

behind their position, or being cut to pieces by the swords of their enemies.

Twenty thousand Persians and fifty thousand Egyptians lay dead on the blood-stained sea-sand. The wounded, drowned, and prisoners could scarcely be numbered.¹⁴⁶ Psamtik had been one of the last to fly. He was well mounted, and, with a few thousand faithful followers, reached the opposite bank of the Nile and made for Memphis, the well-fortified city of the Pyramids.

Of the Greek mercenaries very few survived, so furious had been Phanes' revenge, and so well had he been supported by his Ionians. Ten thousand Karians were taken captive and the murderer of his little child was killed by Phanes' own hand.

Aristomachus too, in spite of his wooden leg, had performed miracles of bravery; but, notwithstanding all their efforts, neither he, nor any of his confederates in revenge, had succeeded in taking Psamtik prisoner.

When the battle was over, the Persians returned in triumph to their tents, to be warmly welcomed by Croesus and the warriors and priests who had remained behind, and to celebrate their victory by prayers and sacrifices.

The next morning Cambyses assembled his generals and rewarded them with different tokens of distinction, such as costly robes, gold chains, rings, swords, and stars formed of precious stones.¹⁴⁷ Gold and silver coins were distributed among the common soldiers.

¹⁴⁶ Herod. III. 12. Ktesias, *Persica* 9. In ancient history the loss of the conquered is always far greater than that of the conquerors. To a certain extent this holds good in the present day, but the proportion is decidedly not so unfavorable for the vanquished. We would remind our readers of the campaign of 1866.

¹⁴⁷ Herod. III. 130. VIII. 113. Xenoph. *Cyrop.* VIII. 3.

The principal attack of the Egyptians had been directed against the centre of the Persian army, where Cambyses commanded in person; and with such effect that the guards had already begun to give way. At that moment Bartja, arriving with his troop of horsemen, had put fresh courage into the wavering, had fought like a lion himself, and by his bravery and promptitude decided the day in favor of the Persians.

The troops were exultant in their joy: they shouted his praises, as "the conqueror of Pelusium" and the "best of the Achæmenidæ."

Their cries reached the king's ears and made him very angry. He knew he had been fighting at the risk of life, with real courage and the strength of a giant, and yet the day would have been lost if this boy had not presented him with the victory. The brother who had embittered his days of happy love, was now to rob him of half his military glory. Cambyses felt that he hated Bartja, and his fist clenched involuntarily as he saw the young hero looking so happy in the consciousness of his own well-earned success.

Phanes had been wounded and went to his tent; Aristomachus lay near him, dying.

"The oracle has deceived me, after all," he murmured. "I shall die without seeing my country again."

"The oracle spoke the truth," answered Phanes. "Were not the last words of the Pythia?"

¹ Then shall the lingering boat to the beckoning meadows convey thee,
Which to the wandering foot peace and a home will afford?

"Can you misunderstand their meaning? They

speak of Charon's lingering boat, which will convey you to your last home, to the one great resting-place for all wanderers—the kingdom of Hades.”

“Yes, my friend, you are right there. I am going to Hades.”

“And the Five have granted you, before death, what they so long refused,—the return to Lacedæmon. You ought to be thankful to the gods for granting you such sons and such vengeance on your enemies. When my wound is healed, I shall go to Greece and tell your son that his father died a glorious death, and was carried to the grave on his shield, as beseems a hero.”

“Yes, do so, and give him my shield as a remembrance of his old father. There is no need to exhort him to virtue.”

“When Psamtik is in our power, shall I tell him what share you had in his overthrow?”

“No; he saw me before he took to flight, and at the unexpected vision his bow fell from his hand. This was taken by his friends as a signal for flight, and they turned their horses from the battle.”

“The gods ordain, that bad men shall be ruined by their own deeds. Psamtik lost courage, for he must have believed that the very spirits of the lower world were fighting against him.”

“We mortals gave him quite enough to do. The Persians fought well. But the battle would have been lost without the guards and our troops.”

“Without doubt.”

“I thank thee, O Zeus Lacedæmonius.”

“You are praying?”

“I am praising the gods for allowing me to die at ease as to my country. These heterogeneous masses

can never be dangerous to Greece. Ho, physician, when am I likely to die?”

The Milesian physician, who had accompanied the Greek troops to Egypt, pointed to the arrow-head sticking fast in his breast, and said with a sad smile, “You have only a few hours more to live. If I were to draw the arrow from your wound, you would die at once.”

The Spartan thanked him, said farewell to Phanes, sent a greeting to Rhodopis, and then, before they could prevent him, drew the arrow from his wound with an unflinching hand. A few moments later Aristomachus was dead.

The same day a Persian embassy set out for Memphis on board one of the Lesbian vessels. It was commissioned to demand from Psamtik the surrender of his own person and of the city at discretion. Cambyses followed, having first sent off a division of his army under Megabyzus to invest Sais.

At Heliopolis he was met by deputations from the Greek inhabitants of Naukratis and the Libyans, praying for peace and his protection, and bringing a golden wreath and other rich presents. Cambyses received them graciously and assured them of his friendship; but repulsed the messengers from Cyrene and Barka indignantly, and flung, with his own hand, their tribute of five hundred silver minæ* among his soldiers, disdaining to accept so contemptible an offering.

In Heliopolis he also heard that, at the approach of his embassy, the inhabitants of Memphis had flocked to

* £1,875. Herod. iii. 3.

the shore, bored a hole in the bottom of the ship, torn his messengers in pieces without distinction, as wild beasts would tear raw flesh, and dragged them into the fortress.¹⁴⁸ On hearing this he cried angrily: "I swear, by Mithras, that these murdered men shall be paid for; ten lives for one."

Two days later and Cambyses with his army stood before the gates of Memphis. The siege was short, as the garrison was far too small for the city, and the citizens were discouraged by the fearful defeat at Pelusium.

King Psamtik himself came out to Cambyses, accompanied by his principal nobles, in rent garments, and with every token of mourning. Cambyses received him coldly and silently, ordering him and his followers to be guarded and removed. He treated Ladice, the widow of Amasis, who appeared at the same time as her step-son, with consideration, and, at the intercession of Phanes, to whom she had always shown favor, allowed her to return to her native town of Cyrene under safe conduct. She remained there until the fall of her nephew, Arcesilaus III. and the flight of her sister Pheretime, when she betook herself to Anthylla, the town in Egypt which belonged to her, and where she passed a quiet, solitary existence, dying at a great age.¹⁴⁹

Cambyses not only scorned to revenge the imposture which had been practised on him on a woman, but, as a Persian, had far too much respect for a mother, and

148. Herod. III. 13.

149. According to Athenæus I. 25. Anthylla belonged to the queen for the time being. For Cyrene and Arcesilaus see Herod. IV. 163-165.

especially for the mother of a king, to injure Ladice in any way.

While he was engaged in the siege of Sais, Psamtik passed his imprisonment in the palace of the Pharaohs, treated in every respect as a king, but strictly guarded.

Among those members of the upper class who had incited the people to resistance, Neithotep, the high-priest of Neith, had taken the foremost place. He was therefore sent to Memphis and put in close confinement, with one hundred of his unhappy confederates. The larger number of the Pharaoh's court, on the other hand, did homage voluntarily to Cambyses at Sais, entitled him Ramestu, "child of the sun," and suggested that he should cause himself to be crowned King of Upper and Lower Egypt, with all the necessary formalities, and admitted into the priestly caste according to ancient custom. By the advice of Cræsus and Phanes, Cambyses gave in to these proposals, though much against his own will: he went so far, indeed, as to offer sacrifice in the temple of Neith, and allowed the newly-created high-priest of the goddess to give him a superficial insight into the nature of the mysteries. Some of the courtiers he retained near himself, and promoted different administrative functionaries to high posts; the commander of Amasis' Nile fleet succeeded so well in gaining the king's favor, as to be appointed one of those who ate at the royal table.¹⁵⁰ On leaving Sais, Cam-

150. On a statue in the Gregorian Museum in the Vatican, there is an inscription giving an account of Cambyses' sojourn at Sais, which agrees with the facts related in our text. He was lenient to his conquered subjects, and, probably in order to secure his position as the lawful Pharaoh, yielded to the wishes of the priests, was even initiated into the mysteries and did much for the temple of Neith. His adoption of the name Ramestu is also confirmed by this statue. E. de Rougé, *Mémoire sur la statuette naophore du musée Grégorien, au Vatican. Revue Archéol.* 1851. Brugsch, *Geograph. Inschr.* I. p. 247.

byses placed Megabyzus in command of the city; but scarcely had the king quitted their walls than the smothered rage of the people broke forth; they murdered the Persian sentinels, poisoned the wells, and set the stables of the cavalry on fire. Megabyzus at once applied to the king, representing that such hostile acts, if not repressed by fear, might soon be followed by open rebellion. "The two thousand noble youths from Memphis whom you have destined to death as an indemnification for our murdered ambassadors," said he, "ought to be executed at once; and it would do no harm if the son of Psamtik were added to the number, as he can some day become a rallying centre for the rebels. I hear that the daughters of the dethroned king and of the high-priest Neithotep have to carry water for the baths of the noble Phanes."

The Athenian answered with a smile: "Cambyses has allowed me to employ these aristocratic female attendants, my lord, at my own request."

"But has forbidden you to touch the life of one member of the royal house," added Cambyses. "None but a king has the right to punish kings."

Phanes bowed. The king turned to Megabyzus and ordered him to have the prisoners executed the very next day, as an example. He would decide the fate of the young prince later; but at all events he was to be taken to the place of execution with the rest. "We must show them," he concluded, "that we know how to meet all their hostile manifestations with sufficient rigor."

Cræsus ventured to plead for the innocent boy. "Calm yourself, old friend," said Cambyses with a smile;

"the child is not dead yet, and perhaps will be as well off with us as your own son, who fought so well at Pelusium. I confess I should like to know, whether Psamtik bears his fate as calmly and bravely as you did twenty-five years ago."

"That we can easily discover, by putting him on trial," said Phanes. "Let him be brought into the palace-court to-morrow, and let the captives and the condemned be led past him. Then we shall see whether he is a man or a coward."

"Be it so," answered Cambyses. "I will conceal myself and watch him unobserved. You, Phanes, will accompany me, to tell me the name and rank of each of the captives."

The next morning Phanes accompanied the king on to a balcony which ran round the great court of the palace—the court we have already described as being planted with trees. The listeners were hidden by a grove of flowering shrubs, but they could see every movement that took place, and hear every word that was spoken beneath them. They saw Psamtik, surrounded by a few of his former companions. He was leaning against a palm-tree, his eyes fixed gloomily on the ground, as his daughters entered the court. The daughter of Neithotep was with them, and some more young girls, all dressed as slaves; they were carrying pitchers of water. At sight of the king, they uttered such a loud cry of anguish as to wake him from his reverie. He looked up, recognized the miserable girls, and bowed his head lower than before; but only for a moment. Drawing himself up quickly, he asked his eldest daughter for whom she was carrying water. On hearing that she was forced to do the work of a slave

for Phanes, he turned deadly pale, nodded his head, and cried to the girls, "Go on."

A few minutes later the captives were led into the court, with ropes round their necks, and bridles in their mouths.¹⁵¹ At the head of the train was the little prince Nechô. He stretched his hands out to his father, begging him to punish the bad foreigners who wanted to kill him. At this sight the Egyptians wept in their exceeding great misery; but Psamtik's eyes were dry. He bowed his tearless face nearly to the earth, and waved his child a last farewell.

After a short interval, the captives taken in Sais entered. Among them was Neithotep, the once powerful high-priest, clothed in rags and moving with difficulty by the help of a staff. At the entrance-gate he raised his eyes and caught sight of his former pupil Darius. Reckless of all the spectators around him, he went straight up to the young man, poured out the story of his need, besought his help, and ended by begging an alms. Darius complied at once, and by so doing, induced others of the Achæmenidæ, who were standing by, to hail the old man jokingly and throw him little pieces of money, which he picked up laboriously and thankfully from the ground.

At this sight Psamtik wept aloud, and smote upon his forehead, calling on the name of his friend in a voice full of woe.

Cambyzes was so astonished at this, that he came forward to the balustrade of the veranda, and pushing the flowers aside, exclaimed: "Explain thyself, thou

¹⁵¹ This statement of Herodotus (III. 14.) is confirmed by the monuments, on which we often see representations of captives being led along with ropes round their necks. What follows is taken entirely from the same passage in Herodotus.

strange man; the misfortunes of a beggar, not even akin to thee, move thy compassion, but thou canst behold thy son on the way to execution and thy daughters in hopeless misery without shedding a tear, or uttering a lament!"

Psamtik looked up at his conqueror, and answered: "The misfortunes of my own house, O son of Cyrus, are too great for tears; but I may be permitted to weep over the afflictions of a friend, fallen, in his old age, from the height of happiness and influence into the most miserable beggary."

Cambyzes' face expressed his approval, and on looking round he saw that his was not the only eye which was filled with tears. Crœsus, Bartja, and all the Persians—nay, even Phanes himself, who had served as interpreter to the kings—were weeping aloud.

The proud conqueror was not displeased at these signs of sympathy, and turning to the Athenian: "I think, my Greek friend" he said, "we may consider our wrongs as avenged. Rise, Psamtik, and endeavor to imitate yonder noble old man, (pointing to Crœsus) by accustoming yourself to your fate. Your father's fraud has been visited on you and your family. The crown, which I have wrested from you is the crown of which Amasis deprived my wife,—my never-to-be-forgotten Nitetis. For her sake I began this war, and for her sake I grant you now the life of your son—she loved him. From this time forward you can live undisturbed at our court, eat at our table and share the privileges of our nobles. Gyges, fetch the boy hither. He shall be brought up as you were, years ago, among the sons of the Achæmenidæ."

The Lydian was hastening to execute this delight-

ful commission, but Phanes stopped him before he could reach the door, and placing himself proudly between the king and the trembling, thankful Psamtik, said: "You would be going on a useless errand, noble Lydian. In defiance of your command, my Sovereign, but in virtue of the full powers you once gave me, I have ordered the grandson of Amasis to be the executioner's first victim. You have just heard the sound of a horn; that was the sign that the last heir to the Egyptian throne born on the shores of the Nile has been gathered to his fathers. I am aware of the fate I have to expect, Cambyses. I will not plead for a life whose end has been attained. Cræsus, I understand your reproachful looks. You grieve for the murdered children. But life is such a web of wretchedness and disappointment, that I agree with your philosopher Solon in thinking those fortunate to whom, as in former days to Kleobis and Biton,¹⁵² the gods decree an early death. If I have ever been dear to you, Cambyses—if my counsels have been of any use, permit me as a last favor to say a few more words. Psamtik knows the causes that rendered us foes to each other. Ye all, whose esteem is worth so much to me, shall

152. Cræsus, after having shown Solon his treasures, asked him whom he held to be the most fortunate of men, hoping to hear his own name. The sage first named Tellus, a famous citizen of Athens, and then the brothers Kleobis and Biton. These were two handsome youths, who had gained the prize for wrestling, and one day, when the draught-animals had not returned from the field, dragged their mother themselves to the distant temple, in presence of the people. The men of Argos praised the strength of the sons,—the women praised the mother who possessed these sons. She, transported with delight at her sons' deed and the people's praise, went to the statue of the goddess and besought her to give them the best that could fall to the lot of men. When her prayer was over and the sacrifice offered, the youths fell asleep, and never woke again. They were dead. Herod. I. 31. Cicero, Tuscul. I. 47.

know them too. This man's father placed me in his son's stead at the head of the troops which had been sent to Cyprus. Where Psamtik had earned humiliation, I won success and glory. I also became unintentionally acquainted with a secret, which seriously endangered his chances of obtaining the crown; and lastly, I prevented his carrying off a virtuous maiden from the house of her grandmother, an aged woman, beloved and respected by all the Greeks. These are the sins which he has never been able to forgive; these are the grounds which led him to carry on war to the death with me directly I had quitted his father's service. The struggle is decided now. My innocent children have been murdered at thy command, and I have been pursued like a wild beast. That has been thy revenge. But mine!—I have deprived thee of thy throne and reduced thy people to bondage. Thy daughter I have called my slave, thy son's death-warrant was pronounced by my lips, and my eyes have seen the maiden whom thou persecutedst become the happy wife of a brave man. Undone, sinking ever lower and lower, thou hast watched me rise to be the richest and most powerful of my nation. In the lowest depth of thine own misery—and this has been the most delicious morsel of my vengeance—thou wast forced to see me—me, Phanes!—shedding tears that could not be kept back, at the sight of thy misery. The man, who is allowed to draw even one breath of life, after beholding his enemy so low, I hold to be happy as the gods themselves. I have spoken."

He ceased, and pressed his hand on his wound. Cambyses gazed at him in astonishment, stepped forward, and was just going to touch his girdle—an action

which would have been equivalent to the signing of a death-warrant—¹⁵³ when his eye caught sight of the chain, which he himself had hung round the Athenian's neck as a reward for the clever way in which he had proved the innocence of Nitetis. The sudden recollection of the woman he loved, and of the countless services rendered him by Phanes, calmed his wrath—his hand dropped. One minute the severe ruler stood gazing lingeringly at his disobedient friend; the next, moved by a sudden impulse, he raised his right hand again, and pointed imperiously to the gate leading from the court.

Phanes bowed in silence, kissed the king's robe, and descended slowly into the court. Psamtik watched him, quivering with excitement, sprang towards the veranda, but before his lips could utter the curse which his heart had prepared, he sank powerless on to the ground.

Cambyses beckoned to his followers to make immediate preparations for a lion-hunt in the Libyan mountains.

CHAPTER XIII.

The waters of the Nile had begun to rise again. Two months had passed away since Phanes' disappearance, and much had happened.

¹⁵³ The same sign was used by the last Darius to denote that his able Greek general Memnon, who had offended him by his plainness of speech, was doomed to death. As he was being led away, Memnon exclaimed, in allusion to Alexander, who was then fast drawing near: "Thy remorse will soon prove my worth; my avenger is not far off." Droysen, *Alex. d. Grosse*, I. p. 240. Diod. XVII. 30. Curtius III. 2.

The very day on which he left Egypt, Sappho had given birth to a girl, and had so far regained strength since then under the care of her grandmother, as to be able to join in an excursion up the Nile, which Cræsus had suggested should take place on the festival of the goddess Neith. Since the departure of Phanes, Cambyses' behavior had become so intolerable, that Bartja, with the permission of his brother, had taken Sappho to live in the royal palace at Memphis, in order to escape any painful collision. Rhodopis, at whose house Cræsus and his son, Bartja, Darius and Zopyrus were constant guests, had agreed to join the party.

On the morning of the festival-day they started in a gorgeously decorated boat, from a point between thirty and forty miles below Memphis, favored by a good north-wind and urged rapidly forward by a large number of rowers.

A wooden roof or canopy, gilded and brightly painted, sheltered them from the sun. Cræsus sat by Rhodopis; Theopompus the Milesian lay at her feet. Sappho was leaning against Bartja. Syloson, the brother of Polykrates, had made himself a comfortable resting-place next to Darius, who was looking thoughtfully into the water. Gyges and Zopyrus busied themselves in making wreaths for the women, from the flowers handed them by an Egyptian slave.

"It seems hardly possible," said Bartja, "that we can be rowing against the stream. The boat flies like a swallow."

"This fresh north-wind brings us forward," answered Theopompus. "And then the Egyptian boatmen understand their work splendidly."

"And row all the better just because we are sailing