## ANTONY

by Plutarch

translated by John Dryden

THE grandfather of Antony was the famous pleader, whom Marius put to

death for having taken part with Sylla. His father was Antony,

surnamed of Crete, not very famous or distinguished in public life,

but a worthy good man, and particularly remarkable for his liberality,

as may appear from a single example. He was not very rich, and was for

that reason checked in the exercise of his good nature by his wife.

A friend that stood in need of money came to borrow of him. Money he

had none, but he bade a servant bring him water in a silver basin,

with which, when it was brought, he wetted his face, as if he meant to

shave, and, sending away the servant upon another errand, gave his,

friend the basin, desiring him to turn it to his purpose. And when

there was, afterwards, a great inquiry for it in the house, and his

wife was in a very ill-humour, and was going to put the servants one

by one to the search, he acknowledged what he had done, and begged her pardon.

His wife was Julia, of the family of the Caesars, who, for her discretion and fair was not inferior to any of her time. Under her, Antony received his education, she being, after the death of his father, remarried to Cornelius Lentulus, who was put to death by Cicero for having been of Catiline's conspiracy. This, probably, was the first ground and occasion of that mortal grudge that Antony bore Cicero. He says, even, that the body of Lentulus was denied burial, till, by application made to Cicero's wife, it was granted to Julia.

But this seems to be a manifest error, for none of those that suffered

in the consulate of Cicero had the right of burial denied them. Antony

grew up a very beautiful youth, but by the worst of misfortunes, he

fell into the acquaintance and friendship of Curio, a man abandoned to

his pleasures, who, to make Antony's dependence upon him a matter of

greater necessity, plunged him into a life of drinking and

dissipation, and led him through a course of such extravagance that he

ran, at that early age, into debt to the amount of two hundred and

fifty talents. For this sum Curio became his surety; on hearing which,

the elder Curio, his father, drove Antony out of his house. After

this, for some short time he took part with Clodius, the most insolent and outrageous demagogue of the time, in his course of violence and disorder; but getting weary before long, of his madness, and apprehensive of the powerful party forming against him, he left Italy and travelled into Greece, where he spent his time in military exercises and in the study of eloquence. He took most to what was called the Asiatic taste in speaking, which was then at its height, and was, in many ways, suitable to his ostentatious, vaunting temper, full of empty flourishes and unsteady efforts for glory. After some stay in Greece, he was invited by Gabinius, who had been consul, to make a campaign with him in Syria, which at first he

refused, not being willing to serve in a private character, but

receiving a commission to command the horse, he went along with him.

His first-service was against Aristobulus, who had prevailed with

the Jews to rebel. Here he was himself the first man to scale the

largest of the works, and beat Aristobulus out of all of them; after

which he routed in a pitched battle, an army many times over the

number of his, killed almost all of them and took Aristobulus and

his son prisoners. This war ended, Gabinius was solicited by Ptolemy

to restore him to his kingdom of Egypt, and a promise made of ten

thousand talents reward. Most of the officers were against this

enterprise, and Gabinius himself did not much like it, though sorely

tempted by the ten thousand talents. But Antony, desirous of brave

actions and willing to please Ptolemy, joined in persuading Gabinius

to go. And whereas all were of opinion that the most dangerous thing

before them was the march to Pelusium, in which they would have to

pass over a deep sand, where no fresh water was to be hoped for, along

the Acregma and the Serbonian marsh (which the Egyptians call Typhon's

breathing-hole, and which is, in probability, water left behind by, or

making its way through from, the Red Sea, which is here divided from

the Mediterranean by a narrow isthmus), Antony, being ordered

thither with the horse, not only made himself master of the passes,

but won Pelusium itself, a great city, took the garrison prisoners,

and by this means rendered the march secure to the army, and the way

to victory not difficult for the general to pursue. The enemy also

reaped some benefit of his eagerness for honour. For when Ptolemy,

after he had entered Pelusium, in his rage and spite against the

Egyptians, designed to put them to the sword, Antony withstood him,

and hindered the execution. In all the great and frequent skirmishes

and battles he gave continual proofs of his personal valour and

military conduct; and once in particular, by wheeling about and

attacking the rear of the enemy, he gave the victory to the assailants

in the front, and received for this service signal marks of

distinction. Nor was his humanity towards the deceased Archelaus

less taken notice of. He had been formerly his guest and acquaintance,

and, as he was now compelled, he fought him bravely while alive, but

on his death, sought out his body and buried it with royal honours.

The consequence was that he left behind him a great name among the

Alexandrians, and all who were serving in the Roman army looked upon

him as a most gallant soldier.

He had also a very good and noble appearance; his beard was well

grown, his forehead large, and his nose aquiline, giving him

altogether a bold, masculine look that reminded people of the faces of

Hercules in paintings and sculptures. It was, moreover, an ancient

tradition, that the Antonys were descended from Hercules, by a son of his called Anton; and this opinion he thought to give credit to by the similarity of his person just mentioned, and also by the fashion of his dress. For, whenever he had to appear before large numbers, he wore his tunic girt low about the hips, a broadsword on his side, and over all a large coarse mantle. What might seem to some very insupportable, his vaunting, his raillery, his drinking in public, sitting down by the men as they were taking their food, and eating, as he stood, off the common soldiers' tables, made him the delight and pleasure of the army. In love affairs, also, he was very agreeable: he gained many friends by the assistance he gave them in theirs, and took other people's raillery upon his own with

good-humour. And his generous ways, his open and lavish hand in

gifts and favours to his friends and fellow-soldiers, did a great deal

for him in his first advance to power, and after he had become

great, long maintained his fortunes, when a thousand follies were

hastening their overthrow. One instance of his liberality I must

relate. He had ordered payment to one of his friends of twenty-five

myriads of money or decies, as the Romans call it, and his steward

wondering at the extravagance of the sum, laid all the silver in a

heap, as he should pass by. Antony, seeing the heap, asked what it

meant; his steward replied, "The money you have ordered to be given to

your friend." So, perceiving the man's malice, said he, "I thought the

decies had been much more; 'tis too little; let it be doubled."

This, however, was at a later time.

When the Roman state finally broke up into two hostile factions, the aristocratical party joining Pompey, who was in the city, and the popular side seeking help from Caesar, who was at the head of an army in Gaul, Curio, the friend of Antony, having changed his party and devoted himself to Caesar, brought over Antony also to his service. And the influence which he gained with the people by his

eloquence and by the money which was supplied by Caesar, enabled him

to make Antony, first, tribune of the people, and then, augur. And

Antony's accession to office was at once of the greatest advantage

to Caesar. In the first place, he resisted the consul Marcellus, who

was putting under Pompey's orders the troops who were already

collected, and was giving him power to raise new levies; he, on the

other hand, making an order that they should be sent into Syria to

reinforce Bibulus, who was making war with the Parthians, and that

no one should give in his name to serve under Pompey. Next, when the

senators would not suffer Caesar's letters to be received or read in

the senate, by virtue of his office he read them publicly, and

succeeded so well, that many were brought to change their mind;

Caesar's demands, as they appeared in what he wrote, being but just

and reasonable. At length, two questions being put in the senate,

the one, whether Pompey should dismiss his army, the other, if

Caesar his, some were for the former, for the latter all, except

some few, when Antony stood up and put the question, if it would be

agreeable to them that both Pompey and Caesar should dismiss their

armies. This proposal met with the greatest approval, they gave him

loud acclamations, and called for it to be put to the vote. But when

the consuls would not have it so, Caesar's friends again made some few

offers, very fair and equitable, but were strongly opposed by Cato,

and Antony himself was commanded to leave the senate by the consul

Lentulus. So, leaving them with execrations, and disguising himself in

a servant's dress, hiring a carriage with Quintus Cassius, he went

straight away to Caesar, declaring at once, when they reached the

camp, that affairs at Rome were conducted without any order or

justice, that the privilege of speaking in the senate was denied the

tribunes, and that he who spoke for common fair dealing was driven out and in danger of his life.

Upon this, Caesar set his army in motion, and marched into Italy;

and for this reason it is that Cicero writes in his Philippics that

Antony was as much the cause of the civil war as Helen was of the

Trojan. But this is but a calumny. For Caesar was not of so slight

or weak a temper as to suffer himself to be carried away, by the

indignation of the moment, into a civil war with his country, upon the sight of Antony and Cassius seeking refuge in his camp meanly dressed and in a hired carriage, without ever having thought of it or taken any such resolution long before. This was to him, who wanted a pretence of declaring war, a fair and plausible occasion; but the true motive that led him was the same that formerly led Alexander and Cyrus against all mankind, the unquenchable thirst of empire, and the distracted ambition of being the greatest man in the world, which was impracticable for him, unless Pompey were put down. So soon, then, as he had advanced and occupied Rome, and driven

So soon, then, as he had advanced and occupied Rome, and drive Pompey out of Italy, he proposed first to go against the legions that

Pompey had in Spain, and then cross over and follow him with the fleet that should be prepared during his absence, in the meantime leaving the government of Rome to Lepidus, as praetor, and the command of the troops and of Italy to Antony, as tribune of the people. Antony was not long in getting the hearts of the soldiers, joining with them in their exercises, and for the most part living amongst them and making them presents to the utmost of his abilities; but with all others he was unpopular enough. He was too lazy to pay attention to the complaints of persons who were injured; he listened impatiently to petitions; and he had an ill name for familiarity with other

people's wives. In short, the government of Caesar (which, so far as

he was concerned himself, had the appearance of anything rather than a

tyranny) got a bad repute through his friends. And of these friends,

Antony, as he had the largest trust, and committed the greatest

errors, was thought the most deeply in fault.

Caesar, however, at his return from Spain, overlooked the charges

against him, and had no reason ever to complain, in the employments he

gave him in the war, of any want of courage, energy, or military

skill. He himself, going aboard at Brundusium, sailed over the

Ionian Sea with a few troops and sent back the vessels with orders

to Antony and Gabinius to embark the army, and come over with all

speed to Macedonia. Gabinius, having no mind to put to sea in the

rough, dangerous weather of the winter season, was for marching the army round by the long land route; but Antony, being more afraid lest Caesar might suffer from the number of his enemies, who pressed him hard, beat back Libo, who was watching with a fleet at the mouth of the haven of Brundusium, by attacking his galleys with a number of small boats, and gaining thus an opportunity, put on board twenty thousand foot and eight hundred horse, and so set out to sea. And, being espied by the enemy and pursued, from this danger he was rescued by a strong south wind, which sprang up and raised so high a sea that the enemy's galleys could make little way. But his own ships were

driving before it upon a lee shore of cliffs and rocks running sheer

to the water, where there was no hope of escape, when all of a

sudden the wind turned about to south-west, and blew from land to

the main sea, where Antony, now sailing in security, saw the coast all

covered with the wreck of the enemy's fleet. For hither the galleys in

pursuit had been carried by the gale, and not a few of them dashed

to pieces. Many men and much property fell into Antony's hands; he

took also the town of Lissus, and, by the seasonable arrival of so

large a reinforcement, gave Caesar great encouragement.

There was not one of the many engagements that now took place one after another in which he did not signalize himself; twice he stopped the army in its full flight, led them back to a charge, and

gained the victory. So that now without reason his reputation, next to

Caesar's, was greatest in the army. And what opinion Caesar himself

had of him well appeared when, for the final battle in Pharsalia,

which was to determine everything, he himself chose to lead the

right wing, committing the charge of the left to Antony, as to the

best officer of all that served under him. After the battle, Caesar,

being created dictator, went in pursuit of Pompey, and sent Antony

to Rome, with the character of Master of the Horse, who is in office

and power next to the dictator, when present, and in his absence the

first, and pretty nearly indeed the sole magistrate. For on the

appointment of a dictator, with the one exception of the tribunes, all

other magistrates cease to exercise any authority in Rome.

Dolabella, however, who was tribune, being a young man and eager for

change, was now for bringing in a general measure for cancelling

debts, and wanted Antony, who was his friend, and forward enough to

promote any popular project, to take part with him in this step.

Asinius and Trebellius were of the contrary opinion, and it so

happened, at the same time, Antony was crossed by a terrible suspicion

that Dolabella was too familiar with his wife; and in great trouble at

this, he parted with her (she being his cousin, and daughter to

Caius Antonius, colleague of Cicero), and, taking part with Asinius,

came to open hostilities with Dolabella, who had seized on the

forum, intending to pass his law by force. Antony, backed by a vote of the senate that Dolabella should be put down by force of arms, went down and attacked him, killing some of his, and losing some of his own men; and by this action lost his favour with the commonalty, while with the better class and with all well-conducted people his general course of life made him, as Cicero says absolutely odious, utter disgust being excited by his drinking bouts at all hours, his wild expenses, his gross amours, the day spent in sleeping or walking off his debauches, and the night in banquets and at theatres, and in celebrating the nuptials of some comedian or buffoon. It is related

that, drinking all night at the wedding of Hippias, the comedian, on

the morning, having to harangue the people, he came forward,

overcharged as he was, and vomited before them all, one of his friends

holding his gown for him. Sergius, the player, was one of the

friends who could do most with him; also Cytheris, a woman of the same

trade, whom he made much of, and who, when he went his progress,

accompanied him in a litter, and had her equipage not in anything

inferior to his mother's; while every one, moreover, was scandalized

at the sight of the golden cups that he took with him, fitter for

the ornaments of a procession than the uses of a journey, at his

having pavilions set up, and sumptuous morning repasts laid out by

river sides and in groves, at his having chariots drawn by lions,

and common women and singing girls quartered upon the houses of

serious fathers and mothers of families. And it seemed very

unreasonable that Caesar, out of Italy, should lodge in the open

field, and with great fatigue and danger, pursue the remainder of a

hazardous war, whilst others, by favour of his authority, should

insult the citizens with their impudent luxury.

All this appears to have aggravated party quarrels in Rome, and to have encouraged the soldiers in acts of licence and rapacity. And, accordingly, when Caesar came home, he acquitted Dolabella, and, being

created the third time consul, took not Antony, but Lepidus, for his

colleague. Pompey's house being offered for sale, Antony bought it,

and when the price was demanded of him, loudly complained. This, he

tells us himself and because he thought his former services had not

been recompensed as they deserved, made him not follow Caesar with the

army into Libya. However, Caesar, by dealing gently with his errors,

seems to have succeeded in curing him of a good deal of his folly

and extravagance. He gave up his former courses, and took a wife,

Fulvia, the widow of Clodius the demagogue, a woman not born for

spinning or housewifery, nor one that could be content with ruling a

private husband, but prepared to govern a first magistrate, or give

orders to a commander-in-chief. So that Cleopatra had great

obligations to her for having taught Antony to be so good a servant,

he coming to her hands tame and broken into entire obedience to the

commands of a mistress. He used to play all sorts of sportive,

boyish tricks, to keep Fulvia in good-humour. As, for example, when

Caesar, after his victory in Spain, was on his return, Antony, among

the rest, went out to meet him; and, a rumour being spread that Caesar

was killed and the enemy marching into Italy, he returned to Rome,

and, disguising himself, came to her by night muffled up as a

servant that brought letters from Antony. She, with great

impatience, before received the letter, asks if Antony were well,

and instead of an answer he gives her the letter; and, as she was

opening it, took her about the neck and kissed her. This little story,

of many of the same nature, I give as a specimen.

There was nobody of any rank in Rome that did not go some days'

journey to meet Caesar on his return from Spain; but Antony was the

best received of any, admitted to ride the whole journey with him in

his carriage, while behind came Brutus Albinus and Octavian, his

niece's son, who afterwards bore his name and reigned so long over the

Romans. Caesar being created, the fifth time, consul, without delay

chose Antony for his colleague, but designing himself to give up his

own consulate to Dolabella, he acquainted the senate with his

resolution. But Antony opposed it with all his might, saying much that

was bad against Dolabella, and receiving the like language in

return, till Caesar could bear with the indecency no longer, and

deferred the matter to another time. Afterwards, when he came before

the people to proclaim Dolabella, Antony cried out that the auspices

were unfavourable, so that at last Caesar, much to Dolabella's

vexation, yielded and gave it up. And it is credible that Caesar was

about as much disgusted with the one as the other. When some one was

accusing them both to him, "It is not," said he, "these well-fed,

long-haired men that I fear, but the pale and the hungry-looking;"

meaning Brutus and Cassius, by whose conspiracy he afterwards fell.

And the fairest pretext for that conspiracy was furnished, without

his meaning it, by Antony himself. The Romans were celebrating their

festival, called the Lupercalia, when Caesar, in his triumphal

habit, and seated above the rostra in the market-place, was a

spectator of the sports. The custom is, that many young noblemen and

of the magistracy, anointed with oil and having straps of hide in

their hands, run about and strike, in sport, at every one they meet.

Antony was running with the rest; but, omitting the old ceremony,

twining a garland of bay round a diadem, he ran up to the rostra, and,

being lifted up by his companions, would have put it upon the head

of Caesar, as if by that ceremony he was declared king. Caesar

seemingly refused, and drew aside to avoid it, and was applauded by

the people with great shouts. Again Antony pressed it, and again he

declined its acceptance. And so the dispute between them went on for

some time, Antony's solicitations receiving but little encouragement

from the shouts of a few friends, and Caesar's refusal being

accompanied with the general applause of the people; a curious thing

enough, that they should submit with patience to the fact, and yet

at the same time dread the name as the destruction of their liberty.

Caesar, very much discomposed at what had passed got up from his seat,

and, laying bare his neck, said he was ready to receive a stroke, if

any one of them desired to give it. The crown was at last put on one

of his statues, but was taken down by some of the tribunes, who were

followed home by the people with shouts of applause. Caesar,

however, resented it, and deposed them.

These passages gave great encouragement to Brutus and Cassius, who

in making choice of trusty friends for such an enterprise, were

thinking to engage Antony. The rest approved, except Trebonius, who

told them that Antony and he had lodged and travelled together in

the last journey they took to meet Caesar, and that he had let fall

several words, in a cautious way, on purpose to sound him; that Antony

very well understood him, but did not encourage it; however, he had

said nothing of it to Caesar, but had kept the secret faithfully.

The conspirators then proposed that Antony should die with him,

which Brutus would not consent to, insisting that an action undertaken

in defence of right and the laws must be maintained unsullied, and

pure of injustice. It was settled that Antony, whose bodily strength

and high office made him formidable, should, at Caesar's entrance into

the senate, when the deed was to be done, be amused outside by some of

the party in a conversation about some pretended business.

So when all was proceeded with, according to their plan, and

Caesar had fallen in the senate-house, Antony, at the first moment,

took a servant's dress, and hid himself. But, understanding that the

conspirators had assembled in the Capitol, and had no further design

upon any one, he persuaded them to come down, giving them his son as a

hostage. That night Cassius supped at Antony's house, and Brutus

with Lepidus. Antony then convened the senate, and spoke in favour

of an act of oblivion, and the appointment of Brutus and Cassius to

provinces. These measures the senate passed; and resolved that all

Caesar's acts should remain in force. Thus Antony went out of the

senate with the highest possible reputation and esteem; for it was

apparent that he had prevented a civil war, and had composed, in the

wisest and most statesmanlike way, questions of the greatest

difficulty and embarrassment. But these temperate counsels were soon

swept away by the tide of popular applause, and the prospect, if

Brutus were overthrown, of being without doubt the ruler-in-chief.

As Caesar's body was conveying to the tomb, Antony, according to the

custom, was making his funeral oration in the market-place, and

perceiving the people to be infinitely affected with what he had said,

he began to mingle with his praises language of commiseration, and

horror at what had happened, and, as he was ending his speech, he took

the under-clothes of the dead, and held them up, showing them stains

of blood and the holes of the many stabs, calling those that had

done this act villains and bloody murderers. All which excited the

people to such indignation, that they would not defer the funeral,

but, making a pile of tables and forms in the very market-place, set

fire to it; and every one, taking a brand, ran to the conspirators'

houses, to attack them.

Upon this, Brutus and his whole party left the city, and Caesar's friends joined themselves to Antony. Calpurnia, Caesar's wife, lodged with him the best part of the property to the value of four thousand talents; he got also into his hands all Caesar's papers wherein were contained journals of all he had done, and draughts of

what he designed to do, which Antony made good use of; for by this

means he appointed what magistrates he pleased, brought whom he

would into the senate, recalled some from exile, freed others out of

prison, and all this as ordered so by Caesar. The Romans, in

mockery, gave those who were thus benefited the name of Charonites,

since, if put to prove their patents, they must have recourse to the

papers of the dead. In short, Antony's behaviour in Rome was very

absolute, he himself being consul and his two brothers in great place;

Caius, the one, being praetor, and Lucius, the other, tribune of the

people.

While matters went thus in Rome, the young Caesar, Caesar's

niece's son, and by testament left his heir, arrived at Rome from

Apollonia, where he was when his uncle was killed. The first thing

he did was to visit Antony, as his father's friend. He spoke to him

concerning the money that was in his hands, and reminded him of the

legacy Caesar had made of seventy-five drachmas of every Roman

citizen. Antony, at first, laughing at such discourse from so young

a man, told him he wished he were in his health, and that he wanted good counsel and good friends to tell him the burden of being executor to Caesar would sit very uneasy upon his young shoulders. This was no answer to him; and, when he persisted in demanding the property, Antony went on treating him injuriously both in word and deed, opposed him when he stood for the tribune's office, and, when he was taking steps for the dedication of his father's golden chair, as had been enacted, he threatened to send him to prison if he did not give over soliciting the people. This made the young Caesar apply himself to Cicero, and all those that hated Antony; by them he was recommended to the senate, while he himself courted the people, and drew together the

soldiers from their settlements, till Antony got alarmed, and gave him a meeting in the Capitol, where, after some words, they came to an accommodation.

That night Antony had a very unlucky dream, fancying that his right hand was thunderstruck. And, some few days after, he was informed that Caesar was plotting to take his life. Caesar

explained, but was not believed, so that the breach was now made as

wide as ever; each of them hurried about all through Italy to

engage, by great offers, the old soldiers that lay scattered in

their settlements, and to be the first to secure the troops that still

remained undischarged. Cicero was at this time the man of greatest

influence in Rome. He made use of all his art to exasperate the people

against Antony, and at length persuaded the senate to declare him a

public enemy, to send Caesar the rods and axes and other marks of

honour usually given to proctors, and to issue orders to Hirtius and

Pansa, who were the consuls, to drive Antony out of Italy. The

armies engaged near Modena, and Caesar himself was present and took

part in the battle. Antony was defeated, but both the consuls were

slain. Antony, in his flight, was overtaken by distresses of every

kind, and the worst of all of them was famine. But it was his

character in calamities to be better than at any other time. Antony,

in misfortune, was most nearly a virtuous man. It is common enough for

people, when they fall into great disasters, to discern what is right,

and what they ought to do; but there are but few who in such

extremities have the strength to obey their judgment, either in

doing what it approves or avoiding what it condemns; and a good many

are so weak as to give way to their habits all the more, and are

incapable of using their using minds. Antony, on this occasion, was

a most wonderful example to his soldiers. He, who had just quitted

so much luxury and sumptuous living, made no difficulty now of

drinking foul water and feeding on wild fruits and roots. Nay, it is

related they ate the very bark of trees, and, in passing over the

Alps, lived upon creatures that no one before had ever been willing to touch.

The design was to join the army on the other side the Alps,

commanded by Lepidus, who he imagined would stand his friend, he

having done him many good offices with Caesar. On coming up and

encamping near at hand, finding he had no sort of encouragement

offered him, he resolved to push his fortune and venture all. His hair

was long and disordered, nor had he shaved his beard since his defeat;

in this guise, and with a dark coloured cloak flung over him, he

came into the trenches of Lepidus, and began to address the army. Some were moved at his habit, others at his words, so that Lepidus, not liking it, ordered the trumpets to sound, that he might be heard no

longer. This raised in the soldiers yet a greater pity, so that they

resolved to confer secretly with him, and dressed Laelius and

Clodius in women's clothes, and sent them to see him. They advised him

without delay to attack Lepidus's trenches, assuring him that a strong

party would receive him, and, if he wished it, would kill Lepidus.

Antony, however, had no wish for this, but next morning marched his

army to pass over the river that parted the two camps. He was

himself the first man that stepped in, and, as he went through towards

the other bank, he saw Lepidus's soldiers in great numbers reaching

out their hands to help him, and beating down the works to make him

way. Being entered into the camp, and finding himself absolute master,

he nevertheless treated Lepidus with the greatest civility, and gave

him the title of Father, when he spoke to him, and though he had

everything at his own command, he left him the honour of being

called the general. This fair usage brought over to him Munatius

Plancus, who was not far off with a considerable force. Thus in

great strength he repassed the Alps, leading with him into Italy

seventeen legions and ten thousand horse, besides six legions which he

left in garrison under the command of Varius, one of his familiar

friends and boon companions, whom they used to call by the nickname of Cotylon.

Caesar, perceiving that Cicero's wishes were for liberty, had ceased

to pay any further regard to him, and was now employing the

mediation of his friends to come to a good understanding with

Antony. They both met together with Lepidus in a small island, where

the conference lasted three days. The empire was soon determined of,

it being divided amongst them as if it had been their paternal

inheritance. That which gave them all the trouble was to agree who

should be put to death, each of them desiring to destroy his enemies

and to save his friends. But, in the end, animosity to those they

hated carried the day against respect for relations and affection

for friends; and Caesar sacrificed Cicero to Antony, Antony gave up

his uncle Lucius Caesar, and Lepidus received permission to murder his

brother Paulus, or, as others say, yielded his brother to them. I do

not believe anything ever took place more truly savage or barbarous

than this composition, for, in this exchange of blood for blood,

they were guilty of the lives they surrendered and of those they took;

or, indeed, more guilty in the case of their friends for whose

deaths they had not even the justification of hatred. To complete

the reconciliation, the soldiery, coming about them, demanded that

confirmation should be given to it by some alliance of marriage;

Caesar should marry Clodia, the daughter of Fulvia, wife to Antony.

This also being agreed to, three hundred persons were put to death

by proscription. Antony gave orders to those that were to kill

Cicero to cut off his head and right hand, with which he had written

his invectives against him; and, when they were brought before him, he

regarded them joyfully, actually bursting out more than once into

laughter, and, when he had satiated himself with the sight of them,

ordered them to be hung up above the speaker's place in the forum,

thinking thus to insult the dead, while in fact he only exposed his

own wanton arrogance, and his unworthiness to hold the power that

fortune had given him. His uncle, Lucius Caesar, being closely

pursued, took refuge with his sister, who, when the murderers had

broken into her house and were pressing into her chamber, met them

at the door, and spreading out hands, cried out several times. "You

shall not kill Lucius Caesar till you first despatch me who gave

your general his birth;" and in this manner she succeeded in getting

her brother out of the way, and saving his life.

This triumvirate was very hateful to the Romans, and Antony most

of all bore the blame, because he was older than Caesar, and had

greater authority than Lepidus, and withal he was no sooner settled in

his affairs, but he turned to his luxurious and dissolute way of

living. Besides the ill reputation he gained by his general behaviour,

it was some considerable disadvantage to him his living in the house

of Pompey the Great, who had been as much admired for his temperance

and his sober, citizen-like habits of life, as ever he was for

having triumphed three times. They could not without anger see the

doors of that house shut against magistrates, officers, and envoys,

who were shamefully refused admittance, while it was filled inside

with players, jugglers, and drunken flatterers, upon whom were spent

the greatest part of the wealth which violence and cruelty procured.

For they did not limit themselves to the forfeiture of the estates

of such as were proscribed, defrauding the widows and families, nor

were they contented with laying on every possible kind of tax and

imposition; but hearing that several sums of money were, as well by

strangers as citizens of Rome, deposited in the hands of the vestal

virgins, they went and took the money away by force. When it was

manifest that nothing would ever be enough for Antony, Caesar at

last called for a division of property. The army was also divided

between them, upon their march into Macedonia to make war with

Brutus and Cassius, Lepidus being left with the command of the city.

However, after they had crossed the sea and engaged in operations of

war, encamping in front of the enemy, Antony opposite Cassius, and

Caesar opposite Brutus, Caesar did nothing worth relating, and all the

success and victory were Antony's. In the first battle, Caesar was

completely routed by Brutus, his camp taken, he himself very

narrowly escaping by flight. As he himself writes in his Memoirs, he

retired before the battle, on account of a dream which one of his

friends had. But Antony, on the other hand, defeated Cassius; though

some have written that he was not actually present in the

engagement, and only joined afterwards in the pursuit. Cassius was

killed, at his own entreaty and order, by one of his most trusted

freedmen, Pindarus, not being aware of Brutus's victory. After a few

days' interval, they fought another battle, in which Brutus lost the

day, and slew himself; and Caesar being sick, Antony had almost all

the honour of the victory. Standing over Brutus's dead body, he

uttered a few words of reproach upon him for the death of his

brother Caius, who had been executed by Brutus's order in Macedonia in

revenge of Cicero; but, saying presently that Hortensius was most to

blame for it, he gave order for his being slain upon his brother's

tomb, and, throwing his own scarlet mantle, which was of great

value, upon the body of Brutus, he gave charge to one of his own

freedmen to take care of his funeral. This man, as Antony came to

understand, did not leave the mantle with the corpse, but kept both it

and a good part of the money that should have been spent in the

funeral for himself; for which he had him put to death.

But Caesar was conveyed to Rome, no one expecting that he would long

survive. Antony, purposing to go to the eastern provinces to lay

them under contribution, entered Greece with a large force. The

promise had been made that every common soldier should receive for his pay five thousand drachmas; so it was likely there would be need of pretty severe taxing and levying to raise money. However, to the Greeks he showed at first reason and moderation enough; he gratified his love of amusement by hearing the learned men dispute, by seeing the games, and undergoing initiation; and in judicial matters he was equitable, taking pleasure in being styled a lover of Greece, but, above all, in being called a lover of Athens, to which city he made very considerable presents. The people of Megara wished to let him know that they also had something to show him, and invited him to come and see their senate-house. So he went and examined it, and on their

asking him how he liked it, told them it was "not very large, but

extremely ruinous." At the same time, he had a survey made of the

temple of the Pythian Apollo as if he had designed to repair it, and

indeed he had declared to the senate his intention so to do.

However, leaving Lucius Censorinus in Greece, he crossed over into

Asia, and there laid his hands on the stores of accumulated wealth,

while kings waited at his door, and queens were rivalling one another,

who should make him the greatest presents or appear most charming in

his eyes. Thus, whilst Caesar in Rome was wearing out his strength

amidst seditions and wars, Antony, with nothing to do amidst the

enjoyments of peace, let his passions carry him easily back to the old

course of life that was familiar to him. A set of harpers and

pipers, Anaxenor and Xuthus, the dancing-man, Metrodorus, and a

whole Bacchic rout of the like Asiatic exhibitors, far outdoing in

licence and buffoonery the pests that had followed him out of Italy,

came in and possessed the court; the thing was past patience, wealth

of all kinds being wasted on objects like these. The whole of Asia was

like the city in Sophocles, loaded, at one time-

"-----with incense in the air,

Jubilant songs, and outcries of despair."

When he made his entry into Ephesus, the women met him dressed up like Bacchantes, and the men and boys like satyrs and fauns, and throughout the town nothing was to be seen but spears wreathed about with ivy, harps, flutes, and psalteries, while Antony in their songs was Bacchus, the Giver of joy, and the Gentle. And so indeed he was to some but to far more the Devourer and the Savage; for he would deprive persons of worth and quality of their fortunes to gratify villains and flatterers, who would sometimes beg the estates of men yet living, pretending they were dead, and, obtaining a grant, take possession. He gave his cook the house of a Magnesian citizen, as a reward for a

single highly successful supper, and, at last, when he was

proceeding to lay a second whole tribute on Asia, Hybreas, speaking on behalf of the cities, took courage, and told him broadly, but aptly enough for Antony's taste "if you can take two yearly tributes, you can doubtless give us a couple of summers and a double harvest time;" and put it to him in the plainest and boldest way, that Asia had raised two hundred thousand talents for his service: "If this has not been paid to you, ask your collectors for it; if it has, and is all gone, we are ruined men." These words touched Antony to the quick, who was simply ignorant of most things that were done in his name; not that he was so indolent, as he was prone to trust frankly in all about him. For there was much simplicity in his character; he

was slow to see his faults, but when he did see them, was extremely

repentant, and ready to ask pardon of those he had injured prodigal in

his acts of reparation, and severe in his punishments, but his

generosity was much more extravagant than his severity; his raillery

was sharp and insulting, but the edge of it was taken off by his

readiness to submit to any kind of repartee; for he was as well

contented to be rallied, as he was pleased to rally others. And this

freedom of speech was, indeed, the cause of many of his disasters.

He never imagined those who used so much liberty in their mirth

would flatter or deceive him in business of consequence, not knowing

how common it is with parasites to mix their flattery with boldness,

as confectioners do their sweetmeats with something biting, to prevent

the sense of satiety. Their freedoms and impertinences at table were

designed expressly to give to their obsequiousness in council the

air of being not complaisance, but conviction.

Such being his temper, the last and crowning mischief that could befall him came in the love of Cleopatra, to awaken and kindle to fury passions that as yet lay still and dormant in his nature, and to

stifle and finally corrupt any elements that yet made resistance in

him of goodness and a sound judgment. He fell into the snare thus.

When making preparation for the Parthian war, he sent to command her

to make her personal appearance in Cilicia, to answer an accusation

that she had given great assistance, in the late wars, to Cassius.

Dellius, who was sent on this message, had no sooner seen her face,

and remarked her adroitness and subtlety in speech, but he felt

convinced that Antony would not so much as think of giving any

molestation to a woman like this; on the contrary, she would be the

first in favour with him. So he set himself at once to pay his court

to the Egyptian, and gave her his advice, "to go," in the Homeric

style, to Cilicia, "in her best attire," and bade her fear nothing

from Antony, the gentlest and kindest of soldiers. She had some

faith in the words of Dellius, but more in her own attractions; which,

having formerly recommended her to Caesar and the young Cnaeus Pompey,

she did not doubt might prove yet more successful with Antony. Their

acquaintance was with her when a girl, young and ignorant of the

world, but she was to meet Antony in the time of life when women's

beauty is most splendid, and their intellects are in full maturity.

She made great preparation for her journey, of money, gifts, and

ornaments of value, such as so wealthy a kingdom might afford, but she

brought with her her surest hopes in her own magic arts and charms.

She received several letters, both from Antony and from his friends,

to summon her, but she took no account of these orders; and at last,

as if in mockery of them, she came sailing up the river Cydnus, in a

barge with gilded stern and outspread sails of purple, while oars of silver beat time to the music of flutes and fifes and harps. She herself lay all along under a canopy of cloth of gold, dressed as Venus in a picture, and beautiful young boys, like painted Cupids, stood on each side to fan her. Her maids were dressed like sea nymphs and graces, some steering at the rudder, some working at the ropes. The perfumes diffused themselves from the vessel to the shore, which was covered with multitudes, part following the galley up the river on either bank, part running out of the city to see the sight. The market-place was quite emptied, and Antony at last was left alone sitting upon the tribunal; while the word went through all the

multitude, that Venus was come to feast with Bacchus, for the common good of Asia. On her arrival, Antony sent to invite her to supper. She thought it fitter he should come to her; so, willing to show his good-humour and courtesy, he complied, and went. He found the preparations to receive him magnificent beyond expression, but nothing so admirable as the great number of lights; for on a sudden there was let down altogether so great a number of branches with lights in them so ingeniously disposed, some in squares, and some in circles, that the whole thing was a spectacle that has seldom been equalled for beauty.

The next day, Antony invited her to supper, and was very desirous to

outdo her as well in magnificence as contrivance; but he found he

was altogether beaten in both, and was so well convinced of it that he

was himself the first to jest and mock at his poverty of wit and his

rustic awkwardness. She, perceiving that his raillery was broad and

gross, and savoured more of the soldier than the courtier, rejoined in

the same taste, and fell into it at once, without any sort of

reluctance or reserve. For her actual beauty, it is said, was not in

itself so remarkable that none could be compared with her, or that

no one could see her without being struck by it, but the contact of

her presence, if you lived with her, was irresistible; the

attraction of her person, joining with the charm of her

conversation, and the character that attended all she said or did, was something bewitching. It was a pleasure merely to hear the sound of her voice, with which, like an instrument of many strings, she could pass from one language to another; so that there were few of the barbarian nations that she answered by an interpreter; to most of them she spoke herself, as to the Ethiopians, Troglodytes, Hebrews, Arabians, Syrians, Medes, Parthians, and many others, whose language she had learnt; which was all the more surprising because most of the kings, her predecessors, scarcely gave themselves the trouble to

acquire the Egyptian tongue, and several of them quite abandoned the

Macedonian.

Antony was so captivated by her that, while Fulvia his wife

maintained his quarrels in Rome against Caesar by actual force of

arms, and the Parthian troops, commanded by Labienus (the king's

generals having made him commander-in-chief), were assembled in

Mesopotamia, and ready to enter Syria, he could yet suffer himself

to be carried away by her to Alexandria, there to keep holiday, like a

boy, in play and diversion, squandering and fooling away in enjoyments

that most costly, as Antiphon says, of all valuables, time. They had a

sort of company, to which they gave a particular name, calling it that

of the Inimitable Livers. The members entertained one another daily in

turn, with all extravagance of expenditure beyond measure or belief.

Philotas, a physician of Amphissa, who was at that time a student of

medicine in Alexandria, used to tell my grandfather Lamprias that,

having some acquaintance with one of the royal cooks, he was invited

by him, being a young man, to come and see the sumptuous

preparations for supper. So he was taken into the kitchen, where he

admired the prodigious variety of all things; but particularly, seeing

eight wild boars roasting whole, says he, "Surely you have a great

number of guests." The cook laughed at his simplicity, and told him

there were not above twelve to sup, but that every dish was to be

served up just roasted to a turn, and if anything was but one minute

ill-timed, it was spoiled; "And," said he, "maybe Antony will sup just

now, maybe not this hour, maybe he will call for wine, or begin to

talk, and will put it off. So that," he continued, "it is not one, but

many suppers must be had in readiness, as it is impossible to guess at

his hour." This was Philotas's story; who related besides, that he

afterwards came to be one the medical attendants of Antony's eldest

son by Fulvia, and used to be invited pretty often, among other

companions, to his table, when he was not supping with his father. One

day another physician had talked loudly, and given great disturbance

to the company, whose mouth Philotas stopped with this sophistical

syllogism: "In some states of fever the patient should take cold

water; every one who has a fever is in some state of fever;

therefore in a fever cold water should always be taken." The man was

quite struck dumb, and Antony's son, very much pleased, laughed aloud,

and said, "Philotas, I make you a present of all you see there,"

pointing to a sideboard covered with plate. Philotas thanked him much,

but was far enough from ever imagining that a boy of his age could

dispose of things of that value. Soon after, however, the plate was

all brought to him, and he was desired to get his mark upon it; and

when he put it away from him, and was afraid to accept the present.

"What ails the man?" said he that brought it; "do you know that he who

gives you this is Antony's son, who is free to give it, if it were all

gold? but if you will be advised by me, I would counsel you to

accept of the value in money from us; for there may be amongst the

rest some antique or famous piece of workmanship, which Antony would

be sorry to part with." These anecdotes, my grandfather told us,

Philotas used frequently to relate.

To return to Cleopatra; Plato admits four sorts of flattery, but she

had a thousand. Were Antony serious or disposed to mirth, she had at

any moment some new delight or charm to meet his wishes; at every turn

she was upon him, and let him escape her neither by day nor by

night. She played at dice with him, drank with him, hunted with him;

and when he exercised in arms, she was there to see. At night she

would go rambling with him to disturb and torment people at their

doors and windows, dressed like a servant-woman, for Antony also went in servant's disguise, and from these expeditions he often came home very scurvily answered, and sometimes even beaten severely, though most people guessed who it was. However, the Alexandrians in general liked it all well enough, and joined good-humouredly and kindly in his frolic and play, saying they were much obliged to Antony for acting his tragic parts at Rome, and keeping comedy for them. It would be trifling without end to be particular in his follies, but his fishing must not be forgotten. He went out one day to angle with Cleopatra, and, being so unfortunate as to catch nothing in the presence of his mistress, he gave secret orders to the fishermen to

dive under water, and put fishes that had been already taken upon

his hooks; and these he drew so fast that the Egyptian perceived it.

But, feigning great admiration, she told everybody how dexterous

Antony was, and invited them next day to come and see him again. So,

when a number of them had come on board the fishing-boats, as soon

as he had let down his hook, one of her servants was beforehand with

his divers and fixed upon his hook a salted fish from Pontus.

Antony, feeling his line give, drew up the prey, and when, as may be

imagined, great laughter ensued, "Leave," said Cleopatra, "the

fishing-rod, general, to us poor sovereigns of Pharos and Canopus;

your game is cities, provinces, and kingdoms."

Whilst he was thus diverting himself and engaged in this boy's play,

two despatches arrived; one from Rome, that his brother Lucius and his

wife Fulvia, after many quarrels among themselves, had joined in war

against Caesar, and having lost all, had fled out of Italy; the

other bringing little better news, that Labienus, at the head of the

Parthians, was overrunning Asia, from Euphrates and Syria as far as

Lydia and Ionia. So, scarcely at last rousing himself from sleep,

and shaking off the fumes of wine, he set out to attack the Parthians,

and went as far as Phoenicia; but, upon the receipt of lamentable

letters from Fulvia, turned his course with two hundred ships to

Italy. And, in his way, receiving such of his friends as fled from

Italy, he was given to understand that Fulvia was the sole cause of

the war, a woman of a restless spirit and very bold, and withal her

hopes were that commotions in Italy would force Antony from Cleopatra.

But it happened that Fulvia as she was coming to meet her husband,

fell sick by the way, and died at Sicyon, so that an accommodation was

the more easily made. For when he reached Italy, and Caesar showed

no intention of laying anything to his charge, and he on his part

shifted the blame of everything on Fulvia, those that were friends

to them would not suffer that the time should be spent in looking

narrowly into the plea, but made a reconciliation first, and then a

partition of the empire between them, taking as their boundary the

Ionian Sea, the eastern provinces falling to Antony, to Caesar the

western, and Africa being left to Lepidus. And an agreement was made

that everyone in their turn, as they thought fit, should make their

friends consuls, when they did not choose to take the offices

themselves.

These terms were well approved of, but yet it was thought some

closer tie would be desirable; and for this, fortune offered occasion.

Caesar had an elder sister, not of the whole blood, for Attia was

his mother's name, hers Ancharia. This sister, Octavia, he was

extremely attached to, as indeed she was, it is said, quite a wonder

of a woman. Her husband, Caius Marcellus, had died not long before,

and Antony was now a widower by the death of Fulvia; for, though he did not disavow the passion he had for Cleopatra, yet he disowned anything of marriage, reason as yet, upon this point, still maintaining the debate against the charms of the Egyptian. Everybody concurred in promoting this new alliance, fully expecting that with the beauty, honour, and prudence of Octavia, when her company should, as it was certain it would, have engaged his affections, all would be kept in the safe and happy course of friendship. So, both parties being agreed, they went to Rome to celebrate the nuptials, the senate dispensing with the law by which a widow was not permitted to marry till ten months after the death of her husband.

Sextus Pompeius was in possession of Sicily, and with his ships,

under the command of Menas, the pirate, and Menecrates, so infested

the Italian coast that no vessels durst venture into those seas.

Sextus had behaved with much humanity towards Antony, having

received his mother when she fled with Fulvia, and it was therefore

judged fit that he also should be received into the peace. They met

near the promontory of Misenum, by the mole of the port, Pompey having

his fleet at anchor close by, and Antony and Caesar their troops drawn

up all along the shore. There it was concluded that Sextus should

quietly enjoy the government of Sicily and Sardinia, he conditioning

to scour the seas of all pirates, and to send so much corn every

year to Rome.

This agreed on, they invited one another to supper, and by lot it fell to Pompey's turn to give the first entertainment, and Antony, asking where it was to be, "There," said he, pointing to the

admiral-galley, a ship of six banks of oars. "that is the only house

that Pompey is heir to of his father's." And this he said,

reflecting upon Antony, who was then in possession of his father's

house. Having fixed the ship on her anchors, and formed a bridgeway

from the promontory to conduct on board of her, he gave them a cordial

welcome. And when they began to grow warm, and jests were passing

freely on Antony and Cleopatra's loves, Menas, the pirate, whispered

Pompey, in the ear, "Shall I," said he, "cut the cables and make you

master not of Sicily only and Sardinia, but of the whole Roman

empire?" Pompey, having considered a little while, returned him

answer, "Menas, this might have been done without acquainting me;

now we must rest content; I do not break my word." And so, having been

entertained by the other two in their turns, he set sail for Sicily.

After the treaty was completed, Antony despatched Ventidius into

Asia, to check the advance of the Parthians, while he, as a compliment

to Caesar, accepted the office of priest to the deceased Caesar. And

in any state affair and matter of consequence, they both behaved

themselves with much consideration and friendliness for each other.

But it annoyed Antony that in all their amusements, on any trial of skill or fortune, Caesar should be constantly victorious. He had with him an Egyptian diviner, one of those who calculate nativities, who, either to make his court to Cleopatra, or that by the rules of his art he found it to be so, openly declared to him that though the fortune that attended him was bright and glorious, yet it was overshadowed by Caesar's; and advised him to keep himself as far distant as he could from that young man; "for your Genius," said he, "dreads his; when absent from him yours is proud and brave, but in his presence unmanly and dejected;" and incidents that occurred appeared to show that the Egyptian spoke truth. For whenever they cast lots for

any playful purpose, or threw dice, Antony was still the loser; and

when they fought game-cocks or quails, Caesar's had the victory.

This gave Antony a secret displeasure, and made him put the more

confidence in the skill of his Egyptian. So, leaving the management of

his home affairs to Caesar, he left Italy, and took Octavia, who had

lately borne him a daughter, along with him into Greece.

Here, whilst he wintered in Athens, he received the first news of

Ventidius's successes over the Parthians, of his having defeated

them in a battle, having slain Labienus and Pharnapates, the best

general their king, Hyrodes, possessed. For the celebrating of which

he made public feast through Greece, and for the prizes which were

contested at Athens he himself acted as steward, and, leaving at

home the ensigns that are carried before the general, he made his

public appearance in a gown and white shoes, with the steward's

wands marching before; and he performed his duty in taking the

combatants by the neck, to part them, when they had fought enough.

When the time came for him to set out for the war, he took a garland

from the sacred olive, and, in obedience to some oracle, he filled a

vessel with the water of the Clepsydra to carry along with him. In

this interval, Pacorus, the Parthian king's son, who was marching into

Syria with a large army, was met by Ventidius, who gave him battle

in the country of Cyrrhestica, slew a large number of his men, and

Pacorus among the first. This victory was one of the most renowned

achievements of the Romans, and fully avenged their defeats under

Crassus, the Parthians being obliged, after the loss of three

battles successively, to keep themselves within the bounds of Media

and Mesopotamia. Ventidius was not willing to push his good fortune

further, for fear of raising some jealousy in Antony, but turning

his aims against those that had quitted the Roman interest, he reduced

them to their former obedience. Among the rest, he besieged Antiochus,

King of Commagene, in the city of Samosata, who made an offer of a

thousand talents for his pardon, and a promise of submission to

Antony's commands. But Ventidius told him that he must send to Antony,

who was already on his march, and had sent word to Ventidius to make no terms with Antiochus, wishing that at any rate this one exploit might be ascribed to him, and that people might not think that all his successes were won by his lieutenants. The siege, however, was long protracted; for when those within found their offers refused, they defended themselves stoutly, till, at last, Antony, finding he was doing nothing, in shame and regret for having refused the first offer, was glad to make an accommodation with Antiochus for three hundred talents. And, having given some orders for the affairs of Syria, he returned to Athens; and, paying Ventidius the honours he well

deserved, dismissed him to receive his triumph. He is the only man

that has ever yet triumphed for victories obtained over the Parthians;

he was of obscure birth, but, by means of Antony's friendship,

obtained an opportunity of showing his capacity, and doing great

things; and his making such glorious use of it gave new credit to

the current observation about Caesar and Antony, that they were more

fortunate in what they did by their lieutenants than in their own

persons. For Sossius, also, had great success, and Canidius, whom he

left in Armenia, defeated the people there, and also the kings of

the Albanians and Iberians, and marched victorious as far as Caucasus,

by which means the fame of Antony's arms had become great among the

barbarous nations.

He, however, once more, upon some unfavourable stories, taking offence against Caesar, set sail with three hundred ships for Italy, and, being refused admittance to the port of Brundusium, made for Tarentum. There his wife Octavia, who came from Greece with him, obtained leave to visit her brother, she being then great with child, having already borne her husband a second daughter; and as she was on her way she met Caesar, with his two friends Agrippa and Maecenas, and, taking these two aside, with great entreaties and lamentations she told them, that of the most fortunate woman upon earth, she was in danger of becoming the most unhappy; for as yet every one's eyes were fixed upon her as the wife and sister of the two

great commanders, but, if rash counsels should prevail, and war ensue,

"I shall be miserable," said she, "without redress; for on what side

soever victory falls, I shall be sure to be a loser." Caesar was

overcome by these entreaties, and advanced in a peaceable temper to

Tarentum, where those that were present beheld a most stately

spectacle; a vast army the up by the shore, and as great a fleet in

the harbour, all without the occurrence of friends, and other

expressions of joy and kindness, passing from one armament to the

other. Antony first entertained Caesar, this also being a concession

on Caesar's part to his sister; and when at length an agreement was

made between them, that Caesar should give Antony two of his legions

to serve him in the Parthian war, and that Antony should in return

leave with him a hundred armed galleys, Octavia further obtained of

her husband, besides this, twenty light ships for her brother, and

of her brother, a thousand foot for her husband. So, having parted

good friends, Caesar went immediately to make war with Pompey to

conquer Sicily. And Antony, leaving in Caesar's charge his wife and

children, and his children by his former wife Fulvia, set sail for

Asia.

But the mischief that thus long had lain still, the passion for

Cleopatra, which better thoughts had seemed to have lulled and charmed

into oblivion, upon his approach to Syria gathered strength again, and

broke out into a flame. And, in fine, like Plato's restive and

rebellious horse of the human soul, flinging off all good and

wholesome counsel, and breaking fairly loose, he sends Fonteius Capito

to bring Cleopatra into Syria. To whom at her arrival he made no small

or trifling present, Phoenicia, Coele-Syria, Cyprus, great part of

Cilicia, that side of Judaea which produces balm, that part of

Arabia where the Nabathaeans extend to the outer sea; profuse gifts

which much displeased the Romans. For although he had invested several

private persons in great governments and kingdoms, and bereaved many

kings of theirs, as Antigonus of Judaea, whose head he caused to be

struck off (the first example of that punishment being inflicted on

a king), yet nothing stung the Romans like the shame of these

honours paid to Cleopatra. Their dissatisfaction was augmented also by

his acknowledging as his own the twin children he had by her, giving

them the name of Alexander and Cleopatra, and adding, as their

surnames, the titles of Sun and Moon. But he, who knew how to put a

good colour on the most dishonest action, would say that the greatness

of the Roman empire consisted more in giving than in taking

kingdoms, and that the way to carry noble blood through the world

was by begetting in every place a new line and series of kings; his

own ancestor had thus been born of Hercules; Hercules had not

limited his hopes of progeny to a single womb, nor feared any law like

Solon's or any audit of procreation, but had freely let nature take

her will in the foundation and first commencement of many families.

After Phraates had killed his father Hyrodes, and taken possession of his kingdom, many of the Parthians left their country; among the rest Monaeses, a man of great distinction and authority, sought refuge with Antony, who, looking on his case as similar to that of Themistocles, and likening his own opulence and magnanimity to those

of the former Persian kings, gave him three cities, Larissa, Arethusa,

and Hierapolis, which was formerly called Bambyce. But when the King

of Parthia soon recalled him, giving him his word and honour for his

safety, Antony was not unwilling to give him leave to return, hoping

thereby to surprise Phraates, who would believe that peace would

continue; for he only made the demand of him that he should send

back the Roman ensigns which were taken when Crassus was slain, and

the prisoners that remained yet alive. This done, he sent Cleopatra to

Egypt, and marched through Arabia and Armenia; and, when his forces

came together, and were joined by those of his confederate kings (of

whom there were very many, and the most considerable, Artavasdes, King

of Armenia, who came at the head of six thousand horse and seven

thousand foot), he made a general muster. There appeared sixty

thousand Roman foot, ten thousand horse, Spaniards and Gauls, who

counted as Romans; and, of other nations, horse and foot thirty

thousand. And these great preparations, that put the Indians beyond

Bactria into alarm, and made all Asia shake, were all we are told

rendered useless to him because of Cleopatra. For, in order to pass

the winter with her, the war was pushed on before its due time; and

all he did was done without perfect consideration, as by a man who had

no power of control over his faculties, who, under the effect of

some drug or magic, was still looking back elsewhere, and whose object

was much more to hasten his return than to conquer his enemies.

For, first of all, when he should have taken up his

winter-quarters in Armenia, to refresh his men, who were tired with

long marches, having come at least eight thousand furlongs, and then

having taken the advantage in the beginning of the spring to invade

Media, before the Parthians were out of winter-quarters, he had not

patience to expect his time, but marched into the province of

Atropatene, leaving Armenia on the left hand, and laid waste all

that country. Secondly, his haste was so great that he left behind the

engines absolutely required for any siege, which followed the camp

in three hundred wagons, and, among the rest, a ram eighty feet

long; none of which was it possible, if lost or damaged, to repair

or to make the like, as the provinces of the Upper Asia produce no

trees long or hard enough for such uses. Nevertheless, he left them

all behind, as a mere impediment to his speed, in the charge of a

detachment under the command of Statianus, the wagon officer. He

himself laid siege to Phraata, a principal city of the King of

Media, wherein were that king's wife and children. And when actual

need proved the greatness of his error, in leaving the siege-train

behind him, he had nothing for it but to come up and raise a mound

against the walls, with infinite labour and great loss of time.

Meantime Phraates, coming down with a large army, and hearing that the

wagons were left behind with the battering engines, sent a strong

party of horse, by which Statianus was surprised, he himself and ten

thousand of his men slain, the engines all broken in pieces, many

taken prisoners, and among the rest King Polemon.

This great miscarriage in the opening of the campaign much discouraged Antony's army, and Artavasdes, King of Armenia, deciding that the Roman prospects were bad, withdrew with all his forces from the camp, although he had been the chief promoter of the war. The Parthians, encouraged by their success, came up to the Romans at the siege, and gave them many affronts; upon which Antony, fearing that the despondency and alarm of his soldiers would only grow worse if he let them lie idle taking all the horse, ten legions, and three praetorian cohorts of heavy infantry, resolved to go out and forage, designing by this means to draw the enemy with more advantage to a

battle. To effect this, he marched a day's journey from his camp,

and finding the Parthians hovering about, in readiness to attack him

while he was in motion, he gave orders for the signal of battle to

be hung out in the encampment, but, at the same time, pulled down

the tents, as if he meant not to fight, but to lead his men home

again; and so he proceeded to lead them past the enemy, who were drawn

up in a half-moon, his orders being that the horse should charge as

soon as the legions were come up near enough to second them. The

Parthians, standing still while the Romans marched by them, were in

great admiration of their army, and of the exact discipline it

observed, rank after rank passing on at equal distances in perfect

order and silence, their pikes all ready in their hands. But when

the signal was given, and the horse turned short upon the Parthians,

and with loud cries charged them, they bravely received them, though

they were at once too near for bowshot; but the legions coming up with

loud shouts and rattling of their arms so frightened their horses

and indeed the men themselves, that they kept their ground no

longer. Antony pressed them hard, in great hopes that this victory

should put an end to the war; the foot had them in pursuit for fifty

furlongs, and the horse for thrice that distance, and yet, the

advantage summed up, they had but thirty prisoners, and there were but

fourscore slain. So that they were all filled with dejection and

discouragement, to consider that when they were victorious, their

advantages were so small, and that when they were beaten, they lost so

great a number of men as they had done when the carriages were taken.

The next day, having put the baggage in order, they marched back

to the camp before Phraata, in the way meeting with some scattering

troops of the enemy, and, as they marched further, with greater

parties, at length with the body of the enemy's army, fresh and in

good order, who defied them to battle, and charged them on every side,

and it was not without great difficulty that they reached the camp.

There Antony, finding that his men had in a panic deserted the defence

of the mound, upon a sally of the Medes, resolved to proceed against

them by decimation, as it is called, which is done by dividing the

soldiers into tens, and, out of every ten, putting one to death, as it

happens by lot. The rest he gave orders should have, instead of wheat,

their rations of corn in barley.

The war was now become grievous to both parties, and the prospect of

its continuance yet more fearful to Antony, in respect that he was

threatened with famine; for he could no longer forage without wounds

and slaughter. And Phraates, on the other side, was full of

apprehension that if the Romans were to persist in carrying on the

siege, the autumnal equinox being past and the air already closing

in for cold, he should be deserted by his soldiers, who would suffer

anything rather than wintering in open field. To prevent which, he had

recourse to the following deceit: he gave orders to those of his men

who had made most acquaintance among the Roman soldiers, not to pursue

too close when they met them foraging, but to suffer them to carry off

some provision; moreover, that they should praise their valour, and

declare that it was not without just reason that their king looked

upon the Romans as the bravest men in the world. This done, upon

further opportunity, they rode nearer in, and, drawing up their horses

by the men, began to revile for his obstinacy; that whereas Phraates

desired nothing more than peace, and an occasion to show how ready

he was to save the lives of so many brave soldiers, he, on the

contrary, gave no opening to any friendly offers, but sat awaiting the arrival of the two fiercest and worst enemies, winter and famine, from whom it would be hard for them to make their escape, even with all the good-will of the Parthians to help them. Antony, having these reports from many hands, began to indulge the hope; nevertheless, he would not send any message to the Parthian till he had put the question to these friendly talkers, whether what they said was said by order of their king. Receiving answer that it was, together with new encouragement to believe them, he sent some of his friends to demand once more the standards and prisoners, lest if he should ask nothing, he might be supposed to be too thankful to have leave to

retreat in quiet. The Parthian king made answer that, as for the

standards and prisoners, he need not trouble himself: but if he

thought fit to retreat, he might do it when he pleased, in peace and

safety. Some few days, therefore, being spent in collecting the

baggage he set out upon his march. On which occasion, though there was

no man of his time like him for addressing a multitude, or for

carrying soldiers with him by the force of words, out of shame and

sadness he could not find in his heart to speak himself but employed

Domitius Aenobarbus. And some of the soldiers resented it, as an

undervaluing of them; but the greater number saw the true cause, and

pitied it, and thought it rather a reason why they on their side

should treat their general with more respect and obedience than

ordinary.

Antony had resolved to return by the same way he came, which was through a level country clear of all trees; but a certain Mardian came to him (one that was very conversant with the manners of the Parthians, and whose fidelity to the Romans had been tried at the battle where the machines were lost), and advised him to keep the mountains close on his right hand, and not to expose his men, heavily armed, in a broad, open, riding country, to the attacks of a numerous army of light horse and archers; that Phraates with fair

promises had persuaded him from the siege on purpose that he might

with more ease cut him off in his retreat; but if so he pleased, he

would conduct him by a nearer route, on which moreover he should

find the necessaries for his army in greater abundance. Antony upon

this began to consider what was best to be done; he was unwilling to

seem to have any mistrust of the Parthians after their treaty; but,

holding it to be really best to march his army the shorter and more

inhabited way, he demanded of the Mardian some assurance of his faith,

who offered himself to be bound until the army came safe into Armenia.

Two days he conducted the army bound, and, on the third, when Antony

had given up all thought of the enemy, and was marching at his ease in

no very good order, the Mardian, perceiving the bank of the river

broken down, and the water let out and overflowing the road by which

they were to pass, saw at once that this was the handiwork of the

Parthians, done out of mischief, and to hinder their march: so he

advised Antony to be upon his guard, for that the enemy was nigh at

hand. And sooner had he begun to put his men in order, disposing the

slingers and dart-men in convenient intervals for sallying out, but

the Parthians came pouring in on all sides, fully expecting to

encompass them, and throw the whole army into disorder. They were at

once attacked by the light troops, whom they galled a good deal with

their arrows; but being themselves as warmly entertained with the

slings and darts, and many wounded, they made their retreat. Soon

after, rallying up afresh, they were beat back by a battalion of

Gallic horse, and appeared no more that day.

By their manner of attack Antony, seeing what to do, not only placed the slings and darts as a rear guard, but also lined both flanks with them, and so marched in a square battle, giving order to the horse to charge and beat off the enemy, but not to follow them far as they retired. So that the Parthians, not doing more mischief for the four ensuing days than they received, began to abate in their

zeal, and, complaining that the winter season was much advanced,

pressed for returning home.

who had a considerable command in the army, came to Antony, desiring of him some light infantry out of the rear, and some horse out of the front, with which he would undertake to do some considerable service. Which when he had obtained, he beat the enemy back, not withdrawing, as was usual, at the same time, and retreating upon the mass of the heavy infantry, but maintaining his own ground, and engaging boldly. The officers who commanded in the rear, perceiving how far he was getting from the body of the army, sent to warn him back, but he took no notice of them. It is said that Titius the quaestor snatched the standards and turned them round, upbraiding Gallus with thus leading so many brave men to destruction. But when he on the other side reviled him again, and commanded the men that were about him to stand firm, Titius made his retreat, and Gallus, charging the enemies in the front, was encompassed by a party that fell upon his rear, which at length perceiving, he sent a messenger to demand succour. But the commanders of the heavy infantry, Canidius amongst others, a particular favourite of Antony's, seem here to have committed a great oversight. For, instead of facing about with the whole body, they sent small parties, and, when they were defeated, they still sent out small parties, so that by their bad management the rout would have spread through the whole army, if Antony himself had not marched from the van at the head of the third legion, and, passing

this through among the fugitives, faced the enemies, and hindered them

from any further pursuit.

In this engagement were killed three thousand, five thousand were carried back to the camp wounded, amongst the rest Gallus, shot through the body with four arrows, of which wounds he died. Antony went from tent to tent to visit and comfort the rest of them, and was not able to see his men without tears and a passion of grief. They, however, seized his hand with joyful faces, bidding him go and see to himself and not be concerned about them, calling him their emperor and their general, and saying that if he did well they were safe. For, in short, never in all these times can history make mention

of a general at the head of a more splendid army; whether you consider strength and youth, or patience and sufferance in labours and fatigues; but as for the obedience and affectionate respect they bore their general, and the unanimous feeling amongst small and great alike, officers and common soldiers, to prefer his good opinion of them to their very lives and being, in this part of military excellence it was not possible that they could have been surpassed by the very Romans of old. For this devotion, as I have said before, there were many reasons, as the nobility of his family, his eloquence, his frank and open manners, his liberal and magnificent habits, his familiarity in talking with everybody, and, at this time

particularly, his kindness in visiting and pitying the sick, joining

in all their pains, and furnishing them with all things necessary,

so that the sick and wounded were even more eager to serve than

those that were whole and strong.

Nevertheless, this last victory had so encouraged the enemy that,

instead of their former impatience and weariness, they began soon to

feel contempt for the Romans, staying all night near the camp, in

expectation of plundering their tents and baggage, which they

concluded they must abandon; and in the morning new forces arrived

in large masses, so that their number was grown to be not less, it

is said, than forty thousand horse; and the king had sent the very

guards that attended upon his own person, as to a sure and

unquestioned victory, for he himself was never present in any fight.

Antony, designing to harangue the soldiers, called for a mourning

habit that he might move them the more, but was dissuaded by his

friends; so he came forward in the general's scarlet cloak, and

addressed them, praising those that had gained the victory, and

reproaching those that had fled, the former answering him with

promises of success, and the latter excusing themselves, and telling

him they were ready to undergo decimation, or any other punishment

he should please to inflict upon them, only entreating that he would

forget and not discompose himself with their faults. At which he

lifted up his hands to heaven, and prayed the gods that, if to balance

the great favours he had received of them any judgment lay in store,

they would pour it upon his head alone, and grant his soldiers

victory.

The next day they took better order for their march, and the

Parthians, who thought they were marching rather to plunder than to

fight, were much taken aback, when they came up and were received with

a shower of missiles, to find the enemy not disheartened, but fresh

and resolute. So that they themselves began to lose courage. But at

the descent of a bill where the Romans were obliged to pass, they

got together, and let fly their arrows upon them as they moved

slowly down. But the full-armed infantry, facing round, received the light troops within; and those in the first rank knelt on one knee, holding their shields before them, the next rank holding theirs over the first, and so again others over these, much like the tiling of a house, or the rows of seats in a theatre, the whole affording sure defence against arrows, which glanced upon them without doing any harm. The Parthians, seeing the Romans down upon their knees, could not imagine but that it must proceed from weariness; so that they laid down their bows, and, taking their spears, made a fierce onset, when the Romans, with a great cry, leaped upon their feet, striking hand to hand with their javelins, slew the foremost, and put the rest to

flight. After this rate it was every day, and the trouble they gave

made the marches short; in addition to which famine began to be felt

in the camp, for they could get but little corn, and that which they

got they were forced to fight for; and, besides this, they were in

want of implements to grind it and make bread. For they had left

almost all behind, the baggage horses being dead or otherwise employed

in carrying the sick and wounded. Provision was so scarce in the

army that an Attic quart of wheat sold for fifty drachmas, and

barley loaves for their weight in silver. And when they tried

vegetables and roots, they found such as are commonly eaten very

scarce, so that they were constrained to venture upon any they could

get, and, among others, they chanced upon an herb that was mortal,

first taking away all sense an understanding. He that had eaten of

it remembered nothing in the world, and employed himself only in

moving great stones from one place to another, which he did with as

much earnestness and industry as if it had been a business of the

greatest consequence. Through all the camp there was nothing to be

seen but men grubbing upon the ground at stones, which they carried

from place to place. But in the end they threw up bile and died, as

wine, moreover, which was the one antidote, failed. When Antony saw

them die so fast, and the Parthians still in pursuit, he was heard

to exclaim several times over, "O, the Ten Thousand!" as if in

admiration of the retreat of the Greeks, with Xenophon, who, when they

had a longer journey to make from Babylonia, and a more powerful enemy

to deal with, nevertheless came home safe.

The Parthians, finding that they could not divide the Roman army,

nor break the order of their battle, and that withal they had been

so often worsted, once more began to treat the foragers with

professions of humanity; they came up to them with their bows

unbent, telling them that they were going home to their houses; that

this was the end of their retaliation, and that only some Median

troops would follow for two or three days, not with any design to

annoy them, but for the defence of some of the villages further on.

And, saying this, they saluted them and embraced them with a great show of friendship. This made the Romans full of confidence again, and Antony, on hearing of it, was more disposed to take the road through the level country, being told that no water was to be hoped for on that through the mountains. But while he was preparing thus to do, Mithridates came into the camp, a cousin to Monaeses, of whom we related that he sought refuge with the Romans, and received in gift from Antony three cities. Upon his arrival, he desired somebody might be brought to him that could speak Syriac or Parthian. One Alexander, of Antioch, a friend of Antony's, was brought to him, to

whom the stranger, giving his name, and mentioning Monaeses as the

person who desired to do the kindness, put the question, did he see

that high range of hills pointing at some distance. He told him,

yes. "It is there," said he, "the whole Parthian army lie in wait

for your passage; for the great plains come immediately up to them,

and they expect that, confiding in their promises, you will leave

the way of the mountains, and take the level route. It is true that in

passing over the mountains you will suffer the want of water, and

the fatigue to which you have become familiar, but if you pass through

the plains, Antony must expect the fortune of Crassus."

This said, he departed. Antony, in alarm calling his friends in

council, sent for the Mardian guide, who was of the same opinion. He

told them that, with or without enemies, the want of any certain track

in the plain, and the likelihood of their losing their way, were quite

objection enough; the other route was rough and without water, but

then it was but for a day. Antony, therefore, changing his mind,

marched away upon this road that night, commanding that every one

should carry water sufficient for his own use; but most of them

being unprovided with vessels, they made shift with their helmets, and

some with skins. As soon as they started, the news of it was carried

to the Parthians, who followed them, contrary to their custom, through

the night, and at sunrise attacked the rear, which was tired with

marching and want of sleep, and not in condition to make any

considerable defence. For they had got through two hundred and forty

furlongs a night, and at the end of such a march to find the enemy

at their heels put them out of heart. Besides, having to fight for

every step of the way increased their distress from thirst. Those that

were in the van came up to a river, the water of which was extremely

cool and clear, but brackish and medicinal, and, on being drunk,

produced immediate pains in the bowels and a renewed thirst. Of this

the Mardian had forewarned them, but they could not forbear, and,

beating back those that opposed them, they drank of it. Antony ran

from one place to another, begging they would have a little

patience, that not far off there was a river of wholesome water, and

that the rest of the way was so difficult for the horse that the enemy

could pursue them no further; and, saying this, he ordered to sound

a retreat to call those back that were engaged, and commanded the

tents should be set up, that the soldiers might at any rate refresh

themselves in the shade.

But the tents were scarce well put up, and the Parthians

beginning, according to their custom, to withdraw, when Mithridates

came again to them, and informed Alexander, with whom he had before

spoken, that he would do well to advise Antony to stay where he was no

longer than needs he must, that, after having refreshed his troops, he

should endeavour with all diligence to gain the next river, that the

Parthians would not cross it, but so far they were resolved to

follow them. Alexander made his report to Antony, who ordered a

quantity of gold plate to be carried to Mithridates, who, taking as

much as he could well hide under his clothes, went his way. And,

upon this advice, Antony, while it was yet day, broke up his camp, and

the whole army marched forward without receiving any molestation

from the Parthians, though that night by their own doing was in effect

the most wretched and terrible that they passed. For some of the men

began to kill and plunder those whom they suspected to have any money,

ransacked the baggage, and seized the money there. In the end, they

laid hands on Antony's own equipage, and broke all his rich tables and

cups, dividing the fragments amongst them. Antony, hearing such a

noise and such a stirring to and fro all through the army, the

belief prevailing that the enemy had routed and cut off a portion of

the troops, called for one of his freedmen, then serving as one of his

guards, Rhamnus by name, and made him take an oath that whenever he

should give him orders, he would run his sword through his body and

cut off his head, that he might not fall alive into the hands of the

Parthians, nor, when dead, be recognized as the general. While he

was in this consternation, and all his friends about him in tears, the

Mardian came up and gave them all new life. He convinced them, by

the coolness and humidity of the air, which they could feel in

breathing it, that the river which he had spoken of was now not far

off, and the calculation of the time that had been required to reach

it came, he said, to the same result, for the night was almost

spent. And, at the same time, others came with information that all

the confusion in the camp proceeded only from their own violence and

robbery among themselves. To compose this tumult, and bring them again

into some order after their distraction, he commanded the signal to be

given for a halt.

Day began to break, and quiet and regularity were just

reappearing, when the Parthian arrows began to fly among the rear, and

the light-armed troops were ordered out to battle. And, being seconded by the heavy infantry, who covered one another as before described with their shields, they bravely received the enemy, who did not think convenient to advance any further, while the van of the army, marching forward leisurely in this manner, came in sight of the river, and Antony, drawing up the cavalry on the banks to confront the enemy, first passed over the sick and wounded. And, by this time, even those who were engaged with the enemy had opportunity to drink at their ease; for the Parthians, on seeing the river, unbent their bows, and told the Romans they might pass over freely, and made them great compliments in praise of their valour. Having crossed without

molestation, they rested themselves awhile, and presently went

forward, not giving perfect credit to the fair words of their enemies.

Six days after this last battle, they arrived at the river Araxes,

which divides Media and Armenia, and seemed, both by its deepness

and the violence of the current, to be very dangerous to pass. A

report, also, had crept in amongst them, that the enemy was in ambush,

ready to set upon them as soon as they should be occupied with their

passage. But when they were got over on the other side, and found

themselves in Armenia, just as if land was now sighted after a storm

at sea, they kissed the ground for joy, shedding tears and embracing

each other in their delight. But taking their journey through a land

that abounded in all sorts of plenty, they ate, after their long want,

with that excess of everything they met with that they suffered from

dropsies and dysenteries.

Here Antony, making a review of his army, found that he had lost twenty thousand foot and four thousand horse, of which the better half not by the enemy, but by diseases. Their march was of twenty-seven days from Phraata, during which they had beaten the Parthians in eighteen battles, though with little effect or lasting result, because of their being so unable to pursue. By which it is manifest that it was Artavasdes who lost Antony the benefit of the expedition. For

had the sixteen thousand horsemen whom he led away, out of Media,

armed in the same style as the Parthians, and accustomed to their

manner of fight, been there to follow the pursuit when the Romans

put them to flight, it is impossible they could have rallied so

often after their defeats, and reappeared again as they did to renew

their attacks. For this reason, the whole army was very earnest with

Antony to march into Armenia to take revenge. But he, with more

reflection, forbore to notice the desertion, and continued all his

former courtesies, feeling that the army was wearied out, and in

want of all manner of necessaries. Afterwards, however, entering

Armenia, with invitations and fair promises he prevailed upon

Artavasdes to meet him, when he seized him, bound him, and carried him

to Alexandria, and there led him in a triumph; one of the things which most offended the Romans, who felt as if all the honours and solemn observances of their country were, for Cleopatra's sake, handed over to the Egyptians.

This, however, was at an after time. For the present, marching his army in great haste in the depth of winter through continual storms of snow, he lost eight thousand of his men, and came with much diminished numbers to a place called the White Village, between Sidon and Berytus, on the sea-coast, where he waited for the arrival of

Cleopatra. And, being impatient of the delay she made, he bethought

himself of shortening the time wine and drunkenness, and yet could not

endure the tediousness of a meal, but would start from table and run

to see if she were coming. Till at last she came into port, and

brought with her clothes and money for the soldiers. Though some say

that Antony only received the clothes from her and distributed his own

money in her name.

A quarrel presently happened between the King of Media and

Phraates of Parthia, beginning, it is said, about the division of

the booty that was taken from the Romans, and creating great

apprehension in the Median lest he should lose his kingdom. He sent,

therefore, ambassadors to Antony, with offers of entering into a

confederate war against Phraates. And Antony, full of hopes at being

thus asked, as a favour, to accept that one thing, horse and

archers, the want of which had hindered his beating the Parthians

before, began at once to prepare for a return to Armenia, there to

join the Medes on the Araxes, and begin the war afresh. But Octavia,

in Rome, being desirous to see Antony, asked Caesar's leave to go to

him; which he gave her, not so much, say most authors, to gratify

his sister, as to obtain a fair pretence to begin the war upon her

dishonourable reception. She no sooner arrived at Athens, but by

letters from Antony she was informed of his new expedition, and his

will that she should await him there. And, though she were much

displeased, not being ignorant of the real reason of this usage, yet

she wrote to him to know to what place he would be pleased she

should send the things she had brought with her for his use; for she

had brought clothes for his soldiers, baggage, cattle, money, and

presents for his friends and officers, and two thousand chosen

soldiers sumptuously armed, to form praetorian cohorts. This message

was brought from Octavia to Antony by Niger, one of his friends, who

added to it the praises she deserved so well. Cleopatra, feeling her

rival already, as it were, at hand, was seized with fear, lest if to

her noble life and her high alliance, she once could add the charm

of daily habit and affectionate intercourse, she should become

irresistible, and be his absolute mistress forever. So she feigned

to be dying for love of Antony, bringing her body down by slender diet; when he entered the room, she fixed her eyes upon him in a rapture, and when he left, seemed to languish and half faint away. She took great pains that he should see her in tears, and, as soon as he noticed it, hastily dried them up and turned away, as if it were her wish that he should know nothing of it. All this was acting while he prepared for Media; and Cleopatra's creatures were not slow to forward the design, upbraiding Antony with his unfeeling, hard-hearted temper, thus letting a woman perish whose soul depended upon him and him alone. Octavia, it was true, was his wife, and had been married to him because it was found convenient for the affairs of her brother that it

should be so, and she had the honour of the title; but Cleopatra,

the sovereign queen of many nations, had been contented with the

name of his mistress, nor did she shun or despise the character whilst

she might see him, might live with him, and enjoy him; if she were

bereaved of this, she would not survive the loss. In fine, they so

melted and unmanned him that, fully believing she would die if he

forsook her, he put off the war and returned to Alexandria,

deferring his Median expedition until next summer, though news came of

the Parthians being all in confusion with intestine disputes.

Nevertheless, he did some time after go into that country, and made an

alliance with the King of Media, by marriage of a son of his by

Cleopatra to the king's daughter, who was yet very young; and so

returned, with his thoughts taken up about the civil war.

When Octavia returned from Athens, Caesar, who considered she had been injuriously treated, commanded her to live in a separate house; but she refused to leave the house of her husband, and entreated him, unless he had already resolved, upon other motives, to make war with Antony, that he would on her account let it alone; it would be intolerable to have it said of the two greatest commanders in the world that they had involved the Roman people in a civil war, the one out of passion for, the other out of resentment about, a woman.

And her behaviour proved her words to be sincere. She remained in

Antony's house as if he were at home in it, and took the noblest and

most generous care, not only of his children by her, but of those by

Fulvia also. She received all the friends of Antony that came to

Rome to seek office or upon any business, and did her utmost to prefer

their requests to Caesar; yet this her honourable deportment did

but, without her meaning it, damage the reputation of Antony; the

wrong he did to such a woman made him hated. Nor was the division he

made among his sons at Alexandria less unpopular; it seemed a

theatrical piece of insolence and contempt of his country. For

assembling the people in the exercise ground, and causing two golden

thrones to be placed on a platform of silver, the one for him and

the other for Cleopatra, and at their feet lower thrones for their

children, he proclaimed Cleopatra Queen of Egypt, Cyprus, Libya, and

Coele-Syria, and with her conjointly Caesarion, the reputed son of the

former Caesar, who left Cleopatra with child. His own sons by

Cleopatra were to have the style of king of kings; to Alexander he

gave Armenia and Media, with Parthia, so soon as it should be

overcome; to Ptolemy, Phoenicia, Syria, and Cilicia. Alexander was

brought out before the people in Median costume, the tiara and upright

peak, and Ptolemy, in boots and mantle and Macedonian cap done about

with the diadem; for this was the habit of the successors of

Alexander, as the other was of the Medes and Armenians. And as soon as

they had saluted their parents, the one was received by a guard of

Macedonians, the other by one of Armenians. Cleopatra was then, as

at other times when she appeared in public, dressed in the habit of

the goddess Isis, and gave audience to the people under the name of

the New Isis.

Caesar, relating these things in the senate, and often complaining to the people, excited men's minds against Antony, and Antony also sent messages of accusation against Caesar. The principal of his charges were these: first, that he had not made any division with

him of Sicily, which was lately taken from Pompey; secondly, that he

had retained the ships he had lent him for the war; thirdly, that,

after deposing Lepidus, their colleague, he had taken for himself

the army, governments, and revenues formerly appropriated to him;

and lastly, that he had parcelled out almost all Italy amongst his own

soldiers, and left nothing for his. Caesar's answer was as follows:

that he had put Lepidus out of government because of his own

misconduct; that what he had got in war he would divide with Antony,

so soon as Antony gave him a share of Armenia; that Antony's

soldiers had no claims in Italy, being in possession of Media and

Parthia, the acquisitions which their brave actions under their

general had added to the Roman empire.

immediately sent Canidius with sixteen legions towards the sea; but he, in the company of Cleopatra, went to Ephesus, whither ships were coming in from all quarters to form the navy, consisting, vessels of burden included, of eight hundred vessels, of which Cleopatra furnished two hundred, together with twenty thousand talents, and provision for the whole army during the war. Antony, on the advice of Domitius and some others, bade Cleopatra return into Egypt, there to expect the event of the war; but she, dreading some new reconciliation by Octavia's means, prevailed with Canidius, by a large sum of money, to speak in her favour with Antony, pointing out to

him that it was not just that one that bore so great a part in the

charge of the war should be robbed of her share of glory in the

carrying it on; nor would it be politic to disoblige the Egyptians,

who were so considerable a part of his naval forces; nor did he see

how she was inferior in prudence to any of the kings that were serving

with him; she had long governed a great kingdom by herself alone,

and long lived with him, and gained experience in public affairs.

These arguments (so the fate that destined all to Caesar would have

it) prevailed; and when all their forces had met, they sailed together

to Samos, and held high festivities. For, as it was ordered that all

kings, princes, and governors, all nations and cities within the

limits of Syria, the Maeotid Lake, Armenia, and Illyria, should

bring or cause to be brought all munitions necessary for war, so was it also proclaimed that all stage-players should make their appearance at Samos; so that, while pretty nearly the whole world was filled with groans and lamentations, this one island for some days resounded with piping and harping, theatres filling, and choruses playing. Every city sent an ox as its contribution to the sacrifice, and the kings that accompanied Antony competed who should make the most magnificent feasts and the greatest presents; and men began to ask themselves, what would be done to celebrate the victory, when they went to such an expense of festivity at the opening of the war. This over, he gave Priene to his players for a habitation, and set

sail for Athens, where fresh sports and play-acting employed him.

Cleopatra, jealous of the honours Octavia had received at Athens

(for Octavia was much beloved by the Athenians), courted the favour of

the people with all sorts of attentions. The Athenians, in requital,

having decreed her public honours, deputed several of the citizens

to wait upon her at her house; amongst whom went Antony as one, he

being an Athenian citizen, and he it was that made the speech. He sent

orders to Rome to have Octavia removed out of his house. She left

it, we are told, accompanied by all his children, except the eldest by

Fulvia, who was then with his father, weeping and grieving that she

must be looked upon as one of the causes of the war. But the Romans

pitied, not so much her, as Antony himself, and more particularly

those who had seen Cleopatra, whom they could report to have no way

the advantage of Octavia either in youth or in beauty.

The speed and extent of Antony's preparations alarmed Caesar, who feared he might be forced to fight the decisive battle that summer. For he wanted many necessaries, and the people grudged very much to pay the taxes; freemen being called upon to pay a fourth part of their incomes, and freed slaves an eighth of their property, so that there were loud outcries against him, and disturbances throughout all Italy.

And this is looked upon as one of the greatest of Antony's oversights,

that he did not then press the war. For he allowed time at once for

Caesar to make his preparations and for the commotions to pass over.

For while people were having their money called for, they were

mutinous and violent; but, having paid it, they held their peace.

Titius and Plancus, men of consular dignity and friends to Antony,

having been ill-used by Cleopatra, whom they had most resisted in

her design of being present in the war, came over to Caesar and gave

information of the contents of Antony's will, with which they were

acquainted. It was deposited in the hands of the vestal virgins, who

refused to deliver it up, and sent Caesar word, if he pleased, he

should come and seize it himself, which he did. And, reading it over

to himself, he noted those places that were most for his purpose, and,

having summoned the senate, read them publicly. Many were

scandalized at the proceeding, thinking it out of reason and equity to

call a man to account for what was not to be until after his death.

Caesar specially pressed what Antony said in his will about his

burial; for he had ordered that even if he died in the city of Rome,

his body, after being carried in state through the forum, should be

sent to Cleopatra at Alexandria. Calvisius, a dependant of Caesar's,

urged other charges in connection with Cleopatra against Antony;

that he had given her the library of Pergamus, containing two

hundred thousand distinct volumes; that at a great banquet, in the

presence of many guests, he had risen up and rubbed her feet, to

fulfil some wager or promise; that he had suffered the Ephesians to

salute her as their queen; that he had frequently at the public

audience of kings and princes received amorous messages written in

tablets made of onyx and crystal, and read them openly on the

tribunal; that when Furnius, a man of great authority and eloquence

among the Romans, was pleading, Cleopatra happening to pass by in

her chair, Antony started up and left them in the middle of their

cause, to follow at her side and attend her home.

Calvisius, however, was looked upon as the inventor of most of these

stories. Antony's friends went up and down the city to gain him

credit, and sent one of themselves, Geminius, to him, to beg him to

take heed and not allow himself to be deprived by vote of his

authority, and proclaimed a public enemy to the Roman state. But

Geminius no sooner arrived in Greece but he was looked upon as one

of Octavia's spies; at their suppers he was made a continual butt

for mockery, and was put to sit in the least honourable places; all of

which he bore very well, seeking only an occasion of speaking with

Antony. So at supper, being told to say what business he came about,

he answered he would keep the rest for a soberer hour, but one thing

he had to say, whether full or fasting, that all would go well if

Cleopatra would return to Egypt. And on Antony showing his anger at

it, "You have done well, Geminius," said Cleopatra, "to tell your

secret without being put to the rack." So Geminius, after a few

days, took occasion to make his escape and go to Rome. Many more of

Antony's friends were driven from him by the insolent usage they had

from Cleopatra's flatterers, amongst whom were Marcus Silanus and

Dellius the historian. And Dellius says he was afraid of his life, and

that Glaucus, the physician, informed him of Cleopatra's design

against him. She was angry with him for having said that Antony's

friends were served with sour wine, while at Rome Sarmentus,

Caesar's little page (his delicia, as the Romans call it), drank

Falernian.

made declaring war on Cleopatra, and depriving Antony of the authority

which he had let a woman exercise in his place. Caesar added that he

had drunk potions that had bereaved him of his senses, and that the

generals they would have to fight with would be Mardion the eunuch,

Pothinus, Iras, Cleopatra's hairdressing girl, and Charmion, who

were Antony's chief state-councillors.

These prodigies are said to have announced the war. Pisaurum,

where Antony had settled a colony, on the Adriatic sea, was

swallowed up by an earthquake; sweat ran from one of the marble

statues of Antony at Alba for many days together, and though

frequently wiped off, did not stop. When he himself was in the city of

Patrae, the temple of Hercules was struck by lightning, and, at

Athens, the figure of Bacchus was torn by a violent wind out of the

Battle of the Giants, and laid flat upon the theatre; with both

which deities Antony claimed connection, professing to be descended

from Hercules, and from his imitating Bacchus in his way of living

having received the name of young Bacchus. The same whirlwind at

Athens also brought down, from amongst many others which were not

disturbed, the colossal statues of Fumenes and Attalus, which were

inscribed with Antony's name. And in Cleopatra's admiral-galley, which

was called the Antonias, a most inauspicious omen occurred. Some

swallows had built in the stern of the galley, but other swallows

came, beat the first away, and destroyed their nests.

When the armaments gathered for the war, Antony had no less than five hundred ships of war, including numerous galleys of eight and ten banks of oars, as richly ornamented as if they were meant for a triumph. He had a hundred thousand foot and twelve thousand horse. He had vassal kings attending, Bocchus of Libya, Tarcondemus of the Upper Cilicia, Archelaus of Cappadocia, Philadelphus of Paphlagonia, Mithridates of Commagene, and Sadalas of Thrace; all these were with him in person. Out of Pontus Polemon sent him considerable forces, as did also Malchus from Arabia, Herod the Jew, and Amyntas, King of Lycaonia and Galatia; also the Median king sent some troops to join

him. Caesar had two hundred and fifty galleys of war, eighty

thousand foot, and horse about equal to the enemy. Antony's empire

extended from Euphrates and Armenia to the Ionian sea and the

Illyrians; Caesar's, from Illyria to the westward ocean, and from

the ocean all along the Tuscan and Sicilian sea. Of Africa, Caesar had

all the coast opposite to Italy, Gaul, and Spain, as far as the

Pillars of Hercules, and Antony the provinces from Cyrene to

Aethiopia.

But so wholly was he now the mere appendage to the person of

Cleopatra that, although he was much superior to the enemy in

land-forces, yet, out of complaisance to his mistress, he wished the

victory to be gained by sea, and that, too, when he could not but

see how, for want of sailors, his captains, all through unhappy

Greece, were pressing every description of men, common travellers

and ass-drivers, harvest labourers and boys, and for all this the

vessels had not their complements, but remained. most of them,

ill-manned and badly rowed. Caesar, on the other side, had ships

that were built not for size or show, but for service, not pompous

galleys, but light, swift, and perfectly manned; and from his

headquarters at Tarentum and Brundusium he sent messages to Antony not

to protract the war, but come out with his forces; he would give him

secure roadsteads and ports for his fleet, and, for his land army to

disembark and pitch their camp, he would leave him as much ground in

Italy, inland from the sea, as a horse could traverse in a single

course. Antony, on the other side, with the like bold language,

challenged him to a single combat, though he were much the older; and,

that being refused, proposed to meet him in the Pharsalian fields,

where Caesar and Pompey had fought before. But whilst Antony lay

with his fleet near Actium, where now stands Nicopolis, Caesar

seized his opportunity and crossed the Ionian sea, securing himself at

a place in Epirus called the Ladle. And when those about Antony were much disturbed, their land-forces being a good way off, "Indeed," said Cleopatra, in mockery, "we may well be frightened if Caesar has got

hold of the Ladle!"

On the morrow, Antony, seeing the enemy sailing up, and fearing lest

his ships might be taken for want of the soldiers to go on board of

them, armed all the rowers, and made a show upon the decks of being in

readiness to fight; the oars were mounted as if waiting to be put in

motion, and the vessels themselves drawn up to face the enemy on

either side of the channel of Actium, as though they were properly

manned and ready for an engagement. And Caesar, deceived by this

stratagem, retired. He was also thought to have shown considerable

skill in cutting off the water from the enemy by some lines of

trenches and forts, water not being plentiful anywhere else, nor

very good. And again, his conduct to Domitius was generous, much

against the will of Cleopatra. For when he had made his escape in a

little boat to Caesar, having then a fever upon him, although Antony

could not but resent it highly, yet he sent after him his whole

equipage with his friends and servants; and Domitius, as if he would

give a testimony to the world how repentant he had become on his

desertion and treachery being thus manifest, died soon after. Among

the kings, also, Amyntas and Deiotarus went over to Caesar. And the

fleet was so unfortunate in everything that was undertaken, and so

unready on every occasion, that Antony was driven again to put his

confidence in the land-forces. Canidius, too, who commanded the

legions, when he saw how things stood, changed his opinion, and now

was of advice that Cleopatra should be sent back, and that, retiring

into Thrace or Macedonia, the quarrel should be decided in a land

fight. For Dicomes, also, the King of the Getae, promised to come

and join him with a great army, and it would not be any kind of

disparagement to him to yield the sea to Caesar, who, in the

Sicilian wars, had had such long practice in ship-fighting; on the

contrary, it would be simply ridiculous for Antony, who was by land

the most experienced commander living, to make no use of his

well-disciplined and numerous infantry, scattering and wasting his

forces by parcelling them out in the ships. But for all this,

Cleopatra prevailed that a sea-fight should determine all, having

already an eye to flight, and ordering all her affairs, not so as to

assist in gaining a victory, but to escape with the greatest safety

from the first commencement of a defeat.

There were two long walls, extending from the camp to the station of

the ships, between which Antony used to pass to and fro without

suspecting any danger. But Caesar, upon the suggestion of a servant

that it would not be difficult to surprise him, laid an ambush, which,

rising up somewhat too hastily, seized the man that came just before

him, he himself escaping narrowly by flight.

When it was resolved to stand to a fight at sea, they set fire to

all the Egyptian ships except sixty; and of these the best and

largest, from ten banks down to three, he manned with twenty

thousand full-armed men and two thousand archers. Here it is related

that a foot captain, one that had fought often under Antony, and had

his body all mangled with wounds, exclaimed, "O my general, what

have our wounds and swords done to displease you, that you should give

your confidence to rotten timbers? Let Egyptians and Phoenicians

contend at sea, give us the land, where we know well how to die upon

the spot or gain the victory." To which he answered nothing, but, by

his look and motion of his hand seeming to bid him be of good courage,

passed forwards, having already, it would seem, no very sure hopes,

since when the masters proposed leaving the sails behind them, he

commanded they should be put aboard, "For we must not," said he,

"let one enemy escape."

That day and the three following the sea was so rough they could not engage. But on the fifth there was a calm, and they fought; Antony commanding with Publicola the right, and Coelius the left squadron, Marcus Octavius and Marcus Insteius the centre. Caesar gave the charge of the left to Agrippa, commanding in person on the right. As for the land-forces, Canidius was general for Antony, Taurus for Caesar;

both armies remaining drawn up in order along the shore. Antony in a

small boat went from one ship to another, encouraging his soldiers,

and bidding them stand firm and fight as steadily on their large ships

as if they were on land. The masters he ordered that they should

receive the enemy lying still as if they were at anchor, and

maintain the entrance of the port, which was a narrow and difficult

passage. Of Caesar they relate that, leaving his tent and going round,

while it was yet dark, to visit the ships, he met a man driving an

ass, and asked him his name. He answered him that his own name was

"Fortunate, and my ass," says he, "is called Conqueror." And

afterwards, when he disposed the beaks of the ships in that place in

token of his victory, the statue of this man and his ass in bronze

were placed amongst them. After examining the rest of his fleet, he

went in a boat to the right wing, and looked with much admiration at

the enemy lying perfectly still in the straits, in all appearance as

if they had been at anchor. For some considerable length of time he

actually thought they were so, and kept his own ships at rest, at a

distance of about eight furlongs from them. But about noon a breeze

sprang up from the sea, and Antony's men, weary of expecting the enemy

so long, and trusting to their large tall vessels, as if they had been

invincible, began to advance the left squadron. Caesar was overjoyed

to see them move, and ordered his own right squadron to retire, that

he might entice them out to sea as far as he could, his design being

to sail round and round, and so with his light and well-manned galleys

to attack these huge vessels, which their size and their want of men

made slow to move and difficult to manage.

When they engaged, there was no charging or striking of one ship

by another, because Antony's, by reason of their great bulk, were

incapable of the rapidity required to make the stroke effectual, and

on the other side, Caesar's durst not charge head to head on Antony's,

which were all armed with solid masses and spikes of brass; nor did

they like even to run in on their sides, which were so strongly

built with great squared pieces of timber, fastened together with iron

bolts, that their vessels' beaks would easily have been shattered upon

them. So that the engagement resembled a land fight, or, to speak

yet more properly, the attack and defence of a fortified place; for

there were always three or four vessels of Caesar's about one of

Antony's, pressing them with spears, javelins, poles, and several

inventions of fire, which they flung among them, Antony's men using

catapults also, to pour down missiles from wooden towers. Agrippa

drawing out the squadron under his command to outflank the enemy,

Publicola was obliged to observe his motions, and gradually to break

off from the middle squadron, where some confusion and alarm ensued,

while Arruntius engaged them. But the fortune of the day was still

undecided, and the battle equal, when on a sudden Cleopatra's sixty

ships were seen hoisting sail and making out to sea in full flight,

right through the ships that were engaged. For they were placed behind the great ships, which, in breaking through, they put into disorder. The enemy was astonished to see them sailing off with a fair wind towards Peloponnesus. Here it was that Antony showed to all the world that he was no longer actuated by the thoughts and motives of a commander or a man, or indeed by his own judgment at all, and what was once said as a jest, that the soul of a lover lives in some one else's body, he proved to be a serious truth. For, as if he had been born part of her, and must move with her wheresoever she went, as soon as he saw her ship sailing away, he abandoned all that were fighting

and spending their lives for him, and put himself aboard a galley of

five banks of oars, taking with him only Alexander of Syria and

Scellias, to follow her that had so well begun his ruin and would

hereafter accomplish it.

She, perceiving him to follow, gave the signal to come aboard. So,

as soon as he came up with them, he was taken into the ship. But

without seeing her or letting himself be seen by her, he went

forward by himself, and sat alone, without a word, in the ship's prow,

covering his face with his two hands. In the meanwhile, some of

Caesar's light Liburnian ships, that were in pursuit, came in sight.

But on Antony's commanding to face about, they all gave back except

Eurycles the Laconian, who pressed on, shaking a lance from the

deck, as if he meant to hurl it at him. Antony, standing at the

prow, demanded of him, "Who is this that pursues Antony?" "I am." said

he, "Eurycles, the son of Lachares armed with Caesar's fortune to

revenge my father's death." Lachares had been condemned for a robbery,

and beheaded by Antony's orders. However, Eurycles did not attack

Antony, but ran with his full force upon the other admiral-galley (for

there were two of them), and with the blow turned her round, and

took both her and another ship, in which was a quantity of rich

plate and furniture. So soon as Eurycles was gone, Antony returned

to his posture and sate silent, and thus he remained for three days,

either in anger with Cleopatra, or wishing not to upbraid her, at

the end of which they touched at Taenarus. Here the women of their company succeeded first in bringing them to speak, and afterwards to eat and sleep together. And, by this time, several of the ships of burden and some of his friends began to come in to him from the rout, bringing news of his fleet's being quite destroyed, but that the land-forces, they thought, still stood firm. So that he sent messengers to Canidius to march the army with all speed through Macedonion into Asia. And, designing himself to go from Taenarus into Africa, he gave one of the merchant ships, laden with a large sum of money, and vessels of silver and gold of great value, belonging

to the royal collections, to his friends, desiring them to share it

amongst them, and provide for their own safety. They refusing his

kindness with tears in their eyes, he comforted them with all the

goodness and humanity imaginable, entreating them to leave him, and

wrote letters in their behalf to Theophilus, his steward, at

Corinth, that he would provide for their security, and keep them

concealed till such time as they could make their peace with Caesar.

This Theophilus was the father of Hipparchus, who had such interest

with Antony, who was the first of all his freedmen that went over to

Caesar, and who settled afterwards at Corinth. In this posture were

affairs with Antony.

But at Actium, his fleet, after a long resistance to Caesar, and

suffering the most damage from a heavy sea that set in right ahead,

scarcely at four in the afternoon, gave up the contest, with the

loss of not more than five thousand killed, but of three hundred ships

taken, as Caesar himself has recorded. Only a few had known of

Antony's flight; and those who were told of it could not at first give

any belief to so incredible a thing as that a general who had nineteen

entire legions and twelve thousand horse upon the seashore, could

abandon all and fly away; and he, above all, who had so often

experienced both good and evil fortune, and had in a thousand wars and battles been inured to changes. His soldiers, however, would not give up their desires and expectations, still fancying he would appear

from some part or other, and showed such a generous fidelity to his

service that, when they were thoroughly assured that he was fled in

earnest, they kept themselves in a body seven days, making no

account of the messages that Caesar sent to them. But at last,

seeing that Canidius himself, who commanded them, was fled from the

camp by night, and that all their officers had quite abandoned them,

they gave way, and made their submission to the conqueror. After this,

Caesar set sail for Athens, where he made a settlement with Greece,

and distributed what remained of provision of corn that Antony had

made for his army among the cities, which were in a miserable

condition, despoiled of their money, their slaves, their horses, and

beasts of service. My great-grandfather Nicharchus used to relate that

the whole body of the people of our city were put in requisition to

carry each one a certain measure of corn upon their shoulders to the

seaside near Anticyra, men standing by had made them with the lash.

They had made one journey of the kind, but when they had just measured

out the corn, and were putting it on their backs for a second, news

came of Antony's defeat, and so saved Chaeronea, for all Antony's

purveyors and soldiers fled upon the news, and left them to divide the

corn among themselves.

When Antony came into Africa, he sent on Cleopatra from

Paraetonium into Egypt, and stayed himself in the most entire solitude

that he could desire, roaming and wandering about with only two

friends, one a Greek, Aristocrates, a rhetorician, and the other a

Roman, Lucilius, of whom we have elsewhere spoken, how, at Philippi,

to give Brutus time to escape, he suffered himself to be taken by

the pursuers, pretending he was Brutus, Antony gave him his life,

and on this account he remained true and faithful to him to the last.

But when also the officer who commanded for him in Africa, to

whose care he had committed all his forces there, took them over to

Caesar, he resolved to kill himself, but was hindered by his

friends. And coming to Alexandria, he found Cleopatra busied in a most

bold and wonderful enterprise. Over the small space of land which

divides the Red Sea from the sea near Egypt, which may be considered

also the boundary between Asia and Africa, and in the narrowest

place is not much above three hundred furlongs across, over this

neck of land Cleopatra had formed a project of dragging her fleet

and setting it afloat in the Arabian Gulf, thus with her soldiers

and her treasure to secure herself a home on the other side, where she

might live in peace far away from war and slavery. But the first

galleys which were carried over being burnt by the Arabians of

Petra, and Antony not knowing but that the army before Actium still

held together, she desisted from her enterprise, and gave orders for

the fortifying all the approaches to Egypt. But Antony, leaving the

city and the conversation of his friends, built him a dwelling-place

in the water, near Pharos, upon a little mole which he cast up in

the sea, and there, secluding himself from the company of mankind,

said he desired nothing but to live the life of Timon; as indeed,

his case was the same, and the ingratitude and injuries which he

suffered from those he had esteemed his friends made him hate and

distrust all mankind.

This Timon was a citizen of Athens, and lived much about the

Peloponnesian war, as may be seen by the comedies of Aristophanes

and Plato, in which he is ridiculed as hater and enemy of mankind.

He avoided and repelled the approaches of every one, but embraced with

kisses and the greatest show of affection Alcibiades, then in his

hot youth. And when Apemantus was astonished, and demanded the reason,

he replied that he knew this young man would one day do infinite

mischief to the Athenians. He never admitted any one into his company,

except at times this Apemantus, who was of the same sort of temper,

and was an imitator of his way of life. At the celebration of the

festival of flagons, these two kept the feast together, and Apemantus,

saying to him, "What a pleasant party, Timon!" "It would be," he

answered, "if you were away." One day he got up in a full assembly

on the speaker's place, and when there was a dead silence and great

wonder at so unusual a sight, he said, "Ye men of Athens, I have a

little plot of ground, and in it grows a fig-tree, on which many

citizens have been pleased to hang themselves; and now, having

resolved to build in that place, I wish to announce it publicly,

that any of you who may be desirous may go and hang yourselves

before I cut it down." He died and was buried at Halae, near the

sea, where it so happened that, after his burial, a land-slip took

place on the point of the shore, and the sea, flowing in, surrounded

his tomb, and made it inaccessible to the foot of man. It bore this

inscription:-

"Here am I laid, my life of misery done.

Ask not my name, I curse you every one."

And this epitaph was made by himself while yet alive; that which is

more generally known is by Callimachus:-

"Timon, the misanthrope, am I below.

Go, and revile me, traveller, only go."

Thus much of Timon, of whom much more might be said. Canidius now

came, bringing word in person of the loss of the army before Actium.

Then he received news that Herod of Judaea was gone over to Caesar with some legions and cohorts, and that the other kings and princes were in like manner deserting him, and that, out of Egypt, nothing stood by him. All this, however, seemed not to disturb him, but, as if he were glad to put away all hope, that with it he might be rid of all care, and leaving his habitation by the sea, which he called the Timoneum, he was received by Cleopatra in the palace, and set the whole city into a course of feasting, drinking, and presents. The son of Caesar and Cleopatra was registered among the youths, and Antyllus, his own son by Fulvia, received the gown without the

purple border given to those that are come of age; in honour of

which the citizens of Alexandria did nothing but feast and revel for

many days. They themselves broke up the Order of the Inimitable

Livers, and constituted another in its place, not inferior in

splendour, luxury, and sumptuosity, calling it that of the Diers

Together. For all those that said they would die with Antony and

Cleopatra gave in their names, for the present passing their time in

all manner of pleasures and a regular succession of banquets. But

Cleopatra was busied in making a collection of all varieties of

poisonous drugs, and, in order to see which of them were the least

painful in the operation, she had them tried upon prisoners

condemned to die. But, finding that the quick poisons always worked

with sharp pains, and that the less painful were slow. She next

tried venomous animals, and watching with her own eyes whilst they

were applied, one creature to the body of another. This was her

daily practice, and she pretty well satisfied herself that nothing was

comparable to the bite of the asp, which, without convulsion or

groaning, brought on a heavy drowsiness and lethargy, with a gentle

sweat on the face, the senses being stupefied by degrees; the patient,

in appearance, being sensible of no pain but rather troubled to be

disturbed or awakened like those that are in a profound natural sleep.

At the same time, they sent ambassadors to Caesar into Asia,

Cleopatra asking for the kingdom of Egypt for her children, and

Antony, that he might have leave to live as a private man in Egypt,

or, if that were thought too much, that be might retire to Athens.

In lack of friends, so many having deserted, and others not being

trusted, Euphronius, his son's tutor, was sent on this embassy. For

Alexas of Laodicea, who, by the recommendation of Timagenes, became

acquainted with Antony at Rome, and had been more powerful with him

than any Greek, and was, of all the instruments which Cleopatra made

use of to persuade Antony, the most violent, and the chief subverter

of any good thoughts that from time to time might rise in his mind

in Octavia's favour, had been sent before to dissuade Herod from

desertion; but betraying his master, stayed with him and, confiding in

Herod's interest, had the boldness to come into Caesar's presence.

Herod, however, was not able to help him, for he was immediately put

in chains and sent into his own country, where, by Caesar's orders, he

was put to death. This reward of his treason Alexas received while

Antony was yet alive.

Caesar would not listen to any proposals for Antony, but he made answer to Cleopatra, that there was no reasonable favour which she might not expect, if she put Antony to death, or expelled him from Egypt. He sent back with the ambassadors his own freedman, Thyrsus,

a man of understanding, and not at all ill-qualified for conveying the

messages of a youthful general to a woman so proud of her charms and

possessed with the opinion of the power of her beauty. But by the long

audiences he received from her, and the special honours which she paid

him, Antony's jealousy began to be awakened; he had him seized,

whipped, and sent back; writing Caesar word that the man's busy,

impertinent ways had provoked him; in his circumstances he could not

be expected to be very patient: "But if it offends you," he added,

"you have got my freedman, Hipparchus, with you; hang him up and

scourge him to make us even." But Cleopatra, after this, to clear

herself, and to allay his jealousies, paid him all the attentions

imaginable. When her own birthday came, she kept it as was suitable to

their fallen fortunes; but his was observed with the utmost

prodigality of splendour and magnificence, so that many of the

guests sat down in want, and went home wealthy men. Meantime,

continual letters came to Caesar from Agrippa, telling him his

presence was extremely required at Rome.

And so the war was deferred for a season. But, the winter being

over, he began his march, he himself by Syria, and his captains

through Africa. Pelusium being taken, there went a report as if it had

been delivered up to Caesar by Seleucus, not without the consent of

Cleopatra; but she, to justify herself, gave up into Antony's hands

the wife and children of Seleucus to be put to death. She had caused

to be built, joining to the temple of Isis, several tombs and

monuments of wonderful height, and very remarkable for the

workmanship; thither she removed her treasure, her gold, silver,

emeralds, pearls, ebony, ivory, cinnamon, and, after all, a great

quantity of torchwood and tow. Upon which Caesar began to fear lest

she should, in a desperate fit, set all these riches on fire; and,

therefore, while he was marching toward the city with his army, he

omitted no occasion of giving her new assurances of his good

intentions. He took up his position in the Hippodrome, where Antony

made a fierce sally upon him, routed the horse, and beat them back

into their trenches, and so returned with great satisfaction to the

palace, where, meeting Cleopatra, armed as he was, he kissed her,

and commended to her favour one of his men, who had most signalized

himself in the fight, to whom she made a present of a breastplate

and helmet of gold; which he having received went that very night

and deserted to Caesar.

After this, Antony sent a new challenge to Caesar to fight him

hand-to-hand; who made him answer that he might find several other

ways to end his life; and he, considering with himself that he could

not die more honourably than in battle, resolved to make an effort

both by land and sea. At supper, it is said, he bade his servants help

him freely, and pour him out wine plentifully, since to-morrow,

perhaps, they should not do the same, but be servants to a new master,

whilst he should lie on the ground, a dead corpse, and nothing. His

friends that were about him wept to hear him talk so; which he

perceiving, told them he would not lead them to a battle in which he

expected rather an honourable death than either safety or victory.

That night, it is related, about the middle of it, when the whole city

was in a deep silence and general sadness, expecting the event of

the next day, on a sudden was heard the sound of all sorts of

instruments, and voices singing in tune, and the cry of a crowd of

people shouting and dancing, like a troop of bacchanals on its way.

This tumultuous procession seemed to take its course right through the

middle of the city to the gate nearest the enemy; here it became the

loudest, and suddenly passed out. People who reflected considered this

to signify that Bacchus, the god whom Antony had always made it his

study to copy and imitate, had now forsaken him.

As soon as it was light, he marched his infantry out of the city,

and posted them upon a rising ground, from whence he saw his fleet

make up to the enemy. There he stood in expectation of the event;

but as soon as the fleets came near to one another, his men saluted

Caesar's with their oars; and on their responding, the whole body of

the ships, forming into a single fleet, rowed up direct to the city.

Antony had no sooner seen this, but the horse deserted him, and went

over to Caesar; and his foot being defeated, he retired into the city,

crying out that Cleopatra had betrayed him to the enemies he had

made for her sake. She, being afraid lest in his fury and despair he

might do her a mischief, fled to her monument, and letting down the

falling doors, which were strong with bars and bolts, she sent

messengers who should tell Antony she was dead. He, believing it,

cried out, "Now, Antony, why delay longer? Fate has snatched away

the only pretext for which you could say you desired yet to live."

Going into his chamber, and there loosening and opening his coat of "I

am not," said he, "troubled, Cleopatra, to be at present bereaved of

you, for I shall soon be with you; but it distresses me that so

great a general should be found of a tardier courage than a woman." He

had a faithful servant, whose name was Eros; he had engaged him

formerly to kill him when he should think it necessary, and now he put

him to his promise. Eros drew his sword, as designing to kill him,

but, suddenly turning round, he slew himself. And as he fell dead at

his feet, "It is well done, Eros," said Antony; "you show your

master how to do what you had not the heart to do yourself;" and so he

ran himself into the belly, and laid himself upon the couch. The

wound, however, was not immediately mortal; and the flow of blood

ceasing when he lay down, presently he came to himself, and

entreated those that were about him to put him out of his pain; but

they all fled out of the chamber, and left him crying out and

struggling, until Diomede, Cleopatra's secretary, came to him,

having orders from her to bring him into the monument.

When he understood she was alive, he eagerly gave order to the

servants to take him up, and in their arms was carried to the door

of the building. Cleopatra would not open the door, but, looking

from a sort of window, she let down ropes and cords, to which Antony

was fastened; and she and her two women, the only persons she had

allowed to enter the monument, drew him up. Those that were present

say that nothing was ever more sad than this spectacle, to see Antony,

covered all over with blood and just expiring, thus drawn up, still

holding up his hands to her, and lifting up his body with the little

force he had left. As, indeed, it was no easy task for the women;

and Cleopatra, with all her force, clinging to the rope, and straining

with her head to the ground, with difficulty pulled him up while those

below encouraged her with their cries, and joined in all her efforts

and anxiety. When she had got him up, she laid him on the bed, tearing

all her clothes, which she spread upon him; and, beating her breast

with her hands, lacerating herself, and disfiguring her own face

with the blood from his wounds, she called him her lord, her

husband, her emperor, and seemed to have pretty nearly forgotten all

her own evils, she was so intent upon his misfortunes. Antony,

stopping her lamentations as well as he could, called for wine to

drink, either that he was thirsty, or that he imagined that it might

put him the sooner out of pain. When he had drunk, he advised her to

bring her own affairs, so far as might be honourably done, to a safe

conclusion, and that, among all the friends of Caesar, she should rely

on Proculeius; that she should not pity him in this last turn of fate,

but rather rejoice for him in remembrance of his past happiness, who

had been of all men the most illustrious and powerful, and in the

end had fallen not ignobly, a Roman by a Roman overcome.

Just as he breathed his last, Proculeius arrived from Caesar; for

when Antony gave himself his wound, and was carried in to Cleopatra,

one of his guards, Dercetaeus, took up Antony's sword and hid it; and,

when he saw his opportunity, stole away to Caesar, and brought him the

first news of Antony's death, and withal showed him the bloody

sword. Caesar, upon this, retired into the inner part of his tent, and

giving some tears to the death of one that had been nearly allied to

him in marriage, his colleague in empire, and companion in so many

wars and dangers, he came out to his friends, and, bringing with him

many letters, he read to them with how much reason and moderation he

had always addressed himself to Antony, and in return what overbearing

and arrogant answers he received. Then he sent Proculeius to use his

utmost endeavours to get Cleopatra alive into his power; for he was

afraid of losing a great treasure, and, besides, she would be no small

addition to the glory of his triumph. She, however, was careful not to

put herself in Proculeius's power; but from within her monument, he

standing on the outside of a door, on the level of the ground, which

was strongly barred, but so that they might well enough hear one

another's voice, she held a conference with him; she demanding that

her kingdom might be given to her children, and he binding her to be

of good courage, and trust Caesar in everything.

Having taken particular notice of the place, he returned to

Caesar, and Gallus was sent to parley with her the second time; who,

being come to the door, on purpose prolonged the conference, while

Proculeius fixed his scaling-ladders in the window through which the

women had pulled up Antony. And so entering, with two men to follow

him, he went straight down to the door where Cleopatra was discoursing

with Gallus. One of the two women who were shut up in the monument

with her cried out, "Miserable Cleopatra, you are taken prisoner!"

Upon which she turned quick, and, looking at Proculeius, drew out

her dagger which she had with her to stab herself. But Proculeius

ran up quickly, and seizing her with both his hands, "For shame," said

he, "Cleopatra; you wrong yourself and Caesar much, who would rob

him of so fair an occasion of showing his clemency, and would make the

world believe the most gentle of commanders to be a faithless and

implacable enemy." And so, taking the dagger out of her hand, he

also shook her dress to see if there were any poison hid in it.

After this, Caesar sent Epaphroditus, one of his freedmen, with orders

to treat her with all the gentleness and civility possible, but to

take the strictest precautions to keep her alive.

In the meanwhile, Caesar made his entry into Alexandria, with Areius

the philosopher at his side, holding him by the hand and talking

with him; desiring that all his fellow-citizens should see what honour

was paid to him, and should look up to him accordingly from the very

first moment. Then, entering the exercise ground, he mounted a

platform erected for the purpose, and from thence commanded the

citizens (who, in great fear and consternation, fell prostrate at

his feet) to stand up, and told them that he freely acquitted the

people of all blame first, for the sake of Alexander, who built

their city, then for the city's sake itself, which was so large and

beautiful; and, thirdly, to gratify his friend Areius.

Such great honour did Areius receive from Caesar; and by his

intercession many lives were saved, amongst the rest that of

Philostratus, a man, of all the professors of logic that ever were,

the most ready in extempore speaking, but quite destitute of any right

to call himself one of the philosophers of the Academy. Caesar, out of

disgust at his character, refused all attention to his entreaties. So,

growing a long white beard, and dressing himself in black, he followed

behind Areius, shouting out the verse,

"The wise, if they are wise, will save the wise."

Which Caesar hearing, gave him his pardon, to prevent rather any odium

that might attach to Areius, than any harm that Philostratus might

suffer.

Of Antony's children, Antyllus, his son by Fulvia, being betrayed by

his tutor, Theodorus, was put to death; and while the soldiers were

cutting off his head, his tutor contrived to steal a precious jewel

which he wore about his neck, and put it in his pocket, and afterwards

denied the fact, but was convicted and crucified. Cleopatra's

children, with their attendants, had a guard set on them, and were

treated very honourably. Caesarion, who was reputed to be the son of

Caesar the Dictator, was sent by his mother, with a great sum of

money, through Ethiopia, to pass into India; but his tutor, a man

named Rhodon, about as honest as Theodorus, persuaded him to turn

back, for that Caesar designed to make him king. Caesar consulting

what was best to be done with him, Areius we are told, said,

"Too many Caesars are not well."

So, afterwards, when Cleopatra was dead he was killed.

Many kings and great commanders made petition to Caesar for the body

of Antony, to give him his funeral rites; but he would not take away

his corpse from Cleopatra by whose hands he was buried with royal

splendour and magnificence, it being granted to her to employ what she

pleased on his funeral. In this extremity of grief and sorrow, and

having inflamed and ulcerated her breasts with beating them, she

fell into a high fever, and was very glad of the occasion, hoping,

under this pretext, to abstain from food, and so to die in quiet

without interference. She had her own physician, Olympus, to whom

she told the truth, and asked his advice and help to put an end to

herself, as Olympus himself has told us, in a narrative which he wrote

of these events. But Caesar, suspecting her purpose, took to

menacing language about her children, and excited her fears for

them, before which engines her purpose shook and gave way, so that she

suffered those about her to give her what meat or medicine they

pleased.

Some few days after, Caesar himself came to make her a visit and

comfort her. She lay then upon her pallet-bed in undress, and, on

his entering, sprang up from off her bed, having nothing on but the

one garment next her body, and flung herself at his feet, her hair and

face looking wild and disfigured, her voice quivering, and her eyes

sunk in her head. The marks of the blows she had given herself were

visible about her bosom, and altogether her whole person seemed no

less afflicted than her soul. But, for all this, her old charm, and

the boldness of her youthful beauty, had not wholly left her, and,

in spite of her present condition, still sparkled from within, and let

itself appear in all the movements of her countenance. Caesar,

desiring her to repose herself, sat down by her; and, on this

opportunity, she said something to justify her actions, attributing

what she had done to the necessity she was under, and to her fear of

Antony; and when Caesar, on each point, made his objections, and she

found herself confuted, she broke off at once into language of

entreaty and deprecation, as if she desired nothing more than to

prolong her life. And at last, having by her a list of her treasure,

she gave it into his hands; and when Seleucus, one of her stewards,

who was by, pointed out that various articles were omitted, and

charged her with secreting them, she flew up and caught him by the

hair, and struck him several blows on the face. Caesar smiling and

withholding her, "Is it not very hard, Caesar," said she, "when you do

me the honour to visit me in this condition I am in, that I should

be accused by one of my own servants of laying by some women's toys,

not meant to adorn, be sure, my unhappy self, but that I might have

some little present by me to make your Octavia and your Livia, that by

their intercession I might hope to find you in some measure disposed

to mercy?" Caesar was pleased to hear her talk thus, being now assured

that she was desirous to live. And, therefore, letting her know that

the things she had laid by she might dispose of as she pleased, and

his usage of her should be honourable above her expectation, he went

away, well satisfied that he had overreached her, but, in fact, was

himself deceived.

There was a young man of distinction among Caesar's companions named

Cornelius Dolabella. He was not without a certain tenderness for

Cleopatra and sent her word privately, as she had besought him to

do, that Caesar was about to return through Syria, and that she and

her children were to be sent on within three days. When she understood

this, she made her request to Caesar that he would be pleased to

permit her to make oblations to the departed Antony; which being

granted, she ordered herself to be carried to the place where he was

buried, and there, accompanied by her women, she embraced his tomb

with tears in her eyes, and spoke in this manner: "O, dearest Antony,"

said she, "it is not long since that with these hands I buried you;

then they were free, now I am a captive, and pay these last duties

to you with a guard upon me, for fear that my just griefs and

sorrows should impair my servile body, and make it less fit to

appear in their triumph over you. No further offerings or libations

expect from me; these are the last honours that Cleopatra can pay your

memory, for she is to be hurried away far from you. Nothing could part

us whilst we lived, but death seems to threaten to divide us. You, a

Roman born, have found a grave in Egypt; I, an Egyptian, am to seek

that favour, and none but that, in your country. But if the gods

below, with whom you now are, either can or will do anything (since

those above have betrayed us), suffer not your living wife to be

abandoned; let me not be led in triumph to your shame, but hide me and

bury me here with you since, amongst all my bitter misfortunes,

nothing has afflicted me like this brief time that I have lived away

from you."

Having made these lamentations, crowning the tomb with garlands and kissing it, she gave orders to prepare her a bath, and, coming out of the bath, she lay down and made a sumptuous meal. And a country fellow brought her a little basket, which the guards intercepting

and asking what it was the fellow put the leaves which lay uppermost

aside, and showed them it was full of figs; and on their admiring

the largeness and beauty of the figs, he laughed, and invited them

to take some, which they refused, and, suspecting nothing, bade him carry them in. After her repast, Cleopatra sent to Caesar a letter which she had written and sealed; and, putting everybody out of the

monument but her two women, she shut the doors. Caesar, opening her

letter, and finding pathetic prayers and entreaties that she might

be buried in the same tomb with Antony, soon guessed what was doing.

At first he was going himself in all haste, but, changing his mind, he

sent others to see. The thing had been quickly done. The messengers

came at full speed, and found the guards apprehensive of nothing;

but on opening the doors they saw her stone-dead, lying upon a bed

of gold, set out in all her royal ornaments. Iras, one of her women,

lay dying at her feet, and Charmion, just ready to fall, scarce able

to hold up her head, was adjusting her mistress's diadem. And when one

that came in said angrily, "Was this well done of your lady,

Charmion?" "Extremely well," she answered, "and as became the

descendant of so many kings;" and as she said this, she fell down dead

by the bedside.

Some relate that an asp was brought in amongst those figs and covered with the leaves, and that Cleopatra had arranged that it might settle on her before she knew, but, when she took away some of the

figs and saw it, she said, "So here it is," and held out her bare

arm to be bitten. Others say that it was kept in a vase, and that

she vexed and pricked it with a golden spindle till it seized her arm.

But what really took place is known to no one, since it was also

said that she carried poison in a hollow bodkin, about which she wound

her hair; yet there was not so much as a spot found, or any symptom of

poison upon her body, nor was the asp seen within the monument; only

something like the trail of it was said to have been noticed on the

sand by the sea, on the part towards which the building faced and

where the windows were. Some relate that two faint puncture-marks were

found on Cleopatra's arm, and to this account Caesar seems to have

given credit; for in his triumph there was carried a figure of

Cleopatra, with an asp clinging to her. Such are the various accounts.

But Caesar, though much disappointed by her death, yet could not but

admire the greatness of her spirit, and gave order that her body

should be buried by Antony with royal splendour and magnificence.

Her women, also, received honourable burial by his directions.

Cleopatra had lived nine-and-thirty years, during twenty-two of been

she had reigned as queen, and for fourteen had been Antony's partner

in his empire. Antony, according to some authorities, was fifty-three,

according to others, fifty-six years old. His statues were all

thrown down, but those of Cleopatra were left untouched; for

Archibius, one of her friends, gave Caesar two thousand talents to

save them from the fate of Antony's.

Antony left by his three wives seven children, of whom only

Antyllus, the eldest, was put to death by Caesar; Octavia took the

rest, and brought them up with her own. Cleopatra, his daughter by

Cleopatra, was given in marriage to Juba, the most accomplished of

kings; and Antony, his son by Fulvia, attained such high favour

that, whereas Agrippa was considered to hold the first place with

Caesar, and the sons of Livia the second, the third, without

dispute, was possessed by Antony. Octavia, also, having had by her

first husband, Marcellus, two daughters, and one son named

Marcellus, this son Caesar adopted, and gave him his daughter in

marriage; as did Octavia one of the daughters to Agrippa. But

Marcellus dying almost immediately after his marriage, she, perceiving

that her brother was at a loss to find elsewhere any sure friend to be

his son-in-law, was the first to recommend that Agrippa should put

away her daughter and marry Julia. To this Caesar first, and then

Agrippa himself, gave assent; so Agrippa married Julia, and Octavia,

receiving her daughter, married her to the young Antony. Of the two

daughters whom Octavia had borne to Antony, the one was married to

Domitius Ahenobarbus; and the other, Antonia, famous for her beauty

and discretion, was married to Drusus, the son of Livia, and stepson

to Caesar. Of these parents were born Germanicus and Claudius.

Claudius reigned later; and of the children of Germanicus, Caius,

after a reign of distinction, was killed with his wife and child;

Agrippina, after bearing a son Lucius Domitius, to Ahenobarbus, was

married to Claudius Caesar, who adopted Domitius, giving him the

name of Nero Germanicus. He was emperor in our time, and put his

mother to death, and with his madness and folly came not far from

ruining the Roman empire, being Antony's descendant in the fifth

generation.

THE END