

design because of the dangers inevitably connected with it, he did not shrink from the sacrifices the enterprise would entail, he did not listen to the voice of human suffering when an important object was in view; and if we see nothing but what is grand and justifiable in the idea of winning Asia for Hellenic civilization, we must also accept the consequences, even if they, according to human conceptions, are opposed to what is humane and possible, and recognize them as of historical importance."¹

In the summer of 325 Alexander had 80,000 men left. Of these at least 30,000 were with Craterus, 30,000 to 40,000 with the king, and the remainder, about 12,000 men, in the fleet. Droysen's description, based on all available sources, gives a fearful picture of this unfortunate journey. At the beginning all went well, but from the country of the Ichthyophagi the story runs: "Now the army proceeded farther; it approached the most terrible parts of the desert; hunger, misery, and license increased at a frightful rate. No water for 60, 90 miles, deep and hot sand, heaped up into great dunes like billows on a stormy sea, in which the men sank deeply at every step and struggled on with unspeakable effort, only to begin the same toil again; and to these evils were added the darkness of night, the terribly increasing disorder, strength exhausted to the uttermost by hunger and thirst, or misapplied to serve selfish ends. Horses, camels, mules, were slaughtered for food; the draught animals were unharnessed from waggons wherein the sick were left to their fate, the only anxiety being to get on faster. Whoever lagged behind from weariness and want of strength found hardly a trace of the army in the morning, and if he did he strove in vain to catch it up; he suffered from dreadful spasms in the burning sun or lost his way among the labyrinthine dunes, slowly dying of hunger and thirst. . . . Thus scenes of agony succeeded one another; and when at length during the subsequent march a violent wind stirred up the sand of the dunes, sweeping away every vestige of path, and the native guides lost their way and no longer knew in which

¹ *Geschichte Alexanders des Grossen*, ch. 8, p. 466.