XENOPHON

CYROPAEDIA: THE EDUCATION OF CYRUS

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Содержание

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INTRODUCTION

A very few words may suffice by way of introduction to this translation of the *Cyropaedia*.

Professor Jowett, whose Plato represents the high-water mark of classical translation, has given us the following reminders: "An English translation ought to be idiomatic and interesting, not only to the scholar, but also to the unlearned reader. It should read as an original work, and should also be the most faithful transcript which can be made of the language from which the translation is taken, consistently with the first requirement of all, that it be English. The excellence of a translation will consist, not merely in the faithful rendering of words, or in the composition of a sentence only, or yet of a single paragraph, but in the colour and style of the whole work."

These tests may be safely applied to the work of Mr. Dakyns. An accomplished Greek scholar, for many years a careful and sympathetic student of Xenophon, and possessing a rare mastery of English idiom, he was unusually well equipped for the work

of a translator. And his version will, as I venture to think, be found to satisfy those requirements of an effective translation which Professor Jowett laid down. It is faithful to the tone and spirit of the original, and it has the literary quality of a good piece of original English writing. For these and other reasons it should prove attractive and interesting reading for the average Englishman.

Xenophon, it must be admitted, is not, like Plato, Thucydides, or Demosthenes, one of the greatest of Greek writers, but there are several considerations which should commend him to the general reader. He is more representative of the type of man whom the ordinary Englishman specially admires and respects, than any other of the Greek authors usually read.

An Athenian of good social position, endowed with a gift of eloquence and of literary style, a pupil of Socrates, a distinguished soldier, an historian, an essayist, a sportsman, and a lover of the country, he represents a type of country gentleman greatly honoured in English life, and this should ensure a favourable reception for one of his chief works admirably rendered into idiomatic English. And the substance of the *Cyropaedia*, which is in fact a political romance, describing the education of the ideal ruler, trained to rule as a benevolent despot over his admiring and willing subjects, should add a further element of enjoyment for the reader of this famous book in its English garb.

J. HEREFORD.

EDITOR'S NOTE

In preparing this work for the press, I came upon some notes made by Mr. Dakyns on the margin of his Xenophon. These were evidently for his own private use, and are full of scholarly colloquialisms, impromptu words humorously invented for the need of the moment, and individual turns of phrase, such as the references to himself under his initials in small letters, "hgd." Though plainly not intended for publication, the notes are so vivid and illuminating as they stand that I have shrunk from putting them into a more formal dress, believing that here, as in the best letters, the personal element is bound up with what is most fresh and living in the comment, most characteristic of the writer, and most delightful both to those who knew him and to those who will wish they had. I have, therefore, only altered a word here and there, and added a note or two of my own (always in square brackets), where it seemed necessary for the sake of clearness.

F. M. S.

BOOK I

(C.1) We have had occasion before now to reflect how often democracies have been overthrown by the desire for some other type of government, how often monarchies and oligarchies have been swept away by movements of the people, how often would-be despots have fallen in their turn, some at the outset by one stroke, while whose who have maintained their rule for ever so brief a season are looked upon with wonder as marvels of sagacity and success.

The same lesson, we had little doubt, was to be learnt from the family: the household might be great or small—even the master of few could hardly count on the obedience of his little flock. (2) And so, one idea leading to another, we came to shape our reflexions thus: Drovers may certainly be called the rulers of their cattle and horse-breeders the rulers of their studs—all herdsmen, in short, may reasonably be considered the governors of the animals they guard. If, then, we were to believe the evidence of our senses, was it not obvious that flocks and herds were more ready to obey their keepers than men their rulers? Watch the cattle wending their way wherever their herdsmen guide them, see them grazing in the pastures where they are sent and abstaining from forbidden grounds, the fruit of their own bodies they yield to their master to use as he thinks best; nor have we ever seen one flock among them all combining against

their guardian, either to disobey him or to refuse him the absolute control of their produce. On the contrary, they are more apt to show hostility against other animals than against the owner who derives advantage from them. But with man the rule is converse; men unite against none so readily as against those whom they see attempting to rule over them. (3) As long, therefore, as we followed these reflexions, we could not but conclude that man is by nature fitted to govern all creatures, except his fellow-man. But when we came to realise the character of Cyrus the Persian, we were led to a change of mind: here is a man, we said, who won for himself obedience from thousands of his fellows, from cities and tribes innumerable: we must ask ourselves whether the government of men is after all an impossible or even a difficult task, provided one set about it in the right way. Cyrus, we know, found the readiest obedience in his subjects, though some of them dwelt at a distance which it would take days and months to traverse, and among them were men who had never set eyes on him, and for the matter of that could never hope to do so, and yet they were willing to obey him. (4) Cyrus did indeed eclipse all other monarchs, before or since, and I include not only those who have inherited their power, but those who have won empire by their own exertions. How far he surpassed them all may be felt if we remember that no Scythian, although the Scythians are reckoned by their myriads, has ever succeeded in dominating a foreign nation; indeed the Scythian would be well content could he but keep his government unbroken over his own tribe and

people. The same is true of the Thracians and the Illyrians, and indeed of all other nations within our ken; in Europe, at any rate, their condition is even now one of independence, and of such separation as would seem to be permanent. Now this was the state in which Cyrus found the tribes and peoples of Asia when, at the head of a small Persian force, he started on his career. The Medes and the Hyrcanians accepted his leadership willingly, but it was through conquest that he won Syria, Assyria, Arabia, Cappadocia, the two Phrygias, Lydia, Caria, Phoenicia, and Babylonia. Then he established his rule over the Bactrians, Indians, and Cilicians, over the Sakians, Paphlagonians, and Magadidians, over a host of other tribes the very names of which defy the memory of the chronicler; and last of all he brought the Hellenes in Asia beneath his sway, and by a descent on the seaboard Cyprus and Egypt also.

(5) It is obvious that among this congeries of nations few, if any, could have spoken the same language as himself, or understood one another, but none the less Cyrus was able so to penetrate that vast extent of country by the sheer terror of his personality that the inhabitants were prostrate before him: not one of them dared lift hand against him. And yet he was able, at the same time, to inspire them all with so deep a desire to please him and win his favour that all they asked was to be guided by his judgment and his alone. Thus he knit to himself a complex of nationalities so vast that it would have taxed a man's endurance merely to traverse his empire in any one direction, east or west

or south or north, from the palace which was its centre. For ourselves, considering his title to our admiration proved, we set ourselves to inquire what his parentage might have been and his natural parts, and how he was trained and brought up to attain so high a pitch of excellence in the government of men. And all we could learn from others about him or felt we might infer for ourselves we will here endeavour to set forth.

(C.2) The father of Cyrus, so runs the story, was Cambyses, a king of the Persians, and one of the Perseidae, who look to Perseus as the founder of their race. His mother, it is agreed, was Mandane, the daughter of Astyages, king of the Medes. Of Cyrus himself, even now in the songs and stories of the East the record lives that nature made him most fair to look upon, and set in his heart the threefold love of man, of knowledge, and of honour. He would endure all labours, he would undergo all dangers, for the sake of glory. (2) Blest by nature with such gifts of soul and body, his memory lives to this day in the mindful heart of ages. It is true that he was brought up according to the laws and customs of the Persians, and of these laws it must be noted that while they aim, as laws elsewhere, at the common weal, their guiding principle is far other than that which most nations follow. Most states permit their citizens to bring up their own children at their own discretion, and allow the grown men to regulate their own lives at their own will, and then they lay down certain prohibitions, for example, not to pick and steal, not to break into another man's house, not to strike a man unjustly,

not to commit adultery, not to disobey the magistrate, and so forth; and on the transgressor they impose a penalty. (3) But the Persian laws try, as it were, to steal a march on time, to make their citizens from the beginning incapable of setting their hearts on any wickedness or shameful conduct whatsoever. And this is how they set about their object.

In their cities they have an open place or square dedicated to Freedom (Free Square they call it), where stand the palace and other public buildings. From this place all goods for sale are rigidly excluded, and all hawkers and hucksters with their yells and cries and vulgarities. They must go elsewhere, so that their clamour may not mingle with and mar the grace and orderliness of the educated classes. (4) This square, where the public buildings stand, is divided into four quarters which are assigned as follows: one for the boys, another for the youths, a third for the grown men, and the last for those who are past the age of military service. The law requires all the citizens to present themselves at certain times and seasons in their appointed places. The lads and the grown men must be there at daybreak; the elders may, as a rule, choose their own time, except on certain fixed days, when they too are expected to present themselves like the rest. Moreover, the young men are bound to sleep at night round the public buildings, with their arms at their side; only the married men among them are exempt, and need not be on duty at night unless notice has been given, though even in their case frequent absence is thought unseemly. (5) Over each of these

divisions are placed twelve governors, twelve being the number of the Persian tribes. The governors of the boys are chosen from the elders, and those are appointed who are thought best fitted to make the best of their lads: the governors of the youths are selected from the grown men, and on the same principle; and for the grown men themselves and their own governors; the choice falls on those who will, it is hoped, make them most prompt to carry out their appointed duties, and fulfil the commands imposed by the supreme authority. Finally, the elders themselves have presidents of their own, chosen to see that they too perform their duty to the full.

(6) We will now describe the services demanded from the different classes, and thus it will appear how the Persians endeavour to improve their citizens. The boys go to school and give their time to learning justice and righteousness: they will tell you they come for that purpose, and the phrase is as natural with them as it is for us to speak of lads learning their letters. The masters spend the chief part of the day in deciding cases for their pupils: for in this boy-world, as in the grown-up world without, occasions of indictment are never far to seek. There will be charges, we know, of picking and stealing, of violence, of fraud, of calumny, and so forth. The case is heard and the offender, if shown to be guilty, is punished. (7) Nor does he escape who is found to have accused one of his fellows unfairly. And there is one charge the judges do not hesitate to deal with, a charge which is the source of much hatred among grown men, but which they

seldom press in the courts, the charge of ingratitude. The culprit convicted of refusing to repay a debt of kindness when it was fully in his power meets with severe chastisement. They reason that the ungrateful man is the most likely to forget his duty to the gods, to his parents, to his fatherland, and his friends. Shamelessness, they hold, treads close on the heels of ingratitude, and thus ingratitude is the ringleader and chief instigator to every kind of baseness. (8) Further, the boys are instructed in temperance and self-restraint, and they find the utmost help towards the attainment of this virtue in the self-respecting behaviour of their elders, shown them day by day. Then they are taught to obey their rulers, and here again nothing is of greater value than the studied obedience to authority manifested by their elders everywhere. Continence in meat and drink is another branch of instruction, and they have no better aid in this than, first, the example of their elders, who never withdraw to satisfy their carnal cravings until those in authority dismiss them, and next, the rule that the boys must take their food, not with their mother but with their master, and not till the governor gives the sign. They bring from home the staple of their meal, dry bread with nasturtium for a relish, and to slake their thirst they bring a drinking-cup, to dip in the running stream. In addition, they are taught to shoot with the bow and to fling the javelin.

The lads follow their studies till the age of sixteen or seventeen, and then they take their places as young men.

(9) After that they spend their time as follows. For ten years

they are bound to sleep at night round the public buildings, as we said before, and this for two reasons, to guard the community and to practise self-restraint; because that season of life, the Persians conceive, stands most in need of care. During the day they present themselves before the governors for service to the state, and, whenever necessary, they remain in a body round the public buildings. Moreover, when the king goes out to hunt, which he will do several times a month, he takes half the company with him, and each man must carry bow and arrows, a sheathed dagger, or "sagaris," slung beside the quiver, a light shield, and two javelins, one to hurl and the other to use, if need be, at close quarters. (10) The reason of this public sanction for the chase is not far to seek; the king leads just as he does in war, hunting in person at the head of the field, and making his men follow, because it is felt that the exercise itself is the best possible training for the needs of war. It accustoms a man to early rising; it hardens him to endure heat and cold; it teaches him to march and to run at the top of his speed; he must perforce learn to let fly arrow and javelin the moment the quarry is across his path; and, above all, the edge of his spirit must needs be sharpened by encountering any of the mightier beasts: he must deal his stroke when the creature closes, and stand on guard when it makes its rush: indeed, it would be hard to find a case in war that has not its parallel in the chase. (11) But to proceed: the young men set out with provisions that are ampler, naturally, than the boys' fare, but otherwise the same. During the chase itself they would not

think of breaking their fast, but if a halt is called, to beat up the game, or for any hunter's reason, then they will make, as it were, a dinner of their breakfast, and, hunting again on the morrow till dinner-time, they will count the two days as one, because they have only eaten one day's food. This they do in order that, if the like necessity should arise in war, they may be found equal to it. As relish to their bread these young men have whatever they may kill in the chase, or failing that, nasturtium like the boys. And if one should ask how they can enjoy the meal with nasturtium for their only condiment and water for their only drink, let him bethink himself how sweet barley bread and wheaten can taste to the hungry man and water to the thirsty. (12) As for the young men who are left at home, they spend their time in shooting and hurling the javelin, and practising all they learnt as boys, in one long trial of skill. Beside this, public games are open to them and prizes are offered; and the tribe which can claim the greatest number of lads distinguished for skill and courage and faithfulness is given the meed of praise from all the citizens, who honour, not only their present governor, but the teacher who trained them when they were boys. Moreover, these young men are also employed by the magistrates if garrison work needs to be done or if malefactors are to be tracked or robbers run down, or indeed on any errand which calls for strength of limb and fleetness of foot. Such is the life of the youth. But when the ten years are accomplished they are classed as grown men. (13) And from this time forth for five-and-twenty years they live as

follows.

First they present themselves, as in youth, before the magistrates for service to the state wherever there is need for strength and sound sense combined. If an expedition be on foot the men of this grade march out, not armed with the bow or the light shield any longer, but equipped with what are called the close-combat arms, a breastplate up to the throat, a buckler on the left arm (just as the Persian warrior appears in pictures), and for the right hand a dagger or a sword. Lastly, it is from this grade that all the magistrates are appointed except the teachers for the boys. But when the five-and-twenty years are over and the men have reached the age of fifty years or more, then they take rank as elders, and the title is deserved. (14) These elders no longer go on military service beyond the frontier; they stay at home and decide all cases, public and private both. Even capital charges are left to their decision, and it is they who choose all the magistrates. If a youth or a grown man breaks the law he is brought into court by the governors of his tribe, who act as suitors in the case, aided by any other citizen who pleases. The cause is heard before the elders and they pronounce judgment; and the man who is condemned is disenfranchised for the rest of his days.

(15) And now, to complete the picture of the whole Persian policy, I will go back a little. With the help of what has been said before, the account may now be brief; the Persians are said to number something like one hundred and twenty thousand men:

and of these no one is by law debarred from honour or office. On the contrary, every Persian is entitled to send his children to the public schools of righteousness and justice. As a fact, all who can afford to bring up their children without working do send them there: those who cannot must forego the privilege. A lad who has passed through a public school has a right to go and take his place among the youths, but those who have not gone through the first course may not join them. In the same way the youths who have fulfilled the duties of their class are entitled eventually to rank with the men, and to share in office and honour: but they must first spend their full time among the youths; if not, they go no further. Finally, those who as grown men have lived without reproach may take their station at last among the elders. Thus these elders form a college, every member of which has passed through the full circle of noble learning; and this is that Persian polity and that Persian training which, in their belief, can win them the flower of excellence. (16) And even to this day signs are left bearing witness to that ancient temperance of theirs and the ancient discipline that preserved it. To this day it is still considered shameful for a Persian to spit in public, or wipe the nose, or show signs of wind, or be seen going apart for his natural needs. And they could not keep to this standard unless they were accustomed to a temperate diet, and were trained to exercise and toil, so that the humours of the body were drawn off in other ways. Hitherto we have spoken of the Persians as a whole: we will now go back to our starting-point and recount the deeds of

Cyrus from his childhood.

(C.3) Until he was twelve years old or more, Cyrus was brought up in the manner we have described, and showed himself to be above all his fellows in his aptitude for learning and in the noble and manly performance of every duty. But about this time, Astyages sent for his daughter and her son, desiring greatly to see him because he had heard how noble and fair he was. So it fell out that Mandane came to Astyages, bringing her son Cyrus with her. (2) And as soon as they met, the boy, when he heard that Astyages was his mother's father, fell on his neck and kissed him without more ado, like the loving lad nature had made him, as though he had been brought up at his grandfather's side from the first and the two of them had been playmates of old. Then he looked closer and saw that the king's eyes were stencilled and his cheeks painted, and that he wore false curls after the fashion of the Medes in those days (for these adornments, and the purple robes, the tunics, the necklaces, and the bracelets, they are all Median first and last, not Persian; the Persian, as you find him at home even now-a-days, still keeps to his plainer dress and his plainer style of living.) The boy, seeing his grandfather's splendour, kept his eyes fixed on him, and cried, "Oh, mother, how beautiful my grandfather is!" Then his mother asked him which he thought the handsomer, his father or his grandfather, and he answered at once, "My father is the handsomest of all the Persians, but my grandfather much the handsomest of all the Medes I ever set eyes on, at home or abroad." (3) At that

Astyages drew the child to his heart, and gave him a beautiful robe and bracelets and necklaces in sign of honour, and when he rode out, the boy must ride beside him on a horse with a golden bridle, just like King Astyages himself. And Cyrus, who had a soul as sensitive to beauty as to honour, was pleased with the splendid robe, and overjoyed at learning to ride, for a horse is a rare sight in Persia, a mountainous country, and one little suited to the breed.

(4) Now Cyrus and his mother sat at meat with the king, and Astyages, wishing the lad to enjoy the feast and not regret his home, plied him with dainties of every sort. At that, so says the story, Cyrus burst out, "Oh, grandfather, what trouble you must give yourself reaching for all these dishes and tasting all these wonderful foods!" "Ah, but," said Astyages, "is not this a far better meal than you ever had in Persia?" Thereupon, as the tale runs, Cyrus answered, "Our way, grandfather, is much shorter than yours, and much simpler. We are hungry and wish to be fed, and bread and meat brings us where we want to be at once, but you Medes, for all your haste, take so many turns and wind about so much it is a wonder if you ever find your way to the goal that we have reached long ago." (5) "Well, my lad," said his grandfather, "we are not at all averse to the length of the road: taste the dishes for yourself and see how good they are." "One thing I do see," the boy said, "and that is that you do not quite like them yourself." And when Astyages asked him how he felt so sure of that, Cyrus answered, "Because when you touch an

honest bit of bread you never wipe your hands, but if you take one of these fine kickshaws you turn to your napkin at once, as if you were angry to find your fingers soiled." (6) "Well and good, my lad, well and good," said the king, "only feast away yourself and make good cheer, and we shall send you back to Persia a fine strong fellow." And with the word he had dishes of meat and game set before his grandson. The boy was taken aback by their profusion, and exclaimed, "Grandfather, do you give me all this for myself, to do what I like with it?" "Certainly I do," said the king. (7) Whereupon, without more ado, the boy Cyrus took first one dish and then another and gave them to the attendants who stood about his grandfather, and with each gift he made a little speech: "That is for you, for so kindly teaching me to ride;" "And that is for you, in return for the javelin you gave me, I have got it still;" "And this is for you, because you wait on my grandfather so prettily;" "And this for you, sir, because you honour my mother." And so on until he had got rid of all the meat he had been given. (8) "But you do not give a single piece to Sacas, my butler," quoth the grandfather, "and I honour him more than all the rest." Now this Sacas, as one may guess, was a handsome fellow, and he had the right to bring before the king all who desired audience, to keep them back if he thought the time unseasonable. But Cyrus, in answer to his grandfather's question retorted eagerly, like a lad who did not know what fear meant, "And why should you honour him so much, grandfather?" Then Astyages laughed and said, "Can you not see how prettily he mixes the cup, and

with what a grace he serves the wine?" And indeed, these royal cup-bearers are neat-handed at their task, mixing the bowl with infinite elegance, and pouring the wine into the beakers without spilling a drop, and when they hand the goblet they poise it deftly between thumb and finger for the banqueter to take. (9) "Now, grandfather," said the boy, "tell Sacas to give me the bowl, and let me pour out the wine as prettily as he if I can, and win your favour." So the king bade the butler hand him the bowl, and Cyrus took it and mixed the wine just as he had seen Sacas do, and then, showing the utmost gravity and the greatest deftness and grace, he brought the goblet to his grandfather and offered it with such an air that his mother and Astyages, too, laughed outright, and then Cyrus burst out laughing also, and flung his arms round his grandfather and kissed him, crying, "Sacas, your day is done! I shall oust you from your office, you may be sure. I shall make just as pretty a cup-bearer as you—and not drink the wine myself!" For it is the fact that the king's butler when he offers the wine is bound to dip a ladle in the cup first, and pour a little in the hollow of his hand and sip it, so that if he has mixed poison in the bowl it will do him no good himself. (10) Accordingly, Astyages, to carry on the jest, asked the little lad why he had forgotten to taste the wine though he had imitated Sacas in everything else. And the boy answered, "Truly, I was afraid there might be poison in the bowl. For when you gave your birthday feast to your friends I could see quite plainly that Sacas had put in poison for you all." "And how did you discover that,

my boy?" asked the king. "Because I saw how your wits reeled and how you staggered; and you all began doing what you will not let us children do—you talked at the top of your voices, and none of you understood a single word the others said, and then you began singing in a way to make us laugh, and though you would not listen to the singer you swore that it was right nobly sung, and then each of you boasted of his own strength, and yet as soon as you got up to dance, so far from keeping time to the measure, you could barely keep your legs. And you seemed quite to have forgotten, grandfather, that you were king, and your subjects that you were their sovereign. Then at last I understood that you must be celebrating that 'free speech' we hear of; at any rate, you were never silent for an instant." (11) "Well, but, boy," said Astyages, "does your father never lose his head when he drinks?" "Certainly not," said the boy. "What happens then?" asked the king. "He quenches his thirst," answered Cyrus, "and that is all. No harm follows. You see, he has no Sacas to mix his wine for him." "But, Cyrus," put in his mother, "why are you so unkind to Sacas?" "Because I do so hate him," answered the boy. "Time after time when I have wanted to go to my grandfather this old villain has stopped me. Do please, grandfather, let me manage him for three days." "And how would you set about it?" Astyages asked. "Why," said the boy, "I will plant myself in the doorway just as he does, and then when he wants to go in to breakfast I will say 'You cannot have breakfast yet: HE is busy with some people,' and when he comes for dinner I will say 'No

dinner yet: HE is in his bath,' and as he grows ravenous I will say 'Wait a little: HE is with the ladies of the court,' until I have plagued and tormented him as he torments me, keeping me away from you, grandfather, when I want to come." (12) Thus the boy delighted his elders in the evening, and by day if he saw that his grandfather or his uncle wanted anything, no one could forestall him in getting it; indeed nothing seemed to give him greater pleasure than to please them.

(13) Now when Mandane began to think of going back to her husband, Astyages begged her to leave the boy behind. She answered that though she wished to please her father in everything, it would be hard to leave the boy against his will. (14) Then the old man turned to Cyrus: "My boy, if you will stay with us, Sacas shall never stop you from coming to me: you shall be free to come whenever you choose, and the oftener you come the better it will please me. You shall have horses to ride, my own and as many others as you like, and when you leave us you shall take them with you. And at dinner you shall go your own away and follow your own path to your own goal of temperance just as you think right. And I will make you a present of all the game in my parks and paradises, and collect more for you, and as soon as you have learnt to ride you shall hunt and shoot and hurl the javelin exactly like a man. And you shall have boys to play with and anything else you wish for: you have only to ask me and it shall be yours." (15) Then his mother questioned the boy and asked him whether he would rather stay

with his grandfather in Media, or go back home with her: and he said at once that he would rather stay. And when she went on to ask him the reason, he answered, so the story says, "Because at home I am thought to be the best of the lads at shooting and hurling the javelin, and so I think I am: but here I know I am the worst at riding, and that you may be sure, mother, annoys me exceedingly. Now if you leave me here and I learn to ride, when I am back in Persia you shall see, I promise you, that I will outdo all our gallant fellows on foot, and when I come to Media again I will try and show my grandfather that, for all his splendid cavalry, he will not have a stouter horseman than his grandson to fight his battles for him." (16) Then said his mother, "But justice and righteousness, my son, how can you learn them here when your teachers are at home?" "Oh," said Cyrus, "I know all about them already." "How do you know that you do?" asked Mandane. "Because," answered the boy, "before I left home my master thought I had learnt enough to decide the cases, and he set me to try the suits. Yes! and I remember once, said he, "I got a whipping for misjudgment. (17) I will tell you about that case. There were two boys, a big boy and a little boy, and the big boy's coat was small and the small boy's coat was huge. So the big boy stripped the little boy and gave him his own small coat, while he put on the big one himself. Now in giving judgment I decided that it was better for both parties that each should have the coat that fitted him best. But I never got any further in my sentence, because the master thrashed me here, and said that the

verdict would have been excellent if I had been appointed to say what fitted and what did not, but I had been called in to decide to whom the coat belonged, and the point to consider was, who had a right to it: Was he who took a thing by violence to keep it, or he who had had it made and bought it for his own? And the master taught me that what is lawful is just and what is in the teeth of law is based on violence, and therefore, he said, the judge must always see that his verdict tallies with the law. So you see, mother, I have the whole of justice at my fingers' ends already. And if there should be anything more I need to know, why, I have my grandfather beside me, and he will always give me lessons." (18) "But," rejoined his mother, "what everyone takes to be just and righteous at your grandfather's court is not thought to be so in Persia. For instance, your own grandfather has made himself master over all and sundry among the Medes, but with the Persians equality is held to be an essential part of justice: and first and foremost, your father himself must perform his appointed services to the state and receive his appointed dues: and the measure of these is not his own caprice but the law. Have a care then, or you may be scourged to death when you come home to Persia, if you learn in your grandfather's school to love not kingship but tyranny, and hold the tyrant's belief that he and he alone should have more than all the rest." "Ah, but, mother," said the boy, "my grandfather is better at teaching people to have less than their share, not more. Cannot you see," he cried, "how he has taught all the Medes to have less than himself? So set your

mind at rest, mother, my grandfather will never make me, or any one else, an adept in the art of getting too much."

(C.4) So the boy's tongue ran on. But at last his mother went home, and Cyrus stayed behind and was brought up in Media. He soon made friends with his companions and found his way to their hearts, and soon won their parents by the charm of his address and the true affection he bore their sons, so much so that when they wanted a favour from the king they bade their children ask Cyrus to arrange the matter for them. And whatever it might be, the kindliness of the lad's heart and the eagerness of his ambition made him set the greatest store on getting it done. (2) On his side, Astyages could not bring himself to refuse his grandson's lightest wish. For once, when he was sick, nothing would induce the boy to leave his side; he could not keep back his tears, and his terror at the thought that his grandfather might die was plain for every one to see. If the old man needed anything during the night Cyrus was the first to notice it, it was he who sprang up first to wait upon him, and bring him what he thought would please him. Thus the old king's heart was his.

(3) During these early days, it must be allowed, the boy was something too much of a talker, in part, may be, because of his bringing-up. He had been trained by his master, whenever he sat in judgment, to give a reason for what he did, and to look for the like reason from others. And moreover, his curiosity and thirst for knowledge were such that he must needs inquire from every one he met the explanation of this, that, and the other;

and his own wits were so lively that he was ever ready with an answer himself for any question put to him, so that talkativeness had become, as it were, his second nature. But, just as in the body when a boy is overgrown, some touch of youthfulness is sure to show itself and tell the secret of his age, so for all the lad's loquacity, the impression left on the listener was not of arrogance, but of simplicity and warm-heartedness, and one would gladly have heard his chatter to the end rather than have sat beside him and found him dumb.

(4) However, as he grew in stature and the years led him to the time when childhood passes into youth he became more chary of his words and quieter in his tone: at times, indeed, he was so shy that he would blush in the presence of his elders, and there was little sign left of the old forwardness, the impulsiveness of the puppy who will jump up on every one, master and stranger alike. Thus he grew more sedate, but his company was still most fascinating, and little wonder: for whenever it came to a trial of skill between himself and his comrades he would never challenge his mates to those feats in which he himself excelled: he would start precisely one where he felt his own inferiority, averring that he would outdo them all,—indeed, he would spring to horse in order to shoot or hurl the javelin before he had got a firm seat —and then, when he was worsted, he would be the first to laugh at his own discomfiture. (5) He had no desire to escape defeat by giving up the effort, but took glory in the resolution to do better another time, and thus he soon found himself as good a

horseman as his peers, and presently, such was his ardour, he surpassed them all, and at last the thinning of the game in the king's preserves began to show what he could do. What with the chasing and the shooting and the spearing, the stock of animals ran so low that Astyages was hard put to it to collect enough for him. Then Cyrus, seeing that his grandfather for all his goodwill could never furnish him with enough, came to him one day and said, "Grandfather, why should you take so much trouble in finding game for me? If only you would let me go out to hunt with my uncle, I could fancy every beast we came across had been reared for my particular delight!" (6) But however anxious the lad might be to go out to the chase, he had somehow lost the old childish art of winning what he wanted by coaxing: and he hesitated a long time before approaching the king again. If in the old days he had quarrelled with Sacas for not letting him in, now he began to play the part of Sacas against himself, and could not summon courage to intrude until he thought the right moment had come: indeed, he implored the real Sacas to let him know when he might venture. So that the old butler's heart was won, and he, like the rest of the world, was completely in love with the young prince.

(7) At last when Astyages saw that the lad's heart was really set on hunting in the open country, he gave him leave to go out with his uncle, taking care at the same time to send an escort of mounted veterans at his heels, whose business it was to keep watch and ward over him in any dangerous place or against any

savage beast. Cyrus plied his retinue with questions about the creatures they came across, which must he avoid and which might he hunt? They told him he must be on his guard against bears and wild-boars and lions and leopards: many a man had found himself at too close quarters with these dangerous creatures, and been torn to pieces: but antelopes, they said, and deer and mountain sheep and wild asses were harmless enough. And the huntsman, they added, ought to be as careful about dangerous places as about the beasts themselves: many a time horse and rider had gone headlong down a precipice to death. (8) The lad seemed to take all their lessons to heart at the time: but then he saw a stag leap up, and forgot all the wise cautions he had heard, giving chase forthwith, noticing nothing except the beast ahead of him. His horse, in its furious plunge forward, slipped, and came down on its knees, all but throwing the rider over its head. As luck would have it the boy managed to keep his seat, and the horse recovered its footing. When they reached the flat bottom, Cyrus let fly his javelin, and the stag fell dead, a beautiful big creature. The lad was still radiant with delight when up rode the guard and took him severely to task. Could he not see the danger he had run? They would certainly tell his grandfather, that they would. Cyrus, who had dismounted, stood quite still and listened ruefully, hanging his head while they rated him. But in the middle of it all he heard the view-halloo again: he sprang to his horse as though frenzied—a wild-boar was charging down on them, and he charged to meet it, and drawing his bow with

the surest aim possible, struck the beast in the forehead, and laid him low. (9) But now his uncle thought it was high time to scold his nephew himself; the lad's boldness was too much. Only, the more he scolded the more Cyrus begged he would let him take back the spoil as a present for his grandfather. To which appeal, says the story, his uncle made reply: "But if your grandfather finds out that you have gone in chase yourself, he will not only scold you for going but me for letting you go." "Well, let him whip me if he likes," said the boy, "when once I have given him my beasts: and you too, uncle," he went on, "punish me however you choose, only do not refuse me this." So Cyaxares was forced to yield:—"Have it your own way then, you are little less than our king already." (10) Thus it was that Cyrus was allowed to bring his trophies home, and in due course presented them to his grandfather. "See, grandfather, here are some animals I have shot for you." But he did not show his weapons in triumph: he only laid them down with the gore still on them where he hoped his grandfather would see them. It is easy to guess the answer Astyages gave:—"I must needs accept with pleasure every gift you bring me, only I want none of them at the risk of your own life." And Cyrus said, "If you really do not want them yourself, grandfather, will you give them to me? And I will divide them among the lads." "With all my heart," said the old man, "take them, or anything else you like; bestow them where you will, and welcome." (11) So Cyrus carried off the spoil, and divided it with his comrades, saying all the while, "What foolery it was,

when we used to hunt in the park! It was no better than hunting creatures tied by a string. First of all, it was such a little bit of a place, and then what scarecrows the poor beasts were, one halt, and another maimed! But those real animals on the mountains and the plains—what splendid beasts, so gigantic, so sleek and glossy! Why, the stags leapt up against the sky as though they had wings, and the wild-boars came rushing to close quarters like warriors in battle! And thanks to their breadth and bulk one could not help hitting them. Why, even as they lie dead there," cried he, "they look finer than those poor walled-up creatures when alive! But you," he added, "could not your fathers let you go out to hunt too?" "Gladly enough," answered they, "if only the king gave the order." (12) "Well," said Cyrus, "who will speak to Astyages for us?" "Why," answered they, "who so fit to persuade him as yourself?" "No, by all that's holy, not I!" cried Cyrus. "I cannot think what has come over me: I cannot speak to my grandfather any more; I cannot look him straight in the face. If this fit grows on me, I am afraid I shall become no better than an idiot. And yet, when I was a little boy, they tell me, I was sharp enough at talking." To which the other lads retorted, "Well, it is a bad business altogether: and if you cannot bestir yourself for your friends, if you can do nothing for us in our need, we must turn elsewhere." (13) When Cyrus heard that he was stung to the quick: he went away in silence and urged himself to put on a bold face, and so went in to his grandfather, not, however, without planning first how he could best bring in the matter. Accordingly

he began thus: "Tell me, grandfather," said he, "if one of your slaves were to run away, and you caught him, what would you do to him?" "What else should I do," the old man answered, "but clap irons on him and set him to work in chains?" "But if he came back of his own accord, how would you treat him then?" "Why, I would give him a whipping, as a warning not to do it again, and then treat him as though nothing had happened." "It is high time then," said the boy, "that you began getting a birch ready for your grandson: for I am planning to take my comrades and run away on a hunting expedition." "Very kind of you to tell me, beforehand," said Astyages. "And now listen, I forbid you to set foot outside the palace grounds. A pretty thing," he added, "if for the sake of a day's hunting I should let my daughter's lamb get lost." (14) So Cyrus did as he was ordered and stayed at home, but he spent his days in silence and his brow was clouded. At last Astyages saw how bitterly the lad felt it, and he made up his mind to please him by leading out a hunting-party himself. He held a great muster of horse and foot, and the other lads were not forgotten: he had the beasts driven down into the flat country where the horses could be taken easily, and then the hunt began in splendid style. After the royal fashion—for he was present in person himself—he gave orders that no one was to shoot until Cyrus had hunted to his heart's content. But Cyrus would not hear of any such hindrance to the others: "Grandfather," he cried, "if you wish me to enjoy myself, let my friends hunt with me and each of us try our best." (15) Thereupon Astyages let them all go, while he

stood still and watched the sight, and saw how they raced to attack the quarry and how their ambition burned within them as they followed up the chase and let fly their javelins. But above all he was overjoyed to see how his grandson could not keep silence for sheer delight, calling upon his fellows by name whenever he came up with the quarry, like a noble young hound, baying from pure excitement. It gladdened the old man's heart to hear how gleefully the boy would laugh at one of his comrades and how eagerly he would applaud another without the slightest touch of jealousy. At length it was time to turn, and home they went, laden with their mighty trophies. And ever afterwards, so well pleased was the king with the day's hunting, that whenever it was possible, out he must go with his grandson, all his train behind him, and he never failed to take the boys also, "to please Cyrus." Thus did Cyrus spend his early life, sharing in and helping towards the happiness of all, and bringing no sorrow to any man.

(16) But when he was about fifteen years of age, it chanced that the young Prince of Assyria, who was about to marry a wife, planned a hunting-party of his own, in honour of the bridal. And, having heard that on the frontiers of Assyria and Media there was much game to be got, untouched and unmolested because of the war, the prince chose these marches for his hunting-ground. But for safety sake he took with him a large escort of cavalry and targeteers, who were to drive the beasts down from their lairs into the cultivated levels below where it was easy to ride. He set out to the place where the Assyrian outposts were planted

and a garrison on duty, and there he and his men prepared to take their supper, intending to begin the hunt with the morrow's dawn. (17) And as evening had fallen, it happened that the night-watch, a considerable body of horse and foot, arrived from the city to relieve the garrison on guard. Thus the prince found that he had something like a large army at his call: the two garrisons as well as the troop of horse and foot for the hunt. And then he asked himself whether it would not be the best of plans to drive off booty from the country of the Medes? In this way more lustre would be given to the chase, and there would be great store of beasts for sacrifice. With this intent he rose betimes and led his army out: the foot soldiers he massed together on the frontier, while he himself, at the head of his cavalry, rode up to the border fortresses of the Medes. Here he halted with the strongest and largest part of his company, to prevent the garrisons from sallying out, and meanwhile he sent picked men forward by detachments with orders to raid the country in every direction, waylay everything they chanced upon, and drive the spoil back to him.

(18) While this was going on news was brought to Astyages that the enemy was across the border, and he hastened to the rescue at once, himself at the head of his own body-guard, and his son with such troopers as were ready to hand, leaving word for others to follow with all despatch. But when they were in sight of the Assyrians, and saw their serried ranks, horse and foot, drawn up in order, compact and motionless, they came to

a halt themselves. (19) Now Cyrus, seeing that all the rest of the world was off to the rescue, boot and saddle, must needs ride out too, and so put on his armour for the first time, and could scarcely believe it was true, he had longed so often and so ardently to wear it all. And right beautiful it was, and right well it fitted the lad, the armour that his grandsire had had made for him. So he put on the whole accoutrement, mounted his charger, and galloped to the front. And Astyages, though he wondered who had sent the boy, bade him stay beside him, now that he had come. Cyrus, as he looked at the horsemen facing them, turned to his grandfather with the question, "Can those men yonder be our enemies, grandfather, those who are standing so quietly beside their horses?" "Enemies they are too for all that," said the king. "And are those enemies too?" the boy asked, "those who are riding over there?" "Yes, to be sure." "Well, grandfather, a sorry set they look, and sorry jades they ride to ravage our lands! It would be well for some of us to charge them!" "Not yet, my boy," answered his grandfather, "look at the mass of horsemen there. If we were to charge the others now, these friends of theirs would charge us, for our full strength is not yet on the field." "Yes, but," suggested the boy, "if you stay here yourself, ready to receive our supporters, those fellows will be afraid to stir either, and the cattle-lifters will drop their booty quick enough, as soon as they find they are attacked."

(20) Astyages felt there was much in what the boy said, and thinking all the while what wonderful sense he showed and how

wide-awake he was, gave orders for his son to take a squadron of horse and charge the raiders. "If the main body move to attack," he added, "I will charge myself and give them enough to do here." Accordingly Cyaxares took a detachment of horse and galloped to the field. Cyrus seeing the charge, darted forward himself, and swept to the van, leading it with Cyaxares close at his heels and the rest close behind them. As soon as the plunderers saw them, they left their booty and took to flight. (21) The troopers, with Cyrus at their head, dashed in to cut them off, and some they overtook at once and hewed down then and there; others slipped past, and then they followed in hot pursuit, and caught some of them too. And Cyrus was ever in the front, like a young hound, untrained as yet but bred from a gallant stock, charging a wild-boar recklessly; forward he swept, without eyes or thought for anything but the quarry to be captured and the blow to be struck. But when the Assyrian army saw their friends in trouble they pushed forward, rank on rank, saying to themselves the pursuit would stop when their own movement was seen. (22) But Cyrus never slackened his pace a whit: in a transport of joy he called on his uncle by name as he pressed forward, hanging hot-foot on the fugitives, while Cyaxares still clung to his heels, thinking maybe what his father Astyages would say if he hung back, and the others still followed close behind them, even the faint-hearted changed into heroes for the nonce.

Now Astyages, watching their furious onslaught, and seeing the enemy move steadily forward in close array to meet them,

decided to advance without a moment's delay himself, for fear that his son and Cyrus might come to harm, crashing in disorder against the solid battalions of the foe. (23) The Assyrians saw the movement of the king and came to a halt, spears levelled and bows bent, expecting that, when their assailants came within range, they would halt likewise as they had usually done before. For hitherto, whenever the armies met, they would only charge up to a certain distance, and there take flying shots, and so keep up the skirmish until evening fell. But now the Assyrians saw their own men borne down on them in rout, with Cyrus and his comrades at their heels in full career, while Astyages and his cavalry were already within bowshot. It was more than they could face, and they turned and fled. After them swept the Medes in full pursuit, and those they caught they mowed down, horse and man, and those that fell they slew. There was no pause until they came up with the Assyrian foot. (24) Here at last they drew rein in fear of some hidden ambuscade, and Astyages led his army off. The exploit of his cavalry pleased him beyond measure, but he did not know what he could say to Cyrus. It was he to whom the engagement was due, and the victory; but the boy's daring was on the verge of madness. Even during the return home his behaviour was strange; he could not forbear riding round alone to look into the faces of the slain, and those whose duty it was could hardly drag him away to lead him to Astyages: indeed, the youth was glad enough to keep them as a screen between himself and the king, for he saw that the countenance of his grandfather

grew stern at the sight of him.

(25) So matters passed in Media: and more and more the name of Cyrus was on the lip of every man, in song and story everywhere, and Astyages, who had always loved him, was astonished beyond all measure at the lad. Meanwhile his father, Cambyses, rejoiced to hear such tidings of his son; but, when he heard that he was already acting like a man of years, he thought it full time to call him home again that he might complete his training in the discipline of his fatherland. The story tells how Cyrus answered the summons, saying he would rather return home at once so that his father might not be vexed or his country blame him. And Astyages, too, thought it his plain duty to send the boy back, but he must needs give him horses to take with him, as many as he would care to choose, and other gifts beside, not only for the love he bore him but for the high hopes he had that the boy would one day prove a man of mark, a blessing to his friends, and a terror to his foes. And when the time came for Cyrus to go, the whole world poured out to speed him on his journey—little children and lads of his own age, and grown men and greybeards on their steeds, and Astyages the king. And, so says the chronicle, the eyes of none were dry when they turned home again. (26) Cyrus himself, they tell us, rode away in tears. He heaped gifts on all his comrades, sharing with them what Astyages had given to himself; and at last he took off the splendid Median cloak he wore and gave it to one of them, to tell him, plainer than words could say, how his heart clung to him above

the rest. And his friends, they say, took the gifts he gave them, but they brought them all back to Astyages, who sent them to Cyrus again. But once more Cyrus sent them back to Media with this prayer to his grandfather:—"If you would have me hold my head up when I come back to you again, let my friends keep the gifts I gave them." And Astyages did as the boy asked.

(27) And here, if a tale of boyish love is not out of place, we might tell how, when Cyrus was just about to depart and the last good-byes were being said, each of his kinsmen in the Persian fashion—and to this day the custom holds in Persia—kissed him on the lips as they bade him god-speed. Now there was a certain Mede, as beautiful and brave a man as ever lived, who had been enamoured of Cyrus for many a long day, and, when he saw the kiss, he stayed behind, and after the others had withdrawn he went up to Cyrus and said, "Me, and me alone, of all your kindred, Cyrus, you refuse to recognize?" And Cyrus answered, "What, are you my kinsman too?" "Yes, assuredly," the other answered, and the lad rejoined, "Ah, then, that is why you looked at me so earnestly; and I have seen you look at me like that, I think, more than once before." "Yes," answered the Mede, "I have often longed to approach you, but as often, heaven knows, my heart failed me." "But why should that be," said Cyrus, "seeing you are my kinsman?" And with the word, he leant forward and kissed him on the lips. (28) Then the Mede, emboldened by the kiss, took heart and said, "So in Persia it is really the custom for relatives to kiss?" "Truly yes," answered

Cyrus, "when we see each other after a long absence, or when we part for a journey." "Then the time has come," said the other, "to give me a second kiss, for I must leave you now." With that Cyrus kissed him again and so they parted. But the travellers were not far on their way when suddenly the Mede came galloping after them, his charger covered with foam. Cyrus caught sight of him: —"You have forgotten something? There is something else you wanted to say?" "No," said the Mede, "it is only such a long, long while since we met." "Such a little, little while you mean, my kinsman," answered Cyrus. "A little while!" repeated the other. "How can you say that? Cannot you understand that the time it takes to wink is a whole eternity if it severs me from the beauty of your face?"

Then Cyrus burst out laughing in spite of his own tears, and bade the unfortunate man take heart of grace and be gone. "I shall soon be back with you again, and then you can stare at me to your heart's content, and never wink at all."

(C.5) Thus Cyrus left his grandfather's court and came home to Persia, and there, so it is said, he spent one year more as a boy among boys. At first the lads were disposed to laugh at him, thinking he must have learnt luxurious ways in Media, but when they saw that he could take the simple Persian food as happily as themselves, and how, whenever they made good cheer at a festival, far from asking for any more himself he was ready to give his own share of the dainties away, when they saw and felt in this and in other things his inborn nobleness and superiority

to themselves, then the tide turned and once more they were at his feet.

And when this part of his training was over, and the time was come for him to join the younger men, it was the same tale once more. Once more he outdid all his fellows, alike in the fulfilment of his duty, in the endurance of hardship, in the reverence he showed to age, and the obedience he paid to authority.

(2) Now in the fullness of time Astyages died in Media, and Cyaxares his son, the brother of Cyrus' mother, took the kingdom in his stead. By this time the king of Assyria had subdued all the tribes of Syria, subjugated the king of Arabia, brought the Hyrcanians under his rule, and was holding the Bactrians in siege. Therefore he came to think that, if he could but weaken the power of the Medes, it would be easy for him to extend his empire over all the nations round him, since the Medes were, without doubt, the strongest of them all. (3) Accordingly he sent his messengers to every part of his dominions: to Croesus, king of Lydia, to the king of Cappadocia, to both the Phrygias, to the Paphlagonians and the Indians, to the Carians and the Cilicians. And he bade them spread slanders abroad against the Persians and the Medes, and say moreover that these were great and mighty kingdoms which had come together and made alliance by marriage with one another, and unless a man should be beforehand with them and bring down their power it could not be but that they would fall on each of their neighbours in turn and subdue them one by one. So the nations listened to the

messengers and made alliance with the king of Assyria: some were persuaded by what he said and others were won over by gifts and gold, for the riches of the Assyrian were great. (4) Now Cyaxares, the son of Astyages, was aware of these plots and preparations, and he made ready on his side, so far as in him lay, sending word to the Persian state and to Cambyses the king, who had his sister to wife. And he sent to Cyrus also, begging him to come with all speed at the head of any force that might be furnished, if so be the Council of Persia would give him men-at-arms. For by this time Cyrus had accomplished his ten years among the youths and was now enrolled with the grown men. (5) He was right willing to go, and the Council of Elders appointed him to command the force for Media. They bade him choose two hundred men among the Peers, each of them to choose four others from their fellows. Thus was formed a body of a thousand Peers: and each of the thousand had orders to raise thirty men from the commons—ten targeteers, ten slingers, and ten archers —and thus three regiments were levied, 10,000 archers, 10,000 slingers, and 10,000 targeteers, over and above the thousand Peers. The whole force was to be put under the command of Cyrus. (6) As soon as he was appointed, his first act had been to offer sacrifice, and when the omens were favourable he had chosen his two hundred Peers, and each of them had chosen their four comrades. Then he called the whole body together, and for the first time spoke to them as follows:—

(7) "My friends, I have chosen you for this work, but this is not

the first time that I have formed my opinion of your worth: from my boyhood I have watched your zeal for all that our country holds to be honourable and your abhorrence for all that she counts base. And I wish to tell you plainly why I accepted this office myself and why I ask your help. (8) I have long felt sure that our forefathers were in their time as good men as we. For their lives were one long effort towards the self-same deeds of valour as are held in honour now; and still, for all their worth, I fail to see what good they gained either for the state or for themselves. (9) Yet I cannot bring myself to believe that there is a single virtue practised among mankind merely in order that the brave and good should fare no better than the base ones of the earth. Men do not forego the pleasures of the moment to say good-bye to all joy for evermore—no, this self-control is a training, so that we may reap the fruits of a larger joy in the time to come. A man will toil day and night to make himself an orator, yet oratory is not the one aim of his existence: his hope is to influence men by his eloquence and thus achieve some noble end. So too with us, and those like us, who are drilled in the arts of war: we do not give our labours in order to fight for ever, endlessly and hopelessly, we hope that we too one day, when we have proved our mettle, may win and wear for ourselves and for our city the threefold ornament of wealth, of happiness, of honour. (10) And if there should be some who have worked hard all their lives and suddenly old-age, they find, has stolen on them unawares, and taken away their powers before they have gathered in the fruit of all their

toil, such men seem to me like those who desire to be thrifty husbandmen, and who sow well and plant wisely, but when the time of harvest comes let the fruit drop back ungarnered into the soil whence it sprang. Or as if an athlete should train himself and reach the heights where victory may be won and at the last forbear to enter the lists—such an one, I take it, would but meet his deserts if all men cried out upon him for a fool. (11) Let not such be our fate, my friends. Our own hearts bear us witness that we, too, from our boyhood up, have been trained in the school of beauty and nobleness and honour, and now let us go forward to meet our foes. They, I know right well, when matched with us, will prove but novices in war. He is no true warrior, though he be skilled with the javelin and the bow and ride on horseback with the best, who, when the call for endurance comes, is found to fail: toil finds him but a novice. Nor are they warriors who, when they should wake and watch, give way to slumber: sleep finds them novices. Even endurance will not avail, if a man has not learnt to deal as a man should by friends and foes: such an one is unschooled in the highest part of his calling. (12) But with you it is not so: to you the night will be as the day; toil, your school has taught you, is the guide to happiness; hunger has been your daily condiment, and water you take to quench your thirst as the lion laps the stream. And you have that within your hearts which is the rarest of all treasures and the most akin to war: of all sweet sounds the sweetest sound for you is the voice of fame. You are fair Honour's suitors, and you must needs win your title to her

favour. Therefore you undergo toil and danger gladly.

(13) "Now if I said all this of you, and my heart were not in my words, I should but cheat myself. For in so far as you should fail to fulfil my hopes of you, it is on me that the shame would fall. But I have faith in you, bred of experience: I trust in your goodwill towards me, and in our enemy's lack of wit; you will not belie my hopes. Let us go forth with a light heart; we have no ill-fame to fear: none can say we covet another man's goods unlawfully. Our enemy strikes the first blow in an unrighteous cause, and our friends call us to protect them. What is more lawful than self-defence? What is nobler than to succour those we love? (14) And you have another ground of confidence—in opening this campaign I have not been forgetful of the gods: you have gone in and out with me, and you know how in all things, great and small, I strive to win their blessing. And now," he added, "what need of further words? I will leave you now to choose your own men, and when all is ready you will march into Media at their head. Meanwhile I will return to my father and start before you, so that I may learn what I can about the enemy as soon as may be, and thus make all needful preparations, so that by God's help we may win glory on the field."

(C.6) Such were his orders and they set about them at once. But Cyrus himself went home and prayed to the gods of his father's house, to Hestia and Zeus, and to all who had watched over his race. And when he had done so, he set out for the war, and his father went with him on the road. They were no sooner

clear of the city, so says the story, than they met with favourable omens of thunder and lightning, and after that they went forward without further divination, for they felt that no man could mistake the signs from the Ruler of the gods. (2) And as they went on their way Cyrus' father said to him, "My son, the gods are gracious to us, and look with favour on your journey—they have shown it in the sacrifices, and by their signs from heaven. You do not need another man to tell you so, for I was careful to have you taught this art, so that you might understand the counsels of the gods yourself and have no need of an interpreter, seeing with your own eyes and hearing with your own ears and taking the heavenly meaning for yourself. Thus you need not be at the mercy of any soothsayers who might have a mind to deceive you, speaking contrary to the omens vouchsafed from heaven, nor yet, should you chance to be without a seer, drift in perplexity and know not how to profit by the heavenly signs: you yourself through your own learning can understand the warnings of the gods and follow them."

(3) "Yes, father," answered Cyrus, "so far as in me lies, I bear your words in mind, and pray to the gods continually that they may show us favour and vouchsafe to counsel us. I remember," he went on, "how once I heard you say that, as with men, so with the gods, it was but natural if the prayer of him should prevail who did not turn to flatter them only in time of need, but was mindful of them above all in the heyday of his happiness. It was thus indeed, you said, that we ought to deal with our earthly

friends." (4) "True, my son," said his father, "and because of all my teaching, you can now approach the gods in prayer with a lighter heart and a more confident hope that they will grant you what you ask, because your conscience bears you witness that you have never forgotten them." "Even so," said Cyrus, "and in truth I feel towards them as though they were my friends." (5) "And do you remember," asked his father, "certain other conclusions on which we were agreed? How we felt there were certain things that the gods had permitted us to attain through learning and study and training? The accomplishment of these is the reward of effort, not of idleness; in these it is only when we have done all that it is our duty to do that we are justified in asking for blessings from the gods." (6) "I remember very well," said Cyrus, "that you used to talk to me in that way: and indeed I could not but agree with the arguments you gave. You used to say that a man had no right to pray he might win a cavalry charge if he had never learnt how to ride, or triumph over master-bowmen if he could not draw a bow, or bring a ship safe home to harbour if he did not know how to steer, or be rewarded with a plenteous harvest if he had not so much as sown grain into the ground, or come home safe from battle if he took no precautions whatsoever. All such prayers as these, you said, were contrary to the very ordinances of heaven, and those who asked for things forbidden could not be surprised if they failed to win them from the gods. Even as a petition in the face of law on earth would have no success with men."

(7) "And do you remember," said his father, "how we thought that it would be a noble work enough if a man could train himself really and truly to be beautiful and brave and earn all he needed for his household and himself? That, we said, was a work of which a man might well be proud; but if he went further still, if he had the skill and the science to be the guide and governor of other men, supplying all their wants and making them all they ought to be, that, it seemed to us, would be indeed a marvel." (8) "Yes, my father," answered Cyrus, "I remember it very well. I agreed with you that to rule well and nobly was the greatest of all works, and I am of the same mind still," he went on, "whenever I think of government in itself. But when I look on the world at large, when I see of what poor stuff those men are made who contrive to uphold their rule and what sort of antagonists we are likely to find in them, then I can only feel how disgraceful it would be to cringe before them and not to face them myself and try conclusions with them on the field. All of them, I perceive," he added, "beginning with our own friends here, hold to it that the ruler should only differ from his subjects by the splendour of his banquets, the wealth of gold in his coffers, the length and depth of his slumbers, and his freedom from trouble and pain. But my views are different: I hold that the ruler should be marked out from other men, not by taking life easily, but by his forethought and his wisdom and his eagerness for work." (9) "True, my son," the father answered, "but you know the struggle must in part be waged not against flesh and blood but against circumstances, and

these may not be overcome so easily. You know, I take it, that if supplies were not forthcoming, farewell to this government of yours." "Yes," Cyrus answered, "and that is why Cyaxares is undertaking to provide for all of us who join him, whatever our numbers are." "So," said the father, "and you really mean, my son, that you are relying only on these supplies of Cyaxares for this campaign of yours?" "Yes," answered Cyrus. "And do you know what they amount to?" "No," he said, "I cannot say that I do." "And yet," his father went on, "you are prepared to rely on what you do not know? Do you forget that the needs of the morrow must be high, not to speak of the outlay for the day?" "Oh, no," said Cyrus, "I am well aware of that." "Well," said the father, "suppose the cost is more than Cyaxares can bear, or suppose he actually meant to deceive you, how would your soldiers fare?" "Ill enough, no doubt," answered he. "And now tell me, father, while we are still in friendly country, if you know of any resources that I could make my own?" (10) "You want to know where you could find resources of your own?" repeated his father. "And who is to find that out, if not he who holds the keys of power? We have given you a force of infantry that you would not exchange, I feel sure, for one that was more than twice its size; and you will have the cavalry of Media to support you, the finest in the world. I conceive there are none of the nations round about who will not be ready to serve you, whether to win your favour or because they fear disaster. These are matters you must look into carefully, in concert with Cyaxares, so that nothing should ever

fail you of what you need, and, if only for habit's sake, you should devise some means for supplying your revenue. Bear this maxim in mind before all others—never put off the collecting of supplies until the day of need, make the season of your abundance provide against the time of dearth. You will gain better terms from those on whom you must depend if you are not thought to be in straits, and, what is more, you will be free from blame in the eyes of your soldiers. That in itself will make you more respected; wherever you desire to help or to hurt, your troops will follow you with greater readiness, so long as they have all they need, and your words, you may be sure, will carry the greater weight the fuller your display of power for weal or woe."

(11) "Yes, father," Cyrus said, "I feel all you say is true, and the more because as things now stand none of my soldiers will thank me for the pay that is promised them. They are well aware of the terms Cyaxares has offered for their help: but whatever they get over and above the covenanted amount they will look upon as a free gift, and for that they will, in all likelihood, feel most gratitude to the giver." "True," said the father, "and really for a man to have a force with which he could serve his friends and take vengeance on his foes, and yet neglect the supplies for it, would be as disgraceful, would it not? as for a farmer to hold lands and labourers and yet allow fields to lie barren for lack of tillage."

"No such neglect," answered the son, "shall ever be laid at my door. Through friendly lands or hostile, trust me, in this business

of supplying my troops with all they need I will always play my part."

(12) "Well, my son," the father resumed, "and do you remember certain other points which we agreed must never be overlooked?" "Could I forget them?" answered Cyrus. "I remember how I came to you for money to pay the teacher who professed to have taught me generalship, and you gave it me, but you asked me many questions. 'Now, my boy,' you said, 'did this teacher you want to pay ever mention economy among the things a general ought to understand? Soldiers, no less than servants in a house, are dependent on supplies.' And I was forced to tell the truth and admit that not a syllable had been mentioned on that score. Then you asked me if anything had been taught about health and strength, since a true general is bound to think of these matters no less than of tactics and strategy. And when I was forced to say no, you asked me if he had taught me any of the arts which give the best aid in war. Once again I had to say no and then you asked whether he had ever taught me how to kindle enthusiasm in my men. For in every undertaking, you said, there was all the difference in the world between energy and lack of spirit. I shook my head and your examination went on:—Had this teacher laid no stress on the need for obedience in an army, or on the best means of securing discipline? (14) And finally, when it was plain that even this had been utterly ignored, you exclaimed, 'What in the world, then, does your professor claim to have taught you under the name of generalship?' To that I could

at last give a positive answer: 'He taught me tactics.' And then you gave a little laugh and ran through your list point by point: —'And pray what will be the use of tactics to an army without supplies, without health, without discipline, without knowledge of those arts and inventions that are of use in war?' And so you made it clear to me that tactics and manoeuvres and drill were only a small part of all that is implied in generalship, and when I asked you if you could teach me the rest of it you bade me betake myself to those who stood high in repute as great generals, and talk with them and learn from their lips how each thing should be done. (15) So I consorted with all I thought to be of authority in these matters. As regards our present supplies I was persuaded that what Cyaxares intended to provide was sufficient, and, as for the health of the troops, I was aware that the cities where health was valued appointed medical officers, and the generals who cared for their soldiers took out a medical staff; and so when I found myself in this office I gave my mind to the matter at once: and I flatter myself, father," he added, "that I shall have with me an excellent staff of surgeons and physicians." (16) To which the father made reply, "Well, my son, but these excellent men are, after all, much the same as the tailors who patch torn garments. When folk are ill, your doctors can patch them up, but your own care for their health ought to go far deeper than that: your prime object should be to save your men from falling ill at all." "And pray, father," asked Cyrus, "how can I succeed in that?" "Well," answered Cambyses, "I presume if you are to stay long in one

place you will do your best to discover a healthy spot for your camp, and if you give your mind to the matter you can hardly fail to find it. Men, we know, are forever discussing what places are healthy and what are not, and their own complexions and the state of their own bodies is the clearest evidence. But you will not content yourself with choosing a site, you will remember the care you take yourself for your own health." (17) "Well," said Cyrus, "my first rule is to avoid over-feeding as most oppressive to the system, and my next to work off all that enters the body: that seems the best way to keep health and gain strength." "My son," Cambyses answered, "these are the principles you must apply to others." "What!" said Cyrus; "do you think it will be possible for the soldiers to diet and train themselves?" "Not only possible," said the father, "but essential. For surely an army, if it is to fulfil its function at all, must always be engaged in hurting the foe or helping itself. A single man is hard enough to support in idleness, a household is harder still, an army hardest of all. There are more mouths to be filled, less wealth to start with, and greater waste; and therefore an army should never be unemployed." (18) "If I take your meaning," answered Cyrus, "you think an idle general as useless as an idle farmer. And here and now I answer for the working general, and promise on his behalf that with God's help he will show you that his troops have all they need and their bodies are all they ought to be. And I think," he added, "I know a way by which an officer might do much towards training his men in the various branches of war. Let him propose competitions of

every kind and offer prizes; the standard of skill will rise, and he will soon have a body of troops ready to his hand for any service he requires." "Nothing could be better," answered the father. "Do this, and you may be sure you will watch your regiments at their manoeuvres with as much delight as if they were a chorus in the dance."

(19) "And then," continued Cyrus, "to rouse enthusiasm in the men, there can be nothing, I take it, like the power of kindling hope?" "True," answered his father, "but that alone would be as though a huntsman were for ever rousing his pack with the view-halloo. At first, of course, the hounds will answer eagerly enough, but after they have been cheated once or twice they will end by refusing the call even when the quarry is really in sight. And so it is with hope. Let a man rouse false expectations often enough, and in the end, even when hope is at the door, he may cry the good news in vain. Rather ought he to refrain from speaking positively himself when he cannot know precisely; his agents may step in and do it in his place; but he should reserve his own appeal for the supreme crises of supreme danger, and not dissipate his credit."

"By heaven, a most admirable suggestion!" cried Cyrus, "and one much more to my mind! (20) As for enforcing obedience, I hope I have had some training in that already; you began my education yourself when I was a child by teaching me to obey you, and then you handed me over to masters who did as you had done, and afterwards, when we were lads, my fellows and myself,

there was nothing on which the governors laid more stress. Our laws themselves, I think, enforce this double lesson:—'Rule thou and be thou ruled.' And when I come to study the secret of it all, I seem to see that the real incentive to obedience lies in the praise and honour that it wins against the discredit and the chastisement which fall on the disobedient." (21) "That, my son," said the father, "is the road to the obedience of compulsion. But there is a shorter way to a nobler goal, the obedience of the will. When the interests of mankind are at stake, they will obey with joy the man whom they believe to be wiser than themselves. You may prove this on all sides: you may see how the sick man will beg the doctor to tell him what he ought to do, how a whole ship's company will listen to the pilot, how travellers will cling to the one who knows the way better, as they believe, than they do themselves. But if men think that obedience will lead them to disaster, then nothing, neither penalties, nor persuasion, nor gifts, will avail to rouse them. For no man accepts a bribe to his own destruction." (22) "You would have me understand," said Cyrus, "that the best way to secure obedience is to be thought wiser than those we rule?" "Yes," said Cambyses, "that is my belief."

"And what is the quickest way," asked Cyrus, "to win that reputation?"

"None quicker, my lad, than this: wherever you wish to seem wise, be wise. Examine as many cases as you like, and you will find that what I say is true. If you wished to be thought a good farmer, a good horseman, a good physician, a good flute-player,

or anything else whatever, without really being so, just imagine what a world of devices you would need to invent, merely to keep up the outward show! And suppose you did get a following to praise you and cry you up, suppose you did burden yourself with all kinds of paraphernalia for your profession, what would come of it all? You succeed at first in a very pretty piece of deception, and then by and by the test comes, and the impostor stands revealed."

(23) "But," said Cyrus, "how can a man really and truly attain to the wisdom that will serve his turn?"

"Well, my son, it is plain that where learning is the road to wisdom, learn you must, as you learnt your battalion-drill, but when it comes to matters which are not to be learnt by mortal men, nor foreseen by mortal minds, there you can only become wiser than others by communicating with the gods through the art of divination. But, always, wherever you know that a thing ought to be done, see that it is done, and done with care; for care, not carelessness, is the mark of the wise man."

(24) "And now," said Cyrus, "to win the affection of those we rule—and there is nothing, I take it, of greater importance—surely the path to follow lies open to all who desire the love of their friends. We must, I mean, show that we do them good." "Yes, my child, but to do good really at all seasons to those we wish to help is not always possible: only one way is ever open, and that is the way of sympathy; to rejoice with the happy in the day of good things, to share their sorrow when ill befalls them, to lend

a hand in all their difficulties, to fear disaster for them, and guard against it by foresight—these, rather than actual benefits, are the true signs of comradeship. (25) And so in war; if the campaign is in summer the general must show himself greedy for his share of the sun and the heat, and in winter for the cold and the frost, and in all labours for toil and fatigue. This will help to make him beloved of his followers." "You mean, father," said Cyrus, "that a commander should always be stouter-hearted in everything than those whom he commands." "Yes, my son, that is my meaning," said he; "only be well assured of this: the princely leader and the private soldier may be alike in body, but their sufferings are not the same: the pains of the leader are always lightened by the glory that is his and by the very consciousness that all his acts are done in the public eye."

(26) "But now, father, suppose the time has come, and you are satisfied that your troops are well supplied, sound in wind and limb, well able to endure fatigue, skilled in the arts of war, covetous of honour, eager to show their mettle, anxious to follow, would you not think it well to try the chance of battle without delay?" "By all means," said the father, "if you are likely to gain by the move: but if not, for my own part, the more I felt persuaded of my own superiority and the power of my troops, the more I should be inclined to stand on my guard, just as we put our greatest treasures in the safest place we have." (27) "But how can a man make sure that he will gain?" "Ah, there you come," said the father, "to a most weighty matter. This is no easy task, I

can tell you. If your general is to succeed he must prove himself an arch-plotter, a king of craft, full of deceits and stratagems, a cheat, a thief, and a robber, defrauding and overreaching his opponent at every turn."

"Heavens!" said Cyrus, and burst out laughing, "is this the kind of man you want your son to be!" "I want him to be," said the father, "as just and upright and law-abiding as any man who ever lived." (28) "But how comes it," said his son, "that the lessons you taught us in boyhood and youth were exactly opposed to what you teach me now?" "Ah," said the father, "those lessons were for friends and fellow-citizens, and for them they still hold good, but for your enemies—do you not remember that you were also taught to do much harm?"

"No, father," he answered, "I should say certainly not."

"Then why were you taught to shoot? Or to hurl the javelin? Or to trap wild-boars? Or to snare stags with cords and caltrops? And why did you never meet the lion or the bear or the leopard in fair fight on equal terms, but were always trying to steal some advantage over them? Can you deny that all that was craft and deceit and fraud and greed?"

(29) "Why, of course," answered the young man, "in dealing with animals, but with human beings it was different; if I was ever suspected of a wish to cheat another, I was punished, I know, with many stripes."

"True," said the father, "and for the matter of that we did not permit you to draw bow or hurl javelin against human beings;

we taught you merely to aim at a mark. But why did we teach you that? Not so that you might injure your friends, either then or now, but that in war you might have the skill to make the bodies of living men your targets. So also we taught you the arts of deceit and craft and greed and covetousness, not among men it is true, but among beasts; we did not mean you ever to turn these accomplishments against your friends, but in war we wished you to be something better than raw recruits."

(30) "But, father," Cyrus answered, "if to do men good and to do men harm were both of them things we ought to learn, surely it would have been better to teach them in actual practice?"

(31) Then the father said, "My son, we are told that in the days of our forefathers there was such a teacher once. This man did actually teach his boys righteousness in the way you suggest, to lie and not to lie, to cheat and not to cheat, to calumniate and not to calumniate, to be grasping and not grasping. He drew the distinction between our duty to friends and our duty to enemies; and he went further still; he taught men that it was just and right to deceive even a friend for his own good, or steal his property. (32) And with this he must needs teach his pupils to practise on one another what he taught them, just as the people of Hellas, we are told, teach lads in the wrestling-school to fence and to feint, and train them by their practice with one another. Now some of his scholars showed such excellent aptitudes for deception and overreaching, and perhaps no lack of taste for common money-making, that they did not even spare their friends, but used their

arts on them. (33) And so an unwritten law was framed by which we still abide, bidding us teach our children as we teach our servants, simply and solely not to lie, and not to cheat, and not to covert, and if they did otherwise to punish them, hoping to make them humane and law-abiding citizens. (34) But when they came to manhood, as you have come, then, it seemed, the risk was over, and it would be time to teach them what is lawful against our enemies. For at your age we do not believe you will break out into savagery against your fellows with whom you have been knit together since childhood in ties of friendship and respect. In the same way we do not talk to the young about the mysteries of love, for if lightness were added to desire, their passion might sweep them beyond all bounds."

(35) "Then in heaven's name, father," said Cyrus, "remember that your son is but a backward scholar and a late learner in this lore of selfishness, and teach me all you can that may help me to overreach the foe."

"Well," said the father, "you must plot and you must plan, whatever the size of his force and your own, to catch his men in disorder when yours are all arrayed, unarmed when yours are armed, asleep when yours are awake, or you must wait till he is visible to you and you invisible to him, or till he is labouring over heavy ground and you are in your fortress and can give him welcome there."

(36) "But how," asked Cyrus, "can I catch him in all these blunders?"

"Simply because both you and he are bound to be often in some such case; both of you must take your meals sometime; both of you must sleep; your men must scatter in the morning to satisfy the needs of nature, and, for better for worse, whatever the roads are like, you will be forced to make use of them. All these necessities you must lay to heart, and wherever you are weaker, there you must be most on your guard, and wherever your foe is most assailable, there you must press the attack."

(37) Then Cyrus asked, "And are these the only cases where one can apply the great principle of greed, or are there others?"

"Oh, yes, there are many more; indeed in these simple cases any general will be sure to keep good watch, knowing how necessary it is. But your true cheat and prince of swindlers is he who can lure the enemy on and throw him off his guard, suffer himself to be pursued and get the pursuers into disorder, lead the foe into difficult ground and then attack him there. (38) Indeed, as an ardent student, you must not confine yourself to the lessons you have learnt; you must show yourself a creator and discoverer, you must invent stratagems against the foe; just as a real musician is not content with the mere elements of his art, but sets himself to compose new themes. And if in music it is the novel melody, the flower-like freshness, that wins popularity, still more in military matters it is the newest contrivance that stands the highest, for the simple reason that such will give you the best chance of outwitting your opponent. (39) And yet, my son, I must say that if you did no more than apply against human beings the

devices you learnt to use against the smallest game, you would have made considerable progress in this art of overreaching. Do you not think so yourself? Why, to snare birds you would get up by night in the depth of winter and tramp off in the cold; your nets were laid before the creatures were astir, and your tracks completely covered and you actually had birds of your own, trained to serve you and decoy their kith and kin, while you yourself lay in some hiding-place, seeing yet unseen, and you had learnt by long practice to jerk in the net before the birds could fly away. (40) Or you might be out after hares, and for a hare you had two breeds of dogs, one to track her out by scent, because she feeds in the dusk and takes to her form by day, and another to cut off her escape and run her down, because she is so swift. And even if she escaped these, she did not escape you; you had all her runs by heart and knew all her hiding-places, and there you would spread your nets, so that they were scarcely to be seen, and the very haste of her flight would fling her into the snare. And to make sure of her you had men placed on the spot to keep a look-out, and pounce on her at once. And there were you at her heels, shouting and scaring her out of her wits, so that she was caught from sheer terror, and there lay your men, as you had taught them, silent and motionless in their ambuscade. (41) I say, therefore, that if you chose to act like this against human beings, you would soon have no enemies left to fight, or I am much mistaken. And even if, as well may be, the necessity should arise for you to do battle on equal terms in open field, even so,

my son, there will still be power in those arts which you have studied so long and which teach you to out-villain villainy. And among them I include all that has served to train the bodies and fire the courage of your men, all that has made them adepts in every craft of war. One thing you must ever bear in mind: if you wish your men to follow you, remember that they expect you to plan for them. (42) Hence you must never know a careless mood; if it be night, you must consider what your troops shall do when it is day; if day, how the night had best be spent. (43) For the rest, you do not need me to tell you now how you should draw up your troops or conduct your march by day or night, along broad roads or narrow lanes, over hills or level ground, or how you should encamp and post your pickets, or advance into battle or retreat before the foe, or march past a hostile city, or attack a fortress or retire from it, or cross a river or pass through a defile, or guard against a charge of cavalry or an attack from lancers or archers, or what you should do if the enemy comes into sight when you are marching in column and how you are to take up position against him, or how deploy into action if you are in line and he takes you in flank or rear, and how you are to learn all you can about his movements, while keeping your own as secret as may be; these are matters on which you need no further word of mine; all that I know about them you have heard a hundred times, and I am sure you have not neglected any other authority on whom you thought you could rely. You know all their theories, and you must apply them now, I take it, according to circumstances and

your need. (44) But," he added, "there is one lesson that I would fain impress on you, and it is the greatest of them all. Observe the sacrifices and pay heed to the omens; when they are against you, never risk your army or yourself, for you must remember that men undertake enterprises on the strength of probability alone and without any real knowledge as to what will bring them happiness. (45) You may learn this from all life and all history. How often have cities allowed themselves to be persuaded into war, and that by advisers who were thought the wisest of men, and then been utterly destroyed by those whom they attacked! How often have statesmen helped to raise a city or a leader to power, and then suffered the worst at the hands of those whom they exalted! And many who could have treated others as friends and equals, giving and receiving kindnesses, have chosen to use them as slaves, and then paid the penalty at their hands; and many, not content to enjoy their own share of good, have been swept on by the craving to master all, and thereby lost everything that they once possessed; and many have won the very wealth they prayed for and through it have found destruction. (46) So little does human wisdom know how to choose the best, helpless as a man who could but draw lots to see what he should do. But the gods, my son, who live for ever, they know all things, the things that have been and the things that are and the things that are to be, and all that shall come from these; and to us mortals who ask their counsel and whom they love they will show signs, to tell us what we should do and what we should leave undone.

Nor must we think it strange if the gods will not vouchsafe their wisdom to all men equally; no compulsion is laid on them to care for men, unless it be their will."

NOTES

(This work concludes the translation of Xenophon undertaken by Mr. Dakyns. ("The Works of Xenophon," with maps, introductions, and notes, Vols. I.-III., Macmillan.) From references in the earlier vols. (e.g. Vol. I. pp. lvii., lxx., xc., cxiii., cxxxi.; Vol. III. Part I. pp. v.-vii.) it is plain the translator considered that the historical romance of the *Cyropaedia* was written in Xenophon's old age (completed *circa* 365 B.C.) embodying many of his own experiences and his maturest thoughts on education, on government, on the type of man, —a rare type, alone fitted for leadership. The figure of his hero, Cyrus the Great, the founder of the Persian empire, known to him by story and legend, is modelled on the Spartan king Agesilaus, whom he loved and admired, and under whom he served in Persia and in Greece (op. cit. Vol. II., see under *Agesilaus*, Index, and *Hellenica*, Bks. III.-V. *Agesilaus*, *an Encomium*, passim). Certain traits are also taken from the younger Cyrus, whom Xenophon followed in his famous march against his brother, the Persian king, up from the coast of Asia Minor into the heart of Babylonia (see the *Anabasis*, Bk. I., especially c. ix.; op. cit. Vol. I. p. 109). Clearly, moreover, many of the customs and institutions described in the work as Persian are really Dorian, and were still in vogue among Xenophon's

Spartan friends (vide e.g. *Hellenica*, Bk. IV., i. S28; op. cit. Vol. II. p. 44).)

C2.4. Qy. Were these tribal customs of the Persians, as doubtless of the Dorians, or is it all a Dorian idealisation?

C2.13. Good specimen of the "annotative" style with a parenthetic comment. The passage in brackets might be a gloss, but is it?

C3.3. When did Xenophon himself first learn to ride? Surely this is a boyish reminiscence, full of sympathy with boy-nature.

C3.12. Beautiful description of a child subject to his parents, growing in stature and favour with God and man.

C4.2. Perhaps his own grandson, Xenophon the son of Grylus, is the prototype, and Xenophon himself a sort of ancient Victor Hugo in this matter of fondness for children.

C4.3. Contrast Autolycus in the *Symposium*, who had, however, reached the more silent age (e.g. *Symp*., c. iii., fin. tr. Works, Vol. III. Part I. p. 309).

C4.4. The touch about the puppy an instance of Xenophon's {katharotes} (clear simplicity of style).

C4.8. Reads like a biographical incident in some hunt of Xenophon, boy or father.

C4.9-10. The rapidity, one topic introducing and taken up by another, wave upon wave, {anerithmon lelasma} ("the multitudinous laughter of the sea").

C4.12. The truth of this due to sympathy (cf. Archidamus and his father Agesilaus, *Hell*., V. c. iv.; tr. Works, Vol. II. p. 126).

C4.22. Cyaxares recalls John Gilpin.

C4.24. An Hellenic trait; madness of battle-rage, {menis}. Something of the fierceness of the *Iliad* here.

C5.7. Cyrus. His first speech as a general; a fine one; a spirit of athleticism breathes through it. Cf. *Memorabilia* for a similar rationalisation of virtuous self-restraint (e.g. *Mem.*, Bk. I. c. 5, 6; Bk. III. c. 8). Paleyan somewhat, perhaps Socratic, not devoid of common sense. What is the end and aim of our training? Not only for an earthly aim, but for a high spiritual reward, all this toil.

C5.10. This is Dakyns.

C5.11. "Up, Guards, and at 'em!"

C6. This chapter might have been a separate work appended to the *Memorabilia* on Polemics or Archics ("Science of War" and "Science of Rule").

C6.3-6. Sounds like some Socratic counsel; the righteous man's conception of prayer and the part he must himself play.

C6.7. Personal virtue and domestic economy a sufficiently hard task, let alone that still graver task, the art of grinding masses of men into virtue.

C6.8, fin. The false theory of ruling in vogue in Media: the *plus* of ease instead of the *plus* of foresight and danger-loving endurance. Cf. Walt Whitman.

C6.30. Is like the logical remark of a disputant in a Socratic dialogue of the Alcibiades type, and §§ 31-33 a Socratic *mythos* to escape from the dilemma; the breakdown of this ideal *plus* and

minus righteousness due to the hardness of men's hearts and their feeble intellects.

C6.31. Who is this ancient teacher or who is his prototype if he is an ideal being? A sort of Socrates-Lycurgus? Or is Xenophon thinking of the Spartan Crypteia?

C6.34. For *pleonexia* and deceit in war, vide *Hipparch*., c. 5 (tr. Works, Vol. III. Part II. p. 20). Interesting and Hellenic, I think, the mere raising of this sort of question; it might be done nowadays, perhaps, with advantage *or* disadvantage, less cant and more plain brutality.

C6.39. Hunting devices applied: throws light on the date of the *Cyropaedia*, after the Scilluntine days, probably. (After Xenophon was exiled from Athens, his Spartan friends gave him a house and farm at Scillus, a township in the Peloponnese, not far from Olympia. See *Sketch of Xenophon's Life*, Works, Vol. I., p. cxxvi.)

C6.41, init. Colloquial exaggerated turn of phrase; almost "you could wipe them off the earth."

BOOK II

(C.1) Thus they talked together, and thus they journeyed on until they reached the frontier, and there a good omen met them: an eagle swept into view on the right, and went before them as though to lead the way, and they prayed the gods and heroes of the land to show them favour and grant them safe entry, and then they crossed the boundary. And when they were across, they prayed once more that the gods of Media might receive them graciously, and when they had done this they embraced each other, as father and son will, and Cambyses turned back to his own city, but Cyrus went forward again, to his uncle Cyaxares in the land of Media. (2) And when his journey was done and he was face to face with him and they had greeted each other as kinsmen may, then Cyaxares asked the prince how great an armament he had brought with him? And Cyrus answered, "I have 30,000 with me, men who have served with you before as mercenaries; and more are coming on behind, fresh troops, from the Peers of Persia."

"How many of those?" asked Cyaxares. (3) And Cyrus answered, "Their numbers will not please you, but remember these Peers of ours, though they are few, find it easy to rule the rest of the Persians, who are many. But now," he added, "have you any need of us at all? Perhaps it was only a false alarm that troubled you, and the enemy are not advancing?"

"Indeed they are," said the other, "and in full force."

(4) "How do you know?" asked Cyrus.

"Because," said he, "many deserters come to us, and all of them, in one fashion or another, tell the same tale."

"Then we must give battle?" said Cyrus.

"Needs must," Cyaxares replied.

"Well," answered Cyrus, "but you have not told me yet how great their power is, or our own either. I want to hear, if you can tell me, so that we may make our plans."

"Listen, then," said Cyaxares. (5) "Croesus the Lydian is coming, we hear, with 10,000 horse and more than 40,000 archers and targeteers. Artamas the governor of Greater Phrygia is bringing, they say, 8000 horse, and lancers and targeteers also, 40,000 strong. Then there is Aribaius the king of Cappadocia with 6000 horse and 30,000 archers and targeteers. And Aragdus the Arabian with 10,000 horse, a hundred chariots, and innumerable slingers. As for the Hellenes who dwell in Asia, it is not clear as yet whether they will send a following or not. But the Phrygians from the Hellespont, we are told, are mustering in the Caystrian plain under Gabaidus, 6000 horse and 40,000 targeteers. Word has been sent to the Carians, Cilicians, and Paphlagonians, but it is said they will not rise; the Lord of Assyria and Babylon will himself, I believe, bring not less than 20,000 horse, and I make no doubt as many as 200 chariots, and thousands upon thousands of men on foot; such at least has been his custom whenever he invaded us before."

(6) Cyrus answered: "Then you reckon the numbers of the enemy to be, in all, something like 60,000 horse and 200,000 archers and targeteers. And what do you take your own to be?"

"Well," he answered, "we ourselves can furnish over 10,000 horse and perhaps, considering the state of the country, as many as 60,000 archers and targeteers. And from our neighbours, the Armenians," he added, "we look to get 4000 horse and 20,000 foot."

"I see," said Cyrus, "you reckon our cavalry at less than a third of the enemy's, and our infantry at less than half."

(7) "Ah," said Cyaxares, "and perhaps you feel that the force you are bringing from Persia is very small?"

"We will consider that later on," answered Cyrus, "and see then if we require more men or not. Tell me first the methods of fighting that the different troops adopt."

"They are much the same for all," answered Cyaxares, "that is to say, their men and ours alike are armed with bows and javelins."

"Well," replied Cyrus, "if such arms are used, skirmishing at long range must be the order of the day." "True," said the other. (8) "And in that case," went on Cyrus, "the victory is in the hands of the larger force; for even if the same numbers fall on either side, the few would be exhausted long before the many." "If that be so," cried Cyaxares, "there is nothing left for us but to send to Persia, and make them see that if disaster falls on Media it will fall on Persia next, and beg them for a larger force." "Ah, but,"

said Cyrus, "you must remember that even if every single Persian were to come at once, we could not outnumber our enemies." (9) "But," said the other, "can you see anything else to be done?" "For my part," answered Cyrus, "if I could have my way, I would arm every Persian who is coming here in precisely the same fashion as our Peers at home, that is to say, with a corslet for the breast, a shield for the left arm, and a sword or battle-axe for the right hand. If you will give us these you will make it quite safe for us to close with the enemy, and our foes will find that flight is far pleasanter than defence. But we Persians," he added, "will deal with those who do stand firm, leaving the fugitives to you and to your cavalry, who must give them no time to rally and no time to escape."

(10) That was the counsel of Cyrus, and Cyaxares approved it. He thought no more of sending for a larger force, but set about preparing the equipment he had been asked for, and all was in readiness just about the time when the Peers arrived from Persia at the head of their own troops. (11) Then, so says the story, Cyrus called the Peers together and spoke to them as follows: "Men of Persia, my friends and comrades, when I looked at you first and saw the arms you bore and how you were all on fire to meet the enemy, hand to hand, and when I remembered that your squires are only equipped for fighting on the outskirts of the field, I confess my mind misgave me. Few and forlorn they will be, I said to myself, swallowed up in a host of enemies; no good can come of it. But to-day you are here, and your men behind

you, stalwart and stout of limb, and to-morrow they shall have armour like our own. None could find fault with their thews and sinews, and as for their spirit, it is for us to see it does not fail. A leader must not only have a stout heart himself; he must see to it that his followers are as valiant as he."

(12) Thus Cyrus spoke, and the Peers were well satisfied at his words, feeling that on the day of battle they would have more to help them in the struggle. (13) And one of them said, "Perhaps it will seem strange if I ask Cyrus to speak in our stead to our fellow-combatants when they receive their arms, and yet I know well that the words of him who has the greatest power for weal or woe sink deepest into the listener's heart. His very gifts, though they should be less than the gifts of equals, are valued more. These new comrades of ours," he went on, "would rather be addressed by Cyrus himself than by us, and now that they are to take their place among the Peers their title will seem to them far more secure if it is given them by the king's own son and our general-in-chief. Not that we have not still our own duties left. We are bound to do our best in every way to rouse the spirit of our men. Shall we not gain ourselves by all they gain in valour?"

(14) So it came about that Cyrus had the new armour placed before him and summoned a general meeting of the Persian soldiery, and spoke to them as follows:

(15) "Men of Persia, born and bred in the same land as ourselves, whose limbs are as stout and as strong as our own, your hearts should be as brave. I know they are; and yet at home in the

land of our fathers you did not share our rights; not that we drove you out ourselves, but you were banished by the compulsion that lay upon you to find your livelihood for yourselves. Now from this day forward, with heaven's help, it shall be my care to provide it for you; and now, if so you will, you have it in your power to take the armour that we wear ourselves, face the same perils and win the same honours, if so be you make any glorious deed your own. (16) In former days you were trained, like ourselves, in the use of bow and javelin, and if you were at all inferior to us in skill, that was not to be wondered at; you had not the same leisure for practice as we; but now in this new accoutrement we shall have no pre-eminence at all. Each of us will wear a corslet fitted to his breast and carry a shield on his left arm of the type to which we are all accustomed, and in his right hand a sabre or a battle-axe. With these we shall smite the enemy before us, and need have no fear that we shall miss the mark. (17) How can we differ from one another with these arms? There can be no difference except in daring. And daring you may foster in your hearts as much as we in ours. What greater right have we than you to love victory and follow after her, victory who wins for us and preserves to us all things that are beautiful and good? Why should you, any more than we, be found lacking in that power which takes the goods of weaklings and bestows them on the strong?"

(18) He ended: "Now you have heard all. There lie your weapons; let him who chooses take them up and write his name with the brigadier in the same roll as ours. And if a man prefers

to remain a mercenary, let him do so; he carries the arms of a servant."

(19) Thus spoke Cyrus; and the Persians, every man of them, felt they would be ashamed for the rest of their days, and deservedly, if they drew back now, when they were offered equal honour in return for equal toil. One and all they inscribed their names and took up the new arms.

(20) And now in the interval, before the enemy were actually at hand, but while rumour said they were advancing, Cyrus took on himself a three-fold task: to bring the physical strength of his men to the highest pitch, to teach them tactics, and to rouse their spirit for martial deeds. (21) He asked Cyaxares for a body of assistants whose duty it should be to provide each of his soldiers with all they could possibly need, thus leaving the men themselves free for the art of war. He had learnt, he thought, that success, in whatever sphere, was only to be won by refusing to attempt a multitude of tasks and concentrating the mind on one.

Thus in the military training itself he gave up the practice with bow and javelin, leaving his men to perfect themselves in the use of sabre, shield, and corslet, accustoming them from the very first to the thought that they must close with the enemy, or confess themselves worthless as fellow-combatants; a harsh conclusion for those who knew that they were only protected in order to fight on behalf of their protectors. (22) And further, being convinced that wherever the feeling of emulation can be roused, there the eagerness to excel is greatest, he instituted competitions for

everything in which he thought his soldiers should be trained. The private soldier was challenged to prove himself prompt to obey, anxious to work, eager for danger, and yet ever mindful of discipline, an expert in the science of war, an artist in the conduct of his arms, and a lover of honour in all things. The petty officer commanding a squad of five was not only to equal the leading private, he must also do what he could to bring his men to the same perfection; the captain of ten must do the same for his ten, and the company's captain for the company, while the commander of the whole regiment, himself above reproach, must take the utmost care with the officers under him so that they in their turn should see that their subordinates were perfect in all their duties. (23) For prizes, Cyrus announced that the brigadier in command of the finest regiment should be raised to the rank of general, the captain of the finest company should be made a brigadier, the captain of the finest squad of ten captain of a company, and the captain of the best five a captain of ten, while the best soldiers from the ranks should become captains of five themselves. Every one of these officers had the privilege of being served by those beneath him, and various other honours also, suited to their several grades, while ampler hopes were offered for any nobler exploits. (24) Finally prizes were announced to be won by a regiment or a company or a squad taken as a whole, by those who proved themselves most loyal to their leaders and most zealous in the practice of their duty. These prizes, of course, were such as to be suitable for men taken in the mass.

Such were the orders of the Persian leader, and such the exercises of the Persian troops. (25) For their quarters, he arranged that a separate shelter should be assigned to every brigadier, and that it should be large enough for the whole regiment he commanded; a regiment consisting of 100 men. Thus they were encamped by regiments, and in the mere fact of common quarters there was this advantage, Cyrus thought, for the coming struggle, that the men saw they were all treated alike, and therefore no one could pretend that he was slighted, and no one sink to the confession that he was a worse man than his neighbours when it came to facing the foe. Moreover the life in common would help the men to know each other, and it is only by such knowledge, as a rule, that a common conscience is engendered; those who live apart, unknowing and unknown, seem far more apt for mischief, like those who skulk in the dark. (26) Cyrus thought the common life would lead to the happiest results in the discipline of the regiments. By this system all the officers—brigadiers, company-captains, captains of the squads—could keep their men in as perfect order as if they were marching before them in single file. (27) Such precision in the ranks would do most to guard against disorder and re-establish order if ever it were broken; just as when timbers and stones have to be fitted together it is easy enough to put them into place, wherever they chance to lie, provided only that they are marked so as to leave no doubt where each belongs. (28) And finally, he felt, there was the fact that those who live together are the less

likely to desert one another; even the wild animals, Cyrus knew, who are reared together suffer terribly from loneliness when they are severed from each other.

(29) There was a further matter, to which he gave much care; he wished no man to take his meal at morning or at night till he had sweated for it. He would lead the men out to hunt, or invent games for them, or if there was work to be done, he would so conduct it that they did not leave it without sweat. He believed this regimen gave them zest for their food, was good for their health, and increased their powers of toil; and the toil itself was a blessed means for making the men more gentle towards each other; just as horses that work together grow gentle, and will stand quietly side by side. Moreover the knowledge of having gone through a common training would increase tenfold the courage with which they met the foe.

(30) Cyrus had his own quarters built to hold all the guests he might think it well to entertain, and, as a rule, he would invite such of the brigadiers as the occasion seemed to call for, but sometimes he would send for the company-captains and the officers in command of the smaller squads, and even the private soldiers were summoned to his board, and from time to time a squad of five, or of ten, or an entire company, or even a whole regiment, or he would give a special invitation by way of honour to any one whom he knew had undertaken some work he had at heart himself. In every case there was no distinction whatever between the meats for himself and for his guests. (31)

Further he always insisted that the army servants should share and share alike with the soldiers in everything, for he held that those who did such service for the army were as much to be honoured as heralds or ambassadors. They were bound, he said, to be loyal and intelligent, alive to all a soldier's needs, active, swift, unhesitating, and withal cool and imperturbable. Nor was that all; he was convinced that they ought also to possess those qualities which are thought to be peculiar to what we call "the better classes," and yet never despise their work, but feel that everything their commander laid upon them must be fit for them to do.

(C.2) It was the constant aim of Cyrus whenever he and his soldiers messed together, that the talk should be lively and full of grace, and at the same time do the listeners good. Thus one day he brought the conversation round to the following theme:—

"Do you think, gentlemen," said he, "that our new comrades appear somewhat deficient in certain respects simply because they have not been educated in the same fashion as ourselves? Or will they show themselves our equals in daily life and on the field of battle when the time comes to meet the foe?"

(2) Hystaspas took up the challenge:—"What sort of warriors they will prove I do not pretend to know, but this I do say, in private life some of them are cross-grained fellows enough. Only the other day," he went on, "Cyaxares sent a present of sacrificial meat to every regiment. There was flesh enough for three courses apiece or more, and the attendant had handed round the first,

beginning with myself. So when he came in again, I told him to begin at the other end of the board, and serve the company in that order. (3) But I was greeted by a yell from the centre: one of these men who was sitting there bawled out, 'Equality indeed! There's not much of it here, if we who sit in the middle are never served first at all!' It nettled me that they should fancy themselves treated worse than we, so I called him up at once and made him sit beside me. And I am bound to say he obeyed that order with the most exemplary alacrity. But when the dish came round to us, we found, not unnaturally, since we were the last to be served, that only a few scraps were left. At this my man fell into the deepest dudgeon, and made no attempt to conceal it, muttering to himself, 'Just like my ill-luck! To be invited here just now and never before!' (4) I tried to comfort him. 'Never mind,' I said, 'presently the servant will begin again with us, and then you will help yourself first and you can take the biggest piece.' Just then the third course, and, as it proved, the last, came round, and so the poor fellow took his helping, but as he did so it struck him that the piece he had chosen first was too small, and he put it back, meaning to pick out another. But the carver, thinking he had changed his mind and did not want any more, passed on to the next man before he had time to secure his second slice. (5) At this our friend took his loss so hard that he only made matters worse: his third course was clean gone, and now in his rage and his bad luck he somehow managed to overset the gravy, which was all that remained to him. The captain next to us seeing how

matters stood rubbed his hands with glee and went into peals of laughter. And," said Hystaspas, "I took refuge in a fit of coughing myself, for really I could not have controlled my laughter. There, Cyrus," said he, "that is a specimen of our new comrades, as nearly as I can draw his portrait."

(6) The description, as may be guessed, was greeted with shouts of laughter, and then another brigadier took up the word: "Well, Cyrus," said he, "our friend here has certainly met with an absolute boor: my own experience is somewhat different. You remember the admonitions you gave us when you dismissed the regiments, and how you bade each of us instruct his own men in the lessons we had learnt from you. Well, I, like the rest of us, went off at once and set about instructing one of the companies under me. I posted the captain in front with a fine young fellow behind him, and after them the others in the order I thought best; I took my stand facing them all, and waited, with my eyes fixed on the captain, until I thought the right moment had come, and then I gave the order to advance. (7) And what must my fine fellow do but get in front of the captain and march off ahead of the whole troop. I cried out, 'You, sir, what are you doing?' 'Advancing as you ordered.' 'I never ordered you to advance alone,' I retorted, 'the order was given to the whole company.' At which he turned right round and addressed the ranks: 'Don't you hear the officer abusing you? The orders are for all to advance!' Whereupon the rest of them marched right past their captain and up to me. (8) Of course the captain called them back, and they

began to grumble and growl: 'Which of the two are we to obey? One tells us to advance, the other won't let us move.'

"Well, I had to take the whole matter very quietly and begin again from the beginning, posting the company as they were, and explaining that no one in the rear was to move until the front rank man led off: all they had to do was to follow the man in front. (9) As I was speaking, up came a friend of mine; he was going off to Persia, and had come to ask me for a letter I had written home. So I turned to the captain who happened to know where I had left the letter lying, and bade him fetch it for me. Off he ran, and off ran my young fellow at his heels, breast-plate, battle-axe, and all. The rest of the company thought they were bound to follow suit, joined in the race, and brought my letter back in style. That is how my company, you see, carries out your instructions to the full."

(10) He paused, and the listeners laughed to their hearts' content, as well as they might, over the triumphant entry of the letter under its armed escort. Then Cyrus spoke:

"Now heaven be praised! A fine set they are, these new friends of ours, a most rare race! So grateful are they for any little act of courtesy, you may win a hundred hearts by a dish of meat! And so docile, some of them must needs obey an order before they have understood it! For my part I can only pray to be blest with an army like them all."

(11) Thus he joined in the mirth, but he turned the laughter to the praise of his new recruits.

Then one of the company, a brigadier called Aglaïtadas, a somewhat sour-tempered man, turned to him and said:

"Cyrus, do you really think the tales they tell are true?"

"Certainly," he answered, "why should they say what is false?"

"Why," repeated the other, "simply to raise a laugh, and make a brag like the impostors that they are." (12) But Cyrus cut him short, "Hush! hush! You must not use such ugly names. Let me tell you what an impostor is. He is a man who claims to be wealthier or braver than he is in fact, and who undertakes what he can never carry out, and all this for the sake of gain. But he who contrives mirth for his friends, not for his own profit, or his hearers' loss, or to injure any man, surely, if we must needs give him a name, we ought to call him a man of taste and breeding and a messenger of wit."

(13) Such was the defence of Cyrus in behalf of the merrymakers. And the officer who had begun the jest turned to Aglaïtadas and said:

"Just think, my dear sir, if we had tried to make you weep! What fault you would have found with us! Suppose we had been like the ballad-singers and story-tellers who put in lamentable tales in the hope of reducing their audience to tears! What would you have said about us then? Why, even now, when you know we only wish to amuse you, not to make you suffer, you must needs hold us up to shame."

(14) "And is not the shame justified?" Aglaïtadas replied. "The man who sets himself to make his fellows laugh does far less

for them than he who makes them weep. If you will but think, you will admit that what I say is true. It is through tears our fathers teach self-control unto their sons, and our tutors sound learning to their scholars, and the laws themselves lead the grown man to righteousness by putting him to sit in the place of penitence. But your mirth-makers, can you say they benefit the body or edify the soul? Can smiles make a man a better master or a better citizen? Can he learn economy or statesmanship from a grin?"

(15) But Hystaspas answered back:

"Take my advice, Aglaïtadas, pluck up heart and spend this precious gift of yours on your enemies: make them sit in the seat of the sorrowful, and fling away on us, your friends, that vile and worthless laughter. You must have an ample store of it in reserve: it cannot be said you have squandered it on yourself, or ever wasted a smile on friend or foreigner if you could help it. So you have no excuse to be niggardly now, and cannot refuse us a smile."

"I see," said Aglaïtadas, "you are trying to get a laugh out of me, are you not?"

But the brigadier interposed, "Then he is a fool for his pains, my friend: one might strike fire out of you, perhaps, but not a laugh, not a laugh."

(16) At this sally all the others shouted with glee, and even Aglaïtadas could not help himself: he smiled.

And Cyrus, seeing the sombre face light up said:

"Brigadier, you are very wrong to corrupt so virtuous a man,

luring him to laughter, and that too when he is the sworn foe of gaiety."

So they talked and jested. (17) And then Chrysantas began on another theme.

(18) "Cyrus," he said, "and gentlemen all, I cannot help seeing that within our ranks are men of every kind, some better and some worse, and yet if anything is won every man will claim an equal share. Now to my mind nothing is more unfair than that the base man and the good should be held of equal account."

"Perhaps it would be best, gentlemen," said Cyrus in answer, "to bring the matter before the army in council and put it to them, whether, if God grant us success, we should let all share and share alike, or distribute the rewards and honours in proportion to the deserts of each."

(19) "But why," asked Chrysantas, "why discuss the point? Why not simply issue a general order that you intend to do this? Was not that enough in the case of the competitions?"

"Doubtless," Cyrus answered, "but this case is different. The troops, I take it, will feel that all they win by their services on the campaign should belong to them in common: but they hold that the actual command of the expedition was mine by right even before we left home, so that I was fully entitled, on their view, to appoint umpires and judges at my own will."

(20) "And do you really expect," asked Chrysantas, "that the mass of the army will pass a resolution giving up the right of all to an equal share in order that the best men should receive the

most?"

"Yes, I do," said Cyrus, "partly because we shall be there to argue for that course, but chiefly because it would seem too base to deny that he who works the hardest and does most for the common good deserves the highest recompense. Even the worst of men must admit that the brave should gain the most."

(21) It was, however, as much for the sake of the Peers themselves as for any other reason that Cyrus wished the resolution to be passed. They would prove all the better men, he thought, if they too were to be judged by their deeds and rewarded accordingly. And this was the right moment, he felt, to raise the question and put it to the vote, now when the Peers were disposed to resent being put on a level with the common people. In the end it was agreed by all the company that the question should be raised, and that every one who claimed to call himself a man was bound to argue in its favour.

(22) And on that one of the brigadiers smiled to himself and said: "I know at least one son of the soil who will be ready to agree that the principle of share and share alike should not be followed everywhere."

"And who is he?" another asked.

"Well," said the first, "he is a member of our quarters, I can tell you that, and he is always hunting after the lion's share of every single thing."

"What? Of everything?" said a third. "Of work as well?" "Oh, no!" said the first, "you have caught me there. I was wrong to say

so much, I must confess. When it comes to work, I must admit, he is quite ready to go short: he will give up his own share of that, without a murmur, to any man whatever."

(23) "For my part, gentlemen," said Cyrus, "I hold that all such idlers ought to be turned out of the army, that is, if we are ever to cultivate obedience and energy in our men. The bulk of our soldiers, I take it, are of the type to follow a given lead: they will seek after nobleness and valour if their leaders are valiant and noble, but after baseness if these are base. (24) And we know that only too often the worthless will find more friends than the good. Vice, passing lightly along her path of pleasure, wins the hearts of thousands with her gifts; but Virtue, toiling up the steep ascent, has little skill to snare the souls of men and draw them after her, when all the while their comrades are calling to them on the easy downward way. (25) It is true there are degrees, and where the evil springs only from sloth and lethargy, I look on the creatures as mere drones, only injuring the hive by what they cost: but there are others, backward in toil and forward in greed, and these are the captains in villainy: for not seldom can they show that rascality has its advantages. Such as they must be removed, cut out from among us, root and branch. (26) And I would not have you fill their places from our fellow-citizens alone, but, just as you choose your horses from the best stocks, wherever you find them, not limiting yourselves to the national breed, so you have all mankind before you, and you should choose those, and those only, who will increase your power and add to your honour.

Let me clinch my argument by examples: no chariot can travel fast if the horses in the team are slow, or run straight if they will not be ruled; no house can stand firm if the household is evil: better empty walls than traitors who will bring it to the ground.

(27) "And be sure, my friends," he added, "the removal of the bad means a benefit beyond the sheer relief that they are taken away and will trouble us no more: those who are left and were ripe for contagion are purified, and those who were worthy will cleave to virtue all the closer when they see the dishonour that falls on wickedness."

(28) So Cyrus spoke, and his words won the praise of all his friends, and they set themselves to do as he advised.

But after that Cyrus began to jest again. His eye fell on a certain captain who had chosen for his comrade at the feast a great hairy lad, a veritable monster of ugliness, and Cyrus called to the captain by name: "How now, Sambulas? Have you adopted the Hellenic fashion too? And will you roam the world together, you and the lad who sits beside you, because there is none so fair as he?" "By heaven," answered Sambulas, "you are not far wrong. It is bliss to me to feast my eyes upon him." (29) At that all the guests turned and looked on the young man's face, but when they saw how ugly it was, they could not help laughing outright. "Heavens, Sambulas, tell us the valiant deed that knit your souls together! How has he drawn you to himself?" (30) "Listen then," he answered, "and I will tell you the whole truth. Every time I call him, morning, noon, or night, he comes to me; never yet has he

excused himself, never been too busy to attend; and he comes at a run, he does not walk. Whatever I have bidden him do, he has always done it, and at the top of his speed. He has made all the petty captains under him the very models of industry; he shows them, not by word but deed, what they ought to be." (31) "And so," said another, "for all these virtues you give him, I take it, the kiss of kinship?" But the ugly lad broke out: "Not he! He has no great love for work. And to kiss me, if it came to that, would mean more effort than all his exercises."

(C.3) So the hours passed in the general's tent, from grave to gay, until at last the third libation was poured out, and the company bent in prayer to the gods—"Grant us all that is good"—and so broke up, and went away to sleep.

But the next day Cyrus assembled the soldiers in full conclave, and spoke to them: (2) "My men," he said, "my friends, the day of struggle is at hand, and the enemy are near. The prizes of victory, if victory is to be ours—and we must believe it will be ours, we must make it ours—the prizes of victory will be nothing short of the enemy himself and all that he possesses. And if the victory should be his, then, in like manner, all the goods of the vanquished must lie at the victor's feet. (3) Therefore I would have you take this to your hearts: wherever those who have joined together for war remember that unless each and every one of them play his part with zeal nothing good can follow; there we may look for glorious success. For there nothing that ought to be done will be left undone. But if each man thinks 'My

neighbour will toil and fight, even though my own heart should fail and my own arm fall slack,' then, believe me, disaster is at the door for each and all alike, and no man shall escape. (4) Such is the ordinance of God: those who will not work out their own salvation he gives into the hands of other men to bear rule over them. And now I call on any man here," he added, "to stand up and say whether he believes that virtue will best be nourished among us if he who bears the greatest toil and takes the heaviest risk shall receive the highest honours. Or whether we should hold that cowardice makes no difference in the end, seeing that we all must share alike?"

(5) Thereupon Chrysantas of the Peers rose up. He was a man of understanding, but his bodily presence was weak. And now he spoke thus:

"I do not imagine, Cyrus, that you put this question with any belief that cowards ought really to receive the same share as the brave. No, you wished to make trial of us and see whether any man would dare to claim an equal part in all that his fellows win by their nobleness, though he never struck a single valiant stroke himself. (6) I myself," he continued, "am neither fleet of foot nor stout of limb, and for aught I can do with my body, I perceive that on the day of trial neither the first place nor the second can be mine, no, nor yet the hundredth, nor even, it may be, the thousandth. But this I know right well, that if our mighty men put forth all their strength, I too shall receive such portion of our blessings as I may deserve. But if the cowards sit at ease

and the good and brave are out of heart, then I fear that I shall get a portion, a larger than I care to think, of something that is no blessing but a curse."

(7) And so spoke Chrysantas, and then Pheraulas stood up. He was a man of the people, but well known to Cyrus in the old days at home and well-beloved by him: no mean figure to look at, and in soul like a man of noble birth. Now he spoke as follows:

(8) "Cyrus, friends, and Persians, I hold to the belief that on this day we all start equal in that race where valour is the goal. I speak of what I see: we are trained on the same fare; we are held worthy of the same comradeship; we contend for the same rewards. All of us alike are told to obey our leaders, and he who obeys most frankly never fails to meet with honour at the hands of Cyrus. Valour is no longer the privilege of one class alone: it has become the fairest prize that can fall to the lot of any man. (9) And to-day a battle is before us where no man need teach us how to fight: we have the trick of it by nature, as a bull knows how to use his horns, or a horse his hoofs, or a dog his teeth, or a wild boar his tusks. The animals know well enough," he added, "when and where to guard themselves: they need no master to tell them that. (10) I myself, when I was a little lad, I knew by instinct how to shield myself from the blow I saw descending: if I had nothing else, I had my two fists, and used them with all my force against my foe: no one taught me how to do it, on the contrary they beat me if they saw me clench my fists. And a knife, I remember, I never could resist: I clutched the thing

whenever I caught sight of it: not a soul showed me how to hold it, only nature herself, I do aver. I did it, not because I was taught to do it, but in spite of being forbidden, like many another thing to which nature drove me, in spite of my father and mother both. Yes, and I was never tired of hacking and hewing with my knife whenever I got the chance: it did not seem merely natural, like walking or running, it was positive joy. (11) Well, to-day we are to fight in this same simple fashion: energy, rather than skill, is called for, and glorious it will be to match ourselves against our friends, the Peers of Persia. And let us remember that the same prizes are offered to us all, but the stakes differ: our friends give up a life of honour, the sweetest life there can be, but we escape from years of toil and ignominy, and there can be no life worse than that. (12) And what fires me most of all, my friends, and sends me into the lists most gladly, is the thought that Cyrus will be our judge: one who will give no partial verdict. I call the gods to witness when I say that he loves a valiant man as he loves his own soul: I have seen him give such an one more than he ever keeps for himself. (13) And now," he added, "I know that our friends here pride themselves upon their breeding and what it has done for them. They have been brought up to endure hunger and thirst, cold and nakedness, and yet they are aware that we too have been trained in the self-same school and by a better master than they: we were taught by Necessity, and there is no teacher so good, and none so strict. (14) How did our friends here learn their endurance? By bearing arms, weapons of war, tools that

the wit of the whole human race has made as light as well could be: but Necessity drove us, my fellows and myself, to stagger under burdens so heavy that to-day, if I may speak for myself, these weapons of mine seem rather wings to lift me than weights to bear. (15) I for one am ready, Cyrus, to enter the lists, and, however I prove, I will ask from you no more than I deserve: I would have you believe this. And you," he added, turning to his fellows, "you, men of the people, I would have you plunge into the battle and match yourselves with these gentlemen-warriors: the fine fellows must meet us now, for this is the people's day."

(16) That is what Pheraulas said, and many rose to follow him and support his views. And it was resolved that each man should be honoured according to his deserts and that Cyrus should be the judge. So the matter ended, and all was well.

(17) Now Cyrus gave a banquet and a certain brigadier was the chief guest, and his regiment with him. Cyrus had marked the officer one day when he was drilling his men; he had drawn up the ranks in two divisions, opposite each other, ready for the charge. They were all wearing corslets and carrying light shields, but half were equipped with stout staves of fennel, and half were ordered to snatch up clods of earth and do what they could with these. (18) When all were ready, the officer gave the signal and the artillery began, not without effect: the missiles fell fast on shields and corslets, on thighs and greaves. But when they came to close quarters the men of the staves had their turn: they struck at thighs and hands and legs, or, if the adversary stooped and

twisted, they belaboured back and shoulders, till they put the foe to utter rout, delivering their blows with shouts of laughter and the glee of boys. Then there was an exchange of weapons, and the other side had their revenge: they took the staves in their turn, and once more the staff triumphed over the clod. (19) Cyrus was full of admiration, partly at the inventiveness of the commander, partly at the discipline of the men; it was good to see the active exercise, and the gaiety of heart, and good to know that the upshot of the battle favoured those who fought in the Persian style. In every way he was pleased, and then and there he bade them all to dinner. But at the feast many of the guests wore bandages, some on their hands, others on their legs, and Cyrus saw it and asked what had befallen them. They told him they had been bruised by the clods. (20) "At close quarters?" said he, "or at long range?" "At long range," they answered, and all the club-bearers agreed that when it came to close quarters, they had the finest sport. But here those who had been carbonaded by that weapon broke in and protested loudly that it was anything but sport to be clubbed at short range, and in proof thereof they showed the weals on hand and neck and face. Thus they laughed at one another as soldiers will; and on the next day the whole plain was studded with combats of this type, and whenever the army had nothing more serious in hand, this sport was their delight.

(21) Another day Cyrus noticed a brigadier who was marching his regiment up from the river back to their quarters. They were advancing in single file on his left, and at the proper moment he

ordered the second company to wheel round and draw up to the front alongside the first, and then the third, and then the fourth; and when the company-captains were all abreast, he passed the word along, "Companies in twos," and the captains-of-ten came into line; and then at the right moment he gave the order, "Companies in fours," and the captains of five wheeled round and came abreast, and when they reached the tent doors he called a halt, made them fall into single file once more, and marched the first company in first, and then the second at its heels, and the third and fourth behind them, and as he introduced them, he seated them at the table, keeping the order of their entry. What Cyrus commended was the quiet method of instruction and the care the officer showed, and it was for that he invited him and all his regiment to dinner in the royal tent.

(22) Now it chanced that another brigadier was among the guests, and he spoke up and said to Cyrus: "But will you never ask my men to dinner too? Day after day, morning and evening, whenever we come in for a meal we do just the same as they, and when the meal is over the hindmost man of the last company leads out his men with their fighting-order reversed, and the next company follows, led by their hindmost man, and then the third, and then the fourth: so that all of them, if they have to retire before an enemy, will know how to fall back in good order. And as soon as we are drawn up on the parade-ground we set off marching east, and I lead off with all my divisions behind me, in their regular order, waiting for my word. By-and-by we march

west, and then the hindmost man of the last division leads the way, but they must still look to me for commands, though I am marching last: and thus they learn to obey with equal promptitude whether I am at the head or in the rear."

(23) "Do you mean to tell me," said Cyrus, "that this is a regular rule of yours?"

"Truly yes," he answered, "as regular as our meals, heaven help us!"

"Then I hereby invite you all to dinner, and for three good reasons; you practice your drill in both forms, you do this morning and evening both, and by your marching and countermarching you train your bodies and benefit your souls. And since you do it all twice over every day, it is only fair to give you dinner twice."

(24) "Not twice in one day, I beg you!" said the officer, "unless you can furnish us with a second stomach apiece."

And so the conversation ended for the time. But the next day Cyrus was as good as his word. He had all the regiment to dinner; and the day after he invited them again: and when the other regiments knew of it they fell to doing as they did.

(C.4) Now it chanced one day as Cyrus was holding a review, a messenger came from Cyaxares to tell him that an embassy from India had just arrived, and to bid him return with all despatch.

"And I bring with me," said the messenger, "a suit of splendid apparel sent from Cyaxares himself: my lord wishes you to appear in all possible splendour, for the Indians will be there to

see you."

(2) At that Cyrus commanded the brigadier of the first regiment to draw up to the front with his men behind him on the left in single file, and to pass the order on to the second, and so throughout the army. Officers and men were quick to obey; so that in a trice the whole force on the field was drawn up, one hundred deep and three hundred abreast, with their officers at the head. (3) When they were in position Cyrus bade them follow his lead and off they went at a good round pace. However the road leading to the royal quarters was too narrow to let them pass with so wide a front and Cyrus sent word along the line that the first detachment, one thousand strong, should follow as they were, and then the second, and so on to the last, and as he gave the command he led on without a pause and all the detachments followed in due order, one behind the other. (4) But to prevent mistakes he sent two gallopers up to the entrance with orders to explain what should be done in case the men were at a loss. And when they reached the gates, Cyrus told the leading brigadier to draw up his regiment round the palace, twelve deep, the front rank facing the building, and this command he was to pass on to the second, and the second to the third, and so on till the last. (5) And while they saw to this he went in to Cyaxares himself, wearing his simple Persian dress without a trace of pomp. Cyaxares was well pleased at his celerity, but troubled by the plainness of his attire, and said to him, "What is the meaning of this, Cyrus? How could you show yourself in

this guise to the Indians? I wished you to appear in splendour: it would have done me honour for my sister's son to be seen in great magnificence."

(6) But Cyrus made answer: "Should I have done you more honour if I had put on a purple robe, and bracelets for my arms, and a necklace about my neck, and so presented myself at your call after long delay? Or as now, when to show you respect I obey you with this despatch and bring you so large and fine a force, although I wear no ornament but the dust and sweat of speed, and make no display unless it be to show you these men who are as obedient to you as I am myself." Such were the words of Cyrus, and Cyaxares felt that they were just, and so sent for the Indian ambassadors forthwith. (7) And when they entered they gave this message:—The king of the Indians bade them ask what was the cause of strife between the Assyrians and the Medes, "And when we have heard you," they said, "our king bids us betake ourselves to the Assyrian and put the same question to him, and in the end we are to tell you both that the king of the Indians, when he has enquired into the justice of the case, will uphold the cause of him who has been wronged."

(8) To this Cyaxares replied:

"Then take from me this answer: we do the Assyrian no wrong nor any injustice whatsoever. And now go and make inquiry of him, if you are so minded, and see what answer he will give."

Then Cyrus, who was standing by, asked Cyaxares, "May I too say what is in my mind?" "Say on," answered Cyaxares. Then

Cyrus turned to the ambassadors: "Tell your master," he said, "unless Cyaxares is otherwise minded, that we are ready to do this: if the Assyrian lays any injustice to our charge we choose the king of the Indians himself to be our judge, and he shall decide between us."

(9) With that the embassy departed. And when they had gone out Cyrus turned to his uncle and began, "Cyaxares, when I came to you I had scant wealth of my own and of the little I brought with me only a fragment is left. I have spent it all on my soldiers. You may wonder at this," he added, "when it is you who have supported them, but, believe me, the money has not been wasted: it has all been spent on gifts and rewards to the soldiers who deserved it. (10) And I am sure," he added, "if we require good workers and good comrades in any task whatever, it is better and pleasanter to encourage them by kind speeches and kindly acts than to drive them by pains and penalties. And if it is for war that we need such trusty helpers, we can only win the men we want by every charm of word and grace of deed. For our true ally must be a friend and not a foe, one who can never envy the prosperity of his leader nor betray him in the day of disaster. (11) Such is my conviction, and such being so, I do not hide from myself the need of money. But to look to you for everything, when I know that you spend so much already, would be monstrous in my eyes. I only ask that we should take counsel together so as to prevent the failure of your funds. I am well aware that if you won great wealth, I should be able to help myself at need, especially

if I used it for your own advantage. (12) Now I think you told me the other day that the king of Armenia has begun to despise you, because he hears we have an enemy, and therefore he will neither send you troops nor pay the tribute which is due." (13) "Yes," answered Cyaxares, "such are his tricks. And I cannot decide whether to march on him at once and try to subdue him by force, or let the matter be for the time, for fear of adding to the enemies we have." Then Cyrus asked, "Are his dwellings strongly fortified, or could they be attacked?" And Cyaxares answered, "The actual fortifications are not very strong: I took good care of that. But he has the hill-country to which he can retire, and there for the moment lie secure, knowing that he himself is safely out of reach, with everything that he can convoy thither; unless we are prepared to carry on a siege, as my father actually did."

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.