Battle Scenes in the Iliad

Right hardy of heart would he be who would then be glad, seeing the battle, and not distressed.

II. 13.343 f.

"WAR-MINDED HOMER will have no place among the authors to be read in school or college." This statement was recently made by a scholar—obviously not a classicist—who had been asked for his opinion of what should be the literary content of a curriculum directed toward developing international harmony. One might leave the refutation of it to time and to faculties unwilling to deprive their students of acquaintance with the earliest existing work of European literature, which, in its own line, has never been surpassed. However, the fact that battle scenes occupy so much of the Iliad does appear to have produced an impression, fairly wide-spread, that Homer glorifies war. This is voiced in comparisons of Vergil’s loathing for war with Homer’s "battle-gee." T. R. Glover says: "When Homer is busy with a battle, he is absorbed in it; he thinks of it all the time and of nothing else... he deals every blow he describes, and exults whenever the blow does its work." A brief examination of some passages will be enough to prove, I think, not only that Homer is conscious of much that is far away from the battlefield, either in space or in time, but also that he succeeds, often with one simple but poignant phrase, in making his audience equally aware, so enhancing the pathos or the tragedy of the moment. War, in the Iliad, is a frightening and sorrowful thing. Like all terrifying experiences, it is a searching test of character, and he who bears himself nobly deserves high honor; but war itself is horrible.

Not one of the nineteen Homeric epithets, listed in Liddell and Scott, for the word polemos, war, suggests "battle-gee." Among them are: savage, bloody, ruthless, causing many tears, destructive, man-wasting, loathsome, baneful, ruinous, causing bitter pain. The adjective kudaneira, bringing men glory, is used with mache, battle, but also with agore, the assembly—the two places where, in Homeric times, a man’s ability became evident to his fellows.

With Ares, god of war, are associated the epithets miaiphonos, defiling with murder, and brotoiloigos, ruin of mankind. Zeus says to him: (v, 890–1) "Most hated by me are you of the gods who hold Olympus, for always strife is dear to you, and wars, and battles."

It is probably the extraordinary vividness of the combat scenes that has given an impression that Homer exulted in the events of battle. Seymour* refers to a statement made by Napoleon that "in reading the Iliad he felt every moment that Homer was a warrior himself," and also comments on the anatomical and physiological knowledge evinced in the descriptions of wounds and the different ways in which a man may fall. Such vividness, however, is one of the most constant characteristics of the Greek epic. It is equally apparent when Achilles, greatest of all the fighters at Troy, is shown as an amateur musician and bard. With Patroclus for his only listener, he sings of the brave deeds of heroes, playing a lyre that is no ordinary instrument, but a masterpiece of construction, and feeling its response to his touch with keen artistic enjoyment. Another picture, which no one can forget, is of Hector, laughing as he takes off the helmet that had frightened his baby, and then tossing the happy boy in the air and kissing him.

The poet that makes his audience see everything so clearly—even to the flies that gather about a milk-pail—does not shrink from showing the hideous sights on a battlefield. But he never lingers over them. We who take our Homer from the printed page experience a shock at the sight, made all too vivid, of what one sword-thrust can do to a human
body. Horrified, we stop, and perhaps reread the words with increasing revulsion. But if we had been listening, in the poet’s audience, this delay, or repetition, would have been impossible; our attention would have been instantly carried forward to another picture. Indeed, the exact description of a wound is given often in a single line—in two or three, at the most. Then follows, quite regularly, one of the expressions that announce death, and dispel the picture of physical ugliness with a solemn finality, bringing emotional relief. “Darkness came over his eyes” is one; and among others we find: “Death enfolded him,” “He fell, and life was gone.” “The dark cloud of death wrapped him round,” “Then overtook him onrushing death and Doom invincible.”

Most significant is the relatively small number of lines in any battle scene that describe the actual process of fighting. The first book to be entirely given over to events on the field is Five, in which Diomedes is the hero. As it begins, Athena impels him toward the spot where the struggle is fiercest, putting courage in his heart, and daring, and causing fire to flash from helmet and shield. In the end, he has wounded even Ares and stopped, for a time, further slaughter by the god who is the “ruin of mankind.” Yet of the 909 verses in Book Five less than two hundred tell of incidents of actual fighting—blows, wounds, and death. In the other 718, we find three scenes between divinities in heaven (all of them containing touches of comedy), eight similes, and numerous brief passages that make us realize that the man just slain is not merely a soldier dead on the battlefield, but an individual whose hopes have been cut off and whose family will never entirely recover from his loss. But most important are the fairly long scenes between warriors in the fight, or on the edge of it, in which their personal characteristics are revealed—generally, by what they themselves say in moments of stress.

Three of the similes will suffice to indicate how the poet draws our thoughts far away from the battle in order that we may return to it with heightened awareness. In lines 84–92: “Thus they strove in mighty combat, and you would not know on which side Diomedes was fighting, whether for Trojans or Achaean. For he rushed over the plain like a river, swollen in flood by storms, when its rising torrent sweeps away all dykes; strongly as they have been built, they cannot hold it back, nor can the walls that guard the fruitful orchards hold back its sudden onslaught when the deluge of rain pours down, and the noble works of mighty men are overthrown.” In 499–504: “As the wind drives the chaff along the threshing-floor, when farm-hands ply the winnowing fan, and golden Demeter takes out the grain, while the chaff is blown away in white heaps—so the Achaean were covered with white dust, beaten up by their horses’ hooves till it rose in a cloud toward the shining sky.” And in 522–6: “There they stayed, motionless, like clouds massed upon mountain tops, when all the air is still.”

In the first 75 lines of Book Five, four Trojans, each slain by a different Greek warrior, are individualized in such a way as to emphasize the tragedy of war, rather than “battle-glee.” “There was a Trojan named Dares, a man of wealth and noble character, priest of Hephaestus; he had two sons, Phegeus and Idaeus, both skilled in every kind of battle.” So the poet begins, turning our thoughts to the father, who has so much at stake. These able warriors are in a chariot, which gives them an advantage over Diomedes, who is now on foot, but he soon kills one of them. Hephaestus, however, intervenes to save the other, making him invisible and removing him from the field, “so that the old father may not be entirely bereft.” It is Menelaus who brings down Scamandrius, a man who was keen for the chase, truly a mighty hunter. He had been taught by Artemis herself to shoot unerringly all wild beasts that the mountain forest breeds. “But no help to him now was Artemis, the archer-goddess, nor that skill with the bow in which he excelled.” The third is a craftsman’s son, who, surpassing his father, has made all kinds of wondrous things, “for Pallas Athena loved him beyond other men.” He had even built the shapely vessels with which Paris sailed
to Greece. No thought had he then that his work would be the cause of utter ruin, bringing destruction to Troy and death to himself. There was also Pedaeus, a son of Antenor. His mother was a slave girl, but Antenor’s wife, high-born Theano, “brought him up with the same loving care she gave to her own children, doing this for her husband’s sake.”

In telling of these Trojans, who fall early in the battle, the poet gives us vivid glimpses of the life from which war has taken them. They were members of a people who honored the gods and were loved by them, who enjoyed sport and became proficient in it, who excelled in craftsmanship, and whose family life had cultivated sympathy and gentleness.

Brief characterizations of this type are not made up of lines that appear elsewhere; which is significant, because they are followed, in each case, by one of the several, but often repeated, announcements of death. In Homeric battle, a fatal wound may cause death at once, or after a short delay, but the man who dies—if we are told anything more about him than his father’s name—is an individual, not exactly like anyone else. Such passages are found in the accounts of the First and the Third Battles only. The short account of the Second occupies only a portion of Book Eight, and is concerned chiefly with the intervention of Zeus; and the Fourth Battle, in which Achilles at last enters the field again, gives no space to minor characters.

In the Third Battle, Diomedes slays the two sons of Merops, who were among the bravest men of the entire nation. Merops himself was a seer and excelled all others in prophecy. He had told his sons not to go to war, but they would not listen to him. Thus briefly is a tragedy of fatherhood revealed. Antenor also lost another son at this time. Iphidamas, in spite of his Trojan birth, was a Thracian at heart. When a baby, he had been taken to fertile Thrace and reared there by Antenor’s friend, Cisseus. And when he had grown to glorious manhood, he chose it for his permanent home, wooing his foster-father’s daughter, and winning her with rich gifts. The wedding was scarcely over when the Greeks attacked Troy, and Iphidamas went to fight for the land of his birth and its people. There he “died a pitiful death, far from the bride he had just wedded, with whom he had had so little time for joy.”

Other victims are of interest because of their connection with more important persons. Othryoneus had only recently come to Troy and asked Priam for “the most beautiful of his daughters, Cassandra.” He brought no bridal gifts, but made a mighty promise—that he would drive the Greeks away from Troy. Winning Priam’s consent, he went confidently to battle, only to be overthrown by Idomeneus. The same Greek killed Alcathous, who had for his wife the eldest daughter of Anchises, Hippodameia, whom her father and mother loved most of all their girls, for no Trojan maid could equal her in beauty or intelligence or skillful handiwork. Especially interesting, because of the light thrown on incidents in Troy, is the account of the death of the two sons of Antimachus at the hands of Agamemnon. They implore him not to kill them, but to hold them for ransom, which their father will send from his great wealth. (In Homeric warfare, as Samuel E. Bassett has pointed out, to beg for one’s life is a sign of cowardice.) Then we are told more about this father. Gold he has in abundance, and other treasure, given him by Paris, who bought his support in refusing to surrender Helen. Upon arriving, the Greeks sent an embassy into Troy, offering to withdraw their army if Helen was restored. At the head of this embassy were Menelaus and Odysseus, and Antimachus seized the opportunity to go even farther than Paris had demanded. Disregarding honor and the rights of ambassadors, he proposed that the Trojans, now that they had Menelaus in their power, should put an end to all trouble by killing him at once.

To return to the consideration of Book Five, we discover that the first of the three scenes where divinities are together comes near the middle, and the other two, which are almost consecutive, come at the end. The prowess of Diomedes leads to the first passage (330–430); the second (711–77) results from the temporary success of Hector and causes the return of Diomedes to the center of the stage,
and this leads to the concluding scene among the gods (846-909).

After the eager efforts in battle of Pandarus, whom Aeneas helped, but could not save, Aeneas himself was stunned and would have been killed, if his goddess-mother, Aphrodite, had not thrown her arms about him and covered him with a fold of her shining robe, as she started to carry him to safety. But Diomedes followed, hurling a spear which wounded her in the wrist, so that she screamed and dropped her son. Anxiety for him is precluded by the brief statement that Apollo took him away, and we continue with Aphrodite, who has never felt pain and knows not how to bear it, but is frantic to get home, where no mortal can reach her. She implores Ares to lend his chariot, and Iris drives her up to heaven, where Aphrodite, sobbing, flings herself in her mother’s lap. Dione’s comforting arms go round this goddess who has run home like a little girl struck by some bad boy. “Who did this to you?” Dione asks. “What one of the children of heaven was so rash, and so foolish, as to hurt you, dear child, as if you were doing anything naughty?” However, when she learns that a mortal is to blame, she tells her daughter to be brave and bear it. Men have made other divinities suffer—even savage Ares, and Hera, and the awe-inspiring God of the Dead. As for Diomedes, let him take care! If he goes on fighting with gods, something will be sure to happen to him. By this suggestion, along with the “first aid” that Dione applies, Aphrodite is comforted.

Athena and Hera have been watching, and they now begin to joke on the incident. With a gesture toward Aphrodite, Athena says to Zeus, “She’s been trying to get another Greek woman for those Trojans she loves so much. She was coaxing one, and caressing her, and that’s how she got her pretty hand scratched.” Smiling, Zeus calls Aphrodite and tells her to leave war to those who understand it—Ares and Athena. She can keep herself busy with marriage and love.

We return then to the battlefield and find Apollo calling Ares to come to the aid of the Trojans. He complies, taking the form of a man, but is recognized by other gods, of course, and also by Diomedes, to whom Athena has granted more than mortal vision for this day. But when Hera sees the Greeks being forced back by Ares, at Hector’s side, she seeks Athena, and together they go to Zeus to ask authority to stop him. The detailed description of their preparations indicates the importance of their mission and has a glowing beauty of its own. They will ride up to the highest heaven in Hera’s chariot, which she hastens to make ready with the help of Hebe. The axle-tree is of iron and the wheels of bronze, but all the other parts are of gold or silver, cunningly wrought and minutely described. In anxious haste Hera herself puts golden frontlets on the horses and leads them under the golden yoke. Meanwhile, Athena had slipped off the linen robe, which her own hands had made and embroidered, to put on the tunic of Zeus and “arm herself for the weeping work of war.” On her shoulders she throws his terrible aegis, in which Discord is woven, and Valor, and heart-freezing Rout, and surrounding them all a great border of Panic. Raising her mighty spear, she steps into the dazzling chariot, which Hera drives through heaven’s gates to the highest ridge of Olympus, where Zeus sits alone. “Will you be angry,” she asks, “if I smite Ares and drive him from the field?” “Send Athena,” Zeus answers, “she knows how to drive pain past his defenses.” Hera whips her horses, and the chariot flies between earth and sky; one leap of the horses takes it as far as a watcher on the mountain can see across the waves to the horizon.

Then Hera causes new courage to flame up in the heart of every Greek, and Diomedes, spurred by Athena, attains his highest triumph. As a whirlwind, after stifling heat, suddenly fills the air with darkness and drives a great black mass across the sky, so black Ares is seen to blow through the darkening clouds up to high heaven, while his cry of pain rings frighteningly through the air. To the men this is a moment of awesome victory. But to the gods the behavior of Ares is ludicrous and somewhat disgraceful. Nowhere is the difference between man’s and
god's experience and viewpoint more strikingly presented. Always it is the men who suffer more, and who show greater courage and dignity; the gods are overwhelming because of their power and immortality, but magnificent only in appearance. Ethically they are seldom admirable, and often deserve contempt. Very seldom in the poem does a wounded soldier groan or cry out in pain. Now, brutal Ares, dispenser of violence, feels a spear driven into his own body, and he lets out a howl as loud as the shout of ten thousand men and rushes from the battlefield. Straight to Zeus he goes, to complain of Diomedes and of Athena. "If my swift feet had not brought me away," he says, "there is no knowing what I might have had to suffer among those horrible corpses." That laughter-loving Aphrodite should not bear a wound with heroism was only to be expected, but for Ares to come wailing to his father is ignominious, and Zeus gives him no sympathy. "Don't sit there whining," he says, "I hate you and your love of strife and battle. However, I will put an end to your suffering, for you are my son. But for that, you would long ago have been ranked below all other divinities for the destruction you cause."

Already we have seen that many lines in Book Five lead our thoughts to something other than blows, wounds, and death, although the paths along which they travel start from the battlefield. But more significant—and, indeed, most characteristically Homeric—are the passages that reveal the nature of some individual. In these we come to know Diomedes, the Greek hero of this part of the battle, and three warriors of the Trojan side—Pandarus, Aeneas, and Sarpedon. Others are mentioned in passing—Agamemnon, Ajax and Odysseus, as well as Hector—but do not play an important part at this time.

Sarpedon, son of Zeus, and an important Trojan ally, makes his first appearance in this book when the ranks of the Trojans are falling back, and he cries out, "Hector, where is the courage you once had? You used to say you would hold the city without army or allies, alone with your brothers and kinsmen. Not one of them can I see now. They slink away, cowering like dogs before a lion. But we do the fighting, we who came as allies. From faraway Lycia I came, where I left my wife and my baby son and all that is mine. There is nothing the Greeks can take from me, yet I lead my men into battle. But you stand there and do not even urge your men to drive the foe from your own land." This stings Hector, who at once hastens to rally the Trojans. Sarpedon comes face to face with a son of the great Heracles. They throw their spears at the same moment; the Greek is killed, but he has wounded Sarpedon, who is carried from the field by his friends and laid under an oak. He lies there unconscious "until the north wind breathes upon him and brings back life to his fainting spirit." In Book Twelve he reappears and takes an important part in the Third Battle.

Diomedes also is wounded, even earlier in the fight; but, as happens regularly in Homer, the Greek is stronger and more courageous than the Trojan. With an arrow in his right shoulder, he walks to his chariot, where Sthenelus is waiting for him and holding the reins. "Jump down," he says, "and pull out this arrow." Sthenelus is quick to obey; and although the blood shoots up from the wound, Diomedes gives it no further attention, but after a prayer to Athena, dashes back into the fight.

More space is given to Pandarus, who makes his final appearance at this time. He is a young prince from Lycia, whom Athena chose, in Book Four, as the man whose impetuous nature and fine marksmanship would make him respond most readily to her prompting that he shoot Menelaus and win the gratitude of all Troy. In this way she caused the truce to be broken by the Trojans, who because of that are doomed, by their own oath and prayer, to final defeat. In the excitement of the battle that begins at once, Pandarus seems to have given no thought to the serious consequences of his act, or to his own responsibility. He is impulsive and daring, and entirely without sophrosyne—a quality which there is evidence that Homer
estimated highly, though he does not use the word. Yet Pandarus is very likeable. When Diomedes becomes conspicuous on the field, Pandarus is quick to take aim, and wounds him in the shoulder. Immediately he cries, “Forward, brave Trojans! The best of the Achaean has been shot, and I declare he will not last long.” But soon Diomedes is fighting again, and more furiously. Aeneas goes looking for Pandarus. “Where is your bow,” he asks, “and your winged arrows, and your glory? for you have no rival in your own land or here in Troy. Take aim at this man, and raise a prayer to Zeus, that you may put an end to the slayer of so many valiant Trojans.” Pandarus answers in thirty-seven lines, at the end of which we know him well. If it is really Diomedes, he says, and not some god in his form, then at least a god is near, protecting him; otherwise the arrow of Pandarus would have brought him down. Bitter is this young warrior’s regret that he came to Troy without chariot and horses. The king, his father, has eleven fine new chariots, unused and carefully kept, with coverings spread over them; and for each there is a pair of horses champing barley in the stable. Over and over again the old king urged him to go to Troy in his own chariot and take a place among the leaders. Now Pandarus wishes he had done so. But then he could not bear the thought of exposing his horses to hardship. Where so many would be crowded together, it might not be easy to get much fodder—and his horses had been used to having plenty. “So I came on foot,” he continues, “trusting in my arrows, but they have not helped me. Already I have hit two of the foremost leaders, Diomedes and Menelaus, hit them fairly and drawn blood, but only it spurred them on. It was bad luck for me when I took my bow from its peg and came to Troy to do Hector a favor. If I live to go home and set eyes on my own country, and my wife, and my fine high house, then any stranger may come in and chop off my head, if I don’t break this bow and fling it in the blazing fire, for it has been no use to me here at all.”

Aeneas invites Pandarus into his chariot, which is drawn by horses of a famous breed. “Come and see what they can do,” he says. “Take the whip and drive them yourself, and I’ll do the fighting.” But Pandarus understands horses too well to accept. They would miss the hand and voice of their master. Let Aeneas drive, and Pandarus will attack Diomedes, this time with a spear. It goes straight through the Greek’s shield, and Pandarus cries, “A hit! right through the side! You won’t last long now. I’ve won!” The next moment he is dead. Three lines describe the blow. Then we read: “He fell from the chariot, with a great clanging of the armor that flashed so brightly, and the spirited horses shied. Life and valor were gone.” Three lines for the blow that killed him, but over a hundred for the scene with Aeneas, in which we came to know Pandarus, and also learned of the wife and the old father to whom he would not return.

There are more passages in Book Five which might be cited; but these are enough to prove that the poet’s interest is less in battle than in men, and in men less as warriors than as human beings. A brief summary of the First Battle as a whole will confirm this. In the first fifteen lines of Book Three the two armies move forward on the Trojan plain. Then Paris steps in front of the battle-line, and all the rest of the book is given over to events connected with his engagement in single combat with Menelaus. The combat itself occupies thirty-two lines, and includes two prayers and three blows. In this book the character of Paris is revealed, and contrasted with Hector’s; Helen and her regret that she ever came to Troy are made known; and we learn something of the impression made on Trojans by Agamemnon, Menelaus and Odysseus. Book Four begins with a scene on Olympus, where Zeus proposes ending the war and saving Troy, but is violently opposed by Hera, after which Athena goes down to make Pandarus break the truce, and the real commencement of the battle occupies the last 122 lines of the book. Book Five ends with the removal of Ares from the field, and only the first seventy-one lines of Book Six

(Concluded on Page 299)
28 Livy refers to twenty different gifts to Jupiter Capitolinus, most of which had no religious significance.
29 24.16.19.
30 V. supra note 9.
31 9.43.21; 40.34.4; 45.27.6-7.
32 1.10.7; Prop. 4.10; Dionys. 2.34.4. The etymology of Feretrius is unknown, but Propertius’ ferre (4.10.46) is probably more correct than Dionysius’ ferre (2.34.4).
33 Dionysius (2.34.4) says that traces of the original temple (which he claims was built by Romulus) remained in his day and that the temple was very small, the longest side being less than fifteen feet.
34 1.10.6-7; 4.20.3; Periocha 20; 1.20.6; 4.20.5-7; 1.24.8-9; 9.5.3; 30.43.9. Cf. Fest. p. 81 (Lindsay ed.) s.v. Feretrius; Fest. p. 102 (Lindsay ed.) s.v. Lapidum amicum; Plut. Sulla 10; Serv. ad Aen. 6.859; Fest. p. 204 (Lindsay ed.) s.v. opima spolia; Cass. Dio 44.4.3; 55.1.1; Serv. ad Aen. 8.641; Cic. ad Fam. 7.13.2; Aul. Gell. 1.21.4; Polyb. 3.25.6.
35 1.10.7.
37 Id. 44.4.3. The only three generals to dedicate spolia opima during the long history of the temple were Romulus (1.10.6-7), Aulus Cornelius Cossus (4.20.3), and Marcus Claudius Marcellus (Periocha 20).

PLINY (From Page 268)

5 Cic. Brutus 49.185: “Tria sunt enim, . . . quae sint efficienda dicendo: ut docetur est apud quenm dicetur, ut decet, et ut moveatur vehemens.” See also Quint. 3.5.2; 4, Proem. 1: “Fuerunt et clari quidem auctores, quibus solum videretur oratoria officium docere; namque et affectus duplici ratione excludentes putabant.” Quintilian’s personal view is different (4.1.6): “Non enim solum oratoris est docere, sed plus eloquentia circa movendum valet.”

6 Cic. Orator 4.14: “. . . intellegetur, sine philosophia non esse efficac quamquam eloquentia”;
32.113: “Esse igitur perfecte eloquentia puto non eam tantum facultatem habere, . . . sed etiam vicinam eius ac finitiman dialecticorum scientiam assumere”; 33.178: “Nec vero a dialectics modo sit instructus, sed habeat omnis philosophiae notos ac tractatos locos.”
7 J. H. Westcott, Selected Letters of Pliny (Boston, 1898), Introd. 7ff.
8 Cic. Orator 35.123ff: “Haec enim sapientia maxime adhíenda eloquenti est, ut sit temporum personarumque moderator. Nam nec semper nec apud omnes nec contra omnes nec pro omnibus nec cum omnibus eodem modo dicendum arbitrator. Is erit ergo eloquenti, qui ad id quodcumque debeat poterit accomodare orationem.”
9 IX 1, 5, 17, 12, 21, 14.
10 IX 9, 10, 12, 22, 28, 33.
11 IX 3, 6, 10, 15, 20, 23.
13 Tac. Ann. 4.33.
14 Cic., De Inventione, 1.41.76: “Variare autem orationem magnopere oportet; nam omnibus in rebus similimudo mater est satietatis.”
15 See Wilh. Kroll, Ic., 226.
16 The letters contained in Book X have been excluded from this study since they were written by Pliny in his official capacity as a governor and are thus largely determined by standards other than his own. It may be for the same reason that the present arrangement of these letters is probably not Pliny’s. See E. G. Hardy, Plini Epistolae ad Traian. Imp. (London, 1889), Introd., 72f; R. C. Kukula, Briefe des Jugeren Plinius (Leipzig, 1910), Introd., 32.
17 See H. Holstein, De Plini minores elocutione (Progr. d. kgl. Gymn. in Naumburg, 1863); J. P. Lagergren, De vita et elocutione C. Plini Caecilii Secundi (Upsala 1871).
18 A. C. Andrews, Pliny the Younger, Conformist (C.J. 34.3).
20 Quint. 4.3.12.
21 10; IX 7.
22 II 17, V 6.
23 8.
24 IX 33.
25 Messala in Tac. Dial. 25.
26 These assumptions can be demonstrated by tabulation.
27 A good example is letter ii 12.6: “Implevi promissum, priorisque epistolea sidem exsolvi, quam ex spatio temporis iam recepisse te colligo. Nam et festinantini et diligentem tabellario dedi, nisi quid impedimenti in via passus est.” A vivid, eager correspondence cannot be pictured more cleverly.
28 Th. Mommsen (Hermes iii, 1860, 32).
29 Cf. 1: “Collegi non servato temporis ordine (neque enim historiam componebam), sed ut quaeque in manus venerat.”

ILIAD (From Page 274)

describe fighting; the following 458 tell of the meeting of Glauces and Diomedes, and give us a complete picture of Hector. We see him first on the field, accepting the suggestion of his brother Helenus, and going to the city after encouraging his soldiers. Inside the walls, he answers the women, who crowd round him to learn if their men are still alive; then we see him successively, with his mother, with Paris and Helen, and with his own wife and child. In Book Seven, a single combat takes place between Hector and Ajax (lines 244-272), and is cut short by the coming of night, which puts an end to the first day of fighting. It has ended, as it began, with a single combat; in neither of them is anything accomplished, but character is sig-

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nificantly and interestingly revealed. The only book entirely given over to battle is the fifth, and we have seen how much besides fighting is to be discovered there. The same predominating concern with character appears throughout the poem. Certainly Homer should not be called "war-minded."

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**Notes**

2. Virgil, 50.

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**VENDITIDUS (From Page 280)**


9. Cicero, *Ad Fam.*, X, 17, 18, 33, and 34; XI, 10 and 13; XII, 9 and 10, 4; *Ad Brutum*, I, 3 and I, 4; Schmidt, op. cit., p. 203; Appian, B.C., III, 80.

10. Appian, B.C., IV, 2; Velleius Paterculus, II, 69; Cicero, *Cass.*, XLVII, 15; Fasti Consulares, ACN 43, AUC 710.


15. Appian, B.C., V, 50.

16. Appian, B.C., V, 59 and 65. This is as far as Appian goes. After telling how Antony dispatched Vendidius to the East, Appian says, "What Labienus and the Parthians did and suffered I will show in my Parthian History." This history is either lost or was never written.


20. *Dio Cass.*, XLVIII, 41, 1; *Frontinus*, *Strategem.*, II, 5, 37; Plutarch and Zonaras, derive from the same source as *Dio Cass.*, Antony, 35; Zonaras, X, 23. For the Amanius passage see Debevoise, op. cit., p. 215.


22. *CAH*, X, pp. 50 and 53. Tarn’s attitude toward Vendidius on the score of brice-taking is perhaps unduly harsh.

23. Josephus, *Bell. Iud.*, I, 15, 1; 15, 7, 16; *Ant. Iud.*, XIV, 14, 6; 15, 1; 15, 5; 15, 7; *Dio Cass.*, XLVIII, 24, 1 and XLIX, 19 and 20.

24. *Dio Cass.*, XLIX and *Frontinus*, *Strategem.*, 1, 1, 4 ff. See Debevoise, op. cit., p. 117 for the name Phaeneus.

25. *Strabo*, XVI, 2; *Dio Cass.*, XLVIII, 20, 1; *Frontinus*, *Strategem.*, II, 2, 5; *Florus*, II, 19, 6 and IV, 9, 6. A slightly different version in *Justin*, XLII, 4, 7-10. See *Strabo*, XVI, 8 for the battle site.

