

camp. Cyrus was still on the march there and had not yet arrived. One of Menon's soldiers who was cutting wood, saw Clearchus riding through the camp and threw his axe at him. He missed him with the axe, but another soldier threw a stone and then another and then many more, and there was a general uproar. Clearchus took refuge among his own troops and immediately gave the call for action. He ordered the hoplites to stay in position with their shields resting on their knees, while he himself moved against Menon's men with his Thracians and his cavalry, of whom he had more than forty (mostly Thracians themselves) in his camp. The result was that Menon's men (and Menon too) were terrified and ran to get their arms, though some stood where they were, unable to cope with the situation. Just at this moment Proxenus was coming up in the rear leading a column of hoplites. So he immediately brought his men into position between the two parties and begged Clearchus not to act as he was doing. Clearchus, however, was furious that, after he had been practically stoned to death, Proxenus should speak without bitterness of what had been done to him, and he told him to get out of the way. At this point Cyrus also came up and found out what was happening. He immediately seized hold of his javelins and rode into the middle of the Greeks with those of his bodyguard who were at hand, and spoke as follows:

'Clearchus and Proxenus, and all you other Greeks here, you do not know what you are doing. If you start fighting amongst yourselves, you can be sure that I shall be finished off on the spot, and you not long afterwards. If things between us go wrong, all these natives whom you see will become more dangerous enemies to us than those on the King's side are.'

Clearchus came to himself after hearing this. Both sides relaxed and piled arms in their positions.

Chapter 6

CYRUS DEALS WITH A TRAITOR

AS THEY went on from here, they came across hoof-marks and the droppings of horses. One guessed that the marks were made by about two thousand cavalry. These had gone ahead and burnt up all the fodder and anything else that might be of use.

Orontas, a Persian whose family was related to the King, and who had one of the best military reputations among the Persians, was scheming against Cyrus. He had actually been at war with him before then, but had become reconciled. Now he said to Cyrus that, if he would give him a thousand horsemen, he would either ambush and wipe out the cavalry who were scorching the earth in front of them, or he would take a number of prisoners and so put a stop to the devastation of the ground on their way and prevent them from having any chance of telling the King that they had seen Cyrus's army.

When Cyrus heard the plan he thought it was a good one and told Orontas to take a detachment from each of his commanders. Orontas, feeling sure of getting the cavalry, wrote a letter to the King saying that he would come to him with as many horsemen as he could get hold of, and asking him to instruct his own cavalry to receive him as a friend. He also put in the letter reminders of his former friendship with the King and his loyalty. He gave this letter to a reliable man, — or so he thought. Actually the man took the letter and gave it to Cyrus.

Cyrus, on reading it, put Orontas under arrest and summoned to his own tent the seven most distinguished Persians on his staff. He ordered the Greek generals to bring hoplites

and stand on guard around the tent. They carried out his instructions, bringing about three thousand hoplites. Cyrus called Clearchus right into the tent to share in the council, as both he and the other Persians regarded him as the most generally respected of the Greeks. Afterwards, when he left, he told his friends how the trial of Orontas was conducted, as there was no ban on telling of it. He said that Cyrus began the proceedings by making this speech: 'My friends, I have called you together so that I may act with regard to Orontas here in what, after consultation with you, we decide is, from the point of view of gods and men, the right way. This man, in the first place, was appointed by my father to be under my command. Then, on the instructions, as he says, of my brother, he held the citadel of Sardis and made war on me. I fought him and made him decide to stop fighting against me; then I gave him and he gave me the right hand of friendship. Since then, Orontas,' he continued, 'have I injured you in any way?' Orontas replied that he had not. Cyrus then asked another question. 'Is it not true that afterwards, although, as you admit yourself, you had received no injury from me, you went over to the Mysians and did all the harm you could to my territory?' Orontas admitted that he had done so. 'And is it not true,' said Cyrus, 'that, when you had again discovered what your power really was, you came to the altar of Artemis and said that you repented and, as a result of your entreaties, we once again gave and received pledges of friendship?' Orontas agreed that this also was true. 'What injury, then,' said Cyrus, 'have I done you now to account for this third occasion on which you have plainly turned traitor to me?' Orontas replied that he had received no injury, and Cyrus asked him, 'Do you admit, then, that your conduct towards me has been wrong?' 'Indeed,' said Orontas, 'I am forced to admit it.' Cyrus then asked him another question: 'Is it still possible for you to become an enemy of my brother, and a true friend of mine?'

He replied, 'Even if I were to do so you, Cyrus, could no longer believe in it.'

After this Cyrus spoke to the others there. 'This man's actions and words are in front of you. Clearchus, will you give your opinion first, and say what you think?' Clearchus said: 'My advice is to get the man out of the way as quickly as possible, so that we shall no longer have to be on our guard against him, but shall have our hands free, so far as he is concerned, to do good to the others who really want to help.'

The others, Clearchus said, agreed with his opinion. Afterwards, he said, they all stood up, even Orontas's kinsmen, and took hold of Orontas by the girdle, as a sign that he was condemned to death. Then, those who had been detailed for the job led him away; and those who had been previously in the habit of bowing to him,¹⁵ bowed to him even then, although they knew that he was being taken to his death. He was brought to the tent of Artapatas, the most trusted of Cyrus's sceptre-bearers, and after that no one ever saw Orontas alive or dead, nor could anyone speak with knowledge of how he died. Various guesses were made, but there was never any tomb of his to be seen.

15. See III.2, note 3, p. 150.

XENOPHON

THE PERSIAN
EXPEDITION

TRANSLATED BY
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