

THE PORTRAIT OF A ROMAN GENTLEMAN, FROM LIVY.¹

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SOME four years ago, while I was still engaged upon the text of Livy's First Decade, I ventured to submit to this kind audience examples of his power of portraying character. I was then concerned to point out his kinship of spirit with the great Italian painters like Titian and Giorgione who sprang from his own Venetic stock. This kinship was especially clear in the warmth of his imagination and in his lively sympathy with the persons who appear in his story. Now the leading characters of the early Books of Livy give us, as they were meant to do, an embodiment of some of the most typical Roman virtues, perpetuated, and consecrated, in a series of famous stories, set, as Livy writes in his preface, each 'in some shining example.' For many of these stories in the form in which they were current in Livy's day, for example that of Coriolanus, the historical evidence then available was in many ways unworthy of trust. But the central situation and the behaviour of the chief characters as, for example, the yielding of Coriolanus to his mother's entreaties, are in every instance so typically Roman that even if all the names and all the dates were false, which is by no means the case, the stories themselves would still be ideally true and therefore of historical value, a point nobly illustrated by the late Dr. Warde Fowler, in his last published essay on the power of the Roman imagination.²

But when we pass, as I have done in the last two or three years, to Livy's Third Decade which records the great Punic War from 219 to 201 B.C., we are well within the historical period. What difficulties there are now in our study arise not from the dearth but from the

¹ A lecture delivered in the John Rylands Library, 11 January, 1922.

² *Cl. Assoc. Proceedings*, Vol. XVII, Newcastle, 1920.

multitude of authorities ; and in many details Livy, as he frankly points out, has not reached certainty in his efforts to disentangle conflicting accounts and to analyse what we may call the authorised version of well-known events. But in one thing he was always and everywhere keenly interested, in men and women ; and I believe it is true to say that he spared no pains at all in forming and expressing with delicate precision a judgement on all the conspicuous persons in Roman history. We can of course only speak of the periods on which his work has survived ; that we do not possess his studies of Caesar, Pompey, Cicero, and the Gracchi is one of the calamities of literature. But in following the main lines of the story of the third century B.C. we are on firm ground, and without anxiety about the substance we are free to study the constructive imagination with which Livy has made his characters live and move in a series of dramatic scenes.

The insight and care with which he handled this part of his work, we may estimate not unfairly by studying his delineation of a single personality. Take the figure which, in fact, occupies far the largest space given to any character in the thirty-five Books which have survived, appearing in no less than fourteen of them, and being the central topic through at least one, the twenty-eighth. I mean the personality of Publius Scipio Africanus, the only Roman general who was a match for Hannibal, and the man who brought the whole eighteen years of war to an end by conquering Spain, invading Africa and at last defeating Hannibal at Zama in 202 B.C. It is a figure quite central in the history of the Roman Republic, and of this Livy was fully conscious. Scipio's strength and Scipio's weaknesses such as they were, embodied the strength and the weaknesses of the Republic itself. In them culminated its triumph ; in them lay the seeds of its decay. Such, at least, is Livy's plain verdict ; but it is a verdict which, I venture to say, might have been hard for us to reach without his critical study. From the Greek historian Polybius, whose life long touched that of the Scipionic circle, and whom, so far as he went, Livy most carefully and frankly followed, we should derive a conception of Scipio's character, which, though it is nowhere inconsistent with Livy's picture, is yet in details so far less critical as to be incomplete and almost unconvincing ; a conception so uniformly superhuman, so wanting in light and shade, as to leave us to wonder why such a man ever had any enemies.

Let us review some of the more striking scenes in Scipio's life. As we proceed we shall note a few points of difference between the record of Livy and that of Polybius.

Recall first the situation when Scipio received his first commission in 211 B.C. His father and his father's brother had both been defeated and killed in Spain; the Romans had been driven North of the Ebro and their whole authority in the country endangered. In Italy, after his great victories at Trebia, Trasimene and Cannae, Hannibal had moved almost where he would; and in the previous year had pitched his camp three miles from the walls of Rome and had ridden up to the Colline Gate. He did not venture however even then to attack the city itself; and he had still failed to relieve Capua, which with its Carthaginian garrison the Romans had just taken at the end of a year's siege.

But Spain was the real key of the struggle. In Spain Hannibal had trained his army and from Spain he expected reinforcement. The Senate for once shrank from the responsibility of appointing a commander, and set a dangerous precedent by referring the appointment to the popular assembly. The popular vote unanimously chose Scipio, though he was a young man of twenty-four who had held no military office whatever, though he had served in one campaign with his father.

Consider first the account of his character which Polybius¹ gives at the outset; I quote from Shuckburgh's excellent version.

Now it seems to me that in his character and views Publius was very like Lycurgus. For we must not suppose that it was from superstition that Lycurgus continually consulted the Pythian priestess in establishing the Lacedaemonian constitution; nor that Scipio depended on dreams and ominous words for his success. But as both saw that the majority of mankind cannot be got to accept contentedly what is new and strange, nor to face dangers with courage, without some hope of divine favour—Lycurgus, by always supporting his own schemes with an oracular response from the Pythia, secured better acceptance for his ideas; and Scipio, by always instilling into the minds of the vulgar an opinion of his acting on some divine suggestion, caused those under his command to confront danger with greater courage. But that he invariably acted on calculation and with foresight, and that the successful issue of his plans was always in harmony with rational expectation, will be evident.

¹ X., cc. 2, 3, 4 and 5.

One typical example of this we may note in passing. By a study of the tides Scipio had ascertained that on a given day and hour a lagoon by which New Carthage was on one side defended, would be merely shallow water. Hence by an assault made through this lagoon he was able to take the city by a surprise. But he had led his army to believe that Neptune was giving them miraculous assistance.¹ Now come back to Polybius.

That Scipio was beneficent and high-minded is acknowledged; but that he was acute, sober-minded and earnest in pursuit of his aims, no one will admit, except those who have lived with him and contemplated his character, so to speak, in broad day-light. Of such Gaius Laelius was one. He took part in everything Scipio did or said from boyhood to the day of his death; and it was he who convinced me of this.

Once when his elder brother Lucius was a candidate for the Aedileship his mother was going round to the temples and sacrificing on behalf of that brother. His father was then on his voyage to Spain. Publius Scipio therefore said to his mother that he had had a dream and seen the same vision twice: namely that he was coming home from the Forum after being elected Aedile with his brother, and that she met them at the door and threw her arms round them and kissed them. His mother with womanly feeling exclaimed, "Oh that I might see that day!" He replied, "Would you like us to try?" Upon her assenting, under the idea that he would not venture, but was only jesting on the spur of the moment (for of course he was quite a young man) he begged her to prepare him² at once a white toga, such as it is the custom for candidates for office to wear.

His mother did so, and thought no more about it: but Publius, having obtained the white toga, went to the Forum before his mother was awake. . . . [and was elected Aedile]. . . . The news having been suddenly brought to their mother, she rushed in the utmost delight to meet and salute them at the door. Accordingly Publius was believed by all who had heard previously about his dream to have held commune with the gods. But in point of fact there was no dream at all: Scipio was kind, open-handed, and courteous, and by these means had conciliated the favour of the multitude. But by a dexterous use of the occasion, both with the people and with his mother, he obtained his purpose, and moreover got the reputation of acting under divine inspiration.

¹ Livy, 26, 45, 9.

² From this it may be gathered that a Roman noble was even more dependent upon his womankind for a correct attire than any British householder of to-day.

Modern students of psychology, who have learnt that our dreams are regularly connected with our desires, may not think it necessary to assume as calmly as Polybius does, that Scipio merely invented the whole story.

Now there is little in this sketch which Livy does not confirm, but there are some sides or aspects of the character on which Polybius is quite silent that are brought out by Livy's more critical and sympathetic insight—an insight which was sharpened by a knowledge of the political history of Rome after Polybius' time.

Hear now Livy's much shorter characterisation, and note the questions which he raises, but leaves open for his readers to judge.

Scipio was undoubtedly the possessor of striking gifts: but besides this he had from childhood studied the art of their effective display. Whether there was some vein of superstition in his own temperament or whether it was with the aim of securing for his commands the authority of inspired utterances, he rarely spoke in public without pretending to some nocturnal vision or supernatural suggestion. In order to impress public opinion in this direction, he had made a practice from the day he reached manhood of never engaging in any business, public or private, without first paying a visit to the Capitol. There he would enter the sanctuary, and pass some time, generally in solitude and seclusion. This habit from which he never deviated, made converts in some circles to a belief, to which accident or design had given wide currency, that his origin was other than human. There was a story once widely believed about Alexander the Great, that his male parent had been a huge serpent, often seen in his mother's chamber but vanishing directly men appeared. This miracle was told again of Scipio with the same picturesque absurdity, but he himself never cast ridicule upon it; indeed he rather lent it countenance by the course which he adopted of neither wholly disclaiming such tales nor openly asserting their truth.

Now observe that in this account, brief as it is, Livy gives room for the possibility of some sincere piety on Scipio's part, and it seems indeed doubtful whether his habit of daily visits to the Capitol could have been maintained for so long without it. And this is strongly confirmed by his action in the Syrian War 190 B.C.—an action by which he had nothing to gain, and by which he and his brother had very much to lose,—in keeping the army waiting at the Hellespont for many days until the last day of March because he was a Salian Priest and bound by rule to stop where he was until the month was ended.¹

¹ Livy, 37, 33, 7.

We see then that on the one hand, Livy allows for some degree of genuine religious belief in Scipio's mind ; but on the other hand, that he cannot take the entirely cheerful view that Polybius does, of the element of fraud in Scipio's use of religion. Neither can he conceal a characteristic in Scipio which it is difficult to name, but which we may perhaps call his Super-self-confidence, his extraordinary personal exaltation. Following Livy, Aulus Gellius expresses it in a happy phrase—*conscientia sui subnixus*—‘lifted high on his consciousness of himself.’ Let us take only two examples—the first from a speech¹ in the Senate in 205 B.C. Here is the conclusion of his answer to Fabius Cunctator, who had spoken at length making much of his own part in the war, and little of Scipio's. The rendering is mainly Philemon Holland's.

‘It shall content and suffice me to have thus far spoken about the public interest and the war presently in hand ; and concerning the provinces, now in question. But it would require a long and tedious discourse, and the same irrelevant altogether unto you, if, as Q. Fabius hath set himself to make light of my work in Spain, so I likewise should diminish and make a mock of his glory, but set out myself and mine own reputation with magnificent words. My lords of the Senate, I will do neither the one nor the other. And if in nothing else, yet at least, young man as I am, in modesty and government of my tongue, I will go beyond him, old as he is. Thus have I lived and thus have I carried myself in mine actions, that without speech I can easily content myself with that opinion which you of yourselves may have conceived and entertain of me.’

Scipio is too modest to praise himself ; yet he pats himself on the back for being more modest than Fabius ; and suggests gently that, after all, to praise what he, Scipio, had done, would be quite superfluous.

The second example is from his answer to the envoys of King Antiochus in the Syrian War in 190 B.C. Antiochus had sent them with a great sum of money and the offer to liberate Scipio's son whom he had captured, if he, Scipio, would influence the Roman general to make a favourable peace.² This is the speech according to Livy (37, 36).

¹ Livy, 28, 44, 16.

² The account in Polyb. (21, 12) is much the same, but quite without the personal touch ; in Polybius' account Scipio lays no stress on the difference between private and public action.

‘That you neither know the Romans all in general, nor myself in particular unto whom you were sent, I less marvel, when I see that you are altogether ignorant of the state of the fortunes of him who hath sent you hither . . . for whom nothing now remains but to submit to whatever we ordain. For myself as concerning my son, I will accept it as a great present, beseeeming the munificence of a king, should he send him to me again ; but of his other present, while I pray heaven that my estate may never have need of such gifts, my mind for certain never will. And for the great offer the king maketh unto me, of my son, he shall find me thankful unto him, if it please him, for this private benefit unto me done, to require at my hands a private favour again ; but as touching the public weal, he shall pardon me, that I will neither receive ought from him, nor bestow any thing upon him. And all I can bestow on him at this present is to give him good and faithful counsel. Go your ways, and tell him from me, to abstain from war, and not to refuse any condition of peace whatsoever.’

Of this exaltation in Polybius’ picture the traces are comparatively few, though it was undoubtedly this more than anything else that roused the bitter animosity from which Scipio suffered in his later years. On the other hand, Livy’s picture of the man is in some ways much more attractive ; he allows room, first, as we have seen, for some actual piety in Scipio’s own mind, which redeems him from the merely brutal insincerity which Polybius assumes as a matter of course. But secondly Livy recognises the delicate and sympathetic gift with which Scipio penetrates to the real feelings of the people with whom he dealt, a gift which was the secret of his extraordinary diplomatic success. This characteristic I should like briefly to illustrate from one or two of his speeches and acts.

I would commend it in passing as an interesting literary and historical exercise (for, say any Classical Sixth Form) to note the differences between the parallel versions of the speeches given by Polybius and Livy respectively. Two of the speeches are especially characteristic—that to the mutineers at Sucro, and that to Hannibal in the interview before the battle of Zama.

The mutiny at Sucro in 206 B.C. was one of the most dangerous points in Scipio’s career, as it threatened the Roman supremacy in Spain at a moment when it seemed finally assured. Scipio had been ill, the Roman government had been dilatory with the soldiers’ pay, and the soldiers had actually chosen certain obscure persons rejoicing in the names of Atrius and Albius to replace their generals. Scipio

handled the dangerous situation in a masterly way, securing all the ringleaders beforehand, and deluding the mutineers into thinking that all his loyal troops had been dispatched far away from the town. Of the speech which he made to them when they, mainly unarmed, and without their leaders, surrounded his tribunal and were themselves surrounded by loyal troops, Polybius and Livy give reports which in substance are identical, but in style so different that they could hardly be thought the utterance of the same man. I greatly doubt whether any mutineer who heard the speech which Polybius gives would have been influenced by any motive but that of fear ; whereas the speech as Livy gives it is an appeal to the warmest personal feelings of the soldiers, their old loyalty to Rome, their sympathy for their general newly recovered from illness, and their gratitude for the forgiveness which he promises. Livy shows us Scipio entering into the feelings of the mutineers with a quite divine comprehension. He even arouses their sense of humour against themselves, a sentiment which teachers know to be a powerful element in penitence, by dwelling on the ill-omened names of their chosen leaders, Atrius and Albius, "Blackie" and "Whitie," a thing which Scipio, like every Roman, was very likely to do with a certain degree of real belief in the omen. The crowning touch of his appeal is where he puts on a level in the same sentence his own sickness of body with their sickness of mind, followed by an impassioned expression of his grief at their unfaithfulness.

One small but significant indication of the difference in the colour of the two accounts deserves mention, because it admits of arithmetical demonstration. The speech in Polybius contains some 520 words, in which pronouns or verbal forms of the first person singular occur 14 times—i.e. once in every 37 words. In Livy the speech occupies about 1025 words, and there are no less than 64 occurrences of *ego*, or *meus* or verbs in the first person singular—i.e. one word in every 16—a frequency more than double.

I wish it were possible here to study the speeches in full ; but perhaps the last paragraph will be enough to give some picture of Scipio's attitude.

Here is the end of the speech given by Polybius (xi. 29).

' I should like then to ask,—what was it in which you trusted ? Surely not in the skill and valour of the leaders whom you have now elected, or in the fasces and axes which were borne in front of them,—men of whom I will

not deign to say even another word. All this, soldiers, is absolutely futile ; nor will you be able to allege even the smallest just complaint against me or your country. Wherefore I will undertake your defence to Rome and myself, by putting forward a plea that all the world will acknowledge to hold good. And it is, that a crowd is ever easily misled and easily induced to any error. Therefore it is that crowds are like the sea, which in its own nature is safe and quiet : but when the winds fall violently upon it, assumes the character of the blasts which lash it into fury, thus a multitude also is ever found to be what its leaders and counsellors are. Acting on this consideration, I and my fellow-officers hereby offer you pardon and amnesty for the past : but to the guilty authors of the mutiny we are resolved to show no mercy, but to punish them as their misconduct to their country and to ourselves deserves.'

Here is Livy's version of the same (28, 29, 2-8).

'But what grief of heart, what fit of anger hath incited and provoked you? Grant that your wages was paid later by a few days, whilst your General lay sick ; was that a sufficient cause for you to proclaim open war against your country? Was that enough to cause you to revolt from the people of Rome, and turn to the Illyrians, and to spare no law of God and man, and make shipwreck of conscience and common honesty? Surely, soldiers, you were distraught and out of your wits. I was not myself prostrated by a more powerful sickness in my body, than ye were in your mind and understanding. I tremble to think or say what folk believed, what they hoped, what they wished. Let all be forgotten, if it be possible : if not, let us not speak of it, howsoever we do, but cover it up in silence. I cannot deny that my words have seemed harsh and bitter unto you ; but how much more cruel think ye, are your deeds? And if ye deem it reasonable that I should bear the things that ye have done, can ye not abide even to hear them all recounted? But even these matters shall be no more laid against you from henceforth. Would God ye could as soon forget them, as I will. And therefore as touching you all in general, if ye repent for your folly, I shall be content, and think you punished to the full. But as for Albius Calenus and Atrius Umber, with the rest of the authors of this detestable mutiny, they shall make amends for their transgression, with their life's blood. The spectacle of their punishment ought not to seem unto you grievous, but rather a pleasant and delectable sight, if ye be come again to your right mind. For their intent did no more cruel hurt and mischief to any man than to yourselves.'

Of the speech to Hannibal, the two records are even closer, so that the variations can be pointed out with precision, and yet between

them there is a world of difference. The whole way through, in Polybius' account, Scipio reasons with Hannibal as with an equal. In Livy, he talks to him as Jehovah might have done to the defeated Satan in *Paradise Lost*. Take two phrases as typical of the difference. In referring to Hannibal's reluctant departure from Italy, according to Polybius, Scipio only said, "You left Italy unwillingly." But in Livy he said (to use Holland's version which is not at all too vigorous), "I have haled and drawn you into Africa by strong arm, all the shuffling and resistance you could make to the contrary notwithstanding" (*prope manu conserta restitantem ac tergiversantem in Africam attraxerim*). And while at the end Polybius briefly states one of the alternatives before Hannibal in the words, 'Or you must conquer us in a battle' (*ἢ μαχομένους νικᾶν*), the speech in Livy ends with seven words every one of which has a sting.

'Bellum parate quoniam pacem pati non potuistis.'

bellum: not *proelium*; the Carthaginians must 'prepare for war,' begin the war over again, when it has already lasted seventeen years.

parate: in the plural, not *para*. Hannibal is addressed as only one of the Carthaginians.

quoniam: the situation is the direct result of the Carthaginians' breach of faith.

pacem: not merely *indutias*; a solemn bargain to which the Carthaginians have sworn and proved faithless.

pati, not *servare*: they must endure it, not merely accept it, or keep it, but suffer it, as their doom.

non potuistis, not *noluistis*: their faithlessness is a sign not of strength, not of deliberate choice, but of mere weakness, and an omen of the impotence to which they will be reduced when all is over.

Well, you say, Livy was more of an orator than Polybius. He was, he was indeed, because he understood the strength of human passion, and had the courage and the power to portray it.

The rich humanity which is part of Livy's conception of Scipio is even more striking in one or two incidents which Polybius thought not worth notice, though the events of which they are a part are recorded by him. One of these is the charming speech in which Scipio handed back to the young Spanish Prince Alcibiades his betrothed, who came into Scipio's possession with other Carthaginian hostages when Scipio captured New Carthage. This was quoted in my previous lecture. Let

me end this with two other examples, the first being that of the scene in which Scipio liberates the young prince Massiva (Livy, 27, 19, 8 ; not mentioned by Polybius, x., 39 and 40).

‘(After the battle of Becula) when the paymaster was selling the African captives according to the General’s commandment, he happened upon a young stripling, of singular beauty : and hearing that he was of blood royal, he sent him to Scipio. And when Scipio demanded of him who he was and what countryman, and wherefore at those years he was in camp among rude soldiers ; “ I am ” (saith he) “ a Numidian born and in my country they call me Massiva. Being left an orphan and fatherless, I was brought up with my grandfather on my mother’s side, Gala, the king of Numidia. And with his son, my Uncle Masinissa, who lately came to aid the Carthaginians, I sailed over into Spain. And never until to-day have I been in any battle, by reason that Masinissa would not in regard of my age, suffer me to go in to the wars. But to-day when the battle was being fought with the Romans, unawares to my Uncle, I secretly got a horse under me, and armour on my back, and went forth into the field ; where my horse chanced to fall, and cast me down headlong : and so I was taken by the Romans.” Scipio gave order that this Numidian youth should be kept safe, and so proceeded to finish matters that were brought before his Tribunal. But after he was come back from thence into his pavilion, he called the boy again before him, and asked him whether he was willing to return again to Masinissa. “ Yea, indeed,” quoth the boy, the tears gushing out of his eyes for joy. Then after he had given the young gentleman a ring of gold, a tunic with a broad purple stripe, with a Spanish soldier’s cape, a golden clasp and a horse all ready caparisoned, he sent him away free, and commanded certain horsemen to be his safe-conduct and accompany him so far as he might desire.

The second is the famous story of the fate of Sophonisba, on which Polybius, though he is aware of her existence and her attitude to the Romans, is entirely silent. Let me remind you briefly of the circumstances. The Numidian King Syphax had been persuaded by Hasdrubal (the son of Gisgo) to marry his beautiful daughter, this Sophonisba, and to renounce altogether his friendship with Rome. On Hasdrubal’s advice Syphax had attacked and driven into exile Masinissa, son of Gala, chief of the Maesulii (a Numidian tribe) who afterwards recovered his father’s throne, and joined the Romans. But now Masinissa with Lælius’ help had defeated and captured Syphax—and as he entered Cirta, the seat of Syphax’s kingdom, he was met

and captivated by the fair Sophonisba, who entreated him not to hand her over to the Romans. This Masinissa promised; and having the true 'Numidian way,' as Livy puts it, of 'falling into love headlong,' in order to secure his promise, he married her forthwith, much to the dismay of the wise Laelius when he came up a few hours later; Laelius however gave way to Masinissa's entreaties so far as to leave the whole question over for Scipio to settle. Accordingly he sent Syphax in chains to Scipio's camp and after completing his conquest of Numidia returned thither with Masinissa in triumph; and Scipio had now to deal with the delicate problem of Masinissa and his bride. The captive Syphax, who had once been Scipio's host and friend, now warned him that Sophonisba who had perverted him, her first husband, from his former loyalty to Rome, would be sure to pervert Masinissa in his turn.

It is impossible as we read the story not to feel that in writing it Livy was thinking deeply of certain great events of his own times. Scipio had once refused the title of king on the ground that the title of Imperator given him by his soldiers was a nobler thing; and in this Livy was certainly thinking of the craving for the shows of Oriental kingship which had been fatal to Julius Caesar, and of the care with which Augustus had put such things behind him.

And so when Livy records how Masinissa was persuaded by Scipio's grave but gentle appeal, to put away the beautiful Carthaginian woman who had captivated him on the day on which he took her captive, we may be certain that the historian was thinking both of Vergil's picture of Dido and of the great historical parallel which dominated Vergil's thought, namely—the story of Cleopatra, the ruin which she brought on Antony, the stern refusal of Augustus even to set eyes upon his captive, and her suicide which followed that refusal.

Now hear Livy's account (30, 14-15).

Therefore Scipio was driven into no small anxiety, and wist not well what to make of it. The marriage had been so huddled up, as it were, in the midst of the operations of war, without the advice of Laelius, without even awaiting his arrival. Such headlong haste had Masinissa made without any advisement, that the very same day that he first set eye upon the enemy queen his prisoner, he must needs espouse and marry her out of hand, [and] in the very house of his greatest enemy. Moreover these matters seemed the more shameful, in that Scipio himself, during the time that he had been in

Spain, young as he was, had been never enamoured upon the beauty of any captive woman. As he revolved these things in his mind, Laelius and Masinissa arrived in the camp. And after he had welcomed them both alike, and showed them a gracious countenance, yea and honoured them with singular praise and commendations openly in a full audience of his staff, he took Masinissa apart, and spoke unto him thus. "I suppose, Masinissa, that you saw in me some good parts, for love whereof both at the first you were induced to come into Spain and contract amity with me; and afterwards also in Africa, you reposed yourself and all your hopes in my fidelity and protection. But of all those virtues, for which I have seemed worthy of your affection, there is not one wherein I have so much gloried, as in the temperance and bridling of carnal pleasures. This virtue, Masinissa, I could wish that you also would have joined unto the rest that are in you so rare and excellent. For our age (trust me truly) stands not so much in danger of armed enemies, as of those temptations to pleasure that compass us on every side. And he that by his sober governance hath been able to rule and tame the same, hath won more honour, and gotten a greater victory than we have done by the subduing of Syphax. What valiant exploits and worthy deeds you have achieved in mine absence, I have willingly published, and still remember. But for the rest, I would rather you would consider of them by yourself, than blush if I rehearsed them to you. Through the good fortune, and by the forces of the people of Rome, Syphax is vanquished and taken prisoner. And therefore, himself, his wife, his realm, his lands, his towns, the inhabitants, and in fine whatsoever belonged unto Syphax, are become the booty of the people of Rome. The king himself and the queen his wife, even had she not been born a citizen of Carthage, even had we not seen her father to be the grand captain of our enemies, ought by right to have been sent to Rome, that the Senate and people of Rome might pass their censure, and judgement upon her, who is reported to have alienated a confederate king from us, and to have caused him rashly to take arms against us. Strive then to master your affections; take heed you stain not many good virtues with one fault. Mar not the grace of so many worthy deserts, by one trespass which is far more considerable in itself than is the person that has been the occasion thereof.

30, 15, 3-12. As he heard this Masinissa not merely blushed deeply, but broke into tears; and promising that he would submit to the General's commands but entreating him as far as might be to have regard to the pledge he Masinissa had rashly given, he retired to his tent altogether overcome.

There all by himself, after he had passed some time in many sighs and sobs, as could easily be overheard by them that stood about the tent, at the

last he gave one grievous groan above the rest, and called for one of his trusty grooms, who had under his hand (as the manner was of princes) the keeping of a special poison, against all doubtful chances that might happen. This poison he commanded him to mix in a goblet of wine, and to carry it to Sophonisba, and withall to tell her thus much from him. That Masinissa would have been most willing to perform the plighted troth and first promise, which an husband ought unto his wedded wife. But since superior powers, and those that were mightier than himself, had bereft him of that liberty, he was ready and able yet to accomplish his second pledge, namely that she should not come alive into the hands of the Romans: and therefore he advised her, that remembering that noble commander her father and her native country and the two kings to whom she had been married, she would provide for herself and save her own honour. This message, together with the poison, the servant, when he was come unto Sophonisba delivered unto her. "Whereat (quoth she) I accept this marriage present, and welcome it is unto me, if this be the best token that my husband could find to send unto his wife. Yet thus much tell him again from me, that I would have been better content to die, if my marriage-bed had not stood so near to my grave" (*si non in funere meo nupsissem*). She spake not more proudly than she acted, for she took the cup in hand, and showing no sign at all of fear, she roundly drank it off. When the tidings came to Scipio, for fear lest the proud and passionate young prince might do himself some mischief in his sorrow, he sent for him forthwith; and gave him now good and comfortable words, and now gently rebuked, in that he had thought to make amends for one act of folly with another, and to bring it all to a more cruel and tragical conclusion than need had been. The next day to the end that he might withdraw his mind away from this present turmoil of self-reproach, Scipio mounted up into his Tribunal, and bade them call the army to an audience. There first, he openly stiled Masinissa by the name of King, and honoured him with rare commendations: which done he gave him a golden crown, a golden cup, a chair of state and a sceptre, both of ivory, a rich Roman robe embroidered in divers colours with palms of victory. To these gifts he added words of honour. For (said he) as there is nothing among the Romans more stately and magnificent than a triumph, so they that ride in triumph, have no ornament more glorious than these of which the people of Rome esteemeth, among all strangers and aliens none to be worthy save Masinissa alone.

By these honours the King's hard thoughts were no little softened, and the hope kindled in him to be made sovereign of all Numidia.

If I had the whole time of this lecture, instead of its last sentence still before me, I could not hope to do justice in any explicit comment

to the tragical pity, and withal, the Roman majesty of Livy's story, nor to the subtle and vivid picture which it gives of the characters of Sophonisba, of Masinissa and of Scipio himself. I must be content to commend it to your private study and delight, as a crowning example of Livy's critical and imaginative power.