

THE VENETIAN POINT OF VIEW IN ROMAN HISTORY.¹

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IT is a common diversion of historical writers to trace in the work of some individual member of a given race the characteristics which mark the race as a whole. This is often profitable and in some degree necessary, if either the race or the individual are to be clearly understood.

The name Venetian has for most English readers probably many associations ; the ideas of a courageous independence, of the triumph of sea-power, of the use of that power in defence of civilisation against oriental barbarism, are part of what Venice stands for in history ; but to most of us the name suggests also an architecture of unique beauty ; and more than all a number of pictures that represent, perhaps, the highest level of perfection which the art of painting has ever reached.

The present writer desires to claim nothing that can be called a knowledge of that art, but only to be allowed to state simply the things which have given him especial delight in a few great pictures which he has visited many times. Probably there are many others like him who had never found themselves in the least excited about anything on canvas, until they saw the work of Titian and Giorgione or some others of the same school. These pictures seem to have the power to awaken, even in minds comparatively dull to such things, a certain humble eagerness and a strange sense of light and friendship, comparable to that which comes from hearing some great speech or poem or piece of music ; a sudden consciousness that there is before us in these pictures something which concerns us intimately, so in-

¹ An outline of this paper was delivered as a Lecture in the John Rylands Library on October 10, 1917.

timately that their authors become henceforward friends who have made the whole of life deeper and richer. And the arresting quality, I think, in these great works of art is something that may be called dramatic. It represents some strong human feeling in a setting of circumstance which is in some way vitally related to it, so that the whole seems not a picture, but a part, of life. Titian's Holy Family with the little St. John offering roses to the Christ, and the grey-headed St. Antony standing beside; or Santa Caterina devoting herself to the same lovely child with St. John this time playing with a pet lamb; or Giorgione's *Concerto*, where the young harmonist, who, after some seeking, has just found or is just finding the right chord, looks up with a flash of insight and delight; or the indescribable power of Titian's portrait of the armed warrior Giovanni De' Medici,—all these have a warmth of feeling, almost of passion, which till then we had never dreamt of seeing conveyed on canvas; and yet this spiritual element is somehow fenced in and surrounded convincingly with the concrete conditions of daily life. In Venice, as I learn from Mr. E. V. Lucas,¹ this warmth and vitality in the work of one of the painters of the school is called '*the glow of Giorgione*,' '*il fuoco Giorgionesco*'. The feeling depicted is not merely intense but moral in the widest sense, springing from the most essential parts of human nature and so making universal appeal; for example a great tenderness to women and children; a great reverence for old age,—especially natural to Venetians, who were long-lived folk; a genial interest in the details of daily life; a sense of greatness in public relations; these are some, though only some, of the things which seem to be most deeply felt in the pictures of the Venetian masters.

Not long ago it happened to me in pursuing a rather obscure path of study among the monuments of the early languages of Italy, to realise what I might have known before, that this Venetian race, which to us is the glory of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, had played a part in the civilisation of an earlier epoch, had made in fact no small contribution to the humanising of Central and Western Europe from the very beginning of history.

Few people in this country, and not very many in any other,

¹ *A Wanderer in Venice* (London, 1914), p. 293. To this delightful book I am much indebted, both for some points of Venetian history and for the choice of the typical lines from Shelley quoted below.

have even heard of a language known as Venetic, of which the only record is in a few score inscriptions dating from about 500 B.C. down to the Christian era. These scanty fragments are of considerable interest to students of Comparative Philology because they present to us a language in many ways intermediate to Greek and Latin; and a few years ago I began to collect materials for a complete edition of its remains. In 1916 I received from a friend who is a distinguished Italian scholar¹ a copy of some newly discovered inscriptions of considerable interest, which date from the third century B.C. They were found in the summer of 1914, at Pieve di Cadore during the construction of the station for the first railway ever built there. Both inscriptions were on rather beautiful bronze vases (*situle*, pails, as one might call them, if one regarded only their shape, not their ornament); and the Cadore valley has yielded so long a series of these and other objects of similar workmanship as to show that it must have been a centre of artistic manufacture and export from at least the fifth century B.C. At that date and later this valley was one of the regular tracks of communication between the head of the Adriatic and Central Europe. About twenty years ago there were discovered, on a hill which is known to-day as the Gurina, between the Gail and Drave valleys, in the Tyrol, almost north of the Alps, the remains of an important but hitherto nameless ancient city which must have been inhabited in the fifth and later centuries B.C., by people who spoke this same Venetic language; and among these remains there are a number of bronze plates, fashioned in what we should call *repoussé* style, which served, I believe,² to adorn the panels of doors, and which, if so, show that this characteristic feature of the art of North Italy, the decoration of doors by bronze panels, goes back to the third or fourth century B.C. The other remains of this race of Veneti, especially numerous on the site of the modern city of Este, connect them closely with the culture of Hellas and Crete of the sixth century B.C. But in the valley of the Piave, which lies in the route from this nameless city over the mountains to

¹ For the latest discoveries in this Piave valley see Pellegrini, *Atti e Memorie R. Acc. Sci. Lett. Art. in Padova*, Vol. XXXII. (1916), pp. 209 ff., 215 ff.

² The Venetic word *aksu's* occurs on the dedicatory inscription of two of them; and it is best interpreted, I think, to mean "door" (*cf.* Gr. ἄξων).

Italy, lie the towns of Treviso, Feltre, and Belluno, well known to students of the Renaissance; and Pieve di Cadore, where the two last inscriptions were found, was the birthplace of Titian.

In view of such facts one naturally asks whether there was any link between this early art of the Veneti and the great Venetians of the Renaissance. To ask the question is to answer it. They are demonstrably the same people. From whence were the Lagoons of Venice peopled? From all the district to the west of them when the barbarians overran it,—from Altinum, from Aquileia and especially from Padua, which was in ancient times the chief seat of the Veneti and only 14 miles from the sea. At the Christian era Padua still celebrated¹ every year a regatta in commemoration of the victory of Paduan sailors who repelled the invasion of a Greek pirate in the year 302 B.C.; and the point which historians choose as marking the real independence of the new Venice, is the year 584 A.D. when the claim of Padua to control the whole district (a claim based on the old traffic from Padua down the river Brenta which then ran out into the sea along the north side of what is now the Giudecca) was finally defeated through the Pact with the Exarch Longinus. And Padua, like Venice, lies in what seems to a northerner a sea of summer light between the Alps and the Euganean Hills, which Shelley has described in *Julian and Maddalo*:—

‘ . . . the hoar
 And aery Alps, towards the north, appeared,
 Through mist, an heaven-sustaining bulwark, reared
 Between the east and west; and half the sky
 Was roofed with clouds of rich emblazonry,
 Dark purple at the zenith, which still grew
 Down the steep west into a wondrous hue
 Brighter than burning gold, even to the rent
 Where the swift sun yet paused in his descent
 Among the many-folded hills—they were
 Those famous Euganean hills, which bear,
 As seen from Lido, through the harbour piles,
 The likeness of a clump of peaked isles—
 And then, as if the earth and sea had been
 Dissolved into one lake of fire, were seen
 Those mountains towering, as from waves of flame,
 Around the vaporous sun, from which there came
 The inmost purple spirit of light, and made
 Their very peaks transparent.

¹ Livy, x. 2.

Padua, as became a city so gloriously placed, was proverbially known in the ancient world as the home of simple living and high morals and an intense affection for freedom; it became, as we all know, the seat of the greatest University of the Middle Ages, to which all our English Universities are deep in debt; and its greatest ancient citizen was the historian Livy. And what I want to suggest here is that the truest way of judging and enjoying Livy's work is to regard him as taking essentially a Venetian point of view.¹ That is, to realise that what gave him most pleasure, and what he counted his greatest object, was to paint a series of pictures, each embodying, in the fewest words, some clash of feeling and circumstance, some struggle of rival passions, some triumph of wisdom or valour or devotion; pictures instinct with dramatic imagination and coloured with lively human sympathy. The rest of his narration, though he dealt with it honestly and frankly in his own way, was to him only the setting for the true work of his art, the pictures of noble scenes.

If this seems new doctrine, let us at least remember how Livy describes his own design. He begins his Preface by an apology for attempting again a task undertaken by so many before him and acknowledges its enormous scope. But it will 'divert his mind from the miseries of recent times,' to dwell on the earlier period.

It is not my intention either to affirm or deny the truth of the stories which have gathered round the earliest beginnings of Rome. They are better fitted for the imagination of poets than the sober chronicles of history. Antiquity has the privilege of exalting the origin of great cities by interweaving the actions of gods and men; and if it be reasonably granted to any people to hallow its beginnings and call the gods its founders, surely it is granted to the people of Rome. The glory which they have won in war is great enough for the world which acknowledges their supremacy to acknowledge also their claim to the son of Mars himself for their founder. But howsoever these stories and their like be judged or censured, will, I confess, trouble me but little. It is to other things that I would have my reader direct his best attention, the life, the character of the nation, the

¹ Some time after this lecture had been given, my friend Prof. W. B. Anderson, to whom the paper is indebted for other valuable help, called my attention to a note in Niebuhr's *Rom. Hist.* (Eng. Tr. new ed. II. 544) in which among 'Livy's own peculiar excellencies' he reckons 'that richness and warmth of colouring which many centuries after were the characteristics of the Venetian painters born under the same sky'.

men and the conduct, at home and on the field, from which its power sprang and grew. Then he may trace how the ancient government broke down, and how the ancient character of the nation gave way too, until at length we have reached a point in our own day when both the abuses of our national life and their remedies are greater than we can bear.

There you hear the free Venetian spirit, recognising, and yet lamenting, the necessity of the new Empire of the Cæsars. And the next sentence has a no less characteristic Paduan touch:—

Yet unless I am deceived by fondness for my task, there never was a nation whose history is richer in noble deeds, nor a community into which greed and luxury have made so late an entrance; or in which plain and thrifty living have been so long or so highly honoured. It is just this which is so health-giving and fruitful in the study of history, that you can fix your gaze upon well-attested examples of every kind of conduct, blazoned upon a splendid record.

From these words it is clear that what Livy first of all set before him was to paint these 'great examples': great men, great institutions, great deeds, are the things on which the reader must 'fix his gaze'. Take now as the first of a few such pictures from Livy's pages, a brief and to us not very exciting scene in a dilapidated temple in Rome, somewhere about 27 B.C. It is a footnote which Livy adds to the spirited story of a fight in the fifth century B.C. between a Roman called Aulus Cossus and an Etruscan Chief, in which Cossus had won what was called royal spoil, *spolia opima*, by defeating the enemy's leader in single combat (IV. 20. 5).

I have followed all the authorities in relating that it was in the office of military tribune¹ that Cossus won these spoils and dedicated them in the Temple of Jupiter. But in the first place spoil is only properly called Royal when it is taken by a Roman commander from the commander of the enemy, and we recognise no one as commander unless he is actually the general in charge of an army. And secondly, the actual inscription written upon the spoil itself proves that both I and my authorities are wrong and that in truth Cossus took them when he was Consul. This fact I learnt from Augustus Cæsar, the second founder of every temple in Rome, since I heard him say that when he entered the shrine of Jupiter Feretrius, which he restored from an almost ruinous state, he read with his own eyes this inscription written on the linen corselet. And I feel that it would be almost a sacrilege to rob Cossus of such testimony to his achievement, the testimony of the Emperor himself, the second founder of the temple. But if the source of the confusion lie in certain ancient authorities . . . that is a point on which every reader is free to use his own conjecture.

¹ A rank corresponding to that of a modern colonel.

Then after pointing out further difficulties in the traditional account Livy concludes :—

But we may toss these matters of small importance, to and fro, according to every man's opinion ; and when all is done, the author of this battle his own self, having set up these fresh and new spoils in a holy place, in the sight of Jupiter himself standing thereby, to whom they were vowed, and Romulus also, two witnesses not to be despised nor abused with a false title, hath written himself, A. Cornelius Cossus Consul.¹

This is quite typical of Livy's whole attitude to difficult points in tradition. His judgment on the evidence is quite sound. He sees that his usual authorities must be wrong ; but he leaves it to the reader to say so in so many words, because that, he felt, would cast doubt on the rest of his history, since he despairs altogether of explaining their vagaries. But his despair does not weigh on his mind at all ; it did not even lead him to go to look at the inscription with his own eyes ; what interests him is the picture of the young, triumphant Emperor Augustus, in the course of his devout restoration of the ancient shrines of Rome, stopping to read the archaic letters written on a linen breast-plate torn from a dying Etruscan chief by his vanquisher the Consul Cossus, 400 years before.

Let us turn to a few pictures on a larger canvas, putting first the familiar passage which led our own Turner to one of his most vivid paintings, Hannibal's crossing the Alps. Into the controversies that have sprung from the perennial interest of the story, we will not enter ; but it is well to observe that on every point the course of modern research (in which the investigations of Dr. G. E. Marindin, Capitaine Colin, and Prof. Spenser Wilkinson may be especially mentioned) has vindicated the good faith and sound judgment with which Livy has interpreted, so far as he could, a tradition well attested but almost wholly devoid of local names. It is unlucky that the gravest piece of carelessness which ever sullied the high repute of Theodor Mommsen should have led him to impugn the truth of Livy's account on the ground of its divergence from the account given by Polybius ; whereas it is only necessary to read the whole of what Polybius says about Hannibal's point of descent—and not the

¹ The discerning reader will have scented in this concluding paragraph of the rendering a freshness hardly to be compassed in our own labouring day. It is from Philemon Holland's version ; on which see below.

first part only, which is all that Mommsen heeded—to see that in every essential point the two stories are closely parallel, and wholly worthy of credence.¹

This version and those that follow are either taken from, or largely based upon, the translation of Philemon Holland which was dedicated to Queen Elizabeth² and breathes everywhere the masterfulness and enthusiasm of her 'spacious times'. Those which, like the Hannibal passage, are here taken over, I have modified where we have now better knowledge of Livy's text or (which is rare) of his Latin; where the English of the sixteenth century would be now misleading; and where the richness of Holland's vocabulary and his manful resolve to discover in the Latin every atom of its meaning, have done less than justice to the pregnant gravity of Livy's style. Wherever Holland's English suggests a brilliant and voluble school-boy, that is the mark not of Livy, but of Holland and his century; but where it flows in a strong tide of feeling, moving with speed and power, there he has exactly expressed his original.

Let us begin at a point at which Hannibal, already in high altitudes, has had a sharp conflict with one Alpine tribe, and is approached by delegates from another (xxi., c. 34, 4).

First went in the van guard the Elephants, and the horsemen; himself marched after with the flower of his infantry, looking all about him with an heedful eye. So soon as he was entered a narrow passage which on one side lay under a steep hill, the barbarous people rose out of their ambush from all parts at once, before and behind, and attacked him; yea

¹ For the details of Mommsen's error see *Class. Rev.*, xxv. (1911), p. 156; Mr. F. E. A. Trayer gives an excellent comparison of the two narratives in the Appendix to his edition of Book xxi. (London, 1905, Bell & Co.). Prof. Spenser Wilkinson in a brilliant monograph (*Hannibal's March*, Oxford, 1911) gives the results of his own exploration of the district and makes a strong case for the Col. Clapier.

² A few sentences from this dedication I cannot withhold:—

'Vouchsafe also, of your accustomed clemency showed to aliens; of your fervent zeal to learning and good letters . . . to reach forth your gracious hand to T. Livius; who having arrived long since and conversed as a mere stranger in this your famous Island and now for love thereof learned in some sort the language, humbly craveth your Majesty's favour to be ranged with other free citizens of that kind, so long to live under your princely protection, as he shall duly keep his own allegiance and acquaint your liege subjects with religious devotion after his manner, with wisdom, policy, virtue, valour, loyalty; and not otherwise.'

and rolled down mighty stones upon them as they marched. But the greatest number came behind; against whom he turned and made head with his infantry, and without all peradventure, if the tail of his army had not been strong and well fortified, they must needs have received an exceeding great overthrow in that valley. Even as it was, Hannibal spent one night cut off from his baggage and cavalry. After this the mountainers (fewer in number and in robbing wise rather than in warlike sort) attacked him only in small bands, one while upon the vaward, other while upon the reeward, as any of them could get the vantage of ground. . . .

The Elephants though they were driven very slowly, because through these narrow straits they were ready ever and anon to run on their noses, yet what way soever they went, they kept the army safe and sure from the enemy, who being not used unto them, durst not once come near. The ninth day he won the very tops of the Alps, mostly through untrod paths: after he had wandered many times out of the way, either through the deceitfulness of their guides; or because when they durst not trust them, they had adventured rashly themselves upon the valleys without knowing the tops thereof. There the soldiers wearied with travail and fight rested two days: certain also of the sumpter horses (which had slipt aside from the rocks) by following the tracks of the army as it marched, made their way to the camp. When they were thus overtoiled and wearied with these tedious travailes, a fall of snow (for now the star Vergiliae was setting) increased their fear exceedingly. For when at the break of day the ensigns were set forward, the army marched out slowly through deep snow all around them; and there appeared in the countenance of them all heaviness and despair. Then Hannibal advanced before the standards and commanded his soldiers to halt upon a certain projecting spur of the mountains (from whence they had a goodly prospect and might see a great way all about them); and there displayed unto them Italy and the goodly champain fields about the Po, which lie hard under the foot of the Alps: saying That even now they had mounted the walls not only of Italy but also of the city of Rome; all besides (saith he) will be plain and easy to be travelled: and after one or two battles at the most ye shall have at your command, the very castle and head city of Italy.

Howbeit they had much more difficult travelling down hill, than in the climbing up; for well nigh all the way was steep, narrow and slippery, so as neither they could hold themselves from sliding, nor if any tripped and stumbled never so little, could they possibly (they staggered so) recover themselves and keep sure footing, but one fell upon another and horses upon the men. After this they came to a much narrower path of rock with crags so steep downright that hardly even a nimble soldier without armour and baggage (do what he could to take hold with hands upon the twigs and plants that there about grew forth) was able to creep down. This place being before naturally steep and precipitous, now was cut right off by a new fall of earth, which had left a bank behind it of nearly a thousand feet depth. There the horsemen stood still as if they had been come to their ways end: and when Hannibal marvelled much what the matter might be that stayed

them so, as they marched not on : word was brought him that the Rock was unpassable. Whereupon, he went himself in person to view the place and then he saw indeed without all doubt that he must fetch a compass about, however far round, and conduct his army, to pass through the wild places around it such as before had never been trodden. And verily that (of all other ways) was such as it was impossible to pass through. For whereas there lay old snow untouched and not trodden on, and over it other snow newly fallen, of a moderate depth : in this soft and tender snow, and the same not very deep, their feet as they went, easily took hold ; but that snow, being once with the gait of so many people and beasts upon it, fretted and thawed, they were compelled to go upon the bare frozen surface underneath, and in the slabbery snow-broth, as it relented and melted about their heels. There they had foul ado and much struggling, for they could not tread sure upon the slippery ice : which betrayed their feet the sooner for the downward slope ; so that whether with hands or knees they strove to rise, down they fell again, when those their props and stays slipped from beneath them ; and there were here no stocks of trees nor roots about, whereupon a man might take hold, and stay himself, either by hand or foot ; so all they could do, was to tumble and wallow, upon the slippery and glassy ice, in the molten slabbie snow. Otherwhiles also the poor beasts cut through the surface of the lower snow, where they trod hard upon it : and when once they were fallen forward, with flinging out their heels, and beating with their hoofs more forcibly for to take hold, they brake the under surface quite through ; so as many of them, as if they had been caught fast and fettered, stuck still in the hard frozen and congealed ice.

At last, when both man and beast were wearied and overtoiled, and all to no purpose, they encamped upon the top of an hill, having with very much ado cleansed the place aforehand for that purpose : such a deal of snow there was to be digged, and thrown out. This done, soldiers were brought to break that rock, through which was their only way : and against the time that it was to be hewed through, they felled and overthrew many huge trees that grew there about, and made a mighty heap and pile of wood : the wind served fitly for the time to kindle a fire and then they all set aburning. Now when the rock was on fire, and red hot, they poured thereon vinegar¹ for to calcine and dissolve it. When the rock was thus baked (as it were) with fire, they digged into it and opened it with pick-axes, and made the descent gentle and easy by means of moderate windings and turnings : so as not only the horses and other beasts but even the Elephants also might be able to go down. Four days Hannibal spent about the levelling of this rock : and the beasts were almost pined and lost for hunger. For the hill-tops for the most part are bare of grass, and look what forage there is, the snow conceals. But the lower grounds have valleys and some little banks lying to the sun and streams withall, near unto the woods, yea and places more meet and beseming for

¹ This device was practised in ancient times by Spaniards in their quarries (Pliny, 33. 96) and it was from Spain that Hannibal's best troops had been drawn.

men to inhabit. There were the labouring beasts put out to grass and pasture; and the soldiers that were wearied with making the ways had three days allowed to rest in.

Turn now to two pictures¹ of Roman character in an earlier century, of T. Manlius Torquatus the Consul and Q. Papirius the Dictator. The two are meant by Livy to stand as companion portraits;—their likeness, and their unlikeness, will appear.

The story of Titus Manlius is an incident in the great Latin War of 340 B.C., which was almost a civil war, since the Latins who were now in revolt spoke the language of Rome and had long served in the Roman legions; and many of the men in the rebel army were familiarly known to old comrades on the other side. To preclude the opportunities for treachery which these conditions offered, the Consuls, of whom one was T. Manlius, forbade all irregular fighting (*ne quis iniussu pugnaret*). But the Consul's own son, who was a commander of a cavalry patrol, was challenged to single combat by a Latin noble and did not refuse. The young Roman unhorsed his challenger and slew him. This is the sequel (VIII. 7. 12):—

Then the young Manlius returned with his spoil to his companions and rode back to camp amid their shouts of triumph. So he came into his father's presence in the prætorium, ignorant of what his destiny had in store, whether he had earned praise or penalty. "So that all the world," said he, "my father, might truly report that I am sprung from your blood, when I was challenged by an enemy, I fought him horse to horse, and slew him, and took these spoils." But when the consul heard these words, he could not bear to look upon his son, but turned away and bade the trumpet sound for an assembly of the soldiers.

The soldiers being assembled in great number, then said the elder Manlius to his son: "Since you, Titus Manlius, have neither feared the authority of a consul nor revered the command of your father, but have disobeyed our edict by leaving the ranks to engage in single combat; and since, so far as in you lay, you have broken the discipline of war on which the safety and the power of Rome have to this day depended; and have brought me to a strait pass where I must choose either to forget the commonweal, or to forget myself, you and I shall abide the smart for our misdeeds rather than that our country, to her so great damage, should pay for our folly and transgression. We shall afford a fearful but a wholesome example to young men of future time. I acknowledge as I look upon you that I am touched not merely by natural affection for my son but by the

¹ Both passages come from a Book too little read in our schools, the Eighth, perhaps partly because of a grievous difficulty in the text of the eighth chapter, which recent study of the MSS. has now, I think, removed.

deed of valour you have done, tempted by a false show of glory. But since the authority of the consuls must needs be either confirmed by your death, or if you escape the penalty of disobedience, be for ever annulled; and since, if you have aught of my blood in your veins, even you yourself will not, I believe, refuse to vindicate by your punishment the discipline that has been overthrown by your fault"—then said he to the lictor—"go, lictor, I command you, bind him to the block."

Vergil's comment on this scene is brief and famous, 'Torquatus, that stern headsman' (*sæuumque securi Torquatium*).

Twenty years later in the great Samnite War the Dictator Papirius, having to leave his army in order to discharge some ceremony at Rome, gave precise instructions to his Master of the Horse, who was left in command, not to engage the enemy until he, Papirius, should return. The instruction was disobeyed; and Fabius having won a victory announced it in a dispatch which was read to the Senate in the presence of the Dictator himself, who at once left Rome for the front, making no secret of his intention to inflict summary punishment on Fabius. Arrived in camp he found the army and its superior officers unwilling to surrender Fabius to be scourged and beheaded, and a long altercation ended in Fabius' escape to Rome. The Dictator hurried back after him. There followed a debate and resolution of the Senate, which had no effect upon the Dictator's resolve.

(Book VIII. 33. 7.) Then stepped forth M. Fabius the father. 'For as much,' said he, 'neither the authority of the Senate, nor mine old age, whom you seek to make childless, nor yet the noble courage of the Master of Horse, by your own self chosen, can prevail; nor any humble prayers, which are often able to appease the fury of an enemy, yea and to pacify the wrath of the Gods; I implore the lawful help of the Tribunes, and to the whole body of the people I appeal'. . . . Then out of the Council-house they went straight to the common place of audience; and when the Dictator, attended with some few, was ascended up to the rostra, and the Master of the Horse, accompanied by all the whole troop of the chief of the city, had followed him, Papirius commanded that Fabius should come down, or else be fetched, from the Rostra, unto the lower ground. His father followed after him. 'Well done,' quoth the father, 'in commanding us to be brought hither, from whence we may be allowed to speak our minds, even if we were no better than private persons.' Then at the first there passed no continued speeches so much as wrangling and altercation. But afterwards, the voice and indignation of old Fabius surmounted the other noise; who greatly cried out upon the pride and cruelty of Papirius. 'What, man?' quoth he, 'I have been also a Dictator of Rome myself, and yet was there never so much as a poor commoner, no Centurion, nor soldier hardly entreated by me. But Papirius seeketh victory and triumph over a

Roman General, as much as over the leaders and commanders of his enemies. See, what difference there is between the government of men in old time, and this new pride and cruelty of late days. Quintius Cincinnatus when he was Dictator, proceeded no farther in punishment against the Consul Minucius, when he had delivered him lying besieged within his own camp, but to leave him as a Lieutenant instead of Consul, in the army whereof he had charge. . . . Neither the people itself, whose power is sovereign, was ever more angry against those that through rashness and want of skill lost whole armies, than to fine them a sum of money. For the miscarriage of any battle, that a General should be brought into question for his life, was never heard of to this day. But now, rods and axes, whipping and beheading, are prepared for the Commanders under the people of Rome, and those, who are conquerors and have deserved most justly triumphs. . . . What else (I pray you) should my son have endured, if he had suffered the field to be lost and his army likewise? If he had been discomfited, put to flight, and driven clean out of his camp, how far forth further would the Dictator's ire and violence have proceeded than to scourge and kill? And see how fit and seemly a thing it is that the city for the victory of Q. Fabius, should be in joy, in processions to the gods, and thanksgivings, with congratulation and feasting one another; and he himself by whose means the temples stand open, the altars smoke with incense and sacrifice, and are heaped up again with vows, oblations, and offerings, to be stripped naked, to be whipped and lashed to death in the sight of the people of Rome, looking up to the Capitol, lifting up his eyes to the gods, whom in two such noble battles he has invoked and not in vain? With what heart will the army take this, which by his leading and under his fortune achieved victory? What lamentation will there be in the Roman camp? and what rejoicing amongst our enemies?' Thus fared Fabius the good old father, calling upon God and man for help; and withall embraced his son in his arms, and shed many a tear. On the one side, there made with young Fabius, the majesty of the Senate, the love of the people, the assistance of the Tribunes, and the remembrance of the army absent. On the other side were alleged against him by Papirius, the invincible command and government of the people of Rome; the discipline of war; the Dictator's orders (reverenced at all times, no less than an oracle of the gods); the severe edicts of Manlius, whose fatherly love and affection to his son was counted less than the service and common good of the state; the same exemplary justice which L. Brutus, the first founder of Roman liberty, had executed in his two sons. And now, mild and kind fathers, fond old men, when other men's commandment have been contemned, gave liberty to youth, and pardoned as a small matter the overthrow of military discipline. Howbeit, he Papirius for his part would persist in his purpose 'till nor remit one jot of condign punishment to him who contrary to his commandment, and notwithstanding the disturbance of religion and the doubtful auspices, had given battle; saying, that as it was not in his power to abridge any jot the eternal majesty of that State and Empire; so neither, would he diminish aught of the authority thereof; and he prayed that neither the Tribunes' puissance, sacred and inviolable itself, should, by their intervention violate the power of Rome; nor that the people

of Rome should in him above all others abolish and extinguish both Dictator and Dictatorship. Which if it did, the posterity hereafter should lay the weight and blame (although in vain) not on L. Papius, but on the Tribunes. For when once the discipline of war was profaned, no private soldier would obey his centurion nor any man in any rank in any army him that is set over him. . . . 'With these crimes and inconveniences (o ye Tribunes) charged you must be to the world's end; lay down you must, and gage your own lives for the audacious disobedience of Q. Fabius, for whom ye are now answerable.'

The Tribunes were astonished hereat, and for themselves now rather anxious and perplexed, than for him who had recourse unto them for succour. But the general consent of the people of Rome, turning to prayer and entreaty, eased them of this heavy load; and with one voice humbly besought the Dictator, to remit the punishment of the Master of Horse, for their sake. The Tribunes also, seeing that was the way, and all others, inclining and growing to petition, followed after, and did the like; earnestly beseeching the Dictator to forgive this human frailty, and youthful folly of Q. Fabius, saying that he had suffered chastisement enough. Then the young man himself, then his father M. Fabius, forgetting all strife, and laying aside debate, fell down at the Dictator's feet, and besought him to appease his wrathful displeasure. Hereupon the Dictator after silence made, 'Yea marrie,' quoth he, 'o Quirites, this I like well, and thus it should be; now hath military discipline got the victory; now hath the majesty of the Empire prevailed indeed, which lay both a-bleeding, and were in hazard to be abolished for ever, after this day. Q. Fabius is not acquit of his offence, in that he fought against his Dictator's commandment; but being thereof convicted and cast, is forgiven, nay is given to the people of Rome and the Tribunes' power, whose help was granted merely for his instant prayers, and not of right. Well, Rise up, Q. Fabius, and live, a more happy man for this agreement of the city in thy defence, than for that victory, upon which erewhile thou barest thyself so bravely. Live (I say) thou that hast been so bold to commit that fact which thine own father here, if he had been in L. Papius' place, would never have pardoned. And as for me, into my grace and favour thou mayest come again, at thine own will and pleasure. But to the people of Rome to whom thou art beholden for thy life, thou shalt perform no greater duty and service, than that the example of this day's work may be a warning to thee for ever, to obey, as well in war as in peace, all lawful hests of superior Magistrates.'

We may glance finally at one or two examples of the high-minded tenderness towards women which is a marked feature of Livy's thought and which places his influence second only to Vergil's among such of the humanising factors of mediæval Europe as were older than the Christian Church. Some of the stories, like those of Lucretia and Volumnia, the mother of Coriolanus, are too famous to quote; perhaps the noblest of them is the story of Verginia's death by her father's

hand. The power of Livy's brevity—which allows a bare ten lines to the final scene of the tragedy—will be newly appreciated if it be compared with the prolix though not uninspired Lay of Virginia by Macaulay, himself no mean orator, when he chose. Let me rather end by quoting two less familiar passages, both eminently characteristic of Livy, one of his gentle humour, the other of his chivalrous grace.

The first is a picture of the rugged old Roman farmer and statesman, staunch Conservative and would-be Philistine, Cato the Censor; who however gave way in his old age and learnt the Greek that he had for so many years defied and denounced. He is speaking on a question of women's rights. Twenty years earlier, at the darkest point of the struggle with Hannibal, a law called the *Lex Oppia* had forbidden women to possess more than half an oz. of gold or to wear brightly coloured dresses, the costly iridescent purple of Tyre being no doubt the chief luxury whose import was prohibited. Now that the danger was past and the sixteen years of war at last ended, the women and their lovers and husbands were eager to have the law repealed.

The whole speech of Cato against the repeal and the reply of his opponents are well worth reading,¹ though too long to quote here. But the opening passage will serve to show the humour with which Livy portrays the gruff old partisan:—

(Book XXXIV. 1. 5.) The dames of the city themselves could neither by persuasion nor advice nor authority of their husbands be kept within doors; but do what men could, they bespread all the streets of the city, beset all the ways into the forum, entreating their husbands as they passed and went down thither, to give their consent, that seeing the good estate of the commonweal now flourished, and the private wealth of every man increased daily, their wives also might be allowed to have their gay attire again. The concourse of the women increased daily and they ventured now to approach and solicit even the Consuls, the prætors, and other magistrates.

But as for one of the Consuls, Marcus Porcius Cato by name, they could not with all their prayers, entreat him to incline unto their suit: who in the maintenance of the said law, and that it might not be revoked, spake to this effect: "My masters and citizens of Rome, if every one of us had fully resolved with himself, to hold his own, and keep the rightful authority that he hath over his own wife, less ado and trouble we should have had

¹ A brilliant though perhaps sometimes too forcible a version has been recently published by Prof. Darnley Naylor of Adelaide ("More Latin and English Idiom," Cambridge, 1915).

with them all together at this day. But now having given them the head at home so much, that the curstness and shrewdness of women hath conquered our freehold there; behold, here also in public place it is trodden down and trampled under foot: and because we were not able every man to rule his own separately, now we stand in fear, and dread them all in general. Certes, I myself thought ever until now, that it was but a feigned fable and tale that went of a certain Island, wherein by a conspiracy of women all the men were murdered every one, and that sex utterly made away. But well I see now, be they creatures never so weak, let them once have their meetings, their conventicles and secret conferences, they will work mischief in the highest degree, and be as dangerous as any other."

The rest of the speech is taken up with two arguments, the first one which, I believe, is known to suffragists as 'the thin end of the wedge'; the second is a general, and quite sincere, plea for simplicity of living. The reply of Valerius is what one would expect from that noble house, dignified, liberal, and chivalrous; and the end of the story is that the matter was settled by a little "peaceful picketing".

After debate of words passed in this wise, in favour and disfavour of the law, the day following, the women flocked in greater multitudes into the open streets; and banding themselves together, as it were, in one troop, they beset the doors and houses of the Bruti, the tribune; who were threatening to interpose their veto upon the bill preferred by their fellow-tribunes: and the women never gave over to keep this stir, until those tribunes slackened in their opposition; which done, there was no doubt then, but all the tribes with one voice would abrogate and abolish the old law. Thus twenty years after the enacting thereof, it was repealed.

Lastly, consider the picture of the young Scipio, a man whom Livy admired, but with some reserves.¹ In the year 210 or 209 B.C. in the middle of the Hannibalic War, Scipio had just taken New Carthage, the chief stronghold of the Carthaginians in Spain.

(Book XXVI. 50.) After this there was presented unto him by his soldiers, a maiden of ripe years, taken also prisoner: but so surpassing in beauty that wheresoever she went, every man's eye was upon her in admiration. Scipio having enquired in what country she was born and of what parents, among other things learned that she was affianced to a young Prince of the Celtiberians, whose name was Allucius. Forthwith he sent home to her parents and her betrothed to repair unto him: and in the

¹ 'We see' (writes a distinguished Irish scholar, Prof. R. Mitchell Henry, in the Introduction to his recent edition of Book XXVI., p. 12) 'the lofty airs and self-approving virtue, the genuine kindness and bonhomie of the young patrician, too kindly to be a prig and too young to know how near he is to being one.'

meantime, he heard that her husband that should be was wonderfully enamoured of her, and ready to die for her love. So soon as Allucius was come Scipio entered into more careful speech with him, than he did either with the father or mother of the maiden, and in these terms he entertained him. "I am a young man," quoth he, "as well as yourself. Come on therefore, let us, young men both, commune together more freely and be not too coy and bashful one to the other. When your espoused wife taken captive by our soldiers was brought unto me and when I heard of the exceeding affection that you cast unto her, I believed it full well; for her singular beauty deserveth no less. Now, for as much as myself, if I might be allowed to use the pastimes of youth,—especially in an honest and lawful love,—and were not called away by the common-weal, and employed wholly in affairs of state, I would think to be pardoned if I had an extraordinary liking to a betrothed of mine own; I must therefore needs favour and tender your love, which is the thing I can, considering that I may not the other in any wise. Your sweetheart I have entertained as well and as respectfully as she should have been with your father and mother-in-law, her own parents. Safe kept she hath been for you alone, that you might receive her at my hands, a gift unspotted and untouched and beseeming me and you both. In recompense, therefore, of this boon, I require at your hands again this one promise and covenant, that you will be a friend and wellwisher to the people of Rome. And if you take me indeed to be a good and honest man, such as these nations here in Spain have known my father and uncle to have been before me; know you thus much, that in the city of Rome there are many more like unto us; and that there cannot at this day a nation in the world be named which you would wish less to be an enemy to you and yours, or desire more to entertain as your friend."

The young gentleman being abashed for very modesty and yet right joyful withal, held Scipio by the hand, called upon all the gods, and besought them in his behalf, to thank and recompense him therefor, since it lay not in his own proper power in any measure to make requital, either as himself could wish or as Scipio had deserved. Then were the parents and kinsfolk of the maid called for: who seeing the damsel, freely given them again, for whose ransom and redemption they had brought with them a good round sum of gold, fell to entreating Scipio, to vouchsafe to accept the same at their hands, as a gift; assuring him, that in his so doing they should count themselves no less beholden unto him, than for the restoring and delivering of the maid. Scipio seeing them so earnest and importunate, promised to receive it, and withal, commanded that it should be laid down at his feet. Then calling Allucius unto him, "Here," quoth he, "over and besides your other dowry which your father-in-law must pay you, have from me thus much more money wherewith to mend your marriage; take this gold therefore to yourself, and keep it for your own use." So after this rich reward given, and honour done unto him, Allucius was dismissed, and departed home with much joy and heart's content: where he filled the ears and minds of his country-men with right and just praises of Scipio; saying, there was come into Spain, a young man most resembling the im-

mortal gods; who as well by bounty, and bestowing benefits, as by force of arms, is in the very way to conquer all. So when he had assembled and mustered all his vassals, he returned within few days, accompanied with a train of fourteen hundred of the best and most choice horsemen of his country.'

'No historian,' said Quintilian¹ of Livy, 'has ever represented feeling more perfectly, especially feelings of the gentler sort (*praecipue eos qui sunt dulciores*).'¹ And in this too his spirit is proven kin to the great painters who made glorious the later days of his Venetian race.

¹ x. l. 101.