any husbandmen or shepherds, except slaves from foreign and barbarous nations, he then first formed the project which plunged them in so many misfortunes. It is certain, however, that the people inflamed his spirit of enterprise and ambition, by putting up writings on the porticoes, walls, and monuments, in which they begged of him to restore their share of the public lands to the poor.

Yet he did not frame the law without consulting some of the Romans that were most distinguished for their virtue and authority. Among these were Crassus the chief pontiff, Mutius Scævola the lawyer, who at that time was also consul, and Appius Claudius, father-in-law to Tiberius. There never was a milder law made against so much injustice and oppression; for they who deserved to have been punished for their infringement on the rights of the community, and fined for holding the lands contrary to law, were to have a consideration for giving up their groundless claims, and restoring the estates to such of the citizens as were to be relieved. But though the reformation was conducted with so much tenderness, the people were satisfied: they were willing to overlook what was past, on condition that they might guard against future usurpations.

On the other hand, persons of great property opposed the law out of avarice, and the lawgiver out of a spirit of resentment and malignity; endeavouring to prejudice the people against the design, as if Tiberius intended by the Agrarian law to throw all into disorder, and subvert the constitution. But their attempts were vain: for, in this just and glorious cause, Tiberius exerted an eloquence which might have adorned a worse subject, and which nothing could resist. How great was he, when the people were gathered about the rostrum, and he pleaded for the poor in such language as this:—"The wild beasts of Italy have their caves to retire to, but the brave men who spill their blood in her cause, have nothing left but air and light. Without houses, without any settled habitations, they wander from place to place with their wives and children; and their generals do but mock them, when, at the head of their armies, they exhort their men to fight for their sepulchres and domestic gods: for among such numbers, perhaps there is not a Roman who has an altar that belonged to his ancestors,

or a sepulchre in which their ashes rest. The private soldiers fight and die, to advance the wealth and luxury of the great; and they are called masters of the world, while they have not a foot of ground in their possession.”

Such speeches as this, delivered by a man of such spirit, and flowing from a heart really interested in the cause, filled the people with an enthusiastic fury, and none of his adversaries durst pretend to answer him. Forbearing, therefore, the war of words, they addressed themselves to Marcus Octavius, one of the tribunes, a grave and modest young man, and an intimate acquaintance of Tiberius. Out of reverence for his friend, he declined the task at first; but upon a number of applications from men of the first rank, he was prevailed upon to oppose Tiberius, and prevent the passing of the law: for the tribune's power chiefly lies in the negative voice, and if one of them stands out, the rest can effect nothing.

Incensed by this behaviour, Tiberius dropped his moderate bill, and proposed another more agreeable to the commonalty, and more severe against the usurpers; for by this they were commanded immediately to quit the lands which they held contrary to former laws. On this subject there were daily disputes between him and Octavius on the rostra; yet not one abusive or disparaging word is said to have escaped either of them in all the heat of speaking. Indeed, an ingenuous disposition and liberal education, will prevent or restrain the sallies of passion, not only during the free enjoyment of the bottle, but in the ardour of contention about points of a superior nature.

Tiberius observing that Octavius was liable to suffer by the bill, as having more land than the laws could warrant, desired him to give up his opposition, and offered, at the same time, to indemnify him out of his own fortune, though that was not great. As this proposal was not accepted, Tiberius forbade all other magistrates to exercise their functions, till the Agrarian law was passed. He likewise put his own seal upon the doors of the temple of Saturn, that the quæstors might neither bring any thing into the treasury, nor take any thing out. And he threatened to fine such of the prætors as should attempt to disobey his commands. This struck such a terror, that all departments of government were at a stand. Persons of great property put themselves into mourning, and appeared in public with all the circumstances that they thought might excite compassion. Not satisfied with this, they conspired the death of Tiberius, and suborned assassins to destroy him. For which reason he appeared with a tuck, such as is used by robbers, which the Romans call a *dolon*.*

* We find this word used by Virgil:—

Pila manu, sænivosque gerunt in bella dolones.—*Æn.* vii. v. 664.

When the day appointed came, and Tiberius was summoning the people to give their suffrages, a party of the people of property carried off the balloting vessels,* which occasioned great confusion. Tiberius, however, seemed strong enough to carry his point by force, and his partisans were preparing to have recourse to it, when Manlius and Fulvius, men of consular dignity, fell at Tiberius' feet, bathed his hands with tears, and conjured him not to put his purpose in execution. He now perceived how dreadful the consequences of his attempt might be, and his reverence for those two great men had its effect upon him: he therefore asked them what they would have him do? They said, they were not capable of advising him in so important an affair, and earnestly entreated him to refer it to the senate. The senate assembled to deliberate upon it, but the influence of the people of fortune on that body was such, that their debates ended in nothing.

Tiberius then adopted a measure that was neither just nor moderate. He resolved to remove Octavius from the tribuneship, because there was no other means to get his law passed. He addressed him, indeed, in public first, in a mild and friendly manner, and taking him by the hand, conjured him to gratify the people, who asked nothing that was unjust, and would only receive a small recompense for the great labours and dangers they had experienced. But Octavius absolutely refused to comply. Tiberius then declared,—“That it was not possible for two magistrates of equal authority, when they differed in such capital points, to go through the remainder of their office without coming to hostilities: he saw no other remedy but the deposing of them.” He, therefore, desired Octavius to take the sense of the people first with respect to him; assuring him, that he would immediately return to a private station, if the suffrages of his fellow-citizens should order it so. As Octavius rejected this proposal too, Tiberius told him plainly, that he would put the question to the people concerning him, if, upon farther consideration, he did not alter his mind.

Upon this, he dismissed the assembly. Next day he convoked it again; and when he had mounted the rostra, he made another trial to bring Octavius to compliance. But finding him inflexible, he proposed a decree for depriving him of the

The *dolon* was a staff that had a poniard concealed within it, and had its name from *dolus*, deceit.

* The original *ὑδρία* signifies an urn. The Romans had two sorts of vessels which they used in balloting. The first were open vessels called *cistæ*, or *cistellæ*, which contained the ballots before they were distributed to the people; the others, with narrow necks, were called *sitellæ*, and into these the people cast their ballots. The latter were the vessels which are here said to have been carried off.

tribuneship, and immediately put it to the vote. When, of the five and thirty tribes, seventeen had given their voices for it, and there wanted only one more to make Octavius a private man, Tiberius ordered them to stop, and once more applied to his colleague. He embraced him with great tenderness in the sight of the people, and, with the most pressing instances, besought him, neither to bring such a mark of infamy upon himself, nor expose him to the disreputation of being promoter of such severe and violent measures. It was not without emotion that Octavius is said to have listened to these entreaties. His eyes were filled with tears, and he stood a long time silent. But when he looked towards the persons of property, who were assembled in a body, shame and fear of losing himself in their opinion, brought him back to his resolution to run all risks, and with a noble firmness he bade Tiberius do his pleasure. The bill, therefore, was passed; and Tiberius ordered one of his freedmen to pull down Octavius from the tribunal; for he employed his own freedmen as lieters. This ignominious manner of expulsion made the case of Octavius more pitiable. The people, notwithstanding, fell upon him; but by the assistance of those of the landed interest, who came to his defence, and kept off the mob, he escaped with his life. However, a faithful servant of his, who stood before him to ward off the danger, had his eyes torn out. This violence was much against the will of Tiberius, who no sooner saw the tumult rising, than he hastened down to appease it.

The Agrarian law then was confirmed, and three commissioners appointed to take a survey of the lands, and see them properly distributed. Tiberius was one of the three, his father-in-law Appius Claudius another, and his brother Caius Gracchus the third. The latter was then making the campaign under Scipio at Numantia. Tiberius, having carried these points without opposition, next filled up the vacant tribune's seat; into which he did not put a man of any note, but Mutius, one of his own clients. These proceedings exasperated the patricians extremely, and, as they dreaded the increase of his power, they took every opportunity to insult him in the senate. When he desired, for instance, what was nothing more than customary, a tent at the public charge, for his use in dividing the lands, they refused him one, though such things had been often granted on much less important occasions. And at the motion of Publius Nasica, he had only nine oboli a day allowed for his expenses. Nasica, indeed, was become his avowed enemy; for he had a great estate in the public lands, and was, of course, unwilling to be stripped of it.

At the same time, the people were more and more enraged. One of Tiberius' friends happening to die suddenly, and ma-

ignant spots appearing upon the body, they loudly declared that the man was poisoned. They assembled at his funeral, took the bier upon their shoulders, and carried it to the pile. There they were confirmed in their suspicions: for the corpse burst, and emitted such a quantity of corrupted humours, that it put out the fire. Though more fire was brought, still the wood would not burn till it was removed to another place; and it was with much difficulty at last that the body was consumed. Hence Tiberius took occasion to incense the commonalty still more against the other party. He put himself in mourning; he led his children into the forum, and recommended them and their mother to the protection of the people; as giving up his own life for lost.

About this time died Attalus* Philopator; and Eudemus of Pergamus brought his will to Rome, by which it appeared, that he had left the Roman people his heirs. Tiberius endeavouring to avail himself of this incident, immediately proposed a law,—“That all the ready money the king had left, should be distributed among the citizens, to enable them to provide working tools, and proceed in the cultivation of their new assigned lands. As to the cities, too, in the territories of Attalus, the senate, he said, had not a right to dispose of them, but the people, and he would refer the business entirely to their judgment.”

This embroiled him still more with the senate; and one of their body, of the name of Pompey, stood up, and said,—“He was next neighbour to Tiberius, and by that means had opportunity to know that Eudemus the Pergamenian, had brought him a royal diadem and purple robe for his use when he was king of Rome.” Quintus Metellus said another severe thing against him:—“During the censorship of your father, whenever he returned home after supper,† the citizens put out their lights, that they might not appear to indulge themselves at unseasonable hours; but you, at a late hour, have some of the meanest and most audacious of the people about you with torches in their hands.”‡ And Titus Annius, a man of no character in point of morals, but an acute disputant, and remarkable for the subtilty both of his questions and answers, one day challenged Tiberius, and offered to prove him guilty of a great offence in deposing one of his colleagues, whose

* This was Attalus III. the son of Eumenes II. and Stratonice, and the last king of Pergamus. He was not, however, surnamed *Philopator*, but *Philometor*, and so it stands in the manuscript of St. Germain.

† Probably from the public hall where he supped with his colleague.

‡ Ότι τῶν πατρῶν αὐτῶν τιμηθευόντων, ὄσακις ἀναλυοὶ μετὰ δείπνον οἴκαδε, τὰ φωτώκατες βεννύσαν οἱ πολῖται φοβόμενοι μὴ πορρωτέρα τῶν μετρίων δοξῶσιν ἐν συνουσίᾳ εἶναι καὶ ποτοῖσι. Other translators have paraphrased this passage, and given it a different sense from what the Greek seems to bear.

person by the laws was sacred and inviolable. This proposition raised a tumult in the audience, and Tiberius immediately went out and called an assembly of the people, designing to accuse Annius of the indignity he had offered him. Annius appeared; and knowing himself greatly inferior, both in eloquence and reputation, he had recourse to his old art, and begged leave only to ask him a question before the business came on. Tiberius consented, and silence being made, Annius said,—“Would you fix a mark of disgrace and infamy upon me, if I should appeal to one of your colleagues? And if he came to my assistance, would you in your anger deprive him of his office?” It is said, that this question so puzzled Tiberius, that, with all his readiness of speech, and propriety of assurance, he made no manner of answer.

He, therefore, dismissed the assembly for the present. He perceived, however, that the step he had taken in deposing a tribune, had offended not only the patricians but the people too; for, by such a precedent, he appeared to have robbed that high office of its dignity, which, till then, had been preserved in great security and honour. In consequence of this reflection, he called the commons together again, and made a speech to them, from which it may not be amiss to give an extract, by way of specimen of the power and strength of his eloquence:—“The person of a tribune, I acknowledge, is sacred and inviolable, because he is consecrated to the people, and takes their interests under his protection. But when he deserts those interests, and becomes an oppressor of the people; when he retrenches their privileges, and takes away their liberty of voting; by those acts he deprives himself, for he no longer keeps to the intention of his employment. Otherwise, if a tribune should demolish the Capitol, and burn the docks and naval stores, his person could not be touched. A man who should do such things as those, might still be a tribune, though a vile one; but he who diminishes the privileges of the people, ceases to be a tribune of the people. Does it not shock you to think, that a tribune should be able to imprison a consul, and the people not have it in their power to deprive a tribune of his authority, when he uses it against those who gave it? For the tribunes, as well as the consuls, are elected by the people. Kingly government seems to comprehend all authority in itself, and kings are consecrated with the most awful ceremonies: yet the citizens expelled Tarquin, when his administration became iniquitous: and, for the offence of one man, the ancient government, under whose auspices Rome was erected, was entirely abolished. What is there in Rome so sacred and venerable as the vestal virgins who keep the perpetual fire? yet if any of them transgress the rules of her or

der, she is buried alive. For they who are guilty of impiety against the gods, lose that sacred character, which they had only for the sake of the gods. So a tribune who injures the people, can be no longer sacred and inviolable on the people's account. He destroys that power in which alone his strength lay. If it is just for him to be invested with the tribunitial authority by a majority of tribes, is it not more just for him to be deposed by the suffrages of them all? What is more sacred and inviolable than the offerings in the temples of the gods? yet no one pretends to hinder the people from making use of them, or removing them wherever they please. And, indeed, that the tribune's office is not inviolable or unremoveable, appears from hence, that several have voluntarily laid it down, or been discharged at their own request." These were the heads of Tiberius' defence.

His friends, however, being sensible of the menaces of his enemies, and the combination to destroy him, were of opinion that he ought to make interest to get the tribuneship continued to him another year. For this purpose, he thought of other laws, to secure the commonalty on his side; that for shortening the time of military service, and that for granting an appeal from the judges to the people. The bench of judges, at that time, consisted of senators only, but he ordered an equal number of knights and senators; though it must be confessed, that his taking every possible method to reduce the power of the patricians, savoured more of obstinacy and resentment than of a regard for justice and the public good.

When the day came for it to be put to the vote, whether these laws should be ratified, Tiberius and his party, perceiving that their adversaries were the strongest, (for all the people did not attend,) spun out the time in altercations with the other tribunes; and, at last, he adjourned the assembly to the day following. In the mean time, he entered the forum with all the ensigns of distress, and, with tears in his eyes, humbly applied to the citizens, assuring them,—“He was afraid that his enemies would demolish his house, and take his life before the next morning.” This affected them so much, that numbers erected tents before his door, and guarded him all night.

At day-break, the person who had the care of the chickens which they use in augury, brought them, and set meat before them; but they would none of them come out of their pen, except one, though the man shook it very much; and that one would not eat;* it only raised up its left wing, and stretched out its leg, and then went in again. This put Tiberius in mind of a former ill omen. He had a helmet that he wore in battle,

* When the chickens eat greedily, they thought it a sign of good fortune.

finely ornamented, and remarkably magnificent: two serpents that had crept into it privately, laid their eggs, and hatched in it. Such a bad presage made him more afraid of the late one. Yet he set out for the Capitol, as soon as he understood that the people were assembled there. But, in going out of his house, he stumbled upon the threshold, and struck it with so much violence, that the nail of his great toe was broken, and the blood flowed from the wound. When he had got a little on his way, he saw on his left hand two ravens fighting on the top of a house, and though he was attended, on account of his dignity, by great numbers of people, a stone which one of the ravens threw down, fell close by his foot. This startled the boldest of his partisans. But Blossius* of Cumæ, one of his train, said,—“ It would be an insupportable disgrace, if Tiberius, the son of Gracchus, grandson of Scipio Africanus, and protector of the people of Rome, should, for fear of a raven, disappoint that people when they called him to their assistance.” His enemies, he assured him, would not be satisfied with laughing at this false step; they would represent him to the commons as already taking all the insolence of a tyrant upon him.

At the same time several messengers from his friends in the Capitol, came and desired him to make haste, for (they told him) every thing went there according to his wish.

At first, indeed, there was a most promising appearance. When the assembly saw him at a distance, they expressed their joy in the loudest acclamations: on his approach they received him with the utmost cordiality, and formed a circle about him, to keep all strangers off. Mutius then began to call over the tribes, in order to business; but nothing could be done in the usual form, by reason of the disturbance made by the populace, who were still pressing forward. Mean time, Fulvius† Flaccus, a senator, got upon an eminence, and knowing he could not be heard, made a sign with his hand, that he had something to say to Tiberius in private. Tiberius having ordered the people to make way, Flaccus, with much difficulty, got to him, and informed him,—“ That those of the landed interest had applied to the consul, while the senate was sitting, and as they could not bring that magistrate into their views, they had resolved to despatch Tiberius themselves, and for that purpose, had armed a number of their friends and slaves.”

Tiberius no sooner communicated this intelligence to those about him, than they tucked up their gowns, seized their hal-

* In the printed text it is Blastus; but one of the manuscripts gives us Blossius, and all the translators have followed it.

† Not *Flavius*, as it is in the printed text.

berts with which the serjeants kept off the crowd, broke them, and took the pieces, to ward against any assault that might be made. Such as were at a distance, much surprised at this incident, asked what the reason might be? and Tiberius, finding they could not hear him, touched his head with his hand, to signify the danger he was in. His adversaries seeing this, ran to the senate, and informed them that Tiberius demanded the diadem; alleging that gesture as a proof of it.

This raised a great commotion. Nasica called upon the consul to defend the commonwealth, and destroy the tyrant. The consul mildly answered,—“That he would not begin to use violence, nor would he put any citizen to death who was not legally condemned; but if Tiberius should either persuade or force the people to decree any thing contrary to the constitution, he would take care to annul it.” Upon which Nasica started up and said,—“Since the consul gives up his country, let all who choose to support the laws follow me.” So saying, he covered his head with the skirt of his robe, and then advanced to the Capitol. Those who followed him, wrapped each his gown about his hand, and made their way through the crowd. Indeed, on account of their superiority, they met with no resistance: on the contrary, the people trampled on one another to get out of their way. Their attendants had brought clubs and bludgeons with them from home, and the patricians themselves seized the feet of the benches which the populace had broken in their flight. Thus armed, they made towards Tiberius; knocking down such as stood before him. These being killed or dispersed, Tiberius likewise fled. One of his enemies laid hold on his gown; but he let it go, and continued his flight in his under-garment. He happened, however, to stumble and fall upon some of the killed. As he was recovering himself, Publius Satureius, one of his colleagues, came up openly, and struck him on the head with the foot of a stool. The second blow was given him by Lucius Rufus, who afterwards valued himself upon it as a glorious exploit. Above three hundred more lost their lives by clubs and stones, but not a man by the sword.

This is said to have been the first sedition in Rome, since the expulsion of the kings, in which the blood of any citizen was shed. All the rest, though neither small in themselves, nor about matters of little consequence, were appeased by mutual concessions; the senate giving up something, on one side, for fear of the people, and the people, on the other, out of respect for the senate. Had Tiberius been moderately dealt with, it is probable that he would have compromised matters in a much easier way; and certainly he might have been reduced, without their depriving him of his life; for he had not above

three hundred men about him. But, it seems, the conspiracy was formed against him, rather to satisfy the resentment and malignity of the rich, than for the reasons they held out to the public. A strong proof of this we have in their cruel and abominable treatment of his dead body: for, notwithstanding the entreaties of his brother, they would not permit him to take away the corpse, and bury it in the night, but threw it into the river with the other carcasses. Nor was this all: they banished some of his friends without form of trial, and took others and put them to death. Among the latter was Diophanes the rhetorician. One Caius Billius they shut up in a cask with vipers and other serpents, and left him to perish in that cruel manner. As for Blossius of Cumæ, he was carried before the consuls, and, being interrogated about the late proceedings, he declared that he had never failed to execute whatever Tiberius commanded.* “What then,” said Nasica, “if Tiberius had ordered thee to burn the Capitol, wouldst thou have done it?” At first he turned it off, and said, “Tiberius would never have given him such an order.” But when a number repeated the same question several times, he said,—“In that case I should have thought it extremely right, for Tiberius would never have laid such a command upon me, if it had not been for the advantage of the people of Rome.” He escaped, however, with his life, and afterwards repaired to Aristonicus,† in Asia; but finding that prince’s affairs entirely ruined, he laid violent hands on himself.

The senate now, desirous to reconcile the people to these acts of theirs, no longer opposed the Agrarian law; and they permitted them to elect another commissioner in the room of Tiberius, for dividing the lands. In consequence of which, they chose Publius Crassus, a relation of the Gracchi; for Caius Gracchus had married his daughter Licinia. Cornelius Nepos, indeed, says it was not the daughter of Crassus, but

* Lælius, in the treatise written by Cicero under that name, gives a different account of the matter:—“Blossius,” he says, “after the murder of Tiberius, came to him while he was in conference with the consuls Popilius Lænas and Publius Rupilius, and earnestly begged for a pardon, alleging, in his defence, that such was his veneration for Tiberius, he could not refuse to do any thing he desired.” “If then,” said Lælius, “he had ordered you to set fire to the Capitol, would you have done it?” “That,” replied Blossius, “he would never have ordered me to do; but if he had, I should have obeyed him.” Blossius does not, upon this occasion, appear to have been under a judicial examination, as Plutarch represents him.

† Aristonicus was a bastard brother of Attalus; and being highly offended at him for bequeathing his kingdom to the Romans, he attempted to get possession of it by arms, and made himself master of several towns. The Romans sent Crassus the consul against him, the second year after the death of Tiberius. Crassus was defeated and taken by Aristonicus. The year following, Aristonicus was defeated in his turn, and taken prisoner by Perpenra.

of that Brutus, who was honoured with a triumph for his conquests in Lusitania: but most historians give it for the former.

Nevertheless, the people were still much concerned at the loss of Tiberius, and it was plain that they only waited for an opportunity of revenge. Nasica was now threatened with an impeachment. The senate, therefore, dreading the consequence, sent him into Asia, though there was no need of him there: for the people, whenever they met him, did not repress their resentment in the least: on the contrary, with all the violence that hatred could suggest, they called him an execrable wretch, a tyrant who had defiled the holiest and most awful temple in Rome with the blood of a magistrate, whose person ought to have been sacred and inviolable.

For this reason Nasica privately quitted Italy, though by his office he was obliged to attend the principal sacrifices; for he was chief pontiff. Thus he wandered from place to place in a foreign country, and after a while died at Pergamus. Nor is it to be wondered that the people had so unconquerable an aversion to Nasica, since Scipio Africanus himself, who seems to have been one of the greatest favourites of the Romans, as well as to have had great right to their affection, was near forfeiting all the kind regards of the people, because, when the news of Tiberius' death was brought to Numantia, he expressed himself in that verse of Homer,—

So perish all that in such crimes engage.*

Afterwards Caius and Fulvius asked him in an assembly of the people, what he thought of the death of Tiberius, and by his answer he gave them to understand that he was far from approving of his proceedings. Ever after this, the commons interrupted him when he spoke in public, though they had offered him no such affront before; and, on the other hand, he scrupled not to treat them with very severe language. But these things we have related at large in the Life of Scipio.

* In Minerva's speech to Jupiter.—*Odys.* lib. i.

THE
LIFE OF CAIUS GRACCHUS.

WHETHER it was that Caius Gracchus was afraid of his enemies, or wanted to make them more obnoxious to the people, at first he left the forum, and kept close in his own house; like one who was either sensible how much his family was reduced, or who intended to make public business no more his object: insomuch that some scrupled not to affirm that he disapproved and even detested his brother's administration. He was, indeed, as yet very young, not being so old as Tiberius by nine years; and Tiberius at his death was not quite thirty. However, in a short time it appeared, that he had an aversion, not only to idleness and effeminacy, but to intemperance and avarice: and he improved his powers of oratory, as if he considered them as the wings on which he must rise to the great offices of state. These circumstances showed that he would not long continue inactive.

In the defence of one of his friends named Vettius, he exerted so much eloquence, that the people were charmed beyond expression, and borne away with all the transports of enthusiasm. On this occasion he showed that other orators were no more than children in comparison. The nobility had all their former apprehensions renewed, and they began to take measures among themselves to prevent the advancement of Caius to the tribunitial power.

It happened to fall to his lot to attend Orestes* the consul in Sardinia in capacity of quæstor. This gave his enemies great pleasure. Caius, however, was not uneasy on the event: for he was of a military turn, and had as good talents for the camp as for the bar. Besides, he was under some apprehension about taking a share in the administration, or of appearing on the rostra, and at the same time he knew that he could not resist the importunities of the people or his friends. For these reasons he thought himself happy in the opportunity of going abroad.

* Lucius Aurelius Orestes was consul with Æmilius Lepidus the year of Rome 627. So that Caius went quæstor into Sardinia at the age of twenty-seven.

It is a common opinion that of his own accord he became a violent demagogue, and that he was much more studious than Tiberius to make himself popular. But that is not the truth. On the contrary, it seems to have been rather necessity than choice, that brought him upon the public stage: for Cicero the orator relates, that when Caius avoided all offices in the state, and had taken a resolution to live perfectly quiet, his brother appeared to him in a dream, and thus addressed him:—"Why lingerest thou, Caius? There is no alternative. The Fates have decreed us both the same pursuit of life, and the same death, in vindicating the rights of the people."

In Sardinia, Caius gave a noble specimen of every virtue, distinguishing himself greatly among the other young Romans, not only in his operations against the enemy, and in acts of justice to such as submitted, but in his respectful and obliging behaviour to the general. In temperance, in simplicity of diet, and love of labour, he excelled even the veterans.

There followed a severe and sickly winter in Sardinia, and the general demanded of the cities clothing for his men. But they sent a deputation to Rome to solicit an exemption from this burden. The senate listened to their requests, and ordered the general to take some other method. As he could not think of withdrawing his demands, and the soldiers suffered much in the mean time, Caius applied to the towns in person, and prevailed with them to send the Romans a voluntary supply of clothing. News of this being brought to Rome, and the whole looking like a prelude to future attempts at popularity, the senate were greatly disturbed at it. Another instance they gave of their jealousy, was in the ill reception which the ambassadors of Micipsa found, who came to acquaint them that the king their master, out of regard to Caius Gracchus, had sent their general in Sardinia a large quantity of corn. The ambassadors were turned out of the house; and the senate proceeded to make a decree, that the private men in Sardinia should be relieved, but that Orestes should remain, in order that he might keep his quæstor with him. An account of this being brought to Caius, his anger overcame him so far, that he embarked; and as he made his appearance in Rome when none expected him, he was not only censured by his enemies, but the people in general thought it singular that the quæstor should return before his general. An information was laid against him before the censors, and he obtained permission to speak for himself: which he did so effectually, that the whole court changed their opinions, and were persuaded that he was very much injured. For he told them,—“He had served twelve campaigns, whereas he was not obliged to serve more than ten; and that in capacity of quæstor, he had at-

tended his general three years,* though the laws did not require him to do it more than one.” He added,—“ That he was the only man who went out with a full purse, and returned with an empty one; while others, after having drunk the wine they carried out, brought back the vessels filled with gold and silver.”

After this, they brought other charges against him. They accused him of promoting disaffection amongst the allies, and of being concerned in the conspiracy of Fregellæ,† which was detected about that time. He cleared himself, however, of all suspicion; and having fully proved his innocence, offered himself to the people as a candidate for the tribuneship. The patricians united their forces to oppose him; but such a number of people came in from all parts of Italy to support his election, that many of them could not get lodging, and the Campus Martius not being large enough to contain them, gave their voices from the tops of houses.

All that the nobility could gain of the people, and all the mortification that Caius had, was this:—Instead of being returned first, as he had flattered himself he should be, he was returned the fourth. But when he had entered upon his office, he soon became the leading tribune, partly by means of his eloquence, in which he was greatly superior to the rest, and partly on account of the misfortunes of his family, which gave him opportunity to bewail the cruel fate of his brother. For whatever subject he begun upon, before he had done, he led the people back to that idea, and at the same time put them in mind of the different behaviour of their ancestors:—“ Your forefathers,” said he, “ declared war against the Felisei, in order to revenge the cause of Genucius, one of their tribunes, to whom that people had given scurrilous language; and they thought capital punishment little enough for Caius Veturius, because he alone did not break way for a tribune, who was passing through the forum. But you suffered Tiberius to be despatched with bludgeons before your eyes, and his dead body to be dragged from the Capitol through the middle of the city, in order to be thrown into the river. Such of his friends, too, as fell into their hands, were put to death without form of trial. Yet, by the custom of our country, if any person under a prosecution for a capital crime did not appear, an officer was sent to his door in the morning, to summon him by sound of trumpet, and the judges would never pass sentence, before so public a

* Great part of this speech is preserved by Aulus Gellius; but there Caius says he had been *quæstor* only two years. *Biennium enim fui in provinciâ.*—*Aul. Gell.* l. xii. c. 15.

† This place was destroyed by Lucius Opimius the prætor, in the year of Rome 629.

citation. So tender were our ancestors in any matter where the life of a citizen was concerned."

Having prepared the people by such speeches as this, (for his voice was strong enough to be heard by so great a multitude,) he proposed two laws. One was,—“That if the people deposed any magistrate, he should from that time be incapable of bearing any public office.” The other,—“That if any magistrate should banish a citizen without a legal trial, the people should be authorized to take cognizance of that offence.” The first of these laws plainly referred to Marcus Octavius, whom Tiberius had deprived of the tribuneship; and the second to Popilius, who, in his prætorship, had banished the friends of Tiberius. In consequence of the latter, Popilius, afraid to stand a trial, fled out of Italy. The other bill Caius dropped, to oblige, as he said, his mother Cornelia, who interposed in behalf of Octavius. The people were perfectly satisfied; for they honoured Cornelia, not only on account of her children, but of her father. They afterwards erected a statue to her, with this inscription:—

CORNELIA, THE MOTHER OF THE GRACCHI.

There are several extraordinary expressions of Caius Gracchus handed down to us concerning his mother. To one of her enemies he said,—“Darest thou pretend to reflect on Cornelia, the mother of Tiberius?” And as that person had spent his youth in an infamous manner, he said,—“With what front canst thou put thyself upon a footing with Cornelia? Hast thou brought children as she has done? Yet all Rome knows that she has lived longer than thou hast without any commerce with men.” Such was the keenness of his language; and many expressions equally severe might be collected out of his writings.

Among the laws which he procured to increase the authority of the people, and lessen that of the senate, one related to colonizing and dividing the public lands among the poor. Another was in favour of the army, who were now to be clothed at the public charge, without diminution of their pay, and none were to serve till they were full seventeen years old. A third was for the benefit of the Italian allies, who were to have the same right of voting at elections as the citizens of Rome. By a fourth the markets were regulated, and the poor enabled to buy bread-corn at a cheaper rate. A fifth related to the courts of judicature, and, indeed, contributed more than any thing to retrench the power of the senate: for, before this, senators only, were judges in all causes, and on that account their body was formidable both to the equestrian order and the people. But now he added three hundred knights to the three hundred senators, and decreed that a judicial authority should be equally

invested in the six hundred.* In offering this bill, he exerted himself greatly in all respects, but there was one thing very remarkable; whereas the orators before him, in all addresses to the people, stood with their faces towards the senate-house and the *comitium*, he then, for the first time, turned the other way, that is to say, towards the *forum*, and continued to speak in that position ever after. Thus, by a small alteration in the posture of his body, he indicated something very great, and, as it were, turned the government from an aristocracy into a democratic form: for, by this action, he intimated that all orators ought to address themselves to the people, and not to the senate.

As the people not only ratified this law, but empowered him to select the three hundred out of the equestrian order, for judges, he found himself in a manner possessed of sovereign power. Even the senate, in their deliberations, were willing to listen to his advice; and he never gave them any that was not suitable to their dignity. That wise and moderate decree, for instance, was of his suggesting, concerning the corn which Fabius, when *proprætor* in Spain, sent from that country. Caius persuaded the senate to sell the corn, and send the money to the Spanish states; and at the same time to censure Fabius for rendering the Roman government odious and insupportable to the people of that country. This gained him great respect and favour in the provinces.

He procured other decrees for sending out colonies, for making roads, and for building public granaries. In all these matters he was appointed supreme director, and yet was far from thinking so much business a fatigue. On the contrary, he applied to the whole with as much activity, and despatched it with as much ease, as if there had been only one thing for him to attend to: insomuch that they who both hated and feared the man, were struck with his amazing industry, and the celerity of his operations. The people were charmed to see him followed by such numbers of architects, artificers, ambassadors, magistrates, military men, and men of letters. These were all kindly received: yet, amidst his civilities, he preserved a dignity, addressing each according to his capacity and station: by which he showed how unjust the censures of those people were, who represented him as a violent and overbearing man: for he had even a more popular manner in conversation, and in business, than in his addresses from the *rostrum*.

* The authorities of all antiquity are against Plutarch in this article. Caius did not associate the knights and the senators in the judicial power; but vested that power in the knights only, and they enjoyed it till the consulship of Servilius Cæpio, for the space of sixteen or seventeen years. Velleius, Asconius, Appian, Livy, and Cicero himself, sufficiently prove this

The work that he took most pains with, was that of the public roads; in which he paid a regard to beauty as well as use. They were drawn in a straight line through the country, and either paved with hewn stone, or made of a binding sand, brought thither for that purpose. When he met with dells or other deep holes made by land-floods, he either filled them up with rubbish, or laid bridges over them; so that being levelled, and brought to a perfect parallel on both sides, they afforded a regular and elegant prospect through the whole. Besides, he divided all the roads into miles, of near eight furlongs each, and set up pillars of stone to mark the divisions. He likewise erected other stones at proper distances, on each side of the way, to assist travellers, who rode without servants, to mount their horses.

The people extolled his performances, and there was no instance of their affection that he might not have expected. In one of his speeches he told them,—“There was one thing in particular, which he should esteem as a greater favour than all the rest, if they indulged him in it, and if they denied it, he would not complain.” By this it was imagined that he meant the consulship; and the commons expected that he would desire to be consul and tribune at the same time. When the day of election of consuls came, and all were waiting with anxiety to see what declaration he would make, he conducted Caius Fannius into the *Campus Martius*, and joined with his friends in the canvass. This greatly inclined the scale on Fannius’ side, and he was immediately created consul. Caius, too, without the least application, or even declaring himself a candidate, merely through the zeal and affection of the people, was appointed tribune the second time.

Finding, however, that the senate avowed their aversion to him, and that the regards of Fannius grew cold, he thought of new laws which might secure the people in his interest. Such were those for sending colonies to Tarentum and Capua, and for granting the Latins all the rights and privileges of citizens of Rome. The senate, now apprehending that his power would soon become entirely uncontrollable, took a new and unheard-of method to draw the people from him, by gratifying them in every thing, however contrary to the true interests of the state.

Among the colleagues of Caius Gracchus, there was one named Livius Drusus; a man who in birth and education was not behind any of the Romans, and who in point of eloquence and wealth might vie with the greatest and most powerful men of his time. To him the nobility applied; exhorting him to set himself up against Caius, and join them in opposing him; not in the way of force, or in any thing that might offend the commons, but in directing all his measures to please them, and

granting them things which it would have been an honour to refuse at the hazard of their utmost resentment.

Drusus agreed to list in the service of the senate, and to apply all the power of his office to their views. He, therefore, proposed laws, which had nothing in them either honourable or advantageous to the community. His sole view was to outdo Caius in flattering and pleasing the multitude, and for this purpose he contended with him, like a comedian upon a stage. Thus the senate plainly discovered, that it was not so much the measures of Caius, as the man they were offended with, and that they were resolved to take every method to humble or destroy him: for when he procured a decree for sending out two colonies only, which were to consist of some of the most deserving citizens, they accused him of ingratiating himself by undue methods with the plebeians. But when Drusus sent out twelve, and selected three hundred of the meanest of the people for each, they patronized the whole scheme. When Caius divided the public lands among the poor citizens, on condition that they should pay a small rent into the treasury, they inveighed against him as a flatterer of the populace; but Drusus had their praise for discharging the lands even of that acknowledgment. Caius procured the Latins the privilege of voting as citizens of Rome, and the patricians were offended: Drusus, on the contrary, was supported by them in a law for exempting the Latin soldiers from being flogged, though upon service, for any misdemeanour. Mean time Drusus asserted, in all his speeches, that the senate, in their great regard for the commons, put him upon proposing such advantageous decrees. This was the only good thing in his manœuvres; for by these arts the people became better affected to the senate. Before, they had suspected and hated the leaders of that body; but Drusus appeased their resentment, and removed their aversion, by assuring them, that the patricians were the first movers of all these popular laws.

What contributed most to satisfy the people as to the sincerity of his regard, and the purity of his intentions, was, that Drusus, in all his edicts, appeared not to have the least view to his own interest: for he employed others as commissioners for planting the new colonies: and if there was an affair of money, he would have no concern with it himself; whereas Caius chose to preside in the greatest and most important matters of that kind. Rubrius, one of his colleagues, having procured an order for rebuilding and colonizing Carthage, which had been destroyed by Scipio, it fell to the lot of Caius to execute that commission, and in pursuance thereof he sailed to Africa. Drusus took advantage of his absence to gain more ground upon him, and to establish himself in the favour

of the people. To lay an information against Fulvius he thought would be very conducive to this end.

Fulvius was a particular friend of Caius, and his assistant in the distribution of the lands: at the same time he was a factious man, and known to be upon ill terms with the senate. Others, beside the patricians, suspected him of raising commotions among the allies, and of privately exciting the Italians to a revolt. These things, indeed, were said without evidence or proof; but Fulvius himself gave strength to the report by his unpeaceable and unsalutary conduct. Caius, as his acquaintance, came in for his share of the dislike, and this was one of the principal things that brought on his ruin.

Besides, when Scipio Africanus died without any previous sickness, and (as we have observed in his Life) there appeared marks of violence upon his body, most people laid it to the charge of Fulvius, who was his avowed enemy, and had that very day abused him from the *rostrum*. Nor was Caius himself unsuspected. Yet so execrable a crime as this, committed against the first and greatest man in Rome, escaped with impunity; nay, it was not even inquired into. For the people prevented any cognizance of it from being taken, out of fear for Caius, lest, upon a strict inquisition, he should be found accessory to the murder. But this happened some time before.

While Caius was employed in Africa in the re-establishment of Carthage, the name of which he changed to *Junonia*,* he was interrupted by several inauspicious omens. The staff of the first standard was broken between the violent efforts of the wind to tear it away, and those of the ensign to hold it. Another storm of wind blew the sacrifices from the altars, and bore them beyond the bounds marked out for the city; and the wolves came and seized the marks themselves, and carried them to a great distance. Caius, however, brought every thing under good regulations in the space of seventy days, and then returned to Rome, where he understood that Fulvius was hard pressed by Drusus, and affairs demanded his presence. For Lucius Opimius,† who was of the patrician party, and very powerful in the senate, had lately been unsuccessful in his application for the consulship, through the opposition of Caius, and his support of Fannius; but now his interest was greatly

* *Quam Juno fertua terris magis omnibus unam
Posthabitâ coluisse Samo.*—————

Virgil.

† In the printed text it is *Hostilius*, but it should be *Opimius*; for he was consul the year following with Q. Fabius Maximus, which was the year of Rome 631. Plutarch himself calls him *Opimius* a little after. *Hostilius*, therefore, must be a false reading; and, indeed, one of the manuscripts gives us *Opimius* here.

strengthened, and it was thought he would be chosen the following year. It was expected, too, that the consulship would enable him to ruin Caius, whose interest was already upon the decline. Indeed, by this time the people were cloyed with indulgence: because there were many beside Caius, who flattered them in all the measures of administration, and the senate saw them do it with pleasure.

At his return, he removed his lodgings from the Palatine Mount to the neighbourhood of the *forum*; in which he had a view to popularity; for many of the meanest and most indigent of the commonalty dwelt there. After this, he proposed the rest of his laws, in order to their being ratified by the suffrages of the people. As the populace came to him from all quarters, the senate persuaded the consul Fannius to command all persons to depart the city who were not Romans by birth. Upon this strange and unusual proclamation, that none of the allies or friends of the republic should remain in Rome, or, though citizens, be permitted to vote, Caius, in his turn, published articles of impeachment against the consul, and at the same time declared, he would protect the allies, if they would stay. He did not, however, perform his promise. On the contrary, he suffered the consul's *lictors* to take away a person before his eyes, who was connected with him by the ties of hospitality, without giving him the least assistance: whether it was that he feared to show how much his strength was diminished, or whether (as he alleged) he did not choose to give his enemies occasion to have recourse to the sword, who only sought a pretence for it.

He happened, moreover, to be at variance with his colleagues. The reason was this:—There was a show of gladiators to be exhibited to the people in the *forum*, and most of the magistrates had caused scaffolds to be erected around the place, in order to let them out for hire. Caius insisted that they should be taken down, that the poor might see the exhibition without paying for it. As none of the proprietors regarded his orders, he waited till the night preceding the show, and then went with his own workmen, and demolished the scaffolds. Next day the populace saw the place quite clear of them, and, of course, they admired him as a man of superior spirit. But his colleagues were greatly offended at his violent temper and measures. This seems to have been the cause of his miscarriage in his application for a third tribuneship; for, it seems he had a majority of voices, but his colleagues are said to have procured a fraudulent and unjust return. Be that as it may, (for it was a matter of some doubt,) it is certain that he did not bear his disappointment with patience; but when he saw

his adversaries laugh, he told them, with too much insolence,—“ Their laugh was of the Sardonic* kind, for they did not perceive how much their actions were eclipsed by his.”

After Opimius was elected consul, he prepared to repeal many of Caius' laws, and to annul his establishment at Carthage, on purpose to provoke him to some act of violence, and to gain an opportunity to destroy him. He bore this treatment for some time; but afterwards, at the instigation of his friends, and of Fulvius in particular, he began to raise an opposition once more against the consul. Some say, his mother, on this occasion, entered into the intrigues of the party, and having privately taken some strangers into pay, sent them into Rome in the disguise of reapers; and they assert that these things are enigmatically hinted at in her letters to her son. But others say Cornelia was much displeased at these measures.

When the day came on which Opimius was to get those laws repealed, both parties early in the morning posted themselves in the Capitol; and after the consul had sacrificed, Quintus Antyllius, one of his *lictors*, who was carrying out the entrails of the victims, said to Fulvius and his friends,—“ Stand off, ye factious citizens, and make way for honest men.” Some add, that, along with this scurrilous language, he stretched his naked arm towards them in a form that expressed the utmost contempt. They immediately killed Antyllius with long styles, said to have been made for such a purpose.

The people were much chagrined at this act of violence. As for the two chiefs, they made very different reflections upon the event. Caius was concerned at it, and reproached his partisans with having given their enemies the handle they long had wanted. Opimius rejoiced at the opportunity, and excited the people to revenge. But for the present they were parted by a heavy rain.

At an early hour next day, the consul assembled the senate, and while he was addressing them within, others exposed the corpse of Antyllius naked on a bier without, and, as it had been previously concerted, carried it through the *forum* to the senate-house, making loud acclamations all the way. Opimius knew the whole farce, but pretended to be much surprised. The senate went out, and planting themselves about the corpse,

* It was not easy to see the propriety of this expression as it is used here. The Sardonic laugh was an involuntary distention of the muscles of the mouth, occasioned by a poisonous plant; and persons that died of this poison had a smile on their countenances. Hence it came to signify forced or affected laughter; but why the laughter of Gracchus' opponent should be called forced or Sardonic, because they did not perceive his superiority, it does not appear. It might more properly have been called affected, if they did perceive it. Indeed, if every species of unreasonable laughing may be called Sardonic, it will do still.

expressed their grief and indignation, as if some dreadful misfortune had befallen them. This scene, however, excited only hatred and detestation in the breasts of the people, who could not but remember that the nobility had killed Tiberius Gracchus in the Capitol, though a tribune, and thrown his body into the river; and yet now, when Antyllus, a vile serjeant, who possibly did not deserve quite so severe a punishment, but by his impertinence had brought it upon himself,—when such a hireling lay exposed in the *forum*, the senate of Rome stood weeping about him, and then attended the wretch to his funeral, with no other view than to procure the death of the only remaining protector of the people.

On their return to the house, they charged Opimius the consul, by a formal decree, to take every possible method for the preservation of the commonwealth, and the destruction of the tyrants. He therefore ordered the patricians to arms, and each of the knights to attend with two servants well armed the next morning. Fulvius, on the other hand, prepared himself, and drew together a crowd of people.

Caius, as he returned from the *forum*, stood a long time looking upon his father's statue, and, after having given vent to his sorrow in some sighs and tears, retired without uttering a word. Many of the plebeians, who saw this, were moved with compassion; and declaring they should be the most dastardly of beings, if they abandoned such a man to his enemies, repaired to his house to guard him, and passed the night before his door. This they did in a very different manner from the people who attended Fulvius on the same occasion. These passed their time in noise and riot, in carousing and empty threats; Fulvius himself being the first man that was intoxicated, and giving into many expressions and actions unsuitable to his years. But those about Caius were silent, as in a time of public calamity; and, with a thoughtful regard to what was yet to come, they kept watch and took rest by turns.

Fulvius slept so sound after his wine, that it was with difficulty they awoke him at break of day. Then he and his company armed themselves with the Gallic spoils which he had brought off in his consulship, upon his conquering that people; and thus accoutred, they sallied out, with loud menaces, to seize the Aventine hill. As for Caius, he would not arm, but went out in his gown, as if he had been going upon business into the *forum*; only he had a small dagger under it.

At the gate, his wife threw herself at his feet, and taking hold of him with one hand, and of her son with the other, she thus expressed herself:—"You do not now leave me, my dear Caius, as formerly, to go to the rostra in capacity of tribune or lawgiver; nor do I send you out to a glorious war, where.

if the common lot fell to your share, my distress might at least have the consolation of honour. You expose yourself to the murderers of Tiberius, unarmed indeed, as a man should go, who had rather suffer than commit any violence; but it is throwing away your life without any advantage to the community. Faction reigns; outrage and the sword are the only measures of justice. Had your brother fallen before Numantia, the truce would have restored us his body; but now, perhaps, I shall have to go a suppliant to some river or the sea, to be shown where your remains may be found: for what confidence can we have either in the laws, or in the gods, after the assassination of Tiberius?"

When Licinia had poured out these lamentations, Caius disengaged himself as quietly as he could from her arms, and walked on with his friends in deep silence. She caught at his gown, but in the attempt fell to the ground, and lay a long time speechless. At last her servants, seeing her in that condition, took her up, and carried her to her brother Crassus.

Fulvius, when all the party was assembled, listened to the advice of Caius, and sent his younger son into the *forum*, equipped like a herald.* He was a youth of most engaging appearance, and he approached with great modesty and tears in his eyes, to propose terms of accommodation to the consul and the senate. Many were disposed to hearken to the proposal; but Opimius said,—“The criminals ought not to treat by heralds, but come in person to make their submission to the senate, and surrender themselves to justice, before they interceded for mercy.” At the same time, he bade the young man return with an account that these conditions were complied with, or not return at all.

Caius was of opinion that they should go and endeavour to reconcile themselves to the senate. But as none of the rest acceded to that opinion, Fulvius sent his son again with propositions much the same. Opimius, who was in haste to begin hostilities, immediately took the young man into custody, and marched against Fulvius with a numerous body of infantry, and a company of Cretan archers. The latter galled their adversaries much, and put them in such confusion that they took to flight. Fulvius hid himself in an old neglected bath, where he was soon found and put to the sword, together with his eldest son. Caius was not seen to lift his hand in the fray. On the contrary, he expressed the greatest uneasiness at their coming to such extremities, and retired into the temple of Diana. There he would have despatched himself, but was hindered by Pomponius and Licinius, the most faithful of his

* Literally, with a caduceus, or herald's wand in his hand.

friends, who took away his poniard, and persuaded him to try the alternative of flight. On this occasion he is said to have kneeled down, and with uplifted hands to have prayed to the deity of that temple,—“That the people of Rome, for their ingratitude and base desertion of him, might be slaves for ever.” Indeed, most of them, on promise of impunity by proclamation, openly went over to the other party.

The enemy pursued Caius with great eagerness, and came up with him at the wooden bridge. His two friends, bidding him go forward, planted themselves before it, and suffered no man to pass till they were overpowered and slain. One of his servants, named Philocrates, accompanied Caius in his flight. All encouraged him to make the best of his way as they do a runner in the lists, but not one assisted him, or offered him a horse, though he desired it, for they saw the enemy now almost upon him.* He got, however, a little before them into a grove sacred to the *Furies*,† and there closed the scene; Philocrates first despatched him, and afterwards himself. Some, indeed, say, that they both came alive into the enemy’s hands; and that the slave clung so close to his master, that they could not come to the one, till they had cut the other in pieces. We are told also, that after a person, whose name is not mentioned, had cut off the head of Caius, and was bearing away his prize, Septimuleius, one of Opimius’‡ friends, took it from him: for, at the beginning of the action, the weight in gold had been offered by proclamation either for his head, or for that of Fulvius. Septimuleius carried it to Opimius upon the point of a pike; and when put in the scales, it was found to weigh seventeen pounds eight ounces: For Septimuleius had added fraud to his other villanies; he had taken out the brain, and filled the cavity with molten lead. Those who brought in the head of Fulvius, being persons of no note, had no reward at all.

The bodies of Caius and Fulvius, and the rest of the slain, who were no fewer than three thousand, were thrown into the river. Their goods were confiscated and sold, and their wives forbidden to go into mourning. Licinia was, moreover, deprived of her dowry. The most savage cruelty was exercised upon the younger son of Fulvius, who had never borne arms against them, nor appeared among the combatants, but was

* Aurelius Victor mentions two of Caius’ friends who stopped the pursuit of the enemy; Poinponius at the *Porta Trigemina*, and Lætorius at the *Pons Sublicius*.

† This grove was called *Lucus Furinæ*, and was near the *Pons Sublicius*. The goddess had a high priest called *Flamen Furinalis*, and annual sacrifices.—*Varro de Ling.* l. v.

‡ Pliny and Valerius Maximus say, he was an intimate acquaintance of Gracchus.

imprisoned when he came with proposals of peace, and put to death after the battle. But neither this, nor any other instance of despotism, so sensibly touched the people, as Opimius' building a temple to CONCORD: for by that he appeared to claim honour for what he had done, and in some sort to triumph in the destruction of so many citizens. Somebody, therefore, in the night, wrote this line under the inscription on the temple:—

Madness and discord rear the fane of Concord.

Opimius was the first consul who usurped the power of a dictator, and condemned three thousand citizens without any form of justice, beside Caius Gracchus and Fulvius Flaccus; though one of them had been honoured with the consulship and a triumph, and the other, both in virtue and reputation, was superior to all the men of his time.

Opimius was vile enough to suffer himself to be corrupted with money. Going afterwards ambassador to Jugurtha the Numidian, he took a bribe: and being called to account for it at his return, in a judicial way, he had the mortification to grow old with that infamy upon him. At the same time, he was hated and execrated by the commons, who through his means had been reduced to an abject condition. In a little time those commons showed how deeply they regretted the Gracchi. They erected their statues in one of the most public parts of the city; they consecrated the places where they were killed, and offered to them all first fruits according to the season of the year. Nay, many offered daily sacrifices, and paid their devotions there, as in the temples of the gods.

Cornelia is reported to have borne all these misfortunes with a noble magnanimity, and to have said of the consecrated places in particular, where her sons lost their lives,—“That they were monuments worthy of them.” She took up her residence at Misenum, and made no alteration in her manner of living. As she had many friends, her table was always open for the purposes of hospitality. Greeks and other men of letters she had always with her; and all the kings in alliance with Rome expressed their regard, by sending her presents, and receiving the like civilities in return. She made herself very agreeable to her guests by acquainting them with many particulars of her father Africanus, and of his manner of living. But what they most admired in her was, that she could speak of her sons without a sigh or a tear, and recount their actions and sufferings, as if she had been giving a narrative of some ancient heroes. Some, therefore, imagined, that age and the greatness of her misfortunes had deprived her of her understanding and sensibility. But those who were of that opi-

nion seem rather to have wanted understanding themselves, since they knew not how much a noble mind may, by a liberal education, be enabled to support itself against distress; and that though, in the pursuit of rectitude, fortune may often defeat the purposes of Virtue, yet Virtue in bearing affliction can never lose her prerogative.*

AGIS AND CLEOMENES

COMPARED WITH

TIBERIUS AND CAIUS GRACCHUS.

THUS we have given the history of these great men severally, and it remains that we take a view of them in comparison with each other. Those who hated the Gracchi, and endeavoured the most to disparage them, never durst deny, that of all the Romans of their time, nature had disposed them most happily to virtue, or that this disposition was cultivated by the most excellent education. But nature appears to have done still more for Agis and Cleomenes; for though they not only wanted the advantages of education, but were trained to such manners and customs as had corrupted many before them, yet they became examples of temperance and sobriety.

Besides, the Gracchi lived at a time when Rome was in her greatest glory; a time that was distinguished by a virtuous emulation; and, of course, they must have had a natural aversion to give up the inheritance of virtue which they had received from their ancestors: whereas Agis and Cleomenes had parents of very different principles, and found their country in a very diseased and unhappy state; and yet these things did not in the least abate their ardour in the pursuits of honour.

We have a strong proof of the disinterested views of the Gracchi, and their aversion to avarice, in their keeping themselves clear of all iniquitous practices in the whole course of their administration. But Agis might even have resented it,

* Και ὅτι τῆς ἀρετῆς ἢ τυχῆ φυλαττομένοις μὲν τὰ κακά πολλαχῶς περιεσίν, ἐν δὲ τῷ παισῶν τὸ φερεῖν εὐλογίῳσιν ἀπαραίτηται.—The learned Du Soul here proposes to read φυλαττομένῃς, instead of φυλαττομένοις, and κακά for καλὰ. There are, indeed, some manuscript authorities for those readings, and the passage is capable of a good sense if we accept them, viz.—*And that though Virtue, in striving to avoid affliction, may be often overborne by Fortune, &c.* But we think the contrast sufficiently preserved without altering the printed text. The learned annotator will have φυλαττομαι here to signify *vito*;—and that is certainly often the signification. But sometimes it signifies *obseruo*, as appears from the following passage in Hesiod:—*Ἥματα δ' ἐκ Διοθεν πεφύλαγμενος*

if any one had commended him for not touching the property of others, since he distributed his whole substance among the citizens of Sparta, which, beside other considerable articles, consisted of six hundred talents in money. What a crime, then, must unjust gain have appeared to him, who thought it nothing less than avarice to possess more than others, though by the fairest title?

If we consider them with respect to the hardness of their enterprises, and the new regulations they wanted to establish, we shall find the two Grecians greatly superior. One of the two Romans applied himself principally to making roads and colonizing towns. The boldest attempt of Tiberius was the distribution of the public lands; and Caius did nothing more extraordinary than the joining an equal number of the equestrian order in commission with the three hundred patrician judges.

The alterations which Agis and Cleomenes brought into the system of their commonwealth, were of a different nature. They saw that a small and partial amendment was no better, as Plato expresses it, than the cutting off one of the Hydra's heads;* and, therefore, they introduced a change that might remove all the distempers of the constitution at once. Perhaps we may express ourselves with more propriety, if we say, that, by removing the changes that had caused all their misfortunes, they brought Sparta back to its first principles.

Possibly it may not be amiss to add, that the measures the Gracchi adopted, were offensive to the greatest men in Rome;† whereas, all that Agis meditated, and Cleomenes brought to bear, had the best and most respectable authorities to support it; I mean the sanction either of Lycurgus or Apollo.

What is still more considerable, by the political measures of the Gracchi, Rome made not the least acquisition of power or territory, whereas, through those of Cleomenes, Greece saw the Spartans in a little time become masters of Peloponnesus, and contending for superiority with the most powerful princes of that age; and this without any other view than to deliver Greece from the incursions of the Illyrians and Gauls, and put her once more under the protection of the race of Hercules.

The different manner of the deaths of these great men appears also to me to point out a difference in their characters.

* In the fourth book of the Commonwealth.

† Plutarch seems to censure the Agrarian law as an irrational one, and as the invention of the Gracchi. But, in fact, there was an Agrarian law among the institutions of Lycurgus; and the Gracchi were not the first promoters of such a law among the Romans. Spurius Cassius offered a bill of the same kind above two hundred years before, which proved equally fatal to him.

The Gracchi fought with their fellow-citizens, and being defeated, perished in their flight. Agis, on the other hand, fell almost a voluntary sacrifice, rather than that any Spartan should lose his life on his account. Cleomenes, when insulted and oppressed, had recourse to vengeance; and, as circumstances did not favour him, had courage enough to give himself the fatal blow.

If we view them in another light, Agis never distinguished himself as a general; for he was killed before he had any opportunity of that kind: and with the many great and glorious victories of Cleomenes, we may compare the memorable exploit of Tiberius in being the first to scale the walls of Carthage, and his saving twenty thousand Romans, who had no other hope of life, by the peace which he happily concluded with the Numantians. As for Caius, there were many instances of his military talents, both in the Numantian war and in Sardinia. So that the two brothers would probably one day have been ranked with the greatest generals among the Romans, had they not come to an untimely death.

As to their political abilities, Agis seems to have wanted firmness and despatch. He suffered himself to be imposed upon by Agesilaus, and performed not his promise to the citizens of making a distribution of lands. He was, indeed, extremely young; and, on that account, had a timidity which prevented the completion of those schemes that had so much raised the expectation of the public. Cleomenes, on the contrary, took too bold and too violent a method to effectuate the changes he had resolved on in the police of Sparta. It was an act of injustice to put the *ephori* to death, whom he might either have brought over to his party by force, because he was superior in arms, or else have banished, as he did many others: for to have recourse to the knife, except in case of extreme necessity, indicates neither the good physician, nor the able statesman, but unskilfulness in both. Besides, in politics, that ignorance is always attended with injustice and cruelty. But neither of the Gracchi began the civil war, or dipped his hands in the blood of his countrymen. Caius, we are told, even when attacked, did not repel force with force; and though none behaved with greater courage and vigour than he in other wars, none was so slow to lift up his hand against a fellow-citizen. He went out unarmed to a scene of fury and sedition: when the fight began, he retired; and, through the whole, appeared more solicitous to avoid the doing of harm, than the receiving it. The flight, therefore, of the Gracchi must not be considered as an act of cowardice, but patriotic discretion: for they were under a necessity either of taking the method they did, or of fighting in their own defence, if they staid.

The strongest charge against Tiberius is, that he deposed his colleague, and sued for a second tribuneship. Caius was blamed for the death of Antyllius, but against all reason and justice; for the fact was committed without his approbation, and he looked upon it as a most unhappy circumstance. On the other hand, Cleomenes, not to mention any more his destroying the *ephor*i, took an unconstitutional step in enfranchising all the slaves; and, in reality, he reigned alone, though, to save appearances, he took in his brother Euclidas as partner in the throne, who was not of the other family that claimed a right to give one of the kings to Sparta. Archidamus, who was of that family, and had as much right to the throne, he persuaded to return from Messene. In consequence of this he was assassinated; and, as Cleomenes made no inquiry into the murder, it is probable that he was justly censured as the cause of it. Whereas, Lycurgus, whom he pretended to take as his pattern, freely surrendered to his nephew Charilaus the kingdom committed to his charge; and that he might not be blamed in case of his untimely death, he went abroad, and wandered a long time in foreign countries; nor did he return till Charilaus had a son to succeed him in the throne. It is true, Greece had not produced any other man who can be compared to Lycurgus.

We have shown that Cleomenes, in the course of his government, brought in greater innovations, and committed more violent acts of injustice. And those that are inclined to censure the persons of whom we are writing, represent Cleomenes as, from the first, of a tyrannical disposition, and a lover of war. The Gracchi they accuse of immoderate ambition, malignity itself not being able to find any other flaw in them. At the same time they acknowledge, that those tribunes might possibly be carried beyond the dictates of their native disposition by anger, and the heat of contention, which, like so many hurricanes, drove them at last upon some extremes in their administration. What could be more just or meritorious than their first design, to which they would have adhered, had not the rich and great, by the violent methods they took to abrogate their law, involved them both in those fatal quarrels; the one to defend himself, and the other to revenge his brother, who was taken off without any form of law or justice?

From these observations, you may easily perceive the difference between them; and if you required me to characterize each of them singly, I should say that the palm of virtue belongs to Tiberius; young Agis had the fewest faults; and Caius, in point of courage and spirit of enterprise, was little inferior to Cleomenes.

THE
LIFE OF DEMOSTHENES.

WHOEVER it was, my Sossius, that wrote the encomium upon Alcibiades, for his victory in the chariot-race at the Olympic games; whether Euripides, (which is the common opinion,) or some other, he asserts, that "The first requisite to happiness, is that a man be born in a famous city." But as to real happiness, which consists principally in the disposition and habit of the mind, for my part, I think it would make no difference though a man should be born in an inconsiderable town, or of a mother who had no advantages either of size or beauty: for it is ridiculous to suppose that Julis, a small town in the isle of Ceos, which is itself not great, and Ægina, which an Athenian "wanted to have taken away, as an eye-sore to the Piræus," should give birth to good poets and players,* and not be able to produce a man who might attain the virtues of justice, of contentment, and of magnanimity. Indeed, those arts, which are to gain the master of them considerable profit or honour, may probably not flourish in mean and insignificant towns. But virtue, like a strong and hardy plant, will take root in any place, where it can find an ingenuous nature, and a mind that has no aversion to labour and discipline. Therefore, if our sentiments or conduct fall short of the point they ought to reach, we must not impute it to the obscurity of the place where we were born, but to our little selves.

These reflections, however, extend not to an author, who would write a history of events which happened in a foreign country, and cannot be come at in his own. As he has his materials to collect from a variety of books dispersed in different libraries, his first care should be to take up his residence in some populous town which has an ambition for literature. There he will meet with many curious and valuable books; and the particulars that are wanting in writers, he may, upon inquiry, be supplied with by those who have laid them up in the faithful repository of memory. This will prevent his work from being defective in any material point. As to myself, I live in a little town, and I choose to live there, lest it should become still less. When I was in Rome, and other parts of

* The poet Simonides was of Ceos, and Polus the actor was of Ægina.

Italy, I had not leisure to study the Latin tongue, on account of the public commissions with which I was charged, and the number of people that came to be instructed by me in philosophy. It was not, therefore, till a late period in life, that I began to read the Roman authors. The process may seem strange; and yet it is very true. I did not so much gain the knowledge of things by the words, as words by the knowledge I had of things. I shall only add, that, to attain such a skill in the language, as to be master of the beauty and fluency of its expressions, with its figures, its harmony, and all the other graces of its structure, would, indeed, be an elegant and agreeable accomplishment. But the practice and pains it requires, are more than I have time for, and I must leave the ambition to excel in that walk to younger men.

In this book, which is the fifth of our parallels, we intend to give the Lives of Demosthenes and Cicero, and, from their actions and political conduct, we shall collect and compare their manners and disposition; but, for the reason already assigned, we shall not pretend to examine their orations, or to determine which of them was the more agreeable speaker. For, as Ion says,

What's the gay dolphin when he quits the waves,
And bounds upon the shore?

Cæcilius,* a writer at all times much too presumptuous, paid little regard to that maxim of the poet's, when he so boldly attempted a comparison between Demosthenes and Cicero. But perhaps the precept, *Know thyself*, would not be considered as divine, if every man could easily reduce it to practice.

It seems to me that Demosthenes and Cicero were originally formed by nature in the same mould, so great is the resemblance in their disposition. The same ambition, the same love of liberty, appears in their whole administration, and the same timidity amidst wars and dangers. Nor did they less resemble each other in their fortunes. For I think it is impossible to find two other orators, who raised themselves from obscure beginnings to such authority and power; who both opposed kings and tyrants; who both lost their daughters; were banished their country, and returned with honour; were forced to fly again; were taken by their enemies, and at last expired the same hour with the liberties of their country. So that, if nature and fortune, like two artificers, were to descend upon the scene, and dispute about their work, it would be difficult to decide whether the former had produced a greater resem-

* Cæcilius was a celebrated rhetorician, who lived in the time of Augustus. He wrote a Treatise on the Sublime, which is mentioned by Longinus.

blance in their dispositions, or the latter in the circumstances of their lives. We shall begin with the more ancient

Demosthenes, the father of Demosthenes, was one of the principal citizens of Athens. Theopompus tells us, he was called the *sword-cutter*, because he employed a great number of slaves in that business. As to what Æschines the orator relates concerning his mother,* that she was the daughter of one Gylon,† who was forced to fly for treason against the commonwealth, and of a barbarian woman, we cannot take upon us to say whether it was dictated by truth, or by falsehood and malignity. He had a large fortune left him by his father, who died when he was only seven years of age; the whole being estimated at little less than fifteen talents. But he was greatly wronged by his guardians, who converted part to their own use, and suffered part to lie neglected. Nay, they were vile enough to defraud his tutors of their salaries. This was the chief reason that he had not those advantages of education to which his quality entitled him. His mother did not choose that he should be put to hard and laborious exercises, on account of the weakness and delicacy of his frame; and his preceptors, being ill paid, did not press him to attend them. Indeed, from the first he was of a slender and sickly habit, insomuch that the boys are said to have given him the contemptuous name of *Batalus*,‡ for his natural defects. Some say, Batalus was an effeminate musician, whom Antiphanes ridiculed in one of his farces; others, that he was a poet, whose verses were of the most wanton and licentious kind. The Athenians, too, at that time, seem to have called a part of the body *batalus*, which decency forbids us to name. We are told, that Demosthenes had likewise the name of *Argas*, either on account of the savage and morose turn of his behaviour; for there is a kind of serpent which some of the poets call *argas*;§ or else for the severity of his expressions, which often gave his hearers pain; for there was a poet named *Argas*, whose verses were very keen and satirical. But enough of this article.

His ambition to speak in public is said to have taken its rise on this occasion:—The orator Callistratus was to plead

* In his oration against Ctesiphon.

† Gylon was accused of betraying to the enemy a town in Pontus called Nymphæum; upon which he fled into Scythia, where he married a native of the country, and had two daughters by her; one of whom was married to Philochares, and the other, named Cleobule, to Demosthenes. Her fortune was forty *minæ*; and of this marriage came Demosthenes the orator.

‡ Hesy chius gives a different explanation of the word *Batalus*; but Plutarch must be allowed, though Dacier will not here allow him, to understand the sense of the Greek word as well as Hesy chius.

§ Hippocrates too mentions a serpent of the name.

in the cause which the city of Oropus* had depending; and the expectation of the public was greatly raised, both by the powers of the orator, which were then in the highest repute, and by the importance of the trial. Demosthenes hearing the governors and tutors agree among themselves to attend the trial, with much importunity prevailed on his master to take him to hear the pleadings. The master having some acquaintance with the officers who opened the court, got his young pupil a seat where he could hear the orators without being seen. Callistratus had great success, and his abilities were extremely admired. Demosthenes was fired with a spirit of emulation. When he saw with what distinction the orator was conducted home, and complimented by the people, he was struck still more with the power of that commanding eloquence, which could carry all before it. From this time, therefore, he bade adieu to the other studies and exercises in which boys are engaged, and applied himself with great assiduity to declaiming, in hopes of being one day numbered among the orators. Isæus was the man he made use of as his preceptor in eloquence, though Isocrates then taught it; whether it was that the loss of his father incapacitated him to pay the sum of ten *minæ*,† which was that rhetorician's usual price, or whether he preferred the keen and subtle manner of Isæus, as more fit for public use.

Hermippus says he met with an account in certain anonymous memoirs, that Demosthenes likewise studied under Plato,‡ and received great assistance from him in preparing to speak in public. He adds, that Ctesibius used to say, that Demosthenes was privately supplied by Callias the Syracusan,

* Oropus was a town on the banks of the Euripus, on the frontiers of Attica. The Thebans, though they had been relieved in their distress by Chabrias and the Athenians, forgot their former services, and took Oropus from them. Chabrias was suspected of treachery, and Callistratus, the orator, was retained to plead against him. Demosthenes mentions this in his oration against Phidias. At the time of this trial, he was about sixteen.

† This could not be the reason, if what is recorded in the life of Isæus be true, that he was retained as tutor to Demosthenes at the price of a hundred *minæ*.

‡ This is confirmed by Cicero in his Brutus:—*Lectitavisse Platonem studiosè, audivisse etiam, Demosthenes decitur: Idque apparet in genere et granditate verborum.* Again, in his book *de Oratore*:—*Quod idem de Demosthene existimari potest, cujus ex epistolis intelligi licet, quàm frequens fuerit Platonis auditor.* It is possible that Cicero in this place alludes to the letter of Demosthenes addressed to Heracleodorus, in which he thus speaks of Plato's philosophy:—"Since you have espoused the doctrine of Plato, which is so distant from avarice, from artifice, and violence,—a doctrine whose object is the perfection of goodness and justice! Immortal gods! when once a man has adopted this doctrine, is it possible he should deviate from truth, or entertain one selfish or ungenerous sentiment?"

and some others, with the systems of rhetoric taught by Isocrates and Alcidas, and made his advantage of them.

When his minority was expired, he called his guardians to account at law, and wrote orations against them. As they found many methods of chicane and delay, he had great opportunity, as Thucydides says, to exercise his talent for the bar.* It was not without much pains and some risk that he gained his cause; and, at last, it was but a very small part of his patrimony that he could recover. By this means, however, he acquired a proper assurance, and some experience; and, having tasted the honour and power that go in the train of eloquence, he attempted to speak in the public debates, and take a share in the administration. As it is said of Laomedon the Orchomenian, that, by the advice of his physicians, in some disorder of the spleen, he applied himself to running, and continued it constantly a great length of way, till he had gained such excellent health and breath, that he tried for the crown at the public games, and distinguished himself in the long course: so it happened to Demosthenes, that he first appeared at the bar for the recovery of his own fortune, which had been so much embezzled; and having acquired in that cause a persuasive and powerful manner of speaking, he contested the crown, as I may call it, with the other orators before the general assembly.

However, in his first address to the people, he was laughed at, and interrupted by their clamours; for the violence of his manner threw him into a confusion of periods, and a distortion of his argument. Besides, he had a weakness and stammering in his voice, and a want of breath, which caused such a distraction in his discourse, that it was difficult for the audience to understand him. At last, upon his quitting the assembly, Eunomus the Thriasian, a man now extremely old, found him wandering in a dejected condition in the Piræus, and took upon him to set him right:—"You," said he, "have a manner of speaking very like that of Pericles; and yet you lose yourself out of mere timidity and cowardice. You neither bear up against the tumults of a popular assembly, nor prepare your body by exercise for the labour of the *rostrum*, but suffer your parts to wither away in negligence and indolence."

Another time, we are told, when his speeches had been ill received, and he was going home with his head covered, and in the greatest distress, Satyrus the player, who was an acquaintance of his, followed, and went in with him. Demosthenes lamented to him,—“That though he was the most la

* He lost his father at the age of seven; and he was ten years in the hands of guardians. He, therefore, began to plead in his eighteenth year, which, as it was only in his own private affairs, was not forbidden by the laws.

banious of all the orators, and had almost sacrificed his health to that application, yet he could gain no favour with the people; but drunken seamen, and other unlettered persons, were heard, and kept the *rostrum*, while he was entirely disregarded.* “You say true,” answered Satyrus; “but I will soon provide a remedy, if you will repeat to me some speech in Euripides or Sophocles.” When Demosthenes had done, Satyrus pronounced the same speech; and he did it with such propriety of action, and so much in character, that it appeared to the orator quite a different passage. He now understood so well how much grace and dignity action adds to the best oration, that he thought it a small matter to premeditate and compose, though with the utmost care, if the pronunciation and propriety of gesture were not attended to. Upon this, he built himself a subterraneous study, which remained to our times. Thither he repaired every day, to form his action, and exercise his voice; and he would often stay there for two or three months together; shaving one side of his head, that, if he should happen to be ever so desirous of going abroad, the shame of appearing in that condition might keep him in.

When he did go out upon a visit, or received one, he would take something that passed in conversation, some business or fact that was reported to him, for a subject to exercise himself upon. As soon as he had parted from his friends, he went to his study, where he repeated the matter in order as it passed, together with the arguments for and against it. The substance of the speeches which he heard, he committed to memory, and afterwards reduced them to regular sentences and periods,† meditating a variety of corrections and new forms of expressions, both for what others had said to him, and he had addressed to them. Hence it was concluded that he was not a man of much genius; and that all his eloquence was the effect of labour. A strong proof of this seemed to be, that he was seldom heard to speak any thing *extempore*, and though the people often called upon him by name, as he sat in the assembly, to speak to the point debated, he would not do it unless he came prepared. For this many of the orators ridiculed him; and Pytheas in particular told him,—“That all his arguments smelled of the lamp.” Demosthenes retorted sharply upon him,—“Yes, indeed; but your lamp and mine, my friend, are not conscious to the same labours.” To others he did not pretend to deny his previous application, but told them,—“He neither wrote the whole of his orations, nor spoke without first

* This was the privilege of all democratic states. Some think that by seamen, he means Demades, whose profession was that of a mariner.

† Cicero did the same, as we find in his epistles to Atticus. These arguments he calls *Theses Politicæ*.

committing part to writing." He farther affirmed,—“That this showed him a good member of the democratic state; for the coming prepared to the *rostrum*, was a mark of respect for the people; whereas, to be regardless of what the people might think of a man's address, showed his inclination for oligarchy; and that he had rather gain his point by force than by persuasion. Another proof they give us of his want of confidence on any sudden occasion, is, that when he happened to be put in disorder by the tumultuary behaviour of the people, Demades often rose up to support him in an *extempore* address; but he never did the same for Demades.

Wherefore, then, it may be said, did Æschines call him an orator of the most admirable assurance? How could he stand up alone and refute Python the Byzantian,* whose eloquence poured against the Athenians like a torrent? And when Lamachus the Myrrhenean† pronounced at the Olympic games an encomium which he had written upon Philip and Alexander, and in which he had asserted many severe and reproachful things against the Thebans and Olynthians, how could Demosthenes rise up and prove, by a ready deduction of facts, the many benefits for which Greece was indebted to the Thebans and Chalcidians, and the many evils that the flatterers of the Macedonians had brought upon their country? This, too, wrought such a change in the minds of the great audience, that the sophist, his antagonist, apprehending a tumult, stole out of the assembly.

Upon the whole, it appears that Demosthenes did not take Pericles entirely for his model. He only adopted his action and delivery, and his prudent resolution not to make a practice of speaking from a sudden impulse, or on any occasion that might present itself: being persuaded, that it was to that conduct he owed his greatness. Yet, while he chose not often to trust the success of his powers to fortune, he did not absolutely neglect the reputation which may be acquired by speak-

* This was one of the most glorious circumstances in the life of Demosthenes. The fate of his country, in a great measure, depended on his eloquence. After Plataea was lost, and Philip threatened to march against Athens, the Athenians applied for succours to the Bœotians. When the league was established, and the troops assembled at Chæronea, Philip sent ambassadors to the council of Bœotia, the chief of whom was Python, one of the ablest orators of his time. When he had inveighed with all the powers of eloquence against the Athenians and their cause, Demosthenes answered him, and carried the point in their favour. He was so elevated with this victory, that he mentions it in one of his orations in almost the same terms that Plutarch has used here.

† If we suppose this Lamachus to have been of Attica, the text should be altered from *Myrrhenean* to *Myrrhinusian*; for *Myrrhinus* was a borough of Attica. But there was a town called Myrrhine in Æolia, and another in Lemnos, and probably Lamachus was of one of these.

ing on a sudden occasion. And if we believe Eratosthenes, Demetrius the Phalerean, and the comic poets, there was a greater spirit and boldness in his unpremeditated orations, than in those he had committed to writing. Eratosthenes says, that, in his extemporaneous harangues, he often spoke as from a supernatural impulse; and Demetrius tells us that in an address to the people, like a man inspired, he once uttered this oath in verse,—

By earth, by all her fountains, streams, and floods.

One of the comic writers calls him *Rhopperperethras*,* and another, ridiculing his frequent use of the antithesis, says,—“As he took, so he retook:” for Demosthenes affected to use that expression. Possibly, Antiphanes played upon that passage in the oration concerning the isle of Halonesus, in which Demosthenes advised the Athenians “not to take, but to re-take it from Philip.”†

It was agreed, however, on all hands, that Demades excelled all the orators, when he trusted to nature only; and that his sudden effusions were superior to the laboured speeches of Demosthenes. Aristo of Chios gives us the following account of the opinion of Theophrastus concerning these orators:—Being asked in what light he looked upon Demosthenes as an orator? he said,—“I think him worthy of Athens:” what of Demades? “I think him above it.” The same philosopher relates of Polyeuctus the Sphettian, who was one of the principal persons in the Athenian administration at that time, that he called “Demosthenes the greatest orator, and Phocion the most powerful speaker:” because the latter comprised a great deal of sense in a few words. To the same purpose, we are told, that Demosthenes himself, whenever Phocion got up to oppose him, used to say to his friends,—“Here comes the pruning-hook of my periods.” It is uncertain, indeed, whether Demosthenes referred to Phocion’s manner of speaking, or to his life and character. The latter might be the case, because he knew that a word or nod from a man of superior character, is more regarded than the long discourses of another.

As for his personal defects, Demetrius the Phalerian gives us an account of the remedies he applied to them; and he says he had it from Demosthenes in his old age. The hesitation and stammering of his tongue, he corrected by practising to speak with pebbles in his mouth; and he strengthened his

* *A haberdasher of small wares*, or something like it.

† There is an expression something like what Plutarch has quoted, about the beginning of that oration. Libanius suspects the whole of that oration to be spurious; but this raillery of the poet on Demosthenes, seems to prove that it was of his hand.

voice by running or walking up hill, and pronouncing some passage in an oration or a poem, during the difficulty of breath which that caused. He had moreover, a looking-glass in his house, before which he used to declaim, and adjust all his motions.

It is said, that a man came to him one day, and desired him to be his advocate against a person from whom he had suffered by assault. "Not you, indeed," said Demosthenes, "you have suffered no such thing." "What!" said the man, raising his voice, "have I not received those blows?" "Ay, now," replied Demosthenes, "you do speak like a person that has been injured." So much, in his opinion, do the tone of voice and the action contribute to gain the speaker credit in what he affirms.

His action pleased the commonalty much: but people of taste (among whom was Demetrius the Phalerian) thought there was something in it low, inelegant, and unmanly. Herippus acquaints us, that Æsion, being asked his opinion of the ancient orators, and those of that time, said,—“Whoever has heard the orators of former times, must admire the decorum and dignity with which they spoke. Yet when we read the orations of Demosthenes, we must allow they have more art in composition, and greater force.” It is needless to mention, that, in his written orations, there was something extremely cutting and severe; but, in his sudden repartees, there was also something of humour.* When Demades said,—“Demosthenes to me! a sow to Minerva;” our orator made answer,—“This Minerva was found the other day playing the whore in Colyttus.” When a rascal, surnamed Chalchus,† attempted to jest upon his late studies and long watchings, he said,—“I know my lamp offends thee. But you need not wonder, my countrymen, that we have so many robberies, when we have thieves of brass, and walls only of clay.” Though more of his sayings might be produced, we shall pass them over, and go on to seek the rest of his manners and character in his actions and political conduct.

He tells us himself, that he entered upon public business in the time of the Phocian war;‡ and the same may be collected from his Philippics: for some of the last of them were delivered after that war was finished, and the former relate to the immediate transactions of it. It appears, also, that he was two-

* Longinus will not allow him the least excellence in matters of humour or pleasantry.—Cap. xxviii.

† That is, *Brass*.

‡ In the one hundred and sixth Olympiad, five hundred and thirty-three years before the Christian era. Demosthenes was then in his twenty-seventh year.

and-thirty years old when he was preparing his oration against Midias: and yet, at that time, he had attained no name or power in the administration. This, indeed, seems to be the reason of his dropping the prosecution for a sum of money: for,

— no prayer, no moving art
E'er bent that fierce, inexorable heart.

Pope.

He was vindictive in his nature, and implacable in his resentments. He saw it a difficult thing, and out of the reach of his interest, to pull down a man so well supported on all sides as Midias by wealth and friends; and, therefore, he listened to the application in his behalf. Had he seen any hopes or possibility of crushing his enemy, I cannot think that three thousand *drachmas* would have disarmed his anger.

He had a glorious subject for his political ambition, to defend the cause of Greece against Philip. He defended it like a champion worthy of such a charge, and soon gained great reputation, both for eloquence and for the bold truths which he spoke. He was admired in Greece, and courted by the king of Persia. Nay, Philip himself had a much higher opinion of him than the other orators; and his enemies acknowledge that they had to contend with a great man: for Æschines and Hyperides, in their very accusations, gave him such a character.

I wonder, therefore, how Theopompus could say that he was a man of no steadiness, who was never long pleased either with the same persons or things: for, on the contrary, it appears, that he abode by the party and the measures which he first adopted; and was so far from quitting them during his life, that he forfeited his life, rather than he would forsake them. Demades, to excuse the inconsistency of his public character, used to say,—“I may have asserted things contrary to my former sentiments, but not any thing contrary to the true interest of the commonwealth.” Melanopus, who was of the opposite party to Callistratus, often suffered himself to be bought off, and then said, by way of apology, to the people,—“It is true, the man is my enemy, but the public good is an overruling consideration.” And Nicodemus the Messenian, who first appeared strong in the interest of Cassander, and afterwards in that of Demetrius, said,—“He did not contradict himself, for it was always the best way to listen to the strongest.” But we have nothing of that kind to allege against Demosthenes. He never was a time-server either in his words or actions. The key of politics, which he first touched, he kept to without variation.

Panætius the philosopher asserts, that most of his orations

are written on this principle, that virtue is to be chosen for her own sake only; that, for instance, *of the Crown*, that against *Aristocrates*, that *for the Immunities*, and the *Philippics*. In all these orations, he does not exhort his countrymen to that which is most agreeable, or easy, or advantageous; but points out honour and propriety as the first objects, and leaves the safety of the state as a matter of inferior consideration. So that, if, beside that noble ambition which animated his measures, and the generous turn of his addresses to the people, he had been blest with the courage that war demands, and had kept his hands clean of bribes, he would not have been numbered with such orators as Mirocles, Polyeuctus, and Hyperides, but have deserved to be placed in a higher sphere with Cimon, Thueydides, and Pericles.

Among those who took the reins of government after him,* Phocion, though not of the party in most esteem, I mean that which seemed to favour the Macedonians; yet, on account of his probity and valour, did not appear at all inferior to Ephialtes, Aristides, and Cimon. But Demosthenes had neither the courage that could be trusted in the field, nor was he (as Demetrius expresses it) sufficiently fortified against the impressions of money. Though he bore up against the assaults of corruption from Philip and the Macedonians, yet he was taken by the gold of Susa and Ecbatana: so that he was much better qualified to recommend, than to imitate, the virtues of our ancestors. It must be acknowledged, however, that he excelled all the orators of his time, except Phocion, in his life and conversation. And we find in his orations, that he told the people the boldest truths, that he opposed their inclinations, and corrected their errors with the greatest spirit and freedom. Theopompus also acquaints us, that when the Athenians were for having him manager of a certain impeachment, and insisted upon it in a tumultuary manner, he would not comply, but rose up and said,—“My friends, I will be your counsellor whether you will or no; but a false accuser I will not be, how much soever you may wish it.” His behaviour in the case of Antipho was of the aristocratic cast.† The people had acquitted him in the general assembly; and yet he carried him before the Areopagus, where, without regarding the

* Τῶν γὰρ μετ' αὐτὸν, seems as it would do, with the little paraphrase we have given it; for Phocion did certainly hold the reins of government when Demosthenes was no more. At the same time, we must observe, that some insist that the emendation of Wolfius, τῶν γὰρ κατ' αὐτὸν, should take place, because Phocion was contemporary to Demosthenes; and because Plutarch says afterwards, τὰς γὰρ κατ' αὐτὸν ῥητορίας, ἐξ ὧ δὲ λόγῳ, τιθόμεναι φησὶ κωνά, καὶ τῷ βίῳ παρηλοῦσε.

† See his oration *de Coronâ*.

offence it might give the people, he proved that he had promised Philip to burn the arsenal; upon which he was condemned by the council, and put to death. He likewise accused the priestess Theoris of several misdemeanors; and, among the rest, of her teaching the slaves many arts of imposition. Such crimes, he insisted, were capital; and she was delivered over to the executioner.

Demosthenes is said to have written the oration for Apollodorus, by which he carried his cause against the general Timotheus, in an action of debt to the public treasury; as also those others against Phormio and Stephanus;* which was a just exception against his character: for he composed the oration which Phormio had pronounced against Apollodorus. This, therefore, was like furnishing two enemies with weapons out of the same shop to fight one another. He wrote some public orations for others, before he had any concern in the administration himself, namely, those against Androtion, Timocrates, and Aristocrates: for it appears that he was only twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age when he published those orations. That against Aristogiton, and that for the immunities, he delivered himself, at the request, as he says, of Ctesippus, the son of Chabrias; though others tell us, it was because he paid his addresses to the young man's mother. He did not, however, marry her; for his wife was a woman of Samos, as Demetrius the Magnesian informs us, in his account of persons of the same name. It is uncertain whether that against Æschines, for "betraying his trust as ambassador,"† was ever spoken; though Idomeneus affirms that Æschines was acquitted only by thirty votes. This seems not to be true, at least so far as may be conjectured from both their orations concerning the crown: for neither of them expressly mentions it as a cause that ever came to trial. But this is a point which we shall leave for others to decide.

Demosthenes, through the whole course of his political conduct, left none of the actions of the king of Macedon undisparaged. Even in time of peace, he laid hold on every opportunity to raise suspicions against him among the Athenians, and to excite their resentment. Hence, Philip looked upon him as a person of the greatest importance in Athens; and when he went with nine other deputies to the court of that

* Dacier gives a quite contrary sense. Instead of, *against Phormio*, he says *for Phormio*, *pour Phormion*; though the Greek is *επι προς Φορμιωνα*. Probably he had a copy with a different reading, but he does not mention it.

† In this oration, Demosthenes accused Æschines of many capital crimes committed in the embassy on which he was sent to oblige Philip to swear to the articles of peace. Both that oration, and the answer of Æschines, are still extant.

prince, after having given them all audience, he answered the speech of Demosthenes with greater care than the rest. As to other marks of honour and respect, Demosthenes had not an equal share in them; they were bestowed principally upon Æschines and Philocrates. They, therefore, were large in the praise of Philip on all occasions; and they insisted, in particular, on his eloquence, his beauty, and even his being able to drink a great quantity of liquor. Demosthenes, who could not bear to hear him praised, turned these things off as trifles:—"The first," he said, "was the property of the sophist, the second of a woman, and the third of a sponge; and not one of them could do any credit to a king."

Afterwards it appeared that nothing was to be expected but war; for, on one hand, Philip knew not how to sit down in tranquillity; and, on the other, Demosthenes inflamed the Athenians. In this case, the first step the orator took, was to put the people upon sending an armament to Eubœa, which was brought under the yoke of Philip by his petty tyrants. Accordingly, he drew up an edict, in pursuance of which they passed over to that peninsula, and drove out the Macedonians. His second operation was the sending succours to the Byzantians and Perinthians, with whom Philip was at war. He persuaded the people to drop their resentment, to forget the faults which both those nations had committed in the confederate war, and to send a body of troops to their assistance. They did so, and it saved them from ruin. After this he went ambassador to the states of Greece; and, by his animating address, brought them almost all to join in the league against Philip. Besides the troops of the several cities, they took an army of mercenaries, to the number of fifteen thousand foot, and two thousand horse, into pay, and readily contributed to the charge. Theophrastus tells us, that, when the allies desired their contributions might be settled, Crobylus the orator answered,—“That war could not be brought to any set diet.”

The eyes of all Greece were now upon these movements; and all were solicitous for the event. The cities of Eubœa, the Achæans, the Corinthians, the Megarensians, the Leucadians, the Coeyræans, had each severally engaged for themselves against the Macedonians. Yet the greatest work remained for Demosthenes to do; which was to bring the Thebans over to the league. Their country bordered upon Attica; they had a great army on foot, and were then reckoned the best soldiers in Greece. But they had recent obligations to Philip in the Phocian war; and, therefore, it was not easy to draw them from him; especially when they considered the frequent quarrels and acts of hostility, in which their vicinity to Athens engaged them.

Mean time Philip, elated with his success at Amphissa, surprised Elatea, and possessed himself of Phocis. The Athenians were struck with astonishment, and not one of them durst mount the *rostrum*: no one knew what advice to give; but a melancholy silence reigned in the city. In this distress Demosthenes alone stood forth, and proposed that application should be made to the Thebans. He likewise animated the people in his usual manner, and inspired them with fresh hopes; in consequence of which, he was sent ambassador to Thebes, some others being joined in commission with him. Philip, too, on his part, as Marsyas informs us, sent Amyntus and Clearchus, two Macedonians, Daochus the Thessalian, and Thrasidæus the Elean,* to answer the Athenian deputies. The Thebans were not ignorant what way their true interest pointed; but each of them had the evils of war before his eyes; for their Phocian wounds were still fresh upon them. However, the powers of the orator, as Theopompus tells us, rekindled their courage and ambition so effectually, that all other objects were disregarded. They lost sight of fear, of caution, of every prior attachment, and, through the force of his eloquence, fell with enthusiastic transports into the path of honour.

So powerful, indeed, were the efforts of the orator, that Philip immediately sent ambassadors to Athens to apply for peace. Greece recovered her spirits, whilst she stood waiting for the event; and not only the Athenian generals, but the governors of Bœotia, were ready to execute the commands of Demosthenes. All the assemblies, as well those of Thebes as those of Athens, were under his direction: he was equally beloved, equally powerful in both places; and, as Theopompus shows, it was no more than his merit claimed. But the superior power of fortune, which seems to have been working a revolution, and drawing the liberties of Greece to a period at that time, opposed and baffled all the measures that could be taken. The deity discovered many tokens of the approaching event. Among the rest, the priestess of Apollo delivered dreadful oracles; and an old prophecy from the Sibylline books was then much repeated:—

Far from Thermodon's banks, when, stain'd with blood,
Bœotia trembles o'er the crimson flood,
On eagle-pinions let me pierce the sky,
And see the vanquish'd weep, the victor die!

* As the country of Amyntus and Clearchus is mentioned, so in all probability was that of the other ambassadors who were to act with them. The text, as it now stands, is Ἀμύνταν μὲν καὶ Κλεάρχον Μακεδόνας, Δραχὸν δὲ καὶ Θεσσαλὸν καὶ Θρασυδαίον. The καὶ before Θεσσαλὸν should probably be taken away. As to Thrasidæus, we find in Plutarch's Morals, that he was an Elean.

This Thermodon, they say, is a small river in our country, near Chæronea, which falls into the Cephisus. At present we know no river of that name; but we conjecture that the Hæmon, which runs by the temple of Hercules, where the Greeks encamped, might then be called Thermodon; and the battle having filled it with blood and the bodies of the slain, it might, on that account, change its appellation. Duris, indeed, says, that Thermodon was not a river; but that some of the soldiers, as they were pitching their tents, and opening the trenches, found a small statue, with an inscription, which signified, that the person represented was Thermodon, holding a wounded Amazon in his arms. He adds, that there was another oracle on the subject, much taken notice of at that time:—

—————Fell bird of prey,
Wait thou the plenteous harvest, which the sword
Will give thee on Thermodon.

But it is hard to say what truth there is in these accounts.

As to Demosthenes, he is said to have had such confidence in the Grecian arms, and to have been so much elated with the courage and spirit of so many brave men calling for the enemy, that he would not suffer them to regard any oracles or prophecies. He told them that he suspected the prophetess herself of *Philippizing*. He put the Thebans in mind of Epaminondas, and the Athenians of Pericles, how they reckoned such things as mere pretexts of cowardice, and pursued the plan which their reason had dictated. Thus far Demosthenes acquitted himself like a man of spirit and honour. But in the battle, he performed nothing worthy of the glorious things he had spoken. He quitted his post; he threw away his arms; he fled in the most infamous manner; and was not ashamed, as Pytheas says, to belie the inscription which he had put upon his shield in golden characters,—TO GOOD FORTUNE.

Immediately after the victory, Philip, in the elation of his heart, committed a thousand excesses. He drank to intoxication, and danced over the dead, making a kind of song of the first part of the decree which Demosthenes had procured, and beating time to it:—*Demosthenes the Pæanian, son of Demosthenes, has decreed*. But when he came to be sober again, and considered the dangers with which he had lately been surrounded, he trembled to think of the prodigious force and power of that orator, who had obliged him to put both empire and life on the cast of a day, on a few hours of that day.*

Demades the orator contributed to bring him to the right use of his reason, when he told him with such distinguished magnanimity,—“That fortune had placed him in the character of Agamemnon, but that he chose to play the part of Thersites.”

The fame of Demosthenes reached the Persian court; and the king wrote letters to his lieutenants, commanding them to supply him with money, and to attend to him more than to any other man in Greece; because he best knew how to make a diversion in his favour, by raising fresh troubles, and finding employment for the Macedonian arms nearer home. This Alexander afterwards discovered by the letters of Demosthenes which he found at Sardis, and the papers of the Persian governors, expressing the sums which had been given him.

When the Greeks had lost this great battle, those of the contrary faction attacked Demosthenes, and brought a variety of public accusations against him. The people, however, not only acquitted him, but treated him with the same respect as before, and called him to the helm again, as a person whom they knew to be a well-wisher to his country: so that when the bones of those who fell at Chæronea were brought home to be interred, they pitched upon Demosthenes to make the funeral oration. They were, therefore, so far from bearing their misfortune in a mean and ungenerous manner, as Theopompus, in a tragical strain, represents it, that, by the great honour they did the counsellor, they showed they did not repent of having followed his advice.

Demosthenes, accordingly, made the oration. But, after this, he did not prefix his own name to his edicts, because he considered fortune as inauspicious to him; but sometimes that of one friend, sometimes that of another, till he recovered his spirits upon the death of Philip: for that prince did not long survive his victory at Chæronea; and his fate seemed to be presignified in the last of the verses above quoted:—

And see the vanquished weep, the victor die!

Demosthenes had secret intelligence of the death of Philip; and, in order to prepossess the people with hopes of some good success to come, he entered the assembly with a gay countenance, pretending he had seen a vision which announced something great for Athens. Soon after messengers came with an account of Philip's death. The Athenians immediately offered sacrifices of acknowledgment to the gods for so happy an event, and voted a crown for Pausanias, who killed him. Demosthenes, on this occasion, made his appearance in magnificent attire, and with a garland on his head, though it was only the seventh day after his daughter's death, as Æschines tells us, who, on that account, reproaches him as an unnatural father. But he must himself have been of an ungenerous and effeminate disposition, if he considered tears and lamentations as marks of a kind and affectionate parent, and condemned the man who bore such a loss with moderation.

At the same time, I do not pretend to say the Athenians were right in crowning themselves with flowers, or in sacrificing, upon the death of a prince who had behaved to them with so much gentleness and humanity in their misfortunes: for it was a meanness, below contempt, to honour him in his life, and admit him a citizen; and yet, after he was fallen by the hands of another, not to keep their joy within any bounds, but to insult the dead, and sing triumphal songs, as if they had performed some extraordinary act of valour.

I commend Demosthenes, indeed, for leaving the tears, and other instances of mourning, which his domestic misfortunes might claim, to the women, and going about such actions as he thought conducive to the welfare of his country: for I think a man of such firmness and other abilities as a statesman ought to have, should always have the common concern in view, and look upon his private accidents or business as considerations much inferior to the public: in consequence of which, he will be much more careful to maintain his dignity, than actors who personate kings and tyrants; and yet these, we see, neither laugh nor weep according to the dictates of their own passions, but as they are directed by the subject of the drama. It is universally acknowledged, that we are not to abandon the unhappy to their sorrows, but to endeavour to console them by rational discourse, or by turning their attention to more agreeable objects; in the same manner as we desire those who have weak eyes, to turn them from bright and dazzling colours, to green, or others of a softer kind. And what better consolation can there be under domestic afflictions, than to attemper and alleviate them with the public success;* so that, by such a mixture, the bad may be corrected by the good. These reflections we thought proper to make, because we have observed that this discourse of Æschines has weakened the minds of many persons, and put them upon indulging all the effeminacy of sorrow.

Demosthenes now solicited the states of Greece again, and they entered once more into the league. The Thebans, being furnished with arms by Demosthenes, attacked the garrison in their citadel, and killed great numbers; and the Athenians prepared to join them in the war. Demosthenes mounted the *rostrum* almost every day; and he wrote to the king of Per-

* In the printed text, it is πατριδος ατυχουσαι, but the *Vulcob.* and another manuscript give us ευτυχουσης. Some question whether καινων παθων can mean public joy, though παθη does certainly sometimes mean the affections or passions in general. It would, indeed, be good sense to say, We ought to lose our private sorrows in the public: Dost thou mourn for thyself, when thy country is perishing? But that interpretation would not agree with what follows, τοις βελτισιν αφανιζεσαν τα χειρω, *that the bad may be corrected by the good.*

sia's lieutenants in Asia, to invite them to commence hostilities from that quarter against Alexander, whom he called a *boy*, a second *Margites*.*

But when Alexander had settled the affairs of his own country, and marched into Bœotia with all his forces, the pride of the Athenians was humbled, and the spirit of Demosthenes died away. They deserted the Thebans; and that unhappy people had to stand the whole fury of the war by themselves; in consequence of which they lost their city. The Athenians were in great trouble and confusion; and they could think of no better measure than the sending Demosthenes and some others ambassadors to Alexander. But Demosthenes, dreading the anger of that monarch, turned back at Mount Cithæron, and relinquished his commission. Alexander immediately sent deputies to Athens, who (according to Idomeneus and Düris) demanded that they would deliver up ten of their orators. But the greatest part, and those the most reputable of the historians, say, that he demanded only these eight: Demosthenes, Polyeuctus, Ephialtes, Lycurgus, Myrocles, Damon, Callisthenes, and Charidemus. On this occasion, Demosthenes addressed the people in the fable of the sheep who were to give up their dogs to the wolves, before they would grant them peace: by which he insinuated, that he and the other orators were the guards of the people, as the dogs were of the flock; and that Alexander was the great wolf they had to treat with. And again,—“As we see merchants carrying about a small sample in a dish, by which they sell large quantities of wheat; so you, in us, without knowing it, deliver up the whole body of citizens.” These particulars we have from Aristobulus of Cassandria.

The Athenians deliberated upon the point in full assembly; and Demades seeing them in great perplexity, offered to go alone to the king of Macedon, and intercede for the orators, on condition that each of them would give him five talents; whether it was that he depended upon the friendship that prince had for him, or whether he hoped to find him, like a lion, satiated with blood: he succeeded, however, in his application for the orators, and reconciled Alexander to the city.

When Alexander returned to Macedon, the reputation of Demades, and the other orators of his party, greatly increased; and that of Demosthenes gradually declined. It is true, he raised his head a little, when Agis, king of Sparta, took the field:—but it soon fell again; for the Athenians refused to

* Homer wrote a satire against this Margites, who appears to have been a very contemptible character.

join him, Agis was killed in battle, and the Lacedæmonians entirely routed.

About this time,* the affair *concerning the crown* came again upon the carpet. The information was first laid under the archonship of Chærondas; and the cause was not determined till ten years after,† under Aristophon. It was the most celebrated cause that ever was pleaded, as well on account of the reputation of the orators, as the generous behaviour of the judges: for though the prosecutors of Demosthenes were then in great power, as being entirely in the Macedonian interest, the judges would not give their voices against him; but on the contrary, acquitted him so honourably, that Æschines had not a fifth part of the suffrages.‡ Æschines immediately quitted Athens, and spent the rest of his days in teaching rhetoric at Rhodes and in Ionia.

It was not long after this, that Harpalus came from Asia to Athens.§ He had fled from the service of Alexander, both because he was conscious to himself of having falsified his trust, to minister to his pleasure, and because he dreaded his master, who now was become terrible to his best friends. As he applied to the people of Athens for shelter, and desired protection for his ships and treasures, most of the orators had an eye upon the gold, and supported his application with all their interest. Demosthenes at first advised them to order Harpalus off immediately, and to be particularly careful not to involve the city in war again, without any just or necessary cause.

Yet a few days after, when they were taking an account of the treasure, Harpalus perceiving that Demosthenes was much pleased with one of the king's cups, and stood admiring the workmanship and fashion, desired him to take it in his hand, and feel the weight of the gold. Demosthenes being surprised

* Demosthenes rebuilt the walls of Athens at his own expense; for which the people, at the motion of Ctesiphon, decreed him a crown of gold. This excited the envy and jealousy of Æschines, who thereupon brought that famous impeachment against Demosthenes which occasioned his inimitable oration *de Corona*.

† Plutarch must be mistaken here. It does not appear, upon the exactest calculation, to have been more than eight years.

‡ This was a very ignominious circumstance; for if the accuser had not a fifth part of the suffrages, he was fined a thousand drachmas.

§ Harpalus had the charge of Alexander's treasure in Babylon, and, flattering himself that he would never return from his Indian expedition, he gave in to all manner of crimes and excesses. At last, when he found that Alexander was really returning, and that he took a severe account of such people as himself, he thought proper to march off with 5,000 talents, and 6,000 men, into Attica.

at the weight, and asking Harpalus how much it might bring, he smiled, and said,—“It will bring you twenty talents.” And as soon as it was night, he sent him the cup with that sum: for Harpalus knew well enough how to distinguish a man’s passion for gold, by his pleasure at the sight, and the keen looks he cast upon it. Demosthenes could not resist the temptation; it made all the impression upon him that was expected; he received the money, like a garrison, into his house, and went over to the interest of Harpalus. Next day, he came into the assembly with a quantity of wool and bandages about his neck; and when the people called upon him to get up and speak, he made signs that he had lost his voice: upon which, some that were by, said,—“It was no common hoarseness that he had got in the night: it was a hoarseness occasioned by swallowing gold and silver.” Afterwards, when all the people were apprised of his taking the bribe, and he wanted to speak in his own defence, they would not suffer him, but raised a clamour, and expressed their indignation. At the same time, somebody or other stood up, and said, sneeringly,—“Will you not listen to the man with the cup?”* The Athenians then immediately sent Harpalus off; and fearing they might be called to account for the money with which the orators had been corrupted, they made a strict inquiry after it, and searched all their houses, except that of Callicles, the son of Arrenides, whom they spared, as Theopompus says, because he was newly married, and his bride was in his house.

At the same time, Demosthenes, seemingly with a design to prove his innocence, moved for an order, that the affair should be brought before the court of Areopagus, and all persons punished who should be found guilty of taking bribes. In consequence of which, he appeared before that court, and was one of the first that were convicted. Being sentenced to pay a fine of fifty talents, and to be imprisoned till it was paid, the disgrace of his conviction, and the weakness of his constitution, which could not bear close confinement, determined him to fly; and this he did, undiscovered by some, and assisted by others. It is said that when he was not far from the city, he perceived some of his late adversaries following,† and endeavoured to hide himself. But they called to him by name;

* This alludes to a custom of the ancients at their feasts, wherein it was usual for the cup to pass from hand to hand; and the person who held it sung a song, to which the rest gave attention.

† It is recorded by Phocius, that Æschines, when he left Athens, was followed in like manner, and assisted by Demosthenes; and that when he offered him consolations, he made the same answer. Plutarch likewise mentions this circumstance in the Lives of the ten orators.

and when they came nearer, desired him to take some necessary supplies of money, which they had brought with them for that purpose. They assured him, they had no other design in following, and exhorted him to take courage. But Demosthenes gave into more violent expressions of grief than ever, and said,—“What comfort can I have, when I leave enemies in this city more generous than it seems possible to find friends in any other?” He bore his exile in a very weak and effeminate manner: for the most part, he resided in Ægina or Trœzene; where, whenever he looked towards Attica, the tears fell from his eyes. In his expressions, there was nothing of a rational firmness; nothing answerable to the bold things he had said and done in his administration. When he left Athens, we are told, he lifted up his hands towards the citadel, and said,—“O Minerva, goddess of those towers, whence is it that thou delightest in three such monsters as an owl, a dragon, and the people?” The young men who resorted to him for instruction, he advised, by no means, to meddle with affairs of state. He told them,—“That if two roads had been shown him at first, the one leading to the *rostrum* and the business of the assembly, and the other to certain destruction, and he could have foreseen the evils that awaited him in the political walk, the fears, the envy, the calumny, and contention, he would have chosen that road which led to immediate death.”

During the exile of Demosthenes, Alexander died.* The Greek cities once more combining upon that event, Demosthenes performed great things; and, among the rest, drew a line of circumvallation around Antipater, whom he had shut up in Lamia. Pytheas the orator, with Callimedon and Carabus, left Athens, and, going over to Antipater, accompanied his friends and ambassadors in their applications to the Greeks, and in persuading them not to desert the Macedonian cause, nor listen to the Athenians. On the other hand, Demosthenes joined the Athenian deputies, and exerted himself greatly with them in exhorting the states to fall with united efforts upon the Macedonians, and drive them out of Greece. Phylarchus tells us, that, in one of the cities of Arcadia, Pytheas and Demosthenes spoke with great acrimony; the one in pleading for the Macedonians, and the other for the Greeks. Pytheas is reported to have said,—“As some sickness is always supposed to be in the house into which ass’s milk is brought; so the city which an Athenian embassy ever enters, must necessarily be in a sick and decaying condition.” Demosthenes turn-

* Olymp. cxiv. Demosthenes was then in his fifty-eighth year.

ed the comparison against him, by saying,—“As ass’s milk never enters but for curing the sick; so the Athenians never appear but for remedying some disorder.”

The people of Athens were so much pleased with this repartee, that they immediately voted for the recall of Demosthenes. It was Damon the Pæanian, cousin-german to Demosthenes, who drew up the decree. A galley was sent to fetch him from Ægina; and when he came up from the Piræus to Athens, the whole body of citizens went to meet and to congratulate him on his return; insomuch that there was neither a magistrate nor priest left in the town. Demetrius of Magnesia acquaints us, that Demosthenes lifted up his hands towards heaven in thanks for that happy day:—“Happier,” said he, “is my return than that of Alcibiades. It was through compulsion that the Athenians restored him, but me they have recalled from a motive of kindness.”

The fine, however, still remained due; for they could not extend their grace so far as to repeal his sentence: but they found out a method to evade the law, while they seemed to comply with it. It was the custom, in the sacrifices to Jupiter the Preserver, to pay the persons who prepared and adorned the altars. They, therefore, appointed Demosthenes to this charge; and ordered that he should have fifty talents for his trouble, which was the sum his fine amounted to.

But he did not long enjoy his return to his country. The affairs of Greece soon went to ruin. They lost the battle of Crano in the month of August,* a Macedonian garrison entered Munychia in September,† and Demosthenes lost his life in October.‡

It happened in the following manner:—When news was brought that Antipater and Craterus were coming to Athens, Demosthenes and those of his party hastened to get out privately before their arrival. Hereupon, the people, at the motion of Demades, condemned them to death. As they fled different ways, Antipater sent a company of soldiers about the country to seize them. Archias, surnamed *Phugadotheras*, or the *exile-hunter*, was their captain. It is said he was a native of Thurium, and had been some time a tragedian; they add, that Polus of Ægina, who excelled all the actors of his time, was his scholar. Hermippus reckons Archias among the disciples of Lacritus the rhetorician; and Demetrius says he spent some time at the school of Anaximenes. This Archias, however, drew Hyperides the orator, Aristonicus of Marathon, and Hymereus, the brother of Demetrius the Phalerean, out of the temple of Æacus in Ægina, where they had taken

* Metagitnion.

† Boëdromion.

‡ Pvanepsion.

refuge, and sent them to Antipater at Cleonæ. There they were executed; and Hyperides is said to have first had his tongue cut out.

Archias being informed that Demosthenes had taken sanctuary in the temple of Neptune at Calauria, he and his Thracian soldiers passed over into it in row-boats. As soon as he was landed, he went to the orator, and endeavoured to persuade him to quit the temple, and go with him to Antipater, assuring him that he had no hard measure to expect. But it happened that Demosthenes had seen a strange vision the night before. He thought that he was contending with Archias which could play the tragedian the best; that he succeeded in his action, had the audience on his side, and would certainly have obtained the prize, had not Archias outdone him in the dresses and decorations of the theatre. Therefore, when Archias had addressed him with a great appearance of humanity, he fixed his eyes on him, and said, without rising from his seat,—“Neither your action moved me formerly, nor do your promises move me now.” Archias then began to threaten him; upon which he said,—“Before, you acted a part; now you speak as from the Macedonian tripod. Only wait a while, till I have sent my last orders to my family.” So saying, he retired into the inner part of the temple; and taking some paper, as if he meant to write, he put the pen in his mouth, and bit it a considerable time, as he used to do when thoughtful about his composition: after which, he covered his head, and put it in a reclining posture. The soldiers who stood at the door, apprehending that he took these methods to put off the fatal stroke, laughed at him, and called him a coward. Archias then approaching him, desired him to rise, and began to repeat the promises of making his peace with Antipater. Demosthenes, who by this time felt the operation of the poison he had taken strong upon him, uncovered his face, and looking upon Archias,—“Now,” said he, “you may act the part of Creon,* in the play, as soon as you please, and cast out this carcass of mine unburied. For my part, O gracious Neptune! I quit thy temple with my breath within me; but Antipater and the Macedonians would not have scrupled to profane it with murder.” By this time he could scarcely stand, and, therefore, desired them to support him. But in attempting to walk out, he fell by the altar, and expired with a groan.

Aristo says, he sucked the poison from a pen, as we have related it. One Pappus, whose memoirs were recovered by Hermippus, reports, that, when he fell by the altar, there was

* Alluding to that passage in the *Antigone* of Sophocles, where Creon forbids the body of Polynices to be buried.

found on his paper the beginning of a letter:—"Demosthenes to Antipater," and nothing more. He adds, that people being surprised that he died so quickly, the Thracians who stood at the door, assured them that he took the poison in his hand out of a piece of cloth, and put it to his mouth. To them it had the appearance of gold. Upon inquiry made by Archias, a young maid who served Demosthenes, said, he had long wore that piece of cloth by way of amulet. Eratosthenes tells us, that he kept the poison in the hollow of a bracelet button which he wore upon his arm. Many others have written upon the subject; but it is not necessary to give all their different accounts. We shall only add, that Democharis, a servant of Demosthenes, asserts, that he did not think his death owing to poison, but to the favour of the gods, and a happy providence, which snatched him from the cruelty of the Macedonians, by a speedy and easy death. He died on the sixteenth of October, which is the most mournful day in the ceremonies of the *Thesmophoria*.* The women keep it with fasting in the temple of Ceres.

It was not long before the temple of Athens paid him the honours that were due to him, by erecting his statue in brass, and decreeing that the eldest of his family should be maintained in the *Prytaneum*, at the public charge. This celebrated inscription was put upon the pedestal of his statue:—

Divine in speech, in judgment, too, divine,
Had valour's wreath, Demosthenes, been thine,
Fair Greece had still her freedom's ensign borne,
And held the scourge of Macedon in scorn!

For no regard is to be paid to those who say that Demosthenes himself uttered these lines in Calauria just before he took the poison.†

A little before I visited Athens, the following adventure is said to have happened:—A soldier, being summoned to appear before the commanding officer upon some misdemeanor, put the little gold he had into the hands of the statue of Demosthenes, which were in some measure clenched. A small plane-tree grew by it, and many leaves, either accidentally lodged there by the winds, or purposely so placed by the soldier, covered the gold a considerable time. When he returned and

* This was an annual festival in honour of Ceres. It began the fourteenth of October, and ended the eighteenth. The third day of the festival was a day of fasting and mortification; and this is the day that Plutarch speaks of.

† This inscription, so far from doing Demosthenes honour, is the greatest disgrace that the Athenians could have fastened on his memory. It reproaches him with a weakness which, when the safety of his country was at stake, was such a deplorable want of virtue and manhood, as no parts or talents could atone for.

found his money entire, the fame of this accident was spread abroad, and many of the wits of Athens strove which could write the best copy of verses, to vindicate Demosthenes from the charge of corruption.

As for Demades, he did not long enjoy the new honours he had acquired. The being who took it in charge to revenge Demosthenes, led him into Macedonia, where he justly perished by the hands of those whom he had basely flattered. They had hated him for some time; but at last they caught him in a fact which could neither be excused nor pardoned. Letters of his were intercepted, in which he exhorted Perdiccas to seize Macedonia, and deliver Greece,—“which,” he said, “hung only by an old rotten stalk,” meaning Antipater. Dinarchus the Corinthian, accusing him of this treason, Cassander was so much provoked that he stabbed his son in his arms, and afterwards gave orders for his execution. Thus, by the most dreadful misfortunes, he learned that traitors always first fell themselves; a truth which Demosthenes had often told him before, but he would never believe it. Such, my Sossius, is the life of Demosthenes, which we have compiled, in the best manner we could, from books and from tradition.

THE LIFE OF CICERO.

THE account we have of Helvia, the mother of Cicero, is, that her family was noble,* and her character excellent. Of his father there is nothing said but in extremes: for some affirm that he was the son of a fuller,† and educated in that trade, while others deduce his origin from Attius Tullius,‡ a prince who governed the Volsci with great reputation. Be that as it may, I think the first of the family who bore the name of Cicero, must have been an extraordinary man; and for that reason his posterity did not reject the appellation, but rather took to it with pleasure, though it was a common subject of ridicule; for the Latins call a vetch *cicer*, and he had a flat excrescence on the top of his nose in resemblance of a vetch, from which he got that surname.§ As for the Cicero of whom we are writing, his friends advised him, on his first application to business, and soliciting one of the great offices of state, to lay aside or change that name. But he answered with great spirit, —“That he would endeavour to make the name of Cicero more glorious than that of the Scauri and the Catuli.” When quæstor in Sicily, he consecrated in one of the temples, a vase, or some other offering, in silver, upon which he inscribed his two first names *Marcus Tullius*, and, punning upon the third, ordered the artificer to engrave a vetch. Such is the account we have of his name.

He was born on the third of January,|| the day on which the magistrates now sacrifice and pay their devotions for the health of the emperor; and it is said that his mother was delivered of him without pain. It is also reported, that a spectre appeared to his nurse, and foretold, that the child she had the

* Cinna was of this family.

† Dion tells us that Q. Calenus was the author of this calumny. Cicero, in his books *de Legibus*, has said enough to show that both his father and grandfather were persons of property and of a liberal education.

‡ The same prince to whom Coriolanus retired four hundred years before.

§ Pliny's account of the origin of this name is more probable. He supposes that the person who first bore it was remarkable for the cultivation of vetches. So Fabius, Lentulus, and Piso, had their names from beans, tares, and peas.

|| In the six hundred and forty-seventh year of Rome; a hundred and four years before the Christian era. Pompey was born the same year.

happiness to attend, would one day prove a great benefit to the whole commonwealth of Rome. These things might have passed for idle dreams, had he not soon demonstrated the truth of the prediction. When he was of a proper age to go to school, his genius broke out with so much lustre, and he gained so distinguished a reputation among the boys, that the fathers of some of them repaired to the schools to see Cicero, and to have specimens of his capacity for literature; but the less civilized were angry with their sons, when they saw them take Cicero in the middle of them as they walked, and always give him the place of honour. He had that turn of genius and disposition which Plato* would have a scholar and philosopher to possess. He had both capacity and inclination to learn all the arts, nor was there any branch of science that he despised, yet he was most inclined to poetry; and there is still extant a poem, entitled *Pontius Glaucus*,† which was written by him when a boy, in *tetrameter* verse. In process of time, when he had studied this art with greater application, he was looked upon as the best poet, as well as the greatest orator in Rome. His reputation for oratory still remains, notwithstanding the considerable changes that have since been made in the language; but, as many ingenious poets have appeared since his time, his poetry has lost its credit, and is now neglected.‡

When he had finished those studies through which boys commonly pass, he attended the lectures of Philo the academician, whom, of all the scholars of Clitomachus, the Romans most admired for his eloquence, and loved for his conduct. At the same time he made great improvement in the knowledge of the law, under Mucius Scaevola, an eminent lawyer, and president of the senate. He likewise got a taste of military knowledge under Sylla, in the Marsian war.§ But afterwards, finding the commonwealth engaged in civil wars, which were likely to end in nothing but absolute monarchy, he withdrew to a philosophic and contemplative life; conversing with men of letters from Greece, and making further advances in science. This method of life he pursued till Sylla had made

* Plato's Commonwealth, lib. v.

† This Glaucus was a famous fisherman, who, after eating of a certain herb, jumped into the sea, and became one of the gods of that element. Æschylus wrote a tragedy on the subject. Cicero's poem is lost.

‡ Plutarch was a very indifferent judge of the Latin poetry, and his speaking with so much favour of Cicero's, contrary to the opinion of Juvenal and many others, is a strong proof of it. He translated Aratus into verse at the age of seventeen, and wrote a poem in praise of the actions of Marius, which, Scaevola said, would live through innumerable ages. But he was out in his prophecy. It has long been dead. And the poem which he wrote in three books on his own consulship, has shared the same fate.

§ In the eighteenth year of his age.

himself master, and there appeared to be some established government again.

About this time Sylla ordered the estate of one of the citizens to be sold by auction, in consequence of his being killed as a person proscribed; when it was struck off to Chrysgonus, Sylla's freedman, at the small sum of two thousand *drachmæ*. Roscius, the son and heir of the deceased, expressed his indignation, and declared that the estate was worth two hundred and fifty talents. Sylla, enraged at having his conduct thus publicly called in question, brought an action against Roscius for the murder of his father, and appointed Chrysgonus to be the manager. Such was the dread of Sylla's cruelty, that no man offered to appear in defence of Roscius, and nothing seemed left for him but to fall a sacrifice. In this distress he applied to Cicero, and the friends of the young orator desired him to undertake the cause; thinking he could not have a more glorious opportunity to enter the lists of fame. Accordingly, he undertook his defence, succeeded, and gained great applause.* But fearing Sylla's resentment, he travelled into Greece, and gave out that the recovery of his health was the motive. Indeed, he was of a lean and slender habit, and his stomach was so weak, that he was obliged to be very sparing in his diet, and not to eat till a late hour in the day. His voice, however, had a variety of inflections, but was at the same time harsh and unformed; and as, in the vehemence and enthusiasm of speaking, he always rose into a loud key, there was reason to apprehend that it might injure his health.

When he came to Athens, he heard Antiochus the Ascalonite, and was charmed with the smoothness and grace of his elocution, though he did not approve his new doctrines in philosophy: for Antiochus had left the *new Academy*, as it is called, and the sect of Carneades, either from clear conviction, and from the strength of the evidence of sense, or else from a spirit of opposition to the schools of Clitomachus and Philo, and had adopted most of the doctrines of the Stoics. But Cicero loved the *new Academy*, and entered more and more into its opinions; having already taken his resolution, if he failed in his design of rising in the state, to retire from the *forum* and all political intrigues, to Athens, and spend his days in peace in the bosom of philosophy.

But not long after, he received the news of Sylla's death. His body by this time was strengthened by exercise, and brought to a good habit. His voice was formed, and, at the same time that it was full and sonorous, had gained a sufficient sweetness, and was brought to a key which his constitution

* In his twenty-seventh year.

could bear. Besides, his friends at Rome solicited him by letters to return, and Antiochus exhorted him much to apply himself to public affairs. For which reasons, he exercised his rhetorical powers afresh, as the best engines for business and calling forth his political talents. In short, he suffered not a day to pass without either declaiming, or attending the most celebrated orators. In the prosecution of this design, he sailed to Asia and the island of Rhodes. Amongst the rhetoricians of Asia, he availed himself of the instructions of Xenocles of Adramyttium, Dionysius of Magnesia, and Menippus of Caria. At Rhodes he studied under the rhetorician Apollonius the son of Molo,* and the philosopher Posidonius. It is said, that Apollonius, not understanding the Roman language, desired Cicero to declaim in Greek; and he readily complied, because he thought by that means his faults might the better be corrected. When he had ended his declamation, the rest were astonished at his performance, and strove which should praise him most; but Apollonius showed no signs of pleasure while he was speaking; and when he had done, he sat a long time thoughtful and silent. At last, observing the uneasiness it gave his pupil, he said,—“As for you, Cicero, I praise and admire you, but I am concerned for the fate of Greece. She had nothing left her but the glory of eloquence and erudition, and you are carrying that too to Rome.”

Cicero now prepared to apply himself to public affairs with great hopes of success: but his spirit received a check from the oracle at Delphi: for, upon his inquiring by what means he might rise to the greatest glory, the priestess bade him “follow nature, and not take the opinion of the multitude for the guide of his life.” Hence it was, that, after his coming to Rome, he acted at first with great caution. He was timorous and backward in applying for public offices, and had the mortification to find himself neglected, and called *a Greek, a scholastic*; terms which the artisans, and others the meanest of the Romans, are very liberal in applying. But as he was naturally ambitious of honour, and spurred on besides by his father and his friends, he betook himself to the bar. Nor was it by slow and insensible degrees that he gained the palm of eloquence; his fame shot forth at once, and he was distinguished above all the orators of Rome. Yet it is said that his turn for action was naturally as defective as that of Demosthenes, and, therefore, he took all the advantage he could from the instruction of Roscius, who excelled in comedy, and of Æsop, whose talents lay in tragedy. This Æsop, we are told,

* Not *Appollonius the son of Mola*, but *Appollonius Molo*. The same mistake is made by our author in the *Life of Cæsar*.

when he was one day acting Atreus, in the part where he considers in what manner he should punish Thyestes, being worked up by his passion to a degree of insanity, with his sceptre struck a servant who happened suddenly to pass by, and laid him dead at his feet. In consequence of these helps, Cicero found his powers of persuasion not a little assisted by action and just pronounciation. But as for those orators who gave into a bawling manner, he laughed at them, and said,—“ Their weakness made them get up into clamour, as lame men get on horseback.” His excellence at hitting off a jest or repartee, animated his pleadings, and, therefore, seemed not foreign to the business of the *forum*; but by bringing it much into life, he offended numbers of people, and got the character of a malevolent man.

He was appointed quæstor at a time when there was a great scarcity of corn; and having Sicily for his province, he gave the people a great deal of trouble at first, by compelling them to send their corn to Rome. But afterwards, when they came to experience his diligence, his justice and moderation, they honoured him more than any quæstor that Rome had ever sent them. About that time, a number of young Romans, of noble families, who lay under the charge of having violated the rules of discipline, and not behaved with sufficient courage in time of service, were sent back to the prætor of Sicily. Cicero undertook their defence, and acquitted himself of it with great ability and success. As he returned to Rome, much elated with these advantages, he tells us,* he met with a pleasant adventure. As he was on the road through Campania, meeting with a person of some eminence, with whom he was acquainted, he asked him,—“ What they said and thought of his actions in Rome?” imagining that his name and the glory of his achievements had filled the whole city. His acquaintance answered,—“ Why, where have you been then, Cicero, all this time?”

This answer dispirited him extremely: for he found that the accounts of his conduct had been lost in Rome, as in an immense sea, and had made no remarkable addition to his reputation. By mature reflection upon this incident, he was brought to retrench his ambition, because he saw that contention for glory was an endless thing, and had neither measures nor bounds to terminate it. Nevertheless, his immoderate love of praise, and his passion for glory, always remained with him, and often interrupted his best and wisest designs.

When he began to dedicate himself more earnestly to public business, he thought that, while mechanics know the name,

* In his oration for Plancus.

the place, the use of every tool and instrument they take in their hands, though those things are inanimate, it would be absurd for a statesman, whose functions cannot be performed but by means of men, to be negligent in acquainting himself with the citizens. He, therefore, made it his business to commit to memory not only their names, but the place of abode of those of greater note, what friends they made use of, and what neighbours were in their circle: so that whatever road in Italy Cicero travelled, he could easily point out the estates and houses of his friends.

Though his own estate was sufficient for his necessities, yet, as it was small, it seemed strange that he would take neither fee nor present for his services at the bar. This was most remarkable in the case of Verres. Verres had been *prætor* in Sicily, and committed numberless acts of injustice and oppression. The Sicilians prosecuted him, and Cicero gained the cause for them, not so much by pleading as by forbearing to plead. The magistrates, in their partiality to Verres, put off the trial by several adjournments to the last day;* and as Cicero knew there was no time for the advocates to be heard, and the matter determined in the usual method, he rose up, and said,—“There was no occasion for pleadings.” He, therefore, brought up the witnesses, and after their depositions were taken, insisted that the judges should give their verdict immediately.

Yet we have an account of several humorous sayings of Cicero's in this cause. When an emancipated slave, Cæcilius by name, who was suspected of being a Jew, would have set aside the Sicilians, and taken the prosecution of Verres upon himself,† Cicero said,—“What has a Jew to do with swine's flesh?” For the Romans call a boar-pig *verres*. And when Verres reproached Cicero with effeminaey, he answered,—“Why do you not first reprove your own children?” For Verres had a young son who was supposed to make an infamous use of his advantages of person. Hortensius the orator did not venture directly to plead the cause of Verres, but he was prevailed on to appear for him at the laying of the fine, and had received an ivory *sphinx* from him by way of consideration. In this case, Cicero threw out several enigmatical hints against Hortensius; and when he said,—“He knew not how to solve riddles,” Cicero retorted,—“That is somewhat strange, when you have a *sphinx* in your house.”

* Not till the *last day*. Cicero brought it on a *few days* before Verres' friends were to come into office; but of the seven orations which were composed on the occasion, the two first only were delivered. A. U. 683.

† Cicero knew that Cæcilius was secretly a friend to Verres, and wanted by this means to bring him off.

Verres being thus condemned, Cicero set his fine at seven hundred and fifty thousand *drachmæ*: upon which it was said by censorious people, that he had been bribed to let him off so low.* The Sicilians, however, in acknowledgment of his assistance, brought him when he was ædile a number of things for his games, and other very valuable presents; but he was so far from considering his private advantage, that he made no other use of their generosity, than to lower the price of provisions.

He had a handsome country-seat at Arphinum, a farm near Naples, and another at Pompeii, but neither of them were very considerable. His wife Terentia brought him a fortune of a hundred and twenty thousand *denarii*, and he fell heir to something that amounted to ninety thousand more. Upon this he lived in a genteel, and at the same time, a frugal manner, with men of letters, both Greeks and Romans, about him. He rarely took his meal before sunset; not that business or study prevented his sitting down to table sooner, but the weakness of his stomach, he thought, required that regimen. Indeed, he was so exact in all respects in the care of his health, that he had his stated hours for rubbing and for the exercise of walking. By this management of his constitution, he gained a sufficient stock of health and strength for the great labours and fatigues he afterwards underwent.

He gave up the town house which belonged to his family to his brother, and took up his residence on the Palatine hill, that those who came to pay their court to him might not have too far to go: for he had a levee every day, not less than Crassus had for his great wealth, or Pompey for his power and interest in the army; though they were the most followed, and the greatest men in Rome. Pompey himself paid all due respect to Cicero, and found his political assistance very useful to him, both in respect to power and reputation.

When Cicero stood for the prætorship, he had many competitors who were persons of distinction, and yet he was returned first. As a president in the courts of justice, he acted with great integrity and honour. Licinius Macer, who had great interest of his own, and was supported, besides, with that of Crassus, was accused before him of some default with respect to money. He had so much confidence in his own influence and the activity of his friends, that when the judges were going to decide the cause, it is said he went home, cut

* This fine, indeed, was very inconsiderable. The legal fine for extortion, in such cases as that of Verres, was twice the sum extorted. The Sicilians laid a charge of 322,916*l.* against Verres: the fine must, therefore, have been, 645,832*l.*; but 750,000 *drachmæ* were no more than 24,218*l.* Plutarch must, therefore, most probably have been mistaken.

his hair, and put on a white habit, as if he had gained the victory, and was about to return so equipped to the *forum*. But Crassus met him in his court-yard, and told him, that all the judges had given verdict against him; which affected him in such a manner, that he turned in again, took to his bed, and died.* Cicero gained honour by this affair, for it appeared that he kept strict watch against corruption in the court.

There was another person, named Vatinius, an insolent orator, who paid very little respect to the judges in his pleadings. It happened that he had his neck full of serophulous swellings. This man applied to Cicero about some business or other; and as that magistrate did not immediately comply with his request, but sat some time deliberating, he said,—“I could easily swallow such a thing, if I was prætor;” upon which Cicero turned towards him, and made answer,—“But I have not so large a neck.”

When there were only two or three days of his office unexpired, an information was laid against Manilius for embezzling the public money. This Manilius was a favourite of the people, and they thought he was only prosecuted on Pompey's account, being his particular friend. He desired to have a day fixed for his trial; and as Cicero appointed the next day, the people were much offended, because it had been customary for the prætors to allow the accused ten days at the least. The tribunes, therefore, cited Cicero to appear before the commons, and give an account of this proceeding. He desired to be heard in his own defence, which was to this effect:—“As I have always behaved to persons impeached with all the moderation and humanity that the laws will allow, I thought it wrong to lose the opportunity of treating Manilius with the same candour. I was master only of one day more in my office of prætor, and consequently, must appoint that; for to leave the decision of the cause to another magistrate, was not the method for those who were inclined to serve Manilius.” This made a wonderful change in the minds of the people; they were lavish in their praises, and desired him to undertake the defence himself. This he readily complied with; his regard for Pompey, who was absent, not being his least inducement. In consequence hereof, he presented himself be-

* The story is related differently by Valerius Maximus. He says that Macer was in court waiting the issue, and perceiving that Cicero was proceeding to give sentence against him, he sent to inform him that he was dead, and at the same time suffocated himself with his handkerchief. Cicero, therefore, did not pronounce sentence against him, by which means his estate was saved to his son Licinius Calvus. Notwithstanding this, Cicero himself, in one of his epistles to Atticus, says, that he actually condemned him: and in another of his epistles, he speaks of the popular esteem this affair procured him.—*Cic. Ep. ad. Att. l. i. c. 3, 4.*

fore the commons again, and giving an account of the whole affair, took opportunity to make severe reflections on those who favoured oligarchy, and envied the glory of Pompey.

Yet for the sake of their country, the patricians joined the plebeians in raising him to the consulship. The occasion was this:—The change which Sylla introduced into the constitution, at first seemed harsh and uneasy, but by time and custom it came to an establishment which many thought not a bad one. At present there were some who wanted to bring in another change, merely to gratify their own avarice, and without the least view to the public good. Pompey was engaged with the kings of Pontus and Armenia, and there was no force in Rome sufficient to suppress the authors of this intended innovation. They had a chief of a bold and enterprising spirit, and the most remarkable versatility of manners; his name Lucius Catiline. Beside a variety of other crimes, he was accused of debauching his own daughter, and killing his own brother. To screen himself from prosecution for the latter, he persuaded Sylla to put his brother among the proscribed, as if he had been still alive. These profligates, with such a leader, among other engagements of secrecy and fidelity, sacrificed a man, and ate of his flesh. Catiline had corrupted great part of the Roman youth, by indulging their desires in every form of pleasure, providing them wine and women, and setting no bounds to his expenses for these purposes. All Tuscany was prepared for a revolt, and most of Cisalpine Gaul. The vast inequality of the citizens in point of property, prepared Rome, too, for a change. Men of spirit amongst the nobility had impoverished themselves by their great expenses on public exhibitions and entertainments, on bribing for offices, and erecting magnificent buildings; by which means the riches of the city were fallen into the hands of mean people: in this tottering state of the commonwealth, there needed no great force to upset it, and it was in the power of any bold adventurer to accomplish its ruin.

Catiline, however, before he began his operations, wanted a strong fort to sally out from, and with that view stood for the consulship. His prospect seemed very promising, because he hoped to have Caius Antonius for his colleague; a man who had no firm principles, either good or bad, nor any resolution of his own, but would make a considerable addition to the power of him that led him. Many persons of virtue and honour perceiving this danger, put up Cicero for the consulship, and the people accepted him with pleasure. Thus, Catiline was baffled, and Cicero* and Caius Antonius appointed

* In his forty-third year.

consuls; though Cicero's father was only of the equestrian order, and his competitors of patrician families.

Catiline's designs were not yet discovered to the people. Cicero, however, at his entrance upon his office, had great affairs on his hands, the preludes of what was to follow. On the one hand, those who had been incapacitated by the laws of Sylla to bear offices, being neither inconsiderable in power nor in number, began now to solicit them, and make all possible interest with the people. It is true, they alleged many just and good arguments against the tyranny of Sylla, but it was an unseasonable time to give the administration so much trouble. On the other hand, the tribunes of the people proposed laws which had the same tendency to distress the government; for they wanted to appoint decemvirs, and invest them with an unlimited power. This was to extend over all Italy, over Syria, and all the late conquests of Pompey. They were to be commissioned to sell the public lands in these countries; to judge or banish whom they pleased; to plant colonies; to take money out of the public treasury; to levy and keep on foot what troops they thought necessary. Many Romans of high distinction were pleased with the bill, and in particular, Antony, Cicero's colleague, for he hoped to be one of the ten. It was thought, too, that he was no stranger to Catiline's designs, and that he did not disrelish them on account of his great debts. This was an alarming circumstance to all who had the good of their country at heart.

This danger, too, was the first that Cicero guarded against; which he did by getting the province of Macedonia decreed to Antony, and not taking that of Gaul, which was allotted to himself. Antony was so much affected with this favour, that he was ready, like a hired player, to act a subordinate part under Cicero for the benefit of his country. Cicero having thus managed his colleague, began with greater courage to take his measures against the seditious party. He alleged his objections against the law in the senate, and effectually silenced the proposers.* They took another opportunity, however, and coming prepared, insisted that the consuls should appear before the people. Cicero, not in the least intimidated, commanded the senate to follow him. He addressed the commons with such success, that they threw out the bill; and his victorious eloquence had such an effect upon the tribunes, that they gave up other things which they had been meditating.

He was, indeed, the man who most effectually showed the Romans what charms eloquence can add to truth, and that

* This was the first of his three orations, *de Lege Agraria*.

justice is invincible when properly supported. He showed also, that a magistrate who watches for the good of the community, should in his actions always prefer right to popular measures, and in his speeches know how to make those right measures agreeable, by separating from them whatever may offend. Of the grace and power with which he spoke, we have a proof in a theatrical regulation that took place in his consulship. Before, those of the equestrian order sat mixed with the commonalty. Marcus Otho in his prætorship was the first who separated the knights from the other citizens, and appointed them seats which they still enjoy.* The people looked upon this as a mark of dishonour, and hissed and insulted Otho when he appeared at the theatre. The knights, on the other hand, received him with loud plaudits. The people repeated their hissing, and the knights their applause; till at last they came to mutual reproaches, and threw the whole theatre into the utmost disorder. Cicero being informed of the disturbance, came and called the people to the temple of Bellona, where, partly by reproof, partly by lenient applications, he so corrected them, that they returned to the theatre, loudly testified their approbation of Otho's conduct, and strove with the knights which should do him the most honour.

Catiline's conspiracy, which at first had been intimidated and discouraged, began to recover its spirits. The accomplices assembled, and exhorted each other to begin their operations with vigour, before the return of Pompey, who was said to be already marching homewards with his forces. But Catiline's chief motive for action, was the dependence he had on Sylla's veterans. Though these were scattered all over Italy, the greatest and most warlike part resided in the cities of Etruria, and in idea were plundering and sharing the wealth of Italy again. They had Manlius for their leader, a man who had served with great distinction under Sylla; and now entering into Catiline's views, they came to Rome to assist in the approaching election; for he solicited the consulship again, and had resolved to kill Cicero in the tumult of that assembly.

The gods seemed to presignify the machinations of these incendiaries by earthquakes, thunders and apparitions. There were also intimations from men, true enough in themselves, but not sufficient for the conviction of a person of Catiline's quality and power. Cicero, therefore, adjourned the day of election; and having summoned Catiline before the senate, examined him upon the informations he had received. Catiline believing there were many in the senate who wanted a change,

* About four years before, under the consulship of Piso and Glabrio. But Otho was not then prætor; he was tribune.

and at the same time being desirous to show his resolution to his accomplices who were present, answered with a calm firmness,—“As there are two bodies, one of which is feeble and decayed, but has a head; the other strong and robust, but is without a head; what harm am I doing, if I give a head to the body that wants it?” By these enigmatical expressions he meant the senate and the people; consequently Cicero was still more alarmed. On the day of election, he put on a coat of mail; the principal persons in Rome conducted him from his house, and great numbers of the youth attended him to the *Campus Martius*. There he threw back his robe, and showed part of the coat of mail, on purpose to point out his danger. The people were incensed, and immediately gathered about him; the consequence of which was, that Catiline was thrown out again, and Silanus and Murena chosen consuls.

Not long after this, when the veterans were assembling for Catiline in Etruria, and the day appointed for carrying the plot into execution approached, three of the first and greatest personages in Rome, Marcus Crassus, Marcus Marcellus, and Metellus Scipio, went and knocked at Cicero's door about midnight; and having called the porter, bade him awake his master, and tell him who attended. Their business was this:—Crassus' porter brought him in a packet of letters after supper, which he had received from a person unknown. They were directed to different persons, and there was one for Crassus himself, but without a name. This only Crassus read; and when he found that it informed him of a great massacre intended by Catiline, and warned him to retire out of the city, he did not open the rest, but immediately went to wait on Cicero: for he was not only terrified at the impending danger, but he had some suspicions to remove, which had arisen from his acquaintance with Catiline. Cicero, having consulted with them what was proper to be done, assembled the senate at break of day, and delivered the letters according to the directions, desiring, at the same time, that they might be read in public. They all gave the same account of the conspiracy.

Quintus Arrius, a man of prætorian dignity, moreover, informed the senate of the levies that had been made in Etruria, and assured them that Manlius, with a considerable force, was hovering about those parts, and only waiting for news of an insurrection in Rome. On these informations, the senate made a decree, by which all affairs were committed to the consuls, and they were empowered to act in the manner they should think best for the preservation of the commonwealth. This is an edict which the senate seldom issue, and never but in some great and imminent danger.

When Cicero was invested with this power, he committed the care of things without the city to Quintus Metellus, and took the direction of all within to himself. He made his appearance every day, attended and guarded by such a multitude of people, that they filled great part of the *forum*. Catiline, unable to bear any longer delay, determined to repair to Manlius and his army; and ordered Marcius and Cethegus to take their swords, and go to Cicero's house early in the morning, where, under pretence of paying their compliments, they were to fall upon him, and kill him. But Fulvia, a woman of quality, went to Cicero in the night, to inform him of his danger, and charged him to be on his guard, in particular against Cethegus. As soon as it was light, the assassins came, and being denied entrance, they grew very insolent and clamorous, which made them the more suspected.

Cicero went out afterwards, and assembled the senate in the temple of Jupiter *Stator*, which stands at the entrance of the *Via Sacra*, in the way to the Palatine hill. Catiline came among the rest, as with a design to make his defence; but there was not a senator who would sit by him; they all left the bench he had taken; and when he began to speak, they interrupted him in such a manner, that he could not be heard.

At length, Cicero rose up, and commanded him to depart the city:—"For," said he, "while I employ only words, and you weapons, there should at least be walls between us." Catiline, upon this, immediately marched out with three hundred men, well armed, and with the *fasces* and other ensigns of authority, as if he had been a lawful magistrate. In this form he went to Manlius, and having assembled an army of twenty thousand men, he marched to the cities, in order to persuade them to revolt. Hostilities being thus openly commenced, Antony, Cicero's colleague, was sent against Catiline.

Such as Catiline had corrupted, and thought proper to leave in Rome, were kept together, and encouraged by Cornelius Lentulus, surnamed Sura, a man of noble birth, but bad life. He had been expelled the senate for his debaucheries, but was then prætor the second time; for that was a customary qualification, when ejected persons were to be restored to their places in the senate.* As to the surname of Sura, it is said to have been given on this occasion:—When he was quæstor in the time of Sylla, he had lavished away vast sums of the public money. Sylla, incensed at his behaviour, demanded an account of him in full senate. Lentulus came up in a very careless and disrespectful manner, and said,—“I have no account

* When a Roman senator was expelled, an appointment to prætorial office was a sufficient qualification for him to resume his seat.—*Dion. l. xxxvii*

to give, but I present you with the calf of my leg;" which was a common expression among the boys, when they missed their stroke at tennis. Hence he had the surname of *Sura*, which is the Roman word for the calf of the leg. Another time, being prosecuted for some great offence, he corrupted the judges. When they had given their verdict, though he was acquitted only by a majority of two, he said,—“He had put himself to a needless expense in bribing one of those judges; for it would have been sufficient to have had a majority of one.”

Such was the disposition of this man, who had not only been solicited by Catiline, but was moreover infatuated with vain hopes, which prognosticators and other impostors held up to him. They forged verses in an oracular form, and brought him them, as from the books of the Sybils. These lying prophecies signified the decree of fate,—“That three of the Cornelii would be monarchs of Rome.” They added,—“That two had already fulfilled their destiny, Cinna and Sylla; that he was the third Cornelius whom the gods now offered the monarchy; and that he ought, by all means, to embrace his high fortune, and not ruin it by delays, as Catiline had done.”

Nothing little or trivial now entered into the schemes of Lentulus. He resolved to kill the whole senate, and as many of the other citizens as he possibly could; to burn the city; and to spare none but the sons of Pompey, whom he intended to seize and keep as pledges of his peace with that general: for by this time it was strongly reported that he was on his return from his great expedition. The conspirators had fixed on a night during the feast of the *Saturnalia*, for the execution of their enterprise. They had lodged arms and combustible matter in the house of Cethegus. They had divided Rome into a hundred parts, and pitched upon the same number of men, each of which was allotted his quarter to set fire to. As this was to be done by them all at the same moment, they hoped that the conflagration would be general; others were to intercept the water, and kill all that went to seek it.

While these things were preparing, there happened to be at Rome two ambassadors from the Allobroges, a nation that had been much oppressed by the Romans, and was very impatient under their yoke. Lentulus and his party thought these ambassadors proper persons to raise commotions in Gaul, and bring that country to their interest, and therefore, made them partners in the conspiracy. They likewise charged them with letters to their magistrates, and to Catiline. To the Gauls they promised liberty, and they desired Catiline to enfranchise the slaves, and march immediately to Rome. Along with the ambassadors, they sent one Titus of Crotona, to carry the letters to Catiline. But the measures of these inconsiderate men,

who generally consulted upon their affairs over their wine, and in company with women, were soon discovered by the indefatigable diligence, the sober address, and great capacity of Cicero. He had his emissaries in all parts of the city, to trace every step they took; and he had, besides, a secret correspondence with many who pretended to join in the conspiracy; by which means he got intelligence of their treating with those strangers.

In consequence hereof, he laid an ambush for the Crotonian in the night, and seized him and the letters; the ambassadors themselves privately lending him their assistance.* Early in the morning he assembled the senate in the temple of *Concord*, where he read the letters, and took the depositions of the witnesses. Junius Silanus deposed, that several persons had heard Cethegus say, that three consuls and four prætors would very soon be killed. The evidence of Piso, a man of consular dignity, contained circumstances of the like nature. And Caius Sulpitius, one of the prætors, who was sent to Cethegus' house, found there a great quantity of javelins, swords, poniards, and other arms, all new furbished. At last, the senate giving the Crotonian a promise of indemnity, Lentulus saw himself entirely detected, and laid down his office (for he was then prætor:) he put off his purple robe in the house, and took another more suitable to his present distress. Upon which, both he and his accomplices were delivered to the prætors, to be kept in custody, but not in chains.

By this time it grew late, and as the people were waiting without in great numbers for the event of the day, Cicero went out and gave them an account of it. After which, they conducted him to the house of a friend who lived in his neighbourhood, his own being taken up with the women, who were then employed in the mysterious rites of the goddess, whom the Romans call *Bona*, or the *Good*, and the Greeks *Gynecca*. An annual sacrifice is offered her in the consul's house, by his wife and mother, and the vestal virgins give their attendance. When Cicero was retired to the apartments assigned him, with only a few friends, he began to consider what punishment he should inflict upon the criminals. He was extremely loth to proceed to a capital one, which the nature of their offence seemed to demand, as well by reason of the mildness of his disposition, as for fear of incurring the censure of making an extravagant and severe use of his power against men who were of the first families, and had powerful connections in Rome. On the other side, if he gave them a more gentle chas-

* These ambassadors had been solicited by Umbrenus to join his party. Upon mature deliberation, they thought it safest to abide by the state, and discovered the plot to Fabius Sanga, the patron of their nation

tisement, he thought he should still have something to fear from them. He knew that they would never rest with any thing less than death, but would rather break out into the most desperate villanies, when their former wickedness was sharpened with anger and resentment. Besides, he might himself be branded with the mark of timidity and weakness, and the rather because he was generally supposed not to have much courage.

Before Cicero could come to a resolution, the women who were sacrificing observed an extraordinary presage. When the fire on the altar seemed to be extinguished, a strong and bright flame suddenly broke out of the embers. The other women were terrified at the prodigy, but the vestal virgins ordered Terentia, Cicero's wife, to go to him immediately, and command him from them,—“Boldly to follow his best judgment in the service of his country; because the goddess, by the brightness of this flame, promised him not only safety but glory in his enterprise.” Terentia was by no means of a meek and timorous disposition, but had her ambition, and (as Cicero himself says) took a greater share with him in politics, than she permitted him to have in domestic business. She now informed him of the prodigy, and exasperated him against the criminals. His brother Quintus, and Publius Nigidius, one of his philosophical friends, whom he made great use of in the administration, strengthened him in the same purpose.

Next day, the senate met to deliberate on the punishment of the conspirators, and Silanus, being first asked his opinion, gave it for sending them to prison, and punishing them in the severest manner that was possible. The rest in their order agreed with him, till it came to Caius Cæsar, who was afterwards dictator. Cæsar, then a young man, and just in the dawn of power, both in his measures and his hopes, was taking that road which he continued in, till he turned the Roman commonwealth into a monarchy. This was not observed by others, but Cicero had strong suspicions of him. He took care, however, not to give him a sufficient handle against him. Some say the consul had almost got the necessary proofs, and that Cæsar had a narrow escape. Others assert, that Cicero purposely neglected the informations that might have been had against him, for fear of his friends and his great interest: for, had Cæsar been brought under the same predicament with the conspirators, it would rather have contributed to save than to destroy them.

When it came to his turn to give judgment, he rose and declared,—“Not for punishing them capitally, but for confiscating their estates, and lodging them in any of the towns of Italy that Cicero should pitch upon, where they might be kept

in chains till Catiline was conquered.”* To this opinion, which was on the merciful side, and supported with great eloquence by him who gave it, Cicero himself added no small weight: for in his speech he gave the arguments at large for both opinions, first for the former, and afterwards for that of Cæsar. And all Cicero’s friends, thinking it would be less invidious for him to avoid putting the criminals to death, were for the latter sentence; insomuch that even Silanus changed sides, and excused himself by saying that he did not mean capital punishment, for that imprisonment was the severest which a Roman senator could suffer.

The matter thus went on, till it came to Lutatius Catulus. He declared for capital punishment; and Cato supported him, expressing in strong terms his suspicions of Cæsar; which so roused the spirit and indignation of the senate, that they made a decree for sending the conspirators to execution. Cæsar then opposed the confiscating their goods; for he said it was unreasonable, when they rejected the mild part of his sentence, to adopt the severe. As the majority still insisted upon it, he appealed to the tribunes. The tribunes, indeed, did not put in their prohibition, but Cicero himself gave up the point, and agreed that the goods should not be forfeited.

After this Cicero went at the head of the senate to the criminals, who were not all lodged in one house, but in those of the several prætors. First he took Lentulus from the Palatine hill, and led him down the *Via Sacra*, and through the middle of the *forum*. The principal persons in Rome attended the consul on all sides, like a guard; the people stood silent at the horror of the scene; and the youth looked on with fear and astonishment, as if they were initiated that day in some awful ceremonies of aristocratic power. When he had passed the *forum*, and was come to the prison, he delivered Lentulus to the executioner. Afterwards he brought Cethegus, and all the rest in their order, and they were put to death. In his return he saw others who were in the conspiracy standing thick in the *forum*. As these knew not the fate of their ring-leaders, they were waiting for night, in order to go to their rescue, for they supposed them yet alive. Cicero, therefore, called out to them aloud, *They did live*. The Romans, who choose to avoid all inauspicious words, in this manner express death.

By this time it grew late, and as he passed through the *forum* to go to his own house, the people now did not conduct him in a

* Plutarch seems here to intimate, that after the defeat of Catiline they might be put upon their trial; but it appears from Sallust, that Cæsar had no such intention.

silent and orderly manner, but crowded to hail him with loud acclamations and plaudits, calling him *the saviour and second founder of Rome*. The streets were illuminated* with a multitude of lamps and torches placed by the doors. The women held out lights from the tops of the houses, that they might behold, and pay a proper compliment to the man who was followed with solemnity by a train of the greatest men in Rome, most of whom had distinguished themselves by successful wars, led up triumphs, and enlarged the empire both by sea and land. All these, in their discourse with each other as they went along, acknowledged that Rome was indebted to many generals and great men of that age for pecuniary acquisitions, for rich spoils, for power, but for preservation and safety to Cicero alone, who had rescued her from so great and dreadful a danger. Not that his quashing the enterprise, and punishing the delinquents, appeared so extraordinary a thing; but the wonder was, that he could suppress the greatest conspiracy that ever existed, with so little inconvenience to the state without the least sedition or tumult: for many who had joined Catiline, left him on receiving intelligence of the fate of Lentulus and Cethegus; and that traitor giving Antony battle with the troops that remained, was destroyed with his whole army.

Yet some were displeased with this conduct and success of Cicero, and inclined to do him all possible injury. At the head of this faction were some of the magistrates for the ensuing year; Cæsar, who was to be prætor, and Metellus and Bestia tribunes.† These last entering upon their office a few days before that of Cicero's expired, would not suffer him to address the people. They placed their own benches on the *rostra*, and only gave him permission to take the oath upon laying down his office,‡ after which he was to descend immediately. Accordingly, when Cicero went up, it was expected that he would take the customary oath; but silence being made, instead of the usual form, he adopted one that was new and singular. The purport of it was, that "He had saved his country, and preserved the empire;" and all the people joined in it.

This exasperated Cæsar, and the tribunes still more, and

* Illuminations are of high antiquity. They came originally from the nocturnal celebration of religious mysteries, and on that account carried the idea of veneration and respect with them.

† Bestia went out of office on the eighth of December. Metellus and Sextus were tribunes.

‡ The consuls took two oaths; one, on entering into their office, that they would act according to the laws; and the other, on quitting it, that they had not acted contrary to the laws

they endeavoured to create him new troubles. Among other things, they proposed a decree for calling Pompey home with his army, to suppress the despotic power of Cicero. It was happy for him, and for the whole commonwealth, that Cato was then one of the tribunes; for he opposed them with an authority equal to theirs, and a reputation that was much greater, and, consequently, broke their measures with ease. He made a set speech upon Cicero's consulship, and represented it in so glorious a light, that the highest honours were decreed him, and he was called *the father of his country*; a mark of distinction which none ever gained before. Cato bestowed that title on him before the people, and they confirmed it.*

His authority in Rome at that time was undoubtedly great; but he rendered himself obnoxious and burdensome to many, not by any ill action, but by continually praising and magnifying himself. He never entered the senate, the assembly of the people, or the courts of judicature, but Catiline and Lentulus were the burden of his song. Not satisfied with this, his writings were so interlarded with encomiums on himself, that, though his style was elegant and delightful, his discourses were disgusting and nauseous to the reader; for the blemish stuck to him like an incurable disease.

But though he had such an insatiable avidity of honour, he was never unwilling that others should have their share: for he was entirely free from envy; and it appears from his works that he was most liberal in his praises, not only of the ancients, but of those of his own time. Many of his remarkable sayings, too, of this nature, are preserved. Thus, of Aristotle he said,—“That he was a river of flowing gold;” and of Plato's dialogues,—“That if Jupiter were to speak, he would speak as he did.” Theophrastus he used to call his “particular favourite;” and being asked which of Demosthenes' orations he thought the best, he answered,—“The longest.” Some who affect to be zealous admirers of that orator, complain, indeed, of Cicero's saying in one of his epistles,—“That Demosthenes sometimes nodded in his orations:” but they forgot the many great encomiums he bestowed on him in the other parts of his works; and do not consider that he gave the title of *Philippics* to his orations against Mark Antony, which were the most elaborate he ever wrote. There was not one of his contemporaries, celebrated either for his eloquence or philosophy, whose fame he did not promote, either by speaking or writing of him in an advantageous manner. He

* Q. Catulus was the first who gave him the title. Cato, as tribune, confirmed it before the people.

persuaded Cæsar, when dictator, to grant Cratippus, the Peripatetic, the freedom of Rome. He likewise prevailed upon the council of *Areopagus* to make out an order for desiring him to remain at Athens, to instruct the youth, and not deprive their city of such an ornament. There are, moreover, letters of Cicero's to Herodes, and others to his son, in which he directs them to study philosophy under Cratippus. But he accuses Gorgias the rhetorician of accustoming his son to a life of pleasure and intemperance, and, therefore, forbids the young man his society. Amongst his Greek letters this, and another to Pelops the Byzantine, are all that discover any thing of resentment. His reprimand to Gorgias certainly was right and proper, if he was the dissolute man that he passed for; but he betrays an excessive meanness in his expostulations with Pelops, for neglecting to procure him certain honours from the city of Byzantium.

These were the effects of his vanity. Superior keenness of expression, too, which he had at command, led him into many violations of decorum. He pleaded for Munatius in a certain cause, and his client was acquitted in consequence of his defence. Afterwards Munatius prosecuted Sabinus, one of Cicero's friends; upon which he was so much transported with anger, as to say,—“Thinkest thou it was the merit of thy cause that saved thee, and not rather the cloud which I threw over thy crimes, and which kept them from the sight of the court?” He had succeeded in an encomium on Marcus Crassus from the *rostrum*; and a few days after as publicly reproached him. “What!” said Crassus, “did you not lately praise me in the place where you now stand?” “True;” answered Cicero, “but I did it by way of experiment, to see what I could make of a bad subject.” Crassus had once affirmed, that none of his family ever lived above threescore years; but afterwards wanted to contradict it, and said,—“What could I be thinking of when I asserted such a thing?” “You knew,” said Cicero, “that such an assertion would be very agreeable to the people of Rome.” Crassus happened one day to profess himself much pleased with that maxim of the Stoics,—“The good man is always rich.”* “I imagine,” said Cicero, “there is another more agreeable to you, *All things belong to the prudent*.” for Crassus was notoriously covetous. Crassus had two sons, one of which resembled a man called Accius so much, that his mother was suspected of an intrigue with him. This young man spoke in the senate with

* Πάντα εἶναι τῷ σοφῷ. The Greek σοφός signifies cunning, shrewd, prudent, as well as wise; and in any of the former acceptations the Stoic maxim was applicable to Crassus. This *frugi*, in Latin, is used indifferently, either for saving prudence, or sober wisdom.

great applause; and Cicero being asked what he thought of him, answered in Greek, *Axious Crassou*.* When Crassus was going to set out for Syria, he thought it better to leave Cicero his friend than his enemy, and, therefore, addressed him one day in an obliging manner, and told him he would come and sup with him. Cicero accepted the offer with equal politeness. A few days after, Vatinius likewise applied to him by his friends, and desired a reconciliation. "What!" said Cicero, "does Vatinius too want to sup with me?" Such were his jests upon Crassus. Vatinius had serophulous tumours in his neck; and one day when he was pleading Cicero called him a "tumid orator." An account was once brought Cicero that Vatinius was dead, which being afterwards contradicted, he said,—“May vengeance seize the tongue that told the lie?” When Cæsar proposed a decree for distributing the lands in Campania among the soldiers, many of the senators were displeased at it; and Lucius Gellius, in particular, who was one of the oldest of them, said,—“That shall never be while I live.” “Let us wait a while then,” said Cicero, “for Gellius requires no very long credit.” There was one Octavius, who had it objected to him, that he was an African. One day, when Cicero was pleading, this man said he could not hear him. “That is somewhat strange,” said Cicero, “for you are not without a hole in your ear.”† When Metellus Nepos told him,—“That he had ruined more as an evidence than he had saved as an advocate:” “I grant it,” said Cicero, “for I have more truth than eloquence.” A young man, who lay under the imputation of having given his father a poisoned cake, talking in an insolent manner, and threatening that Cicero should feel the weight of his reproaches, Cicero answered,—“I had much rather have them than your cake.” Publius Sestius had taken Cicero, among others, for his advocate, in a cause of some importance; and yet he would suffer no man to speak but himself. When it appeared that he would be acquitted, and the judges were giving their verdict, Cicero called to him, and said,—“Sestius, make the best use of your time to-day, for to-morrow you will be out of office.”‡ Publius Cotta, who affected to be thought an able lawyer, though he had neither learning nor capacity, being called as a witness in a certain cause, declared,—“He knew nothing of the mat-

* An ill-mannered pun, which signifies either that the young man was worthy of Crassus, or that he was the son of Accius.

† A mark of slavery amongst some nations; but the Africans wore pendants in their ears by way of ornaments.

‡ Probably Sestius, not being a professed advocate, would not be employed to speak for any body else; and, therefore, Cicero meant that he should indulge his vanity in speaking for himself.

ter." "Perhaps," said Cicero, "you think I am asking you some question in law." Metellus Nepos, in some difference with Cicero, often asking him,—“Who is your father?” he replied, “Your mother has made it much more difficult for you to answer that question:” for his mother had not the most unsullied reputation. This Metellus was himself a man of a light unbalanced mind. He suddenly quitted the tribunial office, and sailed to Pompey in Syria; and when he was there, he returned in a manner still more absurd. When his preceptor Philagrus died, he buried him in a pompous manner, and placed the figure of a crow in marble on his monument.* “This,” said Cicero, “was one of the wisest things you ever did; for your preceptor has taught you rather to fly than to speak.”† Marcus Appius having mentioned, in the introduction to one of his pleadings, that his friend had desired him to try every resource of care, eloquence, and fidelity in his cause, Cicero said,—“What a hard-hearted man you are, not to do any one thing that your friend has desired of you!”

It seems not foreign to the business of an orator, to use this cutting raillery against enemies or opponents: but his employing it indiscriminately, merely to raise a laugh, rendered him extremely obnoxious. To give a few instances,—He used to call Marcus Aquilius, *Adrastus*, because he had two sons-in-law who were both in exile.‡ Lucius Cotta, a great lover of wine, was censor when Cicero solicited the consulship. Cicero, in the course of his canvass, happening to be thirsty, called for water, and said to his friends who stood round him as he drank,—“You do well to conceal me, for you are afraid that the censor will call me to account for drinking water.” Meeting Voconius one day with three daughters, who were very plain women, he cried out,—

On this conception Phœbus never smil'd.‡

Marcus Gellius, who was supposed to be of servile extraction, happening to read some letters in the senate with a loud and strong voice,—“Do not be surprised at it,” said Cicero, “for there have been public criers in his family.” Faustus, the son of Sylla the dictator, who had proscribed great numbers of Romans, having run deep in debt, and wasted great part of his estate, was obliged to put up public bills for the

* It was usual among the ancients to place emblematic figures on the monuments of the dead; and these were either such instruments as represented the profession of the deceased, or such animals as resembled them in disposition.

† Alluding to the celerity of his expeditions.

‡ Because Adrastus had married his daughters to Eteocles and Polynices, who were exiled.

‡ A verse of Sophocles, speaking of Laius the father of *Ædipus*.

sale of it. Upon which Cicero said,—“I like these bills much better than his father’s.”

Many hated him for these keen sarcasms; which encouraged Clodius and his faction to form their schemes against him. The occasion was this:—Clodius, who was of a noble family, young and adventurous, entertained a passion for Pompeia the wife of Cæsar. This induced him to get privately into the house, which he did in the habit of a female musician. The women were offering in Cæsar’s house that mysterious sacrifice which is kept from the sight and knowledge of man. But though no man is suffered to assist in it, Clodius, who was very young, and had his face yet smooth, hoped to pass through the women to Pompeia undiscovered. As he entered a great house in the night, he was puzzled to find his way; and one of the women belonging to Aurelia, Cæsar’s mother, seeing him wandering up and down, asked him his name. Being now forced to speak, he said he was seeking Abra, one of Pompeia’s maids. The woman, perceiving it was not a female voice, shrieked out, and called the matrons together. They immediately made fast the doors, and, searching the whole house, found Clodius skulking in the apartment of the maid who introduced him.

As the affair made a great noise, Cæsar divorced Pompeia, and prosecuted Clodius for that act of impiety. Cicero was at that time his friend; for during the conspiracy of Catiline, he had been ready to give him all the assistance in his power, and even attended as one of his guards. Clodius insisted in his defence, that he was not then at Rome, but at a considerable distance in the country. But Cicero attested that he came that very day to his house, and talked with him about some particular business. This was, indeed, matter of fact; yet probably it was not so much the influence of truth, as the necessity of satisfying his wife Tarentia that induced him to declare it. She hated Clodius on account of his sister Clodia; for she was persuaded, that that lady wanted to get Cicero for her husband; and that she managed the design by one Tullus. As Tullus was an intimate friend of Cicero’s, and likewise constantly paid his court to Clodia, who was his neighbour, that circumstance strengthened her suspicions. Besides, Tarentia was a woman of an imperious temper, and, having an ascendant over her husband, she put him upon giving evidence against Clodius. Many other persons of honour alleged against him the crimes of perjury, of fraud, of bribing the people, and corrupting the women. Nay, Lucullus brought his maid-servants to prove that Clodius had a criminal commerce with his own sister, who was the wife of that nobleman. This was the youngest of the sisters; and it was generally believed ho

had connections of the same kind with his other sisters; one of which, named Tertia, was married to Martius Rex; and the other, Clodia, to Metellus Celer. The latter was called *Quadrantaria*, because one of her lovers palmed upon her a purse of small brass money, instead of silver; the smallest brass coin being called a *Quadrans*. It was on this sister's account that Clodius was most censured. As the people set themselves both against the witnesses and the prosecutors, the judges were so terrified, that they thought it necessary to place a guard about the court; and most of them confounded the letters upon the tablets.* He seemed, however, to be acquitted by the majority; but it was said to be through pecuniary applications. Hence, Cætulus, when he met the judges, said—"You were right in desiring a guard for your defence; for you were afraid that somebody would take the money from you." And when Clodius told Cicero, that the judges did not give credit to his deposition,—“Yes,” said he, “five-and-twenty of them believed me, for so many condemned you; nor did the other thirty believe you, for they did not acquit you till they had received your money.” As to Cæsar, when he was called upon he gave no testimony against Clodius; nor did he affirm that he was certain of any injury done his bed. He only said,—“He had divorced Pompeia, because the wife of Cæsar ought not only to be clear of such a crime, but of the very suspicion of it.”

After Clodius had escaped this danger, and was elected tribune of the people, he immediately attacked Cicero, and left neither circumstance nor person untried to ruin him. He gained the people by laws that flattered their inclinations, and the consuls by decreeing them large and wealthy provinces; for Piso was to have Macedonia, and Gabinius Syria. He registered many mean and indigent persons as citizens; and armed a number of slaves for his constant attendants. Of the great triumvirate, Crassus was an avowed enemy to Cicero. Pompey indifferently caressed both parties, and Cæsar was going to set out upon his expedition to Gaul. Though the latter was not his friend, but rather suspected of enmity since the affair of Catiline, it was to him that he applied. The favour he asked of him was, that he would take him as his lieutenant; and Cæsar granted it.† Clodius, perceiving that Cicero would by this means get out of the reach of his tribunitial power, pretended to be inclined to a reconciliation. He threw most of the blame of the late difference on Terentia; and spoke al

* See the note on the parallel passage in the Life of Cæsar.

† Cicero says that this lieutenantancy was a voluntary offer of Cæsar's.—*Ep. ad Att*

ways of Cicero in terms of candour, not like an adversary vindictively inclined, but as one friend might complain of another. This removed Cicero's fears so entirely,* that he gave up the lieutenancy which Cæsar had indulged him with, and began to attend to business as before.

Cæsar was so much piqued at this proceeding, that he encouraged Clodius against him, and drew off Pompey entirely from his interest. He declared, too, before the people, that Cicero, in his opinion, had been guilty of a flagrant violation of all justice and law, in putting Lentulus and Cethegus to death without any form of trial. This was the charge which he was summoned to answer. Cicero then putting on mourning, let his hair grow, and, with every token of distress, went about to supplicate the people. Clodius took care to meet him every where in the streets, with his audacious and insolent crew, who insulted him on his change of dress, and often disturbed his applications by pelting him with dirt and stones. However, almost all the equestrian order went into mourning with him; and no fewer than twenty thousand young men, of the best families, attended him with their hair dishevelled, and entreated the people for him. Afterwards the senate met, with an intent to decree that the people should change their habits, as in time of public mourning. But as the consuls opposed it, and Clodius beset the house with his armed band of ruffians, many of the senators ran out, rending their garments, and exclaiming against the outrage.

But this spectacle excited neither compassion nor shame; and it appeared that Cicero must either go to exile, or decide the dispute with the sword. In this extremity he applied to Pompey for assistance; but he had purposely absented himself, and remained at his Alban villa. Cicero first sent his son-in-law Piso to him, and afterwards went himself. When Pompey was informed of his arrival, he could not bear to look him in the face. He was confounded at the thought of an interview with his injured friend, who had fought such battles for him, and rendered him so many services in the course of his administration. But being now son-in-law to Cæsar, he sacrificed his former obligations to that connection, and went out at a back door, to avoid his presence.

Cicero, thus betrayed and deserted, had recourse to the consuls. Gabinius always treated him rudely; but Piso behaved with some civility. He advised him to withdraw from the torrent of Clodius' rage, to bear this change of the times

* It does not appear that Cicero was influenced by this conduct of Clodius: he had always expressed an indifference to the lieutenancy that was offered to him by Cæsar.—*Ep. ad Att.* l. ii. c. 18.

with patience, and to be once more the saviour of his country which for his sake was in all this trouble and commotion.

After this answer, Cicero consulted with his friends. Lucullus advised him to stay, and assured him he would be victorious. Others were of opinion, that it was best to fly, because the people would soon be desirous of his return, when they were weary of the extravagance and madness of Clodius. He approved of this last advice; and taking a statue of Minerva, which he had long kept in his house with great devotion, he carried it to the Capitol, and dedicated it there, with this inscription:—TO MINERVA, THE PROTECTRESS OF ROME. About midnight he privately quitted the city; and, with some friends who attended to conduct him, took his route on foot though Lucania, intending to pass from thence to Sicily.

It was no sooner known that he was fled, than Clodius procured a decree of banishment against him, which prohibited him fire and water, and admission into any house within five hundred miles of Italy. But such was the veneration the people had for Cicero, that in general there was no regard paid to the decree. They showed him every sort of civility, and conducted him on his way with the most cordial attention. Only at Hipponium, a city of Lucania, now called Vibo, one Vibius, a native of Sicily, who had particular obligations to him, and, among other things, had an appointment under him when consul, as surveyor of the works, now refused to admit him into his house; but, at the same time, acquainted him that he would appoint a place in the country for his reception. And Caius Virginius,* the prætor of Sicily, though indebted to Cicero for considerable services, wrote to forbid him entrance into that island.

Discouraged at these instances of ingratitude, he repaired to Brundisium, where he embarked for Dyrrhachium. At first he had a favourable gale, but the next day the wind turned about and drove him back to port. He set sail, however, again, as soon as the wind was fair. It is reported, that when he was going to land at Dyrrhachium, there happened to be an earthquake, and the sea retired to a great distance from the shore. The diviners inferred that his exile would be of no long continuance, for these were tokens of a sudden change. Great numbers of people came to pay their respects to him; and the cities of Greece strove which should show him the greatest civilities; yet he continued dejected and disconsolate. Like a passionate lover, he often cast a longing look towards Italy, and behaved with a littleness of spirit which could not have been expected from a man that had enjoyed

* Some copies have it *Virgilius*.

such opportunities of cultivation from letters and philosophy. Nay, he had often desired his friends not to call him an orator, but a philosopher, because he had made philosophy his business, and rhetoric only the instrument of his political operations. But opinion* has great power to efface the tinctures of philosophy, and infuse the passions of the vulgar into the minds of statesmen, who have a necessary connection and commerce with the multitude; unless they take care so to engage in every thing extrinsic, so as to attend to the business only, without imbibing the passions that are the common consequence of that business.

After Clodius had banished Cicero, he burnt his villas, and his house in Rome; and on the place where the latter stood, erected a temple to Liberty. His goods he put up to auction, and the crier gave notice of it every day, but no buyer appeared. By these means he became formidable to the patricians; and having drawn the people with him into the most audacious insolence and effrontery, he attacked Pompey, and called in question some of his acts and ordinances in the wars. As this exposed Pompey to some reflections, he blamed himself greatly for abandoning Cicero, and, entirely changing his plan, took every means for effecting his return. As Clodius constantly opposed them, the senate decreed that no public business of any kind should be despatched by their body, till Cicero was recalled.

In the consulship of Lentulus, the sedition increased; some of the tribunes were wounded in the *forum*; and Quintus, the brother of Cicero, was left for dead among the slain. The people began now to change their opinion; and Annius Milo, one of the tribunes, was the first who ventured to call Clodius to answer for his violation of the public peace. Many of the people of Rome, and of the neighbouring cities, joined Pompey; with whose assistance he drove Clodius out of the *forum*, and then he summoned the citizens to vote. It is said that nothing was ever carried among the commons with so great unanimity; and the senate, endeavouring to give still higher proofs of their attachment to Cicero, decreed that their thanks should be given the cities which had treated him with kindness and respect during his exile; and that his town and country houses, which Clodius had demolished, should be rebuilt at the public charge.†

Cicero returned sixteen months after his banishment; and

* Δόξα signify not only *opinion*, but *glory*, *fame*, and, by an easy figure, a *passion for fame*. The reader will choose which sense he thinks best.

† The consuls decreed for rebuilding his house in Rome near 11,000*l.*; for his Tuscan villa near 3,000*l.*; and for his Formian villa about half that sum, which Cicero called a very scanty estimate.

such joy was expressed by the cities, so much eagerness to meet him by all ranks of people, that his own account of it is less than the truth, though he said,—“That Italy had brought him on her shoulders to Rome.” Crassus, who was his enemy before his exile, now readily went to meet him, and was reconciled. In this, he said, he was willing to oblige his son, Publius, who was a great admirer of Cicero.

Not long after his return, Cicero taking his opportunity when Clodius was absent,* went up with a great company to the Capitol, and destroyed the tribunitial tables, in which were recorded all the acts in Clodius' time. Clodius loudly complained of this proceeding; but Cicero answered:—“That his appointment as tribune was irregular, because he was of a patrician family, and, consequently, all his acts were invalid.” Cato was displeased and opposed Cicero in this assertion: not that he praised Clodius; on the contrary, he was extremely offended at his administration; but he represented,—“That it would be a violent stretch of prerogative, for the senate to annul so many decrees and acts, among which were his own commission, and his regulations at Cyprus and Byzantium.” The difference which this produced between Cato and Cicero, did not come to an absolute rupture; it only lessened the warmth of their friendship.

After this, Milo killed Clodius; and being arraigned for the fact, he chose Cicero for his advocate. The senate fearing that the prosecution of a man of Milo's spirit and reputation, might produce some tumult in the city, appointed Pompey to preside at this and the other trials, and to provide both for the peace of the city, and the courts of justice. In consequence of which, he posted a body of soldiers in the *forum* before day, and secured every part of it. This made Milo apprehensive that Cicero would be disconcerted at so unusual a sight, and less able to plead. He, therefore, persuaded him to come in a litter to the *forum*, and to repose himself there till the judges were assembled, and the court filled: for he was not only timid in war, but he had his fear when he spoke in public; and in many causes he scarce left trembling even in the height and vehemence of his eloquence. When he undertook to assist in the defence of Lucinius Murena,† against the prosecution of Cato, he was ambitious to outdo Hortensius, who had already spoken with great applause; for which reason he sat up all night to prepare himself: but that watching and

* Cicero had attempted this once before, when Clodius was present; but Caius, the brother of Clodius, being prætor, by his means they were rescued out of the hands of Cicero.

† Murena had retained three advocates, Hortensius, Marcus Crassus, and Cicero.

application hurt him so much, that he appeared inferior to his rival.

When he came out of the litter to open the cause of Milo, and saw Pompey seated on high, as in a camp, and weapons glittering all around the *forum*, he was so confounded that he could scarce begin his oration: for he shook, and his tongue faltered; though Milo attended the trial with great courage, and had disdained to let his hair grow, or to put on mourning. These circumstances contributed not a little to his condemnation. As for Cicero, his trembling was imputed rather to his anxiety for his friend, than to any particular timidity.

Cicero was appointed one of the priests called Augurs, in the room of young Crassus, who was killed in the Parthian war. Afterwards the province of Cilicia was allotted to him; and he sailed thither with an army of twelve thousand foot, and two thousand six hundred horse. He had it in charge to bring Cappadocia to submit to king Ariobarzanes; which he performed to the satisfaction of all parties, without having recourse to arms. And finding the Cilicians elated on the miscarriage of the Romans in Parthia, and the commotions in Syria, he brought them to order by the gentleness of his government. He refused the presents which the neighbouring princes offered him. He excused the province from finding him a public table, and daily entertained at his own charge persons of honour and learning, not with magnificence indeed, but with elegance and propriety. He had no porter at his gate, nor did any man ever find him in bed; for he rose early in the morning, and kindly received those who came to pay their court to him, either standing or walking before his door. We are told that he never caused any man to be beaten with rods, or to have his garments rent;* never gave opprobrious language in his anger, nor added insult to punishment. He recovered the public money which had been embezzled, and enriched the cities with it. At the same time, he was satisfied, if those who had been guilty of such frauds, made restitution, and fixed no mark of infamy upon them.

He had also a taste of war; for he routed the bands of robbers that had possessed themselves of Mount Amanus, and was saluted by his army *Imperator* on that account.† Cæci-

* This mark of ignominy was of great antiquity:—"Wherefore Hanun took David's servants, and shaved off one-half of their beards, and cut off their garments to the middle, even to their buttocks, and sent them away."—2 Sam. x. 4.

† He not only received this mark of distinction, but public thanksgivings were ordered at Rome for his success; and the people went near to decree him a triumph. His services, therefore, must have been considerable, and Plutarch seems to mention them too slightly.

lius* the orator, having desired him to send him some panthers from Cilicia for his games at Rome, in his answer he could not forbear boasting of his achievements. He said,—“There were no panthers left in Cilicia. Those animals, in their vexation to find that they were the only objects of war, while every thing else was at peace, were fled into Caria.”

In his return from his province, he stopped at Rhodes, and afterwards made some stay at Athens; which he did with great pleasure, in remembrance of the conversations he had formerly had there. He had now the company of all that were most famed for erudition; and visited his former friends and acquaintance. After he had received all due honours and marks of esteem from Greece, he passed on to Rome, where he found the fire of dissension kindled, and every thing tending to a civil war.

When the senate decreed him a triumph, he said,—“He had rather follow Cæsar’s chariot-wheels in his triumph, if a reconciliation could be effected between him and Pompey.” And in private he tried every healing and conciliating method, by writing to Cæsar, and entreating Pompey. After it came to an open rupture, and Cæsar was on his march to Rome, Pompey did not choose to wait for him, but retired, with numbers of the principal citizens in his train. Cicero did not attend him in his flight; and, therefore, it was believed that he would join Cæsar. It is certain that he fluctuated greatly in his opinion, and was in the utmost anxiety: for he says, in his epistles,—“Whither shall I turn?—Pompey has the more honourable cause; but Cæsar manages his affairs with the greatest address, and is most able to save himself and his friends. In short, I know whom to avoid, but not whom to seek.” At last, one Trebatius, a friend of Cæsar’s, signified to him by letter, that Cæsar thought he had reason to reckon him of his side, and to consider him as partner of his hopes. But if his age would not permit it, he might retire into Greece, and live there in tranquillity, without any connection with either party. Cicero was surprised that Cæsar did not write himself, and answered angrily,—“That he would do nothing unworthy of his political character.” Such is the account we have of the matter in his epistles.

However, upon Cæsar’s marching for Spain, he crossed the sea, and repaired to Pompey. His arrival was agreeable to the generality; but Cato blamed him privately for taking this measure:—“As for me,” said he, “it would have been wrong to leave that party which I embraced from the beginning; but

* Not Cæcilius, but Cælius. He was then ædile, and wanted the panthers for his public shows.

you might have been much more serviceable to your country and your friends, if you had staid at Rome, and accommodated yourself to events. Whereas now, without any reason or necessity, you have declared yourself an enemy to Cæsar, and are come to share in the danger with which you had nothing to do."

These arguments made Cicero change his opinion, especially when he found that Pompey did not employ him upon any considerable service. It is true, no one was to be blamed for this but himself; for he made no secret of his repenting. He disparaged Pompey's preparations; he insinuated his dislike of his counsels, and never spared his jests upon his allies. He was not, indeed, inclined to laugh himself; on the contrary, he walked about the camp with a very solemn countenance; but he often made others laugh, though they were little inclined to it. Perhaps it may not be amiss to give a few instances:—When Domitius advanced a man who had no turn for war, to the rank of captain, and assigned for his reason, that he was an honest and prudent man,—“Why then,” said Cicero, “do you not keep him for governor to your children?” When some were commending Theophanes the Lesbian, who was director of the board of works, for consoling the Rhodians on the loss of their fleet,—“See,” said Cicero, “what it is to have a Grecian director!” When Cæsar was successful in almost every instance, and held Pompey as it were besieged, Lentulus said,—“He was informed that Cæsar's friends looked very sour.” “You mean, I suppose,” said Cicero, “that they are out of humour with him.” One Martius, newly arrived from Italy, told them a report prevailed at Rome, that Pompey was blocked up in his camp: “Then,” said Cicero, “you took a voyage on purpose to see it.” After Pompey's defeat, Nonnius said, there was room yet for hope, for there were seven eagles left in the camp. Cicero answered,—“That would be good encouragement, if we were to fight with jack-daws.” When Labienus, on the strength of some oracles, insisted that Pompey must be conqueror at last: “By this oracular generalship,” said Cicero, “we have lost our camp.”

After the battle of Pharsalia, (in which he was not present on account of his ill health,) and after the flight of Pompey, Cato, who had considerable forces, and a great fleet at Dyrrhachium, desired Cicero to take the command, because his consular dignity gave him a legal title to it. Cicero, however, not only declined it, but absolutely refused taking any farther share in the war. Upon which young Pompey and his friends called him traitor, drew their swords, and would certainly have despatched him, had not Cato interposed, and conveyed him out of the camp.

He got safe to Brundisium, and staid there some time in expectation of Cæsar, who was detained by his affairs in Asia and Egypt. When he heard that the conqueror was arrived at Tarentum, and designed to proceed from thence by land to Brundisium, he set out to meet him; not without hope, nor yet without some shame and reluctance, at the thought of trying how he stood in the opinion of a victorious enemy, before so many witnesses. He had no occasion, however, either to do or to say any thing beneath his dignity. Cæsar no sooner beheld him at some considerable distance, advancing before the rest, than he dismounted, and ran to embrace him; after which, he went on discoursing with him alone for many furlongs. He continued to treat him with great kindness and respect; insomuch that when he had written an encomium on Cato, which bore the name of that great man, Cæsar in his answer, entitled *Anti-Cato*, praised both the eloquence and conduct of Cicero, and said he greatly resembled Pericles and Theramenes.

When Quintus Ligarius was prosecuted for bearing arms against Cæsar, and Cicero had undertaken to plead his cause, Cæsar is reported to have said,—“Why may we not give ourselves a pleasure, which we have not enjoyed so long, that of hearing Cicero speak; since I have already taken my resolution as to Ligarius, who is clearly a bad man, as well as my enemy?” But he was greatly moved when Cicero began; and his speech, as it proceeded, had such a variety of pathos, so irresistible a charm, that his colour changed; and it was evident that his mind was torn with conflicting passions. At last, when the orator touched on the battle of Pharsalia, he was so extremely affected, that his whole frame trembled, and he let drop some papers out of his hand. Thus conquered by the force of eloquence, he acquitted Ligarius.

The commonwealth being changed into a monarchy, Cicero withdrew from the scene of public business, and bestowed his leisure on the young men who were desirous to be instructed in philosophy. As these were of the best families, by his interest with them he once more obtained great authority in Rome. He made it his business to compose and translate philosophical dialogues, and to render the Greek terms of logic and natural philosophy in the Roman language: for it is said, that he first, or principally, at least, gave Latin terms for these Greek words, *plantasia*, imagination; *syncatathesis*, accent, *epoche*, doubt; *catalepsis*, comprehension; *atomos*, atom; *ameres*, indivisible; *kenon*, void; and many other such terms in science; contriving either by metaphorical expression, or strict translation, to make them intelligible and familiar to the Romans. His ready turn for poetry afforded him amusement;

for, we are told, when he was intent upon it, he could make five hundred verses in one night. As in this period he spent most of his time at his Tusculan villa, he wrote to his friends,—"That he led the life of Laertes;" either by way of raillery, as his custom was, or from an ambitious desire of public employment, and discontent in his present situation. Be that as it may, he rarely went to Rome, and then only to pay his court to Cæsar. He was always one of the first to vote him additional honours, and forward to say something new of him and his actions. Thus, when Cæsar ordered Pompey's statues, which had been pulled down, to be erected again, Cicero said,—"That by this act of humanity in setting up Pompey's statues, he had established his own."

It is reported that he had formed a design to write the history of his own country, in which he would have interwoven many of the Grecian affairs, and inserted not only their speeches, but fables. But he was prevented by many disagreeable circumstances, both public and private, into most of which he brought himself by his own indiscretion: for, in the first place, he divorced his wife Terentia. The reasons he assigned were, that she had neglected him during the war, and even sent him out without necessaries. Besides, after his return to Italy, she behaved to him with little regard, and did not wait on him during his long stay at Brundisium. Nay, when his daughter, at that time very young, took so long a journey to see him, she allowed her but an indifferent equipage, and insufficient supplies. Indeed, according to his account, his house was become naked and empty through the many debts which she had contracted. These were the most specious pretences for the divorce. Terentia, however, denied all these charges; and Cicero himself made a full apology for her by marrying a younger woman not long after. Terentia said, he took her merely for her beauty; but his freed-man Tyro affirms, that he married her for her wealth, that it might enable him to pay his debts. She was, indeed, very rich, and her fortune was in the hands of Cicero, who was left her guardian. As his debts were great, his friends and relations persuaded him to marry the young lady, notwithstanding the disparity of years, and satisfy his creditors out of her fortune.

Antony, in his answer to the Philippias, taxes him with "repudiating a wife with whom he was grown old;"* and rallies him on account of his perpetually keeping at home, like a man either unfit for business or war. Not long after this match, his daughter Tullia, who, after the death of Piso, had married Lentulus, died in childbed. The philosophers came

* Cicero was then sixty-two.

from all parts to comfort him: for his loss affected him extremely; and he even put away his new bride, because she seemed to rejoice at the death of Tullia. In this posture were Cicero's domestic affairs.

As to those of the public, he had no share in the conspiracy against Cæsar, though he was one of Brutus' particular friends; and no man was more uneasy under the new establishment, or more desirous of having the commonwealth restored. Possibly they feared his natural deficiency of courage, as well as his time of life, at which the boldest begin to droop. After the work was done by Brutus and Cassius, the friends of Cæsar assembled to revenge his death; and it was apprehended that Rome would again be plunged in civil wars. Antony, who was consul, ordered a meeting of the senate, and made a short speech on the necessity of union. But Cicero expatiated in a manner suitable to the occasion, and persuaded the senate, in imitation of the Athenians, to pass a general amnesty as to all that had been done against Cæsar, and to decree provinces to Brutus and Cassius.

None of these things, however, took effect: for the people were inclined to pity on this event; and when they beheld the dead body of Cæsar carried into the *forum*, where Antony showed them his robe stained with blood, and pierced on all sides with swords, they broke out into a transport of rage. They sought all over the *forum* for the actors in that tragedy, and ran with lighted torches to burn their houses. By their precaution they escaped this danger; but as they saw others no less considerable impending, they left the city.

Antony, elated with this advantage, became formidable to all the opposite party, who supposed that he would aim at nothing less than absolute power; but Cicero had particular reason to dread him; for, being sensible that Cicero's weight in the administration was established again, and of his strong attachment to Brutus, Antony could hardly bear his presence. Besides, there had long been some jealousy and dislike between them on account of the dissimilarity of their lives. Cicero, fearing the event, was inclined to go with Dolabella into Syria, as his lieutenant. But afterwards Hirtius and Pansa, who were to be consuls after Antony, persons of great merit, and good friends to Cicero, desired him not to leave them; and promised, with his assistance, to destroy Antony. Cicero, without depending much on their scheme, gave up that of going with Dolabella, and agreed with the consuls elect to pass the summer in Athens, and return when they entered upon their office.

Accordingly, he embarked for that place without taking any principal Roman along with him. But his voyage being acci-

dentially retarded, news was brought from Rome, (for he did not choose to be without news,) that there was a wonderful change in Antony; that he took all his steps agreeably to the sense of the senate; and that nothing but his presence was wanting to bring matters to the best establishment. He, therefore, condemned his excessive caution, and returned to Rome.

His first hopes were not disappointed. Such crowds came out to meet him, that almost a whole day was spent at the gates, and on his way home, in compliments and congratulations. Next day Antony convened the senate, and sent for Cicero; but he kept his bed, pretending that he was indisposed with his journey. In reality, he seems to have been afraid of assassination, in consequence of some hints he received by the way. Antony was extremely incensed at these suggestions, and ordered a party of soldiers either to bring him, or to burn his house in case of refusal. However, at the request of numbers who interposed, he revoked that order, and bade them only bring a pledge from his house.

After this, when they happened to meet, they passed each other in silence, and lived in mutual distrust. Mean time, young Cæsar, arriving from Apollonia, put in his claim as heir to his uncle, and sued Antony for twenty-five million *drachmas*,* which he detained of the estate.

Hereupon, Philip, who had married the mother, and Marcellus, who was husband to the sister of Octavius, brought him to Cicero. It was agreed between them that Cicero should assist Cæsar with his eloquence and interest, both with the senate and the people; and that Cæsar should give Cicero all the protection that his wealth and military influence could afford: for the young man had already collected a considerable number of the veterans, who had served under his uncle.

Cicero received the offer of his friendship with pleasure: for while Pompey and Cæsar were living, Cicero, it seems, had a dream, in which he thought he called some boys, the sons of senators, up to the Capitol, because Jupiter designed to pitch upon one of them for sovereign of Rome. The citizens ran with all the eagerness of expectation, and placed themselves about the temple; and the boys in their *prætecta* sat silent. The doors suddenly opening, the boys rose up one by one, and, in their order, passed round the god, who reviewed them all, and sent them away disappointed: but when Octavius approached, he stretched out his hand to him, and said:—"Romans, this is the person, who, when he comes to be your prince, will put an end to your civil wars." This vision, they

* Plutarch is mistaken in the sum. It appears from Paterculus and others that it was seven times as much.

tell us, made such an impression upon Cicero, that he perfectly retained the figure and countenance of the boy, though he did not yet know him. Next day, he went down to the *Campus Martius*, when the boys were just returning from their exercises; and the first who struck his eye, was the lad in the very form that he had seen in his dream. Astonished at the discovery, Cicero asked him who were his parents; and he proved to be the son of Octavius, a person not much distinguished in life, and of Attia, sister to Cæsar. As he was so near a relation, and Cæsar had no children of his own, he adopted him, and, by will, left him his estate. Cicero, after his dream, whenever he met young Octavius, is said to have treated him with particular regard; and he received those marks of his friendship with great satisfaction. Besides, he happened to be born the year that Cicero was consul.

These were pretended to be the causes of their present connection. But the leading motive with Cicero was his hatred of Antony, and the next his natural avidity of glory: for he hoped to throw the weight of Octavius into the scale of the commonwealth; and the latter behaved to him with such a puerile deference,* that he even called him father. Hence Brutus, in his letters to Atticus, expressed his indignation against Cicero, and said,—“That, as through fear of Antony he paid his court to young Cæsar, it was plain that he took not his measures for the liberty of his country, but only to obtain a gentle master for himself.” Nevertheless, Brutus finding the son of Cicero at Athens, where he was studying under the philosophers, gave him a command, and employed him upon many services, which proved successful.

Cicero's power at this time was at it's greatest height; he carried every point that he desired; insomuch that he expelled Antony, and raised such a spirit against him, that the consuls Hirtius and Pansa were sent to give him battle; and Cicero likewise prevailed upon the senate to grant Cæsar the *fasces*, with the dignity of prætor, as one that was fighting for his country.

Antony, indeed, was beaten; but both the consuls falling in the action, the troops ranged themselves under the banners of Cæsar. The senate now fearing the views of a young man, who was so much favoured by fortune, endeavoured by honours and gifts to draw his forces from him, and to diminish his power. They alleged, that as Antony was put to flight, there was no need to keep such an army on foot. Cæsar,

* The Greek is προς το μειρακιον, which is used adverbially for *pueriliter*. Thus Sophocles uses προς καιρον adverbially for *tempestive*, and προς αθροισαν for *abundè*. The commentators not adverting to this, have declared the text corrupt, and puzzled themselves needlessly to restore it.

alarmed at these vigorous measures, privately sent some friends to entreat and persuade Cicero to procure the consulship for them both; promising, at the same time, that he should direct all affairs according to his better judgment, and find him perfectly tractable, who was but a youth, and had no ambition for any thing but the title and the honour. Cæsar himself acknowledged afterwards, that, in his apprehensions of being entirely ruined and deserted, he seasonably availed himself of Cicero's ambition, persuaded him to stand for the consulship, and undertook to support his application with his whole interest.

In this case particularly, Cicero, old as he was, suffered himself to be imposed upon by this young man, solicited the people for him, and brought the senate into his interest. His friends blamed him for it at the time; and it was not long before he was sensible that he had ruined himself, and given up the liberties of his country: for Cæsar was no sooner strengthened with the consular authority, than he gave up Cicero,* and, reconciling himself to Antony and Lepidus, he united his power with theirs, and divided the empire among them, as if it had been a private estate. At the same time they proscribed above two hundred persons whom they had pitched upon for a sacrifice. The greatest difficulty and dispute was about the proscription of Cicero: for Antony would come to no terms, till he was first taken off. Lepidus agreed with Antony in this preliminary, but Cæsar opposed them both. They had a private congress for these purposes near the city of Bononia, which lasted three days. The place where they met was over against their camps, on a little island in the river. Cæsar is said to have contended for Cicero the two first days; but the third he gave him up. The sacrifices on each part were these:—Cæsar was to abandon Cicero to his fate; Lepidus, his brother Palus; and Antony, Lucius Cæsar, his uncle by the mother's side. Thus, rage and rancour entirely stifled in them all sentiments of humanity; or, more properly speaking, they showed that no beast is more savage than man, when he is possessed of power equal to his passion.

While his enemies were thus employed, Cicero was at his Tusculan villa, and his brother Quintus with him. When they were informed of the proscription, they determined to remove to Astyra, a country-house of Cicero's near the sea, where they intended to take a ship, and repair to Brutus in Macedonia: for it was reported, that he was already very powerful in those parts. They were carried in their separate litters, oppressed with sorrow and despair; and often joining

* Instead of taking him for his colleague, he chose Quintus Pedius.

their litters on the road, they stopped to bemoan their mutual misfortunes. Quintus was the more dejected, because he was in want of necessaries; for, as he said, he had brought nothing from home with him. Cicero, too, had but a slender provision. They concluded, therefore, that it would be best for Cicero to hasten his flight, and for Quintus to return to his house, and get some supplies. This resolution being fixed upon, they embraced each other with every expression of sorrow, and then parted.

A few days after, Quintus and his son were betrayed by his servants to the assassins who came in quest of them, and lost their lives. As for Cicero, he was carried to Astyra; where finding a vessel, he immediately went on board, and coasted along to Cirœum, with a favourable wind. The pilots were preparing immediately to sail from thence; but whether it was that he feared the sea, or had not yet given up all his hopes in Cæsar, he disembarked, and travelled a hundred furlongs on foot, as if Rome had been the place of his destination. Repenting, however, afterwards, he left that road, and made again for the sea. He passed the night in the most perplexing and horrid thoughts; insomuch, that he was sometimes inclined to go privately into Cæsar's house, and stab himself upon the altar of his domestic gods, to bring the divine vengeance upon his betrayer. But he was deterred from this by the fear of torture. Other alternatives, equally distressful, presented themselves. At last, he put himself in the hands of his servants, and ordered them to carry him by sea to Cajeta,* where he had a delightful retreat in the summer, when the Etesian winds set in.† There was a temple of Apollo on that coast, from which a flight of crows came with great noise, towards Cicero's vessel, as it was making land. They perched on both sides of the sail-yard, where some sat croaking, and others pecking the ends of the ropes. All looked upon this as an ill omen; yet Cicero went on shore, and, entering his house, lay down to repose himself. In the mean time, a number of the crows settled in the chamber window, and croaked in the most doleful manner. One of them even entered it, and alighting on the bed, attempted, with its beak, to draw off the clothes with which he had covered his face. On the sight of this, the servants began to reproach themselves:—"Shall we," said they, "remain to be spectators of our master's murder? Shall we not protect him, so innocent and so great a sufferer as he

* In the printed text it is *καπιτας*; but a manuscript gives us *καιατταν*. According to Appian, Cicero was killed near Capua; but Valerius Maximus says the scene of that tragedy was at Cajeta.

† The north-east winds.

is, when the brute creatures give him marks of their care and attention?" Then partly by entreaty, partly by force, they got him into his litter, and carried him towards the sea.

Mean time the assassins came up. They were commanded by Herennius a centurion, and Pompilius a tribune, whom Cicero had formerly defended when under a prosecution for parricide. The doors of the house being made fast, they broke them open. Still Cicero did not appear, and the servants, who were left behind, said they knew nothing of him. But a young man, named Philologus, his brother Quintus' freed-man, whom Cicero had instructed in the liberal arts and sciences, informed the tribune, that they were carrying the litter through deep shades to the sea side. The tribune, taking a few soldiers with him, ran to the end of the walk where he was to come out. But Cicero perceiving that Herennius was hastening after him, ordered his servants to set the litter down; and, putting his left hand to his chin, as it was his custom to do, he looked stedfastly upon his murderers. Such an appearance of misery in his face, overgrown with hair, and wasted with anxiety, so much affected the attendants of Herennius, that they covered their faces during the melancholy scene. That officer despatched him, while he stretched his neck out of the litter to receive the blow. Thus fell Cicero, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. Herennius cut off his head, and, by Antony's command, his hands too, with which he had written the *Philippics*. Such was the title he gave his orations against Antony, and they retain it to this day.

When these parts of Cicero's body were brought to Rome, Antony happened to be holding an assembly for the election of magistrates. He no sooner beheld them than he cried out,—“Now let there be an end of all proscriptions.” He ordered the head and hands to be fastened up over the *rostra*, a dreadful spectacle to the Roman people, who thought they did not so much see the face of Cicero, as a picture of Antony's soul. Yet he did one act of justice on this occasion, which was the delivering of Philologus to Pomponia, the wife of Quintus. When she was mistress of his fate, beside other horrid punishments, she made him cut off his own flesh by piecemeal, and roast and eat it. This is the account some historians give us; but Tyro, Cicero's freed-man, makes no mention of the treachery of Philologus.

I am informed that a long time after, Cæsar, going to see one of his grandsons, found him with a book of Cicero's in his hands. The boy, alarmed at the accident, endeavoured to hide the book under his robe; which Cæsar perceived, and took it from him; and after having run most of it over as he

stood, he returned it, and said,—“My dear child, this was an eloquent man, and a lover of his country.”

Being consul at the time when he conquered Antony, he took the son of Cicero for his colleague; under whose auspices the senate took down the statues of Antony, defaced all the monuments of his honour, and decreed, that, for the future, none of his family should bear the name of Marcus. Thus the divine justice reserved the completion of Antony's punishment for the house of Cicero.

DEMOSTHENES AND CICERO

COMPARED.

THESE are the most memorable circumstances in the lives of Demosthenes and Cicero, that could be collected from the historians which have come to our knowledge. Though I shall not pretend to compare their talents for speaking, yet this, I think, I ought to observe, that Demosthenes, by the exertion of all his powers, both natural and acquired, upon that object only, came to exceed, in energy and strength, the most celebrated pleaders of his time; in grandeur and magnificence of style, all that were eminent for the sublime of declamation; and in accuracy and art, the most able professors of rhetoric. Cicero's studies were more general, and, in his treasures of knowledge, he had a great variety. He has left us a number of philosophical tracts which he composed upon the principles of the Academy. And we see something of ostentation of learning in the very orations which he wrote for the *forum* and the bar.

Their different tempers are discernible in their way of writing. That of Demosthenes, without any embellishments of wit and humour, is always grave and serious: nor does it smell of the lamp, as Patheas tauntingly said, but of the water-drinker, of the man of thought, of one who was characterised by the austerities of life. But Cicero, who loved to indulge his vein of pleasantry, so much affected the wit, that he sometimes sunk into the buffoon; and, by affecting gaiety in the most serious things, to serve his client, he has offended against the rules of propriety and decorum. Thus, in the oration of Cælius, he says,—“Where is the absurdity, if a man, with an affluent fortune at command, shall indulge himself

with pleasure? It would be madness not to enjoy what is in his power, particularly when some of the greatest philosophers place man's chief good in pleasure?"*

When Cato impeached Murena, Cicero, who was then consul, undertook his defence, and, in his pleading, took occasion to ridicule several paradoxes of the Stoics, because Cato was of that sect. He succeeded so far as to raise a laugh in the assembly, and even among the judges. Upon which Cato smiled, and said to those who sat by him,—“What a pleasant consul we have!” Cicero, indeed, was naturally facetious; and he not only loved his jests, but his countenance was gay and smiling: whereas Demosthenes had a care and thoughtfulness in his aspect, which he seldom or never put off. Hence his enemies, as he confesses, called him a morose ill-natured man.

It appears also from their writings, that Demosthenes, when he touches upon his own praise, does it with an inoffensive delicacy. Indeed, he never gives into it at all, but when he has some great point in view; and on all other occasions is extremely modest. But Cicero, in his orations, speaks in such high terms of himself, that it is plain he had a most intemperate vanity. Thus, he cries out,—

Let arms revere the robe, the warrior's laurel
Yield to the palm of eloquence.

At length he came to commend not only his own actions and operations in the commonwealth, but his orations too, as well those which he had only pronounced, as those which he had committed to writing, as if, with a juvenile vanity, he were vying with the rhetoricians Isocrates and Anaximenes, instead of being inspired with the great ambition of guiding the Roman people,—

Fierce in the field, and dreadful to the foe.

It is necessary, indeed, for a statesman to have the advantage of eloquence; but it is mean and illiberal to rest on such a qualification, or to hunt after praise in that quarter. In this respect Demosthenes behaved with more dignity, with a superior elevation of soul. He said:—“His ability to explain himself was a mere acquisition: and not so perfect, but that it required great candour and indulgence in the audience.” He thought it must be, as indeed it is, only a low and little mind, that can value itself upon such attainments.

* Plutarch has not quoted this passage with accuracy. Cicero apologizes for the excesses of youth, but does not defend or approve the pursuit of pleasure.

They both, undoubtedly, had political abilities, as well as powers to persuade. They had them in such a degree, that men who had armies at their devotion, stood in need of their support. Thus, Chares, Diopithes, and Leosthenes, availed themselves of Demosthenes; Pompey and young Cæsar of Cicero; as Cæsar himself acknowledges, in his Commentaries addressed to Agrippa and Mæcenæ.

It is an observation no less just than common, that nothing makes so thorough a trial of a man's disposition, as power and authority; for they awake every passion, and discover every latent vice. Demosthenes never had an opportunity for a trial of this kind. He never obtained any eminent charge; nor did he lead those armies against Philip, which his eloquence had raised. But Cicero went quæstor into Sicily, and proconsul into Cilicia and Cappadocia; at a time, too, when avarice reigned without control; when the governors of provinces, thinking it beneath them to take a clandestine advantage, fell to open plunder; when, to take another's property, was thought no great crime, and he who took moderately passed for a man of character. Yet at such a time as this, Cicero gave many proofs of his contempt of money; many of his humanity and goodness. At Rome, with the title only of consul, he had an absolute and dictatorial power against Catiline and his accomplices: on which occasion he verified the prediction of Plato,—"That every state will be delivered from its calamities, when, by the favour of fortune, great power unites with wisdom and justice in one person."

It is mentioned to the disgrace of Demosthenes, that his eloquence was mercenary; that he privately composed orations both for Phormio and Apollodorus, though adversaries in the same cause. To which we may add, that he was suspected of receiving money from the king of Persia, and condemned for taking bribes of Harpalus. Supposing some of these the calumnies of those who wrote against him, (and they are not a few,) yet it is impossible to affirm that he was proof against the presents which were sent him by princes, as marks of honour and respect. This was too much to be expected from a man who vested his money at interest upon ships. Cicero, on the other hand, had magnificent presents sent him by the Sicilians, when he was ædile; by the king of Cappadocia, when proconsul; and his friends pressed him to receive their benefactions, when in exile; yet, as we have already observed, he refused them all.

The banishment of Demosthenes reflected infamy upon him; for he was convicted of taking bribes: that of Cicero, great honour; because he suffered for destroying traitors, who had vowed the ruin of their country. The former, therefore

departed without exciting pity or regret: for the latter, the senate changed their habit, continued in mourning, and could not be persuaded to pass any act, till the people had recalled him. Cicero, indeed, spent the time of exile in an inactive manner in Macedonia; but with Demosthenes it was a busy period in his political character. Then it was (as we have mentioned above) that he went to the several cities of Greece, strengthened the common interest, and defeated the designs of the Macedonian ambassadors. In which respect he discovered a much greater regard for his country than Themistocles and Alcibiades, when under the same misfortune. After his return, he pursued his former plan of government, and continued the war with Antipater and the Macedonians: whereas Lælius reproached Cicero in full senate, with sitting silent, when Cæsar, who was not yet come to years of maturity, applied for the consulship contrary to law. And Brutus, in one of his letters, charged him with "having reared a greater and more unsupportable tyranny, than that which they had destroyed."

As to the manner of their death, we cannot think of Cicero's without a contemptuous kind of pity. How deplorable to see an old man, for want of proper resolution, suffering himself to be carried about by his servants, endeavouring to hide himself from death, which was a messenger that nature would soon have sent him, and overtaken notwithstanding, and slaughtered by his enemies! The other, though he did discover some fear, by taking sanctuary, is, nevertheless, to be admired for the provision he had made of poison, for the care with which he had preserved it, and his noble manner of using it: so that, when Neptune did not afford him an asylum, he had recourse to a more inviolable altar, rescued himself from the weapons of the guards, and eluded the cruelty of Antipater.

THE
LIFE OF DEMETRIUS.

THOSE who first thought that the arts might be compared to the senses, in the perception of their respective objects, appear to me to have well understood the power by which that perception was to be formed, the power of distinguishing contrary qualities; for this they have in common. But in the mode of distinguishing, as well as in the end of what is distinguished, they evidently differ. The senses, for instance, have no connate power of perceiving a white object more than a black one; what is sweet, more than what is bitter; or what is soft and yielding, more than what is hard and solid. Their office is to receive impressions from such objects as strike upon them, and to convey those impressions to the mind. But the operation of the arts is more rational. They are not like the senses, passive in their perceptions. They choose or reject what is proper or improper. What is good, they attend to primarily and intentionally; and what is evil, only accidentally, in order to avoid it. Thus, the art of medicine considers the nature of diseases, and music that of discordant sounds, in order to produce their contraries. And the most excellent of all arts, temperance, justice, and prudence, teach us to judge not only of what is honourable, just and useful, but also of what is pernicious, disgraceful, and unjust. These arts bestow no praise on that innocence which boasts of an entire ignorance of vice; in their reckoning, it is rather an absurd simplicity to be ignorant of those things, which every man that is disposed to live virtuously, should make it his particular care to know. Accordingly, the ancient Spartans, at their feasts, used to compel the Helots to drink an excessive quantity of wine, and then bring them into the public halls where they dined, to show the young men what drunkenness was.

We do not, indeed, think it agreeable, either to humanity or good policy, to corrupt some of the species, in order not to corrupt others. Yet, perhaps, it may not be amiss to insert among the rest of the lives, a few examples of those who have abused their power to the purposes of licentiousness, and whose elevation has only made their vices greater and more conspicuous: not that we adduce them to give pleasure, or to adorn our paintings with the graces of variety; but we do it from the same motive with Ismenias the Theban musician.

who presented his scholars both with good and bad performers on the flute; and used to say,—“Thus you must play;” and “Thus you must not play.” And Antigenidas observed,—“That young men would hear able performers with much greater pleasure after they had heard bad ones.” In like manner, according to my opinion, we shall behold and imitate the virtuous with greater attention, if we be not entirely unacquainted with the characters of the vicious and infamous.

In this book, therefore, we shall give the Lives of Demetrius, surnamed *Poliorcestes*, and of Antony the *triumvir*, men who have most remarkably verified that observation of Plato,—“That great parts produce great vices, as well as virtues.” They were equally addicted to wine and women; both excellent soldiers, and persons of great munificence, but, at the same time, prodigal and insolent. There was the same resemblance in their fortune: for, in the course of their lives, they met both with great success, and great disappointments; now extending their conquests with the utmost rapidity, and now losing all; now falling beyond all expectation; and now recovering themselves when there was as little prospect of such a change. This similarity there was in their lives; and in the concluding scene there was not much difference; for the one was taken by his enemies, and died in captivity, and the other was near sharing the same fate.

Antigonus having two sons by Stratonice, the daughter of Corraeus, called the one after his brother, Demetrius, and the other after his father Philip. So most historians say. But some affirm that Demetrius was not the son of Antigonus, but his nephew; and that his father dying and leaving him an infant, and his mother soon after marrying Antigonus, he was on that account considered as his son. Philip, who was not many years younger than Demetrius, died at an early period. Demetrius, though tall, was not equal in size to his father Antigonus. But his beauty and his mien were so inimitable, that no statuary or painter could hit off a likeness. His countenance had a mixture of grace and dignity, and was at once amiable and awful; and the unsubdued and eager air of youth was blended with the majesty of the hero and the king. There was the same happy mixture in his behaviour, which inspired, at the same time, both pleasure and awe. In his hours of leisure a most agreeable companion; in his table and every species of entertainment, of all princes the most delicate: and yet, when business called, nothing could equal his activity, his diligence and despatch: in which respect he imitated Bacchus most of all the gods, since he was not only terrible in war, but knew how to terminate war with peace, and turn with the nappiest address to the joys and pleasures which that inspires.

His affection for his father was remarkably great; and in the respect he paid his mother, his love for his other parent was very discernible. His duty was genuine, and not in the least influenced by the considerations of high station or power. Demetrius happening to come from hunting, when his father was giving audience to some ambassadors, went up and saluted him, and then sat down by him with his javelins in his hand. After they had received their answer, and were going away, Antigonus called out to them and said,—“You may mention, too, the happy terms upon which I am with my son.” By which he gave them to understand, that the harmony and confidence in which they lived, added strength to the kingdom, and security to his power. So incapable is regal authority of admitting a partner, so liable to jealousy and hatred, that the greatest and oldest of Alexander’s successors rejoiced that he had no occasion to fear his own son, but could freely let him approach him with his weapons in his hands. Indeed, we may venture to say, that his family alone, in the course of many successions, was free from these evils. Of all the descendants of Antigonus, Philip was the only prince who put his son to death; whereas, in the families of other kings, nothing is more common than the murders of sons, mothers, and wives. As for the killing of brothers, like a postulatum in geometry, it was considered as indisputably necessary to the safety of the reigning prince.

That Demetrius was originally well disposed by nature to the offices of humanity and friendship, the following is a proof:—Mithridates the son of Ariobarzanes, was of the same age, and his constant companion. He was likewise one of the attendants of Antigonus, and bore an unblemished character. Yet Antigonus conceived some suspicion of him from a dream. He thought he entered a large and beautiful field, and sowed it with filings of gold. This produced a crop of the same precious metal; but coming a little after to visit it, he found it was cut, and nothing left but the stalks. As he was in great distress about his loss, he heard some people say, that Mithridates had reaped the golden harvest, and was gone with it towards the Euxine sea.

Disturbed at the dream, he communicated it to his son, having first made him swear to keep it secret, and at the same time, informed him of his absolute determination to destroy Mithridates. Demetrius was exceedingly concerned at the affair; but though his friend waited on him as usual, that they might pursue their diversions together, he durst not speak to him on the subject, because of his oath. By degrees, however, he drew him aside from the rest of his companions, and when they were alone, he wrote on the ground, with the bottom of

his spear,—“Fly, Mithridates.” The young man, understanding his danger, fled that night into Cappadocia; and fate soon accomplished the dream of Antigonus: for Mithridates conquered a rich and extensive country, and founded the family of the Pontic kings, which continued through eight successions, and was at last destroyed by the Romans. This was a sufficient evidence that Demetrius was naturally well inclined to justice and humanity.

But as, according to Empedocles, love and hatred are the sources of perpetual wars between the elements, particularly such as touch or approach each other; so among the successors of Alexander there were continual wars; and the contentions were always the most violent when inflamed by the opposition of interest, or vicinity of place. This was the case of Antigonus and Ptolemy. Antigonus, while he resided in Phrygia, received information that Ptolemy was gone from Cyprus into Syria, where he was ravaging the country, and reducing the cities either by solicitation or force. Upon this he sent his son Demetrius against him, though he was only twenty-two years of age; and in this first command had the greatest and most difficult affairs to manage. But a young and unexperienced man was unequally matched with a general from the school of Alexander, who had distinguished himself in many important combats under that prince. Accordingly, he was defeated near Gaza; five thousand of his men were killed, and eight thousand taken prisoners. He lost also his tents, his military chest, and his whole equipage. But Ptolemy sent them back to him, together with his friends; adding this generous and obliging message,—“That they ought only to contend for glory and empire.” When Demetrius received it, he begged of the gods,—“That he might not long be Ptolemy’s debtor, but soon have it in his power to return the favour.” Nor was he disconcerted, as most young men would be, with such a miscarriage in his first essay. On the contrary, like a complete general, accustomed to the vicissitudes of fortune, he employed himself in making new levies and providing arms; he kept the cities to their duty, and exercised the troops he had raised.

As soon as Antigonus was apprised how the battle went, he said,—“Ptolemy has, indeed, beaten boys, but he shall soon have to do with men.” However, as he did not choose to repress the spirit of his son, on his request, he gave him permission to try his fortune again by himself. Not long after this, Cilles, Ptolemy’s general, undertook to drive Demetrius entirely out of Syria; for which purpose he brought with him a numerous army, though he held him in contempt, on account of his late defeat. But Demetrius, by a sudden attack, struck

his adversaries with such a panic, that both the camp and the general fell into his hands, together with very considerable treasures. Yet he did not consider the gain, but the ability to give: nor so much valued the glory and riches which this advantage brought him, as its enabling him to requite the generosity of Ptolemy. He was not, however, for proceeding upon his own judgment; he consulted his father; and, on his free permission to act as he thought proper, loaded Cilles and his friends with his favours, and sent them back to their master. By this turn of affairs, Ptolemy lost his footing in Syria; and Antigonus marched down from Celænæ, rejoicing in his son's success, and impatient to embrace him.

Demetrius, after this, being sent to subdue the Nabathæan Arabs, found himself in great danger, by falling into a desert country, which afforded no water. But the barbarians, astonished at his uncommon intrepidity, did not venture to attack him; and he retired with a considerable booty, amongst which were seven hundred camels.

Antigonus had formerly taken Babylon from Seleucus; but he had recovered it by his own arms, and was now marching with his main army, to reduce the nations which bordered upon India, and the provinces about Mount Caucasus. Mean time Demetrius, hoping to find Mesopotamia unguarded, suddenly passed the Euphrates, and fell upon Babylon. There were two strong castles in that city; but by this manœuvre, in the absence of Seleucus, he seized one of them, dislodged the garrison, and placed there seven thousand of his own men. After this he ordered the rest of the soldiers to plunder the country for their own use, and then returned to the sea-coast. By these proceedings he left Seleucus better established in his dominions than ever; for his laying waste the country seemed as if he had no farther claim to it.

In his return through Syria, he was informed that Ptolemy was besieging Halicarnassus; upon which he hastened to its relief, and obliged him to retire. As this ambition to succour the distressed, gained Antigonus and Demetrius great reputation, they conceived a strong desire to rescue all Greece from the slavery it was held in by Cassander and Ptolemy. No prince ever engaged in a more just and honourable war; for they employed the wealth which they had gained by the conquests of the barbarians, for the advantage of the Greeks; solely with a view to the honour that such an enterprise promised.

When they had resolved to begin their operations with Athens, one of his friends advised Antigonus, if he took the city, to keep it as the key of Greece; but that prince would not listen to him: He said,—“The best and securest of all keys was the friendship of the people; and that Athens was

the watch-tower of the world, from whence the torch of his glory would blaze over the earth."

In consequence of these resolutions, Demetrius sailed to Athens with five thousand talents of silver, and a fleet of two hundred and fifty ships. Demetrius the Phalerean governed the city for Cassander, and had a good garrison in the fort of Munychia. His adversary, who managed the affair both with prudence and good fortune, made his appearance before the Piræus on the twenty-fifth of May.* The town had no information of his approach; and when they saw his fleet coming in, they concluded that it belonged to Ptolemy, and prepared to receive it as such. But at last, the officers who commanded in the city, being undeceived, ran to oppose it. All the tumult and confusion followed, which was natural when an enemy came unexpected, and was already landing: for Demetrius, finding the mouth of the harbour open, ran in with ease; and the people could plainly distinguish him on the deck of the ship, whence he made signs to them to compose themselves, and keep silence. They complied with his demand; and a herald was ordered to proclaim,—“That his father, Antigonus, in a happy hour, he hoped, for Athens, had sent him to reinstate them in their liberties, by expelling the garrison, and to restore their laws and ancient form of government.”

Upon this proclamation, the people threw down their arms, and receiving the proposal with loud acclamations, desired Demetrius to land, and called him their benefactor and deliverer. Demetrius the Phalerean, and his partisans, thought it necessary to receive a man who came with such a superior force, though he should perform none of his promises, and, accordingly, sent deputies to make their submission. Demetrius received them in an obliging manner, and sent back with them Aristodemus the Milesian, a friend of his father's. At the same time, he was not unmindful of Demetrius the Phalerean, who, in this revolution, was more afraid of the citizens than of the enemy; but, out of regard to his character and virtue, sent him with a strong convoy to Thebes, agreeably to his request. He likewise assured the Athenians, that, however desirous he might be to see their city, he would deny himself that pleasure till he had set it entirely free, by expelling the garrison. He, therefore, surrounded the fortress of Munychia with a ditch and rampart, to cut off its communication with the rest of the city, and then sailed to Megara, where Cassander had another garrison.

On his arrival, he was informed, that Cratesipolis, the wife of Alexander the son of Polyperchon, a celebrated beauty,

* Thargelion.

was at Patræ, and had a desire to see him: in consequence of which, he left his forces in the territory of Megara, and, with a few light horse, took the road to Patræ. When he was near the place, he drew off from his men, and pitched his tent apart, that Cratesipolis might not be perceived when she came to pay her visit. But a party of the enemy getting intelligence of this, fell suddenly upon him. In his alarm, he had only time to throw over him a mean cloak, and, in that disguise, saved himself by flight. So near an infamous captivity had his intemperate love of beauty brought him. As for his tent, the enemy took it, with all the riches it contained.

After Megara was taken, the soldiers prepared to plunder it; but the Athenians interceded strongly for that people, and prevailed. Demetrius was satisfied with expelling the garrison, and declared the city free. Amidst these transactions, he bethought himself of Stilpo, a philosopher of great reputation, who sought only the retirement and tranquillity of a studious life. He sent for him, and asked him:—"Whether they had taken any thing from him?" "No," said Stilpo, "I found none that wanted to steal any knowledge." The soldiers, however, had clandestinely carried off almost all the slaves. Therefore, when Demetrius paid his respects to him again, on leaving the place, he said,—“Stilpo, I leave you entirely free.” “True,” answered Stilpo, “for you have not left a slave among us.”

Demetrius then returned to the siege of Munychia, dislodged the garrison, and demolished the fortress. After which the Athenians pressed him to enter the city, and he complied. Having assembled the people, he re-established the commonwealth in its ancient form; and, moreover, promised them, in the name of his father, a hundred and fifty thousand measures* of wheat, and timber enough to build a hundred galleys. Thus they recovered the democracy fifteen years after it was dissolved. During the interval, after the Lamian war, and the battle of Cranon, the government was called an oligarchy, but, in fact, was monarchical; for the power of Demetrius the Phalerean met with no control.

Their deliverer appeared glorious in his services to Athens; but they rendered him obnoxious by the extravagant honours they decreed him: for they were the first who gave him and his father Antigonus the title of kings, which they had hitherto religiously avoided, and which was, indeed, the only thing left the descendants of Philip and Alexander, uninvaded by their generals. In the next place, they alone honoured them with

* Medimni.

† No other people were found capable of such vile adulation. Their servility showed how little they deserved the liberty that was restored them.

the appellation of the gods-protectors; and, instead of denominating the year as formerly, from the archon, they abolished his office, created annually in his room a priest of those gods-protectors, and prefixed his name to all their public acts. They likewise ordered that their portraits should be wrought in the holy veil with those of the other gods.* They consecrated the place where their patron first alighted from his chariot, and erected an altar there to DEMETRIUS *Catabates*. They added two to the number of their tribes, and called them Demetrias and Antigonis; in consequence of which, the senate, which before consisted of five hundred members, was to consist of six hundred; for each tribe supplied fifty.

Stratocles, of whose inventions these wise compliments were, thought of a stroke still higher: he procured a decree, that those who should be sent upon public business from the commonwealth of Athens to Antigonus and Demetrius, should not be called ambassadors, but *theari*, a title which had been appropriated to those who, on the solemn festivals, carried the customary sacrifices to Delphi and Olympia, in the name of the Grecian states. This Stratocles was, in all respects, a person of the most daring effrontery, and the most debauched life, insomuch that he seemed to imitate the ancient Cleon in his scurrilous and licentious behaviour to the people. He kept a mistress called Phylacium, and one day, when she brought from the market some heads for supper, he said:—"Why, how now! you have provided us just such things to eat, as we statesmen use for tennis-balls."

When the Athenians were defeated in the sea-fight near Amorgos, he arrived at Athens before any account of the misfortune had been received, and passing through the Ceramicus with a chaplet on his head, told the people that they were victorious. He then moved that sacrifices of thanksgiving should be offered, and meat distributed among the tribes for a public entertainment. Two days after, the poor remains of the fleet were brought home; and the people, in great anger, calling him to answer for the imposition; he made his appearance in the height of the tumult, with the most consummate assurance, and said,—“What harm have I done you, in making

* Every fifth year the Athenians celebrated the Panathenæa, or festival of Minerva, and carried in procession the Peplum, or holy veil, in which the defeat of the Titans, and the actions of Minerva, were inwrought. In this veil, too, they placed the figures of those commanders who had distinguished themselves by their victories; and from thence came the expression, that such a one was worthy of the Peplum; meaning, that he was a brave soldier. As to the form of the Peplum, it was a large robe without sleeves. It was drawn by land in a machine like a ship along the Ceramicus, as far as the temple of Ceres at Eleusis; from whence it was brought back, and consecrated in the citadel.

you merry for two days?" Such was the impudence of Stratocles.

But there were other extravagances, hotter than fire itself, as Aristophanes expresses it. One flatterer outdid even Stratocles in servility, by procuring a decree that Demetrius, whenever he visited Athens, should be received with the same honours that were paid to Ceres and Bacchus; and that whoever exceeded the rest in the splendour and magnificence of the reception he gave that prince, should have money out of the treasury to enable him to set up some pious memorial of his success. These instances of adulation concluded with their changing the name of the month Munychion to Demetrium; with calling the last day of every month Demetrias; and the Dionysia, or feasts of Bacchus, Demetria.

The gods soon showed how much they were offended at these things: for the veil in which were wrought the figures of Demetrius and Antigonus, along with those of Jupiter and Minerva, as they carried it through the Ceramicus, was rent asunder by a sudden storm of wind. Hemlock grew up in great quantities round the altars of those princes, though it is a plant seldom found in that country. On the day when the Dionysia were to be celebrated, they were forced to put a stop to the procession by the excessive cold, which came entirely out of season; and there fell so strong a hoar-frost, that it blasted not only the vines and fig-trees, but great part of the corn in the blade. Hence, Philippides, who was an enemy to Stratocles, thus attacked him in one of his comedies:—"Who was the wicked cause of our vines being blasted by the frost, and of the sacred veil's being rent asunder? He who transferred the honours of the gods to men: it is he, not comedy,* that is the ruin of the people." This Philippides enjoyed the friendship of Lysimachus, and the Athenians received many favours from that prince on his account. Nay, whenever Lysimachus was waited on by this poet, or happened to meet him, he considered it as a good omen, and a happy time to enter upon any great business or important expedition. Besides, he was a man of excellent character, never importunate, intriguing, or over-officious, like those who are bred in a court. One day Lysimachus talked to him in the most obliging manner, and said,—“What is there of mine that you would share in?” “Any thing,” said he, “but your secrets.” I have purposely contrasted these characters, that the difference may be obvious between the comic writer and the demagogue.

* It is probable that Stratocles, and other persons of his character, inveighed against the dramatic writers, on account of the liberties they took with their vices; though this was after the time that the Middle Comedy prevailed at Athens.

What exceeded all the rage of flattery we have mentioned, was the decree proposed by Dromoelides the Sphettian; according to which, they were to consult the oracle of Demetrius, as to the manner in which they were to dedicate certain shields at Delphi. It was conceived in these terms:—"In a fortunate hour, be it decreed by the people, that a citizen of Athens be appointed to go to the god-protector, and, after due sacrifices offered, demand of Demetrius, the god-protector, what will be the most pious, the most honourable, and expeditious method of consecrating the intended offerings. And it is hereby enacted, that the people of Athens will follow the method dictated by his oracle." By this mockery of incense to his vanity, who was scarcely in his senses before, they rendered him perfectly insane.

During his stay at Athens, he married Eurydice, a descendant of the ancient Miltiades, who was the widow of Opheltas king of Cyrene, and had returned to Athens after his death. The Athenians reckoned this a particular favour and honour to their city; though Demetrius made no sort of difficulty of marrying, and had many wives at the same time. Of all his wives, he paid most respect to Phila, because she was the daughter of Antipater, and had been married to Craterus, who, of all the successors of Alexander, was most regretted by the Macedonians. Demetrius was very young when his father persuaded him to marry her, though she was advanced in life, and, on that account, unfit for him. As he was disinclined to the match, Antigonus is said to have repeated to him that verse of Euripides, with a happy parody,—

When fortune spreads her stores, we yield to marriage
Against the bent of nature.

Only putting marriage instead of bondage. However, the respect which Demetrius paid Phila and his other wives, was not of such a nature, but that he publicly entertained many mistresses, as well slaves as free-born women, and was more infamous for his excesses of that sort, than any other prince of his time.

Mean time his father called him to take the conduct of the war against Ptolemy; and he found it necessary to obey him. But as it gave him pain to leave the war he had undertaken for the liberties of Greece, which was so much more advantageous in point of glory, he sent to Cleonides, who commanded for Ptolemy in Sicily and Corinth, and offered him a pecuniary consideration, on condition that he would set those cities free. Cleonides, not accepting the proposal, Demetrius immediately embarked his troops, and sailed to Cyprus. There he had an engagement with Menelaüs, brother to Ptolemy, and

defeated him. Ptolemy himself soon after made his appearance with a great number of land-forces, and a considerable fleet. On which occasion, several menacing and haughty messages passed between them. Ptolemy bade Demetrius depart, before he collected all his forces, and trod him under foot; and Demetrius said, he would let Ptolemy go, if he would promise to evacuate Sieyon and Corinth.

The approaching battle awakened the attention not only of the parties concerned, but of all other princes; for, beside the uncertainty of the event, so much depended upon it, that the conqueror would not be master of Cyprus and Syria alone, but superior to all his rivals in power. Ptolemy advanced with a hundred and fifty ships, and he had ordered Menelaüs, with sixty more, to come out of the harbour of Salamis, in the heat of the battle, and put the enemy in disorder by falling on his rear. Against these sixty ships, Demetrius appointed a guard of ten, for that number was sufficient to block up the mouth of the harbour. His land-forces he ranged on the adjoining promontories, and then bore down upon his adversary with a hundred and eighty ships. This he did with so much impetuosity, that Ptolemy could not stand the shock, but was defeated, and fled with eight ships only, which were all that he saved; for seventy were taken, with their crews, and the rest were sunk in the engagement. His numerous train, his servants, friends, wives, arms, money, and machines, that were stationed near the fleet, in transports, all fell into the hands of Demetrius, and he carried them to his camp.

Among these was the celebrated Lamia, who at first was only taken notice of for her performing on the flute, which was by no means contemptible, but afterwards became famous as a courtesan. By this time her beauty was in the wane, yet she captivated Demetrius, though not near her age, and so effectually enslaved him by the peculiar power of her address, that, though other women had a passion for him, he could only think of her.

After the sea-fight, Menelaüs made no further resistance, but surrendered Salamis with all the ships, and the land-forces, which consisted of twelve hundred horse, and twelve thousand foot.

This victory, so great in itself, Demetrius rendered still more glorious, by generosity and humanity, in giving the enemy's dead an honourable interment, and setting the prisoners free. He selected twelve hundred complete suits of armour from the spoils, and bestowed them on the Athenians. Aristodemus the Milesian, was the person he sent to his father, with an account of the victory. Of all the courtiers, this man was the boldest flatterer, and, on the present occasion, he de-

signed to outdo himself. When he arrived on the coast of Syria, from Cyprus, he would not suffer the ship to make land; but ordering it to anchor at a distance, and all the company to remain in it, he took the boat, and went on shore alone. He advanced towards the palace of Antigonus, who was watching for the event of this battle, with all the solicitude that is natural to a man who has so great a concern at stake. As soon as he was informed that the messenger was coming, his anxiety increased to such a degree, that he could scarce keep within his palace. He sent his officers and friends, one after another, to Aristodemus, to demand what intelligence he brought. But instead of giving any of them an answer, he walked on with great silence and solemnity. The king, by this time much alarmed, and having no longer patience, went to the door to meet him. A great crowd was gathered about Aristodemus, and people were running from all quarters to the palace to hear the news. When he was near enough to be heard, he stretched out his hand, and cried aloud,—“Hail to king Antigonus! We have totally beaten Ptolemy at sea; we are masters of Cyprus, and have made sixteen thousand eight hundred prisoners.” Antigonus answered,—“Hail to you too, my good friend! but I will punish you for torturing us so long; you shall wait long for your reward.”

The people now, for the first time, proclaimed Antigonus and Demetrius kings. Antigonus had the diadem immediately put on by his friends. He sent one to Demetrius; and in the letter that accompanied it, addressed him under the style of king. The Egyptians, when they were apprised of this circumstance, gave Ptolemy likewise the title of king, that they might not appear to be dispirited with their late defeat. The other successors of Alexander caught eagerly at the opportunity to aggrandise themselves. Lysimachus took the diadem; and Seleucus did the same in his transactions with the Greeks. The latter had worn it some time, when he gave audience to the barbarians. Cassander alone, while others wrote to him, and saluted him as king, prefixed his name to his letters in the same manner as formerly.

This title proved not a mere addition to their name and figure. It gave them higher notions. It introduced a pompousness into their manners, and self-importance into their discourse. Just as tragedians, when they take the habit of kings, change their gait, their voice, their whole deportment, and manner of address. After this they became more severe in their judicial capacity; for they laid aside that dissimulation with which they had concealed their power, and which had made them much milder and more favourable to their subjects.

So much could one word of a flatterer do! Such a change did it effect in the whole face of the world!

Antigonus, elated with his son's achievements at Cyprus, immediately marched against Ptolemy, commanding his land-forces in person, while Demetrius, with a powerful fleet, attended him along the coast. One of Antigonus' friends, named Medius, had the event of this expedition communicated to him in a dream. He thought that Antigonus and his whole army were running a race. At first he seemed to run with great swiftness and force; but afterwards his strength gradually abated; and, on turning, he became very weak, and drew his breath with such pain that he could scarce recover himself. Accordingly, Antigonus met with many difficulties at land, and Demetrius encountered such a storm at sea, that he was in danger of being driven upon an impracticable shore. In this storm he lost many of his ships, and returned without effecting any thing.

Antigonus was now little short of eighty; and his great size and weight disqualified him for war still more than his age. He, therefore, left the military department to his son, who, by his good fortune, as well as ability, managed it in the happiest manner. Nor was Antigonus hurt by his son's debaucheries, his expensive appearance, or his long carousals: for these were the things in which Demetrius employed himself in time of peace with the utmost licentiousness and most unbounded avidity. But in war, no man, however naturally temperate, exceeded him in sobriety.

When the power that Lamia had over him was evident to all the world, Demetrius came, after some expedition or other, to salute his father, and kissed him so cordially, that he laughed, and said,—“Surely my son, you think you are kissing Lamia.” Once when he had been spending many days with his friends over the bottle, he excused himself at his return to court, by saying,—“That he had been hindered by a defluxion.” “So I heard,” said Antigonus, “but whether was the defluxion from Thasos or from Chios?” Another time, being informed that he was indisposed, he went to see him; and when he came to the door, he met one of his favourites going out. He went in, however, and sitting down by him, took hold of his hand. Demetrius said, his fever had now left him. “I know it,” said Antigonus, “for I met it this moment at the door.” With such mildness he treated his son's faults, out of regard to his excellent performances. It is the custom of the Scythians in the midst of their carousals to strike the strings of their bows, to recal, as it were, their courage, which is melting away in pleasure. But Demetrius one while gave

himself up entirely to pleasure, and another while to business; he did not intermix them. His military talents, therefore, did not suffer by his attentions of a gayer kind.

Nay, he seemed to show greater abilities in his preparations for war, than in the use of them. He was not content unless he had stores that were more than sufficient. There was something peculiarly great in the construction of his ships and engines, and he took an unwearied pleasure in the inventing of new ones: for he was ingenious in the speculative part of mechanics; and he did not, like other princes, apply his taste and knowledge of those arts to the purposes of diversion, or to pursuits of no utility, such as playing on the flute, painting, or turning.

Æropus king of Macedon, spent his hours of leisure in making little tables and lamps. Attalus,* surnamed Philometor,† amused himself with planting poisonous herbs, not only henbane and hellebore, but hemlock, aconite, and dorycnium.‡ These he cultivated in the royal gardens, and, beside gathering them at their proper seasons, made it his business to know the qualities of their juices and fruit. And the kings of Parthia took a pride in forging and sharpening heads for arrows. But the mechanics of Demetrius were of a princely kind; there was always something great in the fabric. Together with a spirit of curiosity and love of the arts, there appeared in all his works a grandeur of design, and dignity of invention, so that they were not only worthy of the genius and wealth, but of the hand of a king. His friends were astonished at their greatness, and his very enemies were pleased with their beauty. Nor is this description of him at all exaggerated. His enemies used to stand upon the shore looking with admiration upon his galleys of fifteen or sixteen banks of oars, as they sailed along; and his engines called *helepoles*, were a pleasing spectacle to the very towns which he besieged. This is evident from facts. Lysimachus, who, of all the princes of his time, was the bitterest enemy to Demetrius, when he came to compel him to raise the siege of Soli in Cilicia, desired he would show him his engines of war, and his manner of navigating the galleys; and he was so struck with the sight, that he immediately retired. And the Rhodians, after they had stood a long siege, and at last compromised the affair,

* Plutarch does not do that honour to Attalus which he deserves, when he mentions his employments as unworthy of a prince. He made many experiments in natural philosophy, and wrote a treatise on agriculture. Other kings, particularly Hiero and Archelaus, did the same.

† This is a mistake in Plutarch. Philometor was another prince, who made agriculture his amusement.

‡ *Dorycnium* was a common poisonous plant, which was so called from the points of spears being tinged with its juices.

requested him to leave some of his engines, as monuments both of his power, and of their valour.

His war with the Rhodians was occasioned by their alliance with Ptolemy; and in the course of it he brought the largest of his *helepoles* up to their walls. Its base was square; each of its sides at the bottom forty-eight cubits wide; and it was sixty-six cubits high. The sides of the several divisions gradually lessened, so that the top was much narrower than the bottom. The inside was divided into several stories or rooms, one above another. The front, which was turned towards the enemy, had a window in each story, through which missive weapons of various kinds were thrown; for it was filled with men who practised every method of fighting. It neither shook nor veered the least in its motion, but rolled on in a steady upright position; and, as it moved with a horrible noise, it at once pleased and terrified the spectators.*

He had two coats of mail brought from Cyprus† for his use in this war, each of which weighed forty *minæ*. Zoilus, the maker, to show the excellence of their temper, ordered a dart to be shot at one of them from an engine at the distance of twenty-six paces; and it stood so firm, that there was no more mark upon it than what might be made with such a style as is used in writing. This he took for himself, and gave the other to Alcimus the Epirot, a man of the greatest bravery and strength of any in his army. The Epirot's whole suit of armour weighed two talents, whereas that of others weighed no more than one. He fell, in the siege of Rhodes, in an action near the theatre.

As the Rhodians defended themselves with great spirit, Demetrius was not able to do any thing considerable. There was one thing in their conduct which he particularly resented; and, for that reason, he persisted in the siege. They had taken the vessel in which were letters from his wife Phila, together with some robes and pieces of tapestry, and they sent it, as it was, to Ptolemy; in which they were far from imitating the politeness of the Athenians, who, when they were at war with Philip, happening to take his couriers, read all the other letters, but sent him that of Olympia with the seal entire.

But Demetrius, though much incensed, did not retaliate upon the Rhodians, though he soon had an opportunity. Pro-

* Diodorus Siculus says, this machine had nine stories; and that it rolled on four large wheels, each of which was sixteen feet high.

† Pliny says that the Cyprian armour was impregnable. Cyprus was famous for the metal of which armour was made even in the time of the Trojan war, and Agamemnon had a cuirass sent him from Cyniras king of Cyprus.---
Hom. Il. xi.

togenes of Caunus was at that time painting for them the history of Ialysus,* and had almost finished it, when Demetrius seized it in one of the suburbs. The Rhodians sent a herald to entreat him to spare the work, and not suffer it to be destroyed. Upon which he said,—“He would rather burn the pictures of his father, than hurt so laborious a piece of art; for Protogenes is said to have been seven years in finishing it. Apelles tells us, that when he first saw it, he was so much astonished that he could not speak; and, at last, when he recovered himself he said,—“A master-piece of labour! a wonderful performance! But it wants those graces which raise the fame of my paintings to the skies.” This piece was afterwards carried to Rome, and, being added to the number of those collected there, was destroyed by fire. The Rhodians now began to grow weary of the war. Demetrius, too, wanted only a pretence to put an end to it, and he found one. The Athenians came and reconciled them on this condition, that the Rhodians should assist Antigonus and Demetrius as allies, in all their wars, except those with Ptolemy.

At the same time the Athenians called him to their succour against Cassander, who was besieging the city. In consequence of which, he sailed thither with a fleet of three hundred and thirty ships, and a numerous body of land forces. With these he not only drove Cassander out of Attica, but followed him to Thermopylæ, and entirely defeated him there. Heraclea then voluntarily submitted, and he received into his army six thousand Macedonians, who came over to him. In his return he restored liberty to the Greeks within the straits of Thermopylæ, took the Bœotians into his alliance, and made himself master of Cenchreæ. He likewise reduced Phyle and Panactus, the bulwarks of Attica, which had been garrisoned by Cassander, and put them in the hands of the Athenians

* We have not met with the particular subject of this famous painting. Ialysus was one of the fabulous heroes, the son of Ochimus, and grandson of Apollo; and there is a town in Rhodes called Ialysus, which probably had its name from him. It was in this picture that Protogenes, when he had long laboured in vain to paint the foam of a dog, happily hit it off, by throwing the brush, in anger, at the dog's mouth. Ælian, as well as Plutarch, says, that he was seven years in finishing it. Pliny tells us, that he gave it four coats of colours, that when one was effaced by time, another might supply its place. He tells us, too, that while Protogenes was at work, he was visited by Demetrius, and when the latter asked him how he could prosecute his work with so much calmness under the rage of war? he answered,—“That though Demetrius was at war with Rhodes, he did not suppose he was at war with the arts.” He is said to have lived on lupines during the time he was employed on this painting, that his judgment might not be clouded by luxurious diet. The picture was brought to Rome by Cassius, and placed in the Temple of Peace, where it remained till the time of Commodus, when, together with the temple, it was consumed by fire.

again. The Athenians, though they had lavished honours upon him before in the most extravagant manner, yet contrived on this occasion to appear new in their flattery. They gave orders that he should lodge in the back part of the *Parthenon*; which, accordingly, he did, and Minerva was said to have received him as her guest; a guest not very fit to come under her roof, or suitable to her virgin purity.

In one of their expeditions, his brother Philip took up his quarters in a house where there were three young women. His father, Antigonus, said nothing to Philip; but called the quarter-master, and said to him in his presence,—“Why do you not remove my son out of this lodging, where he is so much straitened for room?” And Demetrius, who ought to have revered Minerva, if, on no other account, yet as his eldest sister, (for so he affected to call her,) behaved in such a manner to persons of both sexes, who were above the condition of slaves, and the citadel was so polluted with his debaucheries, that it appeared to be kept sacred in some degree, when he indulged himself only with such prostitutes as Chrysis, Lamia, Demo, and Anticyra.

Some things we choose to pass over out of regard to the character of the city of Athens; but the virtue and chastity of Democles ought not to be left under the veil of silence. Democles was very young, and his beauty was no secret to Demetrius. Indeed, his surname unhappily declared it, for he was called Democles *the Handsome*. Demetrius, through his emissaries, left nothing unattempted to gain him by great offers, or to intimidate him by threats; but neither could prevail. He left the wrestling-ring and all public exercises, and made use only of a private bath. Demetrius watched his opportunity, and surprised him there alone. The boy seeing nobody near to assist him, and the impossibility of resisting with any effect, took off the cover of the cauldron, and jumped into the boiling water. It is true, he came to an unworthy end, but his sentiments were worthy of his country and of his personal merit.

Very different were those of Cleænetus the son of Cleomedon. That youth, having procured his father the remission of a fine of fifty talents, brought letters from Demetrius to the people, signifying his pleasure in that respect; by which he not only dishonoured himself, but brought great trouble upon the city. The people took off the fine, but at the same time they made a decree, that no citizen should, for the future, bring any letter from Demetrius. Yet when they found that Demetrius was disobliged at it, and expressed his resentment in strong terms, they not only repealed the act, but punished the persons who proposed and supported it, some with death, and

some with banishment. They likewise passed a new edict, importing,—“That the people of Athens had resolved that whatsoever thing Demetrius might command, should be accounted holy in respect of the gods, and just in respect of men.” Some person of better principle, on this occasion, happening to say, that Stratocles was mad in proposing such decrees, Demochares the Leuconian* answered,—“He would be mad if he were not mad.” Stratocles found his advantage in his servility; and for this saying, Demochares was prosecuted and banished the city. To such meannesses were the Athenians brought, when the garrison seemed to be removed out of their city, and they pretended to be a free people!

Demetrius afterwards passed into Peloponnesus, where he found no resistance: for all his enemies fled before him, or surrendered their cities. He, therefore, reduced with ease that part of the country called *Acte*, and all Arcadia, except Mantinea. Argos, Sicyon, and Corinth, he set free from their garrisons by giving the commanding officers a hundred talents to evacuate them. About that time the feasts of Juno came on at Argos, and Demetrius presided in the games and other exhibitions. During these solemnities he married Deidamia, the daughter of *Æacides* king of the Molossians, and sister of *Pyrrhus*. He told the Sicyonians that they lived out of their city, and showing them a more advantageous situation, persuaded them to build one where the town now stands. Along with the situation he likewise changed the name, calling the town Demetrius, instead of Sicyon.

The states being assembled at the Isthmus, and a prodigious number of people attending, he was proclaimed general of all Greece, as Philip and Alexander had been before; and in the elation of power and success, he thought himself a much greater man. Alexander robbed no other prince of his title, nor did he ever declare himself king of kings, though he raised many both to the style and authority of kings. But Demetrius thought no man worthy of that title except his father and himself. He even ridiculed those who made use of it, and it was with pleasure he heard the sycophants at his table drinking King Demetrius, Seleucus commander of the elephants, Ptolemy admiral, Lysimachus treasurer, and Agathocles the Sicilian governor of the islands. The rest of them only laughed at such extravagant instances of vanity. Lysimachus alone was angry, because Demetrius seemed to think him no better than an eunuch: for the princes of the east had generally eunuchs for their treasurers. Lysimachus, indeed, was the

* The nephew of Demosthenes. The Greek text that calls him *Δαμόνευος*, is erroneous. It should be *Δεμόνευος*.

most violent enemy that he had; and now taking an opportunity to disparage him on account of his passion for Lamia, he said,—“This was the first time he had seen a whore act in a tragedy.”* Demetrius said in answer,—“My whore is an honest woman than his Penelope.”

When he was preparing to return to Athens, he wrote to the republic, that, on his arrival, he intended to be initiated, and to be immediately admitted, not only to the less mysteries, but even to those called intuitive. This was unlawful and unprecedented; for the less mysteries were celebrated in February,† and the greater in September;‡ and none were admitted to the intuitive till a year at least after they had attended the greater mysteries.§ When the letters were read, Pythodorus the torch-bearer was the only person who ventured to oppose the demand; and his opposition was entirely ineffectual. Stratocles procured a decree that the month of *Munychion* should be called and reputed the month of *Anthesterion*, to give Demetrius an opportunity for his first initiation, which was to be performed in the ward of Agra; after which, Munychion was changed again into Boedromion. By these means, Demetrius was admitted to the greater mysteries, and to immediate inspection. Hence those strokes of satire upon Stratocles, from the poet Philippides:—“The man who can contract the whole year into one month.” And, with respect to Demetrius’ being lodged in the *Parthenon*:—“The man who turns the temples into inns, and brings prostitutes into the company of the virgin goddess.”

But amongst the many abuses and enormities committed in their city, no one seems to have given the Athenians greater uneasiness than this;—he ordered them to raise two hundred and fifty talents in a very short time, and the sum was exacted with the greatest rigour. When the money was brought in, and he saw it all together, he ordered it to be given to Lamia and his other mistresses, to buy soap. Thus, the disgrace hurt them more than the loss, and the application more than the impost. Some, however, say, that it was not to the Athenians he behaved in this manner, but to the people of Thessaly. Besides this disagreeable tax, Lamia extorted money from many persons on her own authority, to enable her to

* The modern stage needs not be put to the blush by this assertion in favour of the ancient: the reason of it was, that there were no women actors. Men, in female dresses, performed their parts.

† Anthesterion.

‡ Boëdromion.

§ Plutarch, in this place, seems to make a difference between the intuitive and the greater mysteries, though they are commonly understood to be the same. Casaubon and Meursius thinks the text corrupt; but the manner in which they would restore it, does not render it less perplexed.

provide an entertainment for the king. And the expense of that supper was so remarkable, that Lynceus the Samian took pains to give a description of it. For the same reason, a comic poet of those times, with equal wit and truth, called Lamia an Helepolis; and Demochares the Solian, called Demetrius *Muthos*, that is, Fable, because he too had his Lamia.*

The great interest that Lamia had with Demetrius, in consequence of his passion for her, excited a spirit of envy and aversion to her, not only in the breasts of his wives, but of his friends. Demetrius having sent ambassadors to Lysimachus, on some occasion or other, that prince amused himself one day with showing them the deep wounds he had received from a lion's claws in his arms and thighs, and gave them an account of his being shut up with that wild beast by Alexander the Great, and of the battle he had with it.† Upon which they laughed, and said:—"The king, our master, too, bears on his neck the marks of a dreadful wild beast, called a Lamia." Indeed, it was strange that he should at first have so great an objection against the disparity of years between him and Phila, and afterwards fall into such a lasting captivity to Lamia, though she had passed her prime at their first acquaintance. One evening, when Lamia had been playing on the flute at supper, Demetrius asked Demo, surnamed Mania,‡ what she thought of her? "I think her an old woman, Sir," said Demo. Another time, when there was an extraordinary dessert on the table, he said to her:—"You see what fine things Lamia sends me." "My mother will send you finer," answered Demo, "if you will but lie with her."

We shall mention only one story more of Lamia, which relates to her censure of the celebrated judgment of Boechoris. In Egypt there was a young man extremely desirous of the favours of a courtesan named Thonis, but she set too high a price upon them. Afterwards he fancied that he enjoyed her in a dream, and his desire was satisfied. Thonis, upon this, commenced an action against him for the money; and Boechoris having heard both parties, ordered the man to tell the gold that she demanded into a basin, and shake it about before her, that she might enjoy the sight of it:—"For fancy," said he, "is no more than the shadow of truth." Lamia did not

* Fabulous history mentions a queen of Libya, who, out of rage for the loss of her own children, ordered those of other women to be brought to her, and devoured them. From whence she was called Lamia, from the Phœnician word *Labama*, to devour. Upon this account, Diodorus tells us, that Lamia became a bugbear to children. And this satisfies M. Dacier with regard to the explanation of this passage in Plutarch.

† Justin and Pausanias mention this; but Q. Curtius doubts the truth of it; and he probably is in the right.

‡ In English, Miss Madcap.

think this a just sentence; "because the woman's desire of the gold was not removed by the appearance of it; whereas the dream cured the passion of her lover."

The change in the fortunes and actions of the subject of our narrative now turns the comic scene into tragedy: all the other kings having united their forces against Antigonus, Demetrius left Greece in order to join him, and was greatly animated to find his father preparing for war with a spirit above his years. Had Antigonus abated a little of his pretensions, and restrained his ambition to govern the world, he might have kept the pre-eminence among the successors of Alexander, not only for himself, but for his son after him. But being naturally arrogant, imperious, and no less insolent in his expressions than in his actions, he exasperated many young and powerful princes against him. He boasted, that "he could break the present league, and disperse the united armies, with as much ease as a boy does a flock of birds, by throwing a stone, or making a slight noise."

He had an army of more than seventy thousand foot, ten thousand horse, and seventy-five elephants. The enemy's infantry consisted of sixty-four thousand men, their cavalry of ten thousand five hundred; they had four hundred elephants, and a hundred and twenty armed chariots. When the two armies were in sight, there was a visible change in the mind of Antigonus, but rather with respect to his hopes than his resolution. In other engagements his spirits used to be high, his port lofty, his voice loud, and his expressions vaunting; insomuch that he would sometimes, in the heat of the action, let fall some jocular expression, to show his unconcern, and his contempt of his adversary. But, at this time, he was observed for the most part to be thoughtful and silent; and one day he presented his son to the army, and recommended him as his successor. What appeared still more extraordinary was, that he took him aside into his tent, and discoursed with him there: for he never used to communicate his intentions to him in private, or to consult him in the least, but to rely entirely on his own judgment, and to give orders for the execution of what he had resolved on by himself. It is reported that Demetrius, when very young, once asked him when they should decamp, and that he answered angrily,—“Are you afraid that you only shall not hear the trumpet?”

On this occasion, it is true, their spirits were depressed by ill omens. Demetrius dreamed that Alexander came to him in a magnificent suit of armour, and asked him what was to be the word in the ensuing battle? Demetrius answered, *Jupiter and Victory*; upon which Alexander said,—“I go then to your adversaries, for they are ready to receive me.” When

the army was put in order of battle, Antigonus stumbled as he went out of his tent, and, falling on his face, received a considerable hurt. After he had recovered himself, he stretched out his hands towards heaven, and prayed either for victory, or that he might die before he was sensible that the day was lost.

When the battle was begun, Demetrius, at the head of his best cavalry, fell upon Antiochus the son of Seleucus, and fought with so much bravery that he put the enemy to flight; but by a vain and unseasonable ambition to go upon the pursuit, he lost the victory: for he went so far that he could not get back to join his infantry, the enemy's elephants having taken up the intermediate space. Seleucus now seeing his adversary's foot deprived of their horse, did not attack them, but rode about them, as if he was going every moment to charge; intending by this manœuvre both to terrify them, and to give them an opportunity to change sides. The event answered his expectation. Great part separated from the main body, and voluntarily came over to him; the rest were put to the rout. When great numbers were bearing down upon Antigonus, one of those that were about him said,—“They are coming against you, Sir.” He answered,—“What other object can they have? But Demetrius will come to my assistance.” In this hope he continued to the last, still looking about for his son, till he fell under a shower of darts. His servants and his very friends forsook him; only Theorax of Larissa remained by the dead body.

The battle being thus decided, the kings who were victorious, dismembered the kingdom of Antigonus and Demetrius, like some great body, and each took a limb; thus adding to their own dominions the provinces which those two princes were possessed of before. Demetrius fled with five thousand foot and four thousand horse: and as he reached Ephesus in a short time, and was in want of money, it was expected that he would not spare the temple. However, he not only spared it himself,* but fearing that his soldiers might be tempted to violate it, he immediately left the place and embarked for Greece. His principal dependence was upon the Athenians; for with them he had left his ships, his money, and his wife Deidamia; and in this distress he thought he could have no safer asylum than their affection. He therefore, pursued his voyage with all possible expedition; but ambassadors from Athens met him near the Cyclades, and entreated him not to think of going thither, because the people had declared by an edict that they would receive no king into their city. As for

* A striking proof that adversity is the parent of virtue!

Deidamia, they had conducted her to Megara with a proper retinue, and all the respect due to her rank. This so enraged Demetrius, that he was no longer master of himself; though he had hitherto borne his misfortune with sufficient calmness, and discovered no mean or ungenerous sentiment in the great change of his affairs: but to be deceived, beyond all his expectation, by the Athenians; to find by facts that their affection, so great in appearance, was only false and counterfeit, was a thing that cut him to the heart. Indeed, excessive honours are a very indifferent proof of the regard of the people for kings and princes: for all the value of those honours rests in their being freely given; and there can be no certainty of that, because the givers may be under the influence of fear: and fear and love often produce the same public declarations. For the same reason, wise princes will not look upon statues, pictures, or divine honours, but rather consider their own actions and behaviour, and, in consequence thereof, either believe those honours real, or disregard them as the dictates of necessity. Nothing more frequently happens, than that the people hate their sovereign the most, at the time that he is receiving the most immoderate honours, the tribute of unwilling minds.

Demetrius, though he severely felt this ill treatment, was not in a condition to revenge it: he, therefore, by his envoys, expostulated with the Athenians in moderate terms, and only desired them to send him his galleys, among which there was one of thirteen banks of oars. As soon as he had received them he steered for the Isthmus, but found his affairs there in a very bad situation. The cities expelled his garrisons, and were all revolting to his enemies. Leaving Pyrrhus in Greece, he then sailed to the Chersonesus, and by the ravages he committed in the country, distressed Lysimachus, as well as enriched and secured the fidelity of his own forces, which now began to gather strength, and improve into a respectable army. The other kings paid no regard to Lysimachus, who, at the same time that he was much more formidable in his power than Demetrius, was not in the least more moderate in his conduct.

Soon after this, Seleucus sent proposals of marriage to Stratonice, the daughter of Demetrius by Phila. He had, indeed, already a son named Antiochus, by Apama, a Persian lady; but he thought that his dominions were sufficient for more heirs, and that he stood in need of this new alliance, because he saw Lysimachus marrying one of Ptolemy's daughters himself, and taking the other for his son Agathocles. A connection with Seleucus was a happy and unexpected turn of fortune for Demetrius.

He took his daughter, and sailed with his whole fleet to Syria. In the course of the voyage he was several times under a necessity of making land, and he touched in particular upon the coast of Cilicia, which had been given to Plistarchus the brother of Cassander, as his share, after the defeat of Antigonus. Plistarchus thinking himself injured by the descent which Demetrius made upon his country, went immediately to Cassander, to complain of Seleucus for having reconciled himself to the common enemy, without the concurrence of the other kings. Demetrius being informed of his departure, left the sea, and marched up to Quinda; where, finding twelve hundred talents, the remains of his father's treasures, he carried them off, embarked again without interruption, and set sail with the utmost expedition, his wife Phila having joined him by the way.

Seleucus met him at Orossus. Their interview was conducted in a sincere and princely manner, without any marks of design or suspicion. Seleucus invited Demetrius first to his pavilion; and then Demetrius entertained him in his galley of thirteen banks of oars. They conversed at their ease, and passed the time together without guards or arms: till Seleucus took Stratonice, and carried her with great pomp to Antioch.

Demetrius seized the province of Cilicia, and sent Phila to her brother Cassander, to answer the accusations brought against him by Plistarchus. Mean time Deidamia came to him from Greece, but she had not spent any long time with him before she sickened and died; and Demetrius having accommodated matters with Ptolemy through Seleucus, it was agreed that he should marry Ptolemais, the daughter of that prince.

Hitherto Seleucus had behaved with honour and propriety; but afterwards he demanded that Demetrius should surrender Cilicia to him for a sum of money, and on his refusal to do that, angrily insisted on having Tyre and Sidon. This behaviour appeared unjustifiable and cruel. When he already commanded Asia from the Indies to the Syrian sea, how sordid was it to quarrel for two cities with a prince who was his father-in-law, and who laboured under so painful a reverse of fortune. A strong proof how true the maxim of Plato is,—“That the man who would be truly happy, should not study to enlarge his estate, but to contract his desires.” For he who does not restrain his avarice, must for ever be poor.

However, Demetrius, far from being intimidated, said,—“Though I had lost a thousand battles as great as that of Ipsus, nothing should bring me to buy the alliance of Seleucus;” and, upon this principle, he garrisoned these cities in the strongest manner. About this time, having intelligence

that Athens was divided into factions, and that Lachares, taking advantage of these, had seized the government, he expected to take the city with ease, if he appeared suddenly before it. Accordingly, he set out with a considerable fleet, and crossed the sea without danger; but on the coast of Attica, he met with a storm, in which he lost many ships and great numbers of his men. He escaped, however, himself, and began hostilities against Athens, though with no great vigour. As his operations answered no end, he sent his lieutenants to collect another fleet, and in the mean time entered Peloponnesus, and laid siege to Messene. In one of the assaults he was in great danger; for a dart which came from an engine, pierced through his jaw, and entered his mouth. But he recovered, and reduced some cities that had revolted. After this, he invaded Attica again, took Eleusis and Rhamnus, and ravaged the country. Happening to take a ship loaded with wheat, which was bound for Athens, he hanged both the merchant and the pilot. This alarmed other merchants so much that they forebore attempting any thing of that kind, so that a famine ensued; and, together with the want of bread-corn, the people were in want of every thing else. A bushel* of salt was sold for forty drachmas, and a peck† of wheat for three hundred. A fleet of a hundred and fifty ships, which Ptolemy sent to their relief, appeared before Ægina; but the encouragement it afforded them was of short continuance. A great reinforcement of his ships came to Demetrius from Peloponnesus and Cyprus, so that he had not in all fewer than three hundred. Ptolemy's fleet, therefore, weighed anchor, and steered off. The tyrant Lachares at the same time made his escape privately, and abandoned the city.

The Athenians, though they had made a decree, that no man, under pain of death, should mention peace or reconciliation with Demetrius, now opened the gates nearest him, and sent ambassadors to his camp. Not that they expected any favour from him, but they were forced to take that step by the extremity of famine. In the course of it many dreadful things happened, and this is related among the rest:—A father and his son were sitting in the same room, in the last despair when a dead mouse happening to fall from the roof of the house, they both started up and fought for it. Epicurus the philosopher is said at that time to have supported his friends and disciples with beans, which he shared with them, and counted out to them daily.

In such a miserable condition was the city, when Demetrius

* Medimnus,

† Modius. These measures were something more, but we give only the round quantity.—See the table.

entered it. He ordered all the Athenians to assemble in the theatre, which he surrounded with his troops; and having planted his guards on each side the stage, he came down through the passage by which the tragedians enter. The fears of the people on his appearance increased; but they were entirely dissipated when he began to speak; for neither the accent of his voice was loud, nor his expressions severe. He complained of them in soft and easy terms, and taking them again into favour, made them a present of a hundred thousand measures of wheat,* and re-established such an administration as was most agreeable to them.

The orator Dromoclideſ observed the variety of acclamations among the people, and that, in the joy of their hearts, they endeavoured to outdo the encomiums of those that spoke from the *rostrum*. He, therefore, proposed a decree that the Piræus and the fort of Munychia should be delivered up to king Demetrius. After this bill was passed, Demetrius, on his own authority, put a garrison in the Museum; lest, if there should be another defection amongst the people, it might keep them from other enterprises.

The Athenians thus reduced, Demetrius immediately formed a design upon Lacedæmon. King Archidamus met him at Mantinea, where Demetrius defeated him in a pitched battle; and, after he had put him to flight, he entered Laconia. There was another action almost in sight of Sparta, in which he killed two hundred of the enemy, and made five hundred prisoners: so that he seemed almost master of a town which, hitherto, had never been taken. But surely fortune never displayed such sudden and extraordinary vicissitudes in the life of any other prince; in no other scene of things did she so often change from low to high, from a glorious to an abject condition, or again repair the ruins she had made. Hence he is said, in his greatest adversity, to have addressed her in the words of Æschylus:—

Thou gav'st me life and honour, and thy hand
Now strikes me to the heart.

When his affairs seemed to be in so promising a train for power and empire, news was brought that Lysimachus, in the first place, had taken the cities he had in Asia; that Ptolemy had dispossessed him of all Cyprus, except the city of Salamis, in which he had left his children and his mother; and that this town was now actually besieged. Fortune, however, like the woman in Archilochus,

Whose right hand offer'd water, while the left
Bore hostile fire,—

* Medimni.

though she drew him from Lacedæmon by these alarming tidings, yet soon raised him a new scene of light and hope. She availed herself of these circumstances:—

After the death of Cassander, his eldest son Philip had but a short reign over the Macedonians, for he died soon after his father. The two remaining brothers were perpetually at variance. One of them, named Antipater, having killed his mother Thessalonica, Alexander, the other brother, called in the Greek princes to his assistance, Pyrrhus from Epirus, and Demetrius from Peloponnesus. Pyrrhus arrived first, and seized a considerable part of Macedonia, which he kept for his reward, and by that means, became a formidable neighbour to Alexander. Demetrius no sooner received the letters, than he marched his forces thither likewise, and the young prince was still more afraid of him, on account of his great name and dignity. He met him, however, at Diium, and received him in the most respectful manner, but told him at the same time that his affairs did not now require his presence. Hence mutual jealousies arose, and Demetrius, as he was going to sup with Alexander, upon his invitation, was informed that there was a design against his life, which was to be put in execution in the midst of the entertainment. Demetrius was not in the least disconcerted; he only slackened his pace, and gave orders to his generals to keep the troops under arms: after which he took his guards and the officers of his household, who were much more numerous than those of Alexander, and commanded them to enter the banqueting-room with him, and to remain there till he rose from the table. Alexander's people, intimidated by his train, durst not attack Demetrius: and he, for his part, pretending that he was not disposed to drink that evening, soon withdrew. Next day, he prepared to decamp; and alleging that he was called off by some new emergency, desired Alexander to excuse him if he left him soon this time; and assured him, that at some other opportunity, he would make a longer stay. Alexander rejoiced that he was going away voluntarily, and without any hostile intentions, and accompanied him as far as Thessaly. When they came to Larissa, they renewed their invitations, but both with malignity in their hearts. In consequence of these polite manœuvres, Alexander fell into the snare of Demetrius. He would not go with a guard, lest he should teach the other to do the same. He, therefore, suffered that which he was preparing for his enemy, and which he only deferred for the surer and more convenient execution. He went to sup with Demetrius; and as his host rose up in the midst of the feast, Alexander was terrified and rose up with him. Demetrius, when he was at the door, said no more to his guards than this:—"Kill the

man that follows me;" and then went out. Upon which they cut Alexander in pieces, and his friends who attempted to assist him. One of these is reported to have said, as he was dying,—“Demetrius is but one day beforehand with us.”

The night was, as might be expected, full of terror and confusion. In the morning the Macedonians were greatly disturbed with the apprehension that Demetrius would fall upon them with all his forces; but when, instead of an appearance of hostilities, he sent a message desiring to speak with them, and vindicate what was done, they recovered their spirits, and resolved to receive him with civility. When he came he found it unnecessary to make long speeches. They hated Antipater for the murder of his mother, and, as they had no better prince at hand, they declared Demetrius king, and conducted him into Macedonia. The Macedonians who were at home, proved not averse to the change: for they always remembered with horror Cassander's base behaviour to Alexander the Great; and if they had any regard left for the moderation of old Antipater, it turned all in favour of Demetrius, who had married his daughter Phila, and had a son by her to succeed him in the throne; a youth who was already grown up, and at this very time bore arms under his father.

Immediately after this glorious turn of fortune, Demetrius received news that Ptolemy had set his wife and children at liberty, and dismissed them with presents and other tokens of honour. He was informed, too, that his daughter, who had been married to Seleucus, was now wife to Antiochus, the son of that prince, and declared queen of the barbarous nations in Upper Asia. Antiochus was violently enamoured of the young Stratonice, though she had a son by his father. His condition was extremely unhappy. He made the greatest efforts to conquer his passion, but they were of no avail. At last, considering that his desires were of the most extravagant kind, that there was no prospect of satisfaction for them, and that the succours of reason entirely failed, he resolved in his despair to rid himself of life, and bring it gradually to a period, by neglecting all care of his person, and abstaining from food. For this purpose he made sickness his pretence. His physician, Erasistratus, easily discovered that his distemper was love, but it was difficult to conjecture who was the object. In order to find it out, he spent whole days in his chamber; and whenever any beautiful person of either sex entered it, he observed with great attention, not only his looks, but every part and motion of the body which corresponds the most with the passions of the soul. When others entered he was entirely unaffected, but when Stratonice came in, as she often did, either alone or with Seleucus, he showed all the symptoms

described by Sappho, the faltering voice, the burning blush, the languid eye,* the sudden sweat, the tumultuous pulse, and at length, the passion overcoming his spirits, a deliquium, and mortal paleness.

Erasistratus concluded from these tokens that the prince was in love with Stratonice, and perceived that he intended to carry the secret with him to the grave. He saw the difficulty of breaking the matter to Seleucus; yet depending upon the affection which the king had for his son, he ventured one day to tell him,—“That the young man’s disorder was love, but love for which there was no remedy.” The king, quite astonished, said, “How! love for which there is no remedy!” “It is certainly so,” answered Erasistratus, “for he is in love with my wife.” “What! Erasistratus!” said the king, “would you, who are my friend, refuse to give up your wife to my son, when you see us in danger of losing our only hope?” “Nay, would you do such a thing,” answered the physician, “though you are his father, if he were in love with Stratonice?” “Oh! my friend,” replied Seleucus, “how happy should I be, if either God or man could remove his affections thither! I would give up my kingdom, so I could but keep Antiochus.” He pronounced these words with so much emotion, and such a profusion of tears, that Erasistratus took him by the hand, and said,—“Then there is no need of Erasistratus. You, Sir, who are a father, a husband, and a king, will be the best physician too for your family.”

Upon this, Seleucus summoned the people to meet in full assembly, and told them,—“It was his will and pleasure that Antiochus should intermarry with Stratonice, and that they should be declared king and queen of the Upper Provinces. He believed,” he said, “that Antiochus, who was such an obedient son, would not oppose his desire; and if the princess should oppose the marriage, as an unprecedented thing, he hoped his friends would persuade her to think, that what was agreeable to the king, and advantageous to the kingdom, was both just and honourable.” Such is said to have been the cause of the marriage between Antiochus and Stratonice.

Demetrius was now master of Macedonia and Thessaly; and as he had great part of Peloponnesus too, and the cities of Megara and Athens on the other side of the Isthmus, he wanted to reduce the Bœotians, and threatened them with hostilities. At first they proposed to come to an accommodation with him on reasonable conditions; but Cleonymus the Spartan having thrown himself, in the mean time, into Thebes with

* ΟΛΕΩΝ ὑποδείξεις is a corruption. It ought to be read οψέων υπολειψείς, ἴ.ε. faint, languid, or clouded eye.

his army, the Bœotians were so much elated, that, at the instigation of Pisis the Thespian, who was a leading man among them, they broke off the treaty. Demetrius then drew up his machines to the walls, and laid siege to Thebes; upon which Cleonymus, apprehending the consequences, stole out, and the Thebans were so much intimidated, that they immediately surrendered. Demetrius placed garrisons in their cities, exacted large contributions, and left Hieronymus the historian, governor of Bœotia. He appeared, however, to make a merciful use of his victory, particularly in the case of Pisis: for though he took him prisoner, he did not offer him any injury: on the contrary, he treated him with great civility and politeness, and appointed him *polemarch* of Thespiæ.

Not long after this, Lysimachus being taken prisoner by Dromichætes, Demetrius marched towards Thrace with all possible expedition, hoping to find it in a defenceless state. But while he was gone, the Bœotians revolted again, and he had the mortification to hear on the road that Lysimachus was set at liberty. He, therefore, immediately turned back in great anger; and, finding on his return, that the Bœotians were already driven out of the field by his son Antigonus, he laid siege again to Thebes. However, as Pyrrhus had overrun all Thessaly, and was advanced as far as Thermopylæ, Demetrius left the conduct of the siege to his son Antigonus, and marched against that warrior.

Pyrrhus immediately retiring, Demetrius placed a guard of ten thousand foot and a thousand horse in Thessaly, and then returned to the siege. His first operation was to bring up his machine, called *helepoles*; but he proceeded in it with great labour and by slow degrees, by reason of its size and weight: he could scarce move it two furlongs in two months.* As the Bœotians made a vigorous resistance, and Demetrius often obliged his men to renew the assault rather out of a spirit of animosity, than the hope of an advantage, young Antigonus was greatly concerned at seeing such numbers fall, and said,—“Why, sir, do we let these brave fellows lose their lives without any necessity?” Demetrius, offended at the liberty he took, made answer,—“Why do you trouble yourself about it? Have you any provisions to find for the dead?” To show, however, that he was not prodigal of the lives of his troops only, he took his share in the danger, and received a wound from a lance that pierced through his neck. This gave him excessive pain, yet he continued the siege till he once more made himself master of Thebes. He entered the city with

* A wonderful kind of motion this for a machine that *ran* upon wheels! about twelve inches in an hour!

such an air of resentment and severity, that the inhabitants expected to suffer the most dreadful punishments; yet he contented himself with putting thirteen of them to death, and banishing a few more. All the rest he pardoned. Thus Thebes was taken twice within ten years after its being rebuilt.

The Pythian games now approached, and Demetrius on this occasion took a very extraordinary step. As the Ætoliens were in possession of the passes to Delphi, he ordered the games to be solemnized at Athens; alleging, that they could not pay their homage to Apollo in a more proper place than that where the people considered him as their patron and progenitor.

From thence he returned to Macedonia: but as he was naturally indisposed for a life of quiet and inaction, and observed besides that the Macedonians were attentive and obedient to him in time of war, though turbulent and seditious in peace, he undertook an expedition against the Ætoliens. After he had ravaged the country, he left Pantauchus there with a respectable army, and with the rest of his forces marched against Pyrrhus. Pyrrhus was coming to seek him; but as they happened to take different roads, and missed each other, Demetrius laid waste Epirus, and Pyrrhus falling upon Pantauchus, obliged him to stand on his defence. The two generals met in the action, and both gave and received wounds. Pyrrhus, however, defeated his adversary, killed great numbers of his men, and made five thousand prisoners.

This battle was the principal cause of Demetrius' ruin: for Pyrrhus was not so much hated by the Macedonians for the mischief he had done them, as admired for his personal bravery; and the late battle in particular gained him great honour; insomuch, that many of the Macedonians said,—“That of all the kings, it was in Pyrrhus only that they saw a lively image of Alexander's valour; whereas the other princes, especially Demetrius, imitated him only in a theatrical manner, by affecting a lofty port and majestic air.”

Indeed, Demetrius did always appear like a theatrical king: for he not only affected a superfluity of ornament in wearing a double diadem, and a robe of purple interwoven with gold, but he had his shoes made of cloth of gold, with soles of fine purple. There was a robe a long time in weaving for him, of most sumptuous magnificence. The figure of the world and all the heavenly bodies were to be represented upon it; but it was left unfinished, on account of his change of fortune. Nor did any of his successors ever presume to wear it, though Macedon had many pompous kings after him.

This ostentation of dress offended a people who were unaccustomed to such sights: but his luxurious and dissolute man-

ner of life was a more obnoxious circumstance: and what obliged them most of all, was his difficulty of access; for he either refused to see those who applied to him, or behaved to them in a harsh and haughty manner. Though he favoured the Athenians more than the rest of the Greeks, their ambassadors waited two years at his court for an answer. The Lacedæmonians happening to send only one ambassador to him, he considered it as an affront, and said in great anger,—“What! have the Lacedæmonians sent no more than one ambassador?” “No,” said the Spartan, acutely in his laconic way, “one ambassador to one king.”

One day, when he seemed to come out in a more obliging temper, and to be something less inaccessible, he was presented with several petitions, all which he received, and put them in the skirt of his robe. The people of course followed him with great joy; but no sooner was he come to the bridge over the Axius, than he opened his robe, and shook them all into the river. This stung the Macedonians to the heart; when, looking for the protection of a king, they found the insolence of a tyrant. And this treatment appeared the harder to such as had seen, or heard from those who had seen, how kind the behaviour of Philip was on such occasions. An old woman was one day very troublesome to him in the street, and begged with great importunity to be heard. He said,—“He was not at leisure.” “Then,” cried the old woman, “you should not be a king.” The king was struck with these words; and having considered the thing a moment, he returned to his palace; where, postponing all other affairs, he gave audience for several days to all who chose to apply to him, beginning with the old woman. Indeed, nothing becomes a king so much as the distribution of justice: for “Mars is a tyrant,” as Timotheus expresses it; but Justice, according to Pindar, “is the rightful sovereign of the world.” The things which, Homer tells us, kings receive from Jove, are not machines for taking towns, or ships with brazen beaks, but law and justice:* these they are to guard and to cultivate. And it is not the most warlike, the most violent and sanguinary, but the justest of princes, whom he calls the disciple of Jupiter.† But Demetrius was pleased with an appellation quite opposite to that which is given the king of the gods: for Jupiter is called Policus and Poliuchus, the patron and guardian of cities; Demetrius is surnamed Poliorcetes, the destroyer of cities. Thus, in consequence of the union of power and folly, vice is substituted in the place of virtue, and the ideas of glory and injustice are united too.

* Il. l. i. 231.

† Od. xix. 178.

When Demetrius lay dangerously ill at Pella, he was very near losing Macedonia; for Pyrrhus, by a sudden inroad, penetrated as far as Edessa. But as soon as he recovered, he repulsed him with ease, and afterwards he came to terms with him: for he was not willing to be hindered, by skirmishing for posts with Pyrrhus, from the pursuit of greater and more arduous enterprises. His scheme was to recover all his father's dominions; and his preparations were suitable to the greatness of the object: for he had raised an army of ninety-eight thousand foot, and near twelve thousand horse; and he was building five hundred galleys in the ports of Piræus, Corinth, Chalcis, and Pella. He went himself to all these places, to give directions to the workmen, and assist in the construction. All the world was surprised, not only at the number, but at the greatness of his works: for no man, before his time, ever saw a galley of fifteen or sixteen banks of oars. Afterwards, indeed, Ptolemy Philopater built one of forty banks; its length was two hundred and eighty cubits, and its height to the top of the prow* forty-eight cubits. Four hundred mariners belonged to it, exclusive of the rowers, who were no fewer than four thousand; and the decks and the several interstices were capable of containing near three thousand soldiers. This, however, was mere matter of curiosity, for it differed very little from an immoveable building, and was calculated more for show than for use, as it could not be put in motion without great difficulty and danger. But the ships of Demetrius had their use as well as beauty; with all their magnificence of construction, they were equally fit for fighting; and though they were admirable for their size, they were still more so for the swiftness of their motion.

Demetrius having provided such an armament for the invasion of Asia as no man ever had before him, except Alexander the Great, Seleucus, Ptolemy, and Lysimachus united against him. They likewise joined in an application to Pyrrhus, desiring him to fall upon Macedonia, and not to look upon himself as bound by the treaty with Demetrius, since that prince had entered into it, not with any regard to the advantage of Pyrrhus, or in order to avoid future hostilities, but merely for his own sake, that he might at present be at liberty to turn his arms against whom he pleased. As Pyrrhus accepted the proposal, Demetrius, while he was preparing for his voyage, found himself surrounded with war at home: for, at one instant of time, Ptolemy came with a great fleet to draw Greece off from its present master, Lysimachus invaded Macedonia from Thrace, and Pyrrhus entering it from a nearer

* Ἀκροστολιον.

quarter, joined in ravaging that country. Demetrius, on this occasion, left his son in Greece, and went himself to the relief of Macedonia. His first operations were intended against Lysimachus, but as he was upon his march he received an account that Pyrrhus had taken Berœa; and the news soon spreading among his Macedonians, he could do nothing in an orderly manner: for nothing was to be found in the whole army but lamentations, tears, and expressions of resentment and reproach against their king. They were even ready to march off, under pretence of attending to their domestic affairs, but in fact to join Lysimachus.

In this case Demetrius thought proper to get at the greatest distance he could from Lysimachus, and turn his arms against Pyrrhus. Lysimachus was of their own nation, and many of them knew him in the service of Alexander; whereas Pyrrhus was an entire stranger, and, therefore, he thought the Macedonians would never give him the preference. But he was sadly mistaken in his conjecture; and he soon found it upon encamping near Pyrrhus. The Macedonians always admired his distinguished valour, and had of old been accustomed to think the best man in the field the most worthy of a crown. Besides, they received daily accounts of the clemency with which he behaved to his prisoners. Indeed, they were inclined to desert to him or any other, so they could but get rid of Demetrius. They, therefore, began to go off privately, and in small parties at first, but afterwards there was nothing but open disorder and mutiny in the camp. At last some of them had the assurance to go to Demetrius, and bade him provide for himself by flight, for, "the Macedonians (they told him) were tired of fighting to maintain his luxury." These expressions appeared modest in comparison of the rude behaviour of others. He, therefore, entered his tent not like a real king, but a theatrical one, and having quitted his royal robe for a black one, privately withdrew. As multitudes were pillaging his tent, who not only tore it to pieces, but fought for the plunder, Pyrrhus made his appearance; upon which the tumult instantly ceased, and the whole army submitted to him. Lysimachus and he then divided Macedonia between them, which Demetrius had held without disturbance for seven years.

Demetrius, thus fallen from the pinnacle of power, fled to Cassandria, where his wife Phila was. Nothing could equal her sorrow on this occasion. She could not bear to see the unfortunate Demetrius once more a private man and an exile! In her despair, therefore, and detestation of fortune, who was always more constant to him in her visits of adversity than prosperity, she took poison.

Demetrius, however, resolved to gather up the remains of his wreck; for which purpose he repaired to Greece, and collected such of his friends and officers as he found there. Menelaüs, in one of the tragedies of Sophocles, gives this picture of his own fortune:—

I move on Fortune's rapid wheel: my lot
 For ever changing, like the changeful moon,
 That each night varies; hardly now perceiv'd,
 And now she shows her bright horn; by degrees
 She fills her orb with light: but when she reigns
 In all her pride, she then begins once more
 To waste her glories, till dissolv'd and lost,
 She sinks again to darkness.——

But this picture is more applicable to Demetrius, in his increase and wane, his splendour and obscurity. His glory seemed now entirely eclipsed and extinguished, and yet it broke out again, and shone with new splendour. Fresh forces came in, and gradually filled up the measure of his hopes. This was the first time he addressed the cities as a private man, and without any of the ensigns of royalty. Somebody seeing him at Thebes in this condition, applied to him, with propriety enough, those verses of Euripides,—

To Dirce's fountain, and Ismenus' shore,
 In mortal form he moves, a God no more.

When he got into the high road of hope again, and had once more a respectable force and form of royalty about him, he restored the Thebans their ancient government and laws. At the same time the Athenians abandoned his interest, and, rasing out of their registers the name of Diphilus, who was then priest of the gods-protectors, ordered archons to be appointed again, according to ancient custom. They likewise sent Pyrrhus from Macedonia, because they saw Demetrius grown stronger than they expected. Demetrius, greatly enraged, marched immediately to attack them, and lay strong siege to the city. But Crates the philosopher, a man of great reputation and authority, being sent out to him by the people, partly by his entreaties for the Athenians, and partly by representing to him that his interest lay another way, prevailed on Demetrius to raise the siege. After this, he collected all his ships, embarked his army, which consisted of eleven thousand foot, beside cavalry, and sailed to Asia, in hopes of drawing Caria and Lydia over from Lysimachus. Eurydice, the sister of Phila, received him at Miletus, having brought with her Ptolemais, a daughter she had by Ptolemy, who had formerly been promised him upon the application of Seleucus. Demetrius married her with the free consent of Eurydice, and

soon after attempted the cities in that quarter; many of them opened their gates to him, and many others he took by force. Among the latter was Sardis. Some of the officers of Lysimachus likewise deserted to him, and brought sufficient appointments of money and troops with them. But as Agathocles, the son of Lysimachus, came against him with a great army, he marched to Phrygia, with an intention to seize Armenia, and then to try Media, and the Upper Provinces, which might afford him many places of retreat upon occasion. Agathocles followed him close, and as he found Demetrius superior in all the skirmishes that he ventured upon, he betook himself to cutting off his convoys. This distressed him not a little; and, what was another disagreeable circumstance, his soldiers suspected that he designed to lead them into Armenia and Media.

The famine increased every day; and, by mistaking the fords of the river Lycus, he had a great number of men swept away with the stream. Yet, amidst all their distress, his troops were capable of jesting. One of them wrote upon the door of his tent the beginning of the tragedy of *Œdipus*, with a small alteration,—

Thou offspring of the blind old king Antigonus,
Where dost thou lead us?*

Pestilence at last followed the famine, as it commonly happens when people are under a necessity of eating any thing, however unwholesome; so that, finding he had lost in all not less than eight thousand men, he turned back with the rest. When he came down to Tarsus, he was desirous of sparing the country, because it belonged to Seleucus, and he did not think proper to give him any pretence to declare against him. But perceiving that it was impossible for his troops to avoid taking something, when they were reduced to such extremities, and that Agathocles had fortified the passes of Mount Taurus, he wrote a letter to Seleucus, containing a long and moving detail of his misfortune, and concluded with strong entreaties that he would take compassion on a prince who was allied to him, and whose sufferings were such as even an enemy might be affected with.

Seleucus was touched with pity, and sent orders to his lieutenants in those parts to supply Demetrius with every thing

* The alteration was very small indeed, for it is only changing *Αντιγονη* into *Αντιγους*. In the tragedy it is

Τεκνον τυφλης γεροντος, Αντιγονη, τινας
Χωρεισ αφιγμεβα;—

The closeness of the parody is what Plutarch calls the jest.

suitable to the state of a king, and his army with sufficient provisions. But Patrocles, who was a man of understanding, and a faithful friend to Seleucus, went to that prince, and represented to him,—“That the expense of furnishing the troops of Demetrius with provisions, was a thing of small importance, in comparison of suffering Demetrius himself to remain in the country, who was always one of the most violent and enterprising princes in the world, and now was in such desperate circumstances as might put even those of the mildest dispositions on hold and unjust attempts.”

Upon these representations Seleucus marched into Cilicia with a great army. Demetrius, astonished and terrified at the sudden change in Seleucus, withdrew to the strongest posts he could find upon Mount Taurus, and sent a message to him, begging,—“That he might be suffered to make a conquest of some free nations of barbarians, and, by settling amongst them as their king, put a period to his wanderings. If this could not be granted, he hoped Seleucus would at least permit him to winter in that country, and not, by driving him out naked, and in want of every thing, expose him in that condition to his enemies.”

As all these proposals had a suspicious appearance to Seleucus, he made answer,—“That he might, if he pleased, spend two months of the winter in Cataonia, if he sent him his principal friends as hostages.” But, at the same time, he secured the passes into Syria. Demetrius, thus surrounded like a wild beast in the toils, was under a necessity of having recourse to violence. He, therefore, ravaged the country, and had the advantage of Seleucus whenever he attacked him. Seleucus once beset him with his armed chariots, and yet he broke through them, and put his enemy to the rout. After this he dislodged the corps that was to defend the heights on the side of Syria, and made himself master of the passages.

Elevated with this success, and finding the courage of his men restored, he prepared to fight a decisive battle with Seleucus. That prince was now in great perplexity. He had rejected the succours offered him by Lysimachus, for want of confidence in his honour, and from an apprehension of his designs; and he was loth to try his strength with Demetrius, because he dreaded his desperate courage, as well as his usual change of fortune, which often raised him from great misery to the summit of power. In the mean time, Demetrius was seized with a fit of sickness, which greatly impaired his personal vigour, and entirely ruined his affairs: for part of his men went over to the enemy, and part left their colours and dispersed. In forty days he recovered with difficulty, and getting under march with the remains of his army, made a feint

of moving towards Cilicia: but afterwards in the night he decamped without sound of trumpet, and taking the contrary way, crossed Mount Amanus, and ravaged the country on the other side, as far as Cyrrhæstia.

Seleucus followed, and encamped very near him. Demetrius then put his army in motion in the night, in hopes of surprising him. Seleucus was retired to rest; and in all probability his enemy would have succeeded, had not some deserters informed him of his danger, just time enough for him to put himself in a posture of defence. Upon this he started up in great consternation, and ordered the trumpets to sound an alarm; and as he put on his sandals, he said to his friends,—“What a terrible wild beast are we engaged with!” Demetrius perceiving, by the tumult in the enemy’s camp, that his scheme was discovered, retired as fast as possible.

At break of day, Seleucus offered him battle, when Demetrius, ordering one of his officers to take care of one wing, put himself at the head of the other, and made some impression upon the enemy. Mean time Seleucus quitting his horse, and laying aside his helmet, presented himself to Demetrius’ hired troops with only his buckler in his hand; exhorting them to come over to him, and to be convinced at last that it was to spare them, not Demetrius, that he had been so long about the war. Upon which they all saluted him king, and ranged themselves under his banner.

Demetrius, though of all the changes he had experienced he thought this the most terrible, yet imagining that he might extricate himself from this distress as well as the rest, fled to the passes of Mount Amanus; and gaining a thick wood, waited there for the night, with a few friends and attendants who followed his fortune. His intention was, if possible, to take the way to Caunus, where he hoped to find his fleet, and from thence to make his escape by sea; but knowing he had not provisions even for that day, he sought for some other expedient. Afterwards one of his friends, named Sosigenes, arrived with four hundred pieces of gold in his purse; with the assistance of which money they hoped to reach the sea. Accordingly, when night came, they attempted to pass the heights; but finding a number of fires lighted there by the enemy, they despaired of succeeding that way, and returned to their former retreat, but neither with their whole company, (for some had gone off,) nor with the same spirits. One of them venturing to tell him, that he thought it was best for him to surrender himself to Seleucus, Demetrius drew his sword to kill himself; but his friends interposed, and, consoling him in the best manner they could, persuaded him to follow his advice: in consequence of which he sent to Seleucus, and yielded himself to his discretion

Upon this news, Seleucus said to those about him,—“It is not the good fortune of Demetrius, but mine, that now saves him; and that adds to other favours this opportunity of testifying my humanity.” Then calling the officers of his household, he ordered them to pitch a royal tent, and to provide every thing else for his reception and entertainment in the most magnificent manner. As there happened to be in the service of Seleucus one Apollonides, who was an old acquaintance of Demetrius, he immediately sent that person to him, that he might be more at ease, and come with the greater confidence, as to a son-in-law and a friend.

On the discovery of this favourable disposition of Seleucus towards him, at first a few, and afterwards a great number of the courtiers waited on Demetrius, and strove which should pay him the most respect; for it was expected that his interest with Seleucus would soon be the best in the kingdom. But these compliments turned the compassion which his distress had excited into jealousy, and gave occasion to the envious and malevolent to divert the stream of the king's humanity from him, by alarming him with apprehensions of no insensible change, but of the greatest commotions in his army on the sight of Demetrius.

Apollonides was now come to Demetrius with great satisfaction; and others who followed to pay their court brought extraordinary accounts of the kindness of Seleucus; insomuch that Demetrius, though in the first shock of his misfortune he had thought it a great disgrace to surrender himself, was now displeas'd at his aversion to that step. Such confidence had he in the hopes they held out to him; when Pausanias coming with a party of horse and foot, to the number of a thousand, suddenly surrounded him, and drove away such as he found inclined to favour his cause. After he had thus seized his person, instead of conducting him to the presence of Seleucus, he carried him to the Syrian Chersonesus. There he was kept, indeed, under a strong guard, but Seleucus sent him a sufficient equipage, and supplied him with money and a table suitable to his rank. He had also places of exercise and walks worthy of a king; his parks were well stored with game; and such of his friends as had accompanied him in his flight, were permitted to attend him. Seleucus, too, had the complaisance often to send some of his people, with kind and encouraging messages, intimating, that as soon as Antiochus and Stratonice should arrive, terms of accommodation would be hit upon, and he would obtain his liberty.

Under this misfortune Demetrius wrote to his son, and to his officers and friends in Athens and Corinth, desiring them to trust neither his hand-writing nor his seal, but to act as if he

were dead, and to keep the cities and all his remaining estates for Antigonus. When the young prince was informed of his father's confinement, he was extremely concerned at it: he put on mourning, and wrote not only to the other kings, but to Seleucus himself; offering, on condition that his father were set free, to cede all the possessions they had left, and deliver himself up as an hostage. Many cities and princes joined in the request; but Lysimachus was not of the number. On the contrary, he offered Seleucus a large sum of money to induce him to put Demetrius to death. Seleucus, who looked upon him in an indifferent light before, abhorred him as a villain for this proposal; and only waited for the arrival of Antiochus and Stratonice, to make them the compliment of restoring Demetrius to his liberty.

Demetrius, who at first supported his misfortunes with patience, by custom learned to submit to it with a still better grace. For some time he took the exercises of hunting and running; but he left them by degrees, and sunk into indolence and inactivity. Afterwards, he took to drinking and play, and spent most of his time in that kind of dissipation: whether it was to put off the thoughts of his present condition, which he could not bear in his sober hours, and to drown reflection in the bowl; or whether he was sensible at last that this was the sort of life which, though originally the object of his desires, he had idly wandered from, to follow the dictates of an absurd ambition. Perhaps he considered that he had given himself and others infinite trouble, by seeking with fleets and armies that happiness which he found, when he least expected it, in ease, indulgence, and repose: for what other end does the wretched vanity of kings propose to itself, in all their wars and dangers, but to quit the paths of virtue and honour for those of luxury and pleasure: the sure consequence of their not knowing what real pleasure and true enjoyment are.

Demetrius, after three years confinement in the Chersonesus, fell into a distemper, occasioned by idleness and excess, which carried him off at the age of fifty-four. Seleucus was severely censured, and, indeed, was much concerned himself, for his unjust suspicions of Demetrius; whereas he should have followed the example of Dromichætes, who, though a Thracian and barbarian, had treated Lysimachus, when his prisoner, with all the generosity that became a king.

There was something of a theatrical pomp even in the funeral of Demetrius: For Antigonus being informed that they were bringing his father's ashes to Greece, went to meet them with his whole fleet; and finding them near the isles of the Ægean sea, he took the urn, which was of solid gold, on board the admiral's galley. The cities at which they touched sent

crowns to adorn the urn, and persons in mourning to assist at the funeral solemnity.

When the fleet approached Corinth, the urn was seen in a conspicuous position upon the stern of the vessel, adorned with a purple robe and a diadem, and attended by a company of young men well armed. Xenophantus, a most celebrated performer on the flute, sat by the urn, and played a solemn air. The oars kept time with the notes, and accompanied them with a melancholy sound, like that of mourners in a funeral procession, beating their breasts in concert with the music. But it was the mournful appearance, and the tears of Antigonus, that excited the greatest compassion among the people as they passed. After the Corinthians had bestowed crowns and all due honours upon the remains, Antigonus carried them to Demetrias, and deposited them there. This was a city called after the deceased, which he had peopled from the little towns about Ioleos.

Demetrius left behind him several children; Antigonus and Stratonice, whom he had by his wife Phila; two sons of the name of Demetrius; one surnamed *the slender*, by an Illyrian woman; the other was by Ptolemais, and came to be king of Cyrene. By Deidamia he had Alexander, who took up his residence in Egypt; and by his last wife Eurydice he is said to have had a son named Corrhæbus. His posterity enjoyed the throne in continued succession down to Perseus,* the last king of Macedon, in whose time the Romans subdued that country. Thus having gone through the Macedonian drama, it is time that we bring the Roman upon the stage.

* About one hundred and sixteen years.

THE
LIFE OF ANTONY.

THE grandfather of Mark Antony was Antony the orator, who followed the faction of Sylla, and was put to death by Marius.* His father was Antony, surnamed the Cretan, a man of no figure or consequence in the political world,† but distinguished for his integrity, benevolence, and liberality; of which the following little circumstance is a sufficient proof:— His fortune was not large; and his wife, therefore, very prudently laid some restraint on his munificent disposition. An acquaintance of his, who was under some pecuniary difficulties, applied to him for assistance. Antony, having no money at command, ordered his boy to bring him a silver basin full of water, under a pretence of shaving. After the boy was dismissed, he gave the basin to his friend, and bade him make what use of it he thought proper. The disappearance of the basin occasioned no small commotion in the family; and Antony finding his wife prepared to take a severe account of his servants, begged her pardon, and told her the truth.

His wife's name was Julia. She was of the family of the Cæsars, and a woman of distinguished merit and modesty. Under her auspices, Mark Antony received his education; when, after the death of his father, she married Cornelius Lentulus, whom Cicero put to death for engaging in the conspiracy of Catiline. This was the origin of that lasting enmity which subsisted between Cicero and Antony. The latter affirmed, that his mother Julia was even obliged to beg the body of Cicero's wife for interment. But this is not true; for none of those who suffered on the same occasion, under Cicero, were refused this privilege. Antony was engaging in his person, and was unfortunate enough to fall into the good graces and friendship of Curio, a man who was devoted to every species of licentiousness, and who, to render Antony the more dependent on him, led him into all the excesses of indulging in wine and women, and all the expenses that such indulgences are attended with. Of course, he was soon deeply involved in

* Valerius Maximus says, that Antony the orator was put to death by the joint order of Cinna and Marius. But Cicero mentions Cinna as the immediate cause.—*Cic. Philip. I.*

† Nevertheless, he conducted the war in Crete, and from hence was called Cretensis.

debt, and owed, at least, two hundred and fifty talents, while he was a very young man. Curio was bound for the payment of this money; and his father being informed of it, banished Antony from his house. Thus dismissed, he attached himself to Clodius, that pestilent and audacious tribune, who threw the state into such dreadful disorder; till weary of his mad measures, and fearful of his opponents, he passed into Greece, where he employed himself in military exercises and the study of eloquence. The Asiatic style* was then much in vogue, and Antony fell naturally into it; for it was correspondent with his manners, which were vain, pompous, insolent, and assuming.

In Greece, he received an invitation from Gabinius the consul, to make a campaign with him in Syria.† This invitation he refused to accept, as a private man; but being appointed to the command of the cavalry, he attended him. His first operation was against Aristobulus, who had excited the Jews to revolt. He was the first who scaled the wall; and this he did in the highest part. He drove Aristobulus from all his forts; and, afterwards, with a handful of men, defeated his numerous army in a pitched battle. Most of the enemy were slain, and Aristobulus and his son were taken prisoners. Upon the conclusion of this war, Gabinius was solicited by Ptolemy to carry his arms into Egypt, and restore him to his kingdom.‡ The reward of this service was to be ten thousand talents. Most of the officers disapproved of the expedition; and Gabinius himself did not readily enter into it, though the money pleaded strongly in its behalf. Antony, however, ambitious of great enterprises, and vain of gratifying a suppliant king, used every means to draw Gabinius into the service, and prevailed. It was the general opinion, that the march to Pelusium was more dangerous than the war that was to follow: for they were to pass over a sandy and unwatered country, by the filthy marsh of Serbonis, whose stagnant ooze the Egyptians call the exhalations of Typhon; though it is probably no more than the drainings of the Red Sea, which is there separated from the Mediterranean only by a small neck of land.

Antony being ordered thither with the cavalry, not only seized the straits, but took the large city of Pelusium, and

* Cicero, in his *Brutus*, mentions two sorts of style called the Asiatic, "Unum sententiosum et argutum, sententiis non tam gravibus et severis, quam concinnis et venustis. Aliud autem genus est, non tam sententiis frequentatum, quam verbis volucre atque incitatum; quali nunc est Asia tota, nec flumine solùm orationis, sed etiam exornato et faceto genere verborum."

† Aulus Gabinius was consul in the year of Rome 695; and the year following he went into Syria.

‡ Dion, l. xxxix.

made the garrison prisoners. By this operation he at once opened a secure passage for the army, and a fair prospect of victory for their general. The same love of glory which was so servicable to his own party, was, on this occasion, advantageous to the enemy: for when Ptolemy entered Pelusium, in the rage of revenge, he would have put the citizens to death, but Antony resolutely opposed it, and prevented him from executing his horrid purpose. In the several actions where he was concerned, he gave distinguished proofs of his conduct and valour; but especially in that manœuvre where, by wheeling about and attacking the enemy in the rear, he enabled those who charged in front to gain a complete victory. For this action he received suitable honours and rewards.

His humane care of the body of Archelaüs, who fell in the battle, was taken notice of even by the common men. He had been his intimate friend, and connected with him in the rights of hospitality; and though he was obliged, by his duty, to oppose him in the field, he no sooner heard that he was fallen, than he ordered search to be made for his body, and interred it with regal magnificence. This conduct made him respected in Alexandria, and admired by the Romans.

Antony had a noble dignity of countenance, a graceful length of beard, a large forehead, an aquiline nose; and, upon the whole, the same manly aspect which we see in the pictures and statues of Hercules. There was, indeed, an ancient tradition that his family was descended from Hercules, by a son of his called Anteon; and it was no wonder if Antony sought to confirm this opinion, by affecting to resemble him in his air and dress. Thus, when he appeared in public, he wore his vest girt on the hips, a large sword, and over all a coarse mantle. That kind of conduct which would seem disagreeable to others, rendered him the darling of the army. He talked with the soldiers in their own swaggering and ribald strain, ate and drank with them in public, and would stand to take his victuals at their common table. He was pleasant on the subject of his amours, ready in assisting the intrigues of others, and easy under the raillery to which he was subjected by his own. His liberality to the soldiers, and to his friends, was the first foundation of his advancement, and continued to support him in that power which he was otherwise weakening by a thousand irregularities. One instance of his liberality I must mention:—He had ordered two hundred and fifty thousand drachmas (which the Romans call decies) to be given to one of his friends. His steward, who was startled at the extravagance of the sum, laid the silver in a heap, that he might see it as he passed. He saw it, and inquired what it was for. “It is the sum,” answered the steward, “that you ordered for a pre-

sent." Antony perceived his envious design, and to mortify him still more, said, coolly,—“I really thought the sum would have made a better figure. It is too little: let it be doubled.”* This, however, was in the latter part of his life.

Rome was divided into two parties. Pompey was with the senate. The people were for bringing Cæsar with his army out of Gaul. Curio, the friend of Antony, who had changed sides, and joined Cæsar, brought Antony likewise over to his interest. The influence he had obtained by his eloquence, and by that profusion of money in which he was supported by Cæsar, enabled him to make Antony tribune of the people, and afterwards augur. Antony was no sooner in power, than Cæsar found the advantage of his services. In the first place, he opposed the consul Marcellus, whose design was to give Pompey the command of the old legions, and, at the same time, to empower him to raise new ones. On this occasion he obtained a decree, that the forces then on foot should be sent into Syria, and join Bibulus in carrying on the war against the Parthians; and that none should give in their names to serve under Pompey. On another occasion, when the senate would neither receive Cæsar's letters, nor suffer them to be read, he read them by virtue of his tribunitial authority; and the requests of Cæsar appearing moderate and reasonable, by this means he brought over many to his interest. Two questions were at length put in the senate; one,—“Whether Pompey should dismiss his army?” the other,—“Whether Cæsar should give up his?” There were but a few votes for the former; a large majority for the latter. Then Antony stood up, and put the question,—“Whether both Cæsar and Pompey should not dismiss their armies?” This motion was received with great acclamations, and Antony was applauded, and desired to put it to the vote. This being opposed by the consuls, the friends of Cæsar made other proposals, which seemed by no means unreasonable: but they were overruled by Cato;† and Antony was commanded by Lentulus the consul to leave the house. He left them with bitter execrations; and disguising himself like a servant, accompanied only by Quintus Cassius, he hired a carriage, and went immediately to Cæsar. As soon as they arrived, they exclaimed that nothing was conducted at Rome according to order or law; that even the tribunes were refused the privilege of speaking, and whoever would rise in defence of the right, must be expelled and exposed to personal danger.

* The same story is told of Alexander.

† Cicero asserts, that Antony was the immediate cause of the civil war; but if he could have laid down his prejudice, he might have discovered a more immediate cause in the impolitic resentment of Cato.

Cæsar, upon this, marched his army into Italy, and hence it was observed by Cicero, in his Philippics, that Antony was no less the cause of the civil war in Rome, than Helen had been of the Trojan war.* There is, however, but little truth in this assertion. Cæsar was not so much a slave to the impulse of resentment, as to enter on so desperate a measure, if it had not been premeditated. Nor would he have carried war into the bowels of his country, merely because he saw Antony and Cassius flying to him in a mean dress, and a hired carriage. At the same time, these things might give some colour to the commencement of those hostilities which had been long determined. Cæsar's motive was the same which had before driven Alexander and Cyrus over the ruins of human kind; the insatiable lust of empire, the frantic ambition of being the first man upon earth, which he knew he could not be while Pompey was yet alive.

As soon as he was arrived at Rome, and had driven Pompey out of Italy, his first design was to attack his legions in Spain, and, having a fleet in readiness, to go afterwards in pursuit of Pompey himself, while, in the mean time, Rome was left to the government of Lepidus the prætor, and Italy and the army to the command of Antony the tribune. Antony, by the sociability of his disposition, soon made himself agreeable to the soldiers: for he ate and drank with them, and made them presents to the utmost of his ability. To others his conduct was less acceptable. He was too indolent to attend to the cause of the injured, too violent and too impatient when he was applied to on business, and infamous for his adulteries. In short, though there was nothing tyrannical in the government of Cæsar, it was rendered odious by the ill conduct of his friends; and as Antony had the greatest share of the power, so he bore the greatest part of the blame. Cæsar, notwithstanding, on his return from Spain, connived at his irregularities; and, indeed, in the military appointment he had given him, he had not judged improperly; for Antony was a brave, skilful, and active general.

Cæsar embarked at Brundisium, sailed over the Ionian sea with a small number of troops, and sent back the fleet, with orders that Antony and Gabinius should put the army on board, and proceed as fast as possible to Macedonia. Gabinius was afraid of the sea, for it was winter, and the passage was dangerous. He, therefore, marched his forces a long way round by land. Antony, on the other hand, being apprehensive that Cæsar might be surrounded and overcome by his enemies, beat

* In the second Philippic:—*Ut Helena Trojanis, sic iste huic reipublicæ causa belli; causa pestis atque exitû fuit.*

off Libo, who lay at anchor in the mouth of the haven of Brundisium. By sending out several small vessels, he encompassed Libo's galleys separately, and obliged them to retire. By this means he found an opportunity to embark about twenty thousand foot and eight hundred horse; and with these he set sail. The enemy discovered and made up to him; but he escaped by favour of a strong gale from the south, which made the sea so rough that the pursuers could not reach him. The same wind, however, at first drove him upon a rocky shore, on which the sea bore so hard, that there appeared no hope of escaping shipwreck: but after a little it turned to the south-west, and, blowing from land to the main sea, Antony sailed in safety, with the satisfaction of seeing the wrecks of the enemy's fleet scattered along the coast. The storm had driven their ships upon the rocks, and many of them went to pieces. Antony made his advantage of this disaster; for he took several prisoners, and a considerable booty. He likewise made himself master of the town of Lissus; and, by the seasonable arrival of his reinforcement, the affairs of Cæsar wore a more promising aspect.

Antony distinguished himself in every battle that was fought. Twice he stopped the army in its flight, brought them back to the charge, and gained the victory; so that, in point of military reputation, he was inferior only to Cæsar. What opinion Cæsar had of his abilities appeared in the last decisive battle at Pharsalia. He led the right wing himself, and gave the left to Antony, as to the ablest of his officers. After this battle, Cæsar being appointed dictator, went in pursuit of Pompey, and sent Antony to Rome, in character of general of the horse. This officer is next in power to the dictator, and, in his absence, he commands alone; for, after the election of a dictator, all other magistrates, the tribunes only excepted, are divested of their authority.

Dolabella, one of the tribunes, a young man who was fond of innovations, proposed a law for abolishing debts, and solicited his friend Antony, who was ever ready to gratify the people, to join him in this measure. On the other hand, Asinius and Trebellius dissuaded him from it. Antony happened, at this time, to suspect a criminal connection between Dolabella and his wife, whom, on that account, he dismissed, though she was his first cousin, and daughter to Caius Antonius, who had been colleague with Cicero. In consequence of this, he joined Asinius, and opposed Dolabella. The latter had taken possession of the *forum*, with a design to pass his law by force; and Antony being ordered by the senate to repel force with force, attacked him, killed several of his men, and lost some of his own.

By this action he forfeited the favour of the people: but

this was not the only thing that rendered him obnoxious; for men of sense and virtue, as Cicero observes, could not but condemn his nocturnal revels, his enormous extravagance, his scandalous lewdness, his sleeping in the day, his walks to carry off the qualms of debauchery, and his entertainments on the marriages of players and buffoons. It is said, that, after drinking all night at the wedding of Hippia the player, he was summoned in the morning upon business to the *forum*, when, through a little too much repletion, he was unfortunate enough, in the presence of the people, to return part of his evening fare by the way it had entered; and one of his friends received it in his gown. Sergius the player had the greatest interest with him; and Cytheris,* a lady of the same profession, had the management of his heart. She attended him in his excursions; and her equipage was by no means inferior to his mother's. The people were offended at the pomp of his travelling plate, which was more fit for the ornament of a triumph; at his erecting tents on the road, by groves and rivers, for the most luxurious dinners; at his chariots drawn by lions; and at his lodging ladies of pleasure, and family musicians, in the houses of modest and sober people. This dissatisfaction at the conduct of Antony could not but be increased by the comparative view of Cæsar. While the latter was supporting the fatigues of a military life, the former was indulging himself in all the dissipation of luxury; and, by means of his delegated power, insulting the citizens.

This conduct occasioned a variety of disturbances in Rome, and gave the soldiers an opportunity to abuse and plunder the people. Therefore, when Cæsar returned to Rome, he pardoned Dolabella; and, being created consul the third time, he took Lepidus, and not Antony, for his colleague. Antony purchased Pompey's house; but, when he was required to make the payment, he expressed himself in very angry terms; and this, he tells us, was the reason why he would not go with Cæsar into Africa. His former services he thought insufficiently repaid. Cæsar, however, by his disapprobation of Antony's conduct, seems to have thrown some restraint on his dissolute manner of life. He now took it into his head to marry, and made choice of Fulvia, the widow of the seditious Clodius, a woman by no means adapted to domestic employments, nor even contented with ruling her husband as a private man. Fulvia's ambition was to govern those that governed, and to command the leaders of armies. It was to Fulvia, therefore, that Cleopatra was obliged for teaching Antony due submission to female authority. He had gone through

* Cic. Ep. ad Att. l. x. ep. 10.

such a course of discipline as made him perfectly tractable when he came into her hands.

He endeavoured, however, to amuse the violent spirit of Fulvia by many whimsical and pleasant follies. When Cæsar, after his success in Spain, was on his return to Rome, Antony, amongst others, went to meet him; but a report prevailing, that Cæsar was killed, and that the enemy was marching into Italy, he returned immediately to Rome, and, in the disguise of a slave, went to his house by night, pretending that he had letters from Antony to Fulvia. He was introduced to her with his head muffled up; and, before she received the letter, she asked, with impatience, if Antony were well? He presented the letter to her in silence; and while she was opening it, he threw his arms round her neck, and kissed her. We mention this as one instance, out of many, of his pleasantries.

When Cæsar returned from Spain, most of the principal citizens went some days' journey to meet him; but Antony met with the most distinguished reception, and had the honour to ride with Cæsar in the same chariot. After them came Brutus Albinus, and Octavius, the son of Cæsar's niece, who was afterwards called Augustus Cæsar, and for many years was emperor in Rome. Cæsar being created consul for the fifth time, chose Antony for his colleague; but, as he intended to quit the consulship in favour of Dolabella, he acquainted the senate with his resolution. Antony, notwithstanding, opposed this measure, and loaded Dolabella with the most flagrant reproaches. Dolabella did not fail to return the abuse; and Cæsar, offended at their indecent behaviour, put off the affair till another time. When it was again proposed, Antony insisted that the omens from the flight of birds were against the measure.* Thus Cæsar was obliged to give up Dolabella, who was not a little mortified by his disappointment. It appears, however, that Cæsar had as little regard for Dolabella as he had for Antony: for when both were accused of designs against him, he said, contemptuously enough,—"It is not these fat sleek fellows I am afraid of, but the pale and the lean." By whom he meant Brutus and Cassius, who afterwards put him to death. Antony, without intending it, gave them a pretence for that undertaking. When the Romans were celebrating the Lupercalia, Cæsar, in a triumphal habit, sat on the *rostrum* to see the race. On this occasion, many of the young nobility, and the magistracy, anointed with oil, and having white thongs in their hands, run about and strike, as in sport, every one they meet. Antony was one of the number; but regardless of the ceremonies of the institu-

* He had this power by virtue of his office as augur.

tion, he took a garland of laurel, and wreathing it in a diadem, ran to the *rostrum*, where, being lifted up by his companions, he would have placed it on the head of Cæsar, intimating thereby the conveyance of regal power. Cæsar, however, seemed to decline the offer, and was, therefore, applauded by the people. Antony persisted in his design; and for some time there was a contest between them; while he that offered the diadem had the applause of his friends, and he that refused it the acclamations of the multitude. Thus, what is singular enough, while the Romans endured every thing that regal power could impose, they dreaded the name of king, as destructive of their liberty. Cæsar was much concerned at this transaction; and, uncovering his neck, he offered his life to any one who would take it. At length the diadem was placed on one of his statues, but the tribunes took it off;* upon which the people followed them home with great acclamations. Afterwards, however, Cæsar showed that he resented this, by turning those tribunes out of office. The enterprise of Brutus and Cassius derived strength and encouragement from these circumstances. To the rest of their friends, whom they had selected for the purpose, they wanted to draw over Antony. Trebonius only objected to him. He informed them, that in their journey to meet Cæsar, he had been generally with him; that he had sounded him on this business by hints, which, though cautious, were intelligible; and that he always expressed his disapprobation, though he never betrayed the secret. Upon this it was proposed that Antony should fall at the same time with Cæsar; but Brutus opposed it. An action, undertaken in support of justice and the laws, he very properly thought, should have nothing unjust attending it. Of Antony, however, they were afraid, both in respect of his personal valour, and the influence of his office; and it was agreed that when Cæsar was in the house, and they were on the point of executing their purpose, Antony should be amused without by some pretended discourse of business.

When, in consequence of these measures, Cæsar was slain, Antony absconded in the disguise of a slave; but after he found that the conspirators were assembled in the Capitol, and had no further designs of massacre, he invited them to come down, and sent his son to them as an hostage. That night Cassius supped with him, and Brutus with Lepidus. The day following he assembled the senate, when he proposed that an act of amnesty should be passed; and that provinces should

* Tribuni plebis, Epidius Marcellus, Cæsetiusque Flavus coronæ fasciam detrahi, hominemque duci in vincula jussissent, dolens seu parùm prosperè motam regni mentionem, sive, ut ferebat, ereptam sibi gloriam recusandi, tribunos gravitè increpitatos potestate privavit.—*Suet.*

be assigned to Brutus and Cassius. The senate confirmed this, and, at the same time, ratified the acts of Cæsar. Thus, Antony acquitted himself in this difficult affair with the highest reputation; and, by saving Rome from a civil war, he proved himself a very able and valuable politician. But the intoxication of glory drew him off from these wise and moderate counsels; and from his influence with the people, he felt that, if Brutus were borne down, he should be the first man in Rome. With this view, when Cæsar's body was exposed in the *forum*, he undertook the customary funeral oration; and when he found the people affected with his encomiums on the deceased, he endeavoured still more to excite their compassion, by all that was pitiable or aggravating in the massacre. For this purpose, in the close of his oration, he took the robe from the dead body, and held it up to them, bloody as it was, and pierced through with weapons; nor did he hesitate, at the same time, to call the perpetrators of the deed villains and murderers. This had such an effect upon the people, that they immediately tore up the benches and the tables in the *forum*, to make a pile for the body. After they had duly discharged the funeral rights, they snatched the burning brands from the pile, and went to attack the houses of the conspirators.

Brutus and his party now left the city, and Cæsar's friends joined Antony. Calphurnia, the relict of Cæsar, entrusted him with her treasure, which amounted to four thousand talents. All Cæsar's papers, which contained a particular account of his designs, were likewise delivered up to him. Of these he made a very ingenious use; for, by inserting in them what names he thought proper, he made some of his friends magistrates, and others senators; some he recalled from exile, and others he dismissed from prison, on pretence that all these things were so ordered by Cæsar. The people that were thus favoured the Romans called Charonites;* because, to support their title, they had recourse to the registers of the dead. The power of Antony, in short, was absolute. He was consul himself; his brother Caius was prætor; and his brother Lucius tribune of the people.

Such was the state of affairs, when Octavius, who was the son of Cæsar's niece, and appointed his heir by will, arrived at Rome from Apollonia, where he resided when his uncle was killed. He first visited Antony as the friend of his uncle, and spoke to him concerning the money in his hands, and the legacy of seventy-five drachmas left to every Roman citizen. Antony paid little regard to him at first, and told him, it would

* The slaves who were enfranchised by the last will of their masters, were likewise called Charonites.

be madness for an inexperienced young man, without friends, to take upon him so important an office as that of being executor to Cæsar.

Octavius, however, was not thus repulsed. He still insisted on the money; and Antony, on the other hand, did every thing to mortify and affront him. He opposed him in his application for the tribuneship; and when he made use of the golden chair, which had been granted by the senate to his uncle,* he threatened that, unless he desisted to solicit the people, he would commit him to prison. But when Octavius joined Cicero, and the rest of Antony's enemies, and by their means obtained an interest in the senate; when he continued to pay his court to the people, and drew the veteran soldiers from their quarters, Antony thought it was time to accommodate; and, for this purpose, gave him a meeting in the Capitol.

An accommodation took place, but it was soon destroyed; for that night Antony dreamed that his right hand was thunderstruck; and, a few days after, he was informed that Octavius had a design on his life. The latter would have justified himself, but was not believed; so that, of course, the breach became as wide as ever. They now went immediately over Italy, and endeavoured to be before-hand with each other, in securing, by rewards and promises, the old troops that were in different quarters, and such legions as were still on foot.

Cicero, who had then considerable influence in the city, incensed the people against Antony, and prevailed on the senate to declare him a public enemy; to send the rods and the rest of the prætorial ensigns to young Cæsar; and to commission Hirtius and Pansa, the consuls, to drive Antony out of Italy. The two armies engaged near Modena, and Cæsar was present at the battle. Both the consuls were slain, but Antony was defeated. In his flight he was reduced to great extremities, particularly by famine. Distress, however, was to him a school of moral improvement; and Antony, in adversity, was almost a man of virtue. Indeed, it is common for men, under misfortunes, to have a clear idea of their duty; but a change of conduct is not always the consequence. On such occasions, they too often fall back into their former manners, through the inactivity of reason, and infirmity of mind. But Antony was even a pattern for his soldiers. From all the varieties of luxurious living, he came with readiness to drink a little stinking water, and to feed on the wild fruits and roots of the desert. Nay, it is said, that they ate the very bark of the trees; and

* The senate had decreed to Cæsar the privilege of using a golden chair, adorned with a crown of gold and precious stones, in all the theatres.—*Dion*, . xlv.

that, in passing the Alps, they fed on creatures that had never been accounted human food.

Antony's design was to join Lepidus, who commanded the army on the other side of the Alps; and he had a reasonable prospect of his friendship, from the good offices he had done him with Julius Cæsar. When he came within a small distance of him, he encamped; but receiving no encouragement, he resolved to hazard all upon a single cast. His hair was uncombed, and his beard, which he had not shaven since his defeat, was long. In this forlorn figure, with a mourning mantle thrown over him, he came to the camp of Lepidus, and addressed himself to the soldiers. While some were affected with his appearance, and others with his eloquence, Lepidus, afraid of the consequence, ordered the trumpets to sound, that he might no longer be heard. This, however, contributed to heighten the compassion of the soldiers; so that they sent Lælius and Clodius, in the dress of those ladies who hired out their favours to the army, to assure Antony, that, if he had resolution enough to attack the camp of Lepidus, he would meet with many who were not only ready to receive him, but, if he should desire it, to kill Lepidus. Antony would not suffer any violence to be offered to Lepidus; but the day following, at the head of his troops, he crossed the river which lay between the two camps, and had the satisfaction to see Lepidus' soldiers all the while stretching out their hands to him, and making way through the entrenchments.

When he had possessed himself of the camp of Lepidus, he treated him with great humanity. He saluted him by the name of Father; and though, in reality, every thing was in his own power, he secured to him the title and the honours of general. This conduct brought over Munatius Plancus, who was at the head of a considerable force at no great distance. Thus, Antony was once more very powerful, and returned into Italy with seventeen entire legions of foot, and ten thousand horse. Besides these, he left six legions as a garrison in Gaul, under the command of Varius, one of his convivial companions, whom they called Cotylon.*

Octavius, when he found that Cicero's object was to restore the liberties of the commonwealth, soon abandoned him, and came to an accommodation with Antony. They met, together with Lepidus, in a small river-island,† where the conference lasted three days. The empire of the world was divided amongst them like a paternal inheritance; and this they found no difficulty in settling. But whom they should kill, and

* From a half-pint bumper; a Greek measure so called.

† In the Rhine, not far from Bologna.

whom they should spare, it was not so easy to adjust, while each was for saving his respective friends, and putting to death his enemies. At length their resentment against the latter overcame their kindness for the former. Octavius gave up Cicero to Antony; and Antony sacrificed his uncle Lucius Cæsar to Octavius; while Lepidus had the privilege of putting to death his own brother Paulus; though others say, that Lepidus gave up Paulus to them,* though they had required him to put him to death himself. I believe there never was any thing so atrocious, or so execrably savage, as this commerce of murder: for while a friend was given up for an enemy received, the same action murdered at once the friend and the enemy; and the destruction of the former was still more horrible, because it had not even resentments for its apology.

When this confederacy had taken place, the army desired it might be confirmed by some alliance; and Cæsar, therefore, was to marry Claudia the daughter of Fulvia, Antony's wife. As soon as this was determined, they marked down such as they intended to put to death, the number of which amounted to three hundred. When Cicero was slain, Antony ordered his head, and the hand with which he wrote his *Philippics*, to be cut off; and, when they were presented to him, he laughed, and exulted at the sight. After he was satiated with looking upon them, he ordered them to be placed on the *rostra* in the *forum*. But this insult on the dead was, in fact, an abuse of his own good fortune, and of the power it had placed in his hands.† When his uncle Lucius Cæsar was pursued by his murderers, he fled for refuge to his sister; and when the pursuers had broken into the house, and were forcing their way into his chamber, she placed herself at the door, and stretching forth her hands, she cried,—“You shall not kill Lucius Cæsar, till you have first killed me, the mother of your general.” By this means she saved her brother.

This triumvirate was very odious to the Romans; but Antony bore the greater blame; for he was not only older than Cæsar, and more powerful than Lepidus, but when he was no longer under difficulties, he fell back into the former irregularities of his life. His abandoned and dissolute manners were the more obnoxious to the people by his living in the house of Pompey the Great, a man no less distinguished by his temperance and modesty than by the honour of three triumphs.

* The former English translator ought not to have omitted this, because it somewhat softens at least the character of Lepidus, who was certainly the least execrable villain of the three.

† Were there any circumstance in Antony's life that could be esteemed an instance of true magnanimity, the total want of that virtue in this case would prove that such a circumstance was merely accidental.

They were mortified to see those doors shut with insolence against magistrates, generals, and ambassadors; while they were open to players, jugglers, and sottish sycophants, on whom he spent the greatest part of those treasures he had amassed by rapine. Indeed, the triumvirate were by no means scrupulous about the manner in which they procured their wealth. They seized and sold the estates of those who had been proscribed, and, by false accusations, defrauded their widows and orphans. They burdened the people with insupportable impositions; and, being informed that large sums of money, the property both of strangers and citizens, were deposited in the hands of the Vestals, they took them away by violence. When Cæsar found that Antony's covetousness was as boundless as his prodigality, he demanded a division of the treasure. The army too was divided. Antony and Cæsar went into Macedonia against Brutus and Cassius, and the government of Rome was left to Lepidus.

When they had encamped in sight of the enemy, Antony opposite to Cassius, and Cæsar to Brutus, Cæsar effected nothing extraordinary, but Antony's efforts were still successful. In the first engagement Cæsar was defeated by Brutus; his camp was taken; and he narrowly escaped by flight; though, in his Commentaries, he tells us, that, on account of a dream which happened to one of his friends, he had withdrawn before the battle.* Cassius was defeated by Antony; and yet there are those, too, who say, that Antony was not present at the battle, but only joined in the pursuit afterwards. As Cassius knew nothing of the success of Brutus, he was killed at his own earnest entreaty, by his freedman Pindarus. Another battle was fought soon after, in which Brutus was defeated, and, in consequence of that, slew himself. Cæsar happened, at that time, to be sick, and the honour of this victory, likewise, of course, fell to Antony. As he stood over the body of Brutus, he slightly reproached him for the death of his brother Caius, whom, in revenge for the death of Cicero, Brutus had slain in Macedonia. It appeared, however, that Antony did not impute the death of Caius so much to Brutus as to Hortensius; for he ordered the latter to be slain upon his brother's tomb. He threw the purple robe over the body of Brutus, and ordered one of his freedmen to do the honours of his funeral. When he was afterwards informed, that he had not burned the robe with the body, and that he had retained part of the money which was to be expended on the ceremony, he commanded him to be slain. After this victory, Cæsar was conveyed to Rome; and it was expected that his distemper would put an

* See the Life of Brutus.

end to his life. Antony, having traversed some of the provinces of Asia for the purpose of raising money, passed with a large army into Greece. Contributions, indeed, were absolutely necessary, when a gratuity of five thousand drachmas had been promised to every private man.

Antony's behaviour was at first very acceptable to the Grecians. He attended the disputes of their logicians, their public diversions, and religious ceremonies. He was mild in the administration of justice, and affected to be called the friend of Greece, but particularly the friend of Athens, to which he made considerable presents. The Megarensians, vying with the Athenians in exhibiting something curious, invited him to see their senate-house; and when they asked him how he liked it, he told them, it was *little* and *ruinous*. He took the dimensions of the temple of Apollo Pythius, as if he had intended to repair it; and, indeed, he promised as much to the senate.

But when, leaving Lucius Censorinus in Greece, he once more passed into Asia; when he had enriched himself with the wealth of the country; when his house was the resort of obsequious kings, and queens contended for his favour by their beauty and munificence; then, whilst Cæsar was harassed with seditions at Rome, Antony once more gave up his soul to luxury, and fell into all the dissipations of his former life. The Anaxenors and the Zuthi, the harpers and pipers, Metrodorus the dancer, the whole corps of the Asiatic drama, who far outdid in buffoonery the poor wretches of Italy; these were the people of the court, the folks that carried all before them. In short, all was riot and disorder; and Asia, in some measure, resembled the city mentioned by Sophocles,* that was at once filled with the perfumes of sacrifices, songs, and groans.

When Antony entered Ephesus, the women in the dress of Bacchanals, and men and boys habited like Pan and the Satyrs, marched before him. Nothing was to be seen through the whole city but ivy-crowns, and spears wreathed with ivy, harps, flutes, and pipes, while Antony was hailed by the name of Bacchus;—

——“Bacchus! ever kind and free!”

And such, indeed, he was to some; but to others he was savage and severe. He deprived many noble families of their fortunes, and bestowed them on sycophants and parasites. Many were represented to be dead who were still living; and commissions were given to his knaves for seizing their estates. He gave his cook the estate of a Magnesian citizen, for dress-

* Sophocles, *Œd. Sc. I.*

ing one supper to his taste: but when he laid a double impost on Asia, Hybrias the agent for the people, told him, with a pleasantry that was agreeable to his humour, that, "If he doubled the taxes, he ought to double the seasons too, and supply the people with two summers and two winters." He added, at the same time, with a little more asperity, that, "As Asia had already raised two hundred thousand talents, if he had not received it, he should demand it of those who had; but," said he, "if you received it, and yet have it not, we are undone." This touched him sensibly; for he was ignorant of many things that were transacted under his authority; not that he was indolent, but unsuspecting. He had a simplicity in his nature, without much penetration. But when he found that faults had been committed, he expressed the greatest concern and acknowledgment to the sufferers. He was prodigal in his rewards, and severe in his punishments; but the excess was rather in the former than in the latter. The insulting raillery of his conversation carried its remedy along with it; for he was perfectly liberal in allowing the retort, and gave and took with the same good humour. This, however, had a bad effect on his affairs. He imagined that those who treated him with freedom in conversation, would not be insincere in business. He did not perceive that his sycophants were artful in their freedom; that they used it as a kind of poignant sauce, to prevent the satiety of flattery; and that, by taking these liberties with him at table, they knew well that, when they complied with his opinions in business, he would not think it the effect of complaisance, but a conviction of his superior judgment.

Such was the frail, the flexible Antony, when the love of Cleopatra came in to the completion of his ruin. This awakened every dormant vice, inflamed every guilty passion, and totally extinguished the gleams of remaining virtue. It began in this manner:—When he first set out on his expedition against the Parthians, he sent orders to Cleopatra to meet him in Cilicia, that she might answer some accusations which had been laid against her of assisting Cassius in the war. Dellius, who went on this message, no sooner observed the beauty and address of Cleopatra, than he concluded that such a woman, far from having any thing to apprehend from the resentment of Antony, would certainly have great influence over him. He, therefore, paid his court to the amiable Egyptian, and solicited her to go, as Homer says, "in her best attire,"* into Cilicia; assuring her, that she had nothing to fear from Antony, who

* Hom. II. xiv. l. 162. It is thus that Juno proposes to meet Jupiter, when she has a particular design of inspiring him with love.

was the most courtly general in the world. Induced by his invitation, and in the confidence of that beauty which had before touched the hearts of Cæsar and young Pompey, she entertained no doubt of the conquest of Antony. When Cæsar and Pompey had her favours, she was young and unexperienced; but she was to meet Antony at an age when beauty, in its full perfection, called in the maturity of the understanding to its aid. Prepared, therefore, with such treasures, ornaments, and presents, as were suitable to the dignity and affluence of her kingdom, but chiefly relying on her personal charms, she set off for Cilicia.

Though she had received many pressing letters of invitation from Antony and his friends, she held him in such contempt, that she by no means took the most expeditious method of travelling. She sailed along the river Cydnus in a most magnificent galley. The stern was covered with gold, the sails were of purple, and the oars were silver. These, in their motion, kept time to the music of flutes, and pipes, and harps. The queen, in the dress and character of Venus, lay under a canopy embroidered with gold of the most exquisite workmanship; while boys, like painted Cupids, stood fanning her on each side of the sofa. Her maids were of the most distinguished beauty, and, habited like the Nereids and the Graces, assisted in the steerage and conduct of the vessel. The fragrance of burning incense was diffused along the shores, which were covered with multitudes of people. Some followed the procession, and such numbers went down from the city to see it, that Antony was at last left alone on the tribunal. A rumour was soon spread, that Venus was come to feast with Bacchus, for the benefit of Asia. Antony sent to invite her to supper; but she thought it his duty to wait upon her, and, to show his politeness on her arrival, he complied. He was astonished at the magnificence of the preparations; but particularly at that multitude of lights, which were raised or let down together, and disposed in such a variety of square and circular figures, that they afforded one of the most pleasing spectacles that has been recorded in history. The day following, Antony invited her to sup with him, and was ambitious to outdo her in the elegance and magnificence of the entertainment. But he was soon convinced that he came short of her in both, and was the first to ridicule the meanness and vulgarity of his treat. As she found that Antony's humour savoured more of the camp than of the court, she fell into the same coarse vein, and played upon him without the least reserve. Such was the variety of her powers in conversation: her beauty, it is said, was neither astonishing nor inimitable; but it derived a force from her wit and her fascinating manner,

which was absolutely irresistible. Her voice was delightfully melodious, and had the same variety of modulation as an instrument of many strings. She spoke most languages; and there were but few of the foreign ambassadors whom she answered by an interpreter. She gave audience herself to the Ethiopians, the Troglodytes, the Hebrews, Arabs, Syrians, Medes, and Parthians. Nor were these all the languages she understood, though the kings of Egypt, her predecessors, could hardly ever attain to the Egyptian; and some of them forgot even their original Macedonian.

Antony was so wholly engrossed with her charms, that while his wife Fulvia was maintaining his interest at Rome against Cæsar, and the Parthian forces, assembled under the conduct of Labienus in Mesopotamia, were ready to enter Syria, she led her amorous captive in triumph to Alexandria. There the veteran warrior fell into every idle excess of puerile amusement, and offered at the shrine of luxury, what Antipho calls the greatest of all sacrifices,—the sacrifice of time. This mode of life they called the *inimitable*. They visited each other alternately every day; and the profusion of their entertainments is almost incredible. Philotas, a physician of Amphissa, who was at that time pursuing his studies in Alexandria, told my grandfather Lamprias, that, being acquainted with one of Antony's cooks, he was invited to see the preparations for supper. When he came into the kitchen, beside an infinite variety of other provisions, he observed eight wild boars roasting whole; and expressed his surprise at the number of the company for whom this enormous provision must have been made. The cook laughed, and said that the company did not exceed twelve; but that, as every dish was to be roasted to a single turn; and as Antony was uncertain as to the time when he would sup, particularly if an extraordinary bottle, or an extraordinary vein of conversation was going round, it was necessary to have a succession of suppers. Philotas added, that, being afterwards in the service of Antony's eldest son by Fulvia, he was admitted to sup with him, when he did not sup with his father; and it once happened, that, when another physician at table had tired the company with his noise and impertinence, he silenced him with the following sophism:—"There are some degrees of a fever in which cold water is good for a man; every man who has a fever has it in some degree; and, therefore, cold water is good for every man in a fever." The impertinent was struck dumb with this syllogism; and Antony's son, who laughed at his distress, to reward Philotas for his good offices, pointing to a magnificent sideboard of plate, said,—"All that, Philotas, is yours?" Philotas acknowledged the kind offer, but thought it too much for such a boy to give.

And afterwards, when a servant brought the plate to him in a chest, that he might put his seal upon it, he refused, and, indeed, was afraid to accept it: upon which the servant said,—‘What are you afraid of? Do not you consider that this is a present from the son of Antony, who could easily give you its weight in gold? However, I would recommend it to you to take the value of it in money. In this plate there may be some curious pieces of ancient workmanship that Antony may set a value on.’ Such are the anecdotes which my grandfather told me he had from Philotas.

Cleopatra was not limited to Plato’s four kinds of flattery.* She had an infinite variety of it. Whether Antony were in the gay or the serious humour, still she had something ready for his amusement. She was with him night and day. She gamed, she drank, she hunted, she reviewed with him. In his night rambles, when he was reconnoitring the doors and windows of the citizens, and throwing out his jests upon them, she attended him in the habit of a servant, which he also, on such occasions, affected to wear. From these expeditions he frequently returned a sufferer both in person and character. But though some of the Alexandrians were displeas’d with this whimsical humour, others enjoy’d it, and said,—“That Antony presented his comic parts in Alexandria, and reserved the tragic for Rome.” To mention all his follies would be too trifling; but his fishing-story must not be omitted. He was a fishing one day with Cleopatra, and had ill success, which, in the presence of his mistress, he look’d upon as a disgrace. he therefore order’d one of the assistants to dive, and put on his hook such as had been taken before. This scheme he put in practice three or four times, and Cleopatra perceiv’d it. She affect’d, however, to be surpris’d at his success; express’d her wonder to the people about her, and the day following invit’d them to see fresh proofs of it. When the day following came, the vessel was crowd’d with people; and as soon as Antony had let down his line, she order’d one of her divers immediately to put a salt fish on his hook. When Antony found he had caught his fish, he drew up his line; and this, as may be suppos’d, occasioned no small mirth amongst the spectators. “Go, general,” said Cleopatra, “leave fishing to us petty princes of Pharos and Canopus; your game is cities, kingdoms, and provinces.”†

* Plato, Gorgias.

† This expression of Cleopatra’s has something of the same turn with that passage in Virgil,—

Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra!
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento.

In the midst of these scenes of festivity and dissipation, Antony received two unfavourable messages; one from Rome, that his wife Fulvia, and his brother Lucius, after long dissensions between themselves, had joined to oppose Cæsar, but were overpowered, and obliged to fly out of Italy. The other informed him, that Labienus and the Parthians had reduced Asia, from Syria and the Euphrates to Lydia and Ionia. It was with difficulty that even this roused him from his lethargy: but, rousing at length, and literally waking from a fit of intoxication, he set out against the Parthians, and proceeded as far as Phœnicia. However, upon the receipt of some very moving letters from Fulvia, he turned his course towards Italy, with two hundred ships. Such of his friends as had fled from thence, he received; and from these he learned, that Fulvia had been the principal cause of the disturbances in Rome. Her disposition had a natural tendency to violence and discord; and, on this occasion, it was abetted by jealousy; for she expected that the disorders of Italy would call Antony from the arms of Cleopatra. That unhappy woman died at Sicyon, in her progress to meet her husband. This event opened an opportunity for a reconciliation with Cæsar: for when Antony came to Italy, and Cæsar expressed no resentment against him, but threw the whole blame on Fulvia, their respective friends interfered, and brought them to an accommodation. The east, within the boundaries of the Ionian sea, was given to Antony: the western provinces to Cæsar; and Lepidus had Africa. When they did not accept of the consulship themselves, they were to dispose of it as they thought proper, in their turns.

After these matters were settled, they thought of means to secure this union which fortune had set on foot. Cæsar had a sister older than himself, named Octavia, but they had different mothers. The mother of Octavia was Ancharia. Cæsar's mother was Attia. He had a great affection for this sister; for she was a woman of extraordinary merit. She had been already married to Caius Marcellus; but a little before this had buried her husband; and as Antony had lost his wife, there was an opening for a fresh union. His connection with Cleopatra he did not affect to deny; but he absolutely denied that he was married to her; and in this circumstance, indeed, his prudence prevailed over his love. His marriage with Octavia was universally wished. It was the general hope, that a woman of her beauty and distinguished virtues would acquire such an influence over Antony, as might, in the end, be salutary to the state. Conditions being mutually agreed upon, they proceeded to solemnize the nuptials at Rome; and the

law which permits no widow to marry till the expiration of ten months after the decease of her husband, was dispensed with by the senate.

Sextus, the son of Pompey, who was then in possession of Sicily, had not only made great ravages in Italy, but had covered the sea with such a number of piratical vessels, under the command of Menas and Menecrates, that it was no longer safe for other ships to pass. He had been favourable, notwithstanding, to Antony; for he had given a kind reception to his mother and his wife Fulvia, when they were obliged to fly from Rome. It was judged proper, therefore, to accommodate matters with him; and, for this purpose, a meeting was held at the promontory of Misenum, by the mole that runs into the sea. Pompey was attended by his fleet; Antony and Cæsar by an army of foot. At this interview it was settled, that Pompey should keep Sicily and Sardinia, on condition that he should clear the sea of pirates, and send a certain quantity of corn to Rome. When these things were determined, they mutually invited each other to supper; but it fell to the lot of Pompey to give the first entertainment. When Antony asked him where they should sup? "There," said he, pointing to the admiral galley of six oars; "that is the only patrimonial mansion-house that is left to Pompey;" and it implied, at the same time, a sarcasm on Antony, who was then in possession of his father's house. However, he entertained them very politely, after conducting them over a bridge from the promontory to the ship that rode at anchor. During the entertainment, while the raillery ran briskly on Antony and Cleopatra, Menas came to Pompey, and told him secretly, that if he would permit him to cut the cable, he would not only make him master of Sicily and Sardinia, but of the whole Roman empire. Pompey, after a moment's deliberation, answered, that he should have done it without consulting him:—"We must now let it alone," said he, "for I cannot break my oath of treaty." The compliment of the entertainment was returned by his guests, and he then retired to Sicily.

Antony, after the accommodation, sent Ventidius into Asia, to stop the progress of the Parthians. All matters of public administration were conducted with the greatest harmony between him and Octavius; and, in compliment to the latter, he took upon himself the office of high-priest to Cæsar the dictator. But, alas! in their contests at play Cæsar was generally superior, and Antony was mortified. He had in his house a fortune-telling gipsy, who was skilled in the calculation of nativities. This man, either to oblige Cleopatra, or following the investigation of truth, told Antony, that the star of his fortune, however glorious in itself, was eclipsed and obscured

by Cæsar's, and advised him, by all means, to keep at the greatest distance from that young man:—"The genius of your life," said he, "is afraid of his: when it is alone, its port is erect and fearless; when his approaches, it is dejected and depressed." Indeed, there were many circumstances that seemed to justify the conjuror's doctrine: for in every kind of play, whether they cast lots, or cast the die, Antony was still the loser. In their cock-fights and quail-fights, it was still Cæsar's cock and Cæsar's quail. These things co-operating with the conjuror's observations, had such an effect on Antony, that he gave up the management of his domestic affairs to Cæsar, and left Italy. Octavia, who had by this time brought him a daughter, he took with him into Greece. He wintered in Athens, and there he learnt that his affairs in Asia, under Ventidius, were successful; that the Parthians were routed; and that Labienus and Pharnapates, the ablest generals of Orodes, fell in the battle. In honour of this victory, he gave an entertainment to the Greeks, and treated the Athenians with an exhibition of the gymnastic games, in which he took the master's part himself. The robes and ensigns of the general were laid aside; the rods, the cloak, and the slippers of the gymnasiarch were assumed; and when the combatants had fought sufficiently, he parted them himself.

When he went to the war, he took with him a crown of the sacred olive, and, by the direction of some oracle or other, a vessel of water filled out of the Clepsydra.* In the mean time, Pacorus, son of the king of Parthia, made an incursion into Syria, but was routed by Ventidius in Cyrrhestica, and, with the greatest part of his army, fell in the battle. This celebrated victory made ample amends for the defeat of Crassus. The Parthians had now been thrice conquered, and were confined within the bounds of Media and Mesopotamia. Ventidius would not pursue the Parthians any farther, for fear of exciting the envy of Antony: he, therefore, turned his arms against the revolvers, and brought them back to their duty. Amongst these was Antiochus, the king of Commagene, whom he besieged in the city of Samosata. That prince, at first, offered to pay a thousand talents, and to submit himself to the Roman empire; upon which Ventidius told him that he must send proposals to Antony; for he was then at no great distance; and he had not commissioned Ventidius to make peace with Antiochus, that something at least might be done by himself. But while the siege was thus prolonged, and the people of Samosata despaired of obtaining terms, that despair produced a

* The Clepsydra was a fountain belonging to the citadel at Athens, so called, because it was sometimes full of water, and sometimes empty.

degree of courage which defeated every effort of the besiegers, and Antony was at last reduced to the disgraceful necessity of accepting three hundred talents.

After he had done some little towards settling the affairs of Syria, he returned to Athens, and sent Ventidius to Rome, to enjoy the reward of his merit in a triumph. He was the only general that ever triumphed over the Parthians. His birth was obscure, but his connections with Antony brought him into great appointments; and, by making the best use of them, he confirmed what was said of Antony and Octavius Cæsar, that they were more successful by their lieutenants, than when they commanded in person. This observation, with regard to Antony in particular, might be justified by the success of Sossius and Canidius: the former had done great things in Syria, and the latter, whom he left in Armenia, reduced the whole country, and, after defeating the kings of Iberia and Albania, penetrated as far as Mount Caucasus, and spread the terror of Antony's name and power through those barbarous nations.

Soon after this, upon hearing some disagreeable reports concerning the designs or the conduct of Cæsar, he sailed for Italy with a fleet of three hundred ships; and, being refused the harbour of Brundisium, he made for Tarentum. There he was prevailed on by his wife Octavia, who accompanied him, and was then pregnant a third time, to send her to her brother; and she was fortunate enough to meet him on her journey, attended by his two friends, Mecænas and Agrippa. In conference with him, she entreated him to consider the peculiarity of her situation, and not to make the happiest woman in the world the most unfortunate:—"The eyes of all," said she, "are necessarily turned on me, who am the wife of Antony, and the sister of Cæsar; and should these chiefs of the empire, misled by hasty counsels, involve the whole in war, whatever may be the event, it will be unhappy for me." Cæsar was softened by the entreaties of his sister, and proceeded with peaceable views to Tarentum. His arrival afforded a general satisfaction to the people. They were pleased to see such an army on the shore, and such a fleet in the harbour, in the mutual disposition for peace; and nothing but compliments and expressions of kindness passing between the generals. Antony first invited Cæsar to sup with him, and, in compliment to Octavia, he accepted the invitation. At length it was agreed, that Cæsar should give up to Antony two legions for the Parthian service; and that Antony, in return, should leave a hundred armed galleys with Cæsar. Octavia, moreover, engaged Antony to give up twenty light ships to Cæsar, and procured from her brother a thousand foot for her husband. Matters being thus accommodated, Cæsar went to war with Pompey

for the recovery of Sicily; and Antony, leaving under his protection his wife and his children, both by the present and the former marriage, sailed for Asia.

Upon his approach to Syria, the love of Cleopatra, which had so long been dormant in his heart, and which better counsels seemed totally to have suppressed, revived again, and took possession of his soul. The unruly steed, to which Plato* compares certain passions, once more broke loose, and in spite of honour, interest, and prudence, Antony sent Fonteius Capito to conduct Cleopatra into Syria.

Upon her arrival, he made her the most magnificent presents. He gave her the provinces of Phœnicia, Cœlosyria, Cyprus, great part of Cilicia, that district of Judea which produces the balm, and that part of Arabia Nabathæa which lies upon the ocean. These extravagant gifts were disagreeable to the Romans: for, though he had often conferred on private persons considerable governments and kingdoms; though he had deprived many princes of their dominions, and beheaded Antigonus of Judea, the first king that ever suffered in such a manner;† yet nothing so much disturbed the Romans as his enormous profusion in favour of that woman: nor were they less offended at his giving the surnames of the Sun and Moon to the twins he had by her.

But Antony knew well how to give a fair appearance to the most disreputable actions. The greatness of the Roman empire, he said, appeared more in giving, than in receiving kingdoms: and that it was proper for persons of high birth and station to extend and secure their nobility, by leaving children and successors born of different princes: that his ancestor Hercules trusted not to the fertility of one woman, as if he had feared the penalties annexed to the law of Solon, but, by various connections with the sex, became the founder of many families.

After Orodes was slain by his son Phraates,‡ who took possession of the kingdom, many of the Parthian chiefs fled to Antony; and, amongst the rest, Moneses, a man of great dignity and power. Antony, thinking that Moneses, in his fortune, resembled Themistocles, and comparing his own wealth

* Plutarch here alludes to that passage in Plato, where he compares the soul to a winged chariot with two horses and a charioteer. One of these horses is mischievous and unruly; the other gentle and tractable. The charioteer is Reason: the unruly horse denotes the concupiscent, and the tractable horse the irascible part.—*Plato, Phæd.*

† Dion tells us that Antigonus was first tied to a stake and whipped; and that afterwards his throat was cut. *Ἀπεσφάζε*, and not *πέλεκτε*, is the word he uses. Livy says, *Deligati ad palum, virgisque easi, et securi percussi.*

‡ The same Phraates that Horace mentions. *Redditum Cyri solio Phraatem.*—Lib. iii. Ode 2.

and magnificence to that of the kings of Persia, gave him three cities, Larissa, Arethusa, and Hierapolis, which was before called Bombyce. But when Phraates sent Moneses assurance of his safety, he readily dismissed him. On this occasion he formed a scheme to deceive Phraates. He pretended a disposition for peace, and required only that the Roman standards and ensigns which had been taken at the defeat of Crassus, and such of the prisoners as still survived, might be restored. He sent Cleopatra into Egypt; after which he marched through Arabia and Armenia, where, as soon as his own troops were joined by the allies, he reviewed his army. He had several princes in alliance with him. But Artavasdes, king of Armenia, was the most powerful, for he furnished six thousand horse and seven thousand foot. At this review there appeared sixty thousand Roman foot, and ten thousand horse, who, though chiefly Gauls and Spaniards, were reckoned as Romans. The number of the allies, including the light-armed and the cavalry, amounted to thirty thousand.

This formidable armament, which struck terror into the Indians beyond Bactria, and alarmed all Asia, his attachment to Cleopatra rendered perfectly useless. His impatience to return and spend the winter in her arms, made him take the field too early in the season, and precipitated all his measures. As a man who is under the power of enchantment can only act as the impulse of the magic directs him, his eye was continually drawn to Cleopatra, and to return to her was a greater object than to conquer the world. He ought certainly to have wintered in Armenia, that he might give a proper respite and refreshment to his men, after a march of a thousand miles. In the early part of the spring he should have made himself master of Media, before the Parthian troops were drawn out of garrison: but his impatience put him upon the march, and, leaving Armenia on the left, he passed through the province of Atropatene, and laid waste the country. In his haste, he left behind him the battering engines, amongst which was a ram eighty feet long; and these followed the camp on three hundred carriages. Had any damage happened to these, it would have been impossible to repair them in this upper part of Asia, where there is no timber of height or strength sufficient for the purpose. However, they were brought after him, under the conduct of Statianus; and, in the mean time, he laid siege to the large city of Phraata, the residence of the king of Media's wives and children. Here he perceived his error in leaving the engines behind; for want of which he was obliged to throw up a mount against the wall; and that required considerable time and labour.

In the mean time, Phraates came up with a numerous army;

and being informed that Antony had left behind him his machines, he sent a large detachment to intercept them. This party fell upon Statianus, who, with ten thousand of his men, were slain upon the spot. Many were taken prisoners, among whom was king Polemo; and the machines were seized by the enemy and destroyed.

This miscarriage greatly discouraged the army; and Artavasdes, though he had been the promoter of the war, withdrew his forces in despair. The Parthians, on the other hand, encouraged by their success, came up with the Romans while they were employed in the siege, and treated them with the most insolent menaces and contempt. Antony, who knew that despair and timidity would be the consequence of inaction, led out ten legions, three prætorian cohorts heavy-armed, and the whole body of cavalry, on the business of foraging. He was persuaded, at the same time, that this was the only method of drawing the enemy after him, and bringing them to a battle. After one day's progress, he observed the enemy in motion, and watching an opportunity to fall upon him in his march. Hereupon he put up in his camp the signal for battle; but, at the same time, struck his tents, as if his intention was not to fight, but to retire. Accordingly, he passed the army of the barbarians, which was drawn up in form of a crescent; but he had previously given orders to the horse to charge the enemy, full speed, as soon as their ranks were within reach of the legionary troops. The Parthians were struck with astonishment at the order of the Roman army, when they observed them pass at regular intervals without confusion, and brandish their pikes in silence.

When the signal was given for battle, the horse turned short, and fell with loud shouts on the enemy. The Parthians received the attack with firmness, though they were too close in with them for the use of their bows. But when the infantry came to the charge, their shouts, and the clashing of their arms, so frightened the enemy's horses, that they were no longer manageable; and the Parthians fled without once engaging. Antony pursued them closely, in hopes that this action would, in a great measure, terminate the war. But when the infantry had followed them fifty furlongs, and the cavalry at least a hundred and fifty, he found that he had not slain above eighty of the enemy, and that thirty only were taken prisoners. Thus, the little advantage of their victories, and the heavy loss of their defeats, as in the recent instance of the carriages, was a fresh discouragement to the Romans.

The day following they returned with their baggage to the camp before Phraata. In their march they met with some straggling troops of the enemy, afterwards with greater par-

ties, and at last with the whole body, which having easily rallied, appeared like a fresh army, and harassed them in such a manner, that it was with difficulty they reached their camp.

The Median garrison, in the absence of Antony, had made a sally; and those who were left to defend the mount, had quitted their post and fled. Antony, at his return, punished the fugitives by decimation; that is, he divided them into tens, and in each division put one to death, on whom the lot happened to fall. Those that escaped had their allowance in barley, instead of wheat.

Both parties now found their difficulties in the war. Antony had the dread of famine before him, for he could not forage without a terrible slaughter of his men; and Phraates, who knew the temper of the Parthians, was apprehensive, that if the Romans persisted in carrying on the siege, as soon as the autumnal equinox was past, and the winter set in, he should be deserted by his army, which would not at that time endure the open field. To prevent this he had recourse to stratagem. He ordered his officers not to pursue the Romans too close when they were foraging, but to permit them to carry off provisions. He commanded them, at the same time, to compliment them on their valour; and to express his high opinion of the Roman bravery. They were instructed likewise, as opportunity might offer, to blame the obstinacy of Antony, which exposed so many brave men to the severities of famine and a winter campaign, who must suffer, of course, notwithstanding all the Parthians could do for them, while Phraates sought for nothing more than peace, though he was still defeated in his benevolent intentions.

Antony, on these reports, began to conceive hopes; but he would not offer any terms before he was satisfied whether they came originally from the king. The enemy assured him, that such were the sentiments of Phraates; and, being induced to believe them, he sent some of his friends to demand the standards and prisoners that came into their hands on the defeat of Crassus; for he thought, if he demanded nothing, it might appear that he was pleased with the privilege of retreating. The Parthian answered, that the standard and prisoners could not be restored; but that Antony, if he thought proper, was at liberty to retreat in safety.

After some few days had been spent in making up the baggage, he began his march. On this occasion, though he had the happiest eloquence in addressing his soldiers, and reconciling them to every situation and event; yet, whether it was through shame, or sorrow, or both, he left that office to Domitius Ænobarbus. Some of them were offended at this, as

an act of contempt. But the greater part understood the cause, and pitying their general, paid him still greater attention.

Antony had determined to take his route through a plain and open country; but a certain Mardian, who was well acquainted with the practices of the Parthians, and had approved his faith to the Romans at the battle when the machines were lost, advised him to take the mountains on his right, and not to expose his heavy-armed troops in an open country to the attacks of the Parthian bowmen and cavalry. Phraates, he said, amused him with fair promises, merely to draw him off from the siege; but if he would take him for his guide, he would conduct him by a way that was nearer, and better furnished with necessaries. Antony deliberated some time upon this. He would not appear to doubt the honour of the Parthians after the truce they had agreed to; and yet he could not but approve of a way which was nearer, and which lay through an inhabited country. At last, he required the necessary pledges of the Mardian's faith, which he gave in suffering himself to be bound till he should have conducted the army into Armenia. In this condition he led the Romans peaceably along for two days: but on the third, when Antony, expecting nothing less than the Parthians, was marching forward in disorderly security, the Mardian observing the mounds of a river broken down, and the waters let out into the plain where they were to pass, concluded that the Parthians had done this to retard their march, and advised Antony to be on his guard; for the enemy, he said, was at no great distance. Whilst Antony was drawing up his men, and preparing such of them as were armed with darts and slings to make a sally against the enemy, the Parthians came upon him, and, by surrounding his army, harassed it on every part. The light-armed Romans, indeed, made an incursion upon them, and, galling them with their missive weapons, obliged them to retreat; but they soon returned to the charge, till a band of the Gaulish cavalry attacked and dispersed them; so that they appeared no more that day.

Antony, upon this, found what measures he was to take; and covering both wings and the rear with such troops as were armed with missive weapons, his army marched in the form of a square. The cavalry had orders to repel the attacks of the enemy, but not to pursue them to any great distance. The Parthians, of course, when in four successive days they could make no considerable impression, and found themselves equally annoyed in their turn, grew more remiss, and, finding an excuse in the winter season, began to think of a retreat. On the fifth day, Flavius Gallus, a general officer of great courage and valour, requested Antony that he would indulge him with

a number of light-armed troops from the rear, together with a few horse from the front; and with these he proposed to perform some considerable exploit. These he obtained, and, in repelling the attacks of the Parthians, he did not, like the rest, retreat by degrees towards the body of the army, but maintained his ground, and fought rather on the offensive than on the defensive. When the officers of the rear observed that he was separated from the rest, they sent to recall him, but he did not obey the summons. It is said, however, that Titius the quæstor turned back the standard, and inveighed against Gallus for leading so many brave men to destruction. Gallus, on the other hand, returned his reproaches, and, commanding those who were about him to stand, Titius made his retreat alone. Gallus had no sooner made an impression on the enemy's front, than he was surrounded. In this distress he sent for assistance; and here the general officers, and Canidius, the favourite of Antony, amongst the rest, committed a most capital error. Instead of leading the whole army against the Parthians, as soon as one detachment was overpowered, they sent another to its support; and thus, by degrees, they would have sacrificed great part of the troops, had not Antony come hastily from the front with the heavy-armed, and, urging on the third legion through the midst of the fugitives, stopped the enemy's pursuit.

In this action no fewer than three thousand were slain, and five thousand brought back wounded to the camp. Amongst the last was Gallus, who had four arrows shot through his body, and soon after died of his wounds. Antony visited all that had suffered on this unhappy occasion, and consoled them with tears of real grief and affection; while the wounded soldiers, embracing the hand of their general, entreated him not to attend to their sufferings, but to his own health and quiet:—"While our general is safe, all," they said, "is well." It is certain that there was not in those days a braver or finer army. The men were tall, stout, able and willing to endure the greatest toils. Their respect and ready obedience to their general was wonderful. Not a man in the army, from the first officer to the meanest soldier, but would have preferred the favour of Antony to his own life and safety. In all these respects they were at least equal to the armies of ancient Rome. A variety of causes, as we have observed, concurred to produce this. Antony's noble birth, his eloquence, his candour, his liberality and magnificence, and the familiar pleasantries of his conversation;—these were the general causes of the affection he found in his army; and, on this particular occasion, his sympathizing with the wounded, and attending to their wants, made them totally forget their sufferings.

The Parthians, who had before begun to languish in their operations, were so much elevated with this advantage, and held the Romans in such contempt, that they even spent the night by their camp, in hopes of seizing the baggage while they deserted their tents. At break of day, numbers more came up, to the amount, as it is said, of forty thousand horse; for the Parthian king had sent even his body-guard, so confident was he of absolute victory; as to himself, he never was present at any engagement.

Antony, being now to address his soldiers, called for mourning apparel, that his speech might be more affecting; but as his friends would not permit this, he appeared in his general's robe. Those that had been victorious he praised, those who had fled he reproached; the former encouraged him by every testimony of their zeal; the latter, offering themselves either to decimation, or any other kind of punishment that he might think proper to inflict upon them, entreated him to forego his sorrow and concern. Upon this he raised his hands to heaven, and prayed to the gods,—“That if his happier fortune was to be followed by future evil, it might affect only himself, and that his army might be safe and victorious.”

The day following they marched out in better and firmer order, and the Parthians, who thought they had nothing to do but to plunder, when they saw their enemy in fresh spirits, and in a capacity for renewing the engagement, were extremely disconcerted. However, they fell upon the Romans, from the adjacent declivities, and galled them with their arrows as they were marching slowly forward. Against these attacks the light-armed troops were covered by the legionaries, who, placing one knee upon the ground, received the arrows on their shields. The rank that was behind covered that which was before in a regular gradation; so that this curious fortification, which defended them from the arrows of the enemy, resembled the roof of a house.

The Parthians, who thought that the Romans rested on their knees only through weariness and fatigue, threw away their bows, and came to close engagement with their spears. Upon this the Romans leaped up with a loud shout, cut to pieces those who came first to the attack, and put all the rest to flight. This method of attack and defence being repeated every day, they made but little progress in their march, and were besides distressed for want of provisions: they could not forage without fighting; the corn they could get was but little, and even that they had not instruments to grind. The greatest part of them had been left behind; for many of their beasts of burden were dead, and many were employed in carrying the sick and wounded. It is said that a bushel of wheat, Attie mea-

sure, was sold for fifty drachmas, and a barley-loaf for its weight in silver. Those who sought for roots and pot-herbs found few that they had been accustomed to eat; and in tasting unknown herbs, they met with one that brought on madness and death. He that had eaten of it immediately lost all memory and knowledge; but, at the same time, would busy himself in turning and moving every stone he met with, as if he was upon some very important pursuit. The camp was full of unhappy men bending to the ground, and thus digging up and removing stones, till at last they were carried off by a bilious vomiting; when wine,* the only remedy,† was not to be had. Thus, while numbers perished, and the Parthians still continued to harass them, Antony is said frequently to have cried out,—“O the ten thousand!” alluding to the army that Xenophon led from Babylon, both a longer way,‡ and through more numerous conflicts, and yet led in safety.

The Parthians, when they found that they could not break through the Roman ranks, nor throw them into disorder, but were frequently beaten in their attacks, began once more to treat their foragers in a peaceable manner. They showed them their bows unstrung, and informed them that they had given up the pursuit, and were going to depart. A few Medes, they said, might continue the route a day or two longer, but they would give the Romans no trouble, as their only purpose was to protect some of the remoter villages. These professions were accompanied with many kind salutations, insomuch that the Romans conceived fresh hopes and spirits; and, because the way over the mountains was said to be destitute of water, Antony once more was desirous of taking his route through the plains. When he was going to put his scheme in execution, one Mithridates, cousin to that Moneses who had formerly sought his protection, and been presented by him with three cities, came from the enemy's camp, and desired he might be permitted to speak with some person that understood the Syrian or the Parthian language. Alexander of Antioch, a friend of Antony's, went out to him, and after the Parthian had informed him who he was, and attributed his coming to the kindness of Moneses, he asked him, whether he did not see, at a great distance before him, a range of high hills?—“Under those hills,” said he, “the whole Parthian army lies in ambuscade for you: for, at the foot of the mountains, there is a

* The ancients held wine to be a principal remedy against vomiting:—*Præterea vomitiones sistit.*—*Plin. Nat. Hist.* l. xxiii. c. 1.

† It was likewise esteemed good against many kinds of poison. *Merum est contra cicutam, Aconita, et omnia quæ refrigerant remedium.*—*Ibid.*

‡ When Plutarch says that Xenophon led his ten thousand a longer way, he must mean to terminate Antony's march with Armenia.

spacious plain, and, there, when deluded by their artifices, you have left the way over the heights, they expect to find you. In the mountain roads, indeed, you have thirst and toil to contend with, as usual; but should Antony take the plains, he must expect the fate of Crassus."

After he had given this information, he departed; and Antony on the occasion assembled a council, and amongst the rest his Mardian guide, who concurred with the directions of the Parthian. The way over the plains, he said, was hardly practicable, were there no enemy to contend with. The windings were long and tedious, and difficult to be made out. The rugged way over the mountains, on the contrary, had no other difficulty in it than to endure thirst for one day. Antony, therefore, changed his mind, and ordering each man to take water along with him, took the mountain road by night. As there was not a sufficient number of vessels, some conveyed their water in helmets, and others in bladders.

The Parthians were informed of Antony's motions, and, contrary to custom, pursued him in the night. About sunrise they came up with the rear, weary as it was with toil and watching; for that night they had travelled thirty miles. In this condition they had to contend with an unexpected enemy, and being at once obliged to fight and continue their march, their thirst became still more insupportable. At last the front came up to a river, the water of which was cool and clear, but being salt and acrimonious, it occasioned a pain in the stomach and bowels that had been heated and inflamed with thirst. The Mardian guide had, indeed, forewarned them of this, but the poor fellows rejecting the information that was brought them, drank eagerly of the stream. Antony, running amongst the ranks, entreated them to forbear but a little. He told them that there was another river at no great distance, the water of which might be drunk with safety; and that the way was so extremely rocky and uneven, that it was impossible for the enemy's cavalry to pursue. At the same time he sounded a retreat, to call off such as were engaged with the enemy, and gave the signal for pitching their tents, that they might at least have the convenience of shade.

While their tents were fixing, and the Parthians as usual retiring from the pursuit, Mithridates came again, and Alexander being sent out to him, he advised that the Romans, after a little rest, should rise and make for the river, because the Parthians did not propose to carry their pursuit beyond it. Alexander reported this to Antony, and Mithridates being presented with as many phials and cups of gold as he could conceal in his garments, once more left the camp. Antony while it was yet day, struck his tents, and marched, unmo

lest by the enemy. But so dreadful a night as followed he had never passed. Those who were known to be possessed of gold or silver were slain and plundered, and the money that was conveyed in the baggage was made a prey of. Last of all, Antony's baggage was seized, and the richest bowls and tables were cut asunder and divided amongst the plunderers. The greatest terror and distraction ran through the whole army, for it was concluded that the inroads of the enemy had occasioned this flight of confusion. Antony sent for one of his freedmen, called Rhamnus, and made him swear that he would stab him, and cut off his head, whenever he should command him, that he might neither fall alive into the hands of the enemy, nor be known when dead. While his friends were weeping around him, the Mardian guide gave him some encouragement, by telling him that the river was at hand, as he could perceive by the cool freshness of the air that issued from it, and that, of course the troubles of his journey would soon be at an end, as the night nearly was. At the same time he was informed that all these disorders had been occasioned by the avarice of his soldiers, and he, therefore, ordered a signal for encamping, that he might rectify his disordered army.*

It was now day-light, and as soon as the troops were brought to a little order, the Parthians once more began to harass the rear. The signal was, therefore, given to the light troops to engage, and the heavy-armed received the arrows under a roof of shields, as before. The Parthians, however, durst not come any more to close engagement, and when the front had advanced a little farther, the river was in sight. Antony first drew up the cavalry on the banks to carry over the weak and wounded. The combat was now over, and the thirsty could enjoy their water in quiet. At sight of the river the Parthians unstrung their bows, and, with the highest encomiums on their bravery, bade the enemies pass over in peace. They did so, and, after the necessary refreshments, proceeded on their march, without much confidence in the Parthian praise or professions. Within six days from the last battle, they arrived at the river Araxes, which divides Media from Armenia. This

* Plutarch does not, in this place, appear to be sufficiently informed. The cause of this tumult in the army could not be the avarice of the soldiers only, since that might have operated long before, and at a time when they were capable of enjoying money. Their object now was the preservation of life; and it was not wealth, but water, that they wanted. We must look for the cause of this disorder, then, in some other circumstance; and that probably was the report of their general's despair, or possibly of his death; for, otherwise, they would hardly have plundered his baggage. The fidelity and affection they had shown him in all their distresses, afford a sufficient argument on this behalf.

river, on account of the depth and strength of its current, seemed difficult to pass, and the rumour, moreover, ran through the army that the enemy was there in ambuscade, to attack them as they forded it. However, they passed over in safety, and when they set foot in Armenia, with the avidity of mariners when they first come on shore, they kissed the ground in adoration, and embraced each other with a pleasure that could only express itself in tears. The ill consequences of their former extremities, however, discovered themselves even here; for, as they now passed through a country of plenty and profusion, their too great indulgences threw them into the dropsy and the cholic. Antony, on reviewing his army, found that he had lost twenty thousand foot and four thousand horse, more than half of which had not died in battle, but by sickness. They had been twenty-seven days in their return from Phraata, and had beaten the Parthians in eighteen engagements; but these victories were by no means complete, because they could not prosecute their advantages by pursuit.

Hence it is evident, that Artavasdes deprived Antony of the fruits of his Parthian expedition: for, had he been assisted by the sixteen thousand horse which he took with him out of Media, (who were armed like the Parthians, and accustomed to fight with them,) after the Romans had beaten them in set battles, this cavalry might have taken up the pursuit, and harassed them in such a manner, that they could not so often have rallied, and returned to the charge. All, therefore, were exciting Antony to revenge himself on Artavasdes. But he followed better counsels, and, in his present weak and indigent condition, he did not think proper to withhold the usual respect and honours he had paid him. But when he came into Armenia on another occasion, after having drawn him to a meeting by fair promises and invitations, he seized and carried him bound to Alexandria, where he led him in triumphal procession. The Romans were offended at this triumph and at Antony, who had thus transferred the principal honours of their country to Egypt, for the gratification of Cleopatra. These things, however, happened in a later period of Antony's life.

The severity of the winter, and perpetual snows, were so destructive to the troops, that, in his march, he lost eight thousand men. Accompanied by a small party, he went down to the sea-coast, and in a fort between Berytus and Sidon, called the White Hair,* he waited for Cleopatra. To divert his impatience on her delay, he had recourse to festivity and intoxication; and he would frequently, over his cups, start up

* Δευκη κομη.

from his seat, and run leaping and dancing to look out for her approach. At length she came, and brought with her a large quantity of money and clothing for the army. Some, however, have asserted that she brought nothing but the clothes, and that Antony supplied the money, though he gave her the credit of it.

There happened at this time a quarrel between Phraates and the king of the Medes, occasioned, as it is said, by the division of the Roman spoils, and the latter was apprehensive of losing his kingdom. He, therefore, sent to Antony an offer of his assistance against the Parthians. Antony, who concluded that he had failed of conquering the Parthians only through want of cavalry and bowmen, and would here seem rather to confer than to receive a favour, determined once more to return to Armenia, and, after joining the king of the Medes at the river Araxes, to renew the war.

Octavia, who was still at Rome, now expressed a desire of visiting Antony, and Cæsar gave her his permission, not, according to the general opinion, merely to oblige her, but that the ill treatment and neglect which he concluded she should meet with, might give him a pretence for renewing the war. When she arrived at Athens, she received letters from Antony, commanding her to continue there, and acquainting her with his new expedition. These letters mortified her, for she suspected the expedition to be nothing more than a pretence: however, she wrote to him, and desired he would send his commands where she should leave the presents she had brought. These presents consisted of clothing for the army, beasts of burden, money, and gifts for his officers and friends. Beside these, she had brought two thousand picked men, fully equipped and armed for the general's cohort. Octavia sent this letter by Niger, a friend of Antony's, who did not fail to pay her the compliments she deserved, but represented her to Antony in the most agreeable light.

Cleopatra dreaded her rival. She was apprehensive that if she came to Antony, the respectable gravity of her manners, added to the authority and interest of Cæsar, would carry off her husband. She, therefore, pretended to be dying for the love of Antony, and, to give a colour to her pretence, she emaciated herself by abstinence. At his approach she taught her eye to express an agreeable surprise, and when he left her, she put on the look of languishment and dejection. Sometimes she would endeavour to weep, and then, as if she wished to hide the tear from her tender Antony, she affected to wipe it off unseen.

Antony was, all this while, preparing for his Median expedition, and Cleopatra's creatures and dependents did not fail to

reproach his unfeeling heart, which could suffer the woman whose life was wrapped up in his, to die for his sake. Octavia's marriage, they said, was a mere political convenience, and it was enough for her that she had the honour of being called his wife. Poor Cleopatra, though queen of a mighty nation, was called nothing more than his mistress; yet even with this, for the sake of his society, she could be content; but of that society, whenever she should be deprived, it would deprive her of life. These insinuations so totally unmanned him, that, through fear of Cleopatra's putting an end to her life, he returned to Egypt, and put off the Mede till summer, though at that time the Parthian affairs were said to be in a seditious and disorderly situation. At length, however, he went into Armenia, and after entering into alliance with the Mede, and betrothing one of Cleopatra's sons to a daughter of his who was very young, he returned, that he might attend to the civil war.

When Octavia returned from Athens, Cæsar looked upon the treatment she had met with as a mark of the greatest contempt; and he, therefore, ordered her to retire and live alone. However, she refused to quit her husband's house, and moreover entreated Cæsar by no means to have recourse to arms merely on her account. It would be infamous, she said, for the two chiefs of the Roman empire to involve the people in a civil war—one for the love of a woman, and the other out of jealousy. By her own conduct she added weight to her expostulations. She kept up the dignity of Antony's house, and took the same care of his children, as well those that he had by Fulvia as her own, that she could possibly have taken, had he been present. Antony's friends, who were sent to Rome to solicit honours or transact business, she kindly entertained, and used her best offices with Cæsar to obtain what they requested. Yet, even by this conduct, she was hurting Antony, contrary to her inclination. His injurious treatment of such a woman excited a general indignation; and the distribution he had made to his children in Alexandria carried with it something so imperious and so disparaging to the Romans, that it increased that indignation not a little. The manner of doing it was extremely obnoxious. He summoned the people to the place of public exercise, and ordering two golden chairs to be placed on a tribunal of silver; one for himself, and the other for Cleopatra, beside lower seats for the children: he announced her queen of Egypt, Cyprus, Africa, and Cælosyria; and nominated Cæsario, her son by Cæsar the dictator, her colleague. The sons she had by him he entitled kings of kings; and to Alexander he gave Armenia and Media, together with Parthia, when it should be conquered. To Ptolemy he gave Phœnicia, Syria, and Cilicia. At the samø

time the children made their appearance, Alexander in a Median dress, with the turban and tiara; and Ptolemy, in the long cloak and slippers, with a bonnet encircled by a diadem. The latter was dressed like the successors of Alexander; the former, like the Median and Armenian kings. When the children saluted their parents, one was attended by Armenian, the other by Macedonian guards. Cleopatra on this, and on other public occasions, wore the sacred robe of Isis,* and affected to give audience to the people in the character and name of the *New Isis*.

Cæsar expatiated on these things in the senate, and, by frequent accusations, incensed the people against Antony. Antony did not fail to recriminate by his deputies. In the first place, he charged Cæsar with wresting Sicily out of the hands of Pompey, and not dividing it with him. His next charge was, that Cæsar had never returned the ships he had borrowed of him: a third, that, after reducing his colleague Lepidus to the condition of a private man, he had taken to himself his army, his province, and his tributes: lastly, that he had distributed almost all the lands in Italy among his own soldiers, and had left nothing for his. To these Cæsar made answer, that Lepidus was reduced, from an incapacity of sustaining his government; that what he had acquired by war he was ready to divide with Antony, and at the same time he expected to share Armenia with him; that his soldiers had no right to lands in Italy, because Media and Armenia, which by their bravery they had added to the Roman empire, had been allotted to them.

Antony being informed of these things in Armenia, immediately sent Canidius to the sea-coast with sixteen legions. In the mean time he went to Ephesus, attended by Cleopatra. There he assembled his fleet, which consisted of eight hundred ships of burden, whereof Cleopatra furnished two hundred, beside twenty thousand talents, and provisions for the whole army. Antony, by the advice of Domitius and some other friends, ordered Cleopatra to return to Egypt, and there to wait the event of the war. But the queen, apprehensive that a reconciliation might take place, through the mediation of Octavia, by means of large bribes drew over Canidius to her interest. She prevailed on him to represent to Antony, that it was unreasonable to refuse so powerful an auxiliary the privilege of being present at the war; that her presence was even necessary to animate and encourage the Egyptians, who made so considerable a part of his naval force: nor was

* This robe was of all colours, to signify the universality of the goddess' influence. The robe of Osiris was of one colour only.

Cleopatra, in point of abilities, inferior to any of the princes, his allies; since she had not only been a long time at the head of a considerable kingdom, but, by her intercourse with him, had learnt the administration of the greatest affairs. These remonstrances, as the fates had decreed every thing for Cæsar, had the desired effect; and they sailed together for Samos, where they indulged in every species of luxury: for at the same time that the kings, governors, states, and provinces, between Syria, the Mœotis, Armenia, and Lauria,* were commanded to send their contributions to the war, the whole tribe of players and musicians were ordered to repair to Samos; and, while almost the whole world beside was venting its anguish in groans and tears, that island alone was piping and dancing. The several cities sent oxen for sacrifice, and kings contended in the magnificence of their presents and entertainments. So that it was natural to say,—“What kind of figure will these people make in their triumph, when their very preparations for war are so splendid!”

When these things were over, he gave Priene for the residence of the players and musicians, and sailed for Athens, where he once more renewed the farce of public entertainments. The Athenians had treated Octavia, when she was at Athens, with the highest respect; and Cleopatra, jealous of the honours she had received, endeavoured to court the people by every mark of favour. The people in return decreed her public honours, and sent a deputation to wait on her with the decree. At the head of this deputation was Antony himself, in character of a citizen of Athens; and he was prolocutor on the occasion.

In the mean time he sent some of his people to turn Octavia out of his house at Rome. When she left it, it is said she took with her all his children, (except the eldest by Fulvia, who attended him,) and deplored the severity of her fate with tears, under the apprehension that she would be looked upon as one of the causes of the civil war. The Romans pitied her sufferings, but still more the folly of Antony, particularly such as had seen Cleopatra; for she was by no means preferable to Octavia, either on account of her youth or beauty.

When Cæsar was informed of the celerity and magnificence of Antony's preparations, he was afraid of being forced into the war that summer. This would have been very inconvenient for him, as he was in want of almost every thing, and the levies of money occasioned a general dissatisfaction. The

* As a mountain of no note in Attica does not seem proper to be mentioned with great kingdoms and provinces, it is supposed that we ought to read *Illyria* instead of *Lauria*. Illyria is afterwards mentioned as the boundary of Antony's dominions on that side.

whole body of the people were taxed one-fourth of their income, and the sons of freedmen one-eighth. This occasioned the greatest clamour and confusion in Italy; and Antony certainly committed a very great oversight in neglecting the advantage. By his unaccountable delays he gave Cæsar an opportunity both to complete his preparations, and appease the minds of the people. When the money was demanded, they murmured and mutinied; but after it was once paid, they thought of it no longer.

Titius and Plancus, men of consular dignity, and Antony's principal friends, being ill-used by Cleopatra, on account of their opposing her stay in the army, abandoned him and went over to Cæsar. As they knew the contents of Antony's will, they presently made him acquainted with them. This will was lodged in the hands of the vestals; and when Cæsar demanded it, they refused to send it; adding, that if he was determined to have it, he must come and take it himself. Accordingly, he went and took it. First of all, he read it over to himself, and remarked such passages as were most liable to censure. Afterwards he read it to the senate, and this gave a general offence.* It seemed to the greatest part an absurd and unprecedented thing that a man should suffer in his life, for what he had ordered to be done after his death. Cæsar dwelt particularly on the orders he had given concerning his funeral: for in case he died at Rome, he had directed his body to be carried in procession through the *forum*, and afterwards conveyed to Alexandria to Cleopatra. Calvisius, a retainer of Cæsar's, also accused him of having given to Cleopatra the Pergamenian library, which consisted of two hundred thousand volumes; and added, that once, when they supped in public, Antony rose and trode on Cleopatra's foot,† by way of signal for some rendezvous. He asserted, moreover, that he suffered the Ephesians in his presence to call Cleopatra sovereign; and that when he was presiding at the administration of public affairs, attended by several tetrarchs and kings, he received love-letters from her, enclosed in onyx and crystal, and there perused them. Besides, when Furnius, a man of great dignity, and one of the ablest of the Roman orators, was speaking in public, Cleopatra was carried through the *forum* in a litter; upon which Antony immediately started up, and no longer paying his attention to the cause, accompanied her, leaning on the litter as he walked.

* This was an act of most injurious violence. Nothing could be more sacred than a will deposited in the hands of the vestals.

† Τριβειν τις ποδας. The former English translator says, that *Antony took hold of her feet and handled them*. Whatever idea he might have of Antony's familiarity, he ought not, surely, to have been so familiar with Plutarch.

The veracity of Calvisius, in these accusations, was, nevertheless, suspected. The friends of Antony solicited the people in his behalf, and despatched Geminius, one of their number, to put him on his guard against the abrogation of his power, and his being declared an enemy to the Roman people. Geminius sailed into Greece, and, on his arrival, was suspected by Cleopatra as an agent of Octavius. On this account, he was contemptuously treated, and the lowest seats were assigned him at the public suppers. This, however, he bore for some time with patience, in hopes of obtaining an interview with Antony: but being publicly called upon to declare the cause of his coming, he answered,—“That one part of the cause would require to be communicated at a sober hour, but the other part could not be mistaken, whether a man were drunk or sober; for it was clear that all things would go well, if Cleopatra retired into Egypt.” Antony was extremely chagrined; and Cleopatra said,—“You have done very well, Geminius, to confess without being put to the torture.” Geminius soon after withdrew, and returned to Rome. Many more of Antony’s friends were driven off by the creatures of Cleopatra, when they could no longer endure their insolence and scurrility. Among the rest were Marcus Silanus and Delilius the historian. The latter informs us, that Cleopatra had a design upon his life, as he was told by Glaucus the physician; because he had once affronted her at supper, by saying, that while Sarmentus was drinking Falernian at Rome, they were obliged to take up with vinegar. Sarmentus was a boy of Cæsar’s, one of those creatures whom the Romans call ‘*Deliciæ*.’

When Cæsar had made his preparations, it was decreed that war should be declared against Cleopatra; for that Antony could not be said to possess that power, which he had already given up to a woman. Cæsar observed, that he was like a man under enchantment, who has no longer any power over himself. It was not he with whom they were going to war, but Mardon the eunuch, and Pothinus; Iris, (Cleopatra’s woman,) and Charmion; for these had the principal direction of affairs. Several prodigies are said to have happened previous to this war. Pisaurum, a colony of Antony’s on the Adriatic, was swallowed up by an earthquake. Antony’s statue in Alba was covered with sweat for many days, which returned, though it was frequently wiped off. While he was at Patræ, the temple of Hercules was set on fire by lightning: and at Athens the statue of Bacchus was carried by a whirlwind from the Gigantomachia into the theatre. These things concerned Antony the more nearly, as he affected to be a descendant of Hercules, and an imitator of Bacchus, insomuch that he was call-

ed the younger Bacchus. The same wind threw down the colossal statues of Eumenes and Attalus, called the Antonii, while the rest were unmoved. And in Cleopatra's royal galley, which was called *Antonius*, a terrible phenomenon appeared. Some swallows had built their nests in the stern, and others drove them away and destroyed their young.

Upon the commencement of the war, Antony had no fewer than five hundred armed vessels, magnificently adorned, and furnished with eight or ten banks of oars. He had, moreover, a hundred thousand foot, and twelve thousand horse. The auxiliary kings, who fought under his banners, were Boechus of Africa, Tarcondemus of the Upper Cilicia, Archelaüs of Cappadoeia, Philadelphus of Paphlagonia, Mithridates of Commagene, and Addallas of Thrace. Those who did not attend in person, but sent supplies, were Polemo of Pontus, Malchus of Arabia, Herod of Judæa, and Aryn-tas king of Lycaonia and Galatia. Beside these he had supplies also from the king of the Medes. Cæsar had two hundred and fifty men of war, eighty thousand foot, and an equal number of horse with the enemy. Antony's dominions lay from the Euphrates and Armenia, to the Ionian sea and Illyria: Cæsar's extended from Illyria to the western ocean, and from that again to the Tuscan and Sicilian sea. He had likewise all that part of Africa which lies opposite to Italy, Gaul, and Spain, as far as the pillars of Hercules. The rest of that country, from Cyrene to Ethiopia, was in the possession of Antony.

But such a slave was he to the will of a woman, that though much superior at land, to gratify her, he put his whole confidence in the navy; notwithstanding that the ships had not half their complement of men, and the officers were obliged to press and pick up in Greece vagrants, ass-drivers, reapers, and boys. Nor could they make up their numbers even with these, but many of the ships were still almost empty. Cæsar's ships, which were not high-built, or splendidly set off for show, but tight good sailers, well manned and equipped, continued in the harbours of Tarentum and Brundisium. From thence he sent to Antony, desiring he would meet him with his forces, that no time might be lost; offering at the same time to leave the ports and harbours free for his landing, and to withdraw his army a day's journey on horseback, that he might make good his encampment. To this Antony returned a haughty answer, and though he was the older man, challenged Cæsar to single combat; or if he should decline this, he might meet him at Pharsalia, and decide it where Cæsar and Pompey had done before. Cæsar prevented this, for while Antony made for Actium, which is now called Ni-

copolis, he crossed the Ionian, and seized on Toryne, a place in Epirus. Antony was distressed on finding this, because he was without his infantry; but Cleopatra made a jest of it, and asked him if it was so very dreadful a thing that Cæsar was got into the *Ladle*?*

Antony, as soon as it was day-light, perceived the enemy making up to him; and fearing that his ill-manned vessels would be unable to stand the attack, he armed the rowers, and placed them on the decks to make a show: with the oars suspended on each side of the vessels, he proceeded in this mock form of battle towards Actium. Cæsar was deceived by the stratagem, and retired. The water about Cæsar's camp was both scarce and bad, and Antony had the address to cut off the little that they had.

It was much about this time that, contrary to the inclination of Cleopatra, he acted so generous a part by Domitius. The latter, even when he had a fever upon him, took a small boat, and went over to Cæsar: Antony, though he could not but resent this, sent after him his baggage, his friends, and servants, and Domitius, as if it had been for grief that his treachery was discovered, died very soon after.† Amyntas and Deiotarus likewise went over to Cæsar.

Antony's fleet was so very unsuccessful, and so unfit for service, that he was obliged at last to think of his land-forces; and Canidius, who had been retained in the interest of Cleopatra, now changing his mind, thought it necessary that she should be sent away, and that Antony should retire into Thrace or Macedonia, to decide it in the field. These places were thought of the rather, because Dicomès, king of the Getæ, had offered to assist Antony with a large army. To give up the sea to Cæsar, who, in his Sicilian wars, had acquired so much experience upon it, he said would be no disgrace; but to give up the advantage which so able a general as himself might make of his land-forces, and waste the strength of so many legions in useless draughts for the sea-service, would be infinitely absurd. Cleopatra, however, prevailed for the decision by sea; though her motive was not the superior chance of victory, but, in case of being vanquished, the better opportunity to escape.

There was a neck of land that lay between Antony's camp and his fleet, along which he used to go frequently from one

* In Greek, *Toryne*.

† Plutarch seems to be ill-informed about this matter. It is most probable that Domitius, one of the firmest friends of Antony, was delirious when he went over to Cæsar, and that Antony was sensible of this when he sent his attendants after him. It is possible, at the same time, that, when he returned to himself, the sense of his desertion might occasion his death.

to the other. Cæsar was informed by a domestic how easy it might be to seize Antony in this passage, and he sent a party to lie in wait for that purpose. They were so near carrying their point, that they seized the person who went before Antony; and had they not been too hasty, he must have fallen into their hands, for it was with the greatest difficulty that he made his escape by flight.

After it was determined to decide the affair by sea, they set fire to all the Egyptian vessels except sixty. The best and largest ships, from three banks of oars to ten, were selected, and these had their proper complement of men, for they were supplied with twenty thousand foot, and two thousand archers. Upon this, a veteran warrior, an experienced officer in the infantry, who had often fought under Antony, and whose body was covered with scars, cried, pointing to those scars,—“Why will you, general, distrust these honest wounds, and rest your hopes on those villanous wooden bottoms? Let the Egyptians and the Phœnicians skirmish at sea; but give us at least the land; for there it is that we have learnt to conquer or to die.” Antony made no answer, but seemed to encourage him by the motions of his hand and head; though, at the same time, he had no great confidence himself; for when the pilots would have left the sails behind, he ordered them to take them all on board, pretending, indeed, that it should be done to pursue the enemy’s flight, not to facilitate his own.

On that and the three following days the sea ran too high for an engagement: but on the fifth the weather was fine and the sea calm. Antony and Poplicola led the right wing, Cælius the left, and Marcus Octavius and Marcus Justeus commanded the centre. Cæsar had given his left wing to Agrippa, and led the right himself. Antony’s land-forces were commanded by Canidius, and Cæsar’s remained quiet on the shore, under the command of Taurus. As to the generals themselves, Antony was rowed about in a light vessel, ordering his men, on account of the weight of their vessels, to keep their ground, and fight as steadily as if they were at land. He ordered his pilots to stand as firm as if they were at anchor, in that position to receive the attacks of the enemy, and by all means to avoid the disadvantage of the straits. Cæsar, when he left his tent before day, to review his fleet, met a man who was driving an ass. Upon asking his name, the man answered, my name is Eutyclus, and the name of my ass is Nicon.* The place where he met him was afterwards adorned with trophies of the beaks of ships, and there he placed the statue of the ass and his driver, in brass. After having reviewed the

* Good Fortune, and Victory.

whole fleet, and taken his post in the right wing, he attended to the fleet of the enemy, which he was surprised to find steady and motionless, as if it lay at anchor. For some time he was of opinion that it was so, and, for that reason, he kept back his fleet at the distance of eight furlongs. About noon there was a brisk gale from the sea, and Antony's forces being impatient for the combat, and trusting to the height and bulk of their vessels, which they thought would render them invincible, put the left wing in motion. Cæsar rejoiced at the sight of this, and kept back his right wing, that he might the more effectually draw them out to the open sea, where his light galleys could easily surround the heavy half-manned vessels of the enemy.

The attack was not made with any violence or impetuosity: for Antony's ships were too heavy for that kind of rapid impression, which, however, is very necessary for the breach of the enemy's vessel. On the other hand, Cæsar's ships durst neither encounter head to head with Antony's, on account of the strength and roughness of their beaks, nor yet attack them on the sides, since, by means of their weight, they would easily have broken their beaks, which were made of large square pieces of timber fastened to each other with iron cramps. The engagement, therefore, was like a battle at land, rather than a sea-fight, or more properly, like the storming of a town: for there were generally three or more ships of Cæsar's about one of Antony's, assaulting it with pikes, javelins, and fire-brands, while Antony's men, out of their wooden towers,* threw weapons of various kinds from engines. Agrippa opened his left wing with a design to surround the enemy, and Poplicola, in his endeavour to prevent him, was separated from the main body, which threw it into disorder, while, at the same time, it was attacked with great vigour by Arruntius.† When things were in this situation, and nothing decisive was yet effected, Cleopatra's sixty ships on a sudden hoisted their sails, and fairly took to flight through the midst of the combatants; for they were placed in the rear of the large vessels, and, by breaking their way through them, they occasioned no small confusion. The enemy saw them, with astonishment, making their way with a fair wind for the Peloponnesus. Antony, on this occasion, forgot both the general and the man; and, as some author has pleasantly observed, that a lover's soul lives in the body of his mistress; so, as if he had been absolutely incorporated with her, he suffered her to carry him, soul and body, away. No sooner did he see her vessel

* His ships are so called, on account of their tallness.

† Arruntius must have commanded Cæsar's centre, though that circumstance is not mentioned.

noisting sail, than forgetting every other object—forgetting those brave friends that were shedding their blood in his cause—he took a five-oared galley, and, accompanied only by Alexander the Syrian, and Scellius, followed her, who was the first cause, and now the accomplisher, of his ruin. Her own destruction was certain, and he voluntarily involved himself in her fate.

When she saw him coming, she put up a signal in her vessel, on which he soon went aboard: neither of them could look each other in the face; and Antony sat down at the head of the ship, where he remained in sombre silence, holding his head between his hands. In the mean time, Cæsar's light ships that were in pursuit of Antony, came in sight. Upon this he ordered his pilot to tack about and meet them; but they all declined the engagement, and made off, except Eurycles the Laecedæmonian, who shook his lance at him in a menacing manner on the deck. Antony, standing at the head of his galley, cried,—“Who art thou that thus pursuest Antony?” He answered:—“I am Eurycles the son of Laehares, and follow the fortunes of Cæsar to revenge my father's death.” This Laehares Antony had beheaded for a robbery. Eurycles, however, did not attack Antony's vessel; but fell upon the other admiral-galley, (for there were two of that rank,) and by the shock turned her round. He took that vessel, and another which contained Antony's most valuable plate and furniture. When Eurycles was gone, Antony returned to the same pensive posture; and continuing thus for three days, during which, either through shame or resentment, he refused to see Cleopatra, he arrived at Tænarus. There the women who attended them, first brought them to speak to each other, then to dine together, and not long after, as it may be supposed, to sleep together. At last, several of his transports, and some of his friends who had escaped from the defeat, came up with him, and informed him that his fleet was totally destroyed, but that his land forces were yet unhurt. Hereupon he sent orders to Canidius immediately to march his army through Macedonia into Asia. As for himself, he determined to sail from Tænarus into Africa, and dividing one ship-load of treasure among his friends, he desired them to provide for their own safety. They refused the treasure, and expressed their sorrow in tears; while Antony, with the kindest and most humane consolations, entreated them to accept it, and dismissed them with letters of recommendation to his agent at Corinth, whom he ordered to give them refuge till they could be reconciled to Cæsar. This agent was Theophilus, the father of Hipparchus, who had great interest with Antony; but was the first of his freed-

men that went over to Cæsar. He afterwards settled at Corinth.

In this posture were the affairs of Antony. After his fleet at Actium had long struggled with Cæsar's, a hard gale, which blew right a-head of the ships, obliged them to give out about four in the afternoon. About five thousand men were slain in the action, and Cæsar, according to his own account, took three hundred ships. Antony's flight was observed by few, and to those who had not seen it, it was at first incredible. They could not possibly believe that a general, who had nineteen legions and twelve thousand horse, a general to whom vicissitude of fortune was nothing new, would so basely desert them. His soldiers had an inexpressible desire to see him, and still expecting that he would appear in some part or other, gave the strongest testimony of their courage and fidelity. Nay, when they were even convinced that he was irrecoverably fled, they continued embodied for seven days, and would not listen to the ambassadors of Cæsar. At last, however, when Canidius, who commanded them, fled from the camp by night, and when they were abandoned by their principal officers, they surrendered to Cæsar.

After this great success, Cæsar sailed for Athens. The cities of Greece he found in extreme poverty, for they had been plundered of their cattle and every thing else before the war. He, therefore, not only admitted them to favour, but made a distribution amongst them of the remainder of the corn which had been provided for the war. My great grandfather Nicarchus used to relate, that as the inhabitants of Chæronea had no horses, they were compelled to carry a certain quantity of corn on their shoulders to the sea-coast as far as Anticyra, and were driven by soldiers with stripes like so many beasts of burden. This, however, was done but once: for when the corn was measured a second time, and they were preparing to carry it, news came of Antony's defeat, and this saved the city from further hardships; for the commissaries and soldiers immediately took to flight, and left the poor inhabitants to share the corn amongst themselves.

When Antony arrived in Libya, he sent Cleopatra from Parætonium into Egypt, and retired to a melancholy desert, where he wandered up and down, with only two attendants. One of these was Aristocrates the Greek rhetorician: the other was Lucilius, concerning whom it has been mentioned in another place, that, to favour the escape of Brutus at the battle of Philippi, he assumed his name, and suffered himself to be taken. Antony saved him, and he was so grateful, that he attended him to the last.

When Antony was informed that he who commanded his troops in Libya was gone over to the enemy, he attempted to lay violent hands on himself; but he was prevented by his friends, who conveyed him to Alexandria, where he found Cleopatra engaged in a very bold enterprise.

Between the Red Sea and the Egyptian, there is an isthmus which divides Asia from Africa; and which, in the narrowest part, is about three hundred furlongs in breadth. Cleopatra had formed a design of drawing her galleys over this part into the Red Sea, and purposed, with all her wealth and forces, to seek some remote country, where she might neither be reduced to slavery, nor involved in war. However, the first galleys that were carried over, being burnt by the Arabians of Petra,* and Antony not knowing that his land-forces were dispersed, she gave up this enterprise, and began to fortify the avenues of her kingdom. Antony, in the mean time, forsook the city and the society of his friends, and retired to a small house which he had built himself near Pharos, on a mound he had cast up in the sea. In this place, sequestered from all commerce with mankind, he affected to live like Timon, because there was a resemblance in their fortunes. He had been deserted by his friends, and their ingratitude had put him out of humour with his own species.

This Timon was a citizen of Athens, and lived about the time of the Peloponnesian war, as appears from the comedies of Aristophanes and Plato, in which he is exposed as the hater of mankind. Yet, though he hated mankind in general, he caressed the bold and impudent boy Alcibiades; and being asked the reason of this by Apemantus, who expressed some surprise at it, he answered, it was because he foresaw that he would plague the people of Athens. Apemantus was the only one he admitted to his society, and he was his friend in point of principle. At the feast of sacrifices for the dead, these two dined by themselves, and when Apemantus observed that the feast was excellent, Timon answered,—“It would be so if you were not here.” Once, in an assembly of the people, he mounted the rostrum, and the novelty of the thing occasioned an universal silence and expectation; at length he said,—“People of Athens, there is a fig-tree in my yard, on which many worthy citizens have hanged themselves; and as I have determined to build upon the spot, I thought it necessary to give this public notice, that such as choose to have recourse to this tree, for the aforesaid purpose, may repair to it before it is cut down.” He was buried at Halæ, near the sea, and

* Dion tells us, that the vessels which were burnt were not those that were drawn over the isthmus, but some that had been built on that side.--Lib. ii
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the water surrounded his tomb in such a manner, that he was inaccessible to mankind. The following epitaph is inscribed on his monument:—

At last, I've bid the knaves farewell;
Ask not my name—but go—to hell.

It is said that he wrote this epitaph himself. That which is commonly repeated was written by Callimachus:—

My name is Timon; knaves, begone!
Curse me, but come not near my stone!

These are some of the many anecdotes we have concerning Timon.

Canidius himself brought Antony news of the defection of his army. Soon after, he heard that Herod of Judea was gone over to Cæsar with some legions and cohorts; that several other powers had deserted his interest, and, in short, that he had no foreign assistance to depend upon. None of these things, however, disturbed him; for, at once abandoning his hopes and his cares, he left his Timonian retreat, and returned to Alexandria; where, in the palace of Cleopatra, he once more entertained the citizens with his usual festivity and munificence. He gave the *toga virilis* to Antyllus, his son by Fulvia, and admitted Cleopatra's son by Cæsar into the order of young men. The entertainments on this occasion were infinitely pompous and magnificent, and lasted many days.

Antony and Cleopatra had before established a society, called the Inimitable Livers, of which they were members; but they now instituted another, by no means inferior in splendour or luxury, called the Companions in Death. Their friends were admitted into this, and the time passed in mutual treats and diversions. Cleopatra, at the same time, was making a collection of poisonous drugs, and being desirous to know which was least painful in the operation, she tried them on the capital convicts. Such poisons as were quick in their operations, she found to be attended with violent pain and convulsions; such as were milder were slow in their effect; she, therefore, applied herself to the examination of venomous creatures, and caused different kinds of them to be applied to different persons, under her own inspection. These experiments she repeated daily, and, at length, she found that the bite of the asp was the most eligible kind of death; for it brought on a gradual kind of lethargy, in which the face was covered with a gentle sweat, and the senses sunk easily into stupefaction; and those who were thus affected showed the same uneasiness at being disturbed or awaked, that people do in the profoundest natural sleep.*

* *Aspis somniculosa*.—*Sisen*

They both sent ambassadors to Cæsar in Asia. Cleopatra requested Egypt for her children, and Antony only petitioned that he might be permitted to live as a private man in Egypt, or, if that were too much, that he might retire to Athens. Deserted as they were by almost all their friends, and hardly knowing in whom to confide, they were forced to send Euphronius, their children's tutor, on this embassy. Alexis of Laodicea, who, by means of Timogenes, became acquainted with Antony at Rome, a man of great skill in the Greek learning, and one of Cleopatra's chief agents in keeping Antony from Octavia, he had before despatched to Judea to retain Herod in his interest. This man gave up Antony, and, relying on Herod's interest, had the confidence to appear before Cæsar. The interest of Herod, however, did not save him; for he was immediately carried in chains into his own country, and there put to death. Thus Antony had, at least, the satisfaction of seeing him punished for his perfidy.

Cæsar absolutely rejected Antony's petition; but he answered Cleopatra, that she might expect every favour from him, provided she either took off Antony, or banished him her dominions. At the same time he sent Thyreus* to her, who was one of his freedmen, and whose address was not unlikely to carry his point, particularly as he came from a young conqueror to the court of a vain and ambitious queen, who had still the highest opinion of her personal charms.† As this ambassador was indulged with audiences longer and more frequent than usual, Antony grew jealous, and having first ordered him to be whipped, he sent him back to Cæsar with letters, wherein he informed him, that he had been provoked by the insolence of his freedman at a time when his misfortunes made him but too prone to anger:—"However," added he, "you have a freedman of mine, Hipparchus, in your power, and if it will be any satisfaction to you, use him in the same manner." Cleopatra, that she might make some amends for her indiscretion, behaved to him afterwards with great tenderness and respect. She kept her birth-day in a manner

* Dion calls him Thyrsus. Antony and Cleopatra sent other ambassadors to Cæsar, with offers of considerable treasures, and, last of all, Antony sent his son Antyllus with large sums of gold. Cæsar, with that meanness which made a part of his character, took the gold, but granted him none of his requests. Fearing, however, that despair might put Antony upon the resolution of carrying the war into Spain or Gaul, or provoke him to burn the wealth that Cleopatra had been amassing, he sent this Thyreus to Alexandria.

† Dion says, that Thyreus was instructed to make use of the softest address, and to insinuate that Cæsar was captivated with her beauty. The object of this measure was to prevail on her to take off Antony while she was flattered with the prospect of obtaining the conqueror.

suitable to their unhappy circumstances; but his was celebrated with such magnificence, that many of the guests, who came poor, returned wealthy.

After Antony's overthrow, Agrippa wrote several letters to Cæsar, to inform him that his presence was necessary at Rome. This put off the war for some time; but as soon as the winter was over, Cæsar marched against Antony by the rout of Syria, and sent his lieutenants on the same business into Africa. When Pelusium was taken, it was rumoured that Seleucus had delivered up the place with the connivance or consent of Cleopatra: whereupon the queen, in order to justify herself, gave up the wife and children of Seleucus into the hands of Antony. Cleopatra had erected near the temple of Isis some monuments of extraordinary size and magnificence. To these she removed her treasure, her gold, silver, emeralds, pearls, ebony, ivory, and cinnamon, together with a large quantity of flax, and a number of torches. Cæsar was under some apprehensions about this immense wealth, lest, upon some sudden emergency, she should set fire to the whole. For this reason he was continually sending messengers to her with assurances of gentle and honourable treatment, while in the mean time he hastened to the city with his army.

When he arrived, he encamped near the Hippodrome, upon which Antony made a brisk sally, routed the cavalry, drove them back into their trenches, and returned to the city with the complacency of a conqueror. As he was going to the palace he met Cleopatra, whom, armed as he was, he kissed without ceremony, and at the same time he recommended to her favour a brave soldier, who had distinguished himself in the engagement. She presented the soldier with a cuirass and helmet of gold, which he took, and the same night went to Cæsar. After this, Antony challenged Cæsar to fight him in single combat, but Cæsar only answered, that Antony might think of many other ways to end his life. Antony, therefore, concluding that he could not die more honourably than in battle, determined to attack Cæsar at the same time both by sea and land. The night preceding the execution of this design, he ordered the servants at supper to render him their best services that evening, and fill the wine round plentifully; for the day following they might belong to another master, whilst he lay extended on the ground, no longer of consequence either to them or to himself. His friends were affected, and wept to hear him talk thus; which, when he perceived, he encouraged them by assurances, that his expectations of a glorious victory were at least equal to those of an honourable death. At the dead of night, when universal silence reigned through the city, a silence that was deepened by the awful thought of the ensuing

day, on a sudden was heard the sound of musical instruments, and a noise which resembled the exclamations of Bacchanals. This tumultuous procession seemed to pass through the whole city, and to go out at the gate which led to the enemy's camp. Those who reflected on this prodigy, concluded that Bacchus, the god whom Antony affected to imitate, had then forsaken him.

As soon as it was light, he led his infantry out of the city, and posted them on a rising ground, from whence he saw his fleet advance towards the enemy. There he stood waiting for the event; but as soon as the two fleets met, they hailed each other with their oars in a very friendly manner, (Antony's fleet making the first advances,) and sailed together peaceably towards the city. This was no sooner done, than the cavalry deserted him in the same manner, and surrendered to Cæsar. His infantry were routed; and as he retired to the city, he exclaimed that Cleopatra had betrayed him to those with whom he was fighting only for her sake.

The unhappy queen, dreading the effects of his anger, fled to her monument, and having secured it as much as possible with bars and bolts, she gave orders that Antony should be informed she was dead. Believing the information to be true, he cried,—“Antony, why dost thou delay? What is life to thee, when it is taken from her for whom alone thou couldst wish to live?” He then went to his chamber, and opening his coat of mail, he said,—“I am not distressed, Cleopatra, that thou art gone before me, for I shall soon be with thee; but I grieve to think that I, who have been so distinguished a general, should be inferior in magnanimity to a woman.” He was then attended by a faithful servant, whose name was *Eros*. He had engaged this servant to kill him, whenever he should think it necessary, and he now demanded that service. *Eros* drew his sword, as if he designed to kill him; but, suddenly turning about, he slew himself, and fell at his master's feet. “This, *Eros*, was greatly done,” said Antony; “thy heart would not permit thee to kill thy master, but thou hast taught him what to do by thy example.” He then plunged his sword into his bowels, and threw himself on a couch that stood by. The wound, however, was not so deep as to cause immediate death; and the blood stopping as he lay on the couch, he came to himself, and entreated those who stood by to put him out of his pain. They all fled, nevertheless, and left him to his cries and torments, till Diomedes, secretary to Cleopatra, came with her request, that he would come to her in the monument. When Antony found that she was still living, it gave him fresh spirits, and he ordered his servants to take him up. Accordingly, they carried him in their arms to the door of the monu

ment. Cleopatra would not suffer the door to be opened, but a cord being let down from a window, Antony was fastened to it, and she, with her two women, all that were admitted into the monument, drew him up. Nothing, as they who were present observed, could possibly be more affecting than that spectacle. Antony, covered with blood, and in the agonies of death, hoisted up by the rope, and stretching out his hands to Cleopatra, while he was suspended for a considerable time in the air! For it was with the greatest difficulty they drew him up, though Cleopatra herself exerted all her strength, straining every nerve, and distorting every feature with the violence of the effort; while those who stood below endeavoured to animate and encourage her, and seemed to partake in all the toil, and all the emotions that she felt. When she had drawn him up, and laid him on a bed, as she stood over him she rent her clothes, beat and wounded her breast, and wiping the blood from his disfigured countenance, she called him her lord, her emperor, her husband! Her whole soul was absorbed in his misfortunes; and she seemed totally to have forgot that she had any miseries of her own. Antony endeavoured to sooth her as well as he was able, and called for wine; either because he was thirsty, or because he thought it might sooner put him out of his pain. When he had drunk, he advised her to consult her own affairs, and her safety, so far as might be consistent with honour, and to place her confidence in Proculeius rather than in the other friends of Cæsar:—"As to himself," he said, "that she ought rather to rejoice in the remembrance of his past happiness, than to bewail his present misfortunes; since in his life he had been illustrious, and was not inglorious in his death. He had conquered like a Roman, and it was only by a Roman that he was conquered." A little before he expired, Proculeius arrived from Cæsar; for after Antony had stabbed himself, and was conveyed to Cleopatra, Dercetæus, one of his guards, privately carried off his bloody sword, and showed it to Cæsar. When Cæsar beheld this token of Antony's death, he retired to the inner part of his tent, and shed some tears in remembrance of a man who had been his relation, his colleague in government, and his associate in so many battles and important affairs.* He then called his friends together, and read the letters which had passed between him and Antony, wherein it appeared, that, though Cæsar had still written in a rational and equitable manner, the answers of

* This retirement of Cæsar was certainly an affectation of concern. The death of Antony had been an invariable object with him. He was too cowardly to think himself safe while he lived; and to expose his weakness by reading his letters the moment he was informed of his death, was certainly no proof that he felt even then any tenderness for his memory.

Antony were insolent and contemptuous. After this, he despatched Proculeius with orders to take Cleopatra alive, if it were possible; for he was extremely solicitous to save the treasures in the monument, which would so greatly add to the glory of his triumph. However, she refused to admit him into the monument, and would only speak to him through the bolted gate. The substance of this conference was, that Cleopatra made a requisition of the kingdom for her children; while Proculeius, on the other hand, encouraged her to trust every thing to Cæsar.

After he had reconnoitred the place, he sent an account of it to Cæsar; upon which Gallus was despatched to confer with Cleopatra. The thing was thus concerted:—Gallus went up to the gate of the monument, and drew Cleopatra into conversation, while, in the mean time, Proculeius applied a ladder to the window, where the women had taken in Antony; and having got in with two servants, he immediately made for the place where Cleopatra was in conference with Gallus. One of her women discovered him, and immediately screamed aloud, —“Wretched Cleopatra, you are taken alive!” She turned about, and seeing Proculeius, the same instant attempted to stab herself; for to this intent she always carried a dagger about with her. Proculeius, however, prevented her, and, expostulating with her, as he held her in his arms, he entreated her not to be so injurious to herself or to Cæsar; that she would not deprive so humane a prince of the glory of his clemency, or expose him, by her distrust, to the imputation of treachery or cruelty. At the same time, he took the dagger from her, and shook her clothes, lest she should have poison concealed about her. Cæsar also sent his freedman Epaphroditus with orders to treat her with the greatest politeness, but, by all means, to bring her alive.

Cæsar entered Alexandria, conversing with Arius the philosopher; and, that he might do him honour before the people, he led him by the hand. When he entered the Gymnasium, he ascended a tribunal which had been erected for him, and gave assurances to the citizens, who prostrated themselves before him, that the city should not be hurt. He told them he had different motives for this. In the first place, it was built by Alexander; in the next place, he admired it for its beauty and magnitude; and lastly, he would spare it, were it but for the sake of his friend Arius, who was born there. Cæsar gave him the high honour of this appellation, and pardoned many at his request. Amongst these was Philostratus, one of the most acute and eloquent sophists of his time. This man, without any right, pretended to be a follower of the Academics; and Cæsar, from a bad opinion of his morals, rejected

his petition: upon which the sophist followed Arius up and down in a mourning cloak, with a long white beard, crying constantly,—

“The wise, if really such, will save the wise.”

Cæsar heard and pardoned him, not so much out of favour as to save Arius from the impertinence and envy he might incur on his account.

Antyllus, the eldest son of Antony by Fulvia, was betrayed by his tutor Theodorus, and put to death. While the soldiers were beheading him, the tutor stole a jewel of considerable value, which he wore about his neck, and concealed it in his girdle. When he was charged with it, he denied the fact; but the jewel was found upon him, and he was crucified. Cæsar appointed a guard over Cleopatra's children and their governors, and allowed them an honourable support. Cæsario, the reputed son of Cæsar the dictator, had been sent by his mother, with a considerable sum of money, through Æthiopia into India. But Rhodon, his governor, a man of the same principles with Theodorus, persuading him that Cæsar would certainly make him king of Egypt, prevailed on him to turn back. While Cæsar was deliberating how he should dispose of him, Arius is said to have observed, that there ought not, by any means, to be too many Cæsars. Therefore, soon after the death of Cleopatra, he was slain.

Many considerable princes begged the body of Antony, that they might have the honour of giving it burial; but Cæsar would not take it from Cleopatra, who interred it with her own hands, and performed the funeral rites with great magnificence; for she was allowed to expend what she thought proper on the occasion. The excess of her affliction, and the inflammation of her breast, which was wounded by the blows she had given it in her anguish, threw her into a fever. She was pleased to find an excuse in this for abstaining from food, and hoped, by this means, to die without interruption. The physician in whom she placed her principal confidence was Olympus; and, according to his short account of these transactions, she made use of his advice in the accomplishment of her design. Cæsar, however, suspected it; and that he might prevail on her to take the necessary food and physic, he threatened to treat her children with severity. This had the desired effect, and her resolution was overborne.*

A few days after, Cæsar himself made her a visit of con-

* Cleopatra certainly possessed the virtues of fidelity and natural affection in a very eminent degree. She had several opportunities of betraying Antony, could she have been induced to it either by fear or ambition. Her tenderness for her children is always superior to her self-love, and she had a greatness of soul which Cæsar never knew.

dolence and consolation. She was then in an undress, and lying negligently on a couch; but when the conqueror entered the apartment, though she had nothing on but a single bedgown, she arose and threw herself at his feet. Her face was out of figure, her hair in disorder, her voice trembling, her eyes sunk, and her bosom bore the marks of the injuries she had done it. In short, her person gave you the image of her mind; yet, in this deplorable condition, there were some remains of that grace, that spirit and vivacity, which had so peculiarly animated her former charms, and still some gleams of her native elegance might be seen to wander over her melancholy countenance.*

When Cæsar had replaced her on her couch, and seated himself by her, she endeavoured to justify the part she took against him in the war, alleging the necessity she was under, and her fear of Antony. But when she found that these apologies had no weight with Cæsar, she had recourse to prayers and entreaties, as if she had been really desirous of life; and, at the same time, she put into his hands an inventory of her treasure. Seleucus, one of her treasurers, who was present, accused her of suppressing some articles in the account; upon which she started up from her couch, caught him by the hair, and gave him several blows on the face. Cæsar smiled at this spirited resentment, and endeavoured to pacify her:—"But how is it to be borne," said she, "Cæsar, if, while even you honour me with a visit in my wretched situation, I must be affronted by one of my own servants? Supposing that I have reserved a few trinkets, they were by no means intended as ornaments for my own person in these miserable fortunes, but as little presents for Octavia and Livia, by whose good offices I might hope to find favour with you." Cæsar was not displeased to hear this, because he flattered himself that she was willing to live. He, therefore, assured her, that whatever she had reserved, she might dispose of at her pleasure; and that she might, in every respect, depend on the most honourable treatment. After this he took his leave, in confidence that he had brought her to his purpose; but she deceived him.

There was in Cæsar's train a young nobleman, whose name was Cornelius Dolabella. He was smitten with the charms of Cleopatra, and having engaged to communicate to her every thing that passed, he sent her private notice that Cæsar was

* Dion gives a more pompous account of her reception of Cæsar. She received him, he tells us, in a magnificent apartment, lying on a splendid bed, in a mourning habit, which peculiarly became her; that she had several pictures of Julius Cæsar placed near her; and some letters she had received from him in her bosom. The conversation turned on the same subject; and her speech on the occasion is recorded.—*Dion*, l. liv.

about to return into Syria, and that, within three days, she would be sent away with her children. When she was informed of this, she requested of Cæsar permission to make her last oblations to Antony. This being granted, she was conveyed to the place where he was buried; and kneeling at his tomb, with her women, she thus addressed the manes of the dead:—"It is not long, my Antony, since, with these hands, I buried thee. Alas! they were then free, but thy Cleopatra is now a prisoner, attended by a guard, lest, in the transports of her grief, she should disfigure this captive body, which is reserved to adorn the triumph over thee. These are the last offerings, the last honours she can pay thee; for she is now to be conveyed to a distant country. Nothing could part us while we lived, but in death we are to be divided. Thou, though a Roman, liest buried in Egypt; and I, an Egyptian, must be interred in Italy, the only favour I shall receive from thy country. Yet, if the gods of Rome have power or mercy left, (for surely those of Egypt have forsaken us,*) let them not suffer me to be led in living triumph to thy disgrace! No! hide me, hide me with thee in the grave; for life, since thou hast left it, has been misery to *me*."

Thus the unhappy queen bewailed her misfortunes; and after she had crowned the tomb with flowers, and kissed it, she ordered her bath to be prepared. When she had bathed, she sat down to a magnificent supper; soon after which a peasant came to the gate with a small basket. The guards inquired what it contained; and the man who brought it, putting by the leaves which lay uppermost, showed them a parcel of figs. As they admired their size and beauty, he smiled, and bade them take some; but they refused, and, not suspecting that the basket contained any thing else, it was carried in. After supper, Cleopatra sent a letter to Cæsar, and ordering every body out of the monument, except her two women, she made fast the door. When Cæsar opened the letter, the plaintive style in which it was written, and the strong request that she might be buried in the same tomb with Antony, made him suspect her design. At first, he was for hastening to her himself, but he changed his mind, and despatched others.† Her death, however, was so sudden, that though they who were

* It was the opinion of the ancients, that the gods forsook the vanquished
Thus Virgil:—

Excessère omnes, adytis arisque relictis,
Dii, quibus imperium hoc steterat.

Æn. ii. 351.

And Tacitus:—

Alieni jam imperii Deos.

† This is another instance of his personal cowardice.

sent ran the whole way, alarmed the guards with their apprehensions, and immediately broke open the doors, they found her quite dead,* lying on her golden bed, and dressed in all her royal ornaments. Iras, one of her women, lay dead at her feet, and Charmion, hardly able to support herself, was adjusting her mistress' diadem. One of Cæsar's messengers said angrily,—“Charmion, was this well done?” “Perfectly well,” said she, “and worthy a descendant of the kings of Egypt.” She had no sooner said this, than she fell down dead.

It is related by some, that an asp was brought in amongst the figs, and hid under the leaves; and that Cleopatra had ordered it so that she might be bit without seeing it; that, however, upon removing the leaves, she perceived it, and said,—“That is what I wanted.” Upon which she immediately held out her arm to it. Others say, that the asp was kept in a water-vessel, and that she vexed and pricked it with a golden spindle till it seized her arm. Nothing of this, however, could be ascertained; for it was reported likewise that she carried about with her a certain poison, in a hollow bodkin that she wore in her hair; yet there was neither any mark of poison on her body, nor was there any serpent found in the monument, though the track of a reptile was said to have been discovered on the sea-sands, opposite to the windows of Cleopatra's apartment. Others, again, have affirmed, that she had two small punctures on her arm, apparently occasioned by the sting of the asp; and it is clear that Cæsar gave credit to this; for her effigy, which he carried in triumph, had an asp on the arm.†

Such are the accounts we have of the death of Cleopatra; and though Cæsar was much disappointed by it, he admired her fortitude, and ordered her to be buried in the tomb of Antony, with all the magnificence due to her quality. Her women, too, were, by his orders, interred with great funeral pomp. Cleopatra died at the age of thirty-nine, after having reigned twenty-two years, the fourteen last in conjunction with Antony. Antony was fifty-three, some say fifty-six, when he died. His statues were all demolished, but Cleopatra's remained untouched; for Archibius, a friend of hers, gave Cæsar a thousand talents for their redemption.

Antony left by his three wives seven children,‡ whereof

* Dion says, that Cæsar ordered her to be sucked by the Psylli, that the poison might be drawn out; but it was too late.

† This may be a matter of doubt. There would, of course, be an asp on the diadem of the effigy, because it was peculiar to the kings of Egypt; and this might give rise to the report of an asp being on the arm.

‡ By Fulvia, he had Antyllus and Antony; by Cleopatra, he had Cleopatra, Ptolemy, and Alexander; and by Octavia, Antonia Major, and Antonia Minor.

Antyllus, the eldest, only was put to death. Octavia took the rest, and educated them with her own. Cleopatra, his daughter by Cleopatra, was married to Juba, one of the politest princes of his time; and Octavia made Antony, his son by Fulvia, so considerable with Cæsar, that, after Agrippa, and the sons of Livia, he was generally allowed to hold the first place in his favour. Octavia, by her first husband Marcellus, had two daughters, and a son named Marcellus. One of these daughters she married to Agrippa; and the son married a daughter of Cæsar's. But as he died soon after, and Octavia observing that her brother was at a loss whom he should adopt in his place, she prevailed on him to give his daughter Julia to Agrippa, though her own daughter must necessarily be divorced to make way for her. Cæsar and Agrippa having agreed on this point, she took back her daughter, and married her to Antony. Of the two daughters that Octavia had by Antony, one was married to Domitius Ænobarbus, and the other, (Antonia, so much celebrated for her beauty and virtue,) married Drusus, the son of Livia, and son-in-law to Cæsar. Of this line came Germanicus and Claudius. Claudius was afterwards emperor; and so likewise was Caius the son of Germanicus, who, after a short, but infamous reign, was put to death, together with his wife and daughter. Agrippa, who had Lucius Domitius by Ænobarbus, was afterwards married to Claudius Cæsar. He adopted Domitius, whom he named Nero Germanicus. This Nero, who was emperor in our times, put his own mother to death, and, by the madness of his conduct, went near to ruin the Roman empire. He was the fifth in descent from Antony.

DEMETRIUS AND ANTONY

COMPARED.

As Demetrius and Antony both passed through a variety of fortune, we shall consider, in the first place, their respective power and celebrity. These were hereditary to Demetrius; or Antigonus, the most powerful of Alexander's successors, had reduced all Asia during his son's minority. On the other hand, the father of Antony was indeed a man of character, but not of military character; yet, though he had no public influence or reputation to bequeath to his son, that son did not hesi-

tate to aspire to the empire of Cæsar; and, without any title, either from consanguinity or alliance, he effectually invested himself with all that he had acquired: at least, by his own peculiar weight, after he had divided the world into two parts, he took the better for himself. By his lieutenants he conquered the Parthians, and drove back the barbarous nations about Caucasus, as far as the Caspian sea. Even the less reputable parts of his conduct are so many testimonies of his greatness. The father of Demetrius thought it an honour to marry him to Phila the daughter of Antipater, though there was a disparity in their years; while Antony's connection with Cleopatra was considered as a degrading circumstance; though Cleopatra, in wealth and magnificence, was superior to all the princes of her time, Arsaces excepted. Thus he had raised himself to such a pitch of grandeur, that the world in general thought him entitled even to more than he wished.

In Demetrius' acquisition of empire, there was nothing reprehensible. He extended it only to nations inured to slavery, and desirous of being governed. But the arbitrary power of Antony grew on the execrable policy of a tyrant, who once more reduced to slavery a people that had shaken off the yoke. Consequently, the greatest of his actions, his conquest of Brutus and Cassius, is darkened with the inglorious motive of wresting its liberty from Rome. Demetrius, during his better fortunes, consulted the liberties of Greece, and removed the garrisons from the cities: while Antony made it his boast that he had destroyed the assertors of his country's freedom in Macedonia.

Antony is praised for his liberality and munificence; in which, however, Demetrius is so far his superior, that he gave more to his enemies than the former did to his friends. Antony was honoured for allowing a magnificent funeral to Brutus; but Demetrius buried every enemy he had slain, and sent back his prisoners to Ptolemy, not only with their own property, but with presents.

Both were insolent in prosperity, and fell with too much ease into luxury and indulgence. But we never find Demetrius neglecting his affairs for his pleasures. In his hours of leisure, indeed, he had his Lamia, whose office it was, like the fairy in the fable, to lull him to sleep, or amuse him in his play. When he went to war, his spear was not bound about with ivy; his helmet did not smell of perfume; he did not come in the foppery of dress out of the chambers of the women; the riots of Bacchus and his train were hushed; and he became, as Euripides says, the minister of Mars. In short, he never lost a battle through the indulgence of luxury. This could not be said of Antony: as in the pictures of Hercules we see Omphale

stealing his club and his lion's skin, so Cleopatra frequently disarmed Antony, and, while he should have been prosecuting the most necessary expeditions, led him to dancing and dalliance on the shores of Canopus and Taphosiris.* So likewise, as Paris came from battle to the bosom of Helen, and even from the loss of victory to her bed, Antony threw victory itself out of his hands to follow Cleopatra.

Demetrius, being under no prohibition of the laws, but following the examples of Philip and Alexander, Lysimachus and Ptolemy, married several wives, and treated them all with the greatest honour. Antony, though it was a thing unheard of amongst the Romans, had two wives at the same time. Besides, he banished her who was properly his wife, and a citizen, from his house, to indulge a foreigner with whom he could have no legal connexion. From their marriages, of course, one of them found no inconvenience; the other suffered the greatest evils.

In respect of their amours, Antony was comparatively pardonable and modest. Historians tell us, that the Athenians turned the dogs out of the citadel, because they had their procreative intercourse in public. But Demetrius had his courtesans, and dishonoured the matrons of Athens even in the temple of Minerva. Nay, though cruelty seems to be inconsistent with sensual gratifications, he scrupled not to drive the most beautiful and virtuous youth in the city to the extremity of death, to avoid his brutal designs. In short, Antony, by his amorous indulgences, hurt only himself; Demetrius injured others.

With regard to their behaviour to their parents and relations, that of Demetrius is irreproachable; but Antony sacrificed his uncle to the sword of Cæsar, that he might be empowered in his turn to cut off Cicero;—a crime the latter was, which could never be made pardonable had Antony even saved, and not sacrificed an uncle by the means! They are both accused of perfidy, in that one of them threw Artabazus into prison; and the other killed Alexander. Antony, however, had some apology in this case; for he had been abandoned and betrayed by Artabazus in Media. But Demetrius was suspected of laying a false accusation against Alexander, and of punishing, not the offender, but the injured.

There is this difference, too, in their military operations, that Demetrius gained every victory himself, and many of Antony's laurels were won by his lieutenants.

Both lost their empire by their own fault, but by different

* Strabo mentions this as a romantic place near the sea, full of rocks, where the young people went to amuse themselves.—Lib. xvii.

means. The former was abandoned by his people; the latter deserted his, even whilst they were fighting for him. The fault of Demetrius was, that, by his conduct, he lost the affection of his army; the fault of Antony, his desertion and neglect of that affection. Neither of them can be approved in their death; but Demetrius much less than Antony; for he suffered himself to fall into the hands of the enemy, and, with a spirit that was truly bestial, endured an imprisonment of three years for nothing but the low indulgences of appetite. There was a deplorable weakness and many disgraceful circumstances attending the death of Antony; but he effected it at last without falling into the enemy's hands.

THE

LIFE OF DION.

As we learn from Simonides, my dear Senecio, that the Trojans were by no means offended at the Corinthians for joining the confederates in the Grecian war, because the family of Glaucus, their own ally, was originally of Corinth; so neither the Greeks nor the Romans have reason to complain of the Academy, which has been equally favourable to both. This will appear from the Lives of Brutus and Dion; for, as one was the scholar of Plato, and the other educated in his principles, they came like wrestlers from the same palæstra, to engage in the greatest conflicts. Both by their conduct, in which there was a great similarity, confirmed that observation of their master, that "Power and fortune must concur with prudence and justice, to effect any thing great in a political capacity." But as Hippomachus the wrestler said, that he could distinguish his scholars at a distance, though they were only carrying meat from the market; so the sentiments of those who have had a polite education, must have a similar influence on their manners, and give a peculiar grace and propriety to their conduct.

Accident, however, rather than design, gave a similarity to the lives of these two great men; and both were cut off by an untimely death, before they could carry the purposes which they had pursued with so much labour, into execution. The most singular circumstance attending their death was, that both had a divine warning of it, in the appearance of a frightful spectre. There are those, indeed, who say that no man in his senses ever saw a spectre; that these are the delusive visions of women and children; or of men whose intellects are affected by some infirmity of the body; and who believe that their absurd imaginations are of divine inspiration. But if Dion and Brutus, men of firm and philosophic minds, whose understandings were not affected by any constitutional infirmity;—if such men could pay so much credit to the appearance of spectres, as to give an account of them to their friends, I see no reason why we should depart from the opinion of the ancients, that men had their evil genii, who disturbed them with fears, and distressed their virtue, lest, by a steady and uniform pursuit of it, they should hereafter obtain a happier

allotment than themselves.* These things, however, I must refer to another occasion, and in this twelfth book of parallel lives, of which Dion and Brutus are the subjects, I shall begin with the more ancient.

After Dionysius the elder had seized the government of Sicily, he married the daughter of Hermocrates, a Syracusan. But as the monarchic power was yet but little established, she had the misfortune to be so much abused in her person, by an outrageous faction, that she put an end to her life. When Dionysius was confirmed in his government, he married two wives at the same time. One was Doris, a native of Locris; the other Aristomache, the daughter of Hipparinus, who was a principal person in Syracuse, and colleague with Dionysius, when he was first appointed general of the Sicilian forces. It is said that he married these wives on the same day. It is not certain which he enjoyed first, but he was impartial in his kindness to them; for both attended him at his table, and alternately partook of his bed. As Doris had the disadvantage of being a foreigner, the Syracusans sought every means of obtaining the preference for their countrywoman; but it was more than equivalent to this disadvantage, that she had the honour of giving Dionysius his eldest son. Aristomache, on the contrary, was a long time barren, though the king was extremely desirous of having children by her; and put to death the mother of Doris, upon a supposition that she had prevented her conceptions by potions.

Dion, the brother of Aristomache, was well received at court; not only on her account, but from the regard which Dionysius had for his merit and abilities; and that prince gave his treasurer an order to supply him with whatever money he wanted; but, at the same time, to keep an account of what he received.

But, whatever the talents and the virtues of Dion might be originally, it is certain that they received the happiest improvement under the auspices of Plato. Surely the gods, in mercy to mankind, sent that divine philosopher from Italy to Syracuse, that, through the humane influence of his doctrine, the spirit of liberty might once more revive, and the inhabitants of that country be rescued from tyranny.†

Dion soon became the most distinguished of his scholars.

* This is perfectly agreeable to the Platonic doctrine of the different orders and dispositions of the genii. And as Dion and Brutus were both great enthusiasts in Platonism, the strength of their faith brought their spectres before them.

† Plato, in his seventh letter, says,—“When I explained the principles of philosophy and humanity to Dion, I little thought that I was insensibly opening a way to the subversion of tyranny!”

To the fertility of his genius, and the excellence of his disposition, Plato himself has given testimony,* and he did the greatest honour to that testimony in his life: for though he had been educated in servile principles under a tyrant; though he had been familiarized to dependence, on the one hand, and to the indulgence of pomp and luxury, as the greatest happiness, on the other; yet he was no sooner acquainted with that philosophy which points out the road to virtue, than his whole soul caught the enthusiasm; and, with the simplicity of a young man, who judges of the dispositions of others by his own, he concluded that Plato's lectures would have the same effect on Dionysius: for this reason he solicited, and at length persuaded, the tyrant to hear him. When Plato was admitted, the discourse turned on virtue in general. Afterwards, they came to fortitude in particular; and Plato made it appear that tyrants have of all men the least pretence to that virtue. Justice was the next topic; and when Plato asserted the happiness of the just, and the wretched condition of the unjust, the tyrant was stung; and, being unable to answer his arguments, he expressed his resentment against those who seemed to listen to him with pleasure. At last he was extremely exasperated, and asked the philosopher what business he had in Sicily? Plato answered:—"That he came to seek an honest man."—"And so, then," replied the tyrant, "it seems you have lost your labour." Dion was in hopes that his anger would have ended here; but while Plato was hastening to be gone, he conveyed him aboard a galley, in which Pollis the Lacedæmonian was returning to Greece. Dionysius urged Pollis either to put Plato to death in his passage; or, at least, to sell him as a slave:—"For, according to his own maxim," said he, "this man cannot be unhappy: a just man, he says, must be happy in a state of slavery, as well as in a state of freedom." Pollis, therefore, carried him to Ægina, and sold him there:† for the people of that place, being at war with the Athenians, had made a decree, that whatever Athenian was taken on their coast, he should be sold. Dion, notwithstanding, retained his interest with Dionysius, had considerable employments, and was sent ambassador to Carthage. Dionysius had a high esteem for him; and he, therefore, permitted him to speak his sentiments with freedom. An instance of this we have in the retort he made on the tyrant's ridiculing the government of Gelo:—"Gelo," said Dionysius, "is (*Gelos*) the laughing-stock of Sicily." While others admired and applauded this witticism, Dion answered,—“You obtained the crown by being trusted on Gelo's account, who reigned with great humani-

* Plato, *ibid.*

† For twenty pounds.

ty; but you have reigned in such a manner, that, for your sake, no man will be trusted hereafter. Gelo made monarchy appear the best of governments; but you have convinced us that it is the worst." Dionysius had three children by Doris, and four by Aristomache, whereof two were daughters, Sophrosyne and Arete. The former of these was married to his eldest son Dionysius; the latter to his brother Thearides, and, after his death, to her uncle Dion. In the last illness of Dionysius, Dion would have applied to him in behalf of the children of Aristomache; but the physicians were beforehand with him. They wanted to ingratiate themselves with his successor; and, when he asked for a sleeping-dose, Timæus tells us, they gave him so effectual a one, that he awaked no more.

When his son Dionysius came to the throne, in the first council that he held, Dion spoke with so much propriety on the present state of affairs, and on the measures which ought to be taken, that the rest appeared to be mere children in understanding. By the freedom of his counsels he exposed, in a strong light, the slavish principles of those, who, through a timorous disingenuity, advised such measures as they thought would please their prince, rather than such as might advance his interest. But what alarmed them most was the steps he proposed to take with regard to the impending war with Carthage; for he offered either to go in person to Carthage, and settle an honourable peace with the Carthaginians; or, if the king were rather inclined for war, to fit out and maintain fifty galleys at his own expense.

Dionysius was pleased with the magnificence of his spirit; but the courtiers felt that it made them appear little. They agreed that, at all events, Dion was to be crushed, and they spared no calumny that malice could suggest. They represented to the king, that he certainly meant to make himself master by sea, and, by that means, to obtain the kingdom for his sister's children. There was, moreover, another and an obvious cause of their hatred to him, in the reserve of his manners, and in the sobriety of his life. They led the young and ill-educated king through every species of debauchery, the shameless panders to his wrong-directed passions. Yet while folly rioted, tyranny slept; its rage was dissolved in the ardour of youthful indulgences as iron is softened in the fire; and that lenity which the Sicilians could not expect from the virtue of their prince, they found in his weakness. Thus, the reins of that monarchy, which Dionysius vainly called adamantine, fell gradually, from the loose and dissolute hand that held them. This young prince, it is said, would continue the scene of intoxication for ninety days without intermission

during which time no sober person was admitted to his court, where all was drunkenness and buffoonery, revelry and riot.

Their enmity to Dion, who had no taste for these enjoyments, was a thing of course; and, as he refused to partake with them in their vices, they resolved to strip him of his virtues. To these they gave the names of such vices as are supposed, in some degree, to resemble them. His gravity of manners, they called pride; his freedom of speech, insolence; his declining to join in their licentiousness, contempt. It is true, there was a natural haughtiness in his deportment, and an asperity that was unsociable and difficult of access; so that it is not to be wondered, if he found no ready admission to the ears of a young king, already spoiled by flattery. Many, even of his own particular friends, who admired the integrity and generosity of his heart, could not but condemn those forbidding manners, which were so ill adapted to social and political intercourse; and Plato himself, when he wrote to him some time after, warned him, as it were by the spirit of prophecy, to guard against that austerity which is the companion of solitude.* However, the necessity of the times and the feeble state of the monarchy, rendered it necessary for the king, though contrary to his inclinations, to retain him in the highest appointments; and this Dion himself very well knew.

As he was willing to impute the irregularities of Dionysius to ignorance and a bad education, he endeavoured to engage him in a course of liberal studies, and to give him a taste for those sciences which have a tendency to moral improvement. By this means he hoped that he should induce him to think of virtue without disgust, and at length to embrace its precepts with pleasure. The young Dionysius was not naturally the worst of princes; but his father being apprehensive that if his mind were improved by science, and the conversation of wise and virtuous men, he might some time or other think of depriving him of his kingdom, kept him in close confinement; where, through ignorance and want of other employment, he amused himself with making little chariots, candlesticks, wooden chairs and tables. His father, indeed, was so suspicious of all mankind, and so wretchedly timorous, that he would not suffer a barber to shave him, but had his hair singed off with a live coal by one of his own attendants. Neither his brother nor his son were admitted into his chamber in their own clothes, but were first stripped and examined by the sentinels, and after that were obliged to put on such clothes

* Ἡ δὲ αὐθαδεια ἐρημία ζῦνοικος. Literally,—“Haughtiness lives under the same roof with solitude.” This is towards the end of Plato’s fourth letter. It is preceded by a fine political precept, *viz.* that the complaisance which produces popularity is the source of the greatest operations in government.

as were provided for them. When his brother Leptines was once describing the situation of a place, he took a spear from one of the guards to trace the plan, upon which Dionysius was extremely offended, and caused the soldier who had given up the weapon to be put to death. He was afraid, he said, of the sense and sagacity of his friends; because he knew they must think it more eligible to govern than to obey. He slew Marsyas, whom he had advanced to a considerable military command, merely because Marsyas dreamed that he killed him; for he concluded, that this dream by night was occasioned by some similar suggestion of the day. Yet even this timorous and suspicious wretch was offended with Plato, because he would not allow him to be the most valiant man in the world!

When Dion, as we have before observed, considered that the irregularities of young Dionysius were chiefly owing to his want of education, he exhorted him earnestly to apply himself to study; and by all means to send for Plato, the prince of philosophers, into Sicily:—"When he comes," said he, "apply to him without loss of time. Conformed by his precepts to that divine exemplar of beauty and perfection, which called the universe from confusion into order, you will at once secure your own happiness, and the happiness of your people. The obedience they now render you through fear, by your justice and moderation you will improve to a principle of filial duty; and of a tyrant you will become a king. Fear and force, and fleets and armies, are not, as your father called them, the adamantine chains of government; but that attention, that affection, that respect, which justice and goodness for ever draw after them. These are the milder, but the stronger bonds of empire. Besides, it is surely a disgrace for a prince, who, in all the circumstances of figure and appearance, is distinguished from the people, not to rise above them, at the same time, in the superiority of his conversation, and the cultivation of his mind."

As Dion frequently solicited the king on this subject, and occasionally repeated some of Plato's arguments, he conceived at length a violent inclination to hear him discourse. He, therefore, sent several letters of invitation to him at Athens, which were seconded by the entreaties of Dion. The Pythagorean philosophers in Italy requested at the same time, that he would undertake the direction of this young prince, whose mind was misguided by power, and reclaim him by the solid counsels of philosophy. Plato, as he owns himself, was ashamed to be a philosopher in theory and not in practice; and flattering himself that if he could rectify the mind of the

prince, he might by the same means remedy the disorders of the kingdom, he yielded to their request.

The enemies of Dion, now fearing an alteration in Dionysius, advised him to recall from exile one Philistus, who was, indeed, a man of learning,* but employed his talents in defence of the despotic policy; and this man they intended to set in opposition to Plato and his philosophy. Philistus, from the beginning, had been a principal instrument in promoting the monarchic government, and kept the citadel, of which he was governor, a long time for that party. It is said that he had a private commerce with the mother of the elder Dionysius, and that the tyrant himself was not ignorant of it. Be this as it may, Leptines, who had two daughters by a married woman, whom he had debauched, gave one of them in marriage to Philistus: but this being done without consulting Dionysius, he was offended, imprisoned Leptines' mistress, and banished Philistus. The latter fled to his friends at Adria, where (it is probable) he composed the greatest part of his history; for he did not return to Sicily during the reign of that Dionysius. After his death, as we have observed, Dion's enemies occasioned him to be recalled. His arbitrary principles were suitable for their purpose, and he began to exercise them immediately on his return.

At the same time calumnies and impeachments against Dion were, as usual, brought to the king. He was accused of holding a private correspondence with Theodotes and Heraclides for the subversion of the monarchy; and, indeed, it is probable that he entertained some hopes, from the arrival of Plato, of lessening the excessive power of Dionysius; or, at least, of making him moderate and equitable in the use of it. Besides, if he continued obstinate, and were not to be reclaimed, he was determined to depose him, and restore the commonwealth to the Syracusans; for he preferred even the popular form of government to an absolute monarchy, where a well-regulated aristocracy could not be procured.

Such was the state of affairs when Plato came into Sicily. At first he was received with the greatest appearance of kindness, and he was conveyed from the coast in one of the king's most splendid chariots. Even Dionysius himself sacrificed to the gods, in acknowledgment of his safe arrival, and of the honour and happiness they had by that means conferred on his kingdom. The people had the greatest hopes of a speedy reformation. They observed an unusual decorum in the entertainments at court, and a sobriety in the conduct of the cour-

* He wrote the Histories of Egypt, Sicily, and the Reign of Dionysius. Cicero calls him the petty Thucydides, (*Pusillus Thucydides.*)

tiers; while the king answered all to whom he gave audience in a very obliging manner. The desire of learning, and the study of philosophy, were become general; and the several apartments of the royal palace were like so many schools of geometers, full of the dust in which the students describe their mathematical figures. Not long after this, at a solemn sacrifice in the citadel, when the herald prayed, as usual, for the long continuance of the government, Dionysius is said to have cried,—“How long will you continue to curse me!” This was an inexpressible mortification to Philistus and his party. If Plato, said they, has already made such a change in the king, his influence in time will be irresistible.

They now no longer made their attacks on Dion separately or in private. They united in exclaiming against him, that he had fascinated the king with the delusions of eloquence and philosophy, in order to obtain the kingdom for his sister's children. They represented it as a matter of the greatest indignity, that, after the whole force of the Athenians had vainly invaded Sicily, and were vanquished and destroyed, without so much as being able to take Syracuse, they should now, by means of one sophist, overturn the empire of Dionysius. It was with indignation they beheld the deluded monarch prevailed on by his insinuations to part with his guard of ten thousand spearmen: to give up a navy of four hundred galleys; to disband an army of ten thousand horse, and many times that number of foot, in order that he might pursue an ideal happiness in the Academy, and amuse himself with theorems of geometry; while the substantial enjoyments of wealth and power were left to Dion and the children of Aristomache.

By means of these suggestions, Dion first incurred the suspicion, and soon after the open displeasure, of Dionysius. A letter of his was likewise intercepted, and privately carried to the king. It was addressed to the Carthaginian agents, and directed them not to have their audience of the king concerning the conclusion of the peace, unless he were present, and then every thing should be settled as they wished. Timæus informs us, that, after Dionysius had showed this letter to Philistus, and consulted him upon it, he over-reached Dion by a pretence of reconciliation, and told him, that he was desirous their good understanding might be renewed. After this, as he was one day walking alone with him by the wall of the castle, near the sea, he showed him the letter, and accused him of conspiring with the Carthaginians against him. When Dion attempted to speak in his own defence, Dionysius refused to hear him; and, having forced him aboard a vessel,

which lay there for the purpose, commanded the sailors to set him ashore in Italy.

When this was publicly known, it was generally condemned as tyrannical and cruel. The court was in distress for the ladies of Dion's family; but the citizens received fresh courage from the event: for they were in hopes that the odium which it would bring upon Dionysius, and the general discontent that his government occasioned, might contribute to bring about a revolution. Dionysius perceived this with some anxiety; and, thinking it necessary to pacify the women and the rest of Dion's friends, he told them that he was not gone into exile, but only sent out of the way for a time, that his obstinacy might not draw upon him a heavier punishment. He also allowed his friends two ships, that they might convey to him, in Peloponnesus, as much of his treasure, and as many of his servants, as they should think fit: for Dion was a man of considerable property, and little inferior to the king in wealth or magnificence. The most valuable part of his effects, together with presents from the ladies, and others of his acquaintance, his friends conveyed to him; and the splendour of his fortune gained him great respect among the Greeks. At the same time, they conceived a high idea of the power of the tyrant, when an exile from his kingdom could make such an appearance.

Dionysius now removed Plato into the citadel, under colour of kindness; but in reality to set a guard upon him, lest he should follow Dion, and proclaim to the world how injuriously he had been treated.

As wild beasts become tame and tractable by use, so the tyrant, by frequent conversation with the philosopher, began at last to conceive an affection for him; yet even that affection had something of the tyrant in it; for he required of Plato, in return, that he should exclusively confine his regard and admiration to him. On condition that he would prefer his friendship to that of Dion, he was willing to give up the whole administration into his hands. This extravagant affection gave Plato no small trouble; for it was accompanied with petulance and jealousy, as the love which subsists between the different sexes has its quarrels and reconciliations. He expressed the strongest desire to become Plato's scholar, and to proceed in the study of philosophy; but he expressed it with reluctance in the presence of those who wanted to divert him from his purpose, and seemed as if he was in pursuit of something he ought to be ashamed of.

As a war broke out about this time, he found it necessary to dismiss Plato; but he promised him, before his departure, to recall Dion the ensuing summer: however, he did not keep

his promise, but made the war he was engaged in his apology, and remitted to him the produce of his estate. At the same time, he desired Plato to acquiesce in his apology, assuring him that he would send for Dion on the commencement of the peace; and he entreated him, in the mean while, that Dion would be peaceable, and not say or do any thing that might hurt his character among the Greeks. This Plato endeavoured to effect by keeping Dion in the Academy in pursuit of philosophy.

At Athens, Dion lived with an acquaintance, whose name was Callippus. But a piece of pleasure-ground which he purchased, he gave, on his departure, to Speusippus, with whom he had most usually conversed. Speusippus, as Timon, in his poems called Syllis, informs us, was a facetious companion, and had a turn for raillery; and Plato was desirous that Dion's severity of manners might be softened by the pleasantry of his conversation. When Plato exhibited a chorus of boys at Athens,* Dion took upon himself the management, and defrayed the expense. Plato was desirous that this munificence might procure him popularity; and, on that account, he readily gave up the honour of conducting the affair himself.

Dion likewise visited other cities, and conversed with the principal statesmen, by whom he was publicly entertained. In his manners there was now no longer any thing pompous or affected; there was nothing that savoured of the dissolute luxury of a tyrant's court: his behaviour was modest, discreet, and manly; and his philosophical discourses were learned and ingenious. This procured him popular favour and public honours; and the Lacedæmonians, without regard to the resentment of Dionysius, though at the very time they had received succours from him against the Thebans, made him free of their city. We are told that Dion accepted an invitation from Ptæodorus the Megarensian, who was a man of considerable power and fortune; and when he found his door crowded with people on business, and that it was difficult to have access to him, he said to his friends, who expressed their dissatisfaction on the occasion,—“Why should this affront us? We did this, and more than this, at Syracuse.”

Dion's popularity in Greece soon excited the jealousy of Dionysius; who, therefore, stopped his remittances, and put his estate in the hands of his own stewards. However, that his reputation might not suffer, through Plato's means, amongst the philosophers, he retained a number of learned men in his court; and, being desirous to outshine them all in disputation,

* This was a dramatic entertainment, exhibited with great expense and magnificence on the feast of Bacchus.

he frequently was under a necessity of introducing, without the least propriety, the arguments he had learnt from Plato. He now wished for that philosopher again, and repented that he had so ill availed himself of his instructions. Like a tyrant, therefore, whose desires, however extravagant, are immediately to be complied with, he was violently bent on recalling him. To effect this he thought of every expedient; and at length prevailed on Archytas, and the rest of the Pythagorean philosophers, to pledge themselves for the performance of his promises, and to persuade him to return to Sicily; for it was Plato that first introduced those philosophers to Dionysius.

On their part they sent Archidemus to Plato; and Dionysius, at the same time, sent some galleys with several of his friends to join in their request. The tyrant likewise wrote to him, and told him in plain terms, that Dion must expect no favour from him, if Plato should not come into Sicily; but, upon his arrival, he might depend on every thing he desired. Dion was also solicited by his sister and wife to prevail with Plato to gratify the tyrant, that he might no longer have an apology for the severity of his treatment. Plato, therefore, as he says himself, set sail the third time for Sicily,—

To brave Charybdis' dreadful gulf once more!*

His arrival was not only a satisfaction to Dionysius, but to all Sicily; the inhabitants of which did not fail to implore the gods, that Plato might overcome Philistus; and that the tyranny might expire under the influence of his philosophy. Plato was in high favour with the women in particular, and with Dionysius he had such credit as no other person could boast; for he was allowed to come to him without being searched. When Aristippus the Cyrenean, observed that the king frequently offered Plato money, and that Plato as constantly refused it, he said,—“That Dionysius was liberal without danger of exhausting his treasury; for to those who wanted, and would take money, he was sparing in his offers, but profuse where he knew it would be refused.”

After the first civilities were over, Plato took an opportunity to mention Dion; but the tyrant put him off, till, at last, expostulations and animosities took place. These, however, Dionysius was industrious to conceal, and endeavoured to bring over Plato from the interest of Dion by repeated favours and studied civilities. The philosopher, on the other hand, did not immediately publish his perfidy, but dissembled his resentment. While things were thus circumstanced, Helicon of Cyzicus, one of Plato's followers, foretold an eclipse of the sun;

and as it happened according to his prediction, the king, in admiration of his learning, rewarded him with a talent of silver. Upon this, Aristippus, jesting among the rest of the philosophers, told them, he had something extraordinary likewise to prognosticate. Being entreated to make it known,—“I foresee,” said he, “that in a short time there will be a quarrel between Dionysius and Plato.” Soon after this, Dionysius sold Dion’s estate, and converted the money to his own use. Plato was removed from his apartment in the palace-gardens, and placed within the purlieus of the guards, who had long hated, and even sought to kill him, on a supposition that he advised the tyrant to lay down his government, and disband his army.

Archytas, who had engaged for Plato’s safety, when he understood his danger, sent a galley to demand him; and the tyrant, to palliate his enmity, previous to his departure, made pompous entertainments. At one of them, however, he could not help saying,—“I suppose, Plato, when you return to your companions in the Academy, my faults will often be the subject of your conversation.” “I hope,” answered Plato, “we shall never be so much at a loss for subjects in the Academy, as to talk of you.” Such are the circumstances which have been mentioned concerning Plato’s departure; but they are not perfectly consistent with Plato’s own account.

Dion being offended, not only with these things, but with some intelligence he had before received concerning his wife, which is alluded to in Plato’s letter to Dionysius, openly declared himself his enemy. The affair was this:—Plato, on his return to Greece, was desired by Dionysius privately to consult Dion, whether he would be averse to his wife’s marrying another man; for there was a report, whether true, or the invention of his enemies, that his matrimonial state was not agreeable to him, and that there was a coolness betwixt him and Arete. After Plato had consulted Dion on the affair, he wrote to Dionysius, and, though he spoke in plain terms of other matters, he mentioned this in a manner that could only be intelligible to the king. He told him, that he had talked with Dion on the business, and that he would certainly resent it if any such attempt were made.

While any prospect of an accommodation remained, Dionysius took no further steps in the affair; but when that prospect was gone, and Plato once more had left Sicily in displeasure, he compelled Arete to marry Timocrates; and, in this instance, he fell short even of the justice and lenity of his father. When Philoxenus, who had married his sister Theste, was declared his enemy, and fled through fear out of Sicily, Dionysius sent for his sister, and reproached her with being privy to her husband’s escape, without letting him know it. Theste an-

swered, without fear or hesitation,—“Do you think me, Dionysius, so bad a wife, or so weak a woman, that if I had known of my husband’s flight, I would not have accompanied him, and shared in the worst of his fortunes? Indeed I was ignorant of it. And I assure you, that I should esteem it a higher honour to be called the wife of Philoxenus the exile, than the sister of Dionysius the tyrant.” The king, it is said, admired her spirited answer: and the Syracusans honoured her so much, that she retained her princely retinue after the dissolution of the tyranny; and the citizens, by public decree, attended the solemnity of her funeral. This is a digression, but it may have its use.

Dion now thought of nothing but war. Plato, however, was against it; partly on account of the hospitable favours he had received from Dionysius, and partly because of the advanced age of Dion. Speusippus, and the rest of his friends, on the other hand, encouraged him to rescue from slavery his native Sicily, that stretched forth her hands towards him, and would certainly receive him with every expression of joy. Speusippus, when he attended Plato into Sicily, had mixed more with the people, and learned their sentiments with regard to the government. At first, indeed, they were reserved, and suspected him for an emissary of the tyrant’s; but, by degrees, he obtained their confidence. In short, it was the voice, the prayer of the people, that Dion would come, though without either army or navy, to their relief, and lend them only his name and his presence against the tyrant. Dion was encouraged by these representations; and the more effectually to conceal his intentions, he raised what forces he was able by means of his friends. He was assisted in this by many statesmen and philosophers, amongst whom was Eudemus the Cyprian, (on occasion of whose death, Aristotle wrote his Dialogue on the Soul,) and Timonides the Leucadian. These engaged in his interest Miltas the Thessalian, who was skilled in divination, and had been his fellow-academician. But of all those whom the tyrant had banished, which were no fewer than a thousand, no more than twenty-five gave in their names for the service. The rest, for want of spirit, would not engage in the cause. The general rendezvous was in the island of Zacynthus; and here, when the little army was assembled, it did not amount to eight hundred men:* but they were men who had signalized themselves in the greatest engagements; they were in perfect discipline, and inured to hardship; in courage and conduct they had no superiors in the army; in

* Diodorus enlarges, with great propriety, on the extraordinary spirit and success of this enterprise.—Lib. xvi.

short, they were such men as were likely to serve the cause of Dion, in animating, by their example, those who came to his standard in Sicily.

Yet these men, when they understood that they were to be led against Dionysius, were disheartened, and condemned the rash resentment of Dion; the consequence of which they looked upon as certain ruin. Nor were they less offended with their commanders, and those who had enlisted them, because they had concealed the design of the service. But when Dion, in a public speech, after showing them the feeble state of Dionysius' government, told them, that he considered them rather as so many officers whom he carried to head the people of Sicily, already prepared to revolt, than as private men; and when Alcimenes, who, in birth and reputation, was the principal man in Achaia, had concurred in the address of Dion, and joined in the expedition, they then were satisfied.

It was now about midsummer, the Etesian winds* prevailed at sea, and the moon was at the full, when Dion prepared a magnificent sacrifice to Apollo, and marched in procession to the temple, with his men under arms. After the sacrifice, he gave them a feast in the race-ground of the Zacynthians. They were astonished at the quantity of gold and silver plate that was exhibited on this occasion, so far above the ordinary fortunes of a private man; and they concluded, that a person of such opulence would not, at a late period of life, expose himself to dangers, without a fair prospect of success, and the certain support of friends. After the usual prayers and libations, the moon was eclipsed. This was nothing strange to Dion, who knew the variations of the ecliptic, and that this defection of the moon's light was caused by the interposition of the earth between her and the sun. But as the soldiers were troubled about it, Miltas the diviner took upon him to give it a proper turn, and assured them, that it portended the sudden obscurity of something that was at present glorious: that this glorious object could be no other than Dionysius, whose lustre

* These winds blew regularly at a certain season of the year. Strabo sometimes calls them east, and sometimes north winds; but to convey Dion from Zacynthus to Pachynus, they must have blown from the east. Pliny makes the Etesian winds the same as the north-east wind. *Aquilo in æstate mediâ mutat nomen, et Etesias vocatur.*—*Hist. Nat.* lib. xviii. cap. 34. He tells us when the winds begin, xviii. *Calend. Augusti, Egipto aquilo occidit matutinò, Etesiarumque prodromi status incipiunt.*—*Ibid.* lib. xviii. cap. 28. And when they end; *Decimo Sexto Calend. Octob. Ægypto Spica, quam tenet Virgo, exoritur matutinò, Etesiaque desinunt.*—*Ibid.* lib. xviii. cap. 31. Thus, it seems, that they last about two months, (Pliny, in another place, says forty days, lib. ii. cap. 47.) and the relief of such gales in that season is plainly providential. Aristotle accounts for them from the convexity of the earth.

would be extinguished on their arrival in Sicily. This interpretation he communicated in as public a manner as possible: but from the prodigy of the bees,* a swarm of which settled on the stern of Dion's ship, he intimated to his friends his apprehensions that the great affairs which Dion was then prosecuting, after flourishing a while, would come to nothing. Dionysius, too, they said, had many prodigies on this occasion. An eagle snatched a javelin from one of his guards, and, after flying aloft with it, dropt it in the sea. The waters of the sea, at the foot of the citadel, were fresh for one whole day, as plainly appeared to every one that tasted them. He had pigs farrowed perfect in all their other parts, but without ears. The diviners interpreted this as an omen of rebellion and revolt; the people, they said, would no longer give ear to the mandates of the tyrant. The freshness of the sea-water imported, that the Syracusans, after their harsh and severe treatment, would enjoy milder and better times. The eagle was the minister of Jove, and the javelin an ensign of power and government: thus the father of the gods had destined the overthrow and abolition of the tyranny. These things we have from Theopompus.

Dion's soldiers were conveyed in two transports. These were accompanied by another smaller vessel, and two more of thirty oars. Beside the arms of those who attended him, he took with him two thousand shields, a large quantity of darts and javelins, and a considerable supply of provisions, that nothing might be wanting in the expedition; for they put off to the main sea, because they did not think it safe to coast it along, being informed that Philistus was stationed off Iapygia to watch their motions. Having sailed with a gentle wind about twelve days, on the thirteenth they arrived at Pachynus, a promontory in Sicily. There the pilot advised Dion to land his men immediately; for if they once doubled the cape, they might continue at sea a long time before they could have a gale from the south at that season of the year. But Dion, who was afraid of making a descent too near the enemy, and chose rather to make good his landing in some remoter part of the island, doubled the cape notwithstanding. They had not sailed far before a strong gale from the north and a high sea drove them quite off Sicily. At the same time, there was a violent storm of thunder and lightning; for it was about the rising of Arcturus; and it was accompanied with such dreadful rains, and the weather was, in every respect, so tempestuous, that the affrighted sailors knew not where they were, till

* This superstition prevailed no less amongst the Romans than amongst the Greeks. See the *Life of Brutus*.

they found themselves driven by the violence of the storm to Cercina on the coast of Africa. This craggy island was surrounded with such dangerous rocks, that they narrowly escaped being dashed to pieces; but by working hard with their poles, they kept clear, with much difficulty, till the storm abated. They were then informed by a vessel, which accidentally came up with them, that they were at the head of what is called the Great Syrtis.* In this horrible situation, they were further disheartened by finding themselves becalmed; but, after beating about for some time, a gale sprung up suddenly from the south. On this unexpected change, as the wind increased upon them, they made all their sail, and imploring the assistance of the gods, once more put off to sea in quest of Sicily. After an easy passage of five days, they arrived at Minoa, a small town in Sicily,† belonging to the Carthaginians. Synalus,‡ a friend of Dion's, was then governor of the place, and as he knew not that this little fleet belonged to Dion, he attempted to prevent the landing of his men. The soldiers leaped out of the vessels in arms, but killed none that opposed them; for Dion, on account of his friendship with Synalus, had forbidden them. However, they ran in one body with the fugitives into the town, and thus made themselves masters of it. When Dion and the governor met, mutual salutations passed between them, and the former restored him his town unhurt. Synalus, in return, entertained his soldiers, and supplied him with necessaries.

It happened that Dionysius, a little before this, had sailed with eighty ships for Italy, and this absence of his gave them no small encouragement: insomuch that when Dion invited his men to refresh themselves for some time after their fatigues at sea, they thought of nothing but making a proper use of the present moment, and called upon him, with one voice, to lead them to Syracuse: he, therefore, left his useless arms and baggage with Synalus, and having engaged him to transmit them to him at a proper opportunity, marched for Syracuse. Two hundred of the Agrigentine cavalry, who inhabited the country about Ecnomus, immediately revolted, and joined him in his march, and these were followed by the inhabitants of Gela.

The news of his arrival soon reaching Syracuse, Timocrates, who had married Dion's wife, and was appointed regent in the absence of Dionysius, immediately despatched letters to acquaint him with the event. In the mean while he applied himself to prevent all tumults in the city, for the people were greatly animated on the report of Dion's arrival, though the

* Not far from Tripoli.

† On the south coast.

‡ Diodorus calls him Pyralus.

uncertainty they were under as yet kept them quiet. A singular accident happened to the courier who was despatched with letters for Dionysius. As he was passing through the territory of Rhegium to Caulonia, where the tyrant then was, he met an acquaintance of his returning home with a newly-offered sacrifice, and having taken a little of the flesh for his own use,* he made the best of his way. At night, however, he found it necessary to take a little rest, and retired to sleep in a wood by the side of the road. A wolf, allured by the smell of the flesh, came up while he was asleep, and carried it off, together with the bag of letters to which it was fastened. When the courier awaked, he sought a long time to no purpose for his despatches, and being determined not to face Dionysius without them, he absconded. Thus it was a considerable time after, and from other hands, that Dionysius was informed of Dion's arrival in Sicily.

Dion, in his march, was joined by the Camarinæans, and many revolters from the territory of Syracuse. The Leontines and Campanians, who, with Timocrates, guarded the Epipolæ, being misled by a report designedly propagated by Dion, that he intended to attack their cities, first quitted their present station, and went to take care of their own concerns. Dion being informed of this, while he lay near Aæræ, decamped in the night, and came to the river Anapus, which is at the distance of ten furlongs from the city. There he halted, and sacrificed by the river, addressing his prayers to the rising sun. The diviners informed him that the gods gave a promise of victory; and as he had himself assumed a garland at the sacrifice, all that were present immediately did the same. He was now joined by about five thousand, who were, indeed, ill-furnished with arms; but their courage supplied that deficiency.† When he gave orders to march, *Liberty* was the word, and they rushed forward with the highest acclamations of joy. The most considerable citizens of Syracuse, dressed all in white, met him at the gates. The populace fell with great fury on Dionysius' party; but in particular they seized his spies, a set of wretches hated by gods and men, who went about the city to collect the sentiments of the inhabitants, in order to communicate them to the tyrant. These were the first that suffered, being knocked down wherever they were met. When Timocrates found that he could not join the garrison in the citadel, he fled on horseback out of the city, and spread a general terror and dismay wherever he passed, mag-

* To carry home part of the victim, and to give part of it to any person that the bearer met, were acts of religion.

† Diodorus says he was soon joined by 20,000; and that when he reached Syracuse, he had not fewer than 50,000

nifying all the while the forces of Dion, that it might not appear a slight effort, against which he was unable to defend the place.

Dion now made his public entry into the town; he was dressed in a magnificent suit of armour, his brother Megacles marching on the right hand, and Callippus the Athenian on the left, with garlands on their heads. He was followed by a hundred foreign soldiers, who were his body-guard; and after these marched the rest of the army in proper order, under the conduct of their respective officers. The Syracusans looked upon this procession as sacred. They considered it as the triumphal entry of Liberty, which would once more establish the popular government, after a suppression of forty-eight years.

When Dion entered at the Menitidian gate, silence was commanded by sound of trumpet, and he ordered freedom to be proclaimed to the Syracusans and the rest of the Sicilians, in the name of Dion and Megacles, who came to abolish tyranny. Being desirous to address the people in a speech, he marched up to the Achradina. As he passed through the streets, the people prepared their victims on tables placed before their doors, scattered flowers on his head, and offered up their prayers to him as to their tutelar deity. At the foot of the citadel, under the Pentapylæ, there was a lofty sun-dial,* which had been placed there by Dionysius. From the eminence of this building he addressed the citizens, and exhorted them earnestly to assert their liberties. The people, in their turn, nominated Dion and his brother prætors of the city, and, at their request, appointed them twenty colleagues, half of whom were of those who returned with Dion from exile.

At first it was considered by the soothsayers as a good omen, that Dion, when he addressed the people, had under his feet the stately edifice which Dionysius had erected; but upon reflection that this edifice, on which he had been declared general, was a sun-dial, they were apprehensive that his present power and grandeur might be subject to decline.

Dion, in the next place, took the castle of Epipolæ, released the prisoners who were confined there, and invested it with a strong wall. Seven days after this event, Dionysius arrived from Italy, and entered the citadel from the sea. Dion, at the same time, received from Synalus the arms and ammunition he had left with him. These he distributed among the citizens, as far as they would go; the rest armed themselves as

* Pherecydes was the first who invented dials to mark the hour of the day, about three hundred years after the time of Homer. But before his time the Phœnicians had contrived a dial in the isle of Scyros, which described the solstices.

well as they were able; and all expressed the utmost alacrity for the service. Dionysius at first sent agents in a private manner to Dion, to try what terms might be made with them. Dion refused to hear any overtures in private. The Syracusans, he told them, were now a free people; and what they had to offer must be addressed to them in public. Upon this they made specious proposals to the citizens, promised them an abatement of their taxes, and an exemption from serving in the wars, even though those wars should be undertaken by their own approbation. The Syracusans held these proposals in derision: and Dion answered, that it would be in vain for Dionysius to speak of terms without resigning, in the first place, the regal government; and that if he took this measure, he might depend on all the good offices so near a relation might be inclined to do him; at least in every thing that was just and reasonable. Dionysius seemed to consent to these terms; and again sent his agents to desire that a deputation of the Syracusans would attend him in the citadel, in order to settle articles for the public tranquillity. He assured them that he had such to offer them as they could not but accept; and that, on the other hand, he was equally willing to come into such as they had to offer him. Dion, therefore, selected a number of the citizens for this deputation; and the general report from the citadel was, that Dionysius would resign his authority in a voluntary manner.

This, however, was no more than a stratagem to amuse the Syracusans. The deputies no sooner arrived than they were imprisoned; and early next morning, after he had plied the mercenaries with wine, he ordered them to sally out and attack the wall which had been built by Dion. This unexpected assault was carried on with great vigour by the barbarians. They broke through the works, and falling with great impetuosity and loud shouts on the Syracusans, soon put them to flight. Dion's foreign troops took the alarm, and hastened to their relief; but the precipitate flight of the citizens disordered their ranks, and rendered it difficult for them to give any effectual assistance. Dion, perceiving that in this tumult his orders could not be heard, instructed them by his example, and charged the thickest of the enemy. The battle, where he fought in person, was fierce and bloody. He was known to the enemy as well as to his own party; and they rushed with the utmost violence to the quarter where he fought. His age, indeed, rendered him unfit for such an engagement; but he maintained the fight with great vigour, and cut in pieces many of the enemy that attacked him. At length he was wounded in the head with a lance; his shield was pierced through in many places with the darts and spears that were

levelled against him; and his armour no longer resisting the blows he received in this close engagement, he fell to the ground. He was immediately carried off by his soldiers, and leaving the command to Timonides, he rode about the city to rally the fugitives. Soon after, he brought a detachment of foreign soldiers, which he had left to guard the Aehradina, as a fresh reserve against the enemy. This, however, was unnecessary. They had placed their whole hopes of retaking the city in their first sally, and finding so powerful a resistance, fatigued with the action, they retreated into the citadel. As soon as they began to fall back, the Greek soldiers bore hard upon them, and pursued them to the walls. Dion lost seventy-four men, and a very great number of the enemy fell in this action. The victory was so important, that the Syracusans rewarded each of the foreign soldiers with a hundred minæ, and Dion was presented by his army with a crown of gold.

Soon after this, messengers came from Dionysius with letters to Dion from the women of his family. Besides these, there was one inscribed—"Hipparinus to his father Dion:" for this was the name of Dion's son. Timæus says, indeed, that he was called Aretæus, from his mother Arete; but I think credit is rather to be given to Timonides, who was his friend and fellow-soldier. The rest of the letters, which were read openly before the Syracusans, contained various solicitations and entreaties from the women. The letter which appeared to come from Hipparinus, the people, out of respect to the father, would not have suffered to be opened in public; but Dion insisted that it should be so. It proved to be a letter from Dionysius himself, directed indeed to Dion, but in reality addressed to the people of Syracuse; for though it carried the air of request and apology, it had an obvious tendency to render Dion obnoxious to the citizens. He reminded him of the zeal he had formerly shown for his service; he threatened him through his dearest connections, his sister, his son, and his wife; and his menaces were followed by the most passionate entreaties, and the most abject lamentations. But the most trying part of his address was that where he entreated Dion not to destroy the government, and give that freedom to his inveterate enemies, by means of which they would prosecute him to death, but to retain the regal power himself, for the protection of his family and friends.

This letter did not produce those sentiments in the people which it should naturally have done. Instead of exciting admiration of that noble firmness and magnanimity, which could prefer the public utility to the tenderest private connections, it occasioned jealousies and fears. The people saw, or thought

they saw, that Dion was under an absolute necessity of being favourable to Dionysius. They already began to wish for another general, and it was with peculiar satisfaction they heard of the arrival of Heraclides. This Heraclides, who had been banished by the tyrant, had once a distinguished command in the army, and was a man of considerable military abilities; but irresolute, inconstant, and particularly unsteady when he had a colleague in command. He had, some time before, had a difference with Dion in Peloponnesus; and, therefore, resolved on his own strength to make war on Dionysius. When he arrived at Syracuse, he found the tyrant close besieged, and the Syracusans elated with their success. His first object, therefore, was to court the people; and, for this purpose, he had all the necessary talents—an insinuating address, and that kind of flattery which is so grateful to the multitude. This business was the more easy to him, as the forbidding gravity of Dion was thought too haughty for a popular state: besides, the Syracusans, already insolent with success, assumed the spirit of a free people, though they had not, in reality, their freedom. Thus they convened themselves without any summons, and appointed Heraclides their admiral: indeed, when Dion remonstrated against that proceeding, and showed them that, by thus constituting Heraclides admiral, they superseded the office of general, which they had before conferred on him, with some reluctance they deprived Heraclides of the commission they had given him. When this affair was settled, Dion invited Heraclides to his house, and gently expostulated with him on the impropriety of attending to a punctilio of honour, at a time when the least inattention to the common cause might be the ruin of the whole. He then called an assembly, appointed Heraclides admiral, and prevailed with the citizens to allow him such a guard as they had before granted to himself. Heraclides treated Dion with all the appearance of respect, acknowledged his obligations to him, and seemed attentive to his commands; but, in private, he corrupted the people, and encouraged a spirit of mutiny and dissatisfaction; so that Dion was involved in continual disturbances and disquiet. If he advised that Dionysius should be permitted to make his retreat in safety, he was censured as designing to favour and protect him; if, to avoid those suspicions, he was for continuing the siege, he was accused of protracting the war, that he might the longer retain his command, and keep the citizens in subjection.

There was in the city one Sosis, infamous for his insolence and villany, who thought the perfection of liberty was the licentiousness of speech. This fellow openly attacked Dion, and told the people in public assembly, that they had only

changed the inattention of a drunken and dissolute tyrant, for the crafty vigilance of a sober master. Immediately after this he left the assembly; and, next day, was seen running naked through the streets, as if from somebody that pursued him, with his head and face covered with blood. In this condition he ran into the market-place, and told the people that he had been assaulted by Dion's foreign soldiers; at the same time showing them a wound in his head, which, he said, they had given him. Dion, upon this, was generally condemned, and accused of silencing the people by sanguinary methods: he came, however, before this irregular and tumultuous assembly, in his own vindication, and made it appear, that this Sosis was brother to one of Dionysius' guards, and that he had been engaged by him to raise a tumult in the city—the only resource the tyrant had now left being that of exciting dissensions amongst the people. The surgeons also, who examined the wound, found that it was not occasioned by any violent blow. The wounds made by weapons are generally deepest in the middle; but this was both superficial, and of an equal depth from one end to another: besides, being discontinuous, it did not appear to be the effect of one incision, but to have been made at different times, probably as he was best able to endure the pain. At the same time there were some who deposed, that, having seen Sosis running naked and wounded, and being informed by him that he was flying from the pursuit of Dion's foreign soldiers, who had just then wounded him, they hastened to take the pursuers: that, however, they could meet with no such persons, but found a razor lying under a hollow stone near the place from whence they had observed him come. All these circumstances made strongly against him; but when his own servants gave evidence, that he went out of his house alone before day-light, with a razor in his hand, Dion's accusers withdrew. The people, by a general vote, condemned Sosis to die, and were once more reconciled to Dion.

Nevertheless, their jealousy of his soldiers remained. And as the war was now principally carried on by sea, Philistus being come to the support of Dionysius, with a considerable fleet from Iapygia, they did not see the necessity of retaining in their service those Greeks who were no seamen, and must depend for protection on the naval force. Their confidence in their own strength was likewise greatly increased by an advantage they had gained at sea against Philistus, whom they used in a very barbarous manner. Ephorus relates, that, after his ship was taken, he slew himself. But Timonides, who attended Dion from the beginning of the war, writing to Speusippus the philosopher, gives the story thus.—Philistus' galley

having run aground, he was taken prisoner alive; and, after being disarmed and stripped, was exposed naked, though an old man, to every kind of insult. They afterwards cut off his head, and ordered their children to drag his body through the Achradina, and throw it into the quarry. Timæus represents the indignity offered his remains to be still greater. The boys, he says, tied a rope about his lame leg, and so dragged him through the city—the Syracusans, in the mean while, insulting over his carcase, when they saw him tied by the leg, who had said,—“It would ill become Dionysius to fly from his throne by the swiftness of his horse, which he ought never to quit till he was dragged from it by the heels.” Philistus, however, tells us, that this was not said to Dionysius by himself, but by another. It is plain, at the same time, that Timæus takes every occasion, from Philistus’ known adherence to arbitrary power, to load him with the keenest reproaches. Those whom he injured are in some degree excusable, if, in their resentment, they treated him with indignities after death. But wherefore should his biographers, whom he never injured, and who have had the benefit of his works;—wherefore should they exhibit him, with all the exaggerations of scurrility, in those scenes of distress to which fortune sometimes reduces the best of men? On the other hand, Ephorus is no less extravagant in his encomiums on Philistus. He knows well how to throw into shades the foibles of the human character, and to give an air of plausibility to the most indefensible conduct; but, with all his eloquence, with all his art, he cannot rescue Philistus from the imputation of being the most strenuous asserter of arbitrary power—of being the fondest follower and admirer of the luxury, the magnificence, the alliance of tyrants. Upon the whole, he who neither defends the principles of Philistus, nor insults over his misfortunes, will best discharge the duty of the historian.

After the death of Philistus, Dionysius offered to surrender the citadel to Dion, together with the arms, provisions, and soldiers, and an advance of five months’ pay, on condition that he might be permitted to retire into Italy, and there enjoy the revenues of Gyata, a fruitful tract of country in the territory of Syracuse, reaching from the sea to the middle of the country. Dion refusing to negotiate on his own account, referred the ambassadors to the Syracusans; and as they expected that Dionysius would shortly come alive into their hands, they were dismissed without audience. Upon this, the tyrant, leaving his eldest son Apollocrates to defend the citadel, embarked with his most valuable treasures and a few select friends, and, sailing with a fair wind, escaped Heraclides the admiral.

The tyrant’s escape greatly exasperated the people against

Heraclides; and, in order to appease them, he proposed by Hippo, one of the orators, that there should be an equal division of lands; alleging, that equality was the first foundation of civil liberty; and that poverty and slavery were synonymous terms. At the same time that he supported Hippo in the promotion of this scheme, he encouraged the faction against Dion, who opposed it. At length he prevailed with the people not only to pass this law, but to make a decree, that the pay of the foreign soldiers should be stopped, and new commanders chosen, that they might no longer be subject to the severe discipline of Dion. Thus, like the patient, who, after a lingering sickness, makes too rash a use of the first returns of health, and rejects the sober and gradual regimen of his physician, the citizens, who had long laboured under the yoke of slavery, took too precipitate steps to freedom, and refused the salutary counsels and conduct of their deliverer.

It was about the midst of summer, when the assembly was summoned for the election of new officers; and for the space of fifteen days there were the most dreadful thunders, and the most alarming prodigies. The religious fears that these prodigies excited, made these people decline the choosing of officers. When the weather grew more serene, the orators again exhorted them to proceed to the business; but no sooner had they begun, than a draught-ox, which had neither received any provocation from the driver, nor could be terrified by the crowds and noise to which he had been accustomed, suddenly broke from his yoke, and running furiously into the assembly, drove the people in great disorder before him: from thence, throwing down all that stood in his way, he ran over that part of the city which afterwards fell into the enemy's hands. The Syracusans, however, regardless of these things, elected five and twenty officers, among whom was Heraclides. At the same time they privately endeavoured to draw off Dion's men; promising, if they would desert him, to make them citizens of Syracuse. But the soldiers were faithful to their general, and placing him in the middle of a battalion, marched out of the city. They did not, on this occasion, offer any violence to the inhabitants, but they severely reproached them for their baseness and ingratitude. The smallness of their number, and their declining to act offensively, put the citizens on the view of cutting them off before they escaped out of the city; and with this design they fell upon their rear. Dion was here in a great dilemma: he was under the necessity either of fighting against his countrymen, or of suffering himself and his faithful soldiers to be cut in pieces. He, therefore, entreated the Syracusans to desist: he stretched forth his hands to them, and pointed to the citadel full of soldiers, who were happy in

being spectators of these dissensions amongst their enemies. But the torrent of the populace, agitated and driven forwards by the seditious breath of the orators, was not to be stopped by persuasion. He, therefore, commanded his men to advance with shouts and clashing of arms, but not to attack them. The Syracusans, upon this, fled immediately through the streets, though no one pursued them; for Dion retreated with his men into the territories of the Leontines.

The very women laughed at the new officers for this cowardly flight; and the latter, to recover their reputation, ordered the citizens to arms, pursued Dion, and came up with him as he was passing a river. A skirmish began between the cavalry; but when they found Dion no longer disposed to bear these indignities with his usual paternal patience; when they observed him drawing up his men for battle, with all the eagerness of strong resentment, they once more turned their backs, and, with the loss of some few men, fled to the city in a more disgraceful and more cowardly manner than before.

The Leontines received Dion in a very honourable manner, gave money to his soldiers, and made them free of their city. They also sent messengers to Syracuse with requisitions, that his men might have justice done them, and receive their pay. The Syracusans, in return, sent other messengers, with impeachments against Dion: but when the matter was debated at Leontium, in full assembly of the allies, they evidently appeared to be in fault. They refused, nevertheless, to stand to the award of this assembly; for the recent recovery of their liberties had made them insolent, and the popular power was without control; their very commanders being no more than servile dependents on the multitude.

About this time Dionysius sent a fleet under Nysius the Neapolitan, with provisions and pay for the garrison in the citadel. The Syracusans overcame him, and took four of his ships; but they made an ill use of their success. Destitute of all discipline, they celebrated the victory with the most riotous extravagance; and at a time when they thought themselves secure of taking the citadel, they lost the city. Nysius, observing their disorder, their night-revels and debauches, in which their commanders, either from inclination, or through fear of offending them, were as deeply engaged as themselves, took advantage of this opportunity, broke through their walls, and exposed the city to the violence and depredation of his soldiers.

The Syracusans at once perceived their folly and their misfortune: but the latter, in their present confusion, was not easy to be redressed. The soldiers made dreadful havoc in the city: they demolished the fortifications, put the men to the

sword, and dragged the women and children shrieking to the citadel. The Syracusan officers being unable to separate the citizens from the enemy, or to draw them up in any order, gave up all for lost. In this situation, while the Achradina itself was in danger of being taken, they naturally turned their thoughts on Dion; but none had the courage to mention a man whom all had injured. In this emergency a voice was heard from the cavalry of the allies, crying,—“Send for Dion and his Peloponnesians from Leontium.” His name was no sooner mentioned than the people shouted for joy. With tears they implored that he might once more be at their head: they remembered his intrepidity in the most trying dangers: they remembered the courage that he showed himself, and the confidence with which he inspired them when he led them against the enemy. Archonides and Telesides from the auxiliaries, and Hellanicus, with four more from the cavalry, were immediately despatched to Leontium, where, making the best of their way, they arrived in the close of the evening. They instantly threw themselves at the feet of Dion, and related, with tears, the deplorable condition of the Syracusans. The Leontines and Peloponnesians soon gathered about them, conjecturing from their haste, and the manner of their address, that their business had something extraordinary in it.

Dion immediately summoned an assembly, and the people being soon collected, Archonides and Hellanicus briefly related the distress of the Syracusans, entreated the foreign soldiers to forget the injuries they had done them, and once more to assist that unfortunate people, who had already suffered more for their ingratitude than even they whom they had injured would have inflicted upon them. When they had thus spoken, a profound silence ensued; upon which Dion arose, and attempted to speak, but was prevented by his tears. His soldiers, who were greatly affected with their general's sorrow, entreated him to moderate his grief, and proceed. After he had recovered himself a little, he spoke to the following purpose:—“Peloponnesians and confederates, I have called you together, that you may consult on your respective affairs. My measures are taken: I cannot hesitate what to do when Syracuse is perishing. If I cannot save it, I will, at least, hasten thither, and fall beneath the ruins of my country. For you, if you can yet persuade yourselves to assist the most unfortunate and inconsiderate of men, it may be in your power to save from destruction a city which was the work of your own hands.* But if your pity for the Syracusans be sacrificed to

* Strabo says, that Syracuse was built in the second year of the eleventh Olympiad, by Archias, one of the Heraclidæ, who came from Corinth to Syracuse.

your resentment, may the gods reward your fidelity, your kindness to Dion! And remember, that as he would not desert you, when you were injured, so neither could he abandon his falling country!"

He had hardly ended, when the soldiers signified their readiness for the service by loud acclamations, and called upon him to march directly to the relief of Syracuse. The messengers embraced them, and entreated the gods to shower their blessings on Dion and the Peloponnesians. When the noise subsided, Dion gave orders that the men should repair to their quarters, and, after the necessary refreshments, assemble in the same place completely armed, for he intended to march that very night.

The soldiers of Dionysius, after ravaging the city during the whole day, retired at night, with the loss of a few men, into the citadel. This small respite once more encouraged the demagogues of the city, who, presuming that the enemy would not repeat their hostilities, dissuaded the people from admitting Dion and his foreign soldiers. They advised them not to give up the honour of saving the city to strangers, but to defend their liberty themselves. Upon this the generals sent other messengers to Dion to countermand his march; while, on the other hand, the cavalry, and many of the principal citizens, sent their requests that he would hasten it. Thus invited by one party, and rejected by another, he came forward but slowly: and at night the faction that opposed him set a guard upon the gates to prevent his entering.

Nypsius now made a fresh sally from the citadel, with still greater numbers, and greater fury than before. After totally demolishing the remaining part of the fortification, he fell to ravaging the city. The slaughter was dreadful; men, women, and children, fell indiscriminately by the sword: for the object of the enemy was not so much plunder as destruction. Dionysius despaired of regaining his lost empire, and, in his mortal hatred of the Syracusans, he determined to bury it in the ruins of their city. It was resolved, therefore, that before Dion's succours could arrive, they should destroy it the quickest way by laying it in ashes. Accordingly, they set fire to those parts that were at hand by brands and torches, and to the remoter parts by shooting flaming arrows. The citizens, in the utmost consternation, fled every where before them. Those who, to avoid the fire, had fled from their houses, were put to the sword in the streets; and they who sought for refuge in their houses were again driven out by the flames: many were burnt to death, and many perished beneath the ruins of the houses.

This terrible distress, by universal consent, opened the gates

for Dion. After being informed that the enemy had retreated into the citadel, he had made no great haste. But early in the morning some horsemen carried him the news of a fresh assault. These were followed by some, even of those who had recently opposed his coming, but who now implored him to fly to their relief. As the conflagration and destruction increased, Heraclides despatched his brother, and after him his uncle Theodotes, to entreat the assistance of Dion; for they were now no longer in a capacity of opposing the enemy; he was wounded himself, and great part of the city was laid in ashes.

When Dion received this news, he was about sixty furlongs from the city. After he had acquainted his soldiers with the dreadful exigency, and exhorted them to behave with resolution, they no longer marched, but ran; and in their way they were met by numbers, who entreated them, if possible, to go still faster. By the eager and vigorous speed of the soldiers, Dion quickly arrived at the city; and entering by the part called Hecatompedon, he ordered his light troops immediately to charge the enemy, that the Syracusans might take courage at the sight of them. In the mean while he drew up his heavy-armed men, with such of the citizens as had joined him, and divided them into several small bodies, of greater depth than breadth, that he might intimidate the enemy, by attacking them in several quarters at once. He advanced to the engagement at the head of his men, amidst a confused noise of shouts, plaudits, prayers, and vows, which the Syracusans offered up for their deliverer, their tutelary deity; for so they termed him now; and his foreign soldiers they called their brethren and fellow-citizens. At this time, perhaps, there was not one wretch so selfishly fond of life, that he did not hold Dion's safety dearer than his own, or that of his fellow-citizens,—while they saw him advancing first in the front of danger, through blood and fire, and over heaps of the slain.

There was, indeed, something terrible in the appearance of the enemy, who, animated by rage and despair, had posted themselves in the ruins of the ramparts, so that it was extremely dangerous and difficult to approach them. But the apprehension of fire discouraged Dion's men the most, and distressed them in their march. They were surrounded by flames that raged on every side; and while they walked over burning ruins, through clouds of ashes and smoke, they were every moment in danger of being buried beneath the fall of half-consumed buildings. In all these difficulties they took infinite pains to keep close together, and maintain their ranks. When they came up to the enemy, a few only could engage at a time, on account of the narrowness and inequality of the

ground. They fought, however, with great bravery, and, encouraged by the acclamations of the citizens, at length they routed Nypsius, and most of his men escaped into the citadel, which was near at hand. Such of them as were dispersed, and could not get in, were pursued, and put to the sword. The present deplorable state of the city afforded neither time nor propriety for that joy, and those congratulations, which usually follow victory. All were busy in saving the remains of the conflagrations; and, though they laboured hard during the whole night, it was with great difficulty the fire was extinguished.

Not one orator of the popular faction durst any longer remain in the city. By their flight they at once confessed their guilt, and avoided punishment. Heraclides, however, and Theodotes, surrendered themselves to Dion. They acknowledged their error, and entreated that he would not imitate them in the cruel treatment they had shown him. They forgot not to add how much it would be for his honour, who was unequalled in other virtues, to restrain his resentments, and, by forgiving the ungrateful, to testify that superiority of spirit for which they had contended with him. His friends, however, advised him by no means to pardon these factious and invidious men, but to give them up to his soldiers, and to rid the commonwealth of the ambition of demagogues, no less destructive than that of tyrants. Dion, on the other hand, endeavoured to mitigate their resentments:—"Other generals," said he, "employ themselves chiefly in military studies; but, by being long conversant in the Academy, I have learned to subdue my passions, and to restrain the impulses of enmity and anger. To prove that I have really gained such a victory over myself, it is not sufficient merely to be kind to men of virtue, but to be indulgent and reconcileable to the injurious. If I have excelled Heraclides in military and political abilities, I am resolved not to be inferior to him in justice and clemency; since, to have the advantage in those, is the first degree of excellence. The honours of conquest are never wholly our own; for though the conqueror may stand unrivalled, fortune will claim her share in his success. Heraclides may be treacherous, invidious, and malicious; but must Dion, therefore, sully his glories by the indulgence of resentment? The laws, indeed, allow the revenge of an injury to be more justifiable than the commission of it; but both proceed originally from the infirmity of human nature. Besides, there is hardly any malignity so inveterate, that it may not be overcome by kindness, and softened by repeated favours." Agreeably to these sentiments, Dion pardoned Heraclides, and dismissed him.

His first object was to repair the wall, which he had formerly erected around the citadel; and, for this purpose, he ordered each of the citizens to furnish a palisado, and bring it to the works. When they had done this, he sent them to their repose, and employed his own men the whole night in drawing a line of circumvallation around the citadel, which both the enemy and the citizens were astonished to find completed in the morning.

After the dead were buried, and the prisoners, to the amount of two thousand, ransomed, he summoned an assembly. Heraclides moved, that Dion should be declared commander-in-chief, both at sea and land. This motion was approved by the nobility, and the commons were desired to confirm it; but the sailors and artificers opposed it in a most tumultuous manner. They were unwilling that Heraclides should lose his command at sea; for though they had no good opinion of his principles, they knew that he would be more indulgent than Dion, and more ready to gratify their inclinations. Dion, therefore, gave up his point, and agreed that Heraclides should continue admiral. But when the equal distribution of lands was moved for, he opposed it, and repealed all the decrees which had formerly passed on that measure, by which means he once more incurred the displeasure of the people. Heraclides again made his advantage of this, and harangued the soldiers and sailors at Messana, accusing Dion of a design to make himself absolute. At the same time, he privately corresponded with Dionysius by means of Pharax, a Spartan. When the nobility got intelligence of this, there was a sedition in the army, and the city was greatly distressed by want of provisions. Dion was now at a loss what measures to pursue; and all his friends condemned him for strengthening the hands of so perverse and invidious a wretch as Heraclides.

Pharax was encamped at Neopolis, in the territory of Agrigentum; and Dion drew out the Syracusans, but not with an intent to engage him till he found a convenient opportunity. This gave Heraclides and his seamen an occasion of exclaiming that he delayed fighting only that he might the longer continue in command. He was forced to action, therefore, contrary to his inclinations, and was beaten. His loss, indeed, was small, and his defeat was owing more to a misunderstanding in his own army, than to the superior courage of the enemy: he, therefore, resolved to renew the engagement; and, after animating and encouraging his men to redeem their lost credit, he drew them up in form of battle. In the evening, however, he received intelligence that Heraclides was sailing for Syracuse, with an intent to possess himself of the city, and to shut him out. Upon this he made a draught of the

bravest and most active of the cavalry, and rode with such expedition, that he reached the city by nine in the morning, after a march of seven hundred furlongs. Heraclides, though he made all the sail he could, was too late; and he, therefore, tacked about, and stood out to sea. While he was undetermined what course to steer, he met Gæsilus the Spartan, who informed him that he was sent to command in chief in Sicily, as Gylippus had done before. Heraclides immediately accepted him, and boasted to his allies that he had found, in this Spartan, an antidote to the power of Dion. At the same time, he sent a herald to Syracuse, ordering the citizens to receive Gæsilus for their general. Dion answered, that the Syracusans had already a sufficient number of generals; and that, if it were necessary for them to have a Spartan, he was himself a citizen of Sparta.

Gæsilus having now no hopes of the command, waited upon Dion, and, by his mediation, reconciled him to Heraclides. This reconciliation was confirmed by the most solemn oaths; and Gæsilus himself was guarantee of the treaty, and undertook to punish Heraclides in case of any future breach of faith. The Syracusans, upon this, discharged their navy, as they found no advantages from it equal to the expense of keeping it on foot, and to those inconveniences it brought upon them by being a continual source of seditions. At the same time, they continued the siege, and invested the city with another wall. As the besieged were cut off from further supplies, when provisions failed, the soldiers began to mutiny; so that Apollocrates found himself under a necessity of coming to terms with Dion, and offered to deliver up the citadel to him, with all the arms and stores, on condition that he might have five galleys, and be permitted to retire in safety with his mother and sisters. Dion granted his request; and with these he sailed to Dionysius. He was no sooner under sail, than the whole city of Syracuse assembled to behold the joyful sight. Their hearts were so full of this interesting event, that they even expressed their anger against those who were absent, and could not be witnesses with what glory the sun that day rose upon Syracuse, delivered at last from the chains of slavery. As this flight of Dionysius was one of the most memorable vicissitudes of fortune that is recorded in history, and as no tyranny was ever more effectually established than his, how great must their joy and their self-complacency have been, after they had destroyed it by such inconsiderable means!

When Apollocrates was gone, and Dion went to take possession of the citadel, the women could not wait till he entered, but ran to meet him at the gate. Aristomache came first, leading Dion's son; and Arete followed her in tears, fearful

and apprehensive of meeting her husband, after she had been so long in the possession of another. Dion first embraced his sister, then his son; after which Aristomache presented Arete to him, with this address:—"Your banishment, Dion, made us all equally miserable. Your return and your success have made us all happy, except her whom I had the misfortune to see, by cruel compulsion, given to another while you were yet alive. We are now entirely in your disposal; but how will you determine concerning this unhappy woman? And how must she salute you?—as her uncle, or as her husband?" Dion was affected by this tender intercession, and wept. He embraced Arete with great affection, put his son into her hands, and desired her to retire to his own house, where he purposed to reside; for the city he immediately delivered up to the Syracusans.

All things had now succeeded to his wish; but he by no means sought to reap the first advantages of his good fortune. His first object was to gratify his friends, to reward his allies, and to give his fellow-citizens and foreign soldiers proper marks of his favour, in which his munificence even exceeded his abilities. As to himself, he lived in a plain and frugal manner, which, on this occasion in particular, was universally admired. For while the fame of his actions, and the reputation of his valour, was spread through Sicily and Greece, he seemed rather to live with Plato in the sparing simplicity of the Academic life, than among soldiers, who look upon every species of luxury as a compensation for the toils and dangers of war. Though Plato himself wrote to him, that the eyes of the whole world were upon him, he seems not to have carried his attentions beyond one particular part of one city, the Academy. His judges in that society, he knew, would not so much regard the greatness of his performances, his courage, or his victories, as that temper of mind with which he bore prosperity, and that moderation with which he sustained his happier fortunes. He did not in the least relax the severity of his manners; he kept the same reserve to the people, though condescension was at this time politically necessary; and though Plato, as we have already observed, had expostulated with him on this account, and told him, that *austerity was the companion of solitude*. He had certainly a natural antipathy to complaisance; and he had moreover a design, by his own example, to reform the manners of the Syracusans, which were become vain, dissolute, and immodest. Heraclides once more began to oppose him. Dion sent for him to attend at the council; and he made answer, that he would not attend in any other capacity than as a private citizen at a public assembly. Soon after this he impeached Dion of declining to

demolish the citadel, and of preventing the people from opening the tomb of Dionysius, and dragging out the body. He accused him likewise of sending for counsellors and ministers to Corinth, in contempt of his fellow-citizens: and it is true, that he had engaged some Corinthians to assist him in settling his plan of government. His intention was to restrain the unlimited power of the popular administration, (which cannot properly be called a government, but, as Plato terms it, a warehouse of governments,)* and to establish the constitution on the Lacedæmonian and Cretan plan. This was a mixture of the regal and popular governments, or rather an aristocracy. Dion knew that the Corinthians were governed chiefly by the nobility, and that the influence of the people rather interfered. He foresaw that Heraclides would be no inconsiderable impediment to his scheme. He knew him to be factious, turbulent, and inconstant; and he, therefore, gave him up to those who advised to kill him, though he had before saved him out of their hands. Accordingly, they broke into his house, and murdered him. His death was, at first, resented by the citizens; but when Dion gave him a magnificent funeral, attended the dead body with his soldiers, and pronounced an oration to the people, their resentment went off. Indeed, they were sensible that the city would never be at peace whilst the competitions of Dion and Heraclides subsisted.

Dion had a friend named Callippus, an Athenian, with whom he first became acquainted, not on account of his literary merit, but, according to Plato, because he happened to be introduced by him to some religious mysteries. He had always attended him in the army, and was in great esteem. He was the first of his friends who marched along with him into Syracuse, with a garland on his head, and he had distinguished himself in every action. This man finding that Dion's chief friends had fallen in the war; that, since the death of Heraclides, the popular party was without a leader, and that he himself stood in great favour with the army, formed an execrable design against the life of his benefactor. His object was certainly the supreme command in Sicily, though some say he was bribed to it with twenty talents. For this purpose, he drew several of the soldiers into a conspiracy against Dion, and his plot was conducted in a most artful manner. He constantly informed Dion of what he heard, or pretended to hear, said against him in the army. By this means, he obtained such confidence, that he was allowed to converse privately with whom he thought proper, and to speak with the utmost freedom against Dion.

* *Repub. l. viii.*

that he might discover his secret enemies. Thus, in a short time, he drew about him all the seditious and discontented citizens; and if any one of different principles informed Dion that his integrity had been tried, he gave himself no concern about it, as that point had already been settled with Callippus.

While this conspiracy was on foot, Dion had a monstrous and dreadful apparition. As he was meditating one evening alone in the portico before his house, he heard a sudden noise, and, turning about, perceived (for it was not yet dark) a woman of gigantic size at the end of the portico, in the form of one of the Furies, as they are represented on the theatre, sweeping the floor with a broom. In his terror and amazement, he sent for some of his friends, and, informing them of this prodigy, desired they would stay with him during the night. His mind was in the utmost disorder, and he was apprehensive that, if they left him, the spectre would appear again; but he saw it no more. Soon after this, his only son, who was now almost grown up to manhood, upon some childish displeasure, or frivolous affront, threw himself from the top of the house, and was killed upon the spot.

While Dion was in this distress, Callippus was ripening the conspiracy; and, for this purpose, he propagated a report in Syracuse, that Dion, being now childless, had determined to adopt Apollocrates, the son of Dionysius, who was nephew to his wife, and grandson to his sister. The plot, however, was now suspected, both by Dion, his wife, and sister. Dion, who had stained his honour and tarnished his glories by the murder of Heraclides, had, as we may suppose, his anxieties on that account; and he would frequently declare, that, rather than live, not only in fear of his enemies, but in suspicion of his friends, he would die a thousand deaths, and freely open his bosom to the assassin.

When Callippus found the women inquisitive and suspicious, he was afraid of the consequence, and asserted, with tears, his own integrity, offering to give them any pledge of his fidelity they might desire. They required that he would take the *great oath*, the form of which is as follows:—The person who takes it, goes down into the temple of the Thes-mophori, where, after the performance of some religious ceremonies, he puts on the purple robe of Proserpine, and holding a flaming torch in his hand, proceeds on the oath. All this Callippus did without hesitation; and, to show with what contempt he held the goddess, he appointed the execution of his conspiracy on the day of her festival. Indeed, he could hardly think that even this would enhance his guilt, or render him

more obnoxious to the goddess, when he was the very person who had before initiated Dion in her sacred mysteries.

The conspiracy was now supported by numbers; and as Dion was surrounded by his friends, in the apartment where he usually entertained them, the conspirators invested the house, some securing the doors, and others the windows. The assassins, who were Zacynthians, came in unarmed, in their ordinary dress. Those who remained without made fast the doors. The Zacynthians then fell upon Dion, and endeavoured to strangle him; but not succeeding in this, they called for a sword. No one, however, durst open the door; for Dion had many friends about him: yet they had, in effect, nothing to fear from these; for each concluded, that, by giving up Dion, he should consult his own safety. When they had waited some time, Lycon, a Syracusan, put a short sword through the window into the hands of a Zacynthian, who fell upon Dion, already stunned and senseless, and cut his throat, like a victim at the altar. His sister, and his wife, who was pregnant, they imprisoned. In this unhappy situation she fell in labour, and was delivered of a son, whom they ventured to preserve; for Callippus was too much embroiled by his own affairs to attend to them, and the keepers of the prison were prevailed on to connive at it.

After Dion was cut off, and Callippus had the whole government of Syracuse in his hands, he had the presumption to write to the Athenians, whom, after the gods, he ought of all others to have dreaded, polluted as he was with the murder of his benefactor. But it has been observed, with great truth, of that state, that its good men are the best, and its bad men the worst in the world; as the soil of Attica produces the finest honey, and the most fatal poisons. The success of Callippus did not long reproach the indulgence of the gods. He soon received the punishment he deserved; for in attempting to take Catania, he lost Syracuse; upon which occasion he said, that he had lost a city and got a cheese-grater.* Afterwards, at the siege of Messana, most of his men were cut off, and amongst the rest the murderers of Dion. As he was refused admission by every city in Sicily, and universally hated and despised, he passed into Italy, and made himself master of Rhegium; but being no longer able to maintain his soldiers, he was slain by Leptines and Polyperchon with the very same sword with which Dion had been assassinated; for it was known by the size (being short, like the Spartan swords,) and by the curious

* But the word which signifies a cheese-grater in Greek is not *Catane*, but *Patane*.

workmanship. Thus Callippus received the punishment due to his crimes.

When Aristomache and Arete were released out of prison, they were received by Icetes, a Syracusan, a friend of Dion's, who, for some time, entertained them with hospitality and good faith. Afterwards, however, being prevailed on by the enemies of Dion, he put them on board a vessel, under pretence of sending them to the Peloponnesus; but privately ordered the sailors to kill them in the passage, and throw the bodies overboard. Others say, that they and the infant were thrown alive into the sea. This wretch, too, paid the forfeit of his villany; for he was put to death by Timoleon; and the Syracusans, to revenge Dion, slew his two daughters; of which I have made more particular mention in the Life of Timoleon.

THE

LIFE OF MARCUS BRUTUS

THE great ancestor of Marcus Brutus was that Junius Brutus, to whom the ancient Romans erected a statue of brass, and placed it in the Capitol among their kings. He was represented with a drawn sword in his hand, to signify the spirit and firmness with which he vanquished the Tarquins; but, hard-tempered like the steel of which that sword was composed, and in no degree humanized by education, the same obdurate severity which impelled him against the tyrant, shut up his natural affection from his children, when he found those children conspiring for the support of tyranny. On the contrary, that Brutus, whose life we are now writing, had all the advantages that arise from the cultivation of philosophy. To his spirit, which was naturally sedate and mild, he gave vigour and activity by constant application. Upon the whole, he was happily formed to virtue, both by nature and education. Even the partisans of Cæsar ascribed to him every thing that had the appearance of honour or generosity in the conspiracy, and all that was of a contrary complexion they laid to the charge of Cassius; who was, indeed, the friend and relation of Brutus, but by no means resembled him in the simplicity of his manners. It is universally allowed, that his mother Servilia was descended from Servilius Ahala, who, when Spurius Mælius seditiously aspired to the monarchy, went up to him in the *forum*, under a pretence of business, and, as Mælius inclined his head to hear what he would say, stabbed him with a dagger, which he had concealed for the purpose.* But the partisans of Cæsar would not allow that he was descended from Junius Brutus, whose family, they said, was extinct with his two sons.† Marcus Brutus, according to them, was a plebeian, descended from one Brutus, a steward, of mean extraction; and that the family had but lately risen to any dignity in the state. On the contrary, Posidonius, the philosopher, agrees with those historians who say, that Junius Brutus had a third son, who was an infant when his brothers were put to death, and that Marcus Brutus was descended from him. He

* Livy, and other historians, relate this affair differently. Some of them say confidently, that Servilius, who was then general of the horse, put Mælius to death by order of Cincinnatus the dictator.

† Of this number is Dionysius of Halicaruassus.

farther tells us, that there were several illustrious persons of that family in his time, with whom he was well acquainted, and who very much resembled the statue of Junius Brutus.*

Cato the philosopher was brother to Servilia, the mother of Brutus, who greatly admired and imitated the virtues of his uncle, and married his daughter Porcia.

Brutus was acquainted with all the sects of the Greek philosophers, and understood their doctrines; but the Platonists stood highest in his esteem. He had no great opinion either of the new or of the middle Academy; but applied himself wholly to the studies of the ancient. Antiochus of Ascalon was, therefore, his favourite; and he entertained his brother Ariston in his own house—a man, who, though inferior to some of the philosophers in learning, was equal to the first of them in modesty, prudence, and gentleness of manners. Em-pylus, who likewise lived with Brutus, as we find in his own epistles, and in those of his friends, was an orator, and left a short, but a well-written narrative of the death of Cæsar, entitled *Brutus*.

Brutus spoke with great ability in Latin, both in the field and at the bar. In Greek he affected the sententious and laconic way. There are several instances of this in his epistles. Thus, in the beginning of the war, he wrote to the Pergame-nians:—"I hear you have given money to Dolabella. If you gave it willingly, you must own you injured me; if unwillingly, show it by giving willingly to me." Thus, on another occasion, to the Samians:—"Your deliberations are tedious; your actions slow: what, think you, will be the consequence?" Of the Patareans thus:—"The Xanthians rejected my kindness, and desperately made their country their grave. The Patareans confided in me, and retained their liberty. It is in your own choice to imitate the prudence of the Patareans, or to suffer the fate of the Xanthians." And such is the style of his most remarkable letters.

While he was yet very young, he accompanied Cato to Cyprus, in the expedition against Ptolemy. After Ptolemy had killed himself, Cato being detained by business in the isle of Rhodes, sent Caninius to secure the king's treasure; but, suspecting his fidelity, he wrote to Brutus to sail immediately to Cyprus from Pamphylia; where, after a fit of sickness, he staid for the re-establishment of his health. He obeyed the order with reluctance, both out of respect to Caninius, who was superseded with disgrace, and because he thought the em-

* There were several distinguished persons of this family in the year of Rome 558: some of whom opposed the abrogation of the Oppian law, and were besieged by the Roman women in their houses.—*Livy*, l. xxxiv.; *Val. Max.* l. ix.

ployment illiberal, and by no means proper for a young man who was in pursuit of philosophy. Nevertheless, he executed the commission with such diligence, that he had the approbation of Cato; and, having turned the effects of Ptolemy into ready money, he brought the greatest part of it to Rome.

When Rome was divided into two factions, and Pompey and Cæsar were in arms against each other, it was generally believed that Brutus would join Cæsar, because his father had been put to death by Pompey. However, he thought it his duty to sacrifice his resentments to the interest of his country; and, judging Pompey's to be the better cause, he joined his party; though before, he would not even salute Pompey when he met him; esteeming it a crime to have any conversation with the murderer of his father. He now looked upon him as the head of the commonwealth; and, therefore, listing under his banner, he sailed for Sicily in quality of lieutenant to Sestius, who was governor of the island. There, however, he found no opportunity to distinguish himself; and, being informed that Pompey and Cæsar were encamped near each other, and preparing for that battle on which the whole empire depended, he went voluntarily into Macedonia, to have his share in the danger. Pompey, it is said, was so much surprised and pleased with his coming, that he rose to embrace him in the presence of his guards, and treated him with as much respect as if he had been his superior. During the time that he was in camp, those hours that he did not spend with Pompey, he employed in reading and study; and thus he passed the day before the battle of Pharsalia. It was the middle of summer; the heats were intense, the marshy situation of the camp disagreeable, and his tent-bearers were long in coming. Nevertheless, though extremely harassed and fatigued, he did not anoint himself till noon; and then, taking a morsel of bread, while others were at rest, or musing on the event of the ensuing day, he employed himself till the evening in writing an epitome of Polybius.

Cæsar, it is said, had so high an esteem for him, that he ordered his officers by all means to save him if he would surrender himself, and, if he refused, to let him escape with his life. Some have placed this kindness to the account of Servilia, the mother of Brutus, with whom Cæsar had connections of a tender nature in the early part of his life.* Be-

* These connections were well known. Cæsar made her a present, on a certain occasion, of a pearl which cost him near 50,000*l*. In the civil wars he assigned to her a confiscated estate for a mere trifle; and when the people expressed their surprise at its cheapness, Cicero said humorously, *Quo melius emptam sciatis, Tertia deducta est*. *Tertia* was a daughter of Servilia's, and *deducta* was a term in the procuring business.

sides, as this amour was in full blow about the time when Brutus was born, Cæsar had some reason to believe he might be his son. The intrigue was notorious. When the senate was debating on the dangerous conspiracy of Catiline, Cato and Cæsar, who took different sides of the question, happened to sit near each other. In the midst of the business, a note was brought to Cæsar from without, which he read silently to himself. Cato hereupon loudly accused Cæsar of receiving letters from the enemies of the commonwealth; and Cæsar, finding that it had occasioned a disturbance in the senate, delivered the note to Cato as he had received it. Cato, when he found it to be nothing but a lewd letter from his own sister Servilia, threw it back again to Cæsar:—"Take it, you sot," said he, and went on with the public business.

After the battle of Pharsalia, when Pompey was fled towards the sea, and Cæsar was storming the camp, Brutus escaped through one of the gates, and fled into a watery marsh, where he hid himself amongst the reeds. From thence he ventured out in the night, and got safe to Larissa. From Larissa he wrote to Cæsar, who expressed the greatest pleasure in hearing of his safety, sent for him, and entertained him amongst the first of his friends. When no one could give account which way Pompey was fled, Cæsar walked for some time alone with Brutus to consult his opinion; and finding that it was for Egypt, he rejected the opinion of the rest, and directed his march for that country. Pompey had, indeed, taken the route of Egypt, as Brutus conjectured; but he had already met his fate.

Brutus had so much influence with Cæsar that he reconciled him to his friend Cassius; and when he spoke in behalf of the king of Africa, though there were many impeachments against him, he obtained for him a great part of his kingdom.* When he first began to speak on this occasion, Cæsar said,—“I know not what this young man intends, but whatever it is, he intends it strongly.” His mind was steady, and not easily moved by entreaties. His principles were reason, and honour, and virtue; and the ends to which these directed him he prosecuted with so much vigour that he seldom failed of success. No flattery could induce him to attend to unjust petitions; and though that ductility of mind which may be wrought upon by the impudence of importunity, is by some called good-nature, he considered it as the greatest disgrace. He used to say, that he suspected those who could refuse no favours, had not very honestly employed the flower of their youth.

* Plutarch must here be mistaken. It was Deiotarus, and not the king of Africa, that Brutus pleaded for.

Cæsar, previously to his expedition into Africa against Cato and Scipio, appointed Brutus to the government of Gallia Cisalpina; and this was very fortunate for that particular province: for while the inhabitants of other provinces were oppressed and treated like slaves, by the violence and rapacity of their governors, Brutus behaved with so much kindness to the people under his jurisdiction, that they were in some measure indemnified for their former sufferings. Yet he ascribed every thing to the goodness of Cæsar; and it was no small gratification to the latter to find, on his return through Italy, not only Brutus himself, but all the cities under his command, ready to attend his progress, and industrious to do him honour.

As there were several prætorships vacant, it was the general opinion, that the chief of them, which is the prætorship of the city, would be conferred either on Brutus or on Cassius. Some say that this competition heightened the variance that had already taken place between Brutus and Cassius; for there was a misunderstanding between them, though Cassius was allied to Brutus by marrying his sister Junia. Others say that this competition was a political manœuvre of Cæsar's, who had encouraged it by favouring both their hopes in private. Be that as it may, Brutus had little more than the reputation of his virtue to set against the gallant actions performed by Cassius in the Parthian war. Cæsar weighed the merits of each; and, after consulting with his friends,—“Cassius,” he said, “has the better title to it, notwithstanding Brutus must have the first prætorship.” Another prætorship was, therefore, given to Cassius; but he was not so much obliged by this, as offended by the loss of the first. Brutus had, or at least might have had, equal influence with Cæsar in every thing else; he might have stood the first in authority and interest, but he was drawn off by Cassius' party. Not that he was perfectly reconciled to Cassius since the competition for the prætorial appointments; but he listened to his friends, who were perpetually advising him not to be soothed or cajoled by Cæsar, but to reject the civilities of a tyrant, whose object was not to reward, but to disarm his virtue. On the other hand, Cæsar had his suspicions, and Brutus his accusers; yet the former thought he had less to fear from his spirit, his authority, and his connections, than he had to hope from his honesty. When he was told that Antony and Dolabella had some dangerous conspiracy on foot,—“It is not,” said he, “the sleek and fat men that I fear, but the pale and the lean;” meaning Brutus and Cassius. Afterwards, when he was advised to beware of Brutus, he laid his hand upon his breast, and said,—“Do not you think, then, that Brutus will wait till I have done with this poor body?” as if he thought Brutus the only proper person to succeed him

in his immense power. Indeed, it is extremely probable that Brutus would have been the first man in Rome, could he have had patience awhile to be the second, and have waited till time had wasted the power of Cæsar, and dimmed the lustre of his great actions. But Cassius, a man of violent passions, and an enemy to Cæsar, rather from personal than political hatred, still urged him against the dictator. It was universally said, that Brutus hated the imperial power, and that Cassius hated the emperor. Cassius, indeed, pretended that Cæsar had injured him. He complained that the lions which he had procured when he was nominated ædile, and which he had sent to Megara, Cæsar had taken, and converted to his own use, having found them there when that city was taken by Calanus. Those lions, it is said, were very fatal to the inhabitants; for, as soon as their city was taken, they opened their dens and unchained them in the streets, that they might stop the irruption of the enemy; but, instead of that, they fell upon the citizens, and tore them in such a manner that their very enemies were struck with horror. Some say that this was the principal motive with Cassius for conspiring against Cæsar; but they were strangely mistaken. Cassius had a natural aversion to the whole race of tyrants, which he showed, even when he was at school with Faustus the son of Sylla. When Faustus was boasting among the boys of the unlimited power of his father, Cassius rose and struck him on the face. The friends and tutors of Faustus would have taken upon themselves to punish the insult; but Pompey prevented it, and sending for the boys, examined them himself. Upon which Cassius said,—“Come along, Faustus! repeat, if you dare, before Pompey, the expressions which provoked me, that I may punish you in the same manner.” Such was the disposition of Cassius.

But Brutus was animated to this undertaking by the persuasions of his friends, by private intimations and anonymous letters. Under the statue of his ancestor, who destroyed the Tarquins, was placed a paper with these words:—*O that we had a Brutus now! O that Brutus were now alive!* His own tribunal, on which he sat as prætor, was continually filled with such inscriptions as these:—*Brutus, thou sleepest! thou art not a true Brutus!* The sycophants of Cæsar were the occasion of this; for, amongst other invidious distinctions which they paid him, they crowned his statues by night, that the people might salute him king, instead of dictator. However, it had a contrary effect, as I have shown more at large in the life of Cæsar.

When Cassius solicited his friends to engage in the conspiracy, they all consented on condition that Brutus would take the lead. They concluded that it was not strength of hands or

resolution that they wanted, but the countenance of a man o' reputation, to preside at this sacrifice, and to justify the deed. They were sensible that, without him, they should neither proceed with spirit, nor escape suspicion when they had effected their purpose. The world, they knew, would conclude, that if the action had been honourable, Brutus would not have refused to engage in it. Cassius having considered these things, determined to pay Brutus the first visit after the quarrel that had been between them; and as soon as the compliments of reconciliation were over, he asked him,—“Whether he intended to be in the senate on the calends of March; for it was reported,” he said, “that Cæsar's friends designed to move that he should be declared king?” Brutus answered,—“He should not be there;” and Cassius replied,—“But what if they should send for us?” “It would then,” said Brutus, “be my duty, not only to speak against it, but to sacrifice my life for the liberties of Rome.” Cassius, encouraged by this proceeded,—“But what Roman will bear to see you die? Do not you know yourself, Brutus? Think you that those inscriptions you found on your tribunal were placed there by weavers and victuallers, and not by the first men in Rome? From other prætors they look for presents, and shows, and gladiators; but from you they expect the abolition of tyranny, as a debt which your family has entailed upon you. They are ready to suffer every thing on your account, if you are really what you ought, and what they expect you to be.” After this he embraced Brutus, and, being perfectly reconciled, they retired to their respective friends.

In Pompey's party there was one Quintus Ligarius, whom Cæsar had pardoned, though he had borne arms against him. This man, less grateful for the pardon he had received, than offended with the power which made him stand in need of it, hated Cæsar, but was the intimate friend of Brutus. The latter one day visited him, and finding him not well, said,—“O Ligarius! what a time is this to be sick?” Upon which he raised himself on his elbow, and, taking Brutus by the hand, answered,—“If Brutus has any design worthy of himself, Ligarius is well.” They now tried the inclinations of all they could trust, and took into the conspiracy not only their familiar friends, but such as they knew to be brave, and above the fear of death. For this reason, though they had the greatest regard for Cicero, and the utmost confidence in his principles as a republican, they concealed the conspiracy from him, lest his natural timidity, and the weariness of age, should retard those measures which required the most resolute despatch.

Brutus likewise thought proper to leave his friends, Statilius and Favonius, the followers of Cato, out of the conspiracy

He had tried their sentiments, under the colour of a philosophical dispute; in which Favonius observed, that the worst absolute government was preferable to a civil war: and Statilius added, that it became no wise man to expose himself to fear and danger, on account of the faults and follies of others. But Labeo, who was present, contradicted both. And Brutus, though he was then silent, as if the dispute had been difficult to determine, afterwards communicated the design to Labeo, who readily concurred in it. It was then agreed to gain over the other Brutus, surnamed Albinus, who, though not distinguished by his personal courage, was of consequence, on account of the great number of gladiators he bred for the public shows, and the entire confidence that Cæsar placed in him. To the solicitations of Cassius and Labeo he made no answer: but when he came privately to Brutus, and found that he was at the head of the conspiracy, he made no scruple of joining them. The name of Brutus drew in many more of the most considerable persons of the state; and though they had entered into no oath of secrecy, they kept the design so close, that, notwithstanding the gods themselves denounced the event by a variety of prodigies, no one would give credit to the conspiracy.

Brutus now felt his consequence lie heavy upon him. The safety of some of the greatest men in Rome depended on his conduct, and he could not think of the danger they were to encounter without anxiety. In public, indeed, he suppressed his uneasiness; but at home, and especially by night, he was not the same man. Sometimes he would start from his sleep; at others he was totally immersed in thought. From which, and the like circumstances, it was obvious to his wife, that he was revolving in his mind some difficult and dangerous enterprise. Porcia, as we before observed, was the daughter of Cato. She was married to her cousin Brutus very young, though she was a widow, and had a son named Bibulus after his father. There is a small tract of his still extant, called *Memoirs of Brutus*. Porcia added to the affection of a wife the prudence of a woman who was not unacquainted with philosophy; and she resolved not to inquire into her husband's secrets before she had made the following trial of her own firmness:—She ordered all her attendants out of her apartment, and with a small knife, gave herself a deep wound in the thigh. This occasioned a great effusion of blood, extreme pain, and a fever in consequence of that pain. Brutus was extremely afflicted for her, and as he attended her, in the height of her pain, she thus spoke to him:—“Brutus, when you married the daughter of Cato, you did not, I presume, consider her merely as a female companion, but as the partner of your fortunes. You, indeed, have given me no reason to

repent my marriage; but what proof, either of affection or fidelity, can you receive from me, if I may neither share in your secret griefs, nor in your secret councils? I am sensible that secrecy is not the characteristic virtue of my sex: but surely our natural weakness may be strengthened by a virtuous education, and by honourable connections; and Porcia can boast that she is the daughter of Cato, and the wife of Brutus. Yet even in these distinctions I placed no absolute confidence till I tried and found that I was proof against pain." When she had said this, she showed him her wound, and informed him of her motives; upon which Brutus was so struck with her magnanimity, that, with lifted hands, he entreated the gods to favour his enterprise, and enable him to approve himself worthy of Porcia. He then took every means to cure her wound and restore her health.

A meeting of the senate being appointed, at which Cæsar was expected to attend, that was thought a proper time for the execution of their design. For then they could not only appear together without suspicion; but, as some of the most considerable persons in the commonwealth would be present, they flattered themselves that, as soon as the deed was done, they would join in asserting the common liberty. The place, too, where the senate was to meet, seemed providentially favourable for their purpose. It was a portico adjoining to the theatre; and in the midst of a saloon, furnished with benches, stood a statue of Pompey, which had been erected to him by the commonwealth, when he adorned that part of the city with those buildings. Here the senate was convened on the ides of March; and it seemed as if some god should bring Cæsar to this place to revenge upon him the death of Pompey.

When the day came, Brutus went out, and took with him a dagger, which last circumstance was known only to his wife. The rest met at the house of Cassius, and conducted his son, who was that day to put on the *toga virilis*, to the *forum*; from whence they proceeded to Pompey's portico, and waited for Cæsar. Any one that had been privy to the design of the conspirators, would here have been astonished at their calm and consistent firmness. Many of them were prætors, and obliged by their office to hear and determine causes. These they heard with so much calmness, and decided with so much accuracy, that one could not have supposed there had been any thing else upon their minds; and when a certain person appealed from the judgment of Brutus to Cæsar, Brutus looking round on the assembly said,—*Cæsar neither does, nor shall hinder me from acting agreeably to the laws.* Nevertheless they were disturbed by many accidents. Though the day was far spent, still Cæsar did not come, being detained by his wife

and the soothsayers, on account of defects in the sacrifices. In the mean time a person came up to Casca, one of the conspirators, and taking him by the hand,—“You concealed the thing from me,” said he, “but Brutus has told me all.” Casca expressed his surprise; upon which the other said, laughing,—“How came you to be so rich of a sudden as to stand for the ædileship.” So near was the great secret being blown by the ambiguity of this man’s discourse! At the same time, Popilius Læna, a senator, after saluting Brutus and Cassius in a very obliging manner, said, in a whisper,—“My best wishes are with you; but make no delay; for it is now no secret.” After saying this, he immediately went away, and left them in great consternation; for they concluded that every thing was discovered. Soon after this a messenger came running from Brutus’ house, and told him that his wife was dying. Porcia had been under extreme anxiety, and in great agitations about the event. At every little noise or voice she heard, she started up and ran to the door, like one of the frantic priestesses of Bacchus, inquiring of every one that came from the *forum*, what Brutus was doing. She sent messenger after messenger to make the same inquiries; and being unable any longer to support the agitations of her mind, she, at length, fainted away. She had not time to retire to her chamber. As she sat in the middle of the house, her spirits failed, her colour changed, and she lost her senses and her speech. Her women shrieked, the neighbours ran to their assistance, and a report was soon spread through the city, that Porcia was dead. However, by the care of those that were about her, she recovered in a little time. Brutus was greatly distressed with the news, and not without reason; but his private grief gave way to the public concern: for it was now reported that Cæsar was coming on a litter. The ill omen of his sacrifices had deterred him from entering on business of importance, and he proposed to defer it under a pretence of indisposition. As soon as he came out of the litter, Popilius Læna, who, a little before, had wished Brutus success, went up, and spoke to him for a considerable time; Cæsar all the while standing, and seeming very attentive. The conspirators not being able to hear what he said, suspected, from what passed between him and Brutus, that he was now making a discovery of their design. This disconcerted them extremely, and looking upon each other, they agreed, by the silent language of the countenance, that they should not stay to be taken, but despatch themselves. With this intent, Cassius and some others were just about to draw their daggers from under their robes, when Brutus, observing from the looks and gestures of Læna, that he was petitioning, and not accusing, encouraged Cassius by the cheer-

fulness of his countenance. This was the only way by which he could communicate his sentiments, being surrounded by many who were strangers to the conspiracy. Læna, after a little while, kissed Cæsar's hand, and left him; and it plainly appeared, upon the whole, that he had been speaking about his own affairs.

The senate was already seated, and the conspirators got close about Cæsar's chair, under pretence of preferring a suit to him. Cassius turned his face to Pompey's statue, and invoked it, as if it had been sensible of his prayers. Trebonius kept Antony in conversation without the court. And now Cæsar entered, and the whole senate rose to salute him. The conspirators crowded around him, and sent Tullius Cimber, one of their number, to solicit the recall of his brother, who was banished. They all united in the solicitation, took hold of Cæsar's hand, and kissed his head and his breast. He rejected their applications, and, finding that they would not desist, at length rose from his seat in anger. Tullius, upon this, laid hold of his robe, and pulled it from his shoulders. Casca, who stood behind, gave him the first, though but a slight wound, with his dagger, near the shoulder. Cæsar caught the handle of the dagger, and said in Latin,—“Villain! Casca! What dost thou mean?” Casca, in Greek, called his brother to his assistance. Cæsar was wounded by numbers almost at the same instant, and looked round him for some way to escape; but when he saw the dagger of Brutus pointed against him, he let go Casca's hand, and, covering his head with his robe, resigned himself to their swords. The conspirators pressed so eagerly to stab him, that they wounded each other. Brutus, in attempting to have his share in the sacrifice, received a wound in his hand, and all of them were covered with blood.

Cæsar thus slain, Brutus stepped forward into the middle of the senate-house, and, proposing to make a speech, desired the senators to stay. They fled, however, with the utmost precipitation, though no one pursued; for the conspirators had no design on any life but Cæsar's; and, that taken away, they invited the rest to liberty. Indeed, all but Brutus were of opinion that Antony should fall with Cæsar. They considered him as an insolent man, who, in his principles, favoured monarchy, and who had made himself popular in the army. Moreover, beside his natural disposition to despotism, he had at this time the consular power, and was the colleague of Cæsar. Brutus, on the other hand, alleged the injustice of such a measure, and suggested the possibility of Antony's change of principle. He thought it far from being improbable, that, after the destruction of Cæsar, a man so passionately fond of

glory should be inspired, by an emulation, to join in restoring the commonwealth. Thus Antony was saved; though, in the general consternation, he fled in the disguise of a plebeian. Brutus and his party betook themselves to the Capitol; and, showing their bloody hands and naked swords, proclaimed liberty to the people as they passed. At first all was lamentation, distraction, and tumult; but, as no further violence was committed, the senators and the people recovered their apprehensions, and went in a body to the conspirators in the Capitol. Brutus made a popular speech, adapted to the occasion; and, this being well received, the conspirators were encouraged to come down into the *forum*. The rest were undistinguished; but persons of the first quality attended Brutus, conducted him with great honour from the Capitol, and placed him in the *rostrum*. At the sight of Brutus, the populace, though disposed to tumult, were struck with reverence; and, when he began to speak, they attended with silence. It soon appeared, however, that it was not the action, but the man, they respected; for when Cinna spoke, and accused Cæsar, they loaded him with the most opprobrious language, and became so outrageous, that the conspirators thought proper once more to retire into the Capitol. Brutus now expected to be besieged; and, therefore, dismissed the principal people that attended him; because he thought it unreasonable that they, who had no concern in the action, should be exposed to the danger that followed it. Next day the senate assembled in the temple of Tellus; and Antony, Plancus, and Cicero, in their respective speeches, persuaded and prevailed on the people to forget what was past. Accordingly, the conspirators were not only pardoned, but it was decreed that the consuls should take into consideration what honours and dignities were proper to be conferred upon them. After this the senate broke up; and Antony, having sent his son as a hostage to the Capitol, Brutus and his party came down, and mutual compliments passed between them. Cassius was invited to sup with Antony, Brutus with Lepidus, and the rest were entertained by their respective friends.

Early next morning, the senate assembled again, and voted thanks to Antony for preventing a civil war; as well as to Brutus and his party, for their services to the commonwealth. The latter had also provinces distributed amongst them. Crete was allotted to Brutus, Africa to Cassius, Asia to Trebonius, Bithynia to Cimber, and the other Brutus had that part of Gaul which lies upon the Po.

Cæsar's will and his funeral came next in question. Antony proposed that the will should be read in public; and that the funeral should not be private, or without proper magnifi-

cence, lest such treatment should exasperate the people. Cassius strongly opposed this; but Brutus agreed to it: and here he fell into a second error. His preservation of so formidable an enemy as Antony was a mistaken thing; but his giving up the management of Cæsar's funeral to him was an irreparable fault. The publication of the will had an immediate tendency to inspire the people with a passionate regret for the death of Cæsar; for he had left to each Roman citizen seventy-five drachmas, beside the public use of his gardens beyond the Tiber, where now the temple of Fortune stands. When the body was brought into the *forum*, and Antony spoke the usual funeral eulogium, as he perceived the people affected by his speech, he endeavoured still more to work upon their passions by unfolding the bloody garment of Cæsar; showing them in how many places it was pierced, and pointing out the number of his wounds. This threw every thing into confusion. Some called aloud to kill the murderers; others, as was formerly done in the case of that seditious demagogue Clodius, snatched the benches and tables from the neighbouring shops, and erected a pile for the body of Cæsar, in the midst of consecrated places and surrounding temples. As soon as the pile was in flames, the people, crowding from all parts, snatched the half-burnt brands, and ran round the city to fire the houses of the conspirators; but they were on their guard against such an assault, and prevented the effects. There was a poet named Cinna, who had no concern in the conspiracy, but was rather a friend of Cæsar's. This man dreamed that Cæsar invited him to supper, and that, when he declined the invitation, he took him by the hand, and constrained him to follow him into a dark and deep place, which he entered with the utmost horror. The agitation of his spirits threw him into a fever, which lasted the remaining part of the night. In the morning, however, when Cæsar was to be interred, he was ashamed of absenting himself from the solemnity: he, therefore, mingled with the multitude that had just been enraged by the speech of Antony; and, being unfortunately mistaken for that Cinna, who had before inveighed against Cæsar, he was torn to pieces. This, more than any thing, except Antony's change of conduct, alarmed Brutus and his party. They now thought it necessary to consult their safety, and retired to Antium. Here they sat down, with an intent to return as soon as the popular fury should subside; and for this, considering the inconstancy of the multitude, they concluded that they should not have long to wait. The senate, moreover, was in their interest; and, though they did not punish the murderers of Cinna, they caused strict inquiry to be made after those who attempted to burn the houses of the

conspirators. Antony, too, became obnoxious to the people; for they suspected him of erecting another kind of monarchy. The return of Brutus was consequently wished for; and as he was to exhibit shows and games in his capacity as prætor, it was expected. Brutus, however, had received intelligence that several of Cæsar's old soldiers, to whom he had distributed lands and colonies, had stolen, by small parties, into Rome, and that they lay in wait for him: he, therefore, did not think proper to come himself. Notwithstanding which, the shows that were exhibited on his account were extremely magnificent; for he had bought a considerable number of wild beasts, and ordered that they should all be reserved for that purpose. He went himself as far as Naples to collect a number of comedians; and, being informed of one Canutius, who was much admired upon the stage, he desired his friends to use all their interest to bring him to Rome. Canutius was a Grecian; and Brutus, therefore, thought that no compulsion should be used. He wrote likewise to Cicero, and begged that he would, by all means, be present at the public shows.

Such was the situation of his affairs, when, on the arrival of Octavius at Rome, things took another turn. He was son to the sister of Cæsar, who had adopted and appointed him his heir. He was pursuing his studies at Apollonia, and in expectation of meeting Cæsar there on his intended expedition against the Parthians, at the time when Cæsar was slain. Upon hearing of this event, he immediately came to Rome, and, to ingratiate himself with the people, assumed the name of Cæsar. By punctually distributing amongst the citizens the money that was left them by his uncle, he soon took the lead of Antony; and, by his liberality to the soldiers, he brought over to his party the greatest number of those who had served under Cæsar. Cicero, likewise, who hated Antony, joined his interest. And this was so much resented by Brutus, that, in his letters, he reproached him in the severest terms:—"He perceived," he said, "that Cicero was tame enough to bear a tyrant, and was only afraid of the tyrant that hated him; that his compliments to Octavius were meant to purchase an easy slavery: but our ancestors," said Brutus, "scorned to bear even a gentle master." He added, that "as to the measures of peace or war, he was undetermined; but in one thing he was resolved, which was, *never to be a slave!*" He expressed his surprise, "that Cicero should prefer an infamous accommodation even to the dangers of civil war; and that the only fruits he expected from destroying the tyranny of Antony, should be the establishment of a new tyrant in Octavius." Such was the spirit of his first letters.

The city was now divided into two factions: some joined

Cæsar, others remained with Antony, and the army was sold to the best bidder. Brutus, of course, despaired of any desirable event; and, being resolved to leave Italy, he went by land to Lucania, and came to the maritime town of Elea. Porcia, being to return from thence to Rome, endeavoured, as well as possible, to conceal the sorrow that oppressed her; but, notwithstanding her magnanimity, a picture which she found there betrayed her distress. The subject was the parting of Hector and Andromache. He was represented delivering his son Astyanax into her arms, and the eyes of Andromache were fixed upon him. The resemblance that this picture bore to her own distress, made her burst into tears the moment she beheld it; and several times she visited the melancholy emblem, to gaze upon it, and weep before it. On this occasion, Acilius, one of Brutus' friends, repeated that passage in Homer, where Andromache says,—

Yet while my Hector still survives, I see,
My father, mother, brethren, all in thee.*

To which Brutus replied, with a smile,—“But I must not answer Porcia as Hector did Andromache:—

—————“Hasten to thy tasks at home,
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom.†

“She has not personal strength, indeed, to sustain the toils we undergo: but her spirit is not less active in the cause of her country.” This anecdote we have from Bibulus the son of Porcia.

From Elea Brutus sailed for Athens, where he was received with high applause, and invested with public honours. There he took up his residence with a particular friend, and attended the lectures of Theomnestus the Academic, and Cratippus the Peripatetic; devoting himself wholly to literary pursuits. Yet, in this unsuspected state, he was privately preparing for war. He despatched Herostratus into Macedonia to gain the principal officers in that province; and he secured, by his kindness, all the young Romans who were students then at Athens. Amongst these was the son of Cicero, on whom he bestowed the highest encomiums; and said, that he could never cease admiring the spirit of that young man, who bore such a mortal hatred to tyrants.

At length he began to act more publicly; and being informed that some of the Roman ships, laden with money, were returning from Asia, under the command of a man of honour, a friend of his, he met him at Carystus, a city of Eubœa. There he had a conference with him, and requested that he

* Pope.

† Ibid.

would give up the ships. By the by, it happened to be Brutus' birth-day, on which occasion he gave a splendid entertainment, and while they were drinking *Victory to Brutus* and *Liberty to Rome*, to encourage the cause, he called for a larger bowl. While he held it in his hand, without any visible relation to the subject they were upon, he pronounced this verse:—

My fall was doomed by Phœbus and by Fate.

Some historians say that *Apollo* was the word he gave his soldiers in the last battle at Philippi; and, of course concluded that this exclamation was a presage of his defeat. Antistius, the commander of the ships, gave him five hundred thousand drachmas of the money he was carrying to Italy. The remains of Pompey's army that was scattered about Thessaly readily joined his standard; and besides these he took five hundred horse, whom Cinna was conducting to Dolabella in Asia. He then sailed to Demetrius, and seized a large quantity of arms, which Julius Cæsar had provided for the Parthian war, and which were now to be sent to Antony. Macedonia was delivered up to him by Hortensius the prætor; and all the neighbouring princes readily offered their assistance. When news was received that Caius, the brother of Antony, had marched through Italy, to join the forces under Gabinius in Dyrrhachium and Apollonia, Brutus determined to seize them before he arrived, and made a forced march with such troops as were at hand. The way was rugged, and the snows were deep; but he moved with such expedition, that his sutlers were left a long way behind. When he had almost reached Dyrrhachium, he was seized with the disorder called *Bulimia*, or violent hunger, occasioned by cold and fatigue. This disorder affects both men and cattle after fatigues in the snow. Whether it is that perspiration being prevented by the extreme cold, the vital heat is confined, and more immediately consumes the aliment; or that a keen and subtile vapour, rising from the melted snow, penetrates the body, and destroys the heat, by expelling it through the pores; for the sweatings seem to arise from the heat contending with the cold, which being repelled by the latter, the vapoury steam is diffused over the surface of the body. But of this I have treated more largely in another place. Brutus growing very faint, and no provisions being at hand, his servants were forced to go to the gates of the enemy, and beg bread of the sentinels. When they were informed of the distress of Brutus, they brought him meat and drink in their own hands; and in return for their humanity, when he had taken the city, he showed kindness both to them and to the rest of the inhabitants.

When Caius arrived in Apollonia, he summoned the sol

diers that were quartered near the city to join him; but finding that they were all with Brutus, and suspecting that those in Apollonia favoured the same party, he went to Buthrotus. Brutus, however, found means to destroy three of his cohorts in their march. Caius, after this, attempted to seize some posts near Byllis, but was routed in a set battle by young Cicero, to whom Brutus had given the command of the army on that occasion, and whose conduct he made use of frequently, and with success. Caius was soon after surprised in a marsh, from whence he had no means to escape; and Brutus finding him in his power, surrounded him with his cavalry, and gave orders that none of his men should be killed; for he expected that they would quickly join him of their own accord. As he expected, it came to pass. They surrendered both themselves and their generals; so that Brutus had now a very respectable army. He treated Caius for a long time with all possible respect; nor did he divest him of any ensigns of dignity that he bore, though it is said that he received letters from several persons at Rome, and particularly from Cicero, advising him to put him to death. At length, however, when he found that he was secretly practising with his officers, and exciting seditions among the soldiers, he put him on board a ship, and kept him close prisoner. The soldiers that he had corrupted retired into Apollonia, from whence they sent to Brutus, that if he would come to them there, they would return to their duty. Brutus answered,—“That this was not the custom of the Romans, but that those who had offended should come in person to their general, and solicit his forgiveness.” This they did, and were accordingly pardoned.

He was now preparing to go into Asia, when he was informed of a change in affairs at Rome. Young Cæsar, supported by the senate, had got the better of Antony, and driven him out of Italy; but, at the same time, he began to be no less formidable himself; for he solicited the consulship contrary to law, and kept in pay an unnecessary army. Consequently, the senate, though they at first supported, were now dissatisfied with his measures. And as they began to cast their eyes on Brutus, and decreed or confirmed several provinces to him, Cæsar was under some apprehensions. He, therefore, despatched messengers to Antony, and desired that a reconciliation might take place. After this he drew up his army around the city, and carried the consulship, though but a boy, in his twentieth year, as he tells us in his Commentaries. He was no sooner consul than he ordered a judicial process to issue against Brutus and his accomplices, for murdering the first magistrate in Rome, without trial or condemnation. Lucius Cornificius was appointed to accuse Brutus, and Marcus

Agrippa accused Cassius; neither of whom appearing, the judges were obliged to pass sentence against both. It is said, that when the crier, as usual, cited Brutus to appear, the people could not suppress their sighs; and persons of the first distinction heard it in silent dejection. Publius Silicius was observed to burst into tears; and this was the cause why he was afterwards proscribed. The triumviri, Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus, being now reconciled, divided the provinces amongst them, and settled that list of murder, in which two hundred citizens, and Cicero amongst the rest, were proscribed.

When the report of these proceedings was brought into Macedonia, Brutus found himself under a necessity of sending orders to Hortensius to kill Caius, the brother of Antony, in revenge of the death of Cicero his friend, and Brutus Albinus his kinsman, who were slain. This was the reason why Antony, when he had taken Hortensius at the battle of Philippi, slew him upon his brother's tomb. Brutus says, that he was more ashamed of the cause of Cicero's death than grieved at the event; while he saw Rome enslaved more by her own fault, than by the fault of her tyrants, and continue a tame spectator of such scenes as ought not to have been heard of without horror.

The army of Brutus was now considerable, and he ordered its route into Asia, while a fleet was preparing in Bithynia and at Cyzicus. As he marched by land, he settled the affairs of the cities, and gave audience to the princes of those countries through which he passed. He sent orders to Cassius, who was in Syria, to give up his intended journey into Egypt, and join him. On this occasion he tells him, that their collecting forces to destroy the tyrants was not to secure an empire to themselves, but to deliver their fellow-citizens; that they should never forget this great object of their undertaking, but, adhering to their first intentions, keep Italy within their eye, and hasten to rescue their country from oppression.

Cassius, accordingly, set out to join him; and Brutus, at the same time, making some progress to meet him, their interview was at Smyrna. Till this meeting they had not seen each other since they parted at the Piræus of Athens, when Cassius set out for Syria, and Brutus for Macedonia. The forces they had respectively collected gave them great joy, and made them confident of success. From Italy they had fled, like solitary exiles, without money, without arms, without a ship, a soldier, or a town to fly to. Yet now, in so short a time, they found themselves supplied with shipping and money, with an army of horse and foot, and in a condition of contending for the empire of Rome. Cassius was no less respectful

to Brutus than Brutus was to him; but the latter would generally wait upon him, as he was the older man, and of a feebler constitution. Cassius was esteemed an able soldier, but of a fiery disposition, and ambitious to command rather by fear than affection; though, at the same time, with his familiar acquaintance, he was easy in his manners, and fond of raillery to excess. Brutus, on account of his virtue, was respected by the people, beloved by his friends, admired by men of principle, and not hated even by his enemies. He was mild in his temper, and had a greatness of mind that was superior to anger, avarice, and the love of pleasure. He was firm and inflexible in his opinions, and zealous in every pursuit where justice or honour were concerned. The people had the highest opinion of his integrity and sincerity in every undertaking, and this naturally inspired them with confidence and affection. Even Pompey the Great had hardly ever so much credit with them; for whoever imagined, that if he had conquered Cæsar, he would have submitted to the laws, and would not have retained his power under the title of consul or dictator, or some more specious and popular name? Cassius, on the contrary, a man of violent passions and rapacious avarice, was suspected of exposing himself to toil and danger, rather from a thirst of power, than an attachment to the liberties of his country. The former disturbers of the commonwealth, Cinna, and Marius, and Carbo, evidently set their country at a stake for the winner, and hardly scrupled to own that they fought for empire. But the very enemies of Brutus never charge him with this. Even Antony has been heard to say, that Brutus was the only conspirator who had the sense of honour and justice for his motive, and that the rest were wholly actuated by malice or envy. It is clear, too, from what Brutus himself says, that he finally and principally relied on his own virtue. Thus, he writes to Atticus immediately before an engagement,—“That his affairs were in the most desirable situation imaginable; for that either he should conquer and restore liberty to Rome, or die and be free from slavery; that every thing else was reduced to certainty: and that this only remained a question, Whether they should live or die free men?” He adds, “That Mark Antony was properly punished for his folly; who, when he might have ranked with the Bruti, the Cassii, and Catos, chose rather to be the underling of Octavius; and that if he did not fall in the approaching battle, they would very soon be at variance with each other.” In which he seems to have been a true prophet.

Whilst they were at Smyrna, Brutus desired Cassius to let him have part of the vast treasure he had collected, because his own was chiefly expended in equipping a fleet to gain the superiority at sea. But the friends of Cassius advised him

against this; alleging that it would be absurd to give Brutus that money which he had saved with so much frugality, and acquired with so much envy, merely that Brutus might increase his popularity, by distributing it amongst the soldiers. Cassius, however, gave him a third of what he had, and then they parted for their respective commands. Cassius behaved with great severity on the taking of Rhodes; though, when he first entered the city, and was saluted with the title of king and master, he answered,—“That he was neither their king nor their master, but the destroyer of him who would have been both.” Brutus demanded supplies of men and money from the Lycians; but Nauerates, an orator, persuaded the cities to rebel, and some of the inhabitants posted themselves on the hills, with an intent to oppose the passage of Brutus. Brutus, at first, despatched a party of horse, which surprised them at dinner, and killed six hundred of them. But afterwards, when he had taken the adjacent towns and villages, he gave up the prisoners without ransom, and hoped to gain them to his party by clemency. Their former sufferings, however, made them reject his humanity, and those that still resisted, being driven into the city of Xanthus, were there besieged. As a river ran close by the town, several attempted to escape by swimming and diving; but they were prevented by nets let down for that purpose, which had little bells at the top to give notice when any one was taken. The Xanthians afterwards made a sally in the night, and set fire to several of the battering engines; but they were perceived and driven back by the Romans: at the same time, the violence of the winds drove the flames on the city, so that several houses near the battlements took fire. Brutus being apprehensive that the whole city would be destroyed, sent his own soldiers to assist the inhabitants in quenching the fire. But the Lycians were seized with incredible despair, a kind of phrensy, which can no otherwise be described than by calling it a passionate desire of death. Women and children, freemen and slaves, people of all ages and conditions, strove to repulse the soldiers as they came to their assistance from the walls. With their own hands they collected wood and reeds, and all manner of combustibles, to spread the fire over the city, and encouraged its progress by every means in their power. Thus assisted, the flames flew over the whole with dreadful rapidity; while Brutus, extremely shocked at this calamity, rode round the walls, and, stretching forth his hands to the inhabitants, entreated them to spare themselves and the city. Regardless of his entreaties, they sought by every means to put an end to their lives. Men, women, and even children, with hideous cries, leaped into the flames. Some threw themselves headlong from

the walls, and others fell upon the swords of their parents, opening their breasts, and begging to be slain.

When the city was in a great measure reduced to ashes, a woman was found who had hanged herself, with her young child fastened to her neck, and the torch in her hand with which she had fired her house. This deplorable object so much affected Brutus, that he wept when he was told of it, and proclaimed a reward to any soldier who could save a Xanthian. It is said that no more than a hundred and fifty were preserved, and those against their will. Thus, the Xanthians, as if fate had appointed certain periods for their destruction, after a long course of years sunk into that deplorable ruin, in which the same rash despair had involved their ancestors in the Persian war: for they too burned their city, and destroyed themselves.

After this, when the Patarcans likewise made resistance, Brutus was under great anxiety whether he should besiege them; for he was afraid they should follow the desperate measures of the Xanthians. However, having some of their women whom he had taken prisoners, he dismissed them without ransom; and those returning to their husbands and parents, who happened to be people of the first distinction, so much extolled the justice and moderation of Brutus, that they prevailed on them to submit, and put their city into his hands. The adjacent cities followed their example, and found that his humanity exceeded their hopes. Cassius compelled every Rhodian to give up all the gold and silver in his possession, by which he amassed eight thousand talents; and yet he laid the public under a fine of five hundred talents more: but Brutus took only a hundred and fifty talents of the Lycians, and without doing them any other injury, led his army into Ionia.

Brutus, in the course of this expedition, did many acts of justice, and was vigilant in the dispensation of rewards and punishments. An instance of this I shall relate, because both he himself, and every honest Roman, was particularly pleased with it:—When Pompey the Great, after his overthrow at Pharsalia, fled into Egypt, and landed near Pelusium, the tutors and ministers of young Ptolemy consulted what measures they should take on the occasion. But they were of different opinions. Some were for receiving him, others for excluding him out of Egypt. Theodotus, a Chian by birth, and a teacher of rhetoric by profession, who then attended the king in that capacity, was, for want of abler ministers, admitted to the council. This man insisted that both were in the wrong; those who were for receiving, and those who were for expelling Pompey. The best measure they could take, he said, would be to put him to death; and concluded his speech

with the proverb, that *dead men do not bite*. The council entered into his opinion; and Pompey the Great, an example of the incredible mutability of fortune, fell a sacrifice to the arguments of a sophist, as that sophist lived afterwards to boast. Not long after, upon Cæsar's arrival in Egypt, some of the murderers received their proper reward, and were put to death; but Theodotus made his escape. Yet, though for awhile he gained from fortune the poor privilege of a wandering and despicable life, he fell at last into the hands of Brutus as he was passing through Asia; and by paying the forfeit of his baseness, became more memorable from his death than from any thing in his life.

About this time Brutus sent for Cassius to Sardis, and went with his friends to meet him. The whole army being drawn up, saluted both the leaders with the title of *Imperator*. But, as it usually happens in great affairs, where many friends and many officers are engaged, mutual complaints and suspicions arose between Brutus and Cassius. To settle these more properly, they retired into an apartment by themselves. Expostulations, debates, and accusations followed. And these were so violent that they burst into tears. Their friends without were surprised at the loudness and asperity of the conference; but though they were apprehensive of the consequences, they durst not interfere, because they had been expressly forbidden to enter. Favonius, however, an imitator of Cato, but rather an enthusiast than rational in his philosophy, attempted to enter. The servants in waiting endeavoured to prevent him, but it was not easy to stop the impetuous Favonius. He was violent in his whole conduct, and valued himself less on his dignity as a senator, than on a kind of cynical freedom in saying every thing he pleased; nor was this unentertaining to those who could bear with his impertinence. However, he broke through the door, and entered the apartment, pronouncing, in a theatrical tone, what Nestor says in Homer,—

Young men, be rul'd—I'm older than you both.

Cassius laughed; but Brutus thrust him out, telling him that he pretended to be a *cynic*, but was in reality a *dog*. This, however, put an end to the dispute; and for that time they parted. Cassius gave an entertainment in the evening, to which Brutus invited his friends. When they were seated, Favonius came in from bathing. Brutus called aloud to him, telling him he was not invited, and bade him go to the lower end of the table. Favonius, notwithstanding, thrust himself on, and sat down in the middle. On that occasion there was much learning and good humour in the conversation.

The day following, one Lucius Pella, who had been prætor,

and employed in offices of trust, being impeached by the Sardians of embezzling the public money, was disgraced and condemned by Brutus. This was very mortifying to Cassius; for, a little before, two of his own friends had been accused of the same crime; but he had absolved them in public, and, contenting himself with giving them a private reproof, continued them in office. Of course, he charged Brutus with too rigid an exertion of the laws at a time when lenity was much more politic. Brutus, on the other hand, reminded him of the Ides of March, the time when they had killed Cæsar; who was not, personally speaking, the scourge of mankind, but only abetted and supported those that were with his power. He bade him consider, that if the neglect of justice were in any case to be connived at, it should have been done before; and that they had better have born with the oppressions of Cæsar's friends, than suffer the mal-practices of their own to pass with impunity:—"For then," continued he, "we could have been blamed only for cowardice; but now, after all we have undergone, we shall lie under the imputation of injustice." Such were the principles of Brutus.

When they were about to leave Asia, Brutus, it is said, had an extraordinary apparition. Naturally watchful, sparing in his diet, and assiduous in business, he allowed himself but little time for sleep. In the day he never slept, nor in the night, till all business was over, and, the rest being retired, he had nobody to converse with. But at this time, involved as he was in the operations of war, and solicitous for the event, he only slumbered a little after supper, and spent the rest of the night in ordering his most urgent affairs. When these were despatched, he employed himself in reading till the third watch, when the tribunes and centurions came to him for orders. Thus, a little before he left Asia, he was sitting alone in his tent, by a dim light, and at a late hour. The whole army lay in sleep and silence, while the general, wrapt in meditation, thought he perceived something enter his tent: turning towards the door, he saw a horrible and monstrous spectre standing silently by his side:—"What art thou?" said he boldly? "Art thou god or man? And what is thy business with me?" The spectre answered,—“I am thy evil genius, Brutus! Thou wilt see me at Philippi.” To which he calmly replied,—“I'll meet thee there.” When the apparition was gone, he called his servants, who told him they had neither heard any noise, nor had seen any vision. That night he did not go to rest, but went early in the morning to Cassius, and told him what had happened. Cassius, who was of the school of Epicurus, and used frequently to dispute with Brutus on these subjects, answered him thus:—"It is the opinion of our sect, that not

every thing we see is real; for matter is evasive, and sense deceitful. Besides, the impressions it receives are, by the quick and subtile influence of imagination, thrown into a variety of forms, many of which have no archetypes in nature; and this the imagination effects as easily as we may make an impression on wax. The mind of man, having in itself the plastic powers, and the component parts, can fashion and vary its objects at pleasure. This is clear from the sudden transition of dreams, in which the imagination can educe from the slightest principles such an amazing variety of forms, and call into exercise all the passions of the soul. The mind is perpetually in motion, and that motion is imagination, or thought. But when the body, as in your case, is fatigued with labour, it naturally suspends or perverts the regular functions of the mind. Upon the whole, it is highly improbable that there should be any such beings as demons or spirits; or that if there were such, they should assume a human shape or voice, or have any power to affect us. At the same time, I own I could wish there were such beings, that we might not rely on fleets and armies, but find the concurrence of the gods in this our sacred and glorious enterprise." Such were the arguments he made use of to satisfy Brutus.

When the army began to march, two eagles perched on the two first standards, and accompanied them as far as Philippi, being constantly fed by the soldiers; but the day before the battle they flew away. Brutus had already reduced most of the nations in these parts; nevertheless, he traversed the sea-coast over against Thasus, that, if any hostile power remained, he might bring it into subjection. Norbanus, who was encamped in the straits near Symbolum, they surrounded in such a manner, that they obliged him to quit the place. Indeed, he narrowly escaped losing his whole army, which had certainly been the case, had not Antony come to his relief with such amazing expedition, that Brutus could not believe it to be possible. Cæsar, who had been kept behind by sickness, joined his army about ten days after. Brutus was encamped over against him; Cassius was opposite to Antony. The space between the two armies the Romans call the plains of Philippi. Two armies of Romans, equal in numbers to these, had never before met to engage each other. Cæsar's was something superior in numbers; but, in the splendour of arms and equipage, was far exceeded by that of Brutus; for most of their arms were of gold and silver, which their general had liberally bestowed upon them. Brutus, in other things, had accustomed his officers to frugality; but the riches which his soldiers carried about with them would at once, he thought, add

to the spirit of the ambitious, and make the covetous valiant in the defence of those arms which were their principal wealth.

Cæsar made a lustration of his army within the camp, and gave each private man a little corn and five drachmas only for the sacrifice. But Brutus, to show his contempt of the poverty or the avarice of Cæsar, made a public lustration of his army in the field; and not only distributed cattle to each cohort for the sacrifice, but gave fifty drachmas on the occasion to each private man. Of course, he was more beloved by his soldiers, and they were more ready to fight for him. It is reported, that, during the lustration, an unlucky omen happened to Cassius. The garland he was to wear at the sacrifice was presented to him the wrong side outwards. It is said, too, that at a solemn procession, some time before, the person who bore the golden image of Victory before Cassius happened to stumble, and the image fell to the ground. Several birds of prey hovered daily about the camp, and swarms of bees were seen within the trenches. Upon which the soothsayers ordered the part where they appeared to be shut up: for Cassius, with all his Epicurean philosophy, began to be superstitious, and the soldiers were extremely disheartened by these omens.

For this reason Cassius was inclined to protract the war, and unwilling to hazard the whole of the event on a present engagement. What made for this measure, too, was, that they were stronger in money and provisions, but inferior in numbers. Brutus, on the other hand, was, as usual, for an immediate decision, that he might either give liberty to his country, or rescue his fellow-citizens from the toils and expenses of war. He was encouraged likewise by the success his cavalry met with in several skirmishes; and some instances of desertion and mutiny in the camp, brought over many of the friends of Cassius to his opinion. But there was one Atellius, who still opposed an immediate decision, and advised to put it off till the next winter. When Brutus asked him what advantages he expected from that, he answered,—“If I gain nothing else, I shall at least live so much the longer.” Both Cassius and the rest of the officers were displeased with this answer; and it was determined to give battle the day following.

Brutus that night expressed great confidence and cheerfulness; and, having passed the time of supper in philosophical conversation, he went to rest. Messala says, that Cassius supped in private with some of his most intimate friends; and that, contrary to his usual manner, he was pensive and silent. He adds, that, after supper, he took him by the hand, and pressing it close, as he commonly did, in token of his friendship, he said in Greek,—“Bear witness, Messala, that I am reduced to the same necessity with Pompey the Great, of ha-

zarding the liberty of my country on one battle. Yet I have confidence in our good fortune, on which we ought still to rely, though the measures we have resolved upon are indiscreet." These, Messala tells us, were the last words that Cassius spoke before he bade him *farewell*; and that the next day, being his birth-day, he invited Cassius to sup with him.

Next morning, as soon as it was light, the scarlet robe, which was the signal for battle, was hung out in the tents of Brutus and Cassius; and they themselves met on the plain between the two armies. On this occasion, Cassius thus addressed himself to Brutus:—"May the gods, Brutus, make this day successful, that we may pass the rest of our days together in prosperity. But as the most important of human events are the most uncertain, and as we may never see each other any more, if we are unfortunate on this occasion, tell me what is your resolution concerning flight and death?"

Brutus answered:—"In the younger and less experienced part of my life, I was led, upon philosophical principles, to condemn the conduct of Cato in killing himself. I thought it at once impious and unmanly to sink beneath the stroke of fortune, and to refuse the lot that had befallen us. In my present situation, however, I am of a different opinion: so that, if heaven should now be unfavourable to our wishes, I will no longer solicit my hopes or my fortune, but die contented with it, such as it is. On the ides of March I devoted my life to my country; and since that time I have lived in liberty and glory." At these words Cassius smiled, and, embracing Brutus, said,—“Let us march, then, against the enemy; for, with these resolutions, though we should not conquer, we have nothing to fear.” They then consulted with their friends concerning the order of battle. Brutus desired that he might command the right wing, though the post was thought more proper for Cassius, on account of his experience. Cassius, however, gave it up to him, and placed Messala, with the best of his legions, in the same wing. Brutus immediately drew out his cavalry, which were equipped with great magnificence, and the foot followed close upon them.

Antony's soldiers were at this time employed in making a trench from the marsh where they were encamped, to cut off Cassius' communication with the sea. Cæsar lay still in his tent, confined by sickness. His soldiers were far from expecting that the enemy would come to a pitched battle. They supposed that they were only making excursions to harass the trench-diggers with their light arms; and not perceiving that they were pouring in close upon them, they were astonished at the outcry they heard from the trenches. Brutus, in the mean time, sent tickets to the several officers with the word of battle,

and rode through the ranks to encourage his men. There were few who had patience to wait for the word. The greatest part, before it could reach them, fell with loud shouts upon the enemy. This precipitate onset threw the army into confusion, and separated the legions. Messala's legion first got beyond the left wing of Cæsar, and was followed by those that were stationed near him. In their way they did nothing more than throw some of the outmost ranks into disorder, and killed few of the enemy: their great object was to fall upon Cæsar's camp, and they made directly up to it. Cæsar himself, as he tells us in his Commentaries, had but just before been conveyed out of his tent, in consequence of a vision of his friend Artorius, which commanded that he should be carried out of the camp. This made it believed that he was slain: for the soldiers had pierced his empty litter in many places with darts. Those who were taken in the camp were put to the sword, amongst whom were two thousand Lacedæmonian auxiliaries. Those who attacked Cæsar's legions in front easily put them to the rout, and cut three legions in pieces. After this, borne along with the impetuosity of victory, they rushed into the camp at the same time with the fugitives, and Brutus was in the midst of them. The flank of Brutus' army was now left unguarded, by the separation of the right wing, which was gone off too far in the pursuit; and the enemy perceiving this, endeavoured to take advantage of it. They, accordingly, attacked it with great fury, but could make no impression on the main body, which received them with firmness and unshaken resolution. The left wing, however, which was under the command of Cassius, was soon put to the rout; for the men were in great disorder, and knew nothing of what had passed in the right wing. The enemy pursued him into the camp, which they plundered and destroyed, though neither of their generals were present. Antony, it is said, to avoid the fury of the first onset, had retired into the adjoining marsh; and Cæsar, who had been carried sick out of the camp, was nowhere to be found. Nay, some of the soldiers would have persuaded Brutus that they had killed Cæsar, describing his age and person, and showing him their bloody swords.

The main body of Brutus' army had now made prodigious havock of the enemy; and Brutus, in his department, was no less absolutely conqueror, than Cassius was conquered. The want of knowing this was the ruin of their affairs. Brutus neglected to relieve Cassius, because he knew not that he wanted relief.

When Brutus had destroyed the camp of Cæsar, and was returning from the pursuit, he was surprised that he could neither perceive the tent of Cassius above the rest, as usual,

nor any of those that were about it: for they had been demolished by the enemy on their first entering the camp. Some, who were of quicker sight than the rest, told him, that they could perceive a motion of shining helmets and silver targets in the camp of Cassius, and supposed, from their numbers and their armour, that they could not be those who were left to guard the camp; though at the same time there was not so great an appearance of dead bodies as there must have been after the defeat of so many legions. This gave Brutus the first suspicion of Cassius' misfortune; and leaving a sufficient guard in the enemy's camp, he called off the rest from the pursuit, and led them in order, to the relief of Cassius.

The case of that general was this:—He was chagrined at first by the irregular conduct of Brutus' soldiers, who began the attack without waiting for the command; and, afterwards, by their attention to plunder, whereby they neglected to surround and cut off the enemy. Thus dissatisfied, he trifled with his command, and, for want of vigilance, suffered himself to be surrounded by the enemy's right wing; upon which his cavalry quitted their post, and fled towards the sea. The foot, likewise, began to give way; and though he had laboured as much as possible to stop their flight, and snatching an ensign from the hand of one of the fugitives, fixed it at his feet, yet he was hardly able to keep his own prætorian band together: so that, at length, he was obliged to retire, with a very small number, to a hill that overlooked the plain. Yet here he could discover nothing, for he was short-sighted; and it was with some difficulty that he could perceive his own camp plundered. His companions, however, saw a large detachment of horse which Brutus had sent to their relief, making up to them. These Cassius concluded to be the enemy that were in pursuit of him; notwithstanding which, he despatched Titinius to reconnoitre them. When the cavalry of Brutus saw this faithful friend of Cassius approach, they shouted for joy. His acquaintance leaped from their horses to embrace him, and the rest rode round him with clashing of arms, and all the clamorous expressions of gladness. This circumstance had a fatal effect. Cassius took it for granted that Titinius was seized by the enemy, and regretted that, through a weak desire of life, he had suffered his friend to fall into their hands. When he had expressed himself to this effect, he retired into an empty tent, accompanied only by his freed-man Pindarus, whom, ever since the defeat of Crassus, he had retained for a particular purpose. In that defeat he escaped out of the hands of the Parthians: but now, wrapping his robe about his face, he laid bare his neck, and commanded Pindarus to cut off his head. This was done; for his head was found severed from

his body: but whether Pindarus did it by his master's command, has been suspected; because he never afterwards appeared. It was soon discovered who the cavalry were, and Titinius, crowned with garlands, came to the place where he left Cassius. When the lamentations of his friends informed him of the unhappy fate of his general, he severely reproached himself for the tardiness which had occasioned it, and fell upon his sword.

Brutus, when he was assured of the defeat of Cassius, made all possible haste to his relief; but he knew nothing of his death, till he came up to his camp. There he lamented over his body, and called him *the last of Romans*; intimating, that Rome would never produce another man of equal spirit. He ordered his funeral to be celebrated at Thasus, that it might not occasion any disorder in the camp. His dispersed and dejected soldiers he collected and encouraged; and as they had been stripped of every thing by the enemy, he promised them two thousand drachmas a man. This munificence at once encouraged and surprised them: they attended him at his departure with great acclamations, and complimented him as the only general of the four who had not been beaten. Brutus was confident of victory, and the event justified that confidence: for, with a few legions, he overcame all that opposed him; and if most of his soldiers had not passed the enemy, in pursuit of plunder, the battle must have been decisive in his favour. He lost eight thousand men, including the servants whom he calls *Briges*. Messala says, he supposes the enemy lost more than twice that number; and, of course, they were more discouraged than Brutus, till Demetrius, a servant of Cassius, went over to Antony in the evening, and carried him his master's robe and sword, which he had taken from the dead body. This so effectually encouraged the enemy, that they were drawn up in form of battle by break of day. Both camps, in the occupation of Brutus, involved him in difficulties. His own, full of prisoners, required a strong guard. At the same time, many of the soldiers of Cassius murmured at their change of master, and the vanquished were naturally envious and jealous of the victors. He, therefore, thought proper to draw up his army, but not to fight.

All the slaves he had taken prisoners, being found practising with his soldiers, were put to the sword: but most of the freemen and citizens were dismissed; and he told them at the same time, that they were more truly prisoners in the hands of the enemy than in his: with them, he said, they were slaves indeed; but with him freemen and citizens of Rome. He was obliged, however, to dismiss them privately; for they had implacable enemies amongst his own friends and officers. Amongst the

prisoners were Volumnius, a mimic, and Saculio, a buffoon, of whom Brutus took no notice, till they were brought before him, and accused of continuing, even in their captivity, their scurrilous jests and abusive language. Yet still taken up with more important concerns, he paid no regard to the accusation; but Massala Corvinus was of opinion that they should be publicly whipped, and sent naked to the enemy, as proper associates and convivial companions for such generals. Some were entertained with the idea, and laughed; but Publius Casca, the first that wounded Cæsar, observed, that it was indecent to celebrate the obsequies of Cassius with jesting and laughter:—"As for you, Brutus," said he, "it will be seen what esteem you have for the memory of that general, when you have either punished or pardoned those who ridicule and revile him." Brutus resented this expostulation, and said,—“Why is this business thrown upon me, Casca? Why do not you do what you think proper?” This answer was considered as an assent to their death; so the poor wretches were carried off and slain.

He now gave the promised rewards to his soldiers; and after gently rebuking them for beginning the assault without waiting for the word of battle, he promised that if they acquitted themselves to his satisfaction in the next engagement, he would give them up the cities of Lacedæmon and Thessalonica to plunder. This is the only circumstance in his Life for which no apology can be made: for though Antony and Cæsar afterwards acted with more unbounded cruelty in rewarding their soldiers; though they deprived most of the ancient inhabitants of Italy of their lands, and gave them to those who had no title to them; yet they acted consistently with their first principle, which was the acquisition of empire and arbitrary power. But Brutus maintained such a reputation for virtue, that he was neither allowed to conquer, nor even to save himself, except on the strictest principles of honour and justice: more particularly, since the death of Cassius, to whom, if any act of violence were committed, it was generally imputed. However, as sailors, when their rudder is broken in a storm, substitute some other piece of wood in its place; and though they cannot steer so well as before, do the best they can in their necessity; so Brutus, at the head of so vast an army, and such important affairs, unassisted by any officer that was equal to the charge, was obliged to make use of such advisers as he had; and he generally followed the counsel of those who proposed any thing that might bring Cassius' soldiers to order: for these were extremely untractable; insolent in the camp for want of their general, though cowardly in the field, from the remembrance of their defeat.

The affairs of Cæsar and Antony were not in a much better condition. Provisions were scarce, and the marshy situation of their camp made them dread the winter. They already began to fear the inconveniences of it; for the autumnal rains had fallen heavy after the battle, and their tents were filled with mire and water; which, from the coldness of the weather, immediately froze. In this situation, they received intelligence of their loss at sea. Their fleet, which was coming from Italy with a large supply of soldiers, was met by that of Brutus, and so totally defeated, that the few who escaped were reduced by famine to eat the sails and tackle of the ships. It was now determined, on Cæsar's side, that they should come to battle before Brutus was made acquainted with his success. It appears that the fight, both by sea and land, was on the same day; but by some accident, rather than the fault of their officers, Brutus knew nothing of his victory till twenty days after. Had he been informed of it, he would never certainly have hazarded a second battle: for he had provisions sufficient for a considerable length of time; and his army was so advantageously posted, that it was safe both from the injuries of the weather, and the incursions of the enemy. Besides, knowing that he was wholly master at sea, and partly victorious by land, he would have had every thing imaginable to encourage him, and could not have been urged to any dangerous measures by despair.

But it seems that the republican form of government was no longer to subsist in Rome; that it necessarily required a monarchy; and that Providence, to remove the only man who could oppose its destined master, kept the knowledge of that victory from him till it was too late. And yet how near was he to receiving the intelligence! The very evening before the engagement, a deserter, named Clodius, came over from the enemy to tell him, that Cæsar was informed of the loss of his fleet, and that this was the reason of his hastening the battle. The deserter, however, was considered either as designing or ill-informed: his intelligence was disregarded, and he was not even admitted into the presence of Brutus.

That night, they say, the spectre appeared again to Brutus, and assumed its former figure, but vanished without speaking. Yet Publius Volumnius, a philosophical man, who had borne arms with Brutus during the whole war, makes no mention of this prodigy; though, he says, that the first standard was covered with a swarin of bees; and that the arm of one of the officers sweated oil of roses, which would not cease, though they often wiped it off. He says, too, that, immediately before the battle, two eagles fought in the space between the two armies; and that there was an incredible silence and attention

in the field, till that on the side of Brutus was beaten and flew away. The story of the Ethiopian is well known, who, meeting the standard-bearer opening the gate of the camp, was cut in pieces by the soldiers; for *that* they interpreted as an ill omen.

When Brutus had drawn up his army in form of battle, he paused some time before he gave the word. While he was visiting the ranks, he had suspicions of some, and heard accusations of others. The cavalry, he found, had no ardour for the attack, but seemed waiting to see what the foot would do. Besides, Camulatus, a soldier in the highest estimation for valour, rode close by Brutus, and went over to the enemy in his sight. This hurt him inexpressibly; and, partly out of anger, partly from fear of further desertion and treachery, he led his forces against the enemy about three in the afternoon. Where he fought in person, he was still successful. He charged the enemy's left wing; and, the cavalry following the impression which the foot had made, it was put to the rout. But when the other wing of Brutus was ordered to advance, the inferiority of their numbers made them apprehensive that they should be surrounded by the enemy. For this reason they extended their ranks, in order to cover more ground; by which means the centre of the wing was so much weakened, that it could not sustain the shock of the enemy, but fled at the first onset. After their dispersion, the enemy surrounded Brutus, who did every thing that the bravest and most expert general could do in his situation, and whose conduct, at least, entitled him to victory. But what seemed an advantage in the first engagement, proved a disadvantage in the second. In the former battle, that wing of the enemy which was conquered was totally cut off; but most of the men in the conquered wing of Cassius were saved.* This, at the time, might appear an advantage, but it proved a prejudice. The remembrance of their former defeat filled them with terror and confusion, which they spread through the greatest part of the army.

Marcus, the son of Cato, was slain fighting amidst the bravest of the young nobility. He scorned alike either to fly or to yield; but, avowing who he was, and assuming his father's name, still used his sword, till he fell upon the heaps of the slaughtered enemy. Many other brave men, who exposed themselves for the preservation of Brutus, fell at the same time.

* There is no defect in the original, as the former translator imagines. He supposed the defeat of Cassius' soldiers to be in the present, and not in the former battle. This led him into the difficulty, which he increased by translating *πλεον εσχε*, *victory*, instead of *advantage*.

Lucilius, a man of great worth, and his intimate friend, observed some barbarian horse riding full speed against Brutus in particular, and was determined to stop them, though at the hazard of his own life. He, therefore, told them that he was Brutus; and they believed him, because he pretended to be afraid of Cæsar, and desired to be conveyed to Antony. Exulting in their capture, and thinking themselves peculiarly fortunate, they carried him along with them by night, having previously sent an account to Antony of their success, who was infinitely pleased with it, and came out to them. Many others, likewise, when they heard that Brutus was brought alive, assembled to see him: and some pitied his misfortunes, while others accused him of an inglorious meanness in suffering the love of life to betray him into the hands of barbarians. When he approached, and Antony was deliberating in what manner he should receive Brutus, Lucilius first addressed him, and, with great intrepidity, said,—“Antony, be assured that Brutus neither is, nor will be, taken by an enemy. Forbid it, Heaven! that fortune should have such a triumph over virtue! Whether he shall be found alive or dead, he will be found in a state becoming Brutus. I imposed on your soldiers, and am prepared to suffer the worst you can inflict upon me.” Thus spoke Lucilius, to the no small astonishment of those that were present; when Antony, addressing himself to those that brought him, said,—“I perceive, fellow-soldiers, that you are angry at this imposition of Lucilius. But you have really got a better booty than you intended. You sought an enemy, but you have brought me a friend. I know not how I should have treated Brutus, had you brought him alive; but I am sure that it is better to have such a man as Lucilius for a friend than for an enemy.” When he said this, he embraced Lucilius, recommending him to the care of one of his friends; and he ever after found him faithful to his interest.

Brutus, attended by a few of his officers and friends, having passed a brook that was overhung with cliffs, and shaded with trees, and being overtaken by night, stopped in a cavity under a large rock. There, casting his eyes on the heavens, which were covered with stars, he repeated two verses, one of which Volumnus tells us was this:—

Forgive not, Jove, the cause of this distress.*

The other, he says, had escaped his memory. Upon enumerating the several friends that had fallen before his eyes in the battle, he sighed deeply at the mention of Flavius and Labeo; the latter of whom was his lieutenant, and the former master

* Euripides, *Medea*.

of the band of artificers. In the meanwhile, one of his attendants being thirsty, and observing Brutus in the same condition, took his helmet, and went to the brook for water. At the same time a noise was heard on the opposite bank, and Volumnius and Dardanus the armour-bearer, went to see what it was. In a short time they returned, and asked for the water:—"It is drank up," said Brutus, with a smile; "but another helmet-full shall be fetched." The man who had brought the first water was, therefore, sent again; but he was wounded by the enemy, and made his escape with difficulty.

As Brutus supposed that he had not lost many men in the battle, Statilius undertook to make his way through the enemy, (for there was no other way,) and see in what condition their camp was. If things were safe there, he was to hold up a torch for a signal, and return. He got safe to the camp; for the torch was held up: but a long time elapsed, and he did not return. "If Statilius were alive," said Brutus, "he would be here." In his return he fell into the enemy's hands, and was slain.

The night was now far spent; when Brutus, leaning his head towards his servant Clitus, whispered something in his ear. Clitus made no answer, but burst into tears. After that he took his armour-bearer Dardanus aside, and said something to him in private. At last, addressing himself to Volumnius in Greek, he entreated him, in memory of their common studies and exercises, to put his hand to his sword, and help him to give the thrust. Volumnius, as well as several others, refused: and one of them observing that they must necessarily fly: "We must fly, indeed," said Brutus, rising hastily, "but not with our feet, but with our hands." He then took each of them by the hand, and spoke with great appearance of cheerfulness to the following purpose:—"It is an infinite satisfaction to me, that all my friends have been faithful. If I am angry with Fortune, it is for the sake of my country. Myself I esteem more happy than the conquerors; not only in respect of the past, but in my present situation. I shall leave behind me that reputation for virtue, which they, with all their wealth and power, will never acquire. For posterity will not scruple to believe and declare, that they were an abandoned set of men, who destroyed the virtuous, for the sake of that empire, to which they had no right." After this he entreated them severally to provide for their own safety, and withdrew with only two or three of his most intimate friends. One of these was Strato, with whom he first became acquainted when they studied rhetoric. This friend he placed next to himself, and laying hold of the hilt of his sword with both his hands, he fell upon the point, and died. Some say that Strato, at the

earnest request of Brutus, turned aside his head, and held the sword; upon which he threw himself with such violence, that, entering at his breast, it passed quite through his body, and he immediately expired.

Messala, the friend of Brutus, after he was reconciled to Cæsar, took occasion to recommend Strato to his favour:—"This," said he, with tears, "is the man who did the last kind office for my dear Brutus." Cæsar received him with kindness; and he was one of those brave Greeks who afterwards attended him at the battle of Actium. Of Messala, it is said, that when Cæsar observed he had been no less zealous in his service at Actium than he had been against him at Philippi, he answered,—“I have always taken the best and justest side.” When Antony found the body of Brutus, he ordered it to be covered with the richest robe he had; and that being stolen, he put the thief to death. The ashes of Brutus he sent to his mother Servilia.

With regard to Porcia, his wife, Nicolaüs the philosopher, and Valerius Maximus,* tell us, that being prevented from that death she wished for, by the constant vigilance of her friends, she snatched some burning coals from the fire, and shut them close in her mouth till she was suffocated. Notwithstanding, there is a letter from Brutus to his friends still extant, in which he laments the death of Porcia, and complains that their neglect of her must have made her prefer death to the continuance of her illness. So that Nicolaüs appears to have been mistaken in the time, at least, if this epistle be authentic; for it describes Porcia's distemper, her conjugal affection, and the manner of her death.

* Valerius Maximus speaks of her fortitude on this occasion in the highest terms. *Tuos quoque castissimos ignes, Portia, M. Catonis filia, cuncta secula debitâ admiratione prosequentur: Quæ cum apud Philippos victum et interemptum virum tuum Brutum cognosceres, quia ferrum non dabatur, ardentibus ore carbones haurire non dubitasti, muliebri spiritu virilem patris exitum imitata. Sed nescio an hoc fortius, quod ille usitato, tu novo genere mortis absumpta es!* Val. Max. l. iv. c. 6.

DION AND BRUTUS

COMPARED.

WHAT is principally to be admired in the Lives of Dion and Brutus, is their rising to such importance from inconsiderable beginnings. But here Dion has the advantage; for in the progress of glory he had no coadjutor: whereas Cassius went hand in hand with Brutus; and though, in the reputation of virtue and honour, he was by no means his equal, in military experience, resolution, and activity, he was not inferior. Some have imputed to him the origin of the whole enterprise, and have asserted, that Brutus would never, otherwise, have engaged in it. But Dion, at the same time that he made the whole military preparations himself, engaged the friends and associates of his design. He did not, like Brutus, gain power and riches from the war: he employed that wealth on which he was to subsist as an exile in a foreign country in restoring the liberties of his own. When Brutus and Cassius fled from Rome, and found no asylum from the pursuit of their enemies, their only resource was war; and they took up arms as much in their own defence as in that of the common liberty. Dion, on the contrary, was happier in his banishment than the tyrant that banished him; and yet he voluntarily exposed himself to danger for the freedom of Sicily. Besides, to deliver the Romans from Cæsar, and the Syracusans from Dionysius, were enterprises of a very different kind. Dionysius was an avowed and established tyrant; and Sicily, with reason, groaned beneath his yoke. But with respect to Cæsar, though, whilst his imperial power was in its infancy, he treated his opponents with severity; yet, as soon as that power was confirmed, the tyranny was rather a nominal than real thing; for no tyrannical action could be laid to his charge. Nay, such was the condition of Rome, that it evidently required a master; and Cæsar was no more than a tender and skilful physician appointed by Providence to heal the distempers of the state. Of course, the people lamented his death, and were implacably enraged against his assassins. Dion, on the contrary, was reproached by the Syracusans for suffering Dionysius to escape, and not digging up the former tyrant's grave.

With regard to their military conduct, Dion, as a general, was without a fault: he not only made the most of his own instructions, but, where others failed, he happily repaired the error. But it was wrong in Brutus to hazard a second battle,

where all was at stake.* And when that battle was lost, he had neither sagacity enough to think of new resources, nor spirit, like Pompey, to contend with fortune, though he had still reason to rely on his troops, and was absolute master at sea.

But what Brutus is chiefly blamed for was his ingratitude to Cæsar. He owed his life to his favour, as well as the lives of those prisoners for whom he interceded. He was treated as his friend, and distinguished with particular marks of honour; and yet he embued his hands in the blood of his benefactor. Dion stands clear of any charge like this. As a relation of Dionysius, he assisted and was useful to him in the administration; in which case his services were equal to his honours. When he was driven into exile, and deprived of his wife and his fortune, he had every motive that was just and honourable to take up arms against him.

Yet if this circumstance be considered in another light, Brutus will have the advantage. The greatest glory of both consists in their abhorrence of tyrants and their criminal measures. This, in Brutus, was not blended with any other motive. He had no quarrel with Cæsar, but exposed his life for the liberty of his country. Had not Dion been injured, he had not fought. This is clear from Plato's epistles, where it appears that he was banished from the court of Dionysius, and, in consequence of that banishment, made war upon him. For the good of the community, Brutus, though an enemy to Pompey, became his friend: and though a friend to Cæsar, he became his enemy. His enmity and his friendship arose from the same principle, which was justice. But Dion, whilst in favour, employed his services for Dionysius; and it was not till he was disgraced that he armed against him. Of course, his friends were not quite satisfied with his enterprise. They were apprehensive that when he had destroyed the tyrant, he might seize the government himself, and amuse the people with some softer title than that of tyranny. On the other hand, the very enemies of Brutus acknowledge that he was the only conspirator who had no other view than that of restoring the ancient form of government.

Besides, the enterprise against Dionysius cannot be placed in competition with that against Cæsar. The former had rendered himself contemptible by his low manners, his drunkenness, and debauchery. But to meditate the fall of Cæsar, and not tremble at his dignity, his fortune, or his power, nor shrink at that name which shook the kings of India and Parthia on their thrones, and disturbed their slumbers; this show-

* This censure seems very unjust. The wavering disposition of Cassius' troops obliged him to come to a second engagement.

ed a superiority of soul on which fear could have no influence. Dion was no sooner seen in Sicily than he was joined by thousands; but the authority of Cæsar was so formidable in Rome, that it supported his friends even after he was dead; and a simple boy rose to the first eminence of power by adopting his name; which served as a charm against the envy and the influence of Antony. Should it be objected that Dion had the sharpest conflicts in expelling the tyrant, but that Cæsar fell naked and unguarded beneath the sword of Brutus, it will argue at least a consummate management and prudence to be able to come at a man of his power naked and unguarded; particularly when it is considered, that the blow was not sudden, nor the work of one or of a few men, but meditated and communicated to many associates, of whom not one deceived the leader: for either he had the power of distinguishing honest men at their first view, or such as he chose he made honest, by the confidence he reposed in them. But Dion confided in men of bad principles; so that he must either have been injudicious in his choice, or, if his people grew worse after their appointments, unskilful in his management. Neither of these can be consistent with the talents and conduct of a wise man; and Plato, accordingly, blames him in his letters for making choice of such friends, as, in the end, were his ruin.

Dion found no friend to revenge his death; but Brutus received an honourable interment even from his enemy Antony: and Cæsar allowed of that public respect which was paid to his memory, as will appear from the following circumstance:—A statue of brass had been erected to him at Milan, in Gallia Cisalpina, which was a fine performance, and a striking likeness. Cæsar, as he passed through the town, took notice of it, and summoning the magistrates, in the presence of his attendants, he told them that they had broken the league, by harbouring one of his enemies. The magistrates, as may well be supposed, denied it, and stared at each other, profoundly ignorant what enemy he could mean. He then turned towards the statue, and knitting his brows, said:—"Is not this my enemy that stands here?" The poor Milanese were struck dumb with astonishment; but Cæsar told them, with a smile, that he was pleased to find them faithful to their friends in adversity, and ordered that the statue should continue where it was.

THE
LIFE OF ARTAXERXES.

THE first Artaxerxes, who of all the Persian kings was most distinguished for his moderation and greatness of mind, was surnamed *Longimanus*, because his right hand was longer than his left. He was the son of Xerxes. The second Artaxerxes, surnamed *Mnemon*,* whose life we are going to write, was son to the daughter of the first. For Darius, by his wife Parysatis, had four sons; Artaxerxes the eldest, Cyrus the second, and Ostanes and Oxathres the two younger. Cyrus was called after the ancient king of that name, as he is said to have been after the sun; for the Persians call the sun *Cyrus*. Artaxerxes at first was named Arsicas,† though Dion asserts that his original name was Oartes.‡ But though Ctesias has filled his books with a number of incredible and extravagant fables, it is not probable that he should be ignorant of the name of a king at whose court he lived in quality of physician to him, his wife, his mother, and his children.

Cyrus, from his infancy, was of a violent and impetuous temper; but Artaxerxes had a native mildness, something gentle and moderate in his whole disposition. The latter married a beautiful and virtuous lady, by order of his parents, and he kept her when they wanted him to put her away. For the king having put her brother to death,§ designed that she should

* So called on account of his extraordinary memory.

† Or *Arsaces*.

‡ Or Oartes.

§ Teriteuchmes, the brother of Statira, had been guilty of the complicated crimes of adultery, incest, and murder, which raised great disturbances in the royal family, and ended in the ruin of all who were concerned in them. Statira was daughter to Hydarnes, governor of one of the chief provinces of the empire. Artaxerxes, then called Arsaces, was charmed with her beauty, and married her. At the same time, Teriteuchmes her brother married Hamestris, one of the daughters of Darius, and sister to Arsaces; by reason of which marriage he had interest enough, on his father's demise, to get himself appointed to his government. But, in the mean time, he conceived a passion for his own sister Roxana, nowise inferior in beauty to Statira; and that he might enjoy her without constraint, resolved to despatch his wife Hamestris, and light up the flames of rebellion in the kingdom. Darius being apprised of his design, engaged Udiastes, an intimate friend of Teriteuchmes, to kill him, and was rewarded by the king with the government of his province. Upon this some commotions were raised by the son of Teriteuchmes; but the king's forces having the superiority, all the family of Hydarnes were apprehended, and delivered to Parysatis, that she might execute her revenge upon them for the injury done or intended to her daughter. That cruel

share his fate. But Arsicas applied to his mother, with many tears and entreaties, and, with much difficulty, prevailed upon her not only to spare her life, but to excuse him from divorcing her. Yet his mother had the greater affection for Cyrus, and was desirous of raising him to the throne: therefore, when he was called from his residence on the coast in the sickness of Darius, he returned full of hopes that the queen's interest had established him successor. Parysatis had indeed a specious pretence, which the ancient Xerxes had made use of at the suggestion of Demaratus, that she had brought Darius his son Arsicas when he was in a private station, but Cyrus when he was a king. However, she could not prevail. Darius appointed his eldest son his successor; on which occasion his name was changed to Artaxerxes. Cyrus had the government of Lydia, and was to be commander-in-chief on the coast.

Soon after the death of Darius, the king, his successor, went to Pasargadæ, in order to be consecrated, according to custom, by the priests of Persia. In that city there is the temple of a goddess, who has the affairs of war under her patronage, and, therefore, may be supposed to be Minerva. The prince to be consecrated, must enter that temple, put off his own robe there, and take that which was worn by the great Cyrus before he was king. He must eat a cake of figs, chew some turpentine, and drink a cup of acidulated milk. Whether there are any other ceremonies is unknown, except to the persons concerned. As Artaxerxes was on the point of going to be consecrated, Tissaphernes brought to him a priest, who had been chief inspector of Cyrus' education in his infancy, and had instructed him in the learning of the *Magi*; and, therefore, might be supposed to be as much concerned as any man in Persia at his pupil's not being appointed king. For that reason, his accusation against Cyrus could not but gain credit. He accused him of a design to lie in wait for the king in the temple, and, after he had put off his garment, to fall upon him and destroy him. Some affirm that Cyrus was immediately seized upon this information; others, that he got into the temple, and concealed himself there, but was pointed out by the priest, in consequence of which he was to be put to death; but his mother, at that moment, took him in her arms, bound the tresses of her hair about him, held his neck to her own, and, by her tears and entreaties, prevailed to have him pardoned, and remanded

princess put them all to death except Statira, whom she spared, at the earnest entreaties of her husband Arsaces, contrary to the opinion of Darius. But Arsaces was no sooner settled upon the throne than Statira prevailed upon him to leave Udiastes to her correction; and she put him to a death too cruel to be described. Parysatis, in return, poisoned the son of Teriteuchmes, and, not long after, Statira herself.—*Ctes. in Pers.*

to the sea-coast. Nevertheless, he was far from being satisfied with his government. Instead of thinking of his brother's favour with gratitude, he remembered only the indignity of chains, and in his resentment aspired more than ever after the sovereignty.

Some, indeed, say that he thought his allowance for his table insufficient, and, therefore, revolted from his king. But this is a foolish pretext: for if he had no other resource, his mother would have supplied him with whatever he wanted out of her revenues. Besides, there needs no greater proof of his riches than the number of foreign troops that he entertained in his service, which were kept for him in various parts by his friends and retainers: for the better to conceal his preparations, he did not keep his forces in a body, but had his emissaries in different places, who enlisted foreigners on various pretences. Meanwhile his mother, who lived at court, made it her business to remove the king's suspicions: and Cyrus himself always wrote in a lenient style; sometimes begging a candid interpretation, and sometimes recriminating upon Tisaphernes, as if his contention had been solely with that grandee. Add to this, that the king had a dilatory turn of mind, which was natural to him, and which many took for moderation. At first, indeed, he seemed entirely to imitate the mildness of the first Artaxerxes, whose name he bore, by behaving with great affability to all that addressed him, and distributing honours and rewards to persons of merit with a lavish hand. He took care that punishments should never be embittered with insult. If he received presents, he appeared as well pleased as those who offered them, or rather as those who received favours from him; and in conferring favours, he always kept a countenance of benignity and pleasure. There was not any thing, however trifling, brought him by way of present, which he did not receive kindly. Even when one Omisus brought him a pomegranate of uncommon size, he said,—“By the light of Mithra, this man, if he were made governor of a small city, would soon make it a great one.” When he was once upon a journey, and people presented him with a variety of things by the way, a labouring man, having nothing else to give him, ran to the river and brought him some water in his hands. Artaxerxes was so much pleased that he sent the man a gold cup, and a thousand *darics*. When Euclidas the Lacedæmonian said many insolent things to him, he contented himself with ordering the captain of his guard to give him this answer:—“You may say what you please to the king; but the king would have you to know, that he can not only say, but do.” One day, as he was hunting, Tiribazus showed him a rent in his robe: upon which the king said,—“What

shall I do with it?" "Put on another, and give that to me," said Tiribazus. "It shall be so," said the king; "I give it thee; but I charge thee not to wear it." Tiribazus, who, though not a bad man, was giddy and vain, disregarding the restriction, soon put on the robe, and, at the same time, tricked himself out with some golden ornaments fit only for queens. The court expressed great indignation; because it was a thing contrary to their laws and customs: but the king only laughed, and said to him,—“I allow thee to wear the trinkets as a woman, and the robe as a madman.”

None had been admitted to the king of Persia's table but his mother and his wife; the former of which sat above him, and the latter below him: Artaxerxes, nevertheless, did that honour to Ostances and Oxathres, two of his younger brothers. But what afforded the Persians the most pleasing spectacle, was the queen Statira always riding in her chariot with the curtains open, and admitting the women of the country to approach and salute her. These things made his administration popular. Yet there were some turbulent and factious men, who represented that the affairs of Persia required a king of such a magnificent spirit, so able a warrior, and so generous a master as Cyrus was; and that the dignity of so great an empire could not be supported without a prince of high thoughts and noble ambition. It was not, therefore, without a confidence in some of the Persians, as well as in the maritime provinces, that Cyrus undertook the war.

He wrote also to the Lacedæmonians for assistance; promising that to the foot he would give horses, and to the horsemen chariots; that on those who had farms he would bestow villages, and on those who had villages cities. As for their pay, he assured them it should not be counted, but measured out to them. At the same time he spoke in very high terms of himself, telling them he had a greater and more princely heart than his brother; that he was the better philosopher, being instructed in the doctrines of the Magi; and that he could drink and bear more wine than his brother. Artaxerxes, he said, was so timorous and effeminate a man that he could not sit a horse in hunting, nor a chariot in time of war. The Lacedæmonians, therefore, sent the *scytale* to Clearchus, with orders to serve Cyrus in every thing he demanded.*

Cyrus began his march against the king, with a numerous

* They took care not to mention Artaxerxes, pretending not to be privy to the designs that were carrying on against him. This precaution they used, that, in case Artaxerxes should get the better of his brother, they might justify themselves to him in what they had done.—*Xenoph. de Exped. Cyn. l. i*

army of barbarians,* and almost thirteen thousand Greek mercenaries.† He found one pretence after another for having such an armament on foot; but his real designs did not remain long undiscovered: for Tissaphernes went in person to inform the king of them.

This news put the court in great disorder. Parysatis was censured as the principal cause of the war, and her friends were suspected of a private intelligence with Cyrus. Statira, in her distress about the war, gave Parysatis the most trouble:—"Where is now," she cried, "that faith which you pledged? Where your intercessions, by which you saved the man that was conspiring against his brother? Have they not brought war and all its calamities upon us?" These expostulations fixed in the heart of Parysatis, who was naturally vindictive and barbarous in her resentment and revenge, such a hatred of Statira, that she contrived to take her off. Dinon writes, that this cruel purpose was put in execution during the war; but Ctesias assures us it was after it. And it is not probable, that he, who was an eye-witness to the transactions of that court, could either be ignorant of the time when the assassination took place, or could have any reason to misrepresent the date of it; though he often deviates into fictitious tales, and loves to give us invention instead of truth. We shall, therefore, leave this story to the order of time in which he has placed it.

While Cyrus was upon his march, he had accounts brought him, that the king did not design to try the fortune of the field by giving battle immediately, but to wait in Persia till his forces were assembled there from all parts of his kingdom. And though he had drawn a trench across the plain ten fathoms wide, as many deep,‡ and four hundred furlongs in length, yet he suffered Cyrus to pass him, and to march almost to Babylon.§ Tiribazus, we are told, was the first who ventured to remonstrate to the king, that he ought not any longer to avoid an action, nor to abandon Media, Babylon, and even

* A hundred thousand barbarians.

† Clearchus the Lacedæmonian commanded all the Peloponnesian troops, except the Achæans, who were led by Socrates of Achaia. The Bœotians were under Proxenus, a Theban; and the Thessalians under Menon. The other nations were commanded by Persian generals, of whom Ariacus was the chief. The fleet consisted of thirty-five ships, under Pythagoras, a Lacedæmonian; and twenty-five commanded by Tamos, an Egyptian, who was admiral of the whole fleet. On this occasion, Proxenus presented Xenophon to Cyrus, who gave him a commission amongst the Greek mercenaries.

‡ Xenophon says, this trench was only five fathom wide, and three deep. It must be observed that the word *οπηλια* sometimes signifies a *pace* only; and if it be understood so here, it will bring Plutarch's account more within the bounds of probability.

§ There was a passage twenty feet wide left between the trench and the Euphrates, and Artaxerxes neglected to defend it.

Susa to the enemy, and hide himself in Persia; since he had an army infinitely greater than theirs, and ten thousand *Satrapæ* and other officers, all of them superior to those of Cyrus both in courage and conduct.

Upon this he took a resolution to come to action as soon as possible. His sudden appearance with an army of nine hundred thousand men, well prepared and accoutred, extremely surprised the rebels, who, through the confidence they had in themselves, and contempt of their enemy, were marching in great confusion, and even without their arms: so that it was with great difficulty that Cyrus reduced them to any order: and he could not do it at last without much noise and tumult. As the king advanced in silence, and at a slow pace, the good discipline of his troops afforded an astonishing spectacle to the Greeks, who expected amongst such a multitude nothing but disorderly shouts and motions, and every other instance of distraction and confusion. He showed his judgment, too, in placing the strongest of his armed chariots before that part of his phalanx which was opposite to the Greeks, that, by the impetuosity of their motion, they might break the enemy's ranks before they came to close combat.

Many historians have described this battle; but Xenophon has done it with such life and energy, that we do not read an account of it; we see it, and feel all the danger. It would be very absurd, therefore, to attempt any thing after him, except the mentioning some material circumstances which he has omitted.

The place where the battle was fought is called Cunaxa, and is five hundred furlongs from Babylon. A little before the action, Clearchus advised Cyrus to post himself behind the Macedonians,* and not risk his person; upon which he is reported to have said,—“What advice is this, Clearchus? Would you have me, at the very time I am aiming at a crown, to show myself unworthy of one?” Cyrus, indeed, committed an error in rushing into the midst of the greatest danger without care or caution: but Clearchus was guilty of another as great, if not greater, in not consenting to place his Greeks opposite to the king, and in getting the river on his right, to prevent his being surrounded: for if safety was his principal object, and he was by all means to avoid loss, he ought to have staid at home. But to carry his arms ten thousand furlongs from the sea, without necessity or constraint, and solely with a view to place Cyrus on the throne of Persia, and then not to be solicitous for a post where he might best

* This is undoubtedly the error of some transcriber and for Macedonians we should read Lacedæmonians.

defend the prince whose pay he received, but for one in which he might act most at ease, and in the greatest safety, was to behave like a man who, on the sight of present danger, abandons the whole enterprise, and forgets the purpose of his expedition: for it appears from the course of the action, that if the Greeks had charged those that were posted about the king's person, they would not have stood the shock; and after Artaxerxes had been slain, or put to flight, the conqueror must have gained the crown without further interruption: therefore, the ruin of Cyrus' affairs and his death is much rather to be ascribed to the caution of Clearchus, than to his own rashness: for if the king himself had been to choose a post for the Greeks, where they might do him the least prejudice, he could not have pitched upon a better than that which was most remote from himself, and the troops about him. At the distance he was from Clearchus, he knew not of the defeat of that part of his army which was near the river, and Cyrus was cut off before he could avail himself of the advantages gained by the Greeks. Cyrus, indeed, was sensible what disposition would have been of most service to him, and for that reason ordered Clearchus to charge in the centre; but Clearchus ruined all, notwithstanding his assurances of doing every thing for the best: for the Greeks beat the barbarians with ease, and pursued them a considerable way.

In the mean time, Cyrus being mounted on *Pasacas*, a horse of great spirit, but at the same time headstrong and unruly, fell in, as Ctesias tells us, with Artagerses, general of the Cadusians, who met him upon the gallop, and called out to him in these terms:—"Most unjust and most stupid of men, who disgracest the name of Cyrus, the most august of all names among the Persians; thou ledest these brave* Greeks a vile way to plunder thy country, and to destroy thy brother and thy king, who has many millions of servants that are better men than thou. Try if he has not, and here thou shalt lose thy head, before thou canst see the face of the king." So saying, he threw his javelin at him with all his force; but his cuirass was of such excellent temper, that he was not wounded, though the violence of the blow shook him in his seat. Then, as Artagerses was turning his horse, Cyrus aimed a stroke at him with his spear, and the point of it entered at his collar-bone, and pierced through his neck. That Artagerses fell by the hand of Cyrus, almost all historians agree. As to the death of Cyrus himself, since Xeno-

* Probably *καλῆς* has been a mistake of the transcribers for *κακῆς*. Then it will be *κακῆς μὲν Ἕλληνας ἐρχη κακῆν ὁδὸν ἀγων*. *Thou ledest these vile Greeks a vile way, &c.*

phon has given a very short account of it, because he was not on the spot when it happened, perhaps it may not be amiss to give the manner of it in detail, as Dinon and Ctesias have represented it.

Dinon tells us, that Cyrus, after he had slain Artagerses, charged the vanguard of Artaxerxes with great fury, wounded the king's horse, and dismounted him. Tiribazus immediately mounted him on another horse, and said,—“Sir, remember this day, for it deserves not to be forgotten.” At the second attack, Cyrus spurred his horse against the king, and gave him a wound;* at the third, Artaxerxes, in great indignation, said to those that were by,—“It is better to die than to suffer all this.” At the same time he advanced against Cyrus, who was rashly advancing to meet a shower of darts. The king wounded him with his javelin, and others did the same. Thus fell Cyrus, as some say, by the blow which the king gave him; but according to others, it was a Carian soldier who despatched him, and who afterwards, for his exploit, had the honour of carrying a golden cock, at the head of the army, on the point of his spear: for the Persians called the Carians cocks, on account of the crests with which they adorned their helmets.

Ctesias' story is very long, but the purport of it is this:—When Cyrus had slain Artagerses, he pushed his horse up towards the king, and the king advanced against him, both in silence. Ariacus, one of the friends of Cyrus, first aimed a blow at the king, but did not wound him. Then the king threw his javelin at Cyrus, but missed him; the weapon, however, did execution upon Tissaphernes,† a man of approved valour, and a faithful servant to Cyrus. It was now Cyrus' turn to try his javelin; it pierced the king's cuirass, and going two fingers deep into his breast, brought him from his horse. This caused such disorder in his troops that they fled. But the king recovering, retired with a few of his men, among whom was Ctesias, to an eminence not far off, and there reposed himself. In the mean time, Cyrus' horse, grown more furious by the action, carried him deep amongst the enemy; and as night was coming on, they did not know him, and his own men sought for him in vain. Elated, however, with victory, and naturally daring and impetuous, he kept on, crying out in the Persian language as he went,—“Make way, ye slaves, make way!” They humbled themselves, and opened

* Or, *with the violence of the encounter, beat the king from his horse.* In the original it is *ενσεισας τω Ιππω κατεβαλε τον Αρταξερξην.*

† *Tissaphernes* is probably an erroneous reading. We know of no *Tissaphernes* but the grandee of that name, who was a faithful servant to Artaxerxes. One of the manuscripts gives us *Satiphernes*.

their ranks; but his tiara happened to fall from his head, and a young Persian, named Mithridates, in passing, wounded him with his lance in the temple near his eye, without knowing who he was. Such a quantity of blood issued from the wound that he was seized with a giddiness, and fell senseless from his horse. The horse, having lost his rider, wandered about the field; the furniture, too, was fallen off, and the servant of Mithridates, who had given him the wound, took it up, all stained with blood.

At last Cyrus, with much difficulty, began to recover from his swoon; and a few eunuchs, who attended him, endeavoured to mount him on another horse, and so to carry him out of danger. But as he was too weak to sit a horse, he thought it better to walk, and the eunuchs supported him as he went. His head was still heavy, and he tottered at every step; yet he imagined himself victorious, because he heard the fugitives calling Cyrus king, and imploring mercy.

At that instant some Caunians of mean condition, who performed the most servile offices for the royal army, happened to mix with the company of Cyrus as friends. They perceived, however, though not without difficulty, that the clothing of his people was red, whereas that given by the king their master was white. One of these then ventured to give Cyrus a stroke with his spear behind, without knowing him to be the prince. The weapon hit his ham and cut the sinew; upon which he fell, and in falling dashed his wounded temple against a stone, and died upon the spot. Such is Ctesias' story of the death of Cyrus, which, like a blunt weapon, hacks and hews him a long time, and can hardly kill him at last.

Soon after Cyrus expired, an officer, who was called *the king's eye*, passed that way. Artasyras (for that was his name) knowing the eunuchs, who were mourning over the corpse, addressed him who appeared to be most faithful to his master, and said,—“Pariscas, who is that whom thou art lamenting so much?” “O Artasyras!” answered the eunuch, “see you not prince Cyrus dead?” Artasyras was astonished at the event: however, he desired the eunuch to compose himself and take care of the corpse; and then rode at full speed to Artaxerxes, who had given up all for lost, and was ready to faint both with thirst and with the anguish of his wound. In these circumstances the officer found him, and with a joyful accent hailed him in these words,—“I have seen Cyrus dead.” The king at first was impatient to see the dead body himself, and commanded Artasyras immediately to conduct him to it. But finding all the field full of terror and dismay, upon a report that the Greeks, victorious in their quarter, were pursuing the fugitives, and putting all to the sword, he thought proper to

send out a greater number to reconnoitre the place, which Artasyras had told him of. Accordingly, thirty men went with flambeaux in their hands. Still the king was almost dying with thirst, and the eunuch Satibarzanes sought every place for water; for the field afforded none, and they were at a great distance from the camp. After much search, he found one of these poor Caunians had about two quarts of bad water in a mean bottle, and he took it and carried it to the king. After the king had drank it all up, the eunuch asked him,—“If he did not find it a disagreeable beverage?” Upon which he swore by all the gods,—“That he had never drank the most delicious wine, nor the lightest and clearest water, with so much pleasure. I wish, only,” continued he, “that I could find the man who gave it thee, that I might make him a recompense. In the mean time, I entreat the gods to make him happy and rich.”

While he was speaking, the thirty men whom he had sent out, returned in great exultation, and confirmed the news of his unexpected good fortune. Now, likewise, numbers of his troops repaired to him again, and dismissing his fears, he descended from the eminence with many torches carried before him. When he came to the dead body, according to the law of the Persians, the right hand and the head were cut off; and having ordered the head to be brought to him, he took it by the hair, which was long and thick, and showed it to the fugitives, and to such as were still doubtful of the fortune of the day. They were astonished at the sight, and prostrated themselves before him. Seventy thousand men soon assembled about him, and with them he returned to his camp. Ctesias tells us, he had led four hundred thousand men that day into the field; but Dion and Xenophon make that number much greater. As to the number of the killed, Ctesias says, an account only of nine thousand was brought to Artaxerxes; whereas there appeared to Ctesias himself to be no fewer than twenty thousand. That article, therefore, must be left dubious. But nothing can be a more palpable falsity than what Ctesias adds, that he was sent ambassador to the Greeks in conjunction with Phayllus the Zacynthian, and some others: for Xenophon knew that Ctesias was at the Persian court; he mentions him in his works, and it is plain that he had met with his books. Therefore, if he had been joined in commission to settle such important affairs, he would not have passed him by unnoticed, but would have mentioned him with Phayllus. Ctesias, indeed, was a man of unbounded vanity, as well as strong attachment to Clearchus; and, for that reason, always leaves a corner in the story for himself, when he is dressing out the praises of Clearchus and the Lacedæmonians.

After the battle, the king sent great and valuable presents to the son of Artagerses, who was slain by Cyrus. He rewarded also Ctesias and others in a distinguished manner; and having found the Caunian who gave him the bottle of water, he raised him from indigence and obscurity to riches and honours. There was something of an analogy between his punishments and the crime. One Arbaces, a Mede, in the battle deserted to Cyrus, and after that prince was killed, came back to his colours. As he perceived that the man had done it rather out of cowardice than any treasonable design, all the penalty he laid upon him, was to carry about a naked courtesan upon his shoulders a whole day in the market-place. Another, beside deserting, had given it out, that he had killed two of the enemy; and, for his punishment, he only ordered his tongue to be pierced through with three needles.

He supposed, and he was desirous of having it pass upon the world, that Cyrus fell by his hand. This induced him to send valuable presents to Mithridates, who gave him the first wound, and to instruct the messengers to say,—“The king does you this honour, because you found the furniture of Cyrus’ horse, and brought it to him.” And when the Carian, who gave Cyrus the stroke in his ham that caused his death, asked for his reward, he ordered those who gave it him to say,—“The king bestows this upon you, because you were the second person that brought him good tidings: for Artasyras was the first, and you the next that brought him an account of the death of Cyrus.” Mithridates went away in silence, though not without concern. But the unhappy Carian could not conquer the common disease of vanity. Elated with what he thought his good fortune, and aspiring to things above his walk in life, he would not receive his reward for tidings, but angrily insisted, and called the gods and men to witness, that he, and no other man, killed Cyrus; and that it was not just to rob him of the glory.

The king was so much incensed at this, that he ordered the man’s head to be cut off. But his mother Parysatis being present, said,—“Let not this villanous Carian go off so: leave him to me, and he shall have the reward which his audacious tongue deserves.” Accordingly, the king gave him up to her, and she delivered him to the executioners, with orders to torture him for ten days, and then to tear out his eyes, and pour molten brass into his ears, till he expired.

Mithridates also came to a miserable end soon after, through his own folly. Being invited one evening to supper, where both the eunuchs of the king, and those of his mother were present, he went in a robe embroidered with gold, which he had received from the king. During the entertainment, Pary-

satis' principal eunuch took occasion to say,—“What a beautiful garment is this, Mithridates, which the king has given you! How handsome are those bracelets and that chain! How valuable your cimitar! He has certainly made you not only a great, but a happy man.” Mithridates, who by this time was flushed with wine, made answer,—“What are these things, Sparamixes? I deserve much greater marks of honour than these for the services I rendered the king that day.” Then Sparamixes replied, with a smile,—“I speak not in the least out of envy; but since, according to the Greek proverb, there is truth in wine, let me tell you my mind freely, and ask you what great matter it is to find a horse's furniture fallen off, and bring it to the king?” This he said, not that he was ignorant of the real state of the case; but because he wanted to lay him open, and saw that the wine had made him talkative, and taken him off his guard, he studied to pique his vanity. Mithridates, no longer master of himself, said:—“You may talk of what furniture and what trifles you please; but I tell you plainly, it was by this hand that Cyrus was slain: for I did not, like Artagerses, throw my javelin in vain, but pierced his temples near the eye, and brought him to the ground; and of that wound he died.” The rest of the company saw the dreadful fate that would befall Mithridates, and looked with dejected eyes upon the ground; but he who gave the entertainment said,—“Let us now attend to our eating and drinking; and, adoring the fortune of the king, let such matters alone as are too high for us.”

Immediately after the company broke up, the eunuch told Parysatis what had been said, and she informed the king. Artaxerxes, like a person detected, and one who had lost a victory out of his hands, was enraged at this discovery: for he was desirous of making all the barbarians and Greeks believe, that in the several encounters he both gave and received blows; and that though he was wounded himself, he killed his adversary. He therefore condemned Mithridates to the punishment of *the boat*. The manner of it is this:—They take two boats, which are made to fit to each other, and extend the criminal in one of them in a supine posture. Then they turn the other upon it, so that the poor wretch's body is covered, and only the head and hands are out at one end, and the feet at the other. They give him victuals daily, and if he refuses to eat, they compel him by pricking him in the eyes. After he has eaten, they make him drink a mixture of honey and milk, which they pour into his mouth. They spread the same, too, over his face, and always turn him so as to have the sun full in his eyes; the consequence of which is, that his face is

covered with swarms of flies. As all the necessary evacuations of a man who eats and drinks are within the boat, the filthiness and corruption engender a quantity of worms, which consume his flesh, and penetrate to his entrails. When they find that the man is dead, they take off the upper boat, and have the spectacle of a carcass whose flesh is eaten away, and of numberless vermin clinging to and gnawing the bowels. Mithridates, with much difficulty, found death, after he had been consumed in this manner for seventeen days.

There remained now no other mark for the vengeance of Parysatis but Mesabates, one of the king's eunuchs, who cut off Cyrus' head and hand. As he took care to give her no handle against him, she laid this scheme for his destruction:— She was a woman of keen parts in all respects, and in particular she played well at dice. The king often played with her before the war, and being reconciled to her after it, took the same diversion with her. She was even the confidant of his pleasures, and scrupled not to assist him in any thing of gallantry.

Statira indeed was the object of her hatred, and she let her have a very small share of the king's company; for she was determined to have the principal interest with him herself. One day, finding Artaxerxes wanted something to pass away the time, she challenged him to play for a thousand *darics*, and purposely managed her dice so ill that she lost. She paid the money immediately, but pretended to be much chagrined, and called on him to play again for an eunuch. He consented to the proposal, and they agreed each of them to except five of their most faithful eunuchs; the winner was to have his choice out of the rest. On these conditions they played. The queen, who had the affair at heart, exerted all her skill, and being favoured besides by the dice, won the eunuch, and pitched upon Mesabates, who was not of the number of the excepted. He was immediately delivered to her, and before the king suspected any thing of her intentions, she put him in the hands of the executioners, with orders to flay him alive, to fix his body on three stakes, and to stretch out his skin by itself. The king was highly incensed, and expressed his resentment in strong terms: but she only said, in a laughing ironical way:— “This is pleasant, indeed, that you must be so angry about an old useless eunuch, while I say not a word of my loss of a thousand *darics*.” The king, though much concerned at the imposition, held his peace. But Statira, who on other occasions openly censured the practice of the queen-mother, complained now of her injustice and cruelty in sacrificing to Cyrus the eunuchs and other faithful servants of the king.

After Tissaphernes* had deceived Clearchus and the other Grecian officers, and, contrary to the treaty and his oaths, put them in chains, Ctesias tells us, that Clearchus made interest with them for the recovery of a comb. When he had obtained it, it seems he was so much pleased with the use of it, that he took his ring from his finger, and gave it Ctesias, that it might appear as a token of his regard for him to his friends and relations in Lacedæmon. The device was a dance of the *Caryatides*.† He adds, that whenever provisions were sent to Clearchus, his fellow-prisoners took most of them for themselves, and left him a very small share; but that he corrected this abuse, by procuring a larger quantity to be sent to Clearchus, and separating the allowance of the others from his. All this (according to our author) was done with the consent, and by the favour of Parysatis. As he sent every day a gammon of bacon among the provisions, Clearchus suggested to him, that he might easily conceal a small dagger in the fleshy part, and begged earnestly that he would do it, that his fate might not be left to the cruel disposition of Artaxerxes; but through fear of the king's displeasure, he refused. The king, however, at the request of his mother, promised upon oath not to put Clearchus to death; but afterwards he was persuaded by Statira, to destroy all the prisoners, except Menon. On this account he tells us, Parysatis plotted against Statira, and resolved to take her off by poison. But it is a great absurdity in Ctesias to assign so disproportionate a cause. Would Parysatis, for the sake of Clearchus, undertake so horrid and dangerous an enterprise, as that of poisoning the king's lawful wife, by whom he had children, and an heir to his crown? It is clear enough that he tells this fabulous tale to do honour to the memory of Clearchus: for he adds, that the carcasses of the other officers were torn in pieces by dogs and birds; but that a storm of wind brought a great heap of sand, and provided a tomb for Clearchus. Around this heap there sprung up a number of palm-trees, which soon grew into an admirable grove, and spread their protecting shade over the place; so that the king repented greatly of what he had done, believing that he had destroyed a man who was a favourite of the gods.

* Tissaphernes, by promises which he did not intend to keep, drew Clearchus to an interview in his tent. He went with four principal officers and twenty captains, to wait on the Persian, who put Clearchus and the four officers under arrest, and ordered the twenty captains to be cut in pieces. Some time after the king commanded Clearchus, and all the four officers, except Menon, to be beheaded.—*Xenoph. de Exped. Cyri*, l. ii.

† Caryæ was a town in Laconia, where there was a temple of Diana. Indeed, the whole town was dedicated to Diana and her nymphs. In the court before the temple stood a statue of *Diana Caryatis*, and the Spartan virgins kept a yearly festival on which they danced round it.

It was, therefore, only from the hatred and jealousy which Parysatis had entertained of Statira from the first, that she embarked in so cruel a design. She saw that her own power with the king depended only on his reverence for her as his mother; whereas that of Statira was founded in love, and confirmed by the greatest confidence in her fidelity. The point she had to carry was great, and she resolved to make one desperate effort. She had a faithful and favourite attendant, named Gigis, who, as Dinon tells us, assisted in the affair of the poison; but, according to Ctesias, she was only conscious to it, and that against her will. The former calls the person who provided the poison Melantas; the latter Belitaras.

These two princesses had, in appearance, forgot their old suspicions and animosities, and began to visit and eat at each other's table. But they did it with so much distrust and caution, as to make it a rule to eat of the same dish, and even of the same slices. There is a small bird in Persia which has no excrements, the intestines being only filled with fat; on which account it is supposed to live upon air and dew: the name of it is *Rhyntaces*. Ctesias writes that Parysatis divided one of these birds with a small knife that was poisoned on one side, and, taking the wholesomer part herself, gave the other to Statira. Dinon, however, affirms, that it was not Parysatis, but Melantas, who cut the bird in two, and presented the poisoned part to Statira. Be that as it may, she died in dreadful agonies and convulsions; and was not only sensible herself of the cause, but intimated her suspicions to the king, who knew too well the savage and implacable temper of his mother: he, therefore, immediately made an inquisition into the affair. He took her officers and servants that attended at her table, and put them to the torture. But she kept Gigis in her own apartment; and when the king demanded her, refused to give her up. At last, Gigis begged of the queen-mother to let her go in the night to her own house; and the king being informed of it, ordered some of his guards to intercept her. Accordingly, she was seized, and condemned to die. The laws of Persia have provided this punishment for poisoners:—Their heads are placed on a broad stone, and then crushed with another, till nothing of the figure remains. In that manner was Gigis executed. As for Parysatis, the king did not reproach her with her crime, nor punish her any farther, than by sending her to Babylon, (which was the place she desired to retire to,) and declaring that he would never visit that city while she lived. Such was the state of his domestic affairs.

He was no less solicitous to get the Greeks into his hands, who had followed Cyrus into Asia, than he had been to conquer Cyrus himself, and to keep the crown. But he could not

succeed.* For though they had lost Cyrus their general, and their own officers, yet they forced their way, as it were, out of the very palace of Artaxerxes, and made it appear to all the world that the Persians and their king had nothing to value themselves upon but wealth, luxury, and women; and that the rest were mere parade and ostentation. This gave fresh spirits to the Greeks, and taught them to despise the barbarians. The Lacedæmonians, in particular, thought it would be a great dishonour, if they did not now deliver the Asiatic Greeks from servitude, and put an end to the insults of the Persians. Their first attempt was under the direction of Thimbro, and the next under that of Dereyllidas: but as those generals effected nothing of importance, the conduct of the war was given to Agesilaus. That prince immediately passed into Asia with his fleet, and soon distinguished himself by his vigorous operations; for he defeated Tissaphernes in a pitched battle, and brought over several cities.

By these losses, Artaxerxes understood what was his best method of making war. He, therefore, sent Hermocrates the Rhodian into Greece with a great quantity of gold, having instructed him to corrupt with it the leading men among the states, and to stir up a Grecian war against Lacedæmon.

Hermocrates acquitted himself so well in his commission, that the most considerable cities leagued against Sparta, and there were such commotions in Peloponnesus, that the magistrates were forced to recall Agesilaus from Asia. On leaving that country, he is reported to have said to his friends,—“The king drives me out of Asia with thirty thousand archers.” For the Persian money bore the impression of an archer.

Artaxerxes deprived the Lacedæmonians of the dominion of the sea, by means of Conon the Athenian, who acted in conjunction with Pharnabazus. For Conon, after he had lost the sea-fight at Ægos Potamos, took up his abode in Cyprus; not merely to provide for his own safety, but to wait for a change of affairs, as mariners wait for the turn of the tide. As he saw that his own plan wanted a respectable power to

* The Greeks were at a vast distance from their own country, in the very heart of the Persian empire, surrounded by a numerous army flushed with victory, and had no way to return again into Greece, but by forcing their retreat through an immense tract of the enemy's country. But their valour and resolution mastered all these difficulties; and, in spite of a powerful army which pursued and harassed them all the way, they made a retreat of two thousand three hundred and twenty-five miles, through the provinces belonging to the Persians, and got safe to the Greek cities on the Euxine sea. Clearchus had the conduct of this march at first; but he being cut off by the treachery of Tissaphernes, Xenophon was chosen in his room; and to his valour and wisdom it was chiefly owing that at length they got safe into Greece.

carry it into execution, and that the Persian power required a person of ability to conduct it, he wrote the king an account of the measures he had concerted. The messenger was ordered to get the letter delivered into his hands by Zeno the Cretan, who danced in the revels, or by Polycritus the Mendean, who was his physician; and in case of their absence, by Ctesias, another physician. The letter, we are told, was given to Ctesias, and he added to it this paragraph:—"I desire you, sir, to send Ctesias to me, for he will be very serviceable in the business of the navy." But Ctesias affirms that the king, without any kind of solicitation, put him upon this service.

After Artaxerxes had gained, by Conon and Pharnabazus, the battle of Cnidus, which stripped the Lacedæmonians of the empire of the sea, he drew almost all Greece into his interest; insomuch that the celebrated peace, called the Peace of Antalcidas, was entirely of his modelling. Antalcidas was a Spartan, the son of Leon, and so strongly attached to the king, that he prevailed with the Lacedæmonians to give up to him all the Greek cities in Asia, and the islands which are reckoned amongst its dependencies, to be held as his tributaries, in virtue of the peace, if we can call that a peace, by which Greece was dishonoured and betrayed; which was indeed so vile a bargain, that the most unsuccessful war could have terminated in nothing more inglorious.

Hence it was that Artaxerxes, though, according to Dinon's account, he always detested the other Spartans as the most impudent of men, yet expressed a great regard for Antalcidas when he came to his court. One evening he took a chaplet of flowers from his head, dipped it in the richest essences, and sent it from his table to Antalcidas. All the court was astonished at such a mark of favour. But there seems to have been a propriety in making him so ridiculous a compliment;* and he was a fit man to wear such a crown, who could take off Leonidas and Callicratides in a dance before the Persians. Somebody happening to say in the hearing of Agesilaus,—“Alas for Greece! when the Lacedæmonians are turning Persians;” he corrected him, and said,—“No; the Medes are rather turning Lacedæmonians.” But the wit of the expression did not remove the disgrace of the thing. They lost their superiority in Greece by the ill-fought battle of Leuctra, as they had before lost their honour by the vile conditions of this peace.

So long as Sparta kept the lead, the king admitted Antalcidas

* It was a compliment entirely out of character to a Lacedæmonian, who, as such, was supposed to value himself upon the simplicity of his manners, and on avoiding all approaches to luxury.

to the privileges of hospitality, and called him his friend. But when, upon their defeat at Leuctra, the Spartans sent Agesilaus into Egypt to get a supply of money, and Antalcidas went upon the same business to the Persian court, Artaxerxes treated him with so much neglect and contempt, that between the ridicule he suffered from his enemies, and his fear of the resentment of the *ephoroi*, he resolved, on his return, to starve himself to death. Ismenias the Theban, and Pelopidas, who had lately won the battle of Leuctra, went also to the court of Artaxerxes. Pelopidas submitted to nothing unworthy of his country or character; but Ismenias being commanded to adore the king, purposely let his ring fall from his finger, and then, by stooping to take it up, appeared in a posture of adoration. Timagoras the Athenian, having given the king some secret intelligence in a letter which he sent by a secretary named Beluris, he was so much pleased, that he made him a present of ten thousand *darics*. The same Timagoras wanted a supply of cow's milk, on account of a languishing disorder, and Artaxerxes ordered eighty cows for his use, which were to follow him wherever he went. He likewise sent him a bed, with the necessary coverlets, and Persian servants to make it, because he thought the Greeks not skilled in that art; and he ordered him to be carried to the sea-side in a litter, on account of his indisposition. To this we may add the allowance for his table while he was at court, which was so magnificent, that Ostanes, the king's brother, one day said to him, "Timagoras, remember this table, for it is not so sumptuous for nothing." This was rather reproaching him with his treason, than calling for his acknowledgments. And, indeed, Timagoras, on his return, was capitally condemned by the Athenians for taking bribes.

Artaxerxes, in some measure, atoned for the causes of sorrow he gave the Greeks, by doing one thing that afforded them great pleasure: he put Tissaphernes, their most implacable enemy, to death. This he did partly at the instigation of Parysatis, who added other charges to those alleged against him: for he did not long retain his anger, but was reconciled to his mother, and sent for her to court; because he saw she had understanding and spirit enough to assist in governing the kingdom, and there now remained no further cause of suspicions and uneasiness between them. From this time she made it a rule to please the king in all her measures, and not to oppose any of his inclinations, by which she gained an absolute ascendant over him. She perceived that he had a strong passion for one of his own daughters, named Atossa. He endeavoured, indeed, to conceal it on his mother's account, and restrained it in public; though, according to some authors, he had

already a private commerce with the princess. Parysatis no sooner suspected the intrigue, than she caressed her granddaughter more than ever, and was continually praising to Artaxerxes both her beauty and her behaviour, in which she assured him there was something great and worthy of a crown. At last she persuaded him to make her his wife, without regarding the laws and opinions of the Greeks:—"God," said she, "has made you a law to the Persians, and a rule of right and wrong." Some historians, amongst whom is Heraclides of Cumæ, affirm that Artaxerxes married not only Atossa, but another of his daughters, named Amestris, of whom we shall speak by and bye. His affection for Atossa was so strong, that, though she had a leprosy, which spread itself over her body, he was not disgusted at it; but he was daily imploring Juno for her, and grasping the dust of her temple; for he paid his homage to no other goddess. At the same time, by his order, his great officers sent so many offerings to her shrine, that the whole space between the palace and the temple, which was sixteen furlongs, was filled with gold, silver, purple, and fine horses.*

He sent Pharnabazus and Iphicrates to make war upon the Egyptians; but the expedition miscarried, through the difference which happened between the generals he employed. After this he went in person against the Cadusians, with three hundred thousand foot and ten thousand horse. Their country is rough and uneven, and covered with perpetual fogs. As it produces no corn or fruits by cultivation, the inhabitants, a fierce and warlike race of men, live upon wild pears, apples, and other things of that kind. He, therefore, insensibly fell into great danger and distress; for his troops could find no provisions there, nor could they be supplied from any other place. They were forced to kill their beasts of burden and eat them; and those became so scarce, that an ass's head was sold for sixty *drachmas*. The king's table itself was ill supplied; and there remained only a few horses, all the rest having been used for food.

In this extremity, Tiribazus, who often was in high favour on account of his valour, and often degraded for his levity, and who, at this very time, was in the greatest disgrace, saved the king and his whole army by the following stratagem:—The Cadusians having two kings, each had his separate camp. Upon this Tiribazus formed his scheme; and after he had communicated it to Artaxerxes, went himself to one of those princes, and sent his son to the other. Each imposed upon

* As horses seem a strange present to Juno, and are as strangely mixed with gold, silver, and purple, Dacier conjectures, that instead of ἵππων, *horses*, we should read λίθων, *precious stones*.

the king he applied to, by pretending that the other was going to send a private embassy to Artaxerxes, to negotiate a separate alliance:—"But if you are wise," said they, "you will be beforehand with your rival, and we will assist you in the whole affair." This argument had its effect; and each, persuaded that the other was undermining him out of envy, sent his ambassadors; the one with Tiribazus, and the other with his son. As some time passed before they returned, Artaxerxes began to suspect; and there were those who suggested that Tiribazus had some traitorous design. The king was extremely dejected, and, repenting of the confidence he had reposed in him, gave ear to all the calumnies of his enemies. But at last Tiribazus arrived, as did also his son, with the Cadusian ambassadors, and peace was made with both parties; in consequence of which Tiribazus returned with the king in greater esteem and authority than ever. During this expedition Artaxerxes showed that timidity and effeminacy ought not to be ascribed, as they generally are, to the pomp and luxuries of life, but to a native meanness and a depraved judgment: for neither the gold, the purple, nor the jewels, which the king always wore, and which were worth no less than twelve thousand talents, hindered him from bearing the same fatigues and hardships with the meanest soldier in his army. He took his quiver on his back, and his buckler upon his arm, and, quitting his horse, would often march foremost upon the most craggy and difficult places; insomuch that others found their task much lighter, when they saw the strength and alacrity with which he proceeded; for he marched above two hundred furlongs a-day.

At last he arrived at one of his own palaces, where there were gardens and parks of great extent and beauty, though the country around it was naked and barren. As the weather was exceedingly cold, he permitted his men to cut wood out of his own parks, without sparing either pine or cypress: and when the soldiers were loth to touch trees of such size and beauty, he took an axe in his own hand, and laid it to the finest tree amongst them. After which they cut them down without scruple, and having made a number of fires, passed the night with great satisfaction.

He found, however, on his arrival at his capital, that he had lost many brave men, and almost all his horses; and imagining that he was despised for his losses, and the ill success of the expedition, he became suspicious of his grandees. Many of them he put to death in anger, and more out of fear. For fear is the most sanguinary principle a tyrant can act from; courage, on the contrary, is merciful, mild, and unsuspecting. Thus, the most timorous animals are the hardest to be tamed;

but the more generous, having less suspicion, because they have less fear, fly not the caresses and society of men.

Artaxerxes being now far advanced in years, observed his sons making parties for the crown amongst his friends and the rest of the nobility. The more equitable part were for his leaving it to his eldest son Darius, as he had received it from his father in the same right. But his younger son Ochus, who was an active man and of a violent spirit, had also a considerable interest among the grandes. Besides, he hoped to gain his father through Atossa; for he paid his court to her, and promised to make her the partner of his throne, upon the death of Artaxerxes. Nay, it was said that he had already private familiarities with her. Artaxerxes, though he was ignorant of this circumstance, resolved to cut off the hopes of Ochus at once, lest, following the daring steps of his uncle Cyrus, he should involve the kingdom again in civil wars. He, therefore, declared Darius his successor, who was now twenty-five* years old, and permitted him to wear the point of his turban erect, as a mark of royalty.

As it is customary in Persia for the heir to ask a favour of him that declared him such, which, if possible, is always granted, Darius asked for Aspasia, who had been the favourite mistress of Cyrus, and was now one of the king's concubines. She was a native of Phoecea in Ionia, and her parents, who were above the condition of slaves, had given her a good education. One evening she was introduced to Cyrus at supper with the other women. They approached him without scruple, and received his jokes and caresses with pleasure; but Aspasia stood by in silence; and when Cyrus called her, she refused to go. Perceiving that the chamberlains were about to compel her, she said,—“Whoever lays hands upon me shall repent it.” Upon which the company looked upon her as an unpolished creature; but Cyrus was pleased, and said, with a smile, to the person who brought the women,—“Do you not see, that of all you have provided, this only has generous and virtuous sentiments!” From this moment he attached himself to her, loved her most of all his concubines, and called her Aspasia *the wise*. When Cyrus fell in battle, she was taken amongst the plunder of his camp.

Artaxerxes was much concerned at his son's request; for the barbarians are so extremely jealous of their women, that capital punishment is inflicted, not only on the man who speaks to, or touches one of the king's concubines, but on him

* In the printed text it is *fifty*; but one of the manuscripts gives us πεμπτου και ειμοσον, instead of πεντηκωσον. Besides, Plutarch calls him a young man a little below.

† *Citaris*.

who approaches or passes their chariots on the road. And though, in compliance with the dictates of his passion, he had made Atossa his wife contrary to law, he kept three hundred and sixty concubines, all women of the greatest beauty. However, when Darius demanded Aspasia, he declared her free, and said,—“She might go with him if she pleased; but he would do no violence to her inclinations.” Accordingly, Aspasia was sent for, and contrary to the king’s expectation, made choice of Darius. He gave her up to him, indeed, because he was obliged to it by the law; but he soon took her away and made her a priestess of Diana at Ecbatana, whom they call *Anitis*,* that she might pass the remainder of her life in chastity. This he thought no severe revenge upon his son, but a pleasant way of chastising his presumption. But Darius highly resented the affront; whether it was the charms of Aspasia had made a deep impression upon him, or whether he thought himself insulted and ridiculed by this proceeding.

Tiribazus seeing how much he was offended, endeavoured to exasperate him still more. This he did from a fellow-feeling; for he had suffered an injury much of the same kind. The king, having several daughters, promised to give Apama to Pharnabazus, Rhodogune to Orontes, and Amestris to Tiribazus. He kept his word with the two first, but deceived Tiribazus; for, instead of giving Amestris to him, he married her himself; promising at the same time that he should have his youngest daughter Atossa; but he became enamoured of her too, and married her, as we have already mentioned. This treatment extremely incensed Tiribazus, who had, indeed, nothing steady in his disposition, but was wild and irregular. One while successful, and upon a footing with the greatest men in the court, another while unacceptable to the king, and sinking into disgrace, he bore no change of fortune with propriety. If he was in favour, his vanity was unsupportable; if in disgrace, instead of being humble and quiet, he had recourse to violence and ferocity.

His conversing with the young prince was, therefore, adding flame to fire:—“What avails it,” said he, “to have the point of your turban advanced, if you seek not to advance your authority? Nothing can be more absurd than your thinking yourself secure of the succession, while your brother is privately forwarding his interest by means of the women, and your father is so very foolish and unsteady. He who could break one of the most sacred laws of the Persians, for the sake of an insignificant Grecian woman, is certainly not to be depended

* Pausanias says, there was a temple of Diana *Anaitis* in Lydia. But Justin tells us, that Artaxerxes made Aspasia one of the priestesses of the sun.

upon in more important engagements. The case is quite different between you and Oehus, as to the event of the competition: if Oehus does not obtain the crown, none will hinder him from living happily in a private station; but you, who have been declared king, must either reign or die." On this occasion was verified that observation of Sophocles,—

———— Swift in its march
Is evil counsel.————

The road which leads us to what we desire is, indeed, smooth, and of an easy descent: and the desires of most men are vicious, because they have never known or tried the enjoyments of virtue. The lustre of such an imperial crown, and Darius' fear of his brother, furnished Tiribazus with other arguments; but the goddess of beauty contributed her share towards persuading him, by putting him in mind of the loss of Aspasia.

He gave himself up, therefore, entirely to Tiribazus, and many others soon entered into the conspiracy. But before it could be carried into execution, an eunuch gave the king information of it, and of all the measures that were taken; for he had got perfect intelligence that they designed to enter his chamber in the night, and kill him in his bed.

Artaxerxes thought it would be great imprudence either to slight the information, and lay himself open to such danger, or to credit it without farther proof. The method he took was this:—He ordered the eunuch to join Darius and his adherents, and assist at all their councils; and in the mean time broke a door through the wall behind his bed, which he concealed with the tapestry. When the time came which the eunuch informed him of, he placed himself upon his bed, and remained there till he had a sight of the faces of the conspirators, and could perfectly distinguish each of them. But when he saw them draw their swords, and advance towards him, he pulled back the tapestry, retreated into the inner room, and after he had bolted the door, alarmed the palace. The assassins, seeing themselves discovered, and their designs disappointed, immediately took to flight, and desired Tiribazus to do the same, because he must certainly have been observed. While he lingered, the guards came and laid hold of him; but he killed many of them, and it was with difficulty that he was despatched at last by a javelin thrown at a distance.

Darius was taken, together with his children, and brought to answer for his crime before the judges which the king appointed. The king did not think proper to assist at the trial in person, but directed others to lay the charge against his son, and his notaries were to take down separately the opinion of each judge. As they all gave it unanimously for death, the

officers took Darius, and led him into an adjacent prison. But when the executioner came, with the instrument in his hand which is used in beheading the capital convicts, he was seized with horror at the sight of Darius, and drew back towards the door, as having neither ability nor courage to lay violent hands upon his king. But the judges who stood at the door, urging him to do his office, with menaces of instant punishment if he did not comply, he returned, and, seizing Darius by the hair, threw him on the ground, and cut off his head. Some say the cause was tried in presence of the king; and that Darius, after he was convicted by indubitable proof, fell on his face and begged for mercy; but Artaxerxes, rising in great anger, drew his cimitar, and pursued his stroke till he laid him dead at his feet. They add, that after this, he returned to his palace, and having paid his devotions to the sun, said to those who assisted at the ceremony:—"My Persians, you may now return in triumph, and tell your fellow-subjects, that the great Oromazes* has taken vengeance on those who formed the most impious and execrable designs against their sovereign." Such was the end of the conspiracy.

Ochus now entertained very agreeable hopes, and was encouraged besides by Atossa; but he had still some fear of his remaining legitimate brother Ariaspes, and of his natural brother Arsames. Not that Ochus had so much to apprehend from Ariaspes, merely because he was older, but the Persians were desirous of having him succeed to the throne on account of his mildness, his sincerity, and his humane disposition. As for Arsames, he had the character of a wise prince, and was the particular favourite of his father. This was no secret to Ochus. However, he planned the destruction of both these brothers of his; and being of an artful, as well as sanguinary turn, he employed his cruelty against Arsames, and his art against Ariaspes. To the latter he privately sent some of the king's eunuchs and friends with frequent accounts of severe and menacing expressions of his father's, as if he had resolved to put him to a cruel and ignominious death. As these persons came daily to tell him in confidence, that some of these threats were upon the point of being put in execution, and the others would not be long delayed, he was so terrified, and fell into such a melancholy and desponding way, that he prepared a poisonous draught, and drank it, to deliver himself from the burden of life.

The king being informed of the manner of his death, sincerely lamented him, and had some suspicion of the cause,

* The Persians worshipped *Oromazes* as the author of Good, and *Arimanius* as the author of Evil.

but could not examine into it thoroughly, on account of his great age.

However, Arsames now became dearer to him than ever, and it was easy to see that the king placed an entire confidence in him, and communicated to him his most secret thoughts. Ochus, therefore, would not defer his enterprise longer, but employed Harpates, the son of Tiribazus, to kill Arsames. Artaxerxes, whom time had brought to the very verge of life, when he had this additional stroke in the fate of Arsames, could not make much more struggle; his sorrow and regret soon brought him to the grave. He lived ninety-four years, and reigned sixty-two.* He had the character of a prince who governed with lenity, and loved his people. But perhaps the behaviour of his successor might contribute not a little to his reputation; for Ochus was the most cruel and sanguinary of princes.

* Diodorus Siculus says, that he reigned only forty-three years.

THE
LIFE OF ARATUS.

THE philosopher Chrysippus, my dear Polycrates, seems to have thought the ancient proverb not quite justifiable; and, therefore, he delivered it, not as it really is, but what he thought it should be:—

Who but a happy son will praise his sire?

Dionysidorus the Trœzenian, however, corrects him, and gives it right:—

Who but unhappy sons will praise their sires?

He says, the proverb was made to silence those who, having no merit of their own, dress themselves up in the virtues of their ancestors, and are lavish in their praises. And those *in whom the virtues of their sires shine in congenial beauty*, to make use of Pindar's expression; who, like you, form their conduct after their brightest patterns in their families, may think it a great happiness to remember the most excellent of their ancestors, and often to hear or speak of them: for they assume not the honour of other men's virtues for want of merit in their own, but uniting their great actions to those of their progenitors, they praise them as the authors of their descent, and the models of their lives. For which reason, when I have written the Life of Aratus, your countryman, and one of your ancestors, I shall send it to you, who reflect no dishonour upon him either in point of reputation or power. Not that I doubt your having informed yourself of his actions from the first, with all possible care and exactness; but I do it, that your sons, Polycrates and Pythocles, may form themselves upon the great exemplars in their own family, sometimes hearing and sometimes reading what it becomes them well to imitate: for it is the self-admirer, not the admirer of virtue, that thinks himself superior to others.

After the harmony of the pure Doric,* I mean the aristocracy, was broken in Sicyon, and seditions took place through the ambition of the demagogues, the city continued a long time in a distempered state. It only changed one tyrant for another, till Cleon was slain, and the administration committed to Timoclidas and Clinias, persons of the greatest reputation and

* There was a gravity, but at the same time great perfection, in the Dorian music.

authority amongst the citizens. The commonwealth seemed to be in some degree re-established when Timoclidas died. Abantidas, the son of Paseas, taking that opportunity to set himself up tyrant, killed Clinias, and either banished or put to death his friends and relations. He sought also for his son Aratus, who was only seven years old, with a design to despatch him. But, in the confusion that was in his house when his father was slain, the boy escaped among those that fled, and wandered about the city, in fear and destitute of help, till he happened to enter, unobserved, the house of a woman named Soso, who was sister to Abantidas, and had been married to Prophantus, the brother of Clinias. As she was a person of generous sentiments, and persuaded, besides, that it was by the direction of some deity that the child had taken refuge with her, she concealed him in one of her apartments till night, and then sent him privately to Argos.

Aratus having thus escaped so imminent a danger, immediately conceived a violent and implacable hatred for tyrants, which increased as he grew up. He was educated by the friends of his family at Argos in a liberal manner; and as he was vigorous and robust, he took to gymnastic exercises, and succeeded so well as to gain the prize in the five several sorts.* Indeed, in his statues there is an athletic look; and amidst the strong sense and majesty expressed in his countenance, we may discover something inconsistent with the voracity and mattock of the wrestlers.† Hence perhaps it was that he cultivated his powers of eloquence less than became a statesman. He might indeed be a better speaker than some suppose; and there are those who judge, from his Commentaries, that he certainly was so, though they were hastily written, and attempted nothing beyond common language.

Some time after the escape of Aratus, Dinias and Aristotle the logician formed a design against Abantidas, and they easily found an opportunity to kill him, when he attended, and sometimes joined in their disputations in the public halls, which they had insensibly drawn him into for that very purpose. Paseas, the father of Abantidas, then seized the supreme power; but he was assassinated by Nicocles, who took his place, and was the next tyrant. We are told that there was a perfect likeness between this Nicocles and Periander the son of Cypselus; as Orontes the Persian resembled Alcmaeon the

* The five exercises of the *Pentathlon* (as we have already observed) were running, leaping, throwing the dart, boxing, and wrestling.

† They used to break up the ground with the mattock, by way of exercise, to improve their strength.

ΚΩΧΕΤ' ΕΧΩΝ ΣΚΑΠΑΝΑΝ ΤΕ, ΚΑΙ ΕΙΚΑΤΙ ΤΒΤΘΙ ΜΑΛΑ.

son of Amphiarus, and a Lacedæmonian youth the great Hector. Myrtilas informs us, that the young man was crushed to death by the multitudes who came to see him, when that resemblance was known.

Nicocles reigned four months, during which time he did a thousand injuries to the people, and was near losing the city to the Ætolians, who formed a scheme to surprise it. Aratus was by this time approaching to manhood, and great attention was paid him on account of his high birth, and his spirit, in which there was nothing little or unenterprising, and yet it was under the correction of a gravity and solidity of judgment much beyond his years. The exiles, therefore, considered him as their principal resource; and Nicocles was not regardless of his motions, but by his private agents observed the measures he was taking. Not that he expected he would embark in so bold and dangerous an enterprise as he did; but he suspected his applications to the princes who were the friends of his father. Indeed, Aratus began in that channel; but when he found that Antigonus, notwithstanding his promises, put him off from time to time, and that his hopes from Egypt and Ptolemy were too remote, he resolved to destroy the tyrant without any foreign assistance.

The first persons to whom he communicated his intentions were Aristomachus and Ecdelus. Aristomachus was an exile from Sicyon, and Ecdelus an Arcadian banished from Megalopolis. The latter was a philosopher, who in speculation never lost sight of practice, for he had studied at Athens under Arcesilaüs the academician.* As these readily accepted his proposal, he applied to the other exiles; a few of whom joined him because they were ashamed to give up so promising a hope; but the greatest part believed it was only Aratus' inexperience,† that made him think of so bold an attempt, and endeavoured to prevent his proceeding.

While he was considering how to seize some post in the territories of Sicyon, from whence he might prosecute hostilities against the tyrant, a man of Sicyon arrived at Argos, who had escaped out of prison. He was brother to Xenocles, one of the exiles; and being introduced by him to Aratus, he informed him, that the part of the wall which he had got over, was almost level with the ground on the inside, as it joined upon a high rocky part of the city; and that on the outside it was not so high but that it might be scaled. Upon this intelligence, Aratus sent two of his servants, Sceuthas and Technon,

* Arcesilaüs was the disciple of Crantor, and had established the middle Academy.

† He was not yet twenty years old.

along with Xenocles, to reconnoitre the wall; for he was resolved, if he could do it secretly, to hazard all upon one great effort, rather than lengthen out the war, and publicly engage with a tyrant, when he had no resources but those of a private man.

Xenocles and his companions, after they had taken the height of the wall, and reported at their return, that it was neither impracticable nor difficult, but that it was dangerous to attempt it on account of some dogs kept by a gardener, which were little indeed, but at the same time extremely fierce and furious. Aratus, however, immediately set about the work. It was easy to provide arms without suspicion; for almost every body went armed, by reason of the frequent robberies and the incursions of one people into the territories of another. And as to the scaling ladders, Euphranor, who was one of the exiles, and a carpenter by trade, made them publicly; his business screening him from suspicion. Each of his friends in Argos, who had no great number of men that he could command, furnished him with ten: he armed thirty of his own servants, and hired some few soldiers of Xenophilus, who was chief captain of a band of robbers. To the latter it was given out that the design of their march to Sicyon was to carry off the king's stud; and several of them were sent before by different ways to the tower of Polygnotus, with orders to wait for him there. Caphesias was likewise sent with four others in a travelling dress. These were to go in the evening to the gardener's, and pretending to be travellers, get a lodging there; after which they were to confine both him and his dogs: for that part of the wall was not accessible any other way. The ladders being made to take in pieces, were packed up in corn-chests, and sent before in waggons prepared for that purpose.

In the mean time, some of the tyrant's spies arrived at Argos, and it was reported they were skulking about to watch the motions of Aratus. Next morning, therefore, Aratus appeared early with his friends in the market-place, and talked with them for some time. He then went to the Gymnasium, and after he had anointed himself, took with him some young men from the wrestling-ring, who used to be of his parties of pleasure, and returned home. In a little time his servants were seen in the market-place, some carrying chaplets of flowers, some buying flambeaux, and some in discourse with the women who used to sing and play at entertainments. These manœuvres deceived the spies. They laughed, and said to each other,—“Certainly nothing can be more dastardly than a tyrant, since Nicocles, who is master of so strong a city, and armed with so much power, lives in fear of a young man, who wastes the pittance he has to subsist on in exile, in drinking and revelling

even in the day-time." After these false reasonings they retired.

Aratus, immediately after he had made his meal, set out for the tower of Polygnotus, and when he had joined the soldiers there, proceeded to Nemea, where he disclosed his real intentions to his whole company. Having exhorted them to behave like brave men, and promised them great rewards, he gave '*propitious Apollo*' for the word, and then led them forwards towards Sicyon, governing his march according to the motion of the moon, sometimes quickening and sometimes slackening his pace, so as to have the benefit of her light by the way, and to come to the garden by the wall just after she was set. There Caphesias met him, and informed him that the dogs were let out before he arrived, but that he had secured the gardener. Most of the company were greatly dispirited at this account, and desired Aratus to quit his enterprise; but he encouraged them by promising to desist, if the dogs should prove very troublesome. Then he ordered those who carried the ladders to march before, under the conduct of Ecdelus and Mnasitheus, and himself followed softly. The dogs now began to run about and bark violently at Ecdelus and his men; nevertheless, they approached the wall, and planted their ladders safe. But as the foremost of them were mounting, the officer who was to be relieved by the morning-guard passed that way at the sound of the bell, with many torches and much noise. Upon this the men laid themselves close to the ladders, and escaped the notice of this watch without much difficulty; but when the other which was to relieve it came up, they were in the utmost danger. However, that too passed by without observing them; after which, Mnasitheus and Ecdelus mounted the wall first, and having secured the way both to the right and left, they sent Technon to Aratus, to desire him to advance as fast as possible.

It was no great distance from the garden to the wall, and to a tower in which was placed a great hunting dog to alarm the guard. But whether he was naturally drowsy, or had wearied himself the day before, he did not perceive their entrance. But the gardener's dogs awakening him by barking below, he began to growl; and when Aratus' men passed by the tower he barked out, so that the whole place resounded with the noise. Then the sentinel, who kept watch opposite to the tower, called aloud to the huntsman, and asked him,—“Whom the dog barked at so angrily, or whether any thing new had happened?” The huntsman answered from the tower,—“That there was nothing extraordinary; and that the dog was only disturbed at the torches of the guards and the noise of the bell.” This encouraged Aratus' soldiers more than any thing:

for they imagined that the huntsman concealed the truth, because he had a secret understanding with their leader; and that there were many others in the town who would promote the design. But when the rest of their companions came to scale the wall, the danger increased. It appeared to be a long affair, because the ladders shook and swung extremely if they did not mount them softly, and one by one; and the time pressed, for the cocks began to crow. The country people, too, who kept the market, were expected to arrive every moment. Aratus, therefore, hastened up himself, when only forty of his company were upon the wall; and when a few more had joined him from below, he put himself at the head of his men, and marched immediately to the tyrant's palace, where the main guard was kept, and where the mercenaries passed the night under arms. Coming suddenly upon them, he took them prisoners without killing one man; and then sent to his friends in the town to invite them to come and join him. They ran to him from all quarters; and day now appearing, the theatre was filled with a crowd of people who stood in suspense; for they had only heard a rumour, and had no certainty of what was doing, till a herald came and proclaimed it in these words:—"Aratus, the son of Clinias, calls the citizens to liberty."

Then persuaded that the day they had long expected was come, they rushed in multitudes to the palace of the tyrant, and set fire to it. The flame was so strong that it was seen as far as Corinth, and the Corinthians, wondering what might be the cause, were upon the point of going to their assistance. Nicocles escaped out of the city by some subterranean conduits; and the soldiers having helped the Sicyonians to extinguish the fire, plundered his palace. Nor did Aratus hinder them from taking this booty; but the rest of the wealth, which the several tyrants had amassed, he bestowed upon the citizens.

There was not so much as one man killed or wounded in this action, either of Aratus' party or of the enemy; fortune so conducting the enterprise as not to sully it with the blood of one citizen. Aratus recalled eighty persons who had been banished by Nicocles, and of those that had been expelled by the former tyrants not less than five hundred. The latter had long been forced to wander from place to place, some of them full fifty years; consequently, most of them returned in a destitute condition. They were now, indeed, restored to their ancient possessions; but their going into houses and lands which had found new masters, laid Aratus under great difficulties. Without, he saw Antigonus envying the liberty which the city had recovered, and laying schemes

to enslave it again, and within he found nothing but faction and disorder. He, therefore, judged it best, in this critical situation, to join it to the Achæan league. As the people of Sicyon were Dorians, they had no objection to being called a party to the Achæan community, or to their form of government.* It must be acknowledged, indeed, that the Achæans at that time were no very great or powerful people. Their towns were generally small, their lands neither extensive nor fertile; and they had no harbours on their coasts, the sea for the most part entering the land in rocky and impracticable creeks. Yet none gave a better proof than this people, that the power of Greece is invincible, while good order and harmony prevail amongst her members, and she has an able general to lead her armies. In fact, these very Achæans, though but inconsiderable in comparison of the Greeks, in their flourishing times, or to speak more properly, not equalling in their whole community the strength of one respectable city in the period we are upon, yet, by good counsels and unanimity, and by hearkening to any man of superior virtue, instead of envying his merit, not only kept themselves free amidst so many powerful states and tyrants, but saved great part of Greece, or rescued it from chains.

As to his character, Aratus had something very popular in his behaviour; he had a native greatness of mind, and was more attentive to the public interest than to his own. He was an implacable enemy to tyrants; but with respect to others, he made the good of his country the sole rule of his friendship or opposition: so that he seems rather to have been a mild

* The Dutch republic much resembles it. The Achæans, indeed, at first had two *Prætors*, whose office it was both to preside in the diet, and to command the army; but it was soon thought advisable to reduce them to one. There is this difference, too, between the Dutch Stadtholder and the Achæan Prætor, that the latter did not continue two years successively in his employment. But in other respects there is a striking similarity between the states of Holland and those of the Achæan league; and if the Achæans could have become a maritime power like the Dutch, their power would probably have been much more extensive and lasting than it was.

All the cities subject to the Achæan league were governed by the great council, or general assembly of the whole nation, which was assembled twice a year, in the spring and autumn. To this assembly, or diet, each of the confederate cities had a right to send a number of deputies, who were elected in their respective cities by a plurality of voices. In these meetings they enacted laws, disposed of the vacant employments, declared war, made peace, concluded alliances, and, in short, provided for all the principal occasions of the commonwealth.

Beside the *Prætor*, they had ten great officers called *Demiurgi*, chosen by the general assembly out of the most eminent and experienced persons amongst the states. It was their office to assist the prætor with their advice. He was to propose nothing to the general assembly but what had been previously approved by their body, and in his absence the whole management of civil affairs devolved upon them.

and moderate enemy than a zealous friend; his regards or aversions to particular men varying as the occasions of the commonwealth dictated. In short, nations and great communities, with one voice, re-echoed the declaration of the assemblies and theatres, that Aratus loved none but good men.* With regard to open wars and pitched battles, he was indeed diffident and timorous; but in gaining a point by stratagem, in surprising cities and tyrants, there could not be an abler man.

To this cause we must assign it, that after he had exerted great courage, and succeeded in enterprises that were looked upon as desperate; through too much fear and caution he gave up others that were more practicable, and not of less importance: for as amongst animals there are some that can see very clearly in the night, and yet are next to blind in the day-time, the dryness of the eye, and the subtilty of its humours, not suffering them to bear the light; so there is in man a kind of courage and understanding, which is easily disconcerted in open dangers and encounters, and yet resumes a happy boldness in secret enterprises. The reason of this inequality in men of parts otherwise excellent, is their wanting the advantages of philosophy. Virtue is in them the product of nature, unassisted by science, like the fruits of the forest, which come without the least cultivation."† Of this there are many examples to be found.

After Aratus had engaged himself and his city in the Achæan league, he served in the cavalry, and the generals highly esteemed him for his ready obedience: for though he had contributed so much to the common cause by his name, and by the forces of Sicyon, yet the Achæan commander, whether of Dima or Tritta, or some more inconsiderable town, found him always as tractable as the meanest soldier.

When the king of Egypt made him a present of twenty-five talents, he received it indeed, but laid out the whole upon his

* Ομονοίας εθνών και κοινωνίας πόλεων, και συνεδρίω κα'ι θεατρῶν μὲν ἀφώνη ἀφιεντος, ὡς εἶδενος ἀλλ'† ἡ τῶν καλῶν ἐρασις. The former translator has given as a good sentiment, but the original will not bear it:—"Of all those things which are esteemed most excellent, none gave him so great a delight as concord between nations, associations of cities, and unanimity in public assemblies." He seems to have read ἀλλῶ without the ἠ that follows. In that case, indeed, it would be capable of his construction; but we have no authority for such an omission. We will not say, however, that his conjecture is wrong, or that ἀλλῶ has not been changed into ἀλλ' ἠ; for it certainly was Aratus' principal object to associate cities in one community, and promote harmony amongst the Greeks.

† This character of Aratus is perfectly agreeable to what Polybius has given us in his fourth book. Two great masters will draw with equal excellence, though their manner must be different.

‡ One of the manuscripts gives us ἀλλῶ ἠ.

fellow-citizens; relieving the necessitous with part of it, and ransoming such as were prisoners with the rest.

But the exiles whom Aratus had recalled would not be satisfied with any thing less than the restitution of their estates, and gave the present possessors so much trouble, that the city was in danger of being ruined by sedition. In this extremity he saw no resource except in the generosity of Ptolemy, and therefore determined to take a voyage to Egypt, and apply to him for as much money as would reconcile all parties. Accordingly, he set sail for Methone, above the promontory of Malea, in hopes of taking the shortest passage.—But a contrary wind sprung up, and the seas ran so high, that the pilot, unable to bear up against them, changed his course, and with much difficulty got into Adria,* a town which was in the enemy's hands, for Antigonus had a garrison there. To avoid this imminent danger he landed, and with only one friend, named Timanthes, making his way as far as possible from the sea, sought for shelter in a place well covered with wood, in which he and his companions spent a very disagreeable night. Soon after he had left the ship, the governor of the fort came and inquired for him; but he was deceived by Aratus' servants, who were instructed to say he had made off in another vessel to Eubœa. However, he detained the ship and servants as a lawful prize. Aratus spent some days in this distressful situation, where one while he looked out to reconnoitre the coast, and another while kept himself concealed; but at last, by good fortune, a Roman ship happened to put in near the place of his retreat. The ship was bound for Syria, and Aratus prevailed upon the master to land him in Caria. But he had equal dangers to combat at sea in this as in his former passages. And when he was in Caria he had a voyage to take to Egypt, which he found a very long one. Upon his arrival, however, he was immediately admitted to audience by the king, who had long been inclined to serve him, on account of the paintings which he used to compliment him with from Greece. For Aratus, who had a taste for these things, was always collecting for him the pieces of the best masters, particularly those of Pamphilus and Melanthes.† For Sicyon was famed for

* Palmerius conjectures that we should read *Andria*, which he supposes to be a town in the island of *Andros*. He confirms it with this argument, that Aratus is said to have passed from hence to Eubœa, which is opposite to that island.

† Two of the most celebrated painters of all antiquity. Pamphilus had been brought up under Eupompus, and was the master of Apelles and Melanthes. The capital pieces of Pamphilus were, *a Brotherhood, a Battle, the Victory of the Athenians, and Ulysses in his vessel taking leave of Calypso*. Pliny tells us, that the whole wealth of a city could scarce purchase one of the pieces of Melanthes.

the cultivation of the arts, particularly the art of painting, and it was believed that there only the ancient elegance was preserved without the least corruption. Hence it was that the great Apelles, at a time when he was much admired, went to Sicyon, and gave the painters a talent, not so much for any improvement, as for the reputation of having been of their school. In consequence of which, Aratus, when he restored Sicyon to liberty, and destroyed the portraits of the tyrants, hesitated a long time on coming to that of Aristratus; for it was the united work of the disciples of Melanthus, who had represented him standing in a chariot of victory, and the pencil of Apelles had contributed to the performance, as we are informed by Polemo the geographer.

The piece was so admirable that Aratus could not avoid feeling the art that was displayed in it; but his hatred of tyrants soon overruled that feeling, and he ordered it to be defaced. Nealces the painter,* who was honoured with his friendship, is said to have implored him with tears to spare that piece: and when he found him inflexible, said,—“Aratus, continue your war with tyrants, but not with every thing that belongs to them. Spare at least the chariot and the victory, and I shall soon make Aristratus vanish.” Aratus gave his consent, and Nealces defaced the figure of Aristratus, but did not venture to put any thing in its place except a palm-tree. We are told, however, that there was still a dim appearance of the feet of Aristratus at the bottom of the chariot.

This taste for painting had already recommended Aratus to Ptolemy, and his conversation gained so much farther upon him, that he made him a present of a hundred and fifty talents for the city; forty of which he sent with him on his return to Peloponnesus, and he remitted the rest in the several portions and at the times that he had fixed. It was a glorious thing to apply so much money to the use of his fellow-citizens, at a time when it was common to see generals and demagogues, for much smaller sums which they received of the kings, to oppress, enslave, and betray to them the cities where they were born. But it was still more glorious by this money to reconcile the poor to the rich, to secure the commonwealth, and establish harmony amongst all ranks of people.

His moderation in the exercise of the great power he was vested with, was truly admirable: for, being appointed sole arbitrator of the claims of the exiles, he refused to act alone,

* Nealces was a painter of great reputation. One of his pieces was the naval fight between the Egyptians and the Persians. As the action was upon the Nile, whose colour is like that of the sea, he distinguished it by a symbol: he drew an ass drinking on the shore, and a crocodile in the act to spring upon him.—*Plin.* l. xxxv. c. ii.

and joined fifteen of the citizens in the commission; with whose assistance, after much labour and attention, he established peace and friendship amongst the people. Beside the honours which the whole community conferred on him for these services, the exiles in particular erected his statue in brass, and put upon it this inscription:—

Far as the pillars which Alcides rear'd,
Thy counsels and thy deeds in arms for Greece
The tongue of Fame has told. But we, Aratus,
We, wanderers whom thou hast restor'd to Sicyon,
Will sing thy justice; place thy pleasing form,
As a benignant power with gods that save.
For thou hast given that dear equality,
And all the laws which favouring heaven might give.

Aratus, after such important services, was placed above envy amongst his people. But king Antigonus, uneasy at the progress he made, was determined either to gain him, or to make him obnoxious to Ptolemy. He, therefore, gave him extraordinary marks of his regard, though he wanted no such advances. Amongst others this was one:—On occasion of a sacrifice which he offered at Corinth, he sent portions of it to Aratus at Sicyon: and at the feast which ensued, he said in full assembly,—“I at first looked upon this young Sicyonian only as a man of a liberal and patriotic spirit, but now I find that he is also a good judge of the characters and affairs of princes. At first he overlooked us for the sake of foreign hopes, and the admiration he had conceived from stories of the wealth, the elephants, fleets, and the splendid court of Egypt; but since he has been upon the spot, and seen that all this pomp is merely a theatrical thing, he is come over entirely to us. I have received him to my bosom, and am determined to employ him in all my affairs. I desire, therefore, you will all consider him as a friend.” The envious and malevolent took occasion from this speech to lay heavy charges against Aratus in their letters to Ptolemy, insomuch that the king sent one of his agents to tax him with his infidelity. Thus, like passionate lovers, the candidates for the first favours of kings dispute them with the utmost envy and malignity.

After Aratus was first chosen general of the Achæan league, he ravaged Locris, which lies on the other side of the gulf of Corinth, and committed the same spoil in the territories of Calydon. It was his intention to assist the Bœotians with ten thousand men, but he came too late; they were already defeated by the Ætolians in an action near Chæronea,* in which

* We must take care to distinguish this battle of Chæronea from that great action in which Philip of Macedon beat the Thebans and Athenians, and which happened sixty-six years before Aratus was born.

Abœocritus their general, and a thousand of their men, were slain.

The year following,* Aratus being elected general again, undertook that celebrated enterprise, of recovering the citadel of Corinth; in which he consulted not only the benefit of Sicyon and Achaia, but of Greece in general; for such would be the expulsion of the Macedonian garrison, which was nothing better than a tyrant's yoke. As Chares, the Athenian general, upon a battle which he won of the king of Persia's lieutenants, wrote to the people, that he had gained a victory which was sister to that of Marathon; so we may justly call this exploit of Aratus sister to that of Pelopidas the Theban, and Thrasylulus the Athenian, when they killed the tyrants. There is, indeed, this difference, that Aratus' enterprise was not against Greeks, but against a foreign power, which is a difference much to his honour: for the isthmus of Corinth, which separates the two seas, joins our continent to that of Peloponnesus; and when there is a good garrison in the citadel of Corinth, which stands on a high hill in the middle, at an equal distance from the two continents, it cuts off the communication with those within the isthmus, so that there can be no passage for troops, nor any kind of commerce either by sea or land. In short, he that is possessed of it is master of all Greece. The younger Philip of Macedonia, therefore, was not jesting, but spoke a serious truth, when he called the city of Corinth *the Fetters of Greece*. Hence the place was always much contended for, particularly by kings and princes.

Antigonus' passion for it was not less than that of love in its greatest madness; and it was the chief object of his cares to find a method of taking it by surprise, when the hopes of succeeding by open force failed. When Alexander, who was master of the citadel, died of poison, that is said to have been given him through Antigonus' means, his wife Nicæa, into whose hands it then fell, guarded it with great care. But Antigonus, hoping to gain it by means of his son Demetrius, sent him to make her an offer of his hand. It was a flattering prospect to a woman somewhat advanced in years, to have such a young prince for her husband. Accordingly Antigonus caught her by this bait. However, she did not give up the citadel, but guarded it with the same attention as before. Antigonus, pretending to take no notice, celebrated the marriage with sacrifices and shows, and spent whole days in feasting the people, as if his mind had been entirely taken up with

* Polybius, who wrote from Aratus' Commentaries, tells us there were eight years between Aratus' first prætorship, and his second, in which he took *Acrocorinth*

mirth and pleasure. One day, when Amœbæus was to sing in the theatre, he conducted Nicæa in person on her way to the entertainment in a litter set out with royal ornaments. She was elated with the honour, and had not the least thought of what was to ensue. But when they came to the point which bore towards the citadel, he ordered the men that bore the litter to proceed to the theatre; and bidding farewell to Amœbæus and the wedding, he walked up to the fort much faster than could have been expected from a man of his years. Finding the gate barred, he knocked with his staff, and commanded the guard to open it. Surprised at the sight of him, they complied, and thus he became master of the place. He was not able to contain his joy on that occasion; he drank and revelled in the open streets, and in the market-place, attended with female musicians, and crowned with flowers. When we see a man of his age, who had experienced such changes of fortune, carouse and indulge his transports, embracing and saluting every one he meets, we must acknowledge that unexpected joy raises greater tumults in an unbalanced mind, and oversets it sooner, than either fear or sorrow.

Antigonus having in this manner made himself master of the citadel, garrisoned it with men in whom he placed the greatest confidence, and made the philosopher Persæus governor. Whilst Alexander was living, Aratus had cast his eye upon it, as an excellent acquisition for his country; but the Achæans admitting Alexander into the league, he did not prosecute his design. Afterwards, however, a new occasion presented itself. There were in Corinth four brothers, natives of Syria, one of which, named Diocles, served as a soldier in the garrison. The other three having stolen some of the king's money, retired to Sicyon, where they applied to one Ægias a banker, whom Aratus used to employ. Part of this gold they immediately disposed of to him, and Erginus, one of the three, at several visits, privately changed the rest. Thus, an acquaintance was formed between him and Ægias, who one day drew him into discourse about the garrison. Erginus told him, that as he often went up to visit his brother, he had observed on the steepest side a small winding path cut in the rock, and leading to a part of the wall much lower than the rest. Upon this Ægias said, with an air of raillery,—“Why will you, my good friend, purloin the king's treasures for so inconsiderable a sum, when you might raise yourself to opulence by one hour's service? Do you not know, that if you are taken, you will as certainly be put to death for this trifling theft, as if you had betrayed the citadel?” Erginus laughed at the hint, and promised to sound his brother Diocles upon

the subject; for he could not, he said, place much confidence in the other two.

A few days after this he returned, and had an interview with Aratus, at which it was agreed that he should conduct him to a part of the wall that was not above fifteen feet high; and that both he and his brother Diocles should assist him in the rest of the enterprize. Aratus, on his part, promised to give them sixty talents, if he succeeded; and in case they failed, and yet returned all safe to Sicyon, he engaged that each of them should have a house and one talent. As it was necessary that the sixty talents should be deposited in the hands of Ægias, for the satisfaction of Erginus, and Aratus neither had such a sum, nor chose to borrow it, because that might create some suspicion of his intentions, he took most of his plate and his wife's jewels, and pledged them with Ægias for the money. Such was the greatness of his soul, such his passion for high achievements, that, knowing that Phocion and Epaminondas were accounted the justest and most excellent of all the Greeks, for refusing great presents, and not sacrificing virtue to money, he ascended a step higher. He privately gave money, he embarked his estate in an enterprize, where he alone was to expose himself for the many who were not even apprised of his intentions in their favour. Who then can sufficiently admire his magnanimity? Who is there, even in our days, that is not fired with an ambition to imitate the man who purchased so much danger at so great an expense, who pledged the most valuable of his goods for the sake of being introduced by night amongst enemies, where he was to fight for his life, without any other equivalent than the hope of performing a great action?

This undertaking, which was dangerous enough in itself, became more so by a mistake which they committed in the beginning. Technon, one of Aratus' servants, of whom we have already spoken, was sent before to Diocles, that they might reconnoitre the wall together. He had never seen Diocles, but he thought he should easily know him by the marks which Erginus had given, which were curled hair, a swarthy complexion, and want of beard. He went, therefore, to the place appointed, and sat down before the city at a point called *Ornis*, to wait for Erginus and his brother Diocles. In the mean time Dionysius, their eldest brother, who knew nothing of the affair, happened to come up. He greatly resembled Diocles, and Technon, struck with his appearance, which answered the description, asked him if he had any connection with Erginus. He said he was his brother: upon which Technon, thoroughly persuaded that he was speaking to Diocles, without asking his name, or waiting for any token, gave him his hand, mentioned

to him the circumstances of the appointment with Erginus, and asked him many questions about it. Dionysius availed himself very artfully of the mistake, agreed to every point, and, returning towards the city, held him in discourse without giving him the least cause of suspicion. They were now near the town, and he was on the point of seizing Technon, when by good fortune Erginus met them, and perceiving how much his friend was imposed upon, and the great danger he was in, beckoned to him to make his escape. Accordingly, they both fled, and got safe to Aratus. However, Aratus did not give up his hopes, but immediately sent Erginus to Dionysius, to offer him money, and entreat him to be silent; in which he succeeded so well, that he brought Dionysius along with him to Aratus. When they had him in their hands, they did not think it safe to part with him; they bound and set a guard on him in a small apartment, and then prepared for their principal design.

When every thing was ready, Aratus ordered his troops to pass the night under arms; and taking with him four hundred picked men, few of whom knew the business they were going about, he led them to the gates of the city, near the temple of Juno. It was then about the middle of summer, the moon at the full, and the night without the least cloud. As their arms glittered with the reflection of the moon, they were afraid that circumstance would discover them to the watch. The foremost of them were now near the walls, when clouds arose from the sea, and covered the city and its environs. The men sat down and took off their shoes, that they might make the less noise, and mount the ladders without danger of slipping. But Erginus took with him seven young men, in the habit of travellers, and getting unobserved to the gate, killed the keeper and the guard that were with him. At the same time the ladders were applied to the walls, and Aratus, with a hundred men, got over with the utmost expedition. The rest he commanded to follow in the best manner they could; and having immediately drawn up his ladders, he marched at the head of his party through the town towards the citadel, confident of success, because he was not discovered.

As they advanced, they met four of the watch, with a light, which gave Aratus a full and timely view of them, while he and his company could not be seen by them, because the moon was still overclouded. He, therefore, retired under some ruined walls, and lay in ambush for them. Three out of the four were killed; but the other, after he had received a cut upon his head, ran off, crying,—“That the enemy was in the city.” A little after the trumpets sounded, and the whole town was in motion on the alarm. The streets were filled

with people running up and down, and so many lights were brought out, both in the lower town and in the citadel, that the whole was illuminated, and a confused noise was heard from every quarter. Aratus went on notwithstanding, and attempted the way up the rock. He proceeded in a slow and difficult manner at first, because he had lost the path which lay deep beneath the craggy parts of the rock, and led to the wall by a great variety of windings and turnings. But, at that moment, the moon, as it were by miracle, is said to have dispersed the clouds, and thrown a light on the most obscure part of the path, which continued till he reached the wall at the place he wanted. Then the clouds gathered afresh, and she hid her face again.

In the mean time, the three hundred men whom Aratus had left by the temple of Juno, had entered the city, which they found all in an alarm, and full of lights. As they could not find the way Aratus had taken, nor trace him in the least, they screened themselves under the shady side of a high rock, and waited there in great perplexity and distress. By this time Aratus was engaged with the enemy on the ramparts of the citadel, and they could distinguish the cries of combatants: but as the noise was echoed by the neighbouring mountains, it was uncertain from whence it first came. Whilst they were in doubt what way to turn, Archelaüs, who commanded the king's forces, took a considerable corps, and began to ascend the hill with loud shouts, and trumpets sounding, in order to attack Aratus' rear. He passed the party of the three hundred without perceiving them; but he was no sooner gone by, than they rose, as from an ambuscade, fell upon him, and killing the first they attacked, so terrified the rest, and even Archelaüs himself, that they turned their backs, and were pursued till they entirely dispersed.

When the party was thus victorious, Erginus came to them from their friends above, to inform them that Aratus was engaged with the enemy, who defended themselves with great vigour; that the wall itself was disputed, and that their general wanted immediate assistance. They bade him lead them to the place that moment; and as they ascended, they discovered themselves by their shouts. Thus their friends were encouraged, and the reflection of the full moon upon their arms, made their numbers appear greater to their enemies, on account of the length of the path. In the echoes of the night, too, the shouts seemed to come from a much larger party. At last they joined Aratus, and, with an united effort, beat off the enemy, and took post upon the wall. At break of day the citadel was their own, and the first rays of the sun did honour to their victory. At the same time the rest of Aratus' forces

arrived from Sicyon: the Corinthians readily opened their gates to them, and assisted in taking the king's soldiers prisoners.

When he thought his victory complete, he went down from the citadel to the theatre; an innumerable multitude crowding to see him, and to hear the speech that he would make to the Corinthians. After he had disposed the Achæans on each side of the avenues to the theatre, he came from behind the scenes, and made his appearance in his armour. But he was so much changed by labour and watching, that the joy and elevation which his success might have inspired, was weighed down by the extreme fatigue of his spirits. On his appearance, the people immediately began to express their high sense of his services; upon which he took his spear in his right hand, and leaning his body on one knee a little against it, remained a long time in that posture silent, to receive their plaudits and acclamations, their praises of his virtue, and compliments on his good fortune.

After their first transports were over, and he perceived that he could be heard, he summoned the strength he had left, and made a speech in the name of the Achæans, suitable to the great event, persuaded the Corinthians to join the league, and delivered to them the keys of their city, which they had not been masters of since the times of Philip. As to the generals of Antigonus, he set Archelaüs, who was his prisoner, free; but he put Theophrastus to death, because he refused to leave Corinth. Persæus, on the taking of the citadel, made his escape to Cenchreæ. Some time after, when he was amusing himself with disputations in philosophy, and some person advanced this position,—“None but the wise man is fit to be a general:”—“It is true,” said he, “and the gods know it, that this maxim of Zeno's once pleased me more than all the rest; but I have changed my opinion, since I was better taught by the young Sicyonian.” This circumstance concerning Persæus we have from many historians.

Aratus immediately seized the *Heræum*, or temple of Juno, and the harbour of Lechæum, in which he took twenty-five of the king's ships. He took also five hundred horses, and four hundred Syrians, whom he sold. The Achæans put a garrison of four hundred men in the citadel of Corinth, which was strengthened with fifty dogs, and as many men to keep them.

The Romans were great admirers of Philopœmen, and called him *the last of the Greeks*; not allowing that there was any great man amongst that people after him. But, in my opinion, this exploit of Aratus is the last which the Greeks have to boast of. Indeed, whether we consider the boldness of the enterprise, or the good fortune which attended it, it equals the

greatest upon record. The same appears from its immediate consequences: the Megarensians revolted from Antigonos, and joined Aratus: the Trœzenians and Epidaurians, too, ranged themselves on the side of the Achæans.

In his first expedition beyond the bounds of Peloponnesus, Aratus overran Attica, and, passing into Salamis, ravaged that island; so that the Achæan forces thought themselves escaped, as it were, out of prison, and followed him wherever he pleased. On this occasion he set the Athenian prisoners free without ransom, by which he sowed amongst them the first seeds of defection from the Macedonians. He brought Ptolemy likewise into the Achæan league, by procuring him the direction of the war both by sea and land. Such was his influence over the Achæans, that as the laws did not allow him to be general two years together, they appointed him every other year; and, in action, as well as counsel, he had always in effect the chief command: for they saw it was not wealth, or glory, or the friendship of kings, or the advantage of his own country, or any thing else, that he preferred to the promotion of the Achæan power. He thought that cities, in their single capacity, were weak; and that they could not provide for their defence without uniting and binding themselves together for the common good. As the members of the body cannot be nourished or live but by their connection with each other, and, when separated, pine and decay; so cities perish when they break off from the community to which they belonged; and, on the contrary, gather strength and power by becoming parts of some great body, and enjoying the fruits of the wisdom of the whole.*

Observing, therefore, that all the bravest people in his neighbourhood lived according to their own laws, it gave him pain to see the Argives in slavery, and he took measures for destroying their tyrant Aristomachus.† Besides, he was ambitious for restoring Argos to its liberty, as a reward for the education it had afforded him, and to unite it to the Achæan league. Without much difficulty he found them hardy enough to undertake

* We shall here give the reader an account of some laws, by which the Achæan states were governed:—1. An extraordinary assembly was not to be summoned at the request of foreign ambassadors, unless they first notified, in writing, to the *Prælor* and *Demiurgi*, the subject of their embassy. 2. No city, subject to the league, was to send any embassy to a foreign prince or state, without the consent and approbation of the general diet. 3. No member of the assembly was to accept of presents from foreign princes, under any pretence whatsoever. 4. No prince, state, or city, was to be admitted into the league, without the consent of the whole alliance. 5. The general assembly was not to sit above three days.

† This Aristomachus must not be confounded with him who was thrown into the sea at Cenchreæ. Between them reigned Aristippus.

the commission, at the head of whom was Æschylus and Charimenes the diviner: but they had no swords; for they were forbidden to keep arms, and the tyrant had laid great penalties on such as should be found to have any in their possession. To supply this defect, Aratus provided several daggers for them at Corinth, and having sewed them up in the pack-saddles of horses that were to carry some ordinary wares, they were, by that stratagem, conveyed to Argos.* In the mean time, Charimenes taking in another of his friends as a partner, Æschylus and his associates were so much provoked, that they cast him off, and determined to do the business by themselves. But Charimenes perceiving their intention, in resentment of the slight, informed the tyrant of their purpose, when they were set out to put it in execution. Upon which they fled with precipitation, and most of them escaped to Corinth.

It was not long, however, before Aristomachus was despatched by one of his own servants; but before any measures could be taken to guard against tyranny, Aristippus took the reins, and proved a worse tyrant than the former. Aratus, indeed, marched immediately to Argos with all the Achæans that were able to bear arms, in order to support the citizens, whom he doubted not to find ready to assert their liberty. But they had been long accustomed to the yoke, and were willing to be slaves; insomuch that not one of them joined him, and he returned with the inconvenience of bringing a charge upon the Achæans, that they had committed acts of hostility in time of full peace: for they were summoned to answer for this injustice before the Mantineans.

Aratus did not appear at the trial; and Aristippus being the prosecutor, got a fine of thirty *minæ* laid upon the Achæans. As that tyrant both hated and feared Aratus, he meditated his death, and Antigonus entered into the scheme. They had their emissaries in almost every quarter, watching their opportunity. But the surest guard for a prince, or other chief, is the sincere affection of his people: for when the commons and the nobility, instead of fearing their chief magistrate, fear for him, he sees with many eyes, and hears with many ears. And here I cannot but leave a little the thread of my story to describe that manner of life which Aristippus was under the necessity of leading, if he chose to keep in his hands that despotism, that state of an arbitrary sovereign, which is commonly so much envied, and admired as the highest pitch of happiness.

This tyrant, who had Antigonus for his ally, who kept so

* Polybius places this attempt for the relief of Argos under the second Aristomachus.—Vid. *Polyb.* lib. ii.

large a body-guard, and had not left one of his enemies alive in the city, would not suffer his guards to do duty in the palace, but only in the vestibule and porticoes about it. When supper was over, he sent away all his servants, barred the door of the hall himself, and, with his mistress, crept through a trap-door into a small chamber above. Upon that door he placed his bed, and slept there as a person in his anxious state of mind may be supposed to sleep. The ladder by which he went up, his mistress' mother took away, and secured in another room till morning, when she brought it again, and called up this wonderful prince, who crept like a reptile out of his hole: whereas Aratus, who acquired a lasting command, not by force of arms, but by virtue, and in a way agreeable to the laws; who made his appearance without fear in a plain vest and cloak, and always showed himself an enemy to tyrants, left an illustrious posterity among the Greeks, which flourishes at this day. But of those who have seized castles, who have maintained guards, who have fenced themselves with arms, and gates, and barricadoes, how few can we reckon up that have not, like timorous hares, died a violent death; and not one of them has left a family, or even a monument to preserve his memory with honour.

Aratus made many attempts, both private and open, to pull down Aristippus, and rescue Argos out of his hands; but he always miscarried. Once he applied his scaling ladders, and ascended the wall with a small party, in spite of the extreme danger that threatened him. He even succeeded so far as to kill the guards that came to oppose him: but when day appeared, and the tyrant attacked him on all sides, the people of Argos, as if he had not been fighting for their liberty, and they were only presiding at the Nemean games, sat very impartial spectators of the action, without making the least motion to assist. Aratus defended himself with great courage, and, though he had his thigh run through with a spear, maintained his post all day against such superior numbers. Would his strength have permitted him to continue the combat in the night too, he must have carried his point; for the tyrant now thought of nothing but making his escape, and had already sent most of his treasure on board his ships. However, as no one gave Aratus intelligence of this circumstance, as his water failed, and his wound disqualified him from any further efforts, he called off his men and retired.

He now despaired of succeeding by way of surprise, and, therefore, openly entered the territories of Argos with his army, and committed great devastation. He fought a pitched battle with Aristippus near the river Chares, and on that occasion he was censured for deserting the action, and letting

the victory slip out of his hands: for one part of his army had clearly the advantage, and was advancing fast in the pursuit, when he, without being overpowered where he acted in person, merely out of fear and diffidence, retired in great disorder to his camp. His men, on their return from their pursuit, expressed their indignation at being prevented from erecting the trophy, after they had put the enemy to flight, and killed many more men than they had lost. Aratus, wounded with these reproaches, determined to risk a second battle for the trophy. Accordingly, after his men had rested one day, he drew them out the next. But finding that the enemy's numbers were increased, and that their troops were in much higher spirits than before, he durst not venture upon an action, but retreated, after having obtained a truce to carry off the dead. However, by his engaging manners, and his abilities in the administration, he obviated the consequences of his error, and added the city of Cleonæ to the Achæan league. In Cleonæ he caused the Nemean games to be celebrated; for he thought that city had the best and most ancient claim to them. The people of Argos likewise exhibited them, and, on this occasion, the freedom and security which had been the privilege of the champions, were first violated. The Achæans considered as enemies all that had repaired to the games at Argos, and having seized them as they passed through their territories, sold them for slaves. So violent and implacable was their general's hatred of tyrants.

Not long after, Aratus had intelligence that Aristippus had a design upon Cleonæ, but that he was afraid of him, because he then resided at Corinth, which was very near Cleonæ. In this case he assembled his forces by proclamation, and having ordered them to take provisions for several days, marched to Cenchreæ. By this manœuvre, he hoped to bring Aristippus against Cleonæ, as supposing him at a distance; and it had its effect. The tyrant immediately set out from Argos with his army. But it was no sooner dark, than Aratus returned from Cenchreæ to Corinth, and having placed guards in all the roads, led on the Achæans, who followed him in such good order, and with so much celerity and pleasure, that they not only made their march, but entered Cleonæ that night, and put themselves in order of battle; nor did Aristippus gain the least knowledge of this movement.

Next morning, at break of day, the gates were opened, the trumpet sounded, and Aratus advancing at full speed, and with all the alarm of war, fell upon the enemy, and soon routed them. Then he went upon the pursuit, particularly that way which he imagined Aristippus might take; for the country had several outlets. The pursuit was continued as far as Mycenæ,

and the tyrant, as Dinius tells us, was overtaken and killed by a Cretan named Tragiscus; and of his army there were above fifteen hundred slain. Aratus, though he had gained this important victory without the loss of one man, could not make himself master of Argos, nor deliver it from slavery; for Agias and young Aristomachus entered it with the king of Macedon's troops, and held it in subjection.

This action silenced, in a great measure, the calumny of the enemy, and put a stop to the insolent scoffs of those who, to flatter the tyrants, had not scrupled to say, that whenever the Achæan general prepared for battle, his bowels lost their retentive faculty: that when the trumpet sounded, his eyes grew dim, and his head giddy; and that when he had given the word, he used to ask his lieutenants, and other officers, what further need there could be of him, since the die was cast, and whether he might not retire, and wait the event of the day at some distance. These reports had prevailed so much, that the philosophers, in their inquiries in the schools, Whether the palpitation of the heart and change of colour on the appearance of danger, were arguments of cowardice, or only of some natural defect, some coldness in the constitution? used always to quote Aratus as an excellent general, who yet was always subject to those emotions on occasion of a battle.

After he had destroyed Aristippus, he sought means to depose Lysiades the Megalopolitan, who had assumed the supreme power in his native city. This man had something generous in his nature, and was not insensible to true honour. He had not, like most other tyrants, committed this injustice out of a love of licentious pleasure, or from a motive of avarice; but incited, when very young, by a passion for glory, and unadvisedly believing the false and vain accounts of the wondrous happiness of arbitrary power, he had made it his business to usurp it. However, he soon felt it a heavy burden; and being at once desirous to gain the happiness which Aratus enjoyed, and to deliver himself from the fear of his intriguing spirit, he formed the noblest resolution that can be conceived, which was first to deliver himself from the hatred, the fears, and the guards, that encompassed him, and then to bestow the greatest blessing on his country. In consequence hereof, he sent for Aratus, laid down the authority he had assumed, and joined the city to the Achæan league. The Achæans, charmed with his noble spirit, thought it not too great a compliment to elect him general. He was no sooner appointed, than he discovered an ambition to raise his name above that of Aratus, and was by that means led to several unnecessary attempts, particularly to declare war against the Lacedæmonians. Aratus endeavoured to prevent it, but his

opposition was thought to proceed from envy. Lysiadès was chosen general a second time, though Aratus exerted all his interest to get that appointment for another: for, as we have already observed, he had the command himself only every other year. Lysiadès was fortunate enough to gain that commission a third time, enjoying it alternately with Aratus. But at last, avowing himself his enemy, and often accusing him to the Achæans in full council, that people cast him off. For he appeared with only an assumed character to contend against real and sincere virtue. Æsop tells us,—“That the cuckoo one day asked the little birds why they avoided her? and they answered, It was because they feared she would at last prove a hawk.” In like manner it happened to Lysiadès. It was suspected that, as he had been once a tyrant, his laying down his power was not quite a voluntary thing, and that he would be glad to take the first opportunity to resume it.

Aratus acquired new glory in the war with the Ætolians. The Achæans pressed him to engage them on the confines of Megara; and Agis, king of the Lacedæmonians, who attended with an army, joined his instances to theirs; but he would not consent. They reproached him with want of spirit, with cowardice; they tried what the weapons of ridicule could do; but he bore all their attacks with patience, and would not sacrifice the real good of the community to the fear of seeming disgrace. Upon this principle he suffered the Ætolians to pass Mount Gerania, and to enter Peloponnesus without the least resistance. But when he found that in their march they had seized Pellene, he was no longer the same man. Without the least delay, without waiting till all his forces were assembled, he advanced with those he had at hand against the enemy, who were much weakened by their late acquisition, for it had occasioned the utmost disorder and misrule. They had no sooner entered the city, than the private men dispersed themselves in the houses, and began to scramble and fight for the booty, while the generals and other officers seized the wives and daughters of the inhabitants, and each put his helmet on the head of his prize, as a mark to whom she belonged, and to prevent her coming into the hands of another.

While they were thus employed, news was brought that Aratus was at hand, and ready to fall upon them. The consternation was such as might be expected amongst men in extreme disorder. Before they were all apprised of their danger, those that were about the gates and in the suburbs, had skirmished a few moments with the Achæans, and were put to flight; and the precipitation with which they fled, greatly distressed those who had assembled to support them. During this confusion, one of the captives, daughter to Epigethes, a

person of great eminence in Pellene, who was remarkable for her beauty and majestic mien, was seated in the temple of Diana, where the officer, whose prize she was, had placed her, after having put his helmet, which was adorned with three plumes of feathers, on her head. This lady, hearing the noise and tumult, ran out suddenly to see what was the cause. As she stood at the door of the temple, and looked down upon the combatants, with the helmet still upon her head, she appeared to the citizens a figure more than human, and the enemy took her for a deity; which struck the latter with such terror and astonishment, that they were no longer able to use their arms.

The Pellenians tell us, that the statue of the goddess stands commonly untouched; and that when the priestess moves it out of the temple, in order to carry it in procession, none dare look it in the face, but, on the contrary, they turn away their eyes with great care; for it is not only a terrible and dangerous sight to mankind, but its look renders the trees barren, and blasts the fruits where it passes. They add, that the priestess carried it out on this occasion, and always turning the face directly towards the Ætoliens, filled them with horror, and deprived them of their senses. But Aratus, in his Commentaries, makes no mention of any such circumstance; he only says, that he put the Ætoliens to flight, and, entering the town with the fugitives, dislodged them by dint of sword, and killed seven hundred. This action was one of the most celebrated in history: Timanthes the painter gave a very lively and excellent representation of it.

However, as many powerful states were combining against the Achæans, Aratus hastened to make peace with the Ætoliens, which he not only effected with the assistance of Pantaleon, one of the most powerful men amongst them, but likewise entered into an alliance offensive and defensive. He had a strong desire to restore Athens to its liberty, and exposed himself to the severest censures of the Achæans, by attempting to surprise the Piræus, while there was a truce subsisting between them and the Macedonians. Aratus, indeed, in his Commentaries, denies the fact, and lays the blame upon Erginus, with whom he took the citadel of Corinth. He says, it was the peculiar scheme of Erginus to attempt that port; that his ladder breaking, he miscarried, and was pursued; and that, to save himself, he often called upon Aratus, as if present; by which artifice he deceived the enemy, and escaped. But this defence of his wants probability to support it. It is not likely that Erginus, a private man, a Syrian, would have formed a design of such consequence, without having Aratus at the head of it, to supply him with troops, and to point out the opportunity for the attack. Nay, Aratus proved the same against

himself, by making not only two or three, but many more attempts upon the Piræus. Like a person violently in love, his miscarriage did not prevail upon him to desist; for as his hopes were disappointed only by the failure, perhaps, of a single circumstance, and he was always within a little of succeeding, he still encouraged himself to go on. In one repulse, as he fled over the fields of Thriasium, he broke his leg; and the cure could not be effected without several incisions, so that, for some time after, when he was called to action, he was carried into the field in a litter.

After the death of Antigonus, and Demetrius' accession to the throne, Aratus was more intent than ever on delivering Athens from the yoke, and conceived an utter contempt for the Macedonians. He was, however, defeated in a battle near Phylacia by Bithys, the new king's general; and a strong report being spread on one side that he was taken prisoner, and on another, that he was dead, Diogenes, who commanded in the Piræus, wrote a letter to Corinth, insisting,—“That the Achæans should evacuate the place, since Aratus was no more.” Aratus happened to be at Corinth when the letter arrived, and the messengers finding that their business occasioned much laughter and satirical discourse, retired in great confusion. The king of Macedon himself, too, sent a ship, with orders,—“That Aratus should be brought to him in chains.”

The Athenians exceeding themselves in flattery to the Macedonians, wore chaplets of flowers upon the first report of Aratus' death. Incensed at this treatment, he immediately marched out against them, and proceeded as far as the Academy: but they implored him to spare them, and he returned without doing them the least injury. This made the Athenians sensible of his virtue; and as upon the death of Demetrius they were determined to make an attempt for liberty, they called them in to their assistance. Though he was not general of the Achæans that year, and was so much indisposed besides, by long sickness, as to be forced to keep his bed, yet he caused himself to be carried in a litter, to render them his best services. Accordingly, he prevailed upon Diogenes, who commanded the garrison, to give up the Piræus, Munychia, Salamis, and Sunium, to the Athenians, for the consideration of a hundred and fifty talents, twenty of which Aratus himself furnished. Upon this, the Æginetæ and Hermonians joined the Achæans, and great part of Arcadia paid contributions to the league. The Macedonians now found employment enough for their arms nearer home, and the Achæans, numbering the Ætolians amongst their allies, found a great addition to their power.

Aratus still proceeded upon his old principles, and in his uneasiness to see tyranny established in a city so near him as that of Argos, sent his agents to Aristomachus, to represent,—“How advantageous a thing it would be for him to restore that city to liberty, and join it to the Achæan league; how noble to follow the example of Lysides, and command so great a people with reputation and honour, as the general of their choice, rather than one city as a tyrant, exposed to perpetual danger and hatred.” Aristomachus listened to their suggestions, and desired Aratus to send him fifty talents to pay off his troops. The money was granted agreeably to his request, but Lysides, whose commission as general was not expired, and who was ambitious to have this negotiation pass with the Achæans for his work, took an opportunity, while the money was providing, to accuse Aratus to Aristomachus, as a person that had an implacable aversion to tyrants, and to advise him rather to put the business into his hands. Aristomachus believed these suggestions, and Lysides had the honour of introducing him to the league. But on this occasion especially, the Achæan council showed their affection and fidelity to Aratus: for, upon his speaking against Aristomachus, they rejected him with marks of resentment. Afterwards, when Aratus was prevailed upon to manage the affair, they readily accepted the proposal, and passed a decree, by which the Argives and Phliasians were admitted into the league. The year following, too, Aristomachus was appointed general.

Aristomachus, finding himself esteemed by the Achæans, was desirous of carrying his arms into Laconia, for which purpose he sent for Aratus from Athens. Aratus made answer, that he utterly disapproved the expedition, not choosing that the Achæans should engage with Cleomenes,* whose spirit and power kept growing in proportion to the dangers he had to encounter. Aristomachus, however, was bent upon the enterprise, and Aratus, yielding to his solicitations, returned to assist him in the war. Cleomenes offered him battle at Palantium, but Aratus prevented him from accepting the challenge. Hereupon Lysides accused Aratus to the Achæans, and the year following declared himself his competitor for the command; but Aratus had the majority of votes, and was for the twelfth time declared general.

This year he was defeated by Cleomenes at Mount Lycæum; and in his flight being forced to wander about in the

* Some authors write, that Cleomenes, at the instigation of the Ætolians, had built a fortress in the territory of the Megalopolitans, called *Athæncum*: which the Achæans considered as an open rupture, and, therefore, declared, in a general assembly, that the Lacedæmonians should be considered as enemies.

night, he was supposed to be killed. This was the second time that a report of his death spread over Greece. He saved himself, however; and having collected the scattered remains of his forces, was not satisfied with retiring unmolested: on the contrary, he availed himself in the best manner of his opportunity; and when none expected, or even thought of such a manœuvre, fell suddenly upon the Mantineans, who were allies to Cleomenes, took their city, secured it with a garrison, and declared all the strangers he found there free of the city. In short, he acquired that for the Achæans when beaten, which they could not easily have gained when victorious.

The Lacedæmonians again entering the territories of Megalopolis, he marched to relieve that city. Cleomenes endeavoured to bring him to an engagement, but he declined it, though the Megalopolitans pressed him much to leave the matter to the decision of the sword: for, besides that he was never very fit for disputes in the open field, he was now inferior in numbers; and at a time of life when his spirits began to fail, and his ambition was subdued, he would have had to do with a young man of the most adventurous courage. He thought, too, that if Cleomenes, by his boldness, sought to acquire glory, it became *him*, by his caution, to keep that which he had.

One day the light infantry skirmished with the Spartans, and having driven them to their camp, entered it with them, and began to plunder. Aratus even then would not lead on the main body, but kept his men on the other side of a defile that lay between, and would not suffer them to pass. Lysides, incensed at this order, and reproaching him with cowardice, called upon the cavalry to support the party which was in pursuit of the enemy, and not to betray the victory, nor to desert a man who was going to hazard all for his country. Many of the best men in the army followed him to the charge, which was so vigorous, that he put the right wing of the Lacedæmonians to flight. But in the ardour of his courage, and his ambition for honour, he went inconsiderately upon the pursuit, till he fell into an intricate way, obstructed with trees, and intersected with large ditches. Cleomenes attacked him in this ground, and slew him, after he had maintained the most glorious of all combats, the combat for his people, almost at their own doors. The rest of the cavalry fled, and, turning back upon the main body, put the infantry in disorder, so that the rout became general.

This loss was principally ascribed to Aratus, for he was thought to have abandoned Lysides to his fate. The Achæans, therefore, retired in great anger, and obliged him to follow them to Ægium. There it was decreed in full council,

that he should be supplied with no more money, nor have any mercenaries maintained; and that, if he would go to war, he must find resources for it himself. Thus ignominiously treated, he was inclined to give up the seal, and resign his command immediately; but, upon more mature consideration, he thought it better to bear the affront with patience. Soon after this he led the Achæans to Orchomenus, where he gave battle to Megistonoüs, father-in-law to Cleomenes, killed three hundred of his men, and took him prisoner.

It had been customary with him to take the command every other year; but when his turn came, and he was called upon to resume it, he absolutely refused, and Timoxenus was appointed general. The reason commonly given for his rejecting that commission, was his resentment against the people for the late dishonour they had done him; but the real cause was the bad posture of the Achæan affairs. Cleomenes no longer advanced by insensible steps; he had no measures now to keep with the magistrates at home, nor any thing to fear from their opposition; for he had put the *ephoroi* to death, distributed the lands in equal portions, and admitted many strangers citizens of Sparta. After he had made himself absolute master by these means at home, he marched into Achaia, and insisted upon being appointed general of the league. Aratus, therefore, is highly blamed, when affairs were in such a tempestuous state, for giving up the helm to another pilot, when he ought rather to have taken it by force to save the community from sinking. Or, if he thought the Achæan power beyond the possibility of being retrieved, he should have yielded to Cleomenes, and not have brought Peloponnesus into a state of barbarism again with Macedonian garrisons, nor filled the citadel of Corinth with Illyrian and Gaulish arms: for this was making those men to whom he had shown himself superior, both in his military and political capacity, and whom he vilified so much in his Commentaries, masters of his cities, under the softer, but false name of allies. It may be said, perhaps, that Cleomenes wanted justice, and was tyrannically inclined. Let us grant it for a moment: yet he was a descendant of the Heraclidæ, and his country was Sparta, the meanest citizen of which should have been preferred as general of the league to the first of the Macedonians, at least by those who set any value on the dignity of Greece. Besides, Cleomenes asked for the command among the Achæans,* only

* Perhaps Aratus was apprehensive that Cleomenes would endeavour to make himself absolute amongst the Achæans, as he was already in Lacedæmon. There was a possibility, however, of his behaving with honour as general of the Achæans: whereas from Antigonus nothing could be expected but chains.

to make their cities happy in his services, in return for the honour of the title; whereas Antigonus, though declared commander-in-chief both by sea and land, would not accept the commission till he was paid with the citadel of Corinth; in which he perfectly resembled Æsop's hunter;* for he would not ride the Achæans, though they offered their backs, and though by embassies and decrees they courted him to do it, till he had first bridled them by his garrison, and by the hostages which they were obliged to deliver to him.

It is true, Aratus labours to justify himself by the necessity of affairs. But Polybius assures us, that, long before that necessity existed, he had been afraid of the daring spirit of Cleomenes, and had not only treated with Antigonus in private, but drawn in the Megalopolitans to propose it to the general assembly of the Achæans, that Antigonus should be invited to their assistance. For, whenever Cleomenes renewed his depredations, the Megalopolitans were the first that suffered by them. Phylarchus gives the same account; but we should not have afforded him much credit, if he had not been supported by the testimony of Polybius; for such is his fondness of Cleomenes, that he cannot speak of him but in an enthusiastic manner; and, as if he was pleading a cause, rather than writing a history, he perpetually disparages the one and vindicates the other.

The Achæans having lost Mantinea, which Cleomenes now took a second time, and being, moreover, defeated in a great battle at Hecatombœum, were struck with such terror, that they immediately invited Cleomenes to Argos, with a promise of making him general. But Aratus no sooner perceived that he was on his march, and had brought his army as far as Lerma, than his fears prevailed, and he sent ambassadors to desire him to come to the Achæans as friends and allies, with three hundred men only. They were to add, that if he had any distrust of the Achæans, they would give him hostages. Cleomenes told him, they did but insult and mock him with such a message, and returning immediately, wrote a letter to the Achæan council, full of complaints and invectives against Aratus. Aratus wrote another against Cleomenes in the same style; and they proceeded to such gross abuse, as not to spare even the characters of their wives and families.

Upon this Cleomenes sent a herald to declare war against the Achæans; and in the mean time the city of Sicyon was near being betrayed to him. Disappointed of his expectation there, he turned against Pellene, dislodged the Achæan gari-

* Horace gives us this fable of Æsop's; but, before Æsop, the poet Stesichorus is said to have applied it to the Himerians, when they were going to raise a guard for Phalaris.

son, and secured the town for himself. A little after this, he took Pheneum and Penteleum; and it was not long before the people of Argos adopted his interest, and the Phliasians received his garrison: so that scarce any thing remained firm to the Achæans of the dominions they had aquired: Aratus saw nothing but confusion about him; all Peloponnesus was in a tottering condition, and the cities every where excited by innovators to revolt. Indeed, none were quiet or satisfied with their present circumstances. Even amongst the Sicyonians and Corinthians, many were found to have a correspondence with Cleomenes, having been long disaffected to the administration and the public utility, because they wanted to get the power into their own hands. Aratus was invested with full authority to punish the delinquents. The corrupt members of Sicyon he cut off; but by seeking for such in Corinth, in order to put them to death, he exasperated the people, already sick of the same distemper, and weary of the Achæan government.* On this occasion they assembled in the temple of Apollo, and sent for Aratus, being determined either to kill him or take him prisoner, before they proceeded to an open revolt. He came leading his horse, as if he had not the least mistrust or suspicion. When they saw him at the gate, a number of them rose up and loaded him with reproaches. But he, with a composed countenance and mild address, bade them sit down again, and not be standing in the way, and by making such a disorderly noise, prevent other citizens who were at the door from entering. At the same time that he said this, he drew back step by step, as if he was seeking somebody to take his horse. Thus he got out of the crowd, and continued to talk, without the least appearance of confusion, to such of the Corinthians as he met, and desired them to go to the temple, till he insensibly approached the citadel. He then mounted his horse, and without stopping any longer at the fort, than to give his orders to Cleopater the governor to keep a strict guard upon it, he rode off to Sicyon, followed by no more than thirty soldiers, for the rest had left him and dispersed.

The Corinthians, soon apprised of his flight, went in pursuit of him: but failing in their design, they sent for Cleomenes, and put the city into his hands. He did not, however, think this advantage equal to his loss in their suffering Aratus to escape. As soon as the inhabitants of that district on the coast called Acte had surrendered their towns, he shut up the citadel with a wall of circumvallation, and a palisadoed entrenchment.†

* What wonder, when they saw Aratus unfaithful to his first principles, and going to bring them again under the Macedonian yoke?

† Απεσταυρα και περιετοιχιζε.

In the mean time, many of the Achæans repaired to Aratus at Sicyon, and a general assembly was held, in which he was chosen commander-in-chief, with an unlimited commission. He now first took a guard, and it was composed of his fellow-citizens. He had conducted the Achæan administration three-and-thirty years; he had been first man in Greece, both in power and reputation; but he now found himself abandoned, indigent, persecuted, without any thing but one plank to trust to in the storm that had shipwrecked his country: for the Ætoliens refused him the assistance which he requested; and the city of Athens, though well inclined to serve him, was prevented by Euclides and Micion.

Aratus had a house and valuable effects at Corinth. Cleomenes would not touch any thing that belonged to him, but sent for his friends and agents, and charged them to take the utmost care of his affairs, as remembering that they must give an account to Aratus. To Aratus himself he privately sent Tripylis, and afterwards his father-in-law Megistonous, with great offers, and among the rest a pension of twelve talents, which was double the yearly allowance he had had from Ptolemy. For this he desired to be appointed general of the Achæans, and to be joined with him in the care of the citadel of Corinth. Aratus answered,—“That he did not now govern affairs, but they governed him.” As there appeared an insincerity in this answer, Cleomenes entered the territories of Sicyon, and committed great devastations. He likewise blocked up the city for three months together; all which time Aratus was debating with himself whether he should surrender the citadel to Antigonus, for he would not send him succours on any other condition.

Before he could take his resolution, the Achæans met in council at Ægium, and called him to attend it. As the town was invested by Cleomenes, it was dangerous to pass. The citizens entreated him not to go, and declared they would not suffer him to expose himself to an enemy who was watching for his prey. The matrons, and their children, too, hung upon him, and wept for him as a common parent and protector. He consoled them, however, as well as he could, and rode down to the sea, taking with him ten of his friends, and his son, who was now approaching to manhood. Finding some vessels at anchor, he went on board, and arrived safe at Ægium. There he held an assembly, in which it was decreed that Antigonus should be called in, and the citadel surrendered to him. Aratus sent his own son amongst the other hostages; which the Corinthians so much resented, that they plundered his goods, and made a present of his house to Cleomenes.

As Antigonus was now approaching with his army, which

consisted of twenty thousand foot, all Macedonians, and of fourteen hundred horse, Aratus went with the Achæan magistrate by sea,* and without being discovered by the enemy, met him at Pegæ; though he placed no great confidence in Antigonus, and distrusted the Macedonians: for he knew that his greatness had been owing to the mischiefs he had done them; and that he had first risen to the direction of affairs in consequence of his hatred to old Antigonus. But seeing an indispensable necessity before him, such an occasion as those who seemed to command are forced to obey, he faced the danger. When Antigonus was told that Aratus was come in person, he gave the rest a common welcome, but received him in the most honourable manner; and finding him, upon trial, to be a man of probity and prudence, took him into his most intimate friendship: for Aratus was not only serviceable to the king in great affairs, but in the hours of leisure his most agreeable companion. Antigonus, therefore, though young, perceiving in him such a temper, and such other qualities as fitted him for a prince's friendship, preferred him not only to the rest of the Achæans, but even to the Macedonians that were about him, and continued to employ him in every affair of consequence. Thus the thing which the gods announced by the entrails of one of the victims was accomplished: for it is said that when Aratus was sacrificing not long before, there appeared in the liver two gall-bladders enclosed in the same eaul; upon which the diviner declared, that two enemies, who appeared the most irreconcilable, would soon be united in the strictest friendship. Aratus then took little notice of the saying, for he never put much faith in victims, nor indeed in predictions from any thing else, but used to depend upon his reason. Some time after, however, when the war went on successfully, Antigonus made an entertainment at Corinth, at which, though there was a numerous company, he placed Aratus next above him. They had not sat long before Antigonus called for a cloak. At the same time he asked Aratus,—“Whether he did not think it very cold?” and he answered,—“It was extremely cold.” The king then desired him to sit nearer, and the servants who brought the cloak put it over the shoulders of both. This putting Aratus in mind of the victim, he informed the king both of the sign and the prediction. But this happened long after the time that we are upon.

While they were at Pegæ, they took oaths of mutual fidelity, and then marched against the enemy. There were several actions under the walls of Corinth, in which Cleomenes had

* The magistrates called *Demiurgi*. See an account of them before.

fortified himself strongly, and the Corinthians defended the place with great vigour.

In the mean time, Aristotle, a citizen of Argos and friend of Aratus, sent an agent to him privately, with an offer of bringing that city to declare for him, if he would go thither in person with some troops. Aratus having acquainted Antigonus with this scheme, embarked fifteen hundred men, and sailed immediately with them from the isthmus to Epidaurus. But the people of Argos, without waiting for his arrival, had attacked the troops of Cleomenes, and shut them up in the citadel. Cleomenes having notice of this, and fearing that the enemy, if they were in possession of Argos, might cut off his retreat to Lacedæmon, left his post before the citadel of Corinth the same night, and marched to the succour of his men. He reached it before Aratus, and gained some advantage over the enemy; but Aratus arriving soon after, and the king appearing with his army, Cleomenes retired to Mantinea.

Upon this all the cities joined the Achæans again. Antigonus made himself master of the citadel of Corinth; and the Argives having appointed Aratus their general, he persuaded them to give Antigonus the estates of the late tyrants and all the traitors. That people put Aristomachus to the torture at Cenchreæ,* and afterwards drowned him in the sea. Aratus was much censured on this occasion, for permitting a man to suffer unjustly, who was not of a bad character, with whom he formerly had connections, and who, at his persuasion, had abdicated the supreme power, and brought Argos to unite itself to the Achæan league. There were other charges against Aratus, namely, that, at his instigations, the Achæans had given the city of Corinth to Antigonus, as if it had been no more than an ordinary village; that they had suffered him to pillage Orchomenus, and place in it a Macedonian garrison; that they had made a decree that their community should not send a letter or an embassy to any other king, without the consent of Antigonus, that they were forced to maintain and pay the Macedonians; and that they had sacrifices, libations, and games, in honour of Antigonus,—the fellow-citizens of Aratus setting the example, and receiving Antigonus into their city, on which occasion Aratus entertained him in his house. For all these things they blamed Aratus, not considering that when he had once put the reins in the hands of that prince, he was necessarily carried along with the tide of regal power; no longer master of any thing but his tongue, and it was dan-

* Plutarch seems here to have followed Phylarchus. Polybius tells us that Aristomachus deserved greater punishments than he suffered, not only for his extreme cruelty when tyrant of Argos, but also for his abandoning the Achæans in their distress, and declaring for their enemies.

gerous to use that with freedom: for he was visibly concerned at many circumstances of the king's conduct, particularly with respect to the statues. Antigonus erected anew those of the tyrants which Aratus had pulled down, and demolished those he had set up in memory of the brave men that surprised the citadel of Corinth. That of Aratus only was spared, notwithstanding his intercession for the rest. In the affair of Mantinea,* too, the behaviour of the Achæans was not suitable to the Grecian humanity: for having conquered it by means of Antigonus, they put the principal of the inhabitants to the sword; some of the rest they sold, or sent in fetters to Macedonia; and they made slaves of the women and children. Of the money thus raised, they divided a third part amongst themselves, and gave the rest to the Macedonians. But this had its excuse in the law of reprisals. For however shocking it may appear for men to sacrifice to their anger those of their own nation and kindred, yet in necessity, as Simonides says, it seems rather a popular alleviation than a hardship to give relief to a mind inflamed and aching with resentment. But as to what Aratus did afterwards with respect to Mantinea, it is impossible to justify him upon a plea either of propriety or necessity: for Antigonus having made a present of that city to the Argives, they resolved to repeople it, and appointed Aratus to see it done; in virtue of which commission, as well as that of general, he decreed that it should no more be called Mantinea, but Antigonea: which name it still bears. Thus, by his means, Mantinea, *the amiable Mantinea*, as Homer calls it, was no more; and, in the place of it, we have a city which took its name from the man who ruined its inhabitants.

Some time after this, Cleomenes being overthrown in a great battle near Sellasia,† quitted Sparta, and sailed to Egypt.

* The Mantineans had applied to the Achæans for a garrison to defend them against the Lacedæmonians. In compliance with their request, the Achæans sent them three hundred of their own citizens, and two hundred mercenaries. But the Mantineans soon after changing their minds, in the most perfidious manner massacred that garrison. They deserved, therefore, all that they are here said to have suffered; but Polybius makes no mention of the principal inhabitants being put to death; he only says, their goods were plundered, and some of the people sold for slaves.

† Cleomenes had entrenched himself so strongly near Sellasia, in a narrow pass between the mountains Eva and Olympus, that Antigonus did not think proper to attack him there. It is not easy to comprehend what could induce Cleomenes to come out of these entrenchments, and risk a pitched battle. His troops were not so numerous as the enemy's by one third; and he was supplied with all sorts of provisions from Sparta: what then could make him hazard a battle, the event of which was to decide the fate of Lacedæmon? Polybius, indeed, seems to insinuate the cause of this proceeding; for he tells us, that Ptolemy king of Egypt, who had promised to assist him in this war, acquainted him that he was not in a condition to make good his engagements.

As for Antigonus, after the kindest and most honourable behaviour to Aratus, he returned to Macedonia. In his sickness there, which happened soon after his arrival, he sent Philip, then very young, but already declared his successor, into Peloponnesus, having first instructed him, above all things, to give attention to Aratus, and through him to treat with the cities, and make himself known to the Achæans. Aratus received him with great honour, and managed him so well, that he returned to Macedonia full of sentiments of respect for his friend, and in the most favourable disposition for the interests of the Greeks.

After the death of Antigonus, the Ætolians despised the inactivity of the Achæans: for, accustomed to the protection of foreign arms, and sheltering themselves under the Macedonian power, they sunk into a state of idleness and disorder. This gave the Ætolians room to attempt a footing in Peloponnesus. By the way they made some booty in the country about Patræ and Dyme, and then proceeded to Messene, and laid waste its territories. Aratus was incensed at this insolence; but he perceived that Timoxenes, who was then general, took slow and dilatory measures, because his year was almost expired. Therefore, as he was to succeed to the command, he anticipated his commission by five days, for the sake of assisting the Messenians. He assembled the Achæans, but they had now neither exercise nor courage to enable them to maintain the combat, and, consequently, he was beaten in a battle which he fought at Caphyæ. Being accused of having ventured too much on this occasion,* he became afterwards so cold, and so far abandoned his hopes for the public, as to neglect the opportunities which the Ætolians gave him, and suf-

And as Cleomenes did not choose to try the other alternative, that of suing to Antigonus for a peace, he risked all upon the event of that day.

* Aratus was accused in the assembly, first, of having taken the command upon him before his time. In the next place, he was blamed for having dismissed the Achæan troops, while the Ætolians were still in the heart of Peloponnesus. The third article against him was, his venturing a battle with so few troops, when he might have made, with great ease, a safe retreat to the neighbouring towns, and there reinforced his army. The last and heaviest charge against him was, that after he had resolved to give the enemy battle, he did not, in the whole action, take one step that became a general of any experience: for he sent the cavalry and light-armed foot to attack the enemy's rear, after their front had gained the advantage; whereas he ought to have encountered the front at first, with the advantage of having them on the declivity; in which case his heavy-armed infantry would have done him great service. However, he endeavoured to prove that the loss of the battle was not his fault; adding, that if he had been wanting in any of the duties of an able general, he asked pardon; and hoped that, in regard of his past services, they would not censure him with rigour. This submission of his changed the minds of the whole assembly, and the people began to vent their rage upon his accusers.

ferred them to roam about Peloponnesus in a Bacchanalian manner, committing all the excesses that insolence could suggest.

The Achæans were now obliged to stretch out their hands again towards Macedonia, and brought Philip to interfere in the affairs of Greece. They knew the regard he had for Aratus, and the confidence he placed in him, and hoped, on that account, to find him tractable and easy in all their affairs. But the king now first began to listen to Apelles, Megalæus, and other courtiers, who endeavoured to darken the character of Aratus, and prevailed upon him to support the contrary party, by which means Eperatus was elected general of the Achæans. Eperatus, however, soon fell into the greatest contempt amongst them; and as Aratus would not give any attention to their concerns, nothing went well. Philip, finding that he had committed a capital error, turned again to Aratus, and gave himself up entirely to his direction. As his affairs now prospered, and his power and reputation grew under the culture of Aratus, he depended entirely on him for the farther increase of both. Indeed, it was evident to all the world that Aratus had excellent talents, not only for guiding a commonwealth, but a kingdom too: for there appeared a tincture of his principles and manners in all the conduct of this young prince. Thus, the moderation with which he treated the Spartans,* after they had offended him, his engaging behaviour to the Cretans, by which he gained the whole island in a few days, and the glorious success of his expedition against the Ætolians, gained Philip the honour of knowing how to follow good counsel, and Aratus that of being able to give it.

On this account, the courtiers envied him still more; and as they found that their private engines of calumny availed nothing, they began to try open battery, reviling and insulting him at table with the utmost effrontery and lowest abuse. Nay, once they threw stones at him, as he was retiring from supper to his tent. Philip, incensed at such outrage, fined them twenty talents, and, upon their proceeding to disturb and embroil his affairs, put them to death.

But, afterwards, he was carried so high by the flow of prosperity, as to discover many disorderly passions. The native badness of his disposition broke through the veil he had put over it, and, by degrees, his real character appeared. In the

* The Spartans had killed one of their *ephor*i, and some others of their citizens who were in the interest of Philip; and some of his counsellors advised him to revenge the affront with rigour. But he said that as the Spartans now belonged to the Achæan league, they were accountable to it; and that it ill became him to treat them with severity, who were his allies, when his predecessor had extended his clemency to them, though enemies.

first place, he greatly injured young Aratus by corrupting his wife; and the commerce was a long time secret, because he lived under his roof, where he had been received under the sanction of hospitality. In the next place, he discovered a strong aversion to commonwealths, and to the cities that were under that form of government. It was easy to be seen, too, that he wanted to shake off Aratus. The first suspicion of his intentions arose from his behaviour with respect to the Messenians. There were two factions amongst them which had raised a sedition in the city. Aratus went to reconcile them; but Philip getting to the place a day before him, added stings to their mutual resentments. On the one hand, he called the magistrates privately, and asked them whether they had not laws to restrain the rabble? and, on the other, he asked the demagogues whether they had not hands to defend them against tyrants? The magistrates, thus encouraged, attacked the chiefs of the people, and they, in their turn, came with superior numbers, and killed the magistrates, with near two hundred more of their party.

After Philip had engaged in these detestable practices, which exasperated the Messenians still more against each other, Aratus, when he arrived, made no secret of his resentment, nor did he restrain his son in the severe and disparaging things he said to Philip. The young man had once a particular attachment to Philip, which, in those days, they distinguished by the name of love; but on this occasion he scrupled not to tell him,—“That, after such a base action, instead of appearing agreeable, he was the most deformed of human kind.”

Philip made no answer, though anger evidently was working in his bosom, and he often muttered to himself while the other was speaking. However, he pretended to bear it with great calmness, and, affecting to appear the man of subdued temper and refined manners, gave the elder Aratus his hand, and took him from the theatre to the castle of Ithome,* under pretence of sacrificing to Jupiter and visiting the place. This fort, which is as strong as the citadel of Corinth, were it garrisoned, would greatly annoy the neighbouring country, and be almost impregnable. After Philip had offered his sacrifice there, and the diviner came to show him the entrails of the ox, he took them in both hands, and showed them to Aratus and Demetrius of Phariæ, sometimes turning them to one, and sometimes to the other, and asking them,—“What they saw in the entrails of the victim; whether they warned him to keep

* In the printed text it is *Ithomata*, which agrees with the name this fort has in Polybius; but one of the manuscripts gives us *Ithome*, which is the name Strabo gives it

this citadel, or to restore it to the Messenians?" Demetrius smiled, and said,—“If you have the soul of a diviner, you will restore it; but if that of a king, you will hold the bull by both his horns.” By which he hinted that he must have Peloponnesus entirely in subjection, if he added Ithome to the citadel of Corinth. Aratus was a long time silent; but upon Philip's pressing him to declare his opinion, he said,—“There are many mountains of great strength in Crete, many castles in Bœotia and Phocis in lofty situations, and many impregnable places in Acarnania, both on the coast and within land. You have seized none of these, and yet they all pay you a voluntary obedience. Robbers, indeed, take to rocks and precipices for security; but for a king there is no such fortress as honour and humanity. These are the things that have opened to you the Cretan sea, these have unbarred the gates of Peloponnesus. In short, by these it is that, at so early a period in life, you are become general of the one, and sovereign of the other.” Whilst he was yet speaking, Philip returned the entrails to the diviner, and taking Aratus by the hand, drew him along, and said,—“Come on then, let us go as we came;” intimating that he had overruled him, and deprived him of such an acquisition as the city would have been.

From this time Aratus began to withdraw from court, and, by degrees, to give up all correspondence with Philip. He refused also to accompany him in his expedition into Epirus, though applied to for that purpose; choosing to stay at home, lest he should share in the disrepute of his actions. But after Philip had lost his fleet, with great disgrace, in the Roman war, and nothing succeeded to his wish, he returned to Peloponnesus, and tried once more what art could do to impose upon the Messenians. When he found that his designs were discovered, he had recourse to open hostilities, and ravaged their country. Aratus then saw all his meanness, and broke with him entirely. By this time, too, he perceived that he had dishonoured his son's bed: but, though the injury lay heavy on him, he concealed it from his son, because he could only inform him that he was abused, without being able to help him to the means of revenge. There seemed to be a great and unnatural change in Philip, who, of a mild and sober young prince, became a libidinous and cruel tyrant; but, in fact, it was not a change of disposition; it was only discovering, in a time of full security, the vices which his fears had long concealed. That his regard for Aratus had originally a great mixture of fear and reverence, appeared even in the method he took to destroy him: for though he was very desirous of effecting that cruel purpose, because he neither looked upon himself as an absolute prince, or a king, or even a freeman,

while Aratus lived, yet he would not attempt any thing against him in the way of open force, but desired Thaurion, one of his friends and generals, to take him off in a private manner in his absence. At the same time he recommended poison. That officer, accordingly, having formed an acquaintance with him, gave him a dose, not of a sharp or violent kind, but such a one as causes lingering heats, and a slight cough, and gradually brings the body to decay. Aratus was not ignorant of the cause of his disorder, but knowing that it availed nothing to discover it to the world, he bore it quietly and in silence, as if it had been an ordinary distemper. Indeed, when one of his friends came to visit him in his chamber, and expressed his surprise at seeing him spit blood, he said,—“Such, Cephalon, are the fruits of royal friendship.”

Thus died Aratus at Ægium, after he had been seventeen times general of the Achæans. That people were desirous of having him buried there, and would have thought it an honour to give him a magnificent funeral, and a monument worthy of his life and character. But the Sicyonians considered it as a misfortune to have him interred any where but amongst them, and, therefore, persuaded the Achæans to leave the disposal of the body entirely to them. As there was an ancient law that had been observed with religious care, against burying any person within their walls, and they were afraid to transgress it on this occasion, they sent to inquire of the priestess of Apollo at Delphi, and she returned this answer:—

Seek you what funeral honours you shall pay
To your departed prince, the small reward
For liberty restor'd, and glory won?
Bid Sicyon, fearless, rear the sacred tomb.
For the vile tongue that dares with impious breath
Offend Aratus, blasts the face of Nature,
Pours horror on the earth, and seas, and skies.

This oracle gave great joy to all the Achæans, particularly the people of Sicyon. They changed the day of mourning into a festival, and adorning themselves with garlands and white robes, brought the corpse with songs and dances from Ægium to Sicyon. There they selected the most conspicuous ground, and interred him as the founder and deliverer of their city. The place is still called *Aratium*; and there they offer two yearly sacrifices; the one on the fifth of the month Dæsius, (the Athenians call it Anthesterion,*) which was the day he delivered the city from the yoke of tyrants, and on which account they called the festival *Soteria*; the other on his birthday. The first sacrifice was offered by the priest of Jupiter *the Preserver*, and the second by the son of Aratus, who, on

* February.

that occasion, wore a girdle,* not entirely white, but half purple. The music was sung to the harp by the choir that belonged to the theatre. The procession was led up by the master of the *Gymnasium*, at the head of the boys and young men; the senate followed, crowned with flowers, and such of the other citizens as chose to attend. Some small marks of the ceremonies observed on those days still remain, but the greatest part is worn out by time and other circumstances.

Such was the life and character that history has given us of the elder Aratus. As to the younger, Philip, who was naturally wicked, and delighted to add insolence to cruelty, gave him potions, not of the deadly kind, but such as deprived him of his reason; insomuch that he took up inclinations that were shocking and monstrous, and delighted in things that not only dishonoured, but destroyed him. Death, therefore, which took him in the flower of his age, was considered, not as a misfortune, but a deliverance. The vengeance, however, of Jupiter, the patron of hospitality and friendship, visited Philip for his breach of both, and pursued him through life: for he was beaten by the Romans, and forced to yield himself to their discretion. In consequence of which he was stripped of all the provinces he had conquered, gave up all his ships, except five, obliged himself to pay a thousand talents, and deliver his son as a hostage. He even held Macedonia and its dependencies only at the mercy of the conquerors. Amidst all these misfortunes, he was possessed only of one blessing, a son of superior virtue, and him he put to death, in his envy and jealousy of the honours the Romans paid him. He left his crown to his other son Perseus, who was believed not to be his, but a supposititious child, born of a sempstress named Gnathænum. It was over him that Paulus Æmilius triumphed, and in him ended the royal race of Antigonus; whereas the posterity of Aratus remained to our days, and still continues in Sicyon and Pellene.

* ΣΤΡΟΦΙΟΙ signifies also a *fillet*.

THE LIFE OF GALBA.

IPHICRATES the Athenian general, thought that a soldier of fortune should have an attachment both to money and pleasure, that his passions might put him upon fighting with more boldness for a supply. But most others are of opinion, that the main body of an army, like the healthy natural body, should have no motion of its own, but be entirely guided by the head. Hence, Paulus Æmilius, when he found his army in Macedonia talkative, busy, and ready to direct their general, is said to have given orders,—“That each should keep his hand fit for action, and his sword sharp, and leave the rest to him.” And Plato perceiving that the best general cannot undertake any thing with success, unless his troops are sober, and perfectly united to support him, concluded, that to know how to obey, required as generous a disposition, and as rational an education, as to know how to command; for these advantages would correct the violence and impetuosity of the soldier with the mildness and humanity of the philosopher. Amongst other fatal examples, what happened amongst the Romans after the death of Nero, is sufficient to show that nothing is more dreadful than an undisciplined army actuated only by the impulse of their own ferocity. Demades, seeing the wild and violent motions of the Macedonian army after the death of Alexander, compared it to the Cyclops,* after his eye was put out. But the Roman empire more resembled the extravagant passions and ravings of the Titans, which the poets tell us of, when it was torn in pieces by rebellion, and turned its arms against itself; not so much through the ambition of the emperors, as the avarice and licentiousness of the soldiers, who drove out one emperor by another.†

Dionysius the Sicilian, speaking of Alexander of Pheræ, who reigned in Thessaly only ten months, and then was slain, called him, in derision of the sudden change, a theatrical tyrant. But the palace of the Cæsars received four emperors in a less space of time, one entering, and another making his exit, as if they had only been acting a part upon a stage. The Romans, indeed, had one consolation amidst their misfortunes,

* Polyphemus.

† In the original it is, *as one nail is driven out by another.*

that they needed no other revenge upon the authors of them than to see them destroy each other; and with the greatest justice of all, fell the first, who corrupted the army, and taught them to expect so much upon the change of emperor; thus dishonouring a glorious action by mercenary considerations, and turning the revolt from Nero into treason. For Nymphidius Sabinus, who, as we observed before,* was joined in commission with Tigellinus, as captain of the prætorian cohorts, after Nero's affairs were in a desperate state, and it was plain that he intended to retire into Egypt, persuaded the army, as if Nero had already abdicated, to declare Galba emperor, promising every soldier of the prætorian cohorts seven thousand five hundred *drachmas*, and the troops that were quartered in the provinces twelve hundred and fifty *drachmas* a man: a sum which it was impossible to collect without doing infinitely more mischief to the empire than Nero had done in his whole reign.

This proved the immediate ruin of Nero, and soon after destroyed Galba himself. They deserted Nero in hopes of receiving the money, and despatched Galba because they did not receive it. Afterwards they sought for another who might pay them that sum, but they ruined themselves by their rebellions and treasons, without gaining what they had been made to expect. To give a complete and exact account of the affairs of those times, belongs to the professed historian. It is, however, in my province to lay before the reader the most remarkable circumstances in the lives of the Cæsars.

It is an acknowledged truth, that Sulpitius Galba was the richest private man that ever rose to the imperial dignity. But though his extraction was of the noblest, from the family of the Servii, yet he thought it a greater honour to be related to Quintus Catulus Capitolinus, who was the first man in his time for virtue and reputation, though he voluntarily left to others the pre-eminence in power. He was also related to Livia, the wife of Augustus, and it was by her interest that he was raised from the office he had in the palace to the dignity of consul. It is said that he acquitted him of his commission in Germany with honour; and that he gained more reputation than most commanders during his proconsulate in Africa. But his simple parsimonious way of living passed for avarice in an emperor; and the pride he took in economy and strict temperance was out of character.

He was sent governor into Spain by Nero, before that emperor had learned to fear such of the citizens as had great authority in Rome. Besides, the mildness of his temper and

* In the Life of Nero, which is lost.

his advanced time of life, promised a cautious and prudent conduct. The emperor's receivers,* a most abandoned set of men, harassed the provinces in the most cruel manner. Galba could not assist them against their persecutors; but his concern for their misfortunes, which appeared not less than if he had been a sufferer himself, afforded them some consolation, even while they were condemned and sold for slaves. Many songs were made upon Nero, and sung every where; and as Galba did not endeavour to suppress them, or join the receivers of the revenues in their resentment, that was a circumstance which endeared him still more to the natives: for by this time he had contracted a friendship with them, having long been their governor. He had borne that commission eight years, when Junius Vindex, who commanded in Gaul, revolted against Nero. It is said, that before this rebellion broke out, Galba had intimations of it in letters from Vindex; but he neither countenanced nor discovered it, as the governors of other provinces did, who sent the letters they had received to Nero, and by that means ruined the project, as far as was in their power. Yet those same governors afterwards joining in the conspiracy against their prince, showed that they could betray not only Vindex, but themselves.

But after Vindex had openly commenced hostilities, he wrote to Galba, desiring him,—“To accept the imperial dignity, and give a head to the strong Gallic body, which so much wanted one; which had no less than a hundred thousand men in arms, and was able to raise a much greater number.”

Galba then called a council of his friends. Some of them advised him to wait and see what motions there might be in Rome, or inclinations for a change. But Titus Vinus, captain of one of the prætorian cohorts, said,—“What room is there, Galba, for deliberation? To inquire whether we shall continue faithful to Nero, is to have revolted already. There is no medium. We must either accept the friendship of Vindex, as if Nero was our declared enemy, or accuse and fight Vindex, because he desires that the Romans should have Galba for their emperor, rather than Nero for their tyrant.” Upon this, Galba, by an edict, fixed a day for enfranchising all who should present themselves. The report of this soon drew together a multitude of people who were desirous of a change; and he had no sooner mounted the tribunal, than with one voice they declared him emperor. He did not immediately accept the title, but accused Nero of great crimes, and lamented the fate of many Romans of great distinction whom he had

* *Ἐπιτροπία*, *procuratores*; they had full powers to collect the revenues, and scrupled no acts of oppression in the course of their proceedings.

barbarously slain : after which he declared,—“That he would serve his country with his best abilities, not as Cæsar or emperor, but as lieutenant to the senate and people of Rome.”*

That it was a just and rational scheme, which Vindex adopted in calling Galba to the empire, there needs no better proof than Nero himself; for though he pretended to look upon the commotions in Gaul as nothing, yet when he received the news of Galba's revolt, which he happened to do just after he had bathed, and was sat down to supper, in his madness he overturned the table. However, when the senate had declared Galba an enemy to his country, he affected to despise the danger, and, attempting to be merry upon it, said to his friends,—“I have long wanted a pretence to raise money, and this will furnish me with an excellent one. The Gauls, when I have conquered them, will be a fine booty, and, in the mean time, I will seize the estate of Galba, since he is a declared enemy, and dispose of it as I think fit.” Accordingly, he gave directions that Galba's estate should be sold; which Galba no sooner heard, than he exposed to sale all that belonged to Nero in Spain, and more readily found purchasers.

The revolt from Nero soon became general; and the governors of provinces declared for Galba: only Clodius Macer in Africa, and Virginius Rufus in Germany, stood out, and acted for themselves, but upon different motives. Clodius being conscious to himself of much rapine, and many murders, to which his avarice and cruelty had prompted him, was in a fluctuating state, and could not take his resolution either to assume or reject the imperial title. And Virginius, who commanded some of the best legions in the empire, and had been often pressed by them to take the title of emperor, declared,—“That he would neither take it himself, nor suffer it to be given to any other but the person whom the senate should name.”

Galba was not a little alarmed at this at first. But after the forces of Virginius and Vindex had overpowered them, like charioteers no longer able to guide the reins, and forced them to fight, Vindex lost twenty thousand Gauls in the battle, and then despatched himself. A report was then current, that the victorious army, in consequence of so great an advantage, would insist that Virginius should accept the imperial dignity; and that, if he refused it, they would turn again to Nero. This put Galba in a great consternation, and he wrote letters to Virginius, exhorting him to act in concert with him, for preserving the empire and liberty of the Romans. After which

* Dio Cassius informs us, that this declaration was made nine months and thirteen days before Galba's death, and, consequently, on the third of April; for he was assassinated on the fifteenth of January, in the following year.

he retired with his friends to Colonia, a city in Spain, and there spent some time, rather in repenting of what he had done, and wishing for the life of ease and leisure, to which he had so long been accustomed, than taking any of the necessary steps for his promotion.

It was now the beginning of summer, when one evening, a little before night, one of Galba's freed-men, a native of Sicily, arrived in seven days from Rome. Being told that Galba was retired to rest, he ran up to his chamber, and having opened it, in spite of the resistance of the chamberlains, informed him, —“That as Nero did not appear, though he was living at that time, the army first, and then the people and senate of Rome, had declared Galba emperor; and not long after news was brought that Nero was dead.” He added, “That he was not satisfied with the report, but went and saw the dead body of the tyrant before he would set out.” Galba was greatly elevated by this intelligence; and he encouraged the multitudes that soon attended at the door by communicating it to them, though the expedition with which it was brought appeared incredible. But two days after, Titus Vinius, with many others, arrived from the camp, and brought an account of all the proceedings of the senate. Vinius* was promoted to an honourable employment: while the freed-man had his name changed from Icelus to Martianus, was honoured with the privilege of wearing the gold ring, and had more attention paid him than any of the other freed-men.

Meantime, at Rome, Nymphidius Sabinus got the administration into his hands, not by slow and insensible steps, but with the greatest celerity. He knew that Galba, on account of his great age, being now seventy-three, was scarce able to make the journey to Rome, though carried in a litter. Besides, the forces there had long been inclined to serve him, and now they depended upon him only, considering him as their benefactor, on account of the large gratuity he had promised, and Galba as their debtor. He, therefore, immediately commanded his colleague Tigellinus to give up his sword. He made great entertainments, at which he received persons of consular dignity, and such as had commanded armies and provinces; yet he gave the invitation in the name of Galba. He likewise instructed many of the soldiers to suggest it to the prætorian cohorts, that they should send a message to Galba, demanding that Nymphidius should be always their captain, and

* Vinius was of a prætorian family, and had behaved with honour as governor of Gallia Narbonensis; but when he became the favourite and first minister of the emperor of Rome, he soon made his master obnoxious to the people, and ruined himself. The truth is, he was naturally of a bad disposition, and a man of no principles.

without a colleague. The readiness the senate expressed to add to his honour and authority, in calling him their benefactor, in going daily to pay their respects at his gate, and desiring that he would take upon him to propose and confirm every decree, brought him to a much higher pitch of insolence; insomuch, that in a little time, he became not only obnoxious, but formidable to the very persons that paid their court to him. When the consuls had charged the public messengers with the decrees to be carried to the emperor, and had sealed the instruments with their seal, in order that the magistrates of the towns through which they were to pass, seeing their authority, might furnish them with carriages at every different stage for the greater expedition, he resented it, that they had not made use of his seal, and employed his men to carry the despatches. It is said that he even had it under consideration whether he should not punish the consuls: but upon their apologizing, and begging pardon for the affront, he was appeased. To ingratiate himself with the people, he did not hinder them from despatching, by torture, such of Nero's creatures as fell into their hands. A gladiator, named Spicellus, was put under the statues of Nero, and dragged about with them in the *forum* till he died: Aponius, one of the informers, was extended on the ground, and waggons loaded with stones driven over him: they tore many others in pieces, and some who were entirely innocent: so that Mauriscus, who had not only the character of one of the best men in Rome, but really deserved it, said one day to the senate,—“He was afraid they should soon regret the loss of Nero.”

Nymphidius, thus advancing in his hopes, was not at all displeased at being called the son of Caius Cæsar, who reigned after Tiberius. It seems that prince, in his youth, had some commerce with his mother, who was daughter of Calistus, one of Cæsar's freed-men, by a sempstress, and who was not wanting in personal charms. But it is evident that the connection Caius had with her was after the birth of Nymphidius; and it is believed that he was the son of Martianus the gladiator, whom Nymphidia fell in love with on account of his reputation in his way; besides, his resemblance to the gladiator gave a sanction to that opinion. Be that as it may, he acknowledged himself the son of Nymphidia, and yet insisted that he was the only person who deposed Nero. Not content with the honours and emoluments he enjoyed on that account,

* * * * *

he aspired to the imperial seat, and had his engines privately at work in Rome, in which he employed his friends, with some intriguing women, and some men of consular rank. He

sent also Gellianus, one of his friends, into Spain, to act as a spy upon Galba.

After the death of Nero, all things went for Galba according to his wish; only the uncertainty what part Virginius Rufus would act, gave him some uneasiness. Virginius commanded a powerful army, which had already conquered Vindex; and he held in subjection a very considerable part of the Roman empire; for he was master not only of Germany, but Gaul, which was in great agitation, and ripe for a revolt. Galba, therefore, was apprehensive that he would listen to those who offered him the imperial purple. Indeed, there was not an officer of greater name or reputation than Virginius, nor one who had more weight in the affairs of those times; for he had delivered the empire both from tyranny and from a Gallic war. He abode, however, by his first resolution, and reserved the appointment of emperor for the senate. After Nero's death was certainly known, the troops again pressed hard upon Virginius, and one of the tribunes drew his sword in the pavilion, and bade him receive either sovereign power or the steel; but the menace had no effect. At last, after Fabius Valens, who commanded one legion, had taken the oath of fidelity to Galba, and letters arrived from Rome with an account of the senate's decree, he persuaded his army, though with great difficulty, to acknowledge Galba. The new emperor having sent Flaccus Hordeonius as his successor, he received him in that quality, and delivered up his forces to him. He then went to meet Galba, who was on his journey to Rome, and attended him thither, without finding any marks either of his favour or resentment. The reason of this was, that Galba, on the one hand, considered him in too respectable a light to offer him any injury; and, on the other hand, the emperor's friends, particularly Titus Vinius, were jealous of the progress he might make in his favour. But that officer was not aware, that while he was preventing his promotion, he was co-operating with his good genius in withdrawing him from the wars and calamities in which other generals were engaged, and bringing him to a life of tranquillity full of days and peace.

The ambassadors which the senate sent to Galba met him at Narbon, a city of Gaul. There they made their compliments, and advised him to show himself as soon as possible to the people of Rome, who were very desirous to see him. He gave them a kind reception, and entertained them in an agreeable manner. But though Nymphidius had sent him rich vessels, and other furniture suitable to a great prince, which he had taken out of Nero's palace, he made use of none of it; every thing was served up in dishes of his own. This was a circumstance that did him honour, for it showed him a

man of superior sentiments, and entirely above vanity. Titus Vinius, however, soon endeavoured to convince him, that these superior sentiments, this modesty and simplicity of manners, betrayed an ambition for popular applause, which real greatness of mind disdains;* by which argument he prevailed with him to use Nero's riches, and show all the imperial magnificence at his entertainments. Thus, the old man made it appear that, in time, he would be entirely governed by Vinius.

No man had a greater passion for money than Vinius; nor was any man more addicted to women. While he was yet very young, and making his first campaign under Calvisius Sabinus, he brought the wife of his general, (an abandoned prostitute,) one night into the camp, in a soldier's habit, and lay with her in that part of it which the Romans call the *Principia*. For this Caius Cæsar put him in prison; but he was released upon the death of that prince. Afterwards, happening to sup with Claudius Cæsar, he stole a silver cup. The emperor being informed of it, invited him the following evening, but ordered the attendants to serve him with nothing but earthen vessels. This moderation of the emperor seemed to show that the theft was deserving only of ridicule, and not serious resentment; but what he did afterwards, when he had Galba and his revenues at command, served partly as the cause, and partly as the pretence, for many events of the most tragical kind.

Nymphidius, upon the return of Gellianus, whom he had sent as a spy upon Galba, was informed that Cornelius Laco was appointed to the command of the guards and of the palace, and that all the power would be in the hands of Vinius. This distressed him exceedingly, as he had no opportunity to attend the emperor, or speak to him in private; for his intentions were suspected, and all were on their guard. In this perplexity, he assembled the officers of the prætorian cohorts, and told them, that "Galba was, indeed, an old man of mild and moderate sentiments; but that, instead of using his own judgment, he was entirely directed by Vinius and Laco, who made a bad use of their power. It is our business, therefore," continued he, "before they insensibly establish themselves, and become sole masters, as Tigellinus was, to send ambassadors to the emperor in the name of all the troops, and represent to him, that if he removes those two counsellors from his person,

* In the text it is, *και κομφοτητα μεγαλην απαξιωσαν, αυτην*.—As it is difficult to make sense of this, Du Soul ingeniously proposes to read, *και ΑΚΟΜΨΟΤΗΤΑ ΜΕΓΑΛΩΝ απαξιωσαν αυτην*, which would be in English, *and a rusticity which thinks itself unworthy of any thing great*. We may be willing to make several conjectures of this kind, for the text in this Life is extremely corrupt.

he will find a much more agreeable reception amongst the Romans." Nymphidius perceiving that his officers did not approve the proposal, but thought it absurd and preposterous to dictate the choice of friends to an emperor of his age, as they might have done to a boy who now first tasted power, he adopted another scheme. In hopes of intimidating Galba, he pretended sometimes in his letters, that there were discontents, and dangers of an insurrection in Rome; sometimes, that Clodius Macer had laid an embargo in Africa on the corn-ships. One while he said the German legions were in motion, and another while, that there was the same rebellious disposition amongst those in Syria and Judea. But as Galba did not give much attention or credit to his advices, he resolved to usurp the imperial title himself before he arrived; though Clodius Celsus the Antiochian, a sensible man, and one of his best friends, did all in his power to dissuade him, and told him plainly, he did not believe there was one family in Rome that would give him the title of Cæsar. Many others, however, made a jest of Galba; and Mithridates of Pontus, in particular, making merry with his bald head and wrinkled face, said,—“The Romans think him something extraordinary while he is at a distance, but as soon as he arrives they will consider it a disgrace to the times to have ever called him Cæsar.”

It was resolved, therefore, that Nymphidius should be conducted to the camp at midnight, and proclaimed emperor. But Antonius Honoratus, the first tribune, assembled in the evening the troops under his command, and blamed both himself and them for changing so often in so short a time, not in pursuance of the dictates of reason, or for making a better choice, but because some demon pushed them on from one treason to another:—“The crimes of Nero, indeed,” said he, “may justify our first measures. But has Galba murdered his own mother, or his wife? Or has he made you ashamed of your emperor by appearing as a fiddler or an actor on a stage? Yet not even these things brought us to abandon Nero; but Nymphidius first persuaded us that he had abandoned us, and was fled into Egypt. Shall we then sacrifice Galba after Nero; and when we have destroyed the relation of Livia, as well as the son of Agrippina, set the son of Nymphidia on the imperial throne? Or rather, after having taken vengeance on a detestable tyrant in Nero, shall we not show ourselves good and faithful guards to Galba?”

Upon this speech of the tribune, all his men acceded to the proposal. They applied also to their fellow soldiers, and prevailed upon most of them to return to their allegiance. At the same time a loud shout was heard in the camp; and Nym-

phidius either believing (which is the account that some give us) that the troops were calling him in order to proclaim him emperor, or else hastening to appease the insurrection, and fix such as he found wavering, went with lights to the camp; having in his hand a speech composed for him by Cingonius Varro, which he had committed to memory in order to pronounce it to the army. But seeing the gates shut, and a number of men in arms upon the wall, his confidence abated. However, advancing nearer, he asked them,—“What they intended to do, and by whose command they were under arms?” They answered, one and all,—“That they acknowledged no other emperor but Galba.” Then pretending to enter into their opinion, he applauded their fidelity, and ordered those that accompanied him to follow his example. The guard opening the gate, and suffering him to enter with a few of his people, a javelin was thrown at him, which Septimius, who went before, received upon his shield. But others drawing their swords, he fled, and was pursued into a soldier’s hut, where they despatched him. His body was dragged to the middle of the camp, where they enclosed it with pales, and exposed it to public view the next day.

Nymphidius being thus taken off, Galba was no sooner informed of it, than he ordered such of his accomplices as had not already despatched themselves, to be put to death. Amongst these was Cingonius who composed the oration, and Mithridates of Pontus. In this the emperor did not proceed according to the laws and customs of the Romans; nor was it, indeed, a popular measure to inflict capital punishment upon persons of eminence, without any form of trial, though they might deserve death: for the Romans, deceived, as it usually happens by the first reports, now expected another kind of government. But what afflicted them most was, the order he sent for the execution of Petronius Turpilianus, a man of consular dignity, merely because he had been faithful to Nero. There was some pretence for taking off Macer in Africa, by means of Trebonianus, and Fonteius in Germany by Valens, because they were in arms, and had forces that he might be afraid of. But there was no reason why Turpilianus, a defenceless old man, should not have a hearing, at least under a prince who should have preserved in his actions the moderation he so much affected. Such complaints there were against Galba on this subject.

When he was about five-and-twenty furlongs from the city, he found the way stopped by a disorderly crew of seamen, who gathered about him on all sides.* These were persons

Dio Cassius tells us, (lib. lxiv.) that seven thousand of the disarmed mul-

whom Nero had formed into a legion, that they might act as soldiers. They now met him on the road to have their establishment confirmed, and crowded the emperor so much, that he could neither be seen nor heard by those who came to wait on him; for they insisted in a clamorous manner, on having legionary colours and quarters assigned them. Galba put them off to another time; but they considered that as a denial: and some of them even drew their swords: upon which he ordered the cavalry to fall upon them. They made no resistance, but fled with the utmost precipitation, and many of them were killed in their flight. It was considered as an inauspicious circumstance for Galba to enter the city amidst so much blood and slaughter. And those who despised him before as weak and inactive through age, now looked upon him as an object of fear and horror.

Besides, while he endeavoured to reform the extravagance and profusion with which money used to be given away by Nero, he missed the mark of propriety. When Canus, a celebrated performer on the flute, played to him one evening at court, after expressing the highest satisfaction at the excellence of his music, he ordered his purse to be brought, and taking out a few pieces of gold,* gave them to Canus, telling him at the same time, that this was a gratuity out of his own, not the public money. As for the money which Nero had given to persons that pleased him on the stage, or in the *palæstra*, he insisted with great rigour that it should all be returned, except a tenth part. And as persons of such dissolute lives, who mind nothing but a provision for the day, could produce very little, he caused inquiry to be made for all who had bought any thing of them, or received presents, and obliged them to refund. This affair extending to great numbers of people, and seeming to have no end, it reflected disgrace upon the emperor, and brought the public envy and hatred on Vinius, because he made the emperor sordid and mean to others, while he pillaged the treasury himself in the most insatiable manner, and took and sold whatever he thought proper.

In short, as Hesiod says,—

Spare not the full cask, nor, when shallow streams
Declare the bottom near, withdraw your hand.

So Vinius, seeing Galba old and infirm, drank freely of the

titide were cut to pieces on the spot; and others were committed to prison, where they lay till the death of Galba.

* Suetonius says, Galba gave five denarii. But at that time there were denarii of gold. That writer adds, that when his table, upon any extraordinary occasion, was more splendidly served than usual, he could not forbear sighing, and expressing his dissatisfaction in a manner inconsistent with common decency.

favours of fortune, as only beginning, and yet, at the same time, drawing to an end.*

But the aged emperor was greatly injured by Vinius, not only through his neglect or misapplication of things committed to his trust, but by his condemning or defeating the most salutary intentions of his master. This was the case with respect to punishing Nero's ministers. Some bad ones, it is true, were put to death, amongst whom were Elius, Polyclethus, Petinus, and Patrobius. The people expressed their joy by loud plaudits when these were led through the *forum* to the place of execution, and called it a glorious and holy procession. But both gods and men, they said, demanded the punishment of Tigellinus, who suggested the very worst measures, and taught Nero all his tyranny. That worthy minister, however, had secured himself by great presents to Vinius, which were only earnest of still greater. Turpilianus, though obnoxious only because he had not betrayed or hated his master on account of his bad qualities, and though guilty of no remarkable crime, was, notwithstanding, put to death; while the man who had made Nero unfit to live, and, after he had made him such, deserted and betrayed him, lived and flourished: a proof that there was nothing which Vinius would not sell, and that no man had reason to despair who had money: for there was no sight which the people of Rome so passionately longed for, as that of Tigellinus carried to execution; and in the theatre and the circus they continually demanded it, till at last the emperor checked them by an edict, importing that Tigellinus was in a deep consumption, which would destroy him ere long; and that their sovereign entreated them not to turn his government into a tyranny by needless acts of severity.

The people were highly displeased; but the miscreants only laughed at them. Tigellinus offered sacrifice in acknowledgment to the gods for his recovery, and provided a great entertainment; and Vinius rose from the emperor's table, to go and carouse with Tigellinus, accompanied by his daughter, who was a widow. Tigellinus drank to her, and said,—“I will make this cup worth two hundred and fifty thousand *drachmas* to you.” At the same time, he ordered his chief mistress to take off her own necklace, and gave it her. This was said to be worth a hundred and fifty thousand more.

From this time the most moderate of Galba's proceedings

* Thus, in the court of Galba, appeared all the extortions of Nero's reign. They were equally grievous, (says Tacitus,) but not equally excused, in a prince of Galba's years and experience. He had himself the greatest integrity of heart; but as the rapacity and other excesses of his ministers were imputed to him, he was no less hated than if he had committed them himself.

were misrepresented.* For instance, his lenity to the Gauls, who had conspired with Vindex, did not escape censure: for it was believed that they had not gained a remission of tribute and the freedom of Rome from the emperor's indulgence, but that they purchased them of Vinius. Hence the people had a general aversion to Galba's administration. As for the soldiers, though they did not receive what had been promised them, they let it pass, hoping that, if they had not that gratuity, they should certainly have as much as Nero had given them. But when they began to murmur, and their complaints were brought to Galba, he said, what well became a great prince,—“That it was his custom to choose, not to buy his soldiers.” This saying, however, being reported to the troops, filled them with the most deadly and irreconcilable hatred to Galba: for it seemed to them that he not only wanted to deprive them of the gratuity himself, but to set a precedent for future emperors.

The disaffection to the government that prevailed in Rome was, as yet, kept secret in some measure, partly because some remaining reverence for the presence of the emperor prevented the flame of sedition from breaking out, and partly for want of an open occasion to attempt a change. But the troops which had served under Virginius, and were now commanded by Flaccus in Germany, thinking they deserved great things for the battle which they fought with Vindex, and finding that they obtained nothing, began to behave in a very refractory manner, and could not be appeased by their officers. Their general himself they utterly despised, as well on account of his inactivity (for he had the gout in a violent manner,) as his want of experience in military affairs. One day, at some public games, when the tribunes and centurions, according to custom, made vows for the happiness of the emperor, the common soldiers murmured; and when the officers repeated their good wishes, they answered,—“If he is worthy.”

The legions that were under the command of Tigellinus behaved with equal insolence; of which Galba's agents wrote him an account. He was now apprehensive that it was not only his age, but his want of children, that brought him into contempt; and, therefore, he formed a design to adopt some young man of noble birth, and declare him his successor. Marcus Otho was of a family by no means obscure; but, at the same time, he was more remarkable from his infancy for

* Though the rest of Galba's conduct was not blameless, yet (according to Suetonius and Zonaras) he kept the soldiers to their duty; he punished with the utmost severity those who, by their false accusations, had occasioned the death of innocent persons; he delivered up to punishment such slaves as had borne witness against their masters; and he recalled those who had been banished by Nero under pretence of treason.

luxury and love of pleasure than most of the Roman youth. And as Homer often calls Paris *the husband of the beautiful Helen*, because he had nothing else to distinguish him, so Otho was noted in Rome as the husband of Poppæa. This was the lady whom Nero fell in love with while she was wife to Crispinus; but retaining as yet some respect for his own wife, and some reverence for his mother, he privately employed Otho to solicit her; for Otho's debauchery had recommended him to Nero as a friend and companion, and he had an agreeable way of rallying him upon what he called his avarice and sordid manner of living.

We are told, that one day when Nero was perfuming himself with a very rich essence, he sprinkled a little of it upon Otho. Otho invited the emperor the day following, when suddenly gold and silver pipes opened on all sides of the apartment, and poured out essences for them in as much plenty as if it had been water. He applied to Poppæa, according to Nero's desire, and first seduced her for him, with the flattering idea of having an emperor for her lover; after which he persuaded her to leave her husband. But when he took her home as his own wife, he was not so happy in having her, as miserable in the thought of sharing her with another. And Poppæa is said not to have been displeased with this jealousy: for, it seems, she refused to admit Nero when Otho was absent; whether it was that she studied to keep Nero's appetite from cloying, or whether (as some say) she did not choose to receive the emperor as a husband, but, in her wanton way, took more pleasure in having him approach her as a gallant. Otho's life, therefore, was in great danger on account of that marriage; and it is astonishing, that the man who could sacrifice his wife and sister for the sake of Poppæa, should afterwards spare Otho.

But Otho had a friend in Seneca; and it was he who persuaded Nero to send him out governor of Lusitania, upon the borders of the ocean. Otho made himself agreeable to the inhabitants by his lenity; for he knew that this command was given him only as a more honourable exile.* Upon Galba's revolt he was the first governor of a province that came over to him, and he carried with him all the gold and silver vessels he had, to be melted down and coined for his use. He likewise presented him with such of his servants as knew best how to wait upon an emperor. He behaved to him, indeed, in all respects, with great fidelity; and it appeared

* On this occasion the following distich was made:—

Cur Otho mentito sit, quæritis, exul honore;
Uxoris mæchus cœperat esse suæ

from the specimen he gave, that there was no department in the government for which he had not talents. He accompanied him in his whole journey, and was many days in the same carriage with him; during all which time he lost no opportunity to pay his court to Vinus, either by assiduities or presents: and as he always took care to leave him the first place, he was secure by this means of having the second. Besides that there was nothing invidious in this station, he recommended himself by granting his favours and services without reward, and by his general affability and politeness. He took most pleasure in serving the officers of the army, and obtained governments for many of them, partly by applications to the emperor, and partly to Vinus and his freed-men Icelus and Asiaticus; for these had the chief influence at court.

Whenever Galba visited him, he complimented the company of guards that was upon duty with a piece of gold for each man; thus practising upon and gaining the soldiers, while he seemed only to be doing honour to their master. When Galba was deliberating on the choice of a successor, Vinus proposed Otho. Nor was this a disinterested overture; for Otho had promised to marry Vinus' daughter, after Galba had adopted him, and appointed him his successor. But Galba always showed that he preferred the good of the public to any private considerations; and in this case he sought not for the man who might be most agreeable to himself, but one who promised to be the greatest blessing to the Romans. Indeed, it can hardly be supposed that he would have appointed Otho heir even to his private patrimony, when he knew how expensive and profuse he was, and that he was loaded with a debt of five millions of drachmas. He, therefore, gave Vinus a patient hearing, without returning him any answer, and put off the affair to another time. However, as he declared himself consul, and chose Vinus for his colleague, it was supposed that he would appoint a successor at the beginning of the next year, and the soldiers wished that Otho might be the man.

But while Galba delayed the appointment, and continued deliberating, the army mutinied in Germany. All the troops throughout the empire hated Galba, because they had not received the promised donations; but those in Germany had a particular apology for their aversion. They alleged,—“That Virginius Rufus, their general, had been removed with ignominy; and that the Gauls, who had fought against them, were the only people that were rewarded; whilst all who had not joined Vindex were punished, and Galba, as if he had obligations to none but him for the imperial diadem, honoured his memory with sacrifices and public libations.”

Such speeches as these were common in the camp, when the

calends of January were at hand, and Flaccus assembled the soldiers, that they might take the customary oath of fealty to the emperor. But, instead of that they overturned and broke to pieces the statues of Galba; and having taken an oath of allegiance to the senate and people of Rome, they retired to their tents. Their officers were now as apprehensive of anarchy as rebellion, and the following speech is said to have been made on the occasion:—"What are we doing, my fellow-soldiers? We neither appoint another emperor, nor keep our allegiance to the present, as if we had renounced not only Galba, but every other sovereign, and all manner of obedience. It is true, Hordeonius Flaccus is no more than the shadow of Galba. Let us quit him. But at the distance of one day's march only, there is Vitellius, who commands in the lower Germany, whose father was censor, and thrice consul, and, in a manner, colleague to the emperor Claudius. And though his poverty be a circumstance for which some people may despise him, it is a strong proof of his probity and greatness of mind. Let us go and declare him emperor, and show the world that we know how to choose a person for that high dignity better than the Spaniards and Lusitanians."

Some approved, and others rejected this motion. One of the standard-bearers, however, marched off privately, and carried the news to Vitellius that night. He found him at table, for he was giving a great entertainment to his officers. The news soon spread through the army, and Fabius Valens, who commanded one of the legions, went next day at the head of a considerable party of horse, and saluted Vitellius emperor. For some days before, he seemed to dread the weight of sovereign power, and totally to decline it; but now, being fortified with the indulgences of the table, to which he had sat down at mid-day, he went out and accepted the title of Germanicus, which the army conferred upon him, though he refused that of Cæsar. Soon after, Flaccus' troops forgot the republican oaths they had taken to the senate and people, and swore allegiance to Vitellius. Thus Vitellius was proclaimed emperor in Germany.

As soon as Galba was informed of the insurrection there, he resolved, without farther delay, to proceed to the adoption. He knew some of his friends were for Dolabella, and a still greater number for Otho; but without being guided by the judgment of either party, or making the least mention of his design, he sent suddenly for Piso, the son of Crassus and Scribonia, who were put to death by Nero; a young man formed by nature for every virtue, and distinguished for his modesty and sobriety of manners. In pursuance of his intentions, he went down with him to the camp, to give him the title of

Cæsar, and declared him his successor. But he was no sooner out of his palace than very inauspicious presages appeared: and in the camp, when he delivered a speech to the army, reading some parts and pronouncing others from memory, the many claps of thunder and flashes of lightning, the violent rain that fell, and the darkness that covered both the camp and the city, plainly announced that the gods did not admit of the adoption, and that the issue would be unfortunate. The countenances of the soldiers, too, were black and lowering, because there was no donation even on that occasion.*

As to Piso, all that were present could not but wonder, that, so far as they could conjecture from his voice and look, he was not disconcerted with so great an honour, though he did not receive it without sensibility.† On the contrary, in Otho's countenance there appeared strong marks of resentment, and of the impatience with which he bore the disappointment of his hopes: for his failing of that honour, which he had been thought worthy to aspire to, and which he lately believed himself very near attaining, seemed a proof of Galba's hatred and ill intentions to him. He was not, therefore, without apprehensions of what might befall him afterwards; and dreading Galba, execrating Piso, and full of indignation against Vinus, he retired with this confusion of passion in his heart. But the Chaldæans and other diviners, whom he had always about him, would not suffer him entirely to give up his hopes or abandon his design. In particular, he relied on Ptolemy, because he had formerly predicted, that he should not fall by the hand of Nero, but survive him, and live to ascend the imperial throne for as the former part of the prophecy proved true, he thought he had no reason to despair of the latter. None, however, exasperated him more against Galba than those who condoled with him in private, and pretended that he had been treated with great ingratitude. Besides, there was a number of people that had flourished under Tigellinus and Nymphidius, and now lived in poverty and disgrace, who, to recommend themselves to Otho, expressed great indignation at the slight he had suffered, and urged him to revenge it. Amongst these were Veturius, who was *optio*, or centurion's deputy, and Barbis, who was *tesserarius*, or one of those that carry the word from the tribunes to the centurions.‡ Onomastus, one of

* Tacitus tells us, that a little exertion of liberality would have gained the army; and that Galba suffered by an unseasonable attention to the purity of ancient times.

† See an excellent speech which Tacitus ascribes to Galba on this occasion.

‡ The way of setting the nightly guard was by a *tessera*, or tally, with a

Otho's freed-men, joined them, and went from troop to troop, corrupting some with money, and others with promises. Indeed, they were corrupt enough already, and wanted only an opportunity to put their designs in execution. If they had not been extremely disaffected, they could not have been prepared for a revolt in so short a space of time as that of four days, which was all that passed between the adoption and the assassination; for Piso and Galba were both slain the sixth day after, which was the fifteenth of January. Early in the morning Galba sacrificed in the palace in presence of his friends. Umbricius the diviner no sooner took the entrails in his hands, than he declared, not in enigmatical expressions, but plainly, that there were signs of great troubles and of treason that threatened immediate danger to the emperor. Thus Otho was almost delivered up to Galba by the hand of the gods; for he stood behind the emperor, listening with great attention to the observations made by Umbricius. These put him in great confusion, and his fears were discovered by his change of colour, when his freed-man Onomastus came and told him that the architects were come, and waited for him at his house. This was the signal for Otho's meeting the soldiers. He pretended, therefore, that he had bought an old house which these architects were to examine, and going down by what is called Tiberius' palace, went to that part of the *forum* where stands the gilded pillar which terminates all the great roads in Italy.*

The soldiers who received him and saluted him emperor, are said not to have been more than twenty-three: so that, though he had nothing of that dastardly spirit which the delicacy of his constitution, and the effeminacy of his life seemed to declare, but, on the contrary, was firm and resolute in time of danger; yet, on this occasion, he was intimidated, and wanted to retire. But the soldiers would not suffer it. They surrounded the chair with drawn swords, and insisted on its

particular inscription, given from one centurion to another quite through the army, till it came again to the tribune who first delivered it.

The text in this place is corrupt. Lipsius rightly observes, that, instead of *δι' αγγελων* and *δι' οπηρων*, we should read *διαγγελων* and *διοπηρων*. Then it will read thus:—*Ουτω γαρ κληνται οι διαγγελων και διοπηρων υπηρεσιας τελοντες*. But even then Plutarch will not have given a description of the principal offices of the *optio* and the *tesserarius*. Messengers, it is true, they were; but spies only occasionally. It is necessary, however, to translate the text thus amended, at least in a note:—*So they are called who perform the office of messengers and spies*.

* This pillar was set up by Augustus when he took the highways under his inspection, and had the distances of places from Rome marked upon it.

+ Suetonius says, he got into a woman's sedan, in order to be the better concealed.

proceeding to the camp. Mean time Otho desired the bearers to make haste, often declaring that he was a lost man. There were some who overheard him, and they rather wondered at the hardiness of the attempt with so small a party, than disturbed themselves about the consequences. As he was carried through the *forum*, about the same number as the first joined him, and others afterwards, by three or four at a time. The whole party then saluted him Cæsar, and conducted him to the camp, flourishing their swords before him. Martialis, the tribune who kept guard that day, knowing nothing (as they tell us) of the conspiracy, was surprised and terrified at so unexpected a sight, and suffered them to enter. When Otho was within the camp, he met with no resistance, for the conspirators gathered about such as were strangers to the design, and made it their business to explain it to them; upon which they joined them by one or two at a time, at first out of fear, and afterwards out of choice.

The news was immediately carried to Galba, while the diviners yet attended, and had the entrails in his hands; so that they who had been most incredulous in matters of divination, and even held it in contempt before, were astonished at the divine interposition in the accomplishment of this presage. People of all sorts now crowding from the *forum* to the palace, Vinus and Laco, with some of the emperor's freed-men, stood before him with drawn swords to defend him. Piso went out to speak to the life-guards, and Marius Celsus, a man of great courage and honour, was sent to secure the Illyrian legion, which lay in Vipsanius' portico.

Galba was inclined to go out to the people. Vinus endeavoured to dissuade him from it; but Celsus and Laco encouraged him to go, and expressed themselves with some sharpness against Vinus. Mean time a strong report prevailed that Otho was slain in the camp; soon after which, Julius Atticus, a soldier of some note amongst the guards, came up, and crying he was the man that had killed Cæsar's enemy, made his way through the crowd, and showed his bloody sword to Galba. The emperor fixing his eye upon him, said,—"Who gave you orders?" He answered,—“My allegiance, and the oath I had taken;” and the people expressed their approbation in loud plaudits. Galba then went out in a sedan chair, with a design to sacrifice to Jupiter, and show himself to the people. But he had no sooner entered the *forum* than the rumour changed like the wind, and news met him that Otho was master of the camp. On this occasion, as it was natural amongst a multitude of people, some called out to him to advance, and some to retire; some to take courage, and some to be cautious. His chair was tossed backward and forward,

as in a tempest, and ready to be overset, when there appeared first a party of horse, and then another of foot, issuing from the *Basilica* of Paulus, and crying out,—“Away with this private man!” Numbers were then running about, not to separate by flight, but to possess themselves of the porticoes and eminences about the *forum*, as it were to enjoy some public spectacle. Atilius Virgilio beat down one of Galba’s statues, which served as a signal for hostilities, and they attacked the chair on all sides with javelins. As those did not despatch him, they advanced sword in hand. In this time of trial none stood up in his defence but one man, who, indeed, amongst so many millions, was the only one that did honour to the Roman empire. This was Sempronius Densus,* a centurion, who, without any particular obligations to Galba, and only from a regard to honour and the law, stood forth to defend the chair. First of all he lifted up the vine-branch with which the centurions chastise such as deserve stripes, and then called out to the soldiers who were pressing on, and commanded them to spare the emperor. They fell upon him notwithstanding, and he drew his sword and fought a long time, till he received a stroke in the ham, which brought him to the ground.

The chair was overturned at what is called the Curtian Lake, and Galba tumbling out of it, they ran to despatch him. At the same time he presented his throat, and said,—“Strike, if it be for the good of Rome.” He received many strokes upon his arms and legs, for he had a coat of mail upon his body. According to most accounts, it was Camurius, a soldier of the fifteenth legion, that despatched him; though some say it was Terentius, some Arcadius,† and others Fabius Fabulus. They add, that when Fabius had cut off his head, he wrapt it up in the skirt of his garment, because it was so bald that he could take no hold of it. His associates, however, would not suffer him to conceal it, but insisted that he should let the world see what an exploit he had performed: he, therefore, fixed it upon the point of his spear, and swinging about the head of a venerable old man, and a mild prince, who was both *Pontifex Maximus* and consul, he ran on (like the Bacchanals with the head of Pentheus,) brandishing his spear that was dyed with the blood that trickled from it.

When the head was presented to Otho, he cried out,—“This is nothing, my fellow-soldiers; show me the head of Piso.” It was brought not long after; for that young prince being

* In the Greek text it is *Indistrus*; but that text (as we observed before) in the Life of Galba, is extremely corrupt. We have, therefore, given *Densus* from Tacitus; as *Virgilio* instead of *Sercello*, above.

† In Tacitus, *Lecanius*. That historian makes no mention of Fabius.

wounded, and pursued by one Marcus, was killed by him at the gates of the temple of Vesta. Vinius also was put to the sword, though he declared himself an accomplice in the conspiracy, and protested that it was against Otho's orders that he suffered. However, they cut off his head, and that of Laco, and carrying them to Otho, demanded their reward: for, as Archilochus says,—

We bring seven warriors only to your tent,
Yet thousands of us killed them.

So, in this case many, who had no share in the action, bathed their hands and swords in the blood, and showing them to Otho, petitioned for their reward. It appeared afterwards, from the petitions given in, that the number of them was a hundred and twenty; and Vitellius, having searched them out, put them all to death. Marius Celsus also coming to the camp, many accused him of having exhorted the soldiers to stand by Galba, and the bulk of the army insisted that he should suffer. But Otho being desirous to save him, and yet afraid of contradicting them, told them,—“He did not choose to have him executed so soon, because he had several important questions to put to him.” He ordered him, therefore, to be kept in chains, and delivered him to persons in whom he could best confide.

The senate was immediately assembled; and, as if they were become different men, or had other gods to swear by, they took the oath to Otho, which he had before taken to Galba, but had not kept; and they gave him the titles of Cæsar and Augustus, while the bodies of those that had been beheaded lay in their consular robes in the *forum*. As for the heads, the soldiers, after they had no farther use for them, sold that of Vinius to his daughter for two thousand five hundred *drachmas*. Piso's was given to his wife Verania, at her request;* and Galba's to the servants of Patrobius and Vitellius,† who, after they had treated it with the utmost insolence and outrage, threw it into a place called *Sestertium*,‡ where the bodies of those are cast that are put to death by the emperors. Galba's corpse was carried away by Helvidius Priscus, with Otho's permission, and buried in the night by his freed-man Argius.

Such is the history of Galba; a man who, in the points of family and fortune, distinctly considered, was exceeded by few of the Romans, and who, in the union of both, was superior

* Tacitus (lib. i.) says she purchased it.

† Galba had put Patrobius to death; but we know not why the servants of Vitellius should desire to treat Galba's remains with any indignity.

‡ Lipsius says, it was so called, *quasi semitertium*, as being two miles and a half from the city.

to all. He had lived, too, in great honour, and with the best reputation, under five emperors; and it was rather by his character, than by force of arms, that he deposed Nero. As to the rest who conspired against the tyrant, some of them were thought unworthy of the imperial diadem by the people, and others thought themselves unworthy. But Galba was invited to accept it, and only followed the sense of those who called him to that high dignity. Nay, when he gave the sanction of his name to Vindex, that which before was called rebellion, was considered only as a civil war, because a man of princely talents was then at the head of it. So that he did not so much want the empire, as the empire wanted him: and with these principles he attempted to govern a people corrupted by Tigellinus and Nymphidius, as Scipio, Fabricius, and Camillus governed the Romans of their times. Notwithstanding his great age, he showed himself a chief worthy of ancient Rome through all the military department. But in the civil administration, he delivered himself up to Vinus, to Laco, and to his enfranchised slaves, who sold every thing, in the same manner as Nero had left all to his insatiable vermin. The consequence of this was, that no man regretted him as an emperor, though almost all were moved with pity at his miserable fate.

THE
LIFE OF OTHO.

THE new emperor went early in the morning to the Capitol and sacrificed; after which he ordered Marius Celsus to be brought before him. He received that officer with great marks of his regard, and desired him rather to forget the cause of his confinement, than to remember his release. Celsus neither showed any meanness in his acknowledgments, nor any want of gratitude. He said,—“The very charge brought against him bore witness to his character; since he was accused only of having been faithful to Galba, from whom he had never received any personal obligations.” All who were present at the audience, admired both the emperor and Celsus, and the soldiers in particular testified their approbation.* Otho made a mild and gracious speech to the senate. The remaining time of his consulship he divided with Virginius Rufus, and he left those who had been appointed to that dignity by Nero and Galba to enjoy it in their course. Such as were respectable for their age and character he promoted to the priesthood, and to those senators who had been banished by Nero, and recalled by Galba, he restored all their goods and estates that he found unsold. So that the first and best of the citizens, who had before not considered him as a man, but dreaded him as a fury, or destroying demon, that had suddenly seized the seat of government, now entertained more pleasing hopes from so promising a beginning.

But nothing gave the people in general so high a pleasure,† or contributed so much to gain him their affections, as his punishing Tigellinus. It is true, he had long suffered under the fear of punishment, which the Romans demanded as a public debt, and under a complication of incurable distempers. These, together with his infamous connections with the worst of prostitutes, into which his passions drew him, though almost in the arms of death, were considered by the thinking part of

* Otho exempted the soldiers from the fees which they had paid the centurions for furloughs and other immunities; but at the same time promised to satisfy the centurions, on all reasonable occasions, out of his own revenue. In consequence of these furloughs, the fourth part of a legion was often absent, and the troops became daily more and more corrupted.

† In the close of the day on which he was inaugurated, he put Laco and Icelus to death.

mankind as the greatest of punishments, and worse than many deaths. Yet it was a pain to the common people that he should see the light of the sun, after so many excellent men had been deprived of it through his means. He was then at his country-house near Sinuessa, and had vessels at anchor ready to carry him on occasion to some distant country. Otho sent to him there; and he first attempted to bribe the messenger with large sums to suffer him to escape. When he found that did not take effect, he gave him the money notwithstanding; and desiring only to be indulged a few moments till he had shaved himself, he took the razor, and cut his own throat.

Besides this just satisfaction that Otho gave the people, it was a most agreeable circumstance that he remembered none of his private quarrels. To gratify the populace, he suffered them also at first to give him in the theatres the name of Nero, and he made no opposition to those who erected publicly the statues of that emperor. Nay, Claudius* Rufus tells us, that in the letters with which the couriers were sent to Spain, he joined the name of Nero to that of Otho. But, perceiving that the nobility were offended, he made use of it no more.

After his government was thus established, the prætorian cohorts gave him no small trouble by exhorting him to beware of many persons of rank, and to forbid them the court; whether it was that their affection made them really apprehensive for him, or whether it was only a colour for raising commotions and wars. One day the emperor himself had sent Crispinus orders to bring the seventeenth cohort from Ostia; and, in order to do it without interruption, that officer began to prepare for it as soon as it grew dark, and to pack up the arms in waggons; upon which, some of the most turbulent cried out, that Crispinus was come with no good intention; that the senate had some design against the government; and that the arms he was going to carry were to be made use of against Cæsar, not for him. This notion soon spread, and exasperated numbers; some laid hold on the waggons, while others killed two centurions who endeavoured to quell the mutiny, and Crispinus himself. Then the whole party armed, and exhorting each other to go to the emperor's assistance, they marched straight to Rome. Being informed there that eighty senators supped with him that evening, they hastened to the palace, saying, then was the time to crush all Cæsar's enemies at once. The city was greatly alarmed, expecting to be plundered immediately. The palace, too, was in the utmost confusion, and Otho himself in unspeakable distress: for he was

* This writer, who was a man of consular dignity, and succeeded Galba in the government of Spain, was not called *Claudius*, but *Cluvius Rufus*.

under fear and concern for the senators, while they were afraid of him; and he saw they kept their eyes fixed upon him in silence and extreme consternation; some having even brought their wives with them to supper. He, therefore, ordered the principal officers of the guards to go and speak to the soldiers, and endeavour to appease them, and at the same time sent out his guests at another door. They had scarce made their escape when the soldiers rushed into the room, and asked what was become of the enemies of Cæsar. The emperor then rising from his couch, used many arguments to satisfy them, and, by entreaties and tears, at last prevailed upon them, with much difficulty, to desist.

Next day, having presented the soldiers with twelve hundred and fifty *drachmas* a man, he entered the camp. On this occasion he commended the troops as in general well affected to his government, but at the same time he told them there were some designing men amongst them, who, by their cabals, brought his moderation and their fidelity both into question: these, he said, deserved their resentment, and he hoped they would assist him in punishing them. They applauded his speech, and desired him to chastise whatever persons he thought proper; but he pitched upon two only for capital punishment, whom no man could possibly regret, and then returned to his palace.

Those who had conceived an affection for Otho, and placed a confidence in him, admired this change in his conduct; but others thought it was no more than a piece of policy which the times necessarily required, and that he assumed a popular behaviour on account of the impending war: for now he had undoubted intelligence that Vitellius had taken the title of emperor and all the ensigns of supreme power, and couriers daily arrived with news of continual additions to his party. Other messengers also arrived with accounts that the forces in Pannonia, Dalmatia, and Mysia, with their generals, had declared for Otho. And a few days after he received obliging letters from Mucianus and Vespasian, who both commanded numerous armies, the one in Syria, and the other in Judea.

Elated with this intelligence, he wrote to Vitellius, advising him not to aspire to things above his rank, and promised, in case he desisted, to supply him liberally with money, and give him a city in which he might spend his days in pleasure and repose. Vitellius at first gave him an answer, in which ridicule was tempered with civility. But afterwards, being both thoroughly exasperated, they wrote to each other in a style of the bitterest invective: not that their mutual reproaches were groundless, but it was absurd for the one to insult the other with what might with equal justice be objected to both: for

their charges consisted of prodigality, effeminacy, incapacity for war, their former poverty, and immense debts; such articles that it is hard to say which of them had the advantage.

As to the stories of prodigies and apparitions at that time, many of them were founded upon vague reports that could not be traced to their author. But in the Capitol there was a victory mounted upon a chariot, and numbers of people saw her let the reins fall out of her hands, as if she had lost the power to hold them. And in the island of the Tiber the statue of Julius Cæsar turned from west to east, without either earthquake or whirlwind to move it; a circumstance which is said likewise to have happened when Vespasian openly took upon him the direction of affairs. The inundation of the Tiber, too, was considered by the populace as a bad omen. It was at a time, indeed, when rivers usually overflow their banks; but the flood never rose so high before, nor was so ruinous in its effects; for now it laid great part of the city under water, particularly the corn-market, and caused a famine which continued for some days.

About this time news was brought that Cecina and Valens, who acted for Vitellius, had seized the passes of the Alps. And in Rome Dolabella, who was of an illustrious family, was suspected by the guards of some disloyal design. Otho either fearing him, or some other whom he could influence, sent him to Aquinum, with assurances of friendly treatment. When the emperor came to select the officers that were to attend him on his march, he appointed Lucius, the brother of Vitellius, to be of the number, without either promoting or lowering him in point of rank. He took also particular care of the mother and wife of Vitellius, and endeavoured to put them in a situation where they had nothing to fear. The government of Rome he gave to Flavius Sabinus, the brother of Vespasian; either with an intention to do honour to Nero, (for he had formerly given him that appointment, and Galba had deprived him of it,) or else to show his affection to Vespasian by promoting his brother.

Otho himself stopped at Brixellum, a town in Italy near the Po, and ordered the army to march on, under the conduct of his lieutenants, Marius Celsus, Seutonius Paulinus, Gallus, and Spurina, officers of great reputation. But they could not pursue the plan of operations they had formed, by reason of the obstinacy and disorderly behaviour of the soldiers, who declared that *they* had made the emperor, and they would be commanded by him only. The enemy's troops were not under much better discipline: they, too, were refractory and disobedient to their officers, and on the same account. Yet they had seen service, and were accustomed to fatigue; whereas

Otho's men had been used to idleness, and their manner of living was quite different from that in the field. Indeed they had spent most of their time in public spectacles and the entertainments of the theatre, and were come to that degree of insolence, that they did not pretend to be unable to perform the services they were ordered upon, but affected to be above them. Spurina, who attempted to use compulsion, was in danger of being killed by them. They spared no manner of abuse, calling him traitor, and telling him that it was he who ruined the affairs of Cæsar, and purposely missed the fairest opportunities. Some of them came in the night intoxicated with liquor to his tent, and demanded their discharge;—"For they had to go," they said, "to Cæsar to accuse him."

The cause, however, and Spurina with it, received some benefit from the insult which these troops met with at Placentia. Those of Vitellius came up to the walls, and ridiculed Otho's men who were appointed to defend them; calling them players and dancers, fit only to attend the Pythian and Olympic games; fellows who knew nothing of war, who had not even made one campaign, who were swoln up with pride, merely because they had cut off the head of a poor unarmed old man (meaning Galba;) wretches that durst not look men in the face, or stand any thing like a fair and open battle. They were so cut with these reproaches, and so desirous of revenge, that they threw themselves at Spurina's feet, and begged of him to command and employ them on whatever service he thought proper, assuring him that there was neither danger nor labour which they would decline. After this the enemy made a vigorous attack upon the town, and plied their battering engines with all their force; but Spurina's men repulsed them with great slaughter, and by that means kept possession of one of the most respectable and most flourishing towns in Italy.

It must be observed of Otho's officers in general, that they were more obliging in their behaviour, both to cities and private persons, than those of Vitellius. Cecina, one of the latter, had nothing popular either in his address or his figure. He was of a gigantic size, and most uncouth appearance; for he wore breeches and long sleeves in the manner of the Gauls, even while his standard was Roman, and whilst he gave his instructions to Roman officers. His wife followed him on horseback, in a rich dress, and was attended by a select party of cavalry. Fabius Valens, the other general, had a passion for money, which was not to be satisfied by any plunder from the enemy, or exactions and contributions from the allies: insomuch that he was believed to proceed more slowly for the sake of collecting gold as he went, and, therefore, was not up

at the first action. Some, indeed, accuse Cecina of hastening to give battle before the arrival of Valens, in order that the victory might be all his own; and, beside other less faults, they charged him not only with attacking at an unseasonable time, but with not maintaining the combat so gallantly as he ought to have done; all which errors nearly ruined the affairs of his party.

Cecina, after his repulse at Placentia, marched against Cremona, another rich and great city. In the mean time, Annius Gallus, who was going to join Spurina at Placentia, had intelligence by the way that he was victorious, and that the siege was raised. But being informed, at the same time, that Cremona was in danger, he led his forces thither, and encamped very near the enemy. Afterwards other officers brought in reinforcements.* Cecina posted a strong body of infantry under cover of some trees and thickets; after which he ordered his cavalry to advance, and if the enemy attacked them, to give way by degrees, and retire, till they had drawn them into the ambuscade. But Celsus, being informed of his intention by some deserters, advanced with his best cavalry against Cecina's troops; and, upon their retreating, he pursued with so much caution, that he surrounded the corps that lay in ambush. Having thus put them in confusion, he called the legions from the camp; and it appears, that if they had come up in time to support the horse, Cecina's whole army would have been cut in pieces. But as Paulinus advanced very slowly,† he was censured for having used more precaution than became a general of his character. Nay, the soldiers accused him of treachery, and endeavoured to incense Otho against him, insisting that the victory was in their hands; and that if it was not complete, it was owing entirely to the mismanagement of their generals. Otho did not so much believe these representations, as he was willing to appear not to misbelieve them. He, therefore, sent his brother Titianus to the army, with Proculus the captain of his guard: Titianus had the command in appearance, and Proculus in reality: Celsus and Paulinus had the title of friends and counsellors, but not the least authority in the direction of affairs.

The enemy, too, were not without their dissatisfactions and

* *Ἐπειτα καὶ τῶν ἀλλῶν ἰκαστος ἐβόηθει τῷ στρατῷ.* Dacier takes no notice of this passage, though a material one, both in the place where it stands, and with regard to the connection too.

† Tacitus tells us, that Paulinus was naturally slow and irresolute. On this occasion he charges him with two errors. The first was, that, instead of advancing immediately to the charge, and supporting his cavalry, he trifled away the time in filling up the trenches; the second, that he did not avail himself of the disorder of the enemy, but sounded much too early a retreat

disorder, particularly among the forces of Valens: for when they were informed of what happened at the ambuscade, they expressed their indignation that their general did not put it in their power to be there, that they might have used their endeavours to save so many brave men who perished in that action. They were even inclined to despatch him; but having pacified them with much difficulty, he decamped and joined Cecina.

In the mean time, Otho came to the camp at Bedriacum, a small town near Cremona, and there held a council of war. Proculus and Titianus were of opinion,—“That he ought to give battle, while the army retained those high spirits with which the late victory had inspired them, and not to suffer that ardour to cool, nor wait till Vitellius came in person from Gaul.” But Paulinus was against it. “The enemy,” said he, “have received all their troops, and have no farther preparations to make for the combat; whereas Otho will have from Mysia and Pannonia forces as numerous as those he has already, if he will wait his own opportunity, instead of giving one to the enemy. And certainly the army he now has, if with their small numbers they have so much ardour, will not fight with less but greater spirit when they see their numbers so much increased. Besides, the gaining of time makes for us, because we have every thing in abundance; but delays must greatly distress Cecina and his colleague for necessaries, because they lie in an enemy’s country.”

Marius Celsus supported the opinion of Paulinus: Annius Gallus could not attend, because he had received some hurt by a fall from his horse, and was under cure. Otho, therefore, wrote to him, and Gallus advised him not to precipitate matters, but to wait for the army from Mysia, which was already on the way. Otho, however, would not be guided by these counsels, and the opinion of those prevailed who were for hazarding a battle immediately. Different reasons are, indeed, alleged for this resolution. The most probable is, that the prætorian cohorts, which composed the emperor’s guards, now coming to taste what real war was, longed to be once more at a distance from it, to return to the ease, the company, and public diversions of Rome; and, therefore, they could not be restrained in their eagerness for a battle, for they imagined that they could overpower the enemy at the first charge. Besides, Otho seems to have been no longer able to support himself in a state of suspense; such an aversion to the thoughts of danger had his dissipation and effeminacy given him! Overburdened, then, by his cares, he hastened to free himself from their weight; he covered his eyes, and leaped down the precipice; he committed all at once to fortune. Such is the ac-

count given of the matter by the orator Secundus, who was Otho's secretary.

Others say, that the two parties were much inclined to lay down their arms, and unite in choosing an emperor out of the best generals they had; or, if they could not agree upon it, to leave the election to the senate. Nor is it improbable, as the two who were called emperors were neither of them men of reputation, that the experienced and prudent part of the soldiers should form such a design: for they could not but reflect how unhappy and dreadful a thing it would be to plunge themselves into the same calamities which the Romans could not bring upon each other without aching hearts in the quarrels of Sylla and Marius, of Cæsar and Pompey: and for what?—but to provide an empire to minister to the insatiable appetite and the drunkenness of Vitellius, or to the luxury and debaucheries of Otho. These considerations are supposed to have induced Celsus to endeavour to gain time, in hopes that matters might be compromised without the sword; while Otho, out of fear of such an agreement, hastened the battle.

In the mean time, he returned to Brixellum,* which certainly was an additional error: for by that step he deprived the combatants of the reverence and emulation which his presence might have inspired, and took a considerable limb from the body of the army, I mean some of the best and most active men, both horse and foot, for his body-guard. There happened about that time a rencontre upon the Po, while Cecina's troops endeavoured to lay a bridge over that river, and Otho's to prevent it. The latter, finding their other efforts ineffectual, put a quantity of torches well covered with brimstone and pitch into some boats, which were carried by the wind and current upon the enemy's work. First smoke, and afterwards a bright flame arose; upon which Cecina's men were so terrified, that they leaped into the river, upset their boats, and were entirely exposed to their enemies, who laughed at their awkward distress.

The German troops, however, beat Otho's gladiators in a little island of the Po, and killed a considerable number of them. Otho's army that was in Bedriacum, resenting this affront, insisted on being led out to battle. Accordingly, Proculus marched, and pitched his camp at the distance of fifty furlongs from Bedriacum: but he chose his ground in a very unskilful manner: for, though it was in the spring season, and the country afforded many springs and rivulets, his army was

* It was debated in council, whether the emperor should be present in the action or not. Marius Celsus and Paulinus durst not vote for it, lest they should seem inclined to expose his person. He, therefore, retired to Brixellum, which was a circumstance that contributed not a little to his ruin.

distressed for water. Next day, Proculus was for marching against the enemy, who lay not less than a hundred furlongs off. But Paulinus would not agree to it. He said, they ought to keep the post they had taken, rather than fatigue themselves first, and then immediately engage an enemy, who could arm and put themselves in order of battle at their leisure, while they were making such a march with all the incumbrance of baggage and servants. The generals disputed the point, till a Numidian horseman came with letters from Otho, ordering them to make no longer delay, but to proceed to the attack without losing a moment's time. They then decamped of course, and went to seek the enemy. The news of their approach threw Cecina into great confusion; and immediately quitting his works and post upon the river, he repaired to the camp, where he found most of the soldiers armed, and the word already given by Valens.

During the time that the infantry were forming, the best of the cavalry were directed to skirmish. At that moment a report was spread, from what cause we cannot tell, amongst Otho's van, that Vitellius' officers were coming over to their party. As soon, therefore, as they approached, they saluted them in a friendly manner, calling them fellow-soldiers; but, instead of receiving the appellation, they answered with a furious and hostile shout. The consequence was, that the persons who made the compliment were dispirited, and the rest suspected them of treason. This was the first thing that disconcerted Otho's troops; for, by this time, the enemy had charged. Besides, they could preserve no order; the intermixture of the baggage, and the nature of the ground, preventing any regular movement. For the ground was so full of ditches and other inequalities, that they were forced to break their ranks, and wheel about to avoid them, and could only fight in small parties. There were but two legions, one of Vitellius' called *the devourer*, and one of Otho's called *the succourer*, which could disentangle themselves from the defiles and gain the open plain. These engaged in a regular battle, and fought a long time. Otho's men were vigorous and brave, but they had not seen so much as one action before this; on the other hand, those of Vitellius had much experience in the field, but they were old, and their strength decaying.

Otho's legion coming on with great fury, mowed down the first ranks and took the eagle. The enemy, filled with shame and resentment, advanced to chastise them, slew Orphidius, who commanded the legion, and took several standards. Against the gladiators, who had the reputation of being brave fellows, and excellent at close fighting, Alphenus Varus brought up the Batavians, who came from an island formed by

the Rhine, and are the best cavalry in Germany. A few of the gladiators made head against them, but the greatest part fled to the river, and falling in with some of the enemy's infantry that was posted there, were all cut in pieces. But none behaved so ill that day as the prætorian bands. They did not even wait to receive the enemy's charge, and in their flight they broke through the troops that as yet stood their ground, and put them in disorder. Nevertheless, many of Otho's men were irresistible in the quarter where they fought, and opened a way through the victorious enemy to their camp. But Proculus and Paulinus took another way; for they dreaded the soldiers, who already blamed their generals for the loss of the day.

Annius Gallus received into the city all the scattered parties, and endeavoured to encourage them by assurances that the advantage upon the whole was equal, and that their troops had the superiority in many parts of the field. But Marius Celsus assembled the principal officers, and desired them to consider of measures that might save their country:—"After such an expense of Roman blood," said he, "Otho himself, if he has a patriotic principle, would not tempt Fortune any more; since Cato and Scipio, in refusing to submit to Cæsar after the battle of Pharsalia, are accused of having unnecessarily sacrificed the lives of so many brave men in Africa, notwithstanding that they fought for the liberties of their country. Fortune, indeed, is capricious, and all men are liable to suffer by her inconstancy: yet good men have one advantage which she cannot deprive them of, and that is, to avail themselves of their reason in whatever may befall them." These arguments prevailed with the officers, and, on sounding the private men, they found them desirous of peace. Titianus himself was of opinion that they ought to send ambassadors to treat for a coalition;—in pursuance of which, Celsus and Gallus were charged with a commission to Cecina and Valens. As they were upon the road, they met some centurions, who informed them that Vitellius' army was advancing to Bedriacum, and that they were sent before by their generals with proposals for an accommodation. Celsus and Gallus commended their design, and desired them to go back with them to meet Cecina.

When they approached that general's army, Celsus was in great danger: for the cavalry that were beaten in the affair of the ambuscade, happened to be in the van; and they no sooner saw Celsus, than they advanced with loud shouts against him. The centurions, however, put themselves before him, and the other officers called out to them to do him no violence. Cecina himself, when he was informed of the tumult, rode up and quelled it, and after he had made his compliments to Celsus in a very obliging manner, accompanied him to Bedriacum.

In the mean time, Titianus repenting that he had sent the ambassadors, placed the most resolute of the soldiers again upon the walls, and exhorted the rest to be assisting. But when Cecina rode up and offered his hand, not a man of them could resist him. Some saluted his men from the walls, and others opened the gates; after which they went out and mixed with the troops that were coming up. Instead of acts of hostility, there was nothing but mutual caresses and other demonstrations of friendship; in consequence of which they all took the oath to Vitellius, and ranged themselves under his banner.

This is the account which most of those that were in the battle give of it; but, at the same time, they confess that they did not know all the particulars, because of the confused manner in which they fought, and the inequality of the ground. Long after, when I was passing over the field of battle, Mestrius Florus, a person of consular dignity, showed me an old man, who, in his youth, had served under Otho with others of the same age with himself, not from inclination, but by constraint.* He told me also, that, on visiting the field after the battle, he saw a large pile of dead bodies, as high as the head of a man; and upon inquiring into the reason, he could neither discover it himself, nor get any information about it. It was no wonder that there was a great carnage in case of a general rout, because, in a civil war, they make no prisoners; for such captives would be of no advantage to the conquerors; but it is difficult to assign a reason why the carcases should be piled up in that manner.

An uncertain rumour (as it commonly happens) was first

* From this passage Dacier would infer, that the life of Otho was not written by Plutarch. He says, a person who served a young man under Otho, could not be old at the time when Plutarch can be supposed to have visited that field of battle. His argument is this:—That battle was fought in the year of Christ sixty-nine: Plutarch returned from Italy to Chæronea about the end of Domitian's reign, in the year of Christ ninety-three or ninety-four, and never left his native city any more. As this retreat of Plutarch's was only twenty-four or twenty-five years after the battle of Bedriacum, he concludes that a person who fought in that battle a young man, could not possibly be old when Plutarch made the tour of Italy; and, therefore, conjectures that this, as well as the Life of Galba, must have been written by a son of Plutarch.

But we think no argument, in a matter of such importance, ought to be adduced from a passage manifestly corrupt: for, instead of *οντα παλαιον*, we must either read *ενα οντα παλαιον*, or *ιυν δε παλαιον ενα*, to make either Greek or sense of it.

Lamprias, in the Catalogue, ascribes these two Lives to his father. Nor do we see such a dissimilarity to Plutarch's other writings, either in the style or manner, as warrants us to conclude that they are not of his hand.

Henry Stevens did not, indeed, take them into his edition, because he found them amongst the *opuscula*; and as some of the *opuscula* were supposed to be spurious, he believed too hastily that these were of the number.

We think the loss of Plutarch's other Lives of the Emperors a real loss to the world, and should have been glad if they had come down to us, even in the same imperfect condition, as to the text, as those of Galba and Otho.

brought to Otho, and afterwards some of the wounded came and assured him that the battle was lost. On this occasion, it was nothing extraordinary that his friends strove to encourage him, and kept him from desponding; but the attachment of the soldiers to him exceeds all belief. None of them left him, or went over to the enemy, or consulted his own safety, even when their chief despaired of his. On the contrary, they crowded his gates; they called him emperor; they left no form of application untried;* they kissed his hands, they fell at his feet, and, with groans and tears, entreated him not to forsake them, nor give them up to their enemies, but to employ their hearts and hands to the last moment of their lives. They all joined in this request; and one of the private men drawing his sword, thus addressed himself to Otho.—“Know, Cæsar, what your soldiers are ready to do for you;” and immediately plunged the steel into his heart.

Otho was not moved at this affecting scene, but, with a cheerful and steady countenance, looking round upon the company, he spoke as follows:—“This day, my fellow-soldiers, I consider as a more happy one than that on which you made me emperor, when I see you thus disposed, and am so great in your opinion. But deprive me not of a still greater happiness, that of laying down my life with honour for so many generous Romans. If I am worthy of the Roman empire, I ought to shed my blood for my country. I know the victory my adversaries have gained is by no means decisive. I have intelligence that my army from Mysia is at the distance of but a few days’ march; Asia, Syria, and Egypt, are pouring their legions upon the Adriatic; the forces in Judea declare for us; the senate is with us; and the very wives and children of our enemies are so many pledges in our hands. But we are not fighting for Italy with Hannibal, or Pyrrhus, or the Cimbrians; our dispute is with the Romans; and whatever party prevails, whether we conquer or are conquered, our country must bleed: under the victor’s joy she bleeds. Believe me, then, my friends, that I can die with greater glory than reign: for I know no benefit that Rome can reap from my victory, equal to what I shall confer upon her by sacrificing myself for peace and unanimity, and to prevent Italy from beholding such an other day as this!”

After he had made this speech, and showed himself immovable to those who attempted to alter his resolution, he desired his friends, and such senators as were present, to leave him, and provide for their own safety. To those who were absent,

* Instead of *εγίνοντο τροπαια*, which has nothing to do here, one of the commentators proposes to read *εγίνοντο παντοιο*, which is a common phrase with Plutarch.

he sent the same commands, and signified his pleasure to the cities by letters, that they should receive them honourably, and supply them with good convoys.

He then called his nephew Cocceius,* who was yet very young, and bade him compose himself, and not fear Vitellius:—"I have taken the same care," said he, "of his mother, his wife, and children, as if they had been my own: and, for the same reason, I mean for your sake, I deferred the adoption which I intended you: for I thought proper to wait the issue of this war, that you might reign with me if I conquered, and not fall with me if I was overcome. The last thing, my son, I have to recommend to you, is, neither entirely to forget, nor yet to remember too well, that you had an emperor for your uncle."

A moment after, he heard a great noise and tumult at his gate. The soldiers seeing the senators retiring, threatened to kill them if they moved a step farther, or abandoned the emperor. Otho, in great concern for them, showed himself again at the door, but no longer with a mild and supplicating air; on the contrary, he cast such a stern and angry look upon the most turbulent part of them, that they withdrew in great fear and confusion.

In the evening he was thirsty, and drank a little water. Then he had two swords brought him, and having examined the points of both a long time, he sent away the one, and put the other under his arm. After this, he called his servants, and, with many expressions of kindness, gave them money: not that he chose to be lavish of what would soon be another's; for he gave to some more, and to some less, proportioning his bounty to their merit, and paying a strict regard to propriety.

When he had dismissed them, he dedicated the remainder of the night to repose, and slept so sound, that his chamberlains heard him at the door. Early in the morning he called his freed-man, who assisted him in the care of the senators, and ordered him to make the proper inquiries about them. The answer he brought was, that they were gone, and had been provided with every thing they desired. Upon which he said,—“Go you, then, and show yourself to the soldiers, that they may not imagine you have assisted me in despatching myself, and put you to some cruel death for it.”

As soon as the freed-man was gone out, he fixed the hilt of his sword upon the ground, and holding it with both hands, fell upon it with so much force, that he expired with one groan. The servants, who waited without, heard the groan, and burst into a loud lamentation, which was echoed through the camp and the city. The soldiers ran to the gates with the most pitiable wailings and most unfeigned grief, reproaching them

* Tacitus and Suetonius call him Coccianus.

selves for not guarding their emperor, and preventing his dying for them. Not one of them would leave him to provide for himself, though the enemy was approaching. They attired the body in a magnificent manner, and prepared a funeral pile; after which, they attended the procession in their armour, and happy was the man that could come to support his bier. Some kneeled and kissed his wound, some grasped his hand, and others prostrated themselves on the ground, and adored him at a distance. Nay, there were some who threw their torches upon the pile, and then slew themselves. Not that they had received any extraordinary favours from the deceased, or were afraid of suffering under the hands of the conqueror: but it seems that no king or tyrant was ever so passionately fond of governing, as they were of being governed by Otho. Nor did their affection cease with his death; it survived the grave, and terminated in the hatred and destruction of Vitellius. Of that we shall give an account in its proper place.

After they had interred the remains of Otho, they erected a monument over them, which, neither by its size, nor any pomp of epitaph, could excite the least envy. I have seen it at Brixellum; it was very modest, and the inscription only thus:—

TO THE MEMORY OF
MARCUS OTHO.

Otho died at the age of thirty-seven, having reigned only three months. Those who find fault with his life, are not more respectable either for their numbers or for their rank, than those who applaud his death: for though his life was not much better than that of Nero, yet his death was nobler.

The soldiers were extremely incensed against Pollio, one of the principal officers of the guards, for persuading them to take the oath immediately to Vitellius; and being informed that there were still some senators on the spot, they let the others pass, but solicited Virginius Rufus in a very troublesome manner. They went in arms to his house, and insisted that he should take the imperial title, or at least be their mediator with the conqueror. But he who had refused to accept that title from them when they were victorious, thought it would be the greatest madness to embrace it after they were beaten. And he was afraid of applying to the Germans in their behalf, because he had obliged that people to do many things contrary to their inclinations. He, therefore, went out privately at another door. When the soldiers found that he had left them, they took the oath to Vitellius, and having obtained their pardon, were enrolled among the troops of Cecina

END OF THE LIVES.

AN ACCOUNT

OF

Weights, Measures, and Denominations of Money, *mentioned by PLUTARCH.*

(FROM THE TABLES OF DR. ARBUTHNOT.)

WEIGHTS.

	lb.	oz.	dwt.	gr.
THE Roman libra, or pound	00	10	18	13 $\frac{5}{8}$
The Attic mina, or pound	00	11	07	16 $\frac{2}{7}$
The Attic talent, equal to sixty minæ	56	11	07	17 $\frac{1}{7}$

DRY MEASURES OF CAPACITY.

	peck.	gal.	pints.
The Roman modius	1	0	0 $\frac{2}{3}$
The Attic chœnix, one pint, 15,705 $\frac{4}{8}$ solid inches, nearly	0	0	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
The Attic medimnus	4	0	6 $\frac{1}{10}$

LIQUID MEASURES OF CAPACITY.

	pints.	solid inches.
The cotyle	$\frac{1}{2}$	2,141 $\frac{1}{2}$
The cyathus	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	0,356 $\frac{11}{12}$
The chus	6	25,698

MEASURES OF LENGTH.

	Eng. paces.	ft.	in.
The Roman foot	0	0	11 $\frac{3}{8}$
The Roman cubit	0	1	5 $\frac{2}{3}$
The Roman pace	0	4	10
The Roman furlong	120	4	4
The Roman mile	967	0	0
The Grecian cubit	0	1	6 $\frac{1}{8}$
The Grecian furlong	100	4	4 $\frac{1}{3}$
The Grecian mile	805	5	0

N. B. In this computation, the English pace is five feet.

MONEY.

	£	s.	d.	q.
The quadrans about	0	0	0	0 $\frac{1}{2}$
The as	0	0	0	0 $\frac{3}{10}$
The sestertius	0	0	1	3 $\frac{3}{4}$
The sestertium, equal to 1000 sestertii . .	8	1	5	2
The denarius	0	0	7	3
The Attic obolus	0	0	1	1 $\frac{1}{6}$
The drachma	0	0	7	3
The mina, equal to 100 drachmæ	3	4	7	0
The talent, equal to 60 minæ	193	15	0	0
The stater-aureus of the Greeks, weighing two Attic drachmæ	0	16	1	3
The stater-daricus	1	12	3	0
The Roman aureus was of different value at different periods. According to the pro- portion mentioned by Tacitus, when it exchanged for twenty-five denarii, it was of the same value as the Grecian stater	0	16	1	3

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE,

FROM DACIER, AND OTHER WRITERS.



Years of the World.	Years before the first Olympiad.		Years before build'g Rome.	Years before Christ.
A. M.				B. C.
2437	737	DEUCALION's deluge	761	1511
2547	627	Minos I. son of Jupiter and Europa . .	651	1401
2698	486	Minos II. grandson of the first . . .	500	1250
THESEUS.				
2720	454	The expedition of the Argonauts . .	473	1228
2768	406	Theseus attended Jason in it Troy taken. Demophon the son of The- seus was at the siege	430	1180
2847	327	The return of the Heraclidæ to Pelo- ponnesus	351	1101
2580	294	The first war of the Athenians against Sparta	318	1068
2894	288	Codrus devotes himself		
2908	266	The Helots subdued by Agis	304	1055
3045	129	The Ionic migration	290	1040
		Lycurgus flourishes	153	904
3171	<i>Olympiads.</i> I.	THE FIRST OLYMPIAD.	25	774
ROMULUS.				
3198	vii. 1.	Rome built	—	750
3201	vii. 4.	The rape of the Sabine virgins . . .	4	747
3235	xvi. 1.	The death of Romulus	38	713
NUMA.				
3236	xvi. 3.	Numa elected king	39	712
3279	xxvii. 2.	Numa dies	82	669
SOLON.				
3350	xlvi. 1.	Solon flourishes	153	598
3350		Cylon's conspiracy	—	—
3354	xlvi. 1.	Epimenides goes to Athens, and expiates the city. He dies soon after, at the age of one hundred and fifty-four. The se- ven wise men; Æsop and Anacharsis flourish	167	594

<i>A. M.</i>	<i>Olympiad.</i>		<i>A. U. C.</i>	<i>B. C.</i>
3356	xlvi. 3.	Solon archon	159	592
		Cræsus king of Lydia		
3370	l. 1.	Pythagoras goes into Italy	173	578
		Pisistratus sets up his tyranny		
3391	lv. 2.	Cyrus, king of Persia	194	557
3401	lvii. 4.	Cræsus taken	204	547
PUBLICOLA				
3442	lxviii. 1.	Is chosen consul in the room of Collatinus Brutus fights Aruns, the eldest son of Tarquin. Both are killed	245	506
3443	lxviii. 3.	Publicola consul the third time. His colleague, Horatius Pulvillus, dedi- cates the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus Horatius Cocles defends the Sublician bridge against the Tuscans	247	504
3448	lxix. 3.	Publicola dies	251	500
		Zeno Eleates flourished	—	499
3459	lxxii. 1.	The battle of Marathon	262	489
CORIOLANUS				
3461	lxxii. 2.	Is banished, and retires to the Volsci	263	488
3462	lxxiii. 1.	Herodotus is born	265	486
3463	lxxiii. 2.	Coriolanus besieges Rome; but being prevailed upon by his mother to retire, is stoned to death by the Volsci . . .	266	485
ARISTIDES				
3467	lxxiv. 2.	Is banished for ten years, but recalled at the expiration of three	270	481
THEMISTOCLES.				
3470	lxxv. 1.	The battle of Salamis	273	478
3471	lxxv. 2.	The battle of Plataea	274	477
3474	lxxvi. 1.	Thucydides is born	277	474
3479	lxxvii. 2.	Themistocles is banished by the ostracism	282	469
CIMON				
3480	lxxvii. 3.	Beats the Persians, both at sea and land	283	468
3481	lxxvii. 4.	Socrates is born. He lived 71 years	284	467
3500	lxxxii. 3.	Cimon dies. Alcibiades born the same year. Herodotus and Thucydides flou- rish; the latter is twelve or thirteen years younger than the former . . .	303	448
		Pindar dies, eighty years old . . .	—	440
PERICLES				
3519	lxxxvii. 2.	Stirs up the Peloponnesian, war which lasts twenty-seven years. He was very young when the Romans sent the De- cemviri to Athens for Solon's laws	322	429

<i>A. M.</i>	<i>Olympiad.</i>		<i>A. U. C.</i>	<i>B. C.</i>
3521	lxxxvii. 4.	Pericles dies	324	427
3522	lxxxviii. 1.	Plato born	325	426
		Xerxes killed by Artabazus		
NICIAS.				
3535	xc. 2.	The Athenians undertake the Sicilian war	338	413
3537	xc. 4.	Nicias beaten and put to death in Sicily	340	411
ALCIBIADES				
3538	xcii. 1.	Takes refuge at Sparta, and afterwards amongst the Persians	—	—
3539	xcii. 2.	Dionysius the elder, now tyrant of Sicily	342	409
		Sophocles dies, aged ninety-one . .	—	407
		Euripides dies, aged seventy-five . .	—	406
LYSANDER				
3545	xciii. 4.	Puts an end to the Peloponnesian war, and establishes the thirty tyrants at Athens	348	403
		Thrasylulus expels them	—	401
3546	xciv. 1.	Alcibiades put to death by order of Phar- nabazus	349	402
ARTAXERXES MNEMON				
3549	xciv. 4.	Overthrows his brother Cyrus in a great battle. The retreat of the ten thousand Greeks, conducted by Xenophon . .	352	399
3550	xcv. 1.	Socrates dies	353	398
AGESILAUS				
3553	xcv. 4.	Ascends the Spartan throne	356	395
3554	xcvi. 1.	Lysander sent to the Hellespont . .	357	394
3555	xcvi. 2.	Agesilaus defeats the Persian cavalry. Lysander dies	—	—
3561	xcvii. 4.	The Romans lose the battle of Allia .	364	387
CAMILLUS				
3562	xcviii. 1.	Retires to Ardea	365	386
3566	xcix. 1.	Aristotle born	369	382
3569	xcix. 4.	Demosthenes born	372	379
3574	ci. 2.	Chabrias defeats the Lacedæmonians	377	374
3579	cii. 2.	Peace between the Athenians and Lace- dæmonians	382	36
		The important battle of Leuctra		
PELOPIDAS,				
3580	cii. 3.	General of the Thebans. He headed the sacred band the year before at Leuc- tra, where Epaminondas commanded in chief	383	368
3582	ciii. 1.	Dionysius the elder, tyrant of Sicily, dies, and is succeeded by his son . .	385	366
3584	ciii. 3.	Isocrates flourishes	387	364

<i>A. M.</i>	<i>Olympiad.</i>		<i>A. U. C.</i>	<i>B. C.</i>
TIMOLEON				
3585	ciii. 4.	Kills his brother Timophanes, who was setting himself up tyrant in Corinth	388	363
3586	civ. 1.	Pelopidas defeats Alexander, the tyrant of Phæræ, but falls in the battle	—	—
3587	civ. 2.	The famous battle of Mantinea, in which Epaminondas, though victorious, is killed by the son of Xenophon . . .	390	361
3588	civ. 3.	Camillus dies	391	360
3589	civ. 4.	Artaxerxes dies. So does Agesilaus	392	359
DION				
3593	cv. 4.	Expels Dionysius the younger . . .	396	355
3594	cvi. 1.	Alexander the Great born	397	354
3596	cvi. 3	Dion is killed by Callippus	399	352
DEMOSTHENES				
3598	cvii. 1.	Begins to thunder against Philip . . . Xenophon dies, aged ninety	401	350
3602	cviii. 1.	Plato dies, aged eighty, or eighty-one	405	346
3605	cviii. 4.	Timoleon sent to assist the Syracusans	408	343
3607	cix. 2.	Dionysius the younger sent off to Corinth	410	341
3609	cix. 4.	Epicurus born	412	339
3612	cx. 3.	The battle of Chæronea, in which Philip beats the Athenians and Thebans . . .	415	336
3613	cx. 4.	Timoleon dies	416	335
ALEXANDER THE GREAT				
3614	cx. 1.	Is declared general of all Greece, against the Persians, upon the death of his father Philip	417	334
3616	cx. 3.	The battle of the Granicus	419	333
3619	cxii. 2.	The battle of Arbela	422	325
3623	cxiii. 2.	Porus beaten	426	325
3627	cxiv. 1.	Alexander dies, aged thirty-three . . . Diogenes dies, aged ninety Aristotle dies, aged sixty-three . . .	430	321
—	—	—	—	319
PHOCION				
3632	cxv. 3.	Retires to Polyperchon, but is delivered up by him to the Athenians, who put him to death	435	316
EUMENES,				
3634	cxvi. 1.	Who had attained to a considerable rank amongst the successors of Alexander the Great, is betrayed to Antigonus, and put to death	437	314
DEMETRIUS,				
3636	cxvi. 4.	Surnamed Poliorcetes, permitted by his father Antigonus to command the ar-		

<i>A. M.</i>	<i>Olympiad.</i>		<i>A. U. C.</i>	<i>B. C.</i>
		my in Syria, when only twenty-two years of age	439	312
3643	cxviii. 2.	He restores the Athenians to their liberty, but they choose to remain in the worst of chains, those of servility and meanness	446	305
		Dionysius, the tyrant, dies at Heraclea, aged fifty-five		
		In the year before Christ 288, died Theophrastus, aged eighty-five		
		And in the year before Christ 285, Theocritus flourished		
PYRRHUS,				
3670	cxxy. 1.	King of Epirus, passes over into Italy, where he is defeated by Lævinus	473	272
3685	cxviii. 4.	The first Punic war, which lasted twenty-four years	488	263
3696	cxvxi. 3.	Philopœmen born	499	252
ARATUS,				
3699	cxvxi. 1.	Of Sicyon, delivered his native city from the tyranny of Nicocles	502	249
AGIS AND CLEOMENES,				
3723	cxviii. 2.	Contemporaries with Aratus; for Aratus being beaten by Cleomenes, calls in Antigonus from Macedonia, which proves the ruin of Greece	526	225
PHILOPÆMEN				
3727	cxvix. 2.	Thirty years old when Cleomenes took Megalopolis. About this time lived Hannibal, Marcellus, Fabius Maximus, and Scipio Africanus	530	221
3731	cxl. 4.	The second Punic war, which lasted eighteen years	534	217
3733	cxl. 2.	Hannibal beats the consul Flaminius at the Thrasymenean lake	536	215
3734	cxl. 1.	And the consuls Varro and Æmilius at Cannæ	537	214
3736	cxli. 3.	He is beaten by Marcellus at Nola	539	212
3738	cxlii. 1.	Marcellus takes Syracuse	541	210
3741	cxlii. 4.	Fabius Maximus seizes Tarentum	544	207
3747	cxliv. 2.	Fabius Maximus dies	550	201
3749	cxliv. 4.	Scipio triumphs for his conquests in Africa	552	199
TITUS QUINCTIUS FLAMINIUS				
3752	cxlv. 3.	Elected consul at the age of thirty	555	196
CATO THE CENSOR				
		Was twenty-one or twenty-two years		

<i>A. M.</i>	<i>Olympiad.</i>		<i>A. U. C.</i>	<i>B. C.</i>
3754	cxlvi. 1.	old when Fabius Maximus took Tarentum. See the preceding page. All Greece restored to her liberty by T. Q. Flaminius	557	194
3755	cxlvi. 2.	Flaminius triumphs; Demetrius, the son of Philip, and Nabis, tyrant of Lacedæmon, follow his chariot.	558	193
3766	cxlix. 1.	Cato triumphs for his conquests in Spain	569	182
3767	cxlix. 2.	Scipio Africanus dies Philopœmen dies The same year that Philopœmen dies,	570	181
PAULUS ÆMILIUS,				
3782	cliii. 1.	Then first consul, was beaten by Hannibal at Cannæ. When consul the second time, he conquered Perseus, and brought him in chains to Rome Now Terence flourished.	585	166
3490	clv. 1.	Paulus Æmilius dies	593	158
3794	clvi. 1.	Marius born	597	154
3501	clvii. 4.	The third Punic war, which continued four years Cato the Censor dies.	604	147
3804	clviii. 3.	Scipio Æmilianus destroys Carthage; and Mummius sacks and burns Corinth	607	144
—	—	Carneades dies, aged eighty-five	—	129
—	—	Polybius dies, aged eighty-one	—	123
TIBERIUS AND CAIUS GRACCHUS.				
3827	clxiv. 2.	The laws of Caius Gracchus	630	121
MARIUS				
3843	clxvii. 2.	Marches against Jugurtha Cicero born.	646	105
3844	clxviii. 3.	Pompey born	647	104
3846	clxix. 1.	Marius, now consul the second time, marches against the Cimbri	649	102
3850	clxxi. 1.	Julius Cæsar is born, in the sixth consulship of Marius Lucretius born	653	98
—	—		—	94
SYLLA,				
3855	clxxi. 2.	After his prætorship, sent into Cappadocia	658	93
3862	clxxiii. 1.	Makes himself master of Rome	665	86
3863	clxxiii. 2.	Takes Athens Marius dies the same year.	666	85
SERTORIUS				
3867	clxxiv. 2.	Sent into Spain	670	81
3868	clxxiv. 3.	The younger Marius beaten by Sylla; yet soon after he defeats Pontius Tele-		

<i>A. M.</i>	<i>Olympiad.</i>		<i>A. U. C.</i>	<i>B. C.</i>
		sinus, at the gates of Rome. Sylla enters the city, and being created dictator, exercises all manner of cruelties	671	80
		CRASSUS		
		Enriches himself with buying the estates of persons proscribed.		
		POMPEY,		
3869	clxxiv. 4.	At the age of twenty-five, is sent into Africa, against Domitius, and beats him	672	79
		CATO OF UTICA		
		Was younger than Pompey; for he was but fourteen years old when Sylla's proscriptions were in their utmost rage.		
		CICERO		
3870	clxxv. 1.	Defends Roscius against the practices of Sylla. This was his first public pleading. After this he retires to Athens, to finish his studies	673	78
3871	clxxv. 2.	Sylla, after having destroyed above one hundred thousand Roman citizens, proscribed ninety senators, and two thousand six hundred knights, resigns his dictatorship, and dies the year following	674	77
3874	clxxvi. 1.	Pompey manages the war in Spain against Sertorius	677	74
		LUCULLUS,		
3877	clxxvi. 4.	After his consulship, is sent against Mithridates	680	71
3879	clxxvii. 2.	Sertorius assassinated in Spain	682	69
3881	clxxvii. 4.	Crassus consul with Pompey.	684	67
3887	clxxix. 2.	Tigranes conquered by Lucullus	684	67
		Mithridates dies. Pompey forces the temple of Jerusalem	690	61
		Augustus Cæsar born.		
		JULIUS CÆSAR		
3891	clxxx. 2.	Appointed consul with Bibulus, obtains Illyria, and the two Gauls, with four legions. He marries his daughter Julia to Pompey	690	57
3897	clxxx. 4.	Crassus is taken by the Parthians, and slain	700	51
3902	elxxxiii. 1.	Cæsar defeats Pompey at Pharsalia	705	46
		Pompey flies into Egypt, and is assassinated there.		

<i>A. M.</i>	<i>Olympiad.</i>		<i>A. U. C.</i>	<i>B. C.</i>
3903	clxxxiii. 2.	Cæsar makes himself master of Alexandria, and subdues Egypt: after which, he marches into Syria, and soon reduces Pharnaces	706	45
3904	clxxxiii. 3.	He conquers Juba, Scipio, and Petreius, in Africa, and leads up four triumphs. Previous to which, Cato kills himself	707	44
3905	clxxxiii. 4.	Cæsar defeats the sons of Pompey, at Munda. Cneius falls in the action, and Sextus flies into Sicily. Cæsar triumphs the fifth time	708	43
BRUTUS.				
3906	clxxxiv. 1.	Cæsar is killed by Brutus and Cassius	709	42
3907	clxxxiv. 2.	Brutus passes into Macedonia	710	41
MARK ANTONY				
3907	clxxxiv. 2.	Beaten the same year, by Augustus, at Modena. He retires to Lepidus. The triumvirate of Augustus, Lepidus, and Antony, who divide the empire among them	710	41
3908	clxxxiv. 3.	The battle of Philippi, in which Brutus and Cassius, being overthrown by Augustus and Antony, lay violent hands on themselves	711	40
3909	clxxxiv. 4.	Antony leagues with Sextus, the son of Pompey, against Augustus	712	39
3910	clxxxv. 4.	Augustus and Antony renew their friendship after the death of Fulvia, and Antony marries Octavia	713	38
3918	clxxxvii. 1.	Augustus and Antony again embroiled	721	30
3919	clxxxvii. 3.	The battle of Actium Antony is beaten, and flies into Egypt, with Cleopatra	722	29
3920	clxxxvii. 3.	Augustus makes himself master of Alexandria. Antony and Cleopatra destroy themselves	723	28
GALBA				
Born.				
3947	cxci. 2.	Otho born	750	—
3981	ccii. 4.	Galba appointed consul	784	34
3982	cciii. 1.	The revolt of Vindex	785	35
4018	ccxi. 4.	Nero killed, and Galba declared emperor	820	70
OTHO				
4019	ccxii. 1.	Revolts, and persuades the soldiers to despatch Galba; upon which he is proclaimed emperor; and, three months after, being defeated by Vitellius, despatches himself	821	71

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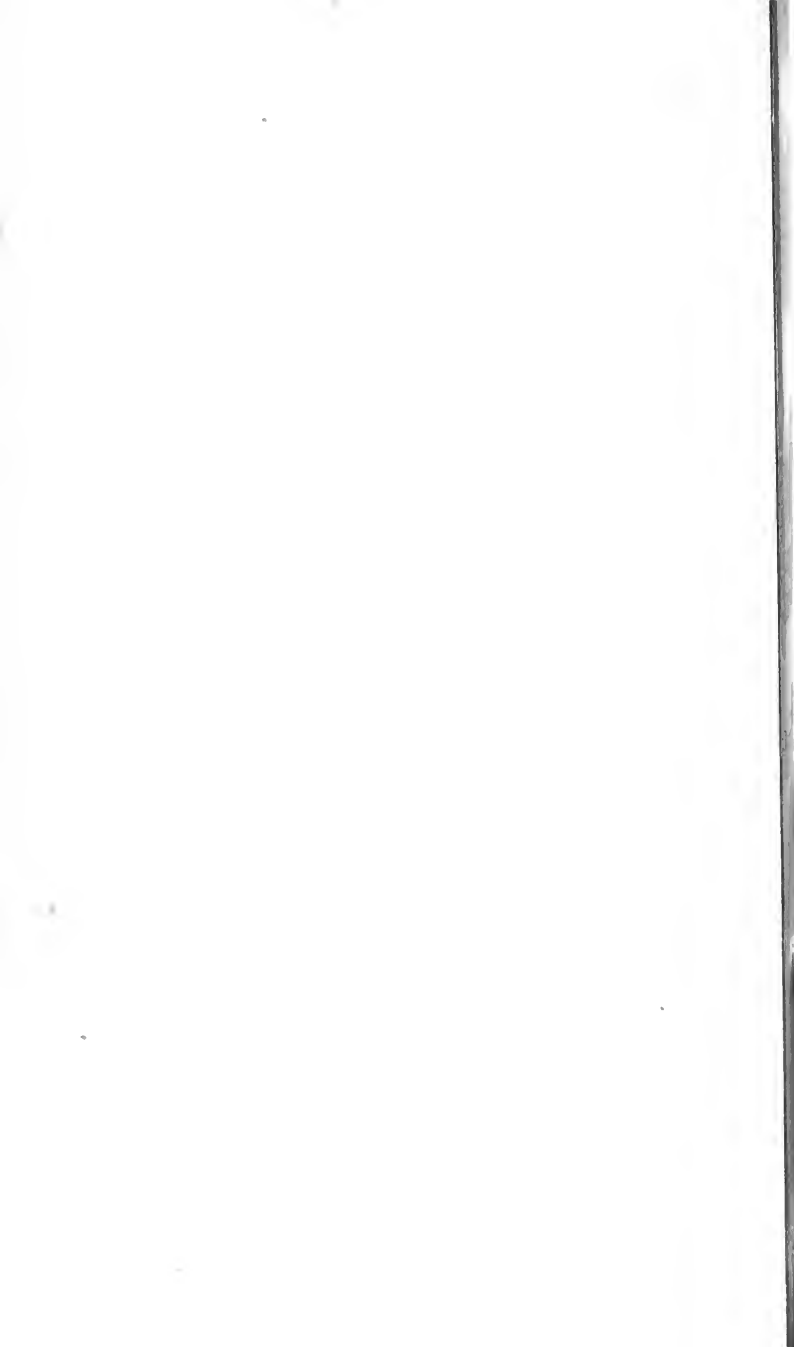
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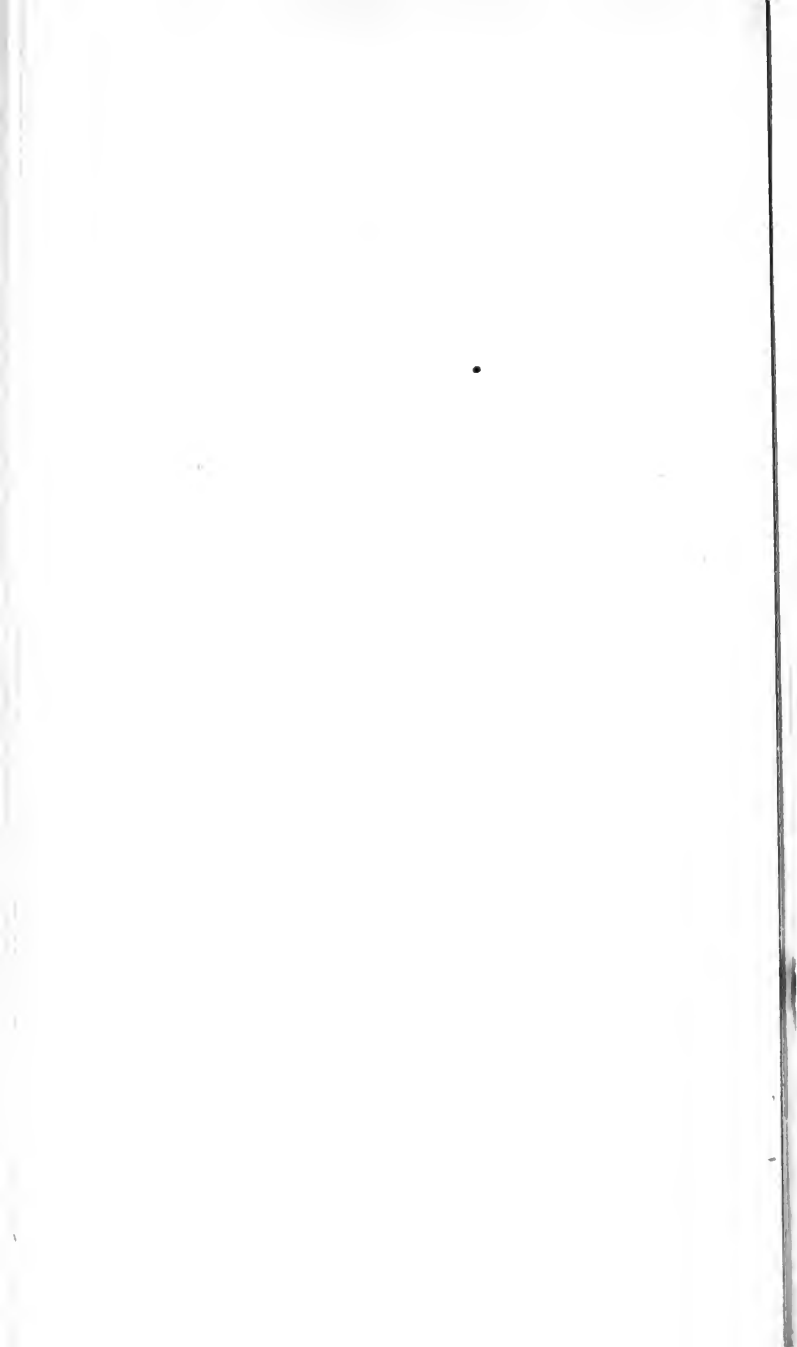
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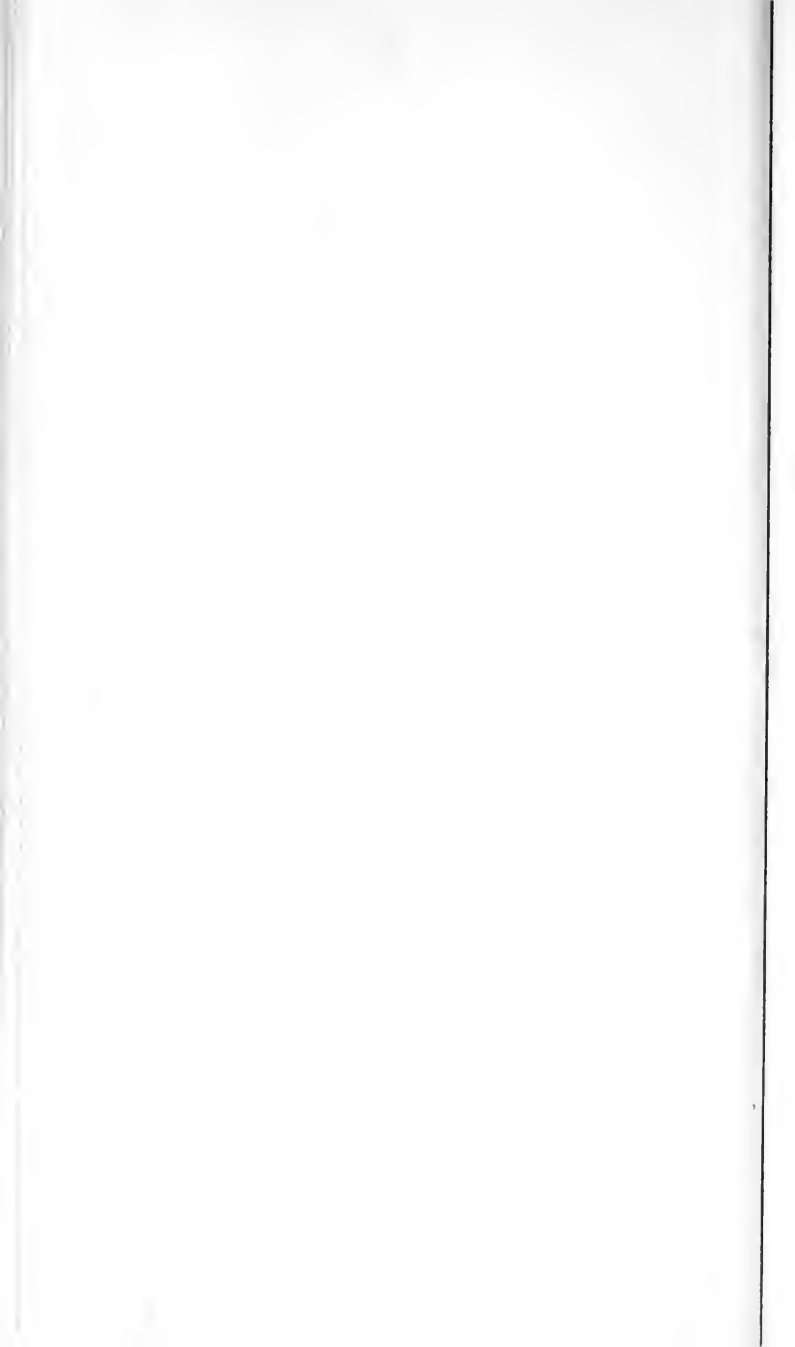
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