been the tutor of Alexander for several years at the court of Philip of Macedon.

Intelligent men were losing heart in those days, their faith in the power of men to make their own conditions of life was fading. There were no more Utopias. The rush of events was manifestly too powerful for such organized effort as was then practicable between men of fine intelligence. It was possible to think of recasting human society when human society was a little city of a few thousand citizens, but what was happening about them was something cataclysmal; it was the political recasting of the whole known world, of the affairs of what even then must have amounted to something between fifty and a hundred million people. It was recasting upon a scale no human mind was yet equipped to grasp. It drove thought back upon the idea of a vast and implacable Fate. It made men snatch at whatever looked stable and unifying. Monarchy, for instance, for all its manifest vices, was a conceivable government for millions; it had, to a certain extent, *worked;* it imposed a ruling will where it would seem that a collective will was impossible. This change of the general intellectual mood harmonized with Aristotle's natural respect for existing fact. If, on the one hand, it made him approve of monarchy and slavery and the subjection of women as reasonable institutions, on the other hand it made him eager to understand fact and to get some orderly knowledge of these realities of nature and human nature that were now so manifestly triumphant over the creative dreams of the preceding generation.

He is terribly sane and luminous, and terribly wanting in self-sacrificial enthusiasm. He questions Plato when Plato would exile poets from his Utopia, for poetry is a power; he directs his energy along a line diametrically opposed to Socrates' depreciation of Anaxagoras. He anticipated Bacon and the modern scientific movement in his realization of the importance of ordered knowledge. He set himself to the task of gathering together and setting down knowledge. He was the first natural historian. Other men before him had speculated about the nature of things, but he, with every young man he could win over to the task, set himself to classify and compare things. Plato says in effect: "Let us take hold of life and remodel it"; this soberer successor: "Let us first know more of life and meanwhile serve and use the king." It was not so much a contradiction as an immense qualification of the master.

The peculiar relation of Aristotle to Alexander the Great enabled him to procure means for his work such as were not

available again for scientific inquiry for long ages. He could command hundreds of talents (a talent = about £700) for his expenses. At one time he had at his disposal a thousand men scattered throughout Asia and Greece, collecting matter for his natural history. They were, of course, very untrained observers, collectors of stories rather than observers; but nothing of the kind had ever been attempted, had even been thought of, so far as we know, before his time. Political as well as natural science began. The students of the Lyceum under his direction made an analysis of 158 political constitutions. . . .

This was the first gleam of organized scientific inquiry in the world. The early death of Alexander, and the breaking up of his empire almost before it had begun, put an end to endowments on this scale for 2,000 years. Only in Egypt at the Alexandria Museum did any scientific research continue, and that only for a few generations. Of that we will presently tell. Fifty years after Aristotle's death the Lyceum had already dwindled to insignificance.

## § 5

### *Philosophy becomes Unworldly.*

The general drift of thought in the concluding years of the fourth century B.C. was not with Aristotle, nor towards the laborious and necessary accumulation of ordered knowledge. It is possible that without his endowments from the king he would have made but a small figure in intellectual history. Through them he was able to give his splendid intelligence substance and effect. The ordinary man prefers easy ways so long as they may be followed, and is almost wilfully heedless whether they end at last in a cul-de-sac. Finding the stream of events too powerful to control at once, the generality of philosophical teachers drifted in those days from the scheming of modern cities and the planning of new ways of living into the elaboration of beautiful and consoling systems of evasion.

Perhaps that is putting things coarsely and unjustly. But let Professor Gilbert Murray speak upon this matter:

"The Cynics cared only for virtue and the relation of the soul to God; the world and its learning and its honours were as dross to them. The Stoics and Epicureans, so far apart at first sight, were very similar in their ultimate aim. What they really cared about was ethics—the practical question how a man should order his life. Both, indeed, gave themselves to

some science—the Epicureans to physics, the Stoics to logic and rhetoric—but only as a means to an end. The Stoic tried to win men's hearts and convictions by sheer subtlety of abstract argument and dazzling sublimity of thought and expression. The Epicurean was determined to make Humanity go its way without cringing to capricious gods and without sacrificing Free-Will. He condensed his gospel into four maxims: 'God is not to be feared; Death cannot be felt; the Good can be won; all that we dread can be borne and conquered.'"

And meanwhile the stream of events flowed on, with a reciprocal indifference to philosophy.

## § 6

### *The Quality and Limitations of Greek Thought.*

If the Greek classics are to be read with any benefit by modern men, they must be read as the work of men like ourselves. Regard must be had to their traditions, their opportunities, and their limitations. There is a disposition to exaggeration in all human admiration; most of our classical texts are very much mangled, and all were originally the work of human beings in difficulties, living in a time of such darkness and narrowness of outlook as makes our own age by comparison a period of dazzling illumination. What we shall lose in reverence by this familiar treatment, we shall gain in sympathy for that group of troubled, uncertain, and very modern minds. The Athenian writers were, indeed, the first of modern men. They were discussing questions that we still discuss; they began to struggle with the great problems that confront us to-day. Their writings are our dawn.

Jung, in his *Psychology of the Unconscious*, is very good on the differences between ancient (pre-Athenian) thought and modern thought. The former he calls Undirected Thinking, the latter Directed Thinking. The former was a thinking in images, akin to dreaming; the latter a thinking in words. Science is an organization of directed thinking. The Antique spirit (before the Greek thinkers, i.e.) created not science but mythology. The ancient human world was a world of subjective fantasies like the world of children and uneducated young people to-day, and like the world of savages and dreams. Infantile thought and dreams are a re-echo of prehistoric and savage methods of thinking. Myths, says Jung, are the mass dreams of peoples, and dreams the myths of individuals. We have already directed the reader's attention to the resemblance of

the early gods of civilization to the fantasies of children. The work of hard and disciplined thinking by means of carefully analysed words and statements, which was begun by the Greek thinkers and resumed by the scholastic philosophers in the middle ages, was a necessary preliminary to the development of modern science.

The Greek philosophers began an inquiry, and they arrived at no solutions. We cannot pretend to-day that we have arrived at solutions to most of the questions they asked. The mind of the Hebrews, as we have already shown, awoke suddenly to the endless miseries and disorders of life, saw that these miseries and disorders were largely due to the lawless acts of men, and concluded that salvation could come only through subduing ourselves to the service of the one God who rules heaven and earth. The Greek, rising to the same perception, was not prepared with the same idea of a patriarchal deity; he lived in a world in which there was not God but the gods; if perhaps he felt that the gods themselves were limited, then he thought of Fate behind them, cold and impersonal. So he put his problem in the form of an inquiry as to what was right living, without any definite correlation of the right-living man with the will of God. . . .

To us, looking at the matter from a standpoint purely historical, the common problem can now be presented in a form that, for the purposes of history, covers both the Hebrew and Greek way of putting it. We have seen our kind rising out of the unconsciousness of animals to a continuing racial self-consciousness, realizing the unhappiness of its wild diversity of aims, realizing the inevitable tragedy of individual self-seeking, and feeling its way blindly towards some linking and subordinating idea to save it from the pains and accidents of mere individuality. The gods, the god-king, the idea of the tribe, the idea of the city; here are ideas that have claimed and held for a time the devotion of men, ideas in which they have a little lost their individual selfishness and escaped to the realization of a more enduring life. Yet, as our wars and disasters prove, none of these greater ideas has yet been great enough. The gods have failed to protect, the tribe has proved itself vile and cruel, the city ostracized one's best and truest friends, the god-king made a beast of himself. . . .

As we read over the speculative literature of this great period of the Greeks, we realize three barriers set about the Greek mind, from which it rarely escaped, but from which we now perhaps are beginning to escape.

The first of these limitations was the obsession of the Greek mind by the idea of the city as the ultimate state. In a world in which empire had followed empire, each greater than its predecessor, in a world through which men and ideas drove ever more loosely and freely, in a world visibly unifying even then, the Greeks, because of their peculiar physical and political circumstances, were still dreaming impossibly of a compact little city state, impervious to outer influences, valiantly secure against the whole world. Plato's estimate of the number of citizens in a perfect state varied between 1,000 (the *Republic*) and 5,040 (the *Laws*). Said Aristotle in his *Politics*: "For the proper administration of justice and for the distribution of authority it is necessary that the citizens be acquainted with each other's characters, so that, where this cannot be, much mischief ensues, both in the use of authority and in the administration of justice; for it is not just to decide arbitrarily, as must be the case with excessive population." The sort of parish-state thus sketched out was to go to war and hold its own against other cities of the same size. And this was not a couple of generations after the hosts of Xerxes had crossed the Hellespont!

Perhaps these Greeks thought the day of world empires had passed for ever, whereas it was only beginning. At the utmost their minds reached out to alliances and leagues. There must have been men at the court of Artaxerxes thinking far away beyond these little ideas of the rocky creek, the island, and the mountain-encircled valley. But the need for unification against the greater powers that moved outside the Greek-speaking world the Greek mind disregarded wilfully. These outsiders were barbarians, not to be needlessly thought about; they were barred out now from Greece for ever. One took Persian money; everybody took Persian money; what did it matter? Or one enlisted for a time in their armies (as Xenophon did) and hoped for his luck with a rich prisoner. Athens took sides in Egyptian affairs, and carried on minor wars with Persia, but there was no conception of a common policy or a common future for Greece. . . .

Until at last a voice in Athens began to shout "Macedonia!" to clamour like a watch-dog, "Macedonia!" This was the voice of the orator and demagogue, Demosthenes, hurling warnings and threats and denunciations at King Philip of Macedon, who had learnt his politics not only from Plato and Aristotle, but also from Isocrates and Xenophon, and from Babylon and Susa, and who was preparing quietly, ably, and steadfastly to

dominate all Greece, and through Greece to conquer the known world. . . .

There was a second thing that cramped the Greek mind, the institution of domestic slavery. Slavery was implicit in Greek life; men could conceive of neither comfort nor dignity without it. But slavery shuts off one's sympathy not only from a class of one's fellow subjects; it puts the slave-owner into a class and organization against all stranger men. One is of an elect tribe. Plato, carried by his clear reason and the noble sanity of his spirit beyond the things of the present, would have abolished slavery; much popular feeling and the New Comedy were against it; the Stoics and Epicureans, many of whom were slaves, condemned it as unnatural, but finding it too strong to upset, decided that it did not affect the soul and might be ignored. With the wise there was no bound or free. To the matter-of-fact Aristotle, and probably to most practical men, its abolition was inconceivable. So they declared that there were in the world men "naturally slaves." . . .

Finally, the thought of the Greeks was hampered by a want of knowledge that is almost inconceivable to us to-day. They had no knowledge of the past of mankind at all; at best they had a few shrewd guesses. They had no knowledge of geography beyond the range of the Mediterranean basin and the frontiers of Persia. We know far more to-day of what was going on in Susa, Persepolis, Babylon, and Memphis in the time of Pericles than he did. Their astronomical ideas were still in the state of rudimentary speculations. Anaxagoras, greatly daring, thought the sun and moon were vast globes, so vast that the sun was probably "as big as all the Peloponnesus." Their ideas in physics and chemistry were the results of profound cogitation; it is wonderful that they did guess at atomic structure.

One has to remember their extraordinary poverty in the matter of experimental apparatus. They had coloured glass for ornament, but no clear glass; no accurate means of measuring the minor intervals of time, no really efficient numerical notation, no very accurate scales, no rudiments of telescope or microscope. A modern scientific man dumped down in the Athens of Pericles would have found the utmost difficulty in demonstrating the elements of his knowledge, however crudely, to the men he would have found there. He would have had to rig up the simplest apparatus under every disadvantage, while Socrates pointed out the absurdity of seeking Truth with pieces of wood and string and metal such as small boys use for fishing. A snobbish aloofness between the philosopher and the artisan

kept the former away from any apparatus. No Greek gentleman would have tinkered with glass or metals. And our professor of science would also have been in constant danger of a prosecution for impiety. The democracy of Athens would have tolerated Darwin as little as the democracy of Tennessee.

Our world to-day draws upon relatively immense accumulations of knowledge of fact. In the age of Pericles scarcely the first stone of our comparatively tremendous cairn of things recorded and proved had been put in place. When we reflect upon this difference, then it ceases to be remarkable that the Greeks, with all their aptitude for political speculation, were blind to the insecurities of their civilization from without and from within, to the necessity for effective unification, to the swift rush of events that was to end for long ages these first brief freedoms of the human mind.

It is not in the results it achieved, but in the attempts it made, that the true value for us of this group of Greek talkers and writers lies. It is not that they answered questions, but that they dared to ask them. Never before had man challenged his world and the way of life to which he found his birth had brought him. Never had he said before that he could alter his conditions. Tradition and a seeming necessity had held him to life as he had found it grown up about his tribe since time immemorial. Hitherto he had taken the world as children still take the homes and habits in which they have been reared.

So in the fifth and fourth centuries B.C. we perceive, most plainly in Judea and in Athens, but by no means confined to those centres, the beginnings of a moral and an intellectual process in mankind, an appeal to righteousness and an appeal to the truth from the passions and confusions and immediate appearances of existence. It is like the dawn of the sense of responsibility in a youth, who suddenly discovers that life is neither easy nor aimless. Mankind is growing up. The rest of history for three-and-twenty centuries is threaded with the spreading out and development and interaction and the clearer and more effective statement of these main leading ideas. Slowly, more and more, men apprehend the reality of human brotherhood, the needlessness of wars and cruelties and oppression, the possibilities of a common purpose for the whole of our kind. In every generation thereafter there is the evidence of men seeking for that better order to which they feel our world must come.

But everywhere and wherever in any man the great constructive ideas have taken hold, the hot greeds, the jealousies,

the suspicions and impatience that are in the nature of every one of us, war against the struggle towards greater and broader purposes. The last twenty-three centuries of history are like the efforts of some impulsive, hasty immortal to think clearly and live rightly. Blunder follows blunder; promising beginnings end in grotesque disappointments; streams of living water are poisoned by the cup that conveys them to the thirsty lips of mankind. But the hope of men rises again at last after every disaster. . . .

## § 7

### *The First Great Imaginative Literature.*

We have already remarked in this *Outline* that the development of literature had to wait upon the development of a method of writing sufficiently subtle to convey turns of expression and beauties of sound. Before that time written literature could convey only meaning. The early Aryan peoples had, as we have told already, a memorized metrical literature before they had writing; they had minstrel songs, stories and histories and moral precepts, preserved by a special social class, the bards. These traditional possessions only became fixed when they were written. The two chief Greek epics, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* appear to have been set down in writing about 700 B.C., and they are both in Ionian Greek. It is said that Peisistratus first had the Homeric poems collected. There were a number of different versions of these epics; the existing text was only established in the second century B.C. There were other epics, continuations and amplifications of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and separate adventure stories, that now have almost completely perished.

It was generally held by the Greeks that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were the work of a single poet, Homer, who was born in seven different cities and at various dates between 1,100 and 800 B.C. Of one fact only is tradition certain, and that is that he was blind. These two epics were held in such love and veneration by the Greeks that it was not until the second century B.C. that anyone observed the fact, obvious even in a translation, that these two great works are as entirely different in spirit, tone and quality as the sound of a trumpet from the sound of a flute. But as Homer could be born so widely and with such sustained perseverance, it adds but little to his marvellousness that he had two brains and two voices. These are matters for the classical scholar. It is the classical scholar

alone who can appreciate these works at their full value. They are, he assures us, of a splendour, beauty, wisdom and melody that no translation can convey. No translation does convey anything to justify the ecstasies of the learned about these primary masterpieces of European literature. Into the work of every translator creeps a certain tediousness, a certain puerility. Even the indescribably delightful melodies of the Greek language recited by its enthusiastic advocates to the uncultivated doubter prove to be more than a little suggestive of the noises caused by indifferent plumbing in a defective hot-water system. None the less, these epics contain much beauty and interest, they are suffused with a delightful boyishness, there are flashes of the intensest feeling and the most vivid observation, and it is a pity that the ridiculous extravagances of scholastic admirers, who speak of them as supreme and unapproachable and so forth, have brought upon them the awe-stricken neglect of the general reader.

Side by side with the name of Homer stands that of Hesiod. Hesiod was more probably a real person. The date of his birth is known within two centuries, the ninth and the seventh B.C. His epics, the *Works and Days* and the *Theogony*, preserve, the one, much of the life and labours of the Bœotian farmer, and the other the current traditions about the origins and relationships of the Greek gods.

Epic poetry was in Greece the foundation of all other poetry; for several centuries no other was cultivated. This was the essential Aryan poetry. Then appeared certain other types. There was elegiac poetry, soft and tender, sung to the music of the Lydian flute, and lyric poetry sung to the seven-stringed lyre. On these forms it is impossible to enlarge here. It is idle also to give the names of poets without some indication of the nature and quality of their poems. The names of Pindar and Simonides can have meaning only for those who can give the necessary time to what still remains accessible of their work. But we may note here that one of the greatest of the early love-poets of Greece was a woman, Sappho, of Lesbos.

The written drama as well as the written poetry began in the Grecian world. Drama arose as part of the periodic celebration of Dionysus, the wine god. Originally the celebration was a song in chorus telling of the doings of the god. Then a leader, the *corypheus*, would stand out and recite alone, and the chorus would respond. Æschylus (born 525 B.C.) introduced a second actor who stood out and answered the first. Finally, with Sophocles (born 495 B.C.) came a third actor; the dialogue and

acting were developed and the chorus became subordinate to the dramatic action. Hitherto the drama had been performed upon wooden platforms. Now in the sixth century theatres began to be built. That much an Outline of History may record, and also that within a period of a century came the greatest days of the Greek drama. The names of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides (born 480 B.C.) are the culminating names of Greek tragedy, but here they can only be unmeaning names to the reader who will not seek out their work either in the original or in reputable translations and who will not try to see performances of their plays.

Concurrently with the development of tragedy, the graver side of the worship of Dionysus, a more derisive and entertaining form arose, comedy. From the first, comedy was more flexible than tragedy; sometimes it burlesqued tragedy, but at times it became frankly sketches of manners and of entertaining aspects of life. Aristophanes in the fifth century B.C. created a delightful mixture of fancy and political satire. Menander a hundred years later was the outstanding master of the comedy of manners. Greek tragedy was a temporary and formal thing, it was evolved and worked out to its highest possibilities in little more than a century, but comedy is an essential need of human societies. There has been mocking, imitation, comedy, wherever two or three human beings gathered together, since human associations began. The stream of written comedy has never really ceased in the world since first dialogue could be written. Only as the art of reading spread through the community did the written tale begin to rival comedy in its popularity. There were collections of "good stories," and so forth, in Greece, but the development of fiction as a great art awaited a wide reading public and the rapid multiplication of books. Unhappily the greater number of both the tragedies and comedies of Greece have vanished from the world again.

Prose literature appeared first as history and serious discussion. Of Herodotus we have told already, and we have quoted from his work. That comes earlier in the book, but the reader will note that the "Father of History" visited Athens in the time of Pericles, and when he wrote, Athenian tragedy was already past its climax. Thucydides, still later, told the story of the Peloponnesian War. Xenophon and his *Anabasis* also we have noted. Another important portion of the Greek literature that still remains to us are the orations written down of various great speakers. Finally there are to be noted the austere prose statements and arguments of the scientific litera-

ture as it was written by Aristotle, and its artistic dramatization in the discussions of the dialogues of Plato.

So briefly we note here the forms of the first great literature in the world. It is all we can do in the space at our disposal. The reader of English who would go on to a fuller account will find it, with a number of skilfully interwoven quotations, in *Greeks and Barbarians* by J. A. K. Thomson. But the only way of achieving a real grasp of any literature whatever is the attentive reading of particular books and writers.

## § 8

### *Greek Art.*

Before the discovery of the pre-Greek art of the Ægean peoples and the realization of the vast artistic production of the early empires, the modern world, between the Renaissance and the end of the nineteenth century, had a disproportionate esteem for the achievements of Greek plastic art. It stood out alone in men's imaginations as though it had leapt out of nothingness into being, as though all that went before it was clumsiness and all that came after vulgarization and decay. It produced ecstasies in the cultivated that fill us now more with wonder than sympathy.

We know now that while the literary and intellectual initiatives of Greece mark a distinct new phase in human experience, the plastic art of Greece is no more than a continuation of the civilizations that had gone before. The goldwork, the jewellery, the seals, the statuettes and vases and so forth of Greek manufacture in this great period approach, but do not excel those of the preceding Ægean people nor those of the XVIIIth Dynasty in Egypt. The architecture has a grace and perfection of its own. Its dominant feature is the colonnade, serene and noble with the stout Doric capital, or graceful with the Ionic, or florid with the Corinthian. The Corinthian column and its ramifications became in Roman times the universal weed of architecture, and still sprouts wherever the bank branch or the hotel-de-luxe is to be found.

It is the Greek sculpture, however, that stands out as the distinctive excellence of the period. Formal at first, it reached between the days of Peisistratus and Pericles an unprecedented freedom and naturalness. In the time of Akhnaton Egyptian sculpture made a sudden turn towards ease and realism, but nothing then achieved can compare to the freedoms of the Greek release. We are told that most of the Greek sculpture

was tinted in colours. That peculiar austere white beauty, ennobled by the touch of death and completion, that now dominates our sensibilities when we are confronted by the best remains of Greek work, was no part of the artist's intention. The temples, too, in their ruin have a moonlight magic, an unearthly excellence, that was surely wanting in their garish youth.

Of Greek painting we know very little. Masterpieces are mentioned, but they have perished. We can only judge by what may be the degenerating continuation of the tradition in the days of Imperial Rome. In Pompeii and Herculaneum the painting is gay, skilful and interesting, and beyond comparison more natural and confident than any Egyptian or Babylonian work.

The music of the time was subsidiary to the song and without harmony. Sir W. H. Hadow speaks of the "ugliness of such specimens of Greek music as have been preserved and deciphered."

## CHAPTER 22

# THE CAREER OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT



### § 1

THE true hero of the story of Alexander is not so much Alexander as his father Philip. The author of a piece does not shine in the limelight as the actor does, and it was Philip who planned much of the greatness that his son achieved, who laid the foundations and forged the tools, who had indeed already begun the Persian expedition at the time of his death. Philip, beyond doubting, was one of the greatest monarchs the world has ever seen; he was a man of the utmost intelligence and ability, and his range of ideas was vastly beyond the scope of his time. He made Aristotle his friend; he must have discussed with him those schemes for the organization of real knowledge which the philosopher was to realize later through Alexander's endowments. Philip, so far as we can judge, seems to have been Aristotle's "Prince"; to him Aristotle turned as men turn only to those whom they admire and trust. To Philip also Isocrates appealed as the great leader who should unify and ennoble the chaotic public life of Greece.

In many books it is stated that Philip was a man of incredible cynicism and of uncontrolled lusts. It is true that at feasts, like all the Macedonians of his time, he was a hard drinker and sometimes drunken—it was probably considered unamiable not to drink excessively at feasts; but of the other accusations there is no real proof, and for evidence we have only the railings of such antagonists as Demosthenes, the Athenian demagogue and orator, a man of reckless rhetoric. The quotation of a

phrase or so will serve to show to what the patriotic anger of Demosthenes could bring him. In one of the *Philippics*, as his denunciations of Philip are called, he gives vent in this style:

"Philip—a man who not only is no Greek, and no way akin to the Greeks, but is not even a barbarian from a respectable country—no, a pestilent fellow of Macedon, a country from which we never get even a decent slave." And so on and so on. We know, as a matter of fact, that the Macedonians were an Aryan people very closely akin to the Greeks, and that Philip was probably the best-educated man of his time. This was the spirit in which the adverse accounts of Philip were written.

*Philip of Macedon*

When Philip became king of Macedonia in 359 B.C., his country was a little country without either a seaport or any considerable city. It had a peasant population, Greek almost in language, and ready to be Greek in sympathies, but more purely Nordic in blood than any people to the south of it. Philip made this little barbaric state into a great one; he created the most efficient military organization the world had so far seen, and he had brought most of Greece into one confederacy under his leadership at the time of his death. And his extraordinary quality, his power of thinking out beyond the current ideas of his time, is shown not so much in those matters as in the care with which he had his son trained to carry on the policy he had created. He is one of the few monarchs in history who cared for his successor. Alexander was, as few other monarchs have ever been, a king specially educated for empire. Aristotle was but one of the several able tutors his father chose for him. Philip confided his policy to him, and entrusted him with commands and authority by the time he was sixteen. He commanded the cavalry at Chæronea under his

father's eye. He was nursed into power—generously and unsuspiciously.

To anyone who reads his life with care it is evident that Alexander started with an equipment of training and ideas of unprecedented value. As he got beyond the wisdom of his upbringing he began to blunder and misbehave—sometimes with a dreadful folly. The defects of his character had triumphed over his upbringing long before he died.

Philip was a king after the old pattern, a leader-king, first among his peers, of the ancient Nordic Aryan type. The army he found in Macedonia consisted of a general foot levy and a noble equestrian order called the "companions." The people were farmers and hunters and somewhat drunken in their habits, but ready for discipline and good fighting stuff. And if the people were homely, the government was intelligent and alert. For some generations the Court language had been Attic (= Athenian) Greek, and the Court had been sufficiently civilized to shelter and entertain such great figures as Euripides, who died there in 406 B.C., and Zeuxis the artist. Moreover, Philip, before his accession, had spent some years as a hostage in Greece. He had had as good an education as Greece could give at that time. He was, therefore, quite familiar with what we may call the idea of Isocrates—the idea of a great union of the Greek states in Europe to dominate the Eastern world; and he knew, too, how incapable was the Athenian democracy, because of its constitution and tradition, of taking the opportunity that lay before it. For it was an opportunity that would have to be shared. To the Athenians or the Spartans it would mean letting in a "lot of foreigners" to the advantages of citizenship. It would mean lowering themselves to the level of equality and fellowship with Macedonians—a people from whom "*we*" do not get "even a decent slave."

There was no way to secure unanimity among the Greeks for the contemplated enterprise except by some revolutionary political action. It was no love of peace that kept the Greeks from such an adventure; it was their political divisions. The resources of the several states were exhausted in a series of internecine wars—wars arising out of the merest excuses and fanned by oratorical wind. The ploughing of certain sacred lands near Delphi by the Phocians was, for example, the pretext for a sanguinary Sacred War.

Philip's first years of kingship were devoted to the discipline of his army. Hitherto most of the main battle fighting in the world had been done by footmen in formation. In the very

ancient Sumerian battle-pieces we see spearmen in close order forming the main battle, just as they did in the Zulu armies of the nineteenth century; the Greek troops of Philip's time were still fighting in that same style; the Theban phalanx was a mass of infantry holding spears, the hinder ranks thrusting their longer spears between the front-line men. Such a formation went through anything less disciplined that opposed it. Mounted archers could, of course, inflict considerable losses on such a mass of men, and accordingly, as the horse came into warfare, horsemen appeared on either side as an accessory to this main battle. The reader must remember that the horse did not come into very effective use in Western war until the rise of the Assyrians, and then at first only as a chariot horse. The chariots drove full tilt at the infantry mass and tried to break it. Unless its discipline was very solid they succeeded. The Homeric fighting is chariot fighting. It is not until the last thousand years B.C. that we begin to find mounted soldiers, as distinct from charioteers, playing a part in warfare. At first they appear to have fought in a scattered fashion, each man doing his personal feats. So the Lydians fought against Cyrus. It was Philip who seems to have created charging cavalry. He ordered his "companions" to drill for a massed charge. And also he strengthened his phalanx by giving the rear men longer spears than had been used hitherto, and so deepening its mass. The Macedonian phalanx was merely a more solid version of the Theban phalanx. None of these massed infantry formations was flexible enough to stand a flank or rear attack. They had very slight manœuvring power. Both Philip's and his son's victories followed, therefore, with variations, one general scheme of co-operation between these two arms. The phalanx advanced in the centre and held the enemy's main body; on one wing or the other the cavalry charges swept away the enemy cavalry, and then swooped round upon the flank and rear of the enemy phalanx, the front of which the Macedonian phalanx was already smiting. The enemy main battle then broke and was massacred. As Alexander's military experience grew, he also added a use of catapults in the field, big stone-throwing affairs, to break up the enemy infantry. Before his time catapults had been used in sieges, but never in battles. He invented "artillery preparation."

With the weapon of his new army in his hand, Philip first turned his attention to the north of Macedonia. He carried expeditions into Illyria and as far as the Danube; he also spread his power along the coast as far as the Hellespont. He secured

possession of a port, Amphipolis, and certain gold mines adjacent. After several Thracian expeditions he turned southward in good earnest. He took up the cause of the Delphic amphictyony against those sacrilegious Phocians, and so appeared as the champion of Hellenic religion.


There was a strong party of Greeks, it must be understood, a Pan-Hellenic party, in favour of the Greek leadership of Philip. The chief writer of this Pan-Hellenic movement was Isocrates. Athens, on the other hand, was the head and front of the opposition to Philip, and Athens was in open sympathy with Persia, even sending emissaries to the Great King to warn him of the danger to him of a united Greece. The comings and goings of twelve years cannot be related here. In 338 B.C. the

long struggle between division and Pan-Hellenism came to a decisive issue, and at the battle of Chæronea Philip inflicted a crushing defeat upon Athens and her allies. He gave Athens peace upon astonishingly generous terms; he displayed himself steadfastly resolved to propitiate and favour that implacable city; and in 338 B.C. a congress of Greek states recognized him as captain-general for the war against Persia.

He was now a man of forty-seven. It seemed as though the world lay at his feet. He had made his little country into the leading state in a great Græco-Macedonian confederacy. That unification was to be the prelude to a still greater one, the unification of the Western world with the Persian Empire into one world state of all known peoples. Who can doubt he had that dream? The writings of Isocrates convince us that he had it. Who can deny that he might have realized it? He had a reasonable hope of living for perhaps another quarter-century of activity. In 336 B.C. his advanced guard crossed into Asia. . . .

But he never followed with his main force. He was assassinated.

## § 2

### *The Murder of King Philip.*

It is necessary now to tell something of the domestic life of King Philip. The lives of both Philip and his son were pervaded by the personality of a restless and evil woman, Olympias, the mother of Alexander.

She was the daughter of the king of Epirus, a country to the west of Macedonia, and, like Macedonia, a semi-Greek land. She met Philip, or was thrown in his way, at some religious gathering in Samothrace. Plutarch declares the marriage was a love-match, and there seems to be at least this much in the charges against Philip that, like many energetic and imaginative men, he was prone to impatient love impulses. He married her when he was already a king, and Alexander was born to him three years later.

It was not long before Olympias and Philip were bitterly estranged. She was jealous of him, but there was another and graver source of trouble in her passion for religious mysteries. We have already noted that beneath the fine and restrained Nordic religion of the Greeks the land abounded with religious cults of a darker and more ancient kind, aboriginal cults with secret initiations, orgiastic celebrations, and often with cruel

and obscene rites. These religions of the shadows, these practices of the women and peasants and slaves, gave Greece her Orphic, Dionysiac, and Demeter cults; they have lurked in the tradition of Europe down almost to our own times. The witchcraft of the Middle Ages, with its resort to the blood of babes, scraps of executed criminals, incantations and magic circles, seems to have been little else than the lingering vestiges of these solemnities of the dark whites. In these matters Olympias was an expert and an enthusiast, and Plutarch mentions that she achieved considerable celebrity by a use of tame serpents in these pious exercises. The snakes invaded her domestic apartments, and history is not clear whether Philip found in them matter for exasperation or religious awe. These occupations of his wife must have been a serious inconvenience to Philip, for the Macedonian people were still in that sturdy stage of social development in which neither enthusiastic religiosity nor uncontrollable wives are admired.

*Macedonian warrior.*

*Bas-relief from Pella...*

The evidence of a bitter hostility between mother and father peeps out in many little things in the histories. She was evidently jealous of Philip's conquests; she hated his fame. There are many signs that Olympias did her best to set her son against his father and attach him wholly to herself. A story survives (in Plutarch's *Life*) that "whenever news was brought of Philip's victories, the capture of a city or the winning of some great battle, he never seemed greatly rejoiced to hear it; on the contrary, he used to say to his playfellows: 'Father will get everything in advance, boys; he won't leave any great task for me to share with you.'" . . .

It is not a natural thing for a boy to envy his father in this fashion without some inspiration. That sentence sounds like an echo.

We have already pointed out how manifest it is that Philip planned the succession of Alexander, and how eager he was to thrust fame and power into the boy's hands. He was thinking of the political structure he was building—but the mother was thinking of the glory and pride of that wonderful lady

Olympias. She masked her hatred of her husband under the cloak of a mother's solicitude for her son's future. When in 337 B.C. Philip, after the fashion of kings in those days, married a second wife who was a native Macedonian, Cleopatra, "of whom he was passionately enamoured," Olympias made much trouble.

Plutarch tells of a pitiful scene that occurred at Philip's marriage to Cleopatra. There was much drinking of wine at the banquet, and Attalus, the father of the bride, being "intoxicated with liquor," betrayed the general hostility to Olympias and Epirus by saying he hoped there would be a child by the marriage to give them a truly Macedonian heir. Whereupon Alexander, taut for such an insult, cried out, "What then am I?" and hurled his cup at Attalus. Philip, enraged, stood up and, says Plutarch, drew his sword, only to stumble and fall. Alexander, blind with rage and jealousy, taunted and insulted his father.

"Macedonians," he said, "see there the general who would go from Europe to Asia! Why, he cannot get from one table to another!"

How that scene lives still, the sprawl, the flushed faces, the angry voice of the boy! Next day Alexander departed with his mother—and Philip did nothing to restrain them. Olympias went home to Epirus; Alexander departed to Illyria. Thence Philip persuaded him to return.

Fresh trouble arose. Alexander had a brother of weak intellect, Aridæus, whom the Persian governor of Caria sought as a son-in-law. "Alexander's friends and his mother now infused notions into him again, though perfectly groundless, that by so noble a match, and the support consequent upon it, Philip designed the crown for Aridæus. Alexander, in the uneasiness these suspicions gave him, sent one Thessalus, a player, into Caria, to desire the grandee to pass by Aridæus, who was of spurious birth and deficient in point of understanding, and to take the lawful heir to the crown into his alliance. Pixodarus was infinitely more pleased with this proposal. But Philip no sooner had intelligence of it, than he went to Alexander's apartment, taking along with him Philotas, the son of Parmenio, one of his most intimate friends and companions, and, in his presence, reproached him with his degeneracy and meanness of spirit, in thinking of being son-in-law to a man of Caria, one of the slaves of a barbarian king. At the same time he wrote to the Corinthians, insisting that they should send Thessalus to him in chains. Harpalus and Niarchus, Phrygius and Ptolemy,