This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world’s books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that’s often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book’s long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ **Make non-commercial use of the files** We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ **Refrain from automated querying** Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google’s system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ **Maintain attribution** The Google “watermark” you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ **Keep it legal** Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can’t offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book’s appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google’s mission is to organize the world’s information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world’s books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at [http://books.google.com/](http://books.google.com/)
Lays of Ancient Rome
with
IVRY AND THE ARMADA

BY LORD MACAULAY

New Edition
with Explanatory Notes

LONDON
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME

WITH

IVRY AND THE ARMADA

BY LORD MACAULAY

New Edition, with Explanatory Notes

LONDON
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1884
PREFACE.

What is called the history of the Kings and early Consuls of Rome is to a great extent fabulous, few scholars have, since the time of Beaufort, ventured to deny. It is certain that, more than three hundred and sixty years after the date ordinarily assigned for the foundation of the city, the public records were, with scarcely an exception, destroyed by the Gauls. It is certain that the oldest annals of the commonwealth were compiled more than a century and a half after this destruction of the records. It is certain, therefore, that the great Latin writers of the Augustan age did not possess those materials, without which a trustworthy account of the infancy of the republic could not possibly be framed. Those writers own, indeed, that the chronicles to which they had access were filled with battles that were never fought, and Consuls that were never inaugurated; and we have abundant proof that, in these chronicles, events of the greatest importance, such as the issue of the war with Porsena, and the issue of the war with Brennus, were grossly misrepresented. Under these circumstances a wise man will look with great suspicion on the legend which has come down to us. He will
perhaps be inclined to regard the princes who are said to have founded the civil and religious institutions of Rome, the son of Mars, and the husband of Egeria, as mere mythological personages, of the same class with Perseus and Ixion. As he draws nearer and nearer to the confines of authentic history, he will become less and less hard of belief. He will admit that the most important parts of the narrative have some foundation in truth. But he will distrust almost all the details, not only because they seldom rest on any solid evidence, but also because he will constantly detect in them, even when they are within the limits of physical possibility, that peculiar character, more easily understood than defined, which distinguishes the creations of the imagination from the realities of the world in which we live.

The early history of Rome is indeed far more poetical than anything else in Latin literature. The loves of the Vestal and the God of War, the cradle laid among the reeds of Tiber, the fig-tree, the she-wolf, the shepherd's cabin, the recognition, the fratricide, the rape of the Sabines, the death of Tarpeia, the fall of Hostus Hostilius, the struggle of Mettus Curtius through the marsh, the women rushing with torn raiment and dishevelled hair between their fathers and their husbands, the nightly meetings of Numa and the Nymph by the well in the sacred grove, the fight of the three Romans and the three Albans, the purchase of the Sibylline books, the crime of Tullia, the simulated madness of Brutus, the ambiguous reply of the Delphian oracle to the Tarquins, the wrongs of Lucretia, the heroic actions of Horatius Cocles, of Scævola, and of Clœlia, the battle of Regillus won by the aid of Castor and Pollux, the
defence of Cremera, the touching story of Coriolanus, the still more touching story of Virginia, the wild legend about the draining of the Alban lake, the combat between Valerius Corvus and the gigantic Gaul, are among the many instances which will at once suggest themselves to every reader.

In the narrative of Livy, who was a man of fine imagination, these stories retain much of their genuine character. Nor could even the tasteless Dionysius distort and mutilate them into mere prose. The poetry shines, in spite of him, through the dreary pedantry of his eleven books. It is discernible in the most tedious and in the most superficial modern works on the early times of Rome. It enlivens the dulness of the Universal History, and gives a charm to the most meagre abridgments of Goldsmith.

Even in the age of Plutarch there were discerning men who rejected the popular account of the foundation of Rome, because that account appeared to them to have the air, not of a history, but of a romance or a drama. Plutarch, who was displeased at their incredulity, had nothing better to say in reply to their arguments than that chance sometimes turns poet, and produces trains of events not to be distinguished from the most elaborate plots which are constructed by art.*

* "Ἀποτον μὲν ένας ἐστὶ τὸ δραματικόν καὶ πλασματώδες, οὐ δὲ ἄπιστεῖ, τὴν τύχην ὁρῶντα, οἷον ποιημάτων δημιουργὸς ἔστι.” — Plut. Rom. viii. This remarkable passage has been more grossly misinterpreted than any other in the Greek language, where the sense was so obvious. The Latin version of Crusierius, the French version of Amyot, the old English version by several hands, and the later English version by Langhorne, are all equally destitute of every trace of the meaning of the original. None of the translators saw even that ποιήμα is a poem. They all render it an event.
But though the existence of a poetical element in the early history of the Great City was detected so many years ago, the first critic who distinctly saw from what source that poetical element had been derived was James Perizonius, one of the most acute and learned antiquaries of the seventeenth century. His theory, which, in his own days, attracted little or no notice, was revived in the present generation by Niebuhr, a man who would have been the first writer of his time, if his talent for communicating truths had borne any proportion to his talent for investigating them. That theory has been adopted by several eminent scholars of our own country, particularly by the Bishop of St. David's, by Professor Malden, and by the lamented Arnold. It appears to be now generally received by men conversant with classical antiquity; and indeed it rests on such strong proofs, both internal and external, that it will not be easily subverted. A popular exposition of this theory, and of the evidence by which it is supported, may not be without interest even for readers who are unacquainted with the ancient languages.

The Latin literature which has come down to us is of later date than the commencement of the Second Punic War, and consists almost exclusively of works fashioned on Greek models. The Latin metres, heroic, elegiac, lyric, and dramatic, are of Greek origin. The best Latin epic poetry is the feeble echo of the Iliad and Odyssey. The best Latin eclogues are imitations of Theocritus. The plan of the most finished didactic poem in the Latin tongue was taken from Hesiod. The Latin tragedies are bad copies of the masterpieces of Sophocles and Euripides. The Latin comedies are free translations
from Demophilus, Menander, and Apollodorus. The Latin philosophy was borrowed, without alteration, from the Portico and the Academy; and the great Latin orators constantly proposed to themselves as patterns the speeches of Demosthenes and Lysias.

But there was an earlier Latin literature, a literature truly Latin, which has wholly perished, which had, indeed, almost wholly perished long before those whom we are in the habit of regarding as the greatest Latin writers were born. That literature abounded with metrical romances, such as are found in every country where there is much curiosity and intelligence, but little reading and writing. All human beings, not utterly savage, long for some information about past times, and are delighted by narratives which present pictures to the eye of the mind. But it is only in very enlightened communities that books are readily accessible. Metrical composition, therefore, which, in a highly civilised nation, is a mere luxury, is, in nations imperfectly civilised, almost a necessary of life, and is valued less on account of the pleasure which it gives to the ear, than on account of the help which it gives to the memory. A man who can invent or embellish an interesting story, and put it into a form which others may easily retain in their recollection, will always be highly esteemed by a people eager for amusement and information, but destitute of libraries. Such is the origin of ballad-poetry, a species of composition which scarcely ever fails to spring up and flourish in every society, at a certain point in the progress towards refinement. Tacitus informs us that songs were the only memorials of the past which the ancient Germans possessed. We learn from Lucan and from Ammianus
Marcellinus that the brave actions of the ancient Gauls were commemorated in the verses of Bards. During many ages, and through many revolutions, minstrelsy retained its influence over both the Teutonic and the Celtic race. The vengeance exacted by the spouse of Attila for the murder of Siegfried was celebrated in rhymes, of which Germany is still justly proud. The exploits of Athelstane were commemorated by the Anglo-Saxons, and those of Canute by the Danes, in rude poems, of which a few fragments have come down to us. The chants of the Welsh harpers preserved, through ages of darkness, a faint and doubtful memory of Arthur. In the Highlands of Scotland may still be gleaned some relics of the old songs about Cuthullin and Fingal. The long struggle of the Servians against the Ottoman power was recorded in lays full of martial spirit. We learn from Herrera that, when a Peruvian Inca died, men of skill were appointed to celebrate him in verses, which all the people learned by heart, and sang in public on days of festival. The feats of Kuiroglou, the great freebooter of Turkistan, recounted in ballads composed by himself, are known in every village of Northern Persia. Captain Beechey heard the Bards of the Sandwich Islands recite the heroic achievements of Tamehameha, the most illustrious of their kings. Mungo Park found in the heart of Africa a class of singing-men, the only annalists of their rude tribes, and heard them tell the story of the victory which Damel, the negro prince of the Jaloffs, won over Abdulkader, the Mussulman tyrant of Foota Torra. This species of poetry attained a high degree of excellence among the Castilians, before they began to copy Tuscan patterns. It attained a still higher degree of
excellence among the English and the Lowland Scotch, during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. But it reached its full perfection in ancient Greece; for there can be no doubt that the great Homeric poems are generically ballads, though widely distinguished from all other ballads, and indeed from almost all other human compositions, by transcendent sublimity and beauty.

As it is agreeable to general experience that, at a certain stage in the progress of society, ballad-poetry should flourish, so is it also agreeable to general experience that, at a subsequent stage in the progress of society, ballad-poetry should be undervalued and neglected. Knowledge advances; manners change; great foreign models of composition are studied and imitated. The phraseology of the old minstrels becomes obsolete. Their versification, which, having received its laws only from the ear, abounds in irregularities, seems licentious and uncouth. Their simplicity appears beggarly when compared with the quaint forms and gaudy colouring of such artists as Cowley and Gongora. The ancient lays, unjustly despised by the learned and polite, linger for a time in the memory of the vulgar, and are at length too often irretrievably lost. We cannot wonder that the ballads of Rome should have altogether disappeared, when we remember how very narrowly, in spite of the invention of printing, those of our own country and those of Spain escaped the same fate. There is indeed little doubt that oblivion covers many English songs equal to any that were published by Bishop Percy, and many Spanish songs as good as the best of those which have been so happily translated by Mr. Lockhart. Eighty years ago England possessed only one tattered
copy of Childe Waters and Sir Cauline, and Spain only one tattered copy of the noble poem of the Cid. The snuff of a candle, or a mischievous dog, might in a moment have deprived the world for ever of any of those fine compositions. Sir Walter Scott, who united to the fire of a great poet the minute curiosity and patient diligence of a great antiquary, was but just in time to save the precious relics of the Minstrelsy of the Border. In Germany, the lay of the Nibelungs had been long utterly forgotten, when, in the eighteenth century, it was, for the first time, printed from a manuscript in the old library of a noble family. In truth, the only people who, through their whole passage from simplicity to the highest civilisation, never for a moment ceased to love and admire their old ballads, were the Greeks.

That the early Romans should have had ballad-poetry, and that this poetry should have perished, is therefore not strange. It would, on the contrary, have been strange if these things had not come to pass; and we should be justified in pronouncing them highly probable, even if we had no direct evidence on the subject. But we have direct evidence of unquestionable authority.

Ennius, who flourished in the time of the Second Punic War, was regarded in the Augustan age as the father of Latin poetry. He was, in truth, the father of the second school of Latin poetry, the only school of which the works have descended to us. But from Ennius himself we learn that there were poets who stood to him in the same relation in which the author of the romance of Count Alarcos stood to Garcilaso, or the author of the 'Lytell Geste of Robyn Hode' to Lord Surrey. Ennius speaks of verses which the Fauns and the Bards were
wont to chant in the old time, when none had yet studied
the graces of speech, when none had yet climbed the
peaks sacred to the Goddesses of Grecian song. ‘Where,
Cicero mournfully asks, ‘are those old verses now?’

Contemporary with Ennius was Quintus Fabius Pictor,
the earliest of the Roman annalists. His account of the
infancy and youth of Romulus and Remus has been
preserved by Dionysius, and contains a very remarkable
reference to the ancient Latin poetry. Fabius says that,
in his time, his countrymen were still in the habit of
singing ballads about the Twins. ‘Even in the hut of
Faustulus,’—so these old lays appear to have run,—' the
children of Rhea and Mars were, in port and in spirit,
not like unto swineherds or cowherds, but such that men
might well guess them to be of the blood of Kings
and Gods.’

* ‘Quid? Nostri veteres versus ubi sunt?

. . . . . “Quos olim Fauni vatesque canebant
Cum neque Musarum scopulos quisquam superārat,
Nec dicti studiosus erat.”’

Brutus, xviii.

The Muses, it should be observed, are Greek divinities. The Italian
Goddesses of verse were the Camææ. At a later period, the appellations
were used indiscriminately; but in the age of Ennius there was
probably a distinction. In the epitaph of Nævius, who was the
representative of the old Italian school of poetry, the Camææ, not the
Muses, are represented as grieving for the loss of their votary. The
‘Musarum scopuli’ are evidently the peaks of Parnassus.

Scaliger, in a note on Varro (De Lingua Latina, lib. vi.), suggests,
with great ingenuity, that the Fauns, who were represented by the
superstition of later ages as a race of monsters, half gods and half brutæ,
may really have been a class of men who exercised in Latium, at a very
remote period, the same functions which belonged to the Magians in
Persia and to the Bards in Gaul.

† Οἱ δὲ ἄνδρεσθεῖν γίνονται, κατὰ τα ἀξίωμαν μορφῆς καὶ φρονηματος

βυκον, οὐ συνοφρονοῦσι καὶ βουκόλους θεουκτησι, ἀλλ’ οὗν ἀν τις ἄξιωσεν

τούς ἐκ βασιλείου τε φύσις γένους, καὶ ἀπὸ δαιμόνων σπορᾶς γενέσθαι
Cato the Censor, who also lived in the days of the Second Punic War, mentioned this lost literature in his lost work on the antiquities of his country. Many ages, he said, before his time, there were ballads in praise of illustrious men; and these ballads it was the fashion for the guests at banquets to sing in turn while the piper

νομιζομένους, ὃς ἐν τοῖς πατρίοις δημοσὶς ὑπὸ Ἁρμαγόντος δικαίως και νόμῳ ἀδελφὰς.

—Dion. Hal. i. 79. This passage has sometimes been cited as if Dionysius had been speaking in his own person, and had, Greek as he was, been so industrious or so fortunate as to discover some valuable remains of that early Latin poetry which the greatest Latin writers of his age regretted as hopelessly lost. Such a supposition is highly improbable; and indeed it seems clear from the context that Dionysius, as Reiske and other editors evidently thought, was merely quoting from Fabius Pictor. The whole passage has the air of an extract from an ancient chronicle, and is introduced by the words, Κλίτθες μὲν Φάβιος, ὁ Πίλιος λεγόμενος, τῇ δὲ γράφει.

Another argument may be urged which seems to deserve consideration. The author of the passage in question mentions a thatched hut which, in his time, stood between the summit of Mount Palatine and the Circus. This hut, he says, was built by Romulus, and was constantly kept in repair at the public charge, but never in any respect embellished. Now, in the age of Dionysius there certainly was at Rome a thatched hut, said to have been that of Romulus. But this hut, as we learn from Vitruvius, stood, not near the Circus, but in the Capitol. (Vit. ii. 1.) If, therefore, we understand Dionysius to speak in his own person, we can reconcile his statement with that of Vitruvius only by supposing that there were at Rome, in the Augustan age, two thatched huts, both believed to have been built by Romulus, and both carefully repaired and held in high honour. The objections to such a supposition seem to be strong. Neither Dionysius nor Vitruvius speaks of more than one such hut. Dio Cassius informs us that twice, during the long administration of Augustus, the hut of Romulus caught fire (xlviii. 43, liv. 29). Had there been two such huts, would he not have told us of which he spoke? An English historian would hardly give an account of a fire at Queen's College without saying whether it was at Queen's College, Oxford, or at Queen's College, Cambridge. Marcus Seneca, Macrobius, and Conon, a Greek writer from whom Photius has made large extracts, mention only one hut of Romulus, that in the Capitol. (M. Seneca, Contr. i. 6; Macrobius, Sat. i. 15; Photius, Bibl. 186.) Ovid, Livy,
played. ‘Would,’ exclaims Cicero. ‘that we still had the old ballads of which Cato speaks!’

Valerius Maximus gives us exactly similar information, without mentioning his authority, and observes that the ancient Roman ballads were probably of more benefit to the young than all the lectures of the Athenian schools, and that to the influence of the national poetry were to be ascribed the virtues of such men as Camillus and Fabricius.

Petronius, Valerius Maximus, Lucius Seneca, and St. Jerome mention only one hut of Romulus, without specifying the site. (Ovid. Fasti, iii. 183; Liv. v. 53; Petronius, Fragm.; Val. Max. iv. 4; L. Seneca, Consolatio ad Helviam; D. Hieron, ad Paulinianum de Didymo.)

The whole difficulty is removed if we suppose that Dionysius was merely quoting Fabius Pictor. Nothing is more probable than that the cabin, which in the time of Fabius stood near the Circus, might, long before the age of Augustus, have been transported to the Capitol, as the place fittest, by reason both of its safety and of its sanctity, to contain so precious a relic.

The language of Plutarch confirms this hypothesis. He describes, with great precision, the spot where Romulus dwelt, on the slope of Mount Palatine leading to the Circus; but he says not a word implying that the dwelling was still to be seen there. Indeed, his expressions imply that it was no longer there. The evidence of Solinus is still more to the point. He, like Plutarch, describes the spot where Romulus had resided, and says expressly that the hut had been there, but that in his time it was there no longer. The site, it is certain, was well remembered; and probably retained its old name, as Charing Cross and the Haymarket have done. This is probably the explanation of the words, ‘casa Romuli,’ in Victor’s description of the Tenth Region of Rome, under Valentinian.

* Cicero refers twice to this important passage in Cato’s Antiquities:

† ‘Majores natu in conviviis ad tibias egregia superiorum opera carmine comprehensa pangebant, quo ad ea imitanda juventutem alacriorem
Varro, whose authority on all questions connected with the antiquities of his country is entitled to the greatest respect, tells us that at banquets it was once the fashion for boys to sing, sometimes with and sometimes without instrumental music, ancient ballads in praise of men of former times. These young performers, he observes, were of unblemished character, a circumstance which he probably mentioned because, among the Greeks, and indeed in his time among the Romans also, the morals of singing-boys were in no high repute.*

The testimony of Horace, though given incidentally, confirms the statements of Cato, Valerius Maximus, and Varro. The poet predicts that, under the peaceful administration of Augustus, the Romans will, over their full goblets, sing to the pipe, after the fashion of their fathers, the deeds of brave captains, and the ancient legends touching the origin of the city.†

The proposition, then, that Rome had ballad-poetry is not merely in itself highly probable, but is fully proved by direct evidence of the greatest weight.


* 'In convivis pueri modesti ut cantarent carmina antiqua, in quibus laudes erant majorum, et assa voce, et cum tibicine.' Nonius, Assa voce pro sola.

† 'Noscque et profestis lucibus et sacris,
Inter jocos munera Liberi,
Cum prole matronisque nostris,
Rite Deos prius apprectati,
Virtute functos, more patrum, duces,
Lydis remixto carmine tibiis,
Trojanque, et Anchisen, et almae
Progeniem Veneris canemus.'

Carm. iv. 15.
This proposition being established, it becomes easy to understand why the early history of the city is unlike almost everything else in Latin literature, native where almost everything else is borrowed, imaginative where almost everything else is prosaic. We can scarcely hesitate to pronounce that the magnificent, pathetic, and truly national legends, which present so striking a contrast to all that surrounds them, are broken and defaced fragments of that early poetry which, even in the age of Cato the Censor, had become antiquated, and of which Tully had never heard a line.

That this poetry should have been suffered to perish will not appear strange when we consider how complete was the triumph of the Greek genius over the public mind of Italy. It is probable that, at an early period, Homer and Herodotus furnished some hints to the Latin minstrels:* but it was not till after the war with Pyrrhus that the poetry of Rome began to put off its old Ausonian character. The transformation was soon consummated. The conquered, says Horace, led captive the conquerors. It was precisely at the time at which the Roman people rose to unrivalled political ascendancy that they stooped to pass under the intellectual yoke. It was precisely at the time at which the sceptre departed from Greece that the empire of her language and of her arts became universal and despotic. The revolution indeed was not effected without a struggle. Nævius seems to have been the last of the ancient line of poets. Ennius was the founder of a new dynasty. Nævius celebrated the First Punic War in Saturnian verse, the

* See the Preface to the Lay of the Battle of Regillus.
old national verse of Italy.* Ennius sang the Second
Punic War in numbers borrowed from the Iliad. The

* Cicero speaks highly in more than one place of this poem of Nævius; Ennius sneered at it, and stole from it.

As to the Saturnian measure, see Hermann's *Elements Doctrinæ Metrice*, iii. 9.

The Saturnian line, according to the grammarians, consisted of two parts. The first was a catalectic dimeter iambic; the second was composed of three trochees. But the licence taken by the early Latin poets seems to have been almost boundless. The most perfect Saturnian line which has been preserved was the work, not of a professional artist, but of an amateur:

'Dabunt malum Metelli Nævio poetæ.'

There has been much difference of opinion among learned men respecting the history of this measure. That it is the same with a Greek measure used by Archilochus is indisputable. (*Bentley, Phalaris*, xi.) But in spite of the authority of Terentianus Maurus, and of the still higher authority of Bentley, we may venture to doubt whether the coincidence was not fortuitous. We constantly find the same rude and simple numbers in different countries, under circumstances which make it impossible to suspect that there has been imitation on either side. Bishop Heber heard the children of a village in Bengal singing 'Radha, Radha,' to the tune of 'My boy Billy.' Neither the Castilian nor the German minstrels of the middle ages owed anything to Paros or to ancient Rome. Yet both the poem of the Cid and the poem of the Nibelungs contain many Saturnian verses; as—

'Estas nuevas á mio Cid eran venidas.'
'Á mi lo dicen; á ti dan las orejades.'

'Man möhnte michel wunder von Sifride sagen.'
'Wa ich den Künic vinde das sol man mir sagen.'

Indeed there cannot be a more perfect Saturnian line than one which is sung in every English nursery—

'The queen was in her parlour eating bread and honey;'

yet the author of this line, we may be assured, borrowed nothing from either Nævius or Archilochus.

On the other hand, it is by no means improbable that, two or three hundred years before the time of Ennius, some Latin minstrel may have visited Sybaris or Crotona, may have heard some verses of Archilochus sung, may have been pleased with the metre, and may have introduced
elder poet, in the epitaph which he wrote for himself, and which is a fine specimen of the early Roman diction and versification, plaintively boasted that the Latin

fit at Rome. Thus much is certain, that the Saturnian measure, if not a native of Italy, was at least so early and so completely naturalised there that its foreign origin was forgotten.

Bentley says indeed that the Saturnian measure was first brought from Greece into Italy by Nævius. But this is merely obiter dictum, to use a phrase common in our courts of law, and would not have been deliberately maintained by that incomparable critic, whose memory is held in reverence by all lovers of learning. The arguments which might be brought against Bentley’s assertion—for it is mere assertion, supported by no evidence—are innumerable. A few will suffice.

1. Bentley’s assertion is opposed to the testimony of Ennius. Ennius sneered at Nævius for writing on the First Punic War in verses such as the old Italian bards used before Greek literature had been studied. Now the poem of Nævius was in Saturnian verse. Is it possible that Ennius could have used such expressions if the Saturnian verse had been just imported from Greece for the first time?

2. Bentley’s assertion is opposed to the testimony of Horace. ‘When Greece,’ says Horace, ‘introduced her arts into our uncivilised country, those rugged Saturnian numbers passed away.’ Would Horace have said this if the Saturnian numbers had been imported from Greece just before the hexameter?

3. Bentley’s assertion is opposed to the testimony of Festus and of Aurelius Victor, both of whom positively say that the most ancient prophecies attributed to the Fauns were in Saturnian verse.

4. Bentley’s assertion is opposed to the testimony of Terentianus Maurus, to whom he has himself appealed. Terentianus Maurus does indeed say that the Saturnian measure, though believed by the Romans from a very early period (‘credidit vetustas’) to be of Italian invention, was really borrowed from the Greeks. But Terentianus Maurus does not say that it was first borrowed by Nævius. Nay, the expressions used by Terentianus Maurus clearly imply the contrary: for how could the Romans have believed, from a very early period, that this measure was the indigenous production of Latium, if it was really brought over from Greece in an age of intelligence and liberal curiosity, in the age which gave birth to Ennius, Plautus, Cato the Censor, and other distinguished writers? If Bentley’s assertion were correct, there could have been no more doubt at Rome about the Greek origin of the Saturnian measure than about the Greek origin of hexameters or Sapphics.
language had died with him.* Thus what to Horace appeared to be the first faint dawn of Roman literature, appeared to Nævius to be its hopeless setting. In truth, one literature was setting, and another dawning.

The victory of the foreign taste was decisive: and indeed we can hardly blame the Romans for turning away with contempt from the rude lays which had delighted their fathers, and giving their whole admiration to the immortal productions of Greece. The national romances, neglected by the great and the refined whose education had been finished at Rhodes or Athens, continued, it may be supposed, during some generations, to delight the vulgar. While Virgil, in hexameters of exquisite modulation, described the sports of rustics, those rustics were still singing their wild Saturnian ballads.† It is not improbable that, at the time when Cicero lamented the irreparable loss of the poems mentioned by Cato, a search among the nooks of the Apennines, as active as the search which Sir Walter Scott made among the descendants of the mosstroopers of Liddesdale, might have brought to light many fine remains of ancient minstrelsy. No such search was made. The Latin ballads perished for ever. Yet discerning critics have thought that they could still perceive in the early history of Rome numerous fragments of this lost poetry, as the traveller on classic ground sometimes finds, built into the heavy wall of a fort or convent, a pillar rich with acanthus leaves, or a frieze where the Amazons and Bacchanals seem to live. The theatres and temples of the Greek and the Roman were degraded into the quarries of the

* Aulus Gellius, Noctes Atticae, l. 24.
† See Servius, in Georg. l. 385.
Turk and the Goth. Even so did the ancient Saturnian poetry become the quarry in which a crowd of orators and annalists found the materials for their prose.

It is not difficult to trace the process by which the old songs were transmuted into the form which they now wear. Funeral panegyric and chronicle appear to have been the intermediate links which connected the lost ballads with the histories now extant. From a very early period it was the usage that an oration should be pronounced over the remains of a noble Roman. The orator, as we learn from Polybius, was expected, on such an occasion, to recapitulate all the services which the ancestors of the deceased had, from the earliest time, rendered to the commonwealth. There can be little doubt that the speaker on whom this duty was imposed would make use of all the stories suited to his purpose which were to be found in the popular lays. There can be as little doubt that the family of an eminent man would preserve a copy of the speech which had been pronounced over his corpse. The compilers of the early chronicles would have recourse to these speeches; and the great historians of a later period would have recourse to the chronicles.

It may be worth while to select a particular story, and to trace its probable progress through these stages. The description of the migration of the Fabian house to Cremera is one of the finest of the many fine passages which lie thick in the earlier books of Livy. The Consul, clad in his military garb, stands in the vestibule of his house, marshalling his clan, three hundred and six fighting men, all of the same proud patrician blood, all worthy to be attended by the fasces, and to command
the legions. A sad and anxious retinue of friends accompanies the adventurers through the streets; but the voice of lamentation is drowned by the shouts of admiring thousands. As the procession passes the Capitol, prayers and vows are poured forth, but in vain. The devoted band, leaving Janus on the right, marches to its doom through the Gate of Evil Luck. After achieving high deeds of valour against overwhelming numbers, all perish save one child, the stock from which the great Fabian race was destined again to spring for the safety and glory of the commonwealth. That this fine romance, the details of which are so full of poetical truth, and so utterly destitute of all show of historical truth, came originally from some lay which had often been sung with great applause at banquets, is in the highest degree probable. Nor is it difficult to imagine a mode in which the transmission might have taken place.

The celebrated Quintus Fabius Maximus, who died about twenty years before the First Punic War, and more than forty years before Ennius was born, is said to have been interred with extraordinary pomp. In the eulogy pronounced over his body all the great exploits of his ancestors were doubtless recounted and exaggerated. If there were then extant songs which gave a vivid and touching description of an event, the saddest and the most glorious in the long history of the Fabian house, nothing could be more natural than that the panegyrist should borrow from such songs their finest touches, in order to adorn his speech. A few generations later the songs would perhaps be forgotten, or remembered only by shepherds and vine-dressers. But the speech would certainly be
preserved in the archives of the Fabian nobles. Fabius Pictor would be well acquainted with a document so interesting to his personal feelings, and would insert large extracts from it in his rude chronicle. That chronicle, as we know, was the oldest to which Livy had access. Livy would at a glance distinguish the bold strokes of the forgotten poet from the dull and feeble narrative by which they were surrounded, would retouch them with a delicate and powerful pencil, and would make them immortal.

That this might happen at Rome can scarcely be doubted; for something very like this has happened in several countries, and, among others, in our own. Perhaps the theory of Perizonius cannot be better illustrated than by showing that what he supposes to have taken place in ancient times has, beyond all doubt, taken place in modern times.

"History," says Hume with the utmost gravity, "has preserved some instances of Edgar's amours, from which, as from a specimen, we may form a conjecture of the rest." He then tells very agreeably the stories of Elfleda and Elfrida, two stories which have a most suspicious air of romance, and which, indeed, greatly resemble, in their general character, some of the legends of early Rome. He cites, as his authority for these two tales, the chronicle of William of Malmesbury, who lived in the time of King Stephen. The great majority of readers suppose that the device by which Elfrida was substituted for her young mistress, the artifice by which Athelwold obtained the hand of Elfrida, the detection of that artifice, the hunting party, and the vengeance of the amorous king, are things about which there is no more doubt than about the execu-
tion of Anne Boleyn, or the slitting of Sir John Coventry's nose. But when we turn to William of Malmesbury, we find that Hume, in his eagerness to relate these pleasant fables, has overlooked one very important circumstance. William does indeed tell both the stories; but he gives us distinct notice that he does not warrant their truth, and that they rest on no better authority than that of ballads.*

Such is the way in which these two well-known tales have been handed down. They originally appeared in a poetical form. They found their way from ballads into an old chronicle. The ballads perished; the chronicle remained. A great historian, some centuries after the ballads had been altogether forgotten, consulted the chronicle. He was struck by the lively colouring of these ancient fictions: he transferred them to his pages; and thus we find inserted, as unquestionable facts, in a narrative which is likely to last as long as the English tongue, the inventions of some minstrel whose works were probably never committed to writing, whose name is buried in oblivion, and whose dialect has become obsolete. It must, then, be admitted to be possible, or rather highly probable, that the stories of Romulus and Remus, and of the Horatii and Curiatii, may have had a similar origin.

Castilian literature will furnish us with another parallel case. Mariana, the classical historian of Spain, tells the story of the ill-starred marriage which the King

*‘Infamias quas post dicam magis resperserunt cantilene.’ Edgar appears to have been most mercilessly treated in the Anglo-Saxon ballads. He was the favourite of the monks; and the monks and the minstrels were at deadly feud.
Don Alonso brought about between the heirs of Carrion and the two daughters of the Cid. The Cid bestowed a princely dower on his sons-in-law. But the young men were base and proud, cowardly and cruel. They were tried in danger, and found wanting. They fled before the Moors, and once, when a lion broke out of his den, they ran and crouched in an unseemly hiding-place. They knew that they were despised, and took counsel how they might be avenged. They parted from their father-in-law with many signs of love, and set forth on a journey with Doña Elvira and Doña Sol. In a solitary place the bridegrooms seized their brides, stripped them, scourged them, and departed, leaving them for dead. But one of the house of Bivar, suspecting foul play, had followed the travellers in disguise. The ladies were brought back safe to the house of their father. Complaint was made to the king. It was adjudged by the Cortes that the dower given by the Cid should be returned, and that the heirs of Carrion together with one of their kindred should do battle against three knights of the party of the Cid. The guilty youths would have declined the combat; but all their shifts were vain. They were vanquished in the lists, and for ever disgraced, while their injured wives were sought in marriage by great princes.*

Some Spanish writers have laboured to show, by an examination of dates and circumstances, that this story is untrue. Such confutation was surely not needed; for the narrative is on the face of it a romance. How it found its way into Mariana’s history is quite clear. He acknowledges his obligations to the ancient chronicles;

* Mariana, lib. x. cap. 4.
and had doubtless before him the ‘Cronica del famoso Cavallero Cid Ruy Diez Campeador,’ which had been printed as early as the year 1552. He little suspected that all the most striking passages in this chronicle were copied from a poem of the twelfth century, a poem of which the language and versification had long been obsolete, but which glowed with no common portion of the fire of the Iliad. Yet such was the fact. More than a century and a half after the death of Mariana, this venerable ballad, of which one imperfect copy on parchment, four hundred years old, had been preserved at Bivar, was for the first time printed. Then it was found that every interesting circumstance of the story of the heirs of Carrion was derived by the eloquent Jesuit from a song of which he had never heard, and which was composed by a minstrel whose very name had long been forgotten.*

Such, or nearly such, appears to have been the process by which the lost ballad-poetry of Rome was transformed into history. To reverse that process, to transform some portions of early Roman history back into the poetry out of which they were made, is the object of this work.

In the following poems the author speaks, not in his own person, but in the persons of ancient minstrels who know only what a Roman citizen, born three or four hundred years before the Christian era, may be supposed to have known, and who are in nowise above the passions and prejudices of their age and nation. To these

* See the account which Sanchez gives of the Bivar manuscript in the first volume of the Coleccion de Poesias Castellanas anteriores al Siglo XV. Part of the story of the lords of Carrion, in the poem of the Cid, has been translated by Mr. Frere in a manner above all praise.
imaginary poets must be ascribed some blunders which are so obvious that it is unnecessary to point them out. The real blunder would have been to represent these old poets as deeply versed in general history, and studious of chronological accuracy. To them must also be attributed the illiberal sneers at the Greeks, the furious party-spirit, the contempt for the arts of peace, the love of war for its own sake, the ungenerous exultation over the vanquished, which the reader will sometimes observe. To portray a Roman of the age of Camillus or Curius as superior to national antipathies, as mourning over the devastation and slaughter by which empire and triumphs were to be won, as looking on human suffering with the sympathy of Howard, or as treating conquered enemies with the delicacy of the Black Prince, would be to violate all dramatic propriety. The old Romans had some great virtues, fortitude, temperance, veracity, spirit to resist oppression, respect for legitimate authority, fidelity in the observing of contracts, disinterestedness, ardent patriotism; but Christian charity and chivalrous generosity were alike unknown to them.

It would have been obviously improper to mimic the manner of any particular age or country. Something has been borrowed, however, from our own old ballads, and more from Sir Walter Scott, the great restorer of our ballad-poetry. To the Iliad still greater obligations are due; and those obligations have been contracted with the less hesitation, because there is reason to believe that some of the old Latin minstrels really had recourse to that inexhaustible store of poetical images.

It would have been easy to swell this little volume to a very considerable bulk, by appending notes filled with
quotations; but to a learned reader such notes are not necessary; for an unlearned reader they would have little interest; and the judgment passed both by the learned and by the unlearned on a work of the imagination will always depend much more on the general character and spirit of such a work than on minute details.
HORATIUS.

There can be little doubt that among those parts of early Roman history which had a poetical origin was the legend of Horatius Cocles. We have several versions of the story, and these versions differ from each other in points of no small importance. Polybius, there is reason to believe, heard the tale recited over the remains of some Consul or Praetor descended from the old Horatian patri- cians; for he introduces it as a specimen of the narratives with which the Romans were in the habit of embellishing their funeral oratory. It is remarkable that, according to him, Horatius defended the bridge alone, and perished in the waters. According to the chronicles which Livy and Dionysius followed, Horatius had two companions, swam safe to shore, and was loaded with honours and rewards.

These discrepancies are easily explained. Our own literature, indeed, will furnish an exact parallel to what may have taken place at Rome. It is highly probable that the memory of the war of Porsena was preserved by compositions much resembling the two ballads which stand first in the Relics of Ancient English Poetry. In
both those ballads the English, commanded by the Percy, fight with the Scots, commanded by the Douglas. In one of the ballads the Douglas is killed by a nameless English archer, and the Percy by a Scottish spearman: in the other, the Percy slays the Douglas in single combat, and is himself made prisoner. In the former, Sir Hugh Montgomery is shot through the heart by a Northumbrian Bowman: in the latter he is taken, and exchanged for the Percy. Yet both the ballads relate to the same event, and that an event which probably took place within the memory of persons who were alive when both the ballads were made. One of the minstrels says:

`Old men that knowen the grounde well yenoughe
Call it the battell of Otterburn:
At Otterburn began this spurne
Upon a monnyn day.
Ther was the dougghte Doglas slean:
The Perse never went away.'

The other poet sums up the event in the following lines:

`Thys fraye bygan at Otterborne
Bytwene the nyghte and the day:
Ther the Dowglas lost hys lyfe,
And the Perse was lede away.'

It is by no means unlikely that there were two old Roman lays about the defence of the bridge; and that, while the story which Livy has transmitted to us was preferred by the multitude, the other, which ascribed the whole glory to Horatius alone, may have been the favourite with the Horatian house.

The following ballad is supposed to have been made about a hundred and twenty years after the war which it
celebrates, and just before the taking of Rome by the Gauls. The author seems to have been an honest citizen, proud of the military glory of his country, sick of the disputes of factions, and much given to pining after good old times which had never really existed. The allusion, however, to the partial manner in which the public lands were allotted could proceed only from a plebeian; and the allusion to the fraudulent sale of spoils marks the date of the poem, and shows that the poet shared in the general discontent with which the proceedings of Camillus, after the taking of Veii, were regarded.

The penultimate syllable of the name Porsena has been shortened in spite of the authority of Niebuhr, who pronounces, without assigning any ground for his opinion, that Martial was guilty of a decided blunder in the line,

'Hanc spectare manum Porsena non potuit.'

It is not easy to understand how any modern scholar, whatever his attainments may be,—and those of Niebuhr were undoubtedly immense,—can venture to pronounce that Martial did not know the quantity of a word which he must have uttered and heard uttered a hundred times before he left school. Niebuhr seems also to have forgotten that Martial has fellow-culprits to keep him in countenance. Horace has committed the same decided blunder; for he gives us, as a pure iambic line,

'Minacis aut Etrusca Porsenæ manus.'

Silius Italicus has repeatedly offended in the same way, as when he says,

'Cernitur effugiens ardentem Porsena dextram :'
and again,

‘Clusinum vulgus, cum, Porsena magne, jubebas.’

A modern writer may be content to err in such company.

Niebuhr’s supposition that each of the three defenders of the bridge was the representative of one of the three patrician tribes is both ingenious and probable, and has been adopted in the following poem.
HORATIUS.

A LAY MADE ABOUT THE YEAR OF THE CITY

CCCLX.

LARS PORSENA of Clusium
By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

II.

East and west and south and north
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet’s blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome,
III.

The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place;
From many a fruitful Plain;
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine;

IV.

From lordly Volaterræ,
Where scowls the far-famed hold
Piled by the hands of giants
For godlike kings of old;
From seagirt Populonia,
Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
Fringing the southern sky;

V.

From the proud mart of Pisa,
Queen of the western waves,
Where ride Massilia's triremes
Heavy with fair-haired slaves;
From where sweet Clanis wanders
Through corn and vines and flowers;
From where Cortona lifts to heaven
Her diadem of towers.

VI.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
Drop in dark Auser's rill;
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
Of the Ciminian hill;
Beyond all streams Clitumnus
Is to the herdsman dear;
Best of all pools the fowler loves
The great Volsinian mere.

VII.
But now no stroke of woodman
Is heard by Auser’s rill;
No hunter tracks the stag’s green path
Up the Ciminian hill;
Unwatched along Clitumnus
Grazes the milk-white steer;
Unharmed the water fowl may dip
In the Volsinian mere.

VIII.
The harvests of Arretium,
This year, old men shall reap,
This year, young boys in Umbro
Shall plunge the struggling sheep;
And in the vats of Luna,
This year, the must shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls
Whose sires have marched to Rome.

IX.
There be thirty chosen prophets,
The wisest of the land,
Who alway by Lars Porsena
Both morn and evening stand:
Evening and morn the Thirty
Have turned the verses o’er,
Traced from the right on linen white
By mighty seers of yore.
X.

And with one voice the Thirty
Have their glad answer given:
'Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena;
Go forth, beloved of Heaven;
Go, and return in glory
To Clusium's royal dome;
And hang round Nurscia's altars
The golden shields of Rome.'

XI.

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten:
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array,
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day.

XII.

For all the Etruscan armies
Were ranged beneath his eye,
And many a banished Roman,
And many a stout ally;
And with a mighty following
To join the muster came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.

XIII.

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright:
From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city,
    The throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see
    Through two long nights and days.

XIV.

For aged folks on crutches,
    And women great with child,
And mothers sobbing over babes
    That clung to them and smiled.
And sick men borne in litters
    High on the necks of slaves,
And troops of sun-burned husbandmen
    With reaping-hooks and staves,

XV.

And droves of mules and asses
    Laden with skins of wine,
And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
    And endless herds of kine,
And endless trains of waggons
    That creaked beneath the weight
Of corn-sacks and of household goods,
    Choked every roaring gate.

XVI.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
    Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
    Red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City,
    They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
    With tidings of dismay.
LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME.

XVII.
To eastward and to westward
Have spread the Tuscan bands;
Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote
In Crustumerium stands.
Verbenna down to Ostia
Hath wasted all the plain;
Asur hath stormed Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain.

XVIII.
I wis, in all the Senate,
There was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached and fast it beat,
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the Consul,
Up rose the Fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hied them to the wall.

XIX.
They held a council standing
Before the River-Gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Out spake the Consul roundly:
‘The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Nought else can save the town.’

XX.
Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear;
‘To arms! to arms! Sir Consul:
Lars Porsena is here.’
HORATIUS.

On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

XXI.

And nearer fast and nearer
   Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
   The trampling, and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
   Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
   The long array of spears.

XXII.

And plainly and more plainly,
   Above that glimmering line,
Now might ye see the banners
Of twelve fair cities shine;
But the banner of proud Clusium
   Was highest of them all,
The terror of the Umbrian,
   The terror of the Gaul.

XXIII.

And plainly and more plainly
   Now might the burghers know,
By port and vest, by horse and crest,
   Each warlike Lucumo.
LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME.

There Cilnius of Arretium
On his fleet roan was seen;
And Astur of the four-fold shield,
Girt with the brand none else may wield,
Tolumnius with the belt of gold,
And dark Verbenna from the hold
By reedy Thrasyne.

XXIV.

Fast by the royal standard,
O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sat in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name;
And by the left false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame.

XXV.

But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose.
On the house-tops was no woman
But spat towards him and hissed,
No child but screamed out curses;
And shook its little fist.

XXVI.

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
HORATIUS.

‘Their van will be upon us
   Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
   What hope to save the town?’

XXVII.

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:
‘To every man upon this earth
   Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
   Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
   And the temples of his Gods,

XXVIII.

‘And for the tender mother
   Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
   His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
   Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus
   That wrought the deed of shame?

XXIX.

‘Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
   With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
   Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
   May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
   And keep the bridge with me?’
XXX.

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
   A Roman proud was he:
   'Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
    And keep the bridge with thee.'
And out spake strong Herminius;
   Of Titian blood was he:
   'I will abide on thy left side,
    And keep the bridge with thee.'

XXXI.

'Horatius,' quoth the Consul,
   'As thou sayest, so let it be.'
And straight against that great array
   Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
   Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
   In the brave days of old.

XXXII.

Then none was for a party;
   Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
   And the poor man loved the great:
Then lands were fairly portioned;
   Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
   In the brave days of old.

XXXIII.

Now Roman is to Roman
   More hateful than a foe,
And the Tribunes beard the high,
   And the Fathers grind the low.
HORATIUS.

As we wax hot in faction,
In battle we wax cold:
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
In the brave days of old.

XXXIV.

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe:
And Fathers mixed with Commons
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

XXXV.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

XXXVI.

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose:
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way;

XXXVII.

Aunus from green Tifernum,
   Lord of the Hill of Vines;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
   Sicken in Ilva’s mines;
And Picus, long to Clusium
   Vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that grey crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
   O’er the pale waves of Nar.

XXXVIII.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
   Into the stream beneath:
Herminius struck at Seius,
   And clove him to the teeth:
At Picus brave Horatius
   Darted one fiery thrust;
And the proud Umbrian’s gilded arms
   Clashed in the bloody dust.

XXXIX.

Then Ocnus of Falerii
   Rushed on the Roman Three;
And Lausulus of Urgo,
   The rover of the sea;
And Aruns of Volsinium,
   Who slew the great wild boar,
HORATIUS.

The great wild boar that had his den
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
   Along Albinia's shore.

XL.

Herminius smote down Aruns:
   Lartius laid Ocnus low:
Right to the heart of Lausulus
   Horatius sent a blow.
'Lie there,' he cried, 'fell pirate!
   No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
   The track of thy destroying bark.
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
   Thy thrice accursed sail.'

XLI.

But now no sound of laughter
   Was heard among the foes.
A wild and wrathful clamour
   From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' lengths from the entrance
   Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
   To win the narrow way.

XLII.

But hark! the cry is Astur:
   And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord of Luna
   Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
    Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
    Which none but he can wield.

XLIII.

He smiled on those bold Romans
    A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
    And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, 'The she-wolf's litter
    Stand savagely at bay:
But will ye dare to follow,
    If Astur clears the way?'

XLIV.

Then, whirling up his broadsword
    With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
    And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
    Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh:
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
    To see the red blood flow.

XLV

He reeled, and on Herminius
    He leaned one breathing-space;
Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,
    Sprang right at Astur's face
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet
    So fierce a thrust he sped,
HORATIUS.

The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

XLVI.

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

XLVII.

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
'And see,' he cried, 'the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?'

XLVIII.

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread,
Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.
XLIX.

But all Etruria’s noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three:
And, from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

L.

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack:
But those behind cried ‘Forward!’
And those before cried ‘Back!’
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel;
And the victorious trumpet-peat
Dies fitfully away.

LI.

Yet one man for one moment
Stood out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the Three,
And they gave him greeting loud,
‘Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
Here lies the road to Rome.’
LII.
Thrice looked he at the city;
Thrice looked he at the dead;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread:
And, white with fear and hatred,
Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay.

LIII.
But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
‘Come back, come back, Horatius!’
Loud cried the Fathers all.
‘Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!’

LIV.
Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back:
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

LV.
But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream:
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

LVI.
And, like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free,
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

LVII.
Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
‘Down with him!’ cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
‘Now yield thee,’ cried Lars Porsena,
‘Now yield thee to our grace.’

LVIII.
Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.
LIX.

‘Oh, Tiber! father Tiber:
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!’
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

LX.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

LXI.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain;
And fast his blood was flowing;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armour,
And spent with changing blows;
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

LXII.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME.

Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bore bravely up his chin.*

LXIII.

‘Curse on him!’ quoth false Sextus;
‘Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!
‘Heaven help him!’ quoth Lars Porsena,
‘And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before.’

LXIV.

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

*‘Our ladye bare upp her chinne.’

Ballad of Childe Waters.

‘Never heavier man and horse
Stemmed a midnight torrent’s force;
Yet, through good heart and our Lady’s grace,
At length he gained the landing place.’

Lay of the Last Minstrel, I.
HORATIUS.

LXV.
They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

LXVI.
It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee:
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

LXVII.
And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

LXVIII.
And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest’s din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within;

LXIX.

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows;

LXX.

When the goodman mends his armour,
And trims his helmet’s plume;
When the goodwife’s shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.
THE

BATTLE OF THE LAKE REGILLUS.

The following poem is supposed to have been produced about ninety years after the lay of Horatius. Some persons mentioned in the lay of Horatius make their appearance again, and some appellations and epithets used in the lay of Horatius have been purposely repeated: for, in an age of ballad poetry, it scarcely ever fails to happen, that certain phrases come to be appropriated to certain men and things, and are regularly applied to those men and things by every minstrel. Thus we find, both in the Homeric poems and in Hesiod, βη Ἡρακλησία, περικλύτος Ἀμφιγιυνίς, διάκτορος Ἀργοφόρος, ἵππατος Θήβη, 'Ελινης ἵες ἤκομοι. Thus, too, in our own national songs, Douglas is almost always the doughty Douglas: England is merry England: all the gold is red; and all the ladies are gay.

The principal distinction between the lay of Horatius and the lay of the Lake Regillus is that the former is meant to be purely Roman, while the latter, though national in its general spirit, has a slight tincture of Greek learning and of Greek superstition. The story of
the Tarquins, as it has come down to us, appears to have been compiled from the works of several popular poets; and one, at least, of those poets appears to have visited the Greek colonies in Italy, if not Greece itself, and to have had some acquaintance with the works of Homer and Herodotus. Many of the most striking adventures of the house of Tarquin, before Lucretia makes her appearance, have a Greek character. The Tarquins themselves are represented as Corinthian nobles of the great house of the Bacchiadæ, driven from their country by the tyranny of that Cypselus, the tale of whose strange escape Herodotus has related with incomparable simplicity and liveliness.∗ Livy and Dionysius tell us that, when Tarquin the Proud was asked what was the best mode of governing a conquered city, he replied only by beating down with his staff all the tallest poppies in his garden. † This is exactly what Herodotus, in the passage to which reference has already been made, relates of the counsel given to Periander, the son of Cypselus. The stratagem by which the town of Gabii is brought under the power of the Tarquins is, again, obviously copied from Herodotus.‡ The embassy of the young Tarquins to the oracle at Delphi is just such a story as would be told by a poet whose head was full of the Greek mythology; and the ambiguous answer returned by Apollo is in the exact style of the prophecies which, according to Herodotus, lured Crœsus to destruction. Then the character of the narrative changes. From the first mention of Lucretia to the retreat of Porsena no-

∗ Herodotus, v. 92. Livy, i. 34. Dionysius, iii. 46.
† Livy, i. 54. Dionysius, iv. 56.
‡ Herodotus, iii. 154. Livy. i. 53.
thing seems to be borrowed from foreign sources. The villany of Sextus, the suicide of his victim, the revolution, the death of the sons of Brutus, the defence of the bridge, Mucius burning his hand, Clodia swimming through Tiber, seem to be all strictly Roman. But when we have done with the Tuscan war, and enter upon the war with the Latines, we are again struck by the Greek air of the story. The Battle of the Lake Regillus is in all respects a Homeric battle, except that the combatants ride astride on their horses, instead of driving chariots. The mass of fighting men is hardly mentioned. The leaders single each other out, and engage hand to hand. The great object of the warriors on both sides is, as in the Iliad, to obtain possession of the spoils and bodies of the slain; and several circumstances are related which forcibly remind us of the great slaughter round the corpses of Sarpedon and Patroclus.

But there is one circumstance which deserves especial notice. Both the war of Troy and the war of Regillus were caused by the licentious passions of young princes, who were therefore peculiarly bound not to be sparing of their own persons in the day of battle. Now the conduct of Sextus at Regillus, as described by Livy, so exactly resembles that of Paris, as described at the beginning of the third book of the Iliad, that it is difficult to believe the resemblance accidental. Paris appears before the Trojan ranks, defying the bravest Greek to encounter him:

* M. de Pouilly attempted, a hundred and twenty years ago, to prove that the story of Muclus was of Greek origin; but he was signally confuted by the Abbé Sallier. See the Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions, vi. 27. 66.
Livi introduces Sextus in a similar manner: ‘Ferocem juvenem Tarquinium, ostentantem se in prima exsulum acie.’ Menelaus rushes to meet Paris. A Roman noble, eager for vengeance, spurs his horse towards Sextus. Both the guilty princes are instantly terror stricken:

Τὸν δ’ ὥς οὖν ἐνόησεν Ἀλέξανδρος Θεοειδής ἐν προμάχουι φαρέττα, κατεκλήγην φίλον ἄτορ’ ἀψ δ’ ἐτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐξάγετο κηρὸν ἀλεξίων.

‘Tarquinius,’ says Livy, ‘retro in agmen suorum in fenso cessit hosti.’ If this be a fortuitous coincidence, it is one of the most extraordinary in literature.

In the following poem, therefore, images and incidents have been borrowed, not merely without scruple, but on principle, from the incomparable battle-pieces of Homer.

The popular belief at Rome, from an early period, seems to have been that the event of the great day of Regillus was decided by supernatural agency. Castor and Pollux, it was said, had fought, armed and mounted, at the head of the legions of the commonwealth, and had afterwards carried the news of the victory with incredible speed to the city. The well in the Forum at which they had alighted was pointed out. Near the well rose their ancient temple. A great festival was kept to their honour on the Ides of Quintilis, supposed to be the anniversary of the battle; and on that day sumptuous sacrifices were offered to them at the public charge. One spot on the margin of Lake Regillus was
regarded during many ages with superstitious awe. A mark, resembling in shape a horse's hoof, was discernible in the volcanic rock; and this mark was believed to have been made by one of the celestial chargers.

How the legend originated cannot now be ascertained: but we may easily imagine several ways in which it might have originated; nor is it at all necessary to suppose, with Julius Frontinus, that two young men were dressed up by the Dictator to personate the sons of Leda. It is probable that Livy is correct when he says that the Roman general, in the hour of peril, vowed a temple to Castor. If so, nothing could be more natural than that the multitude should ascribe the victory to the favour of the Twin Gods. When such was the prevailing sentiment, any man who chose to declare that, in the midst of the confusion and slaughter, he had seen two godlike forms on white horses scattering the Latines, would find ready credence. We know, indeed, that, in modern times, a very similar story actually found credence among a people much more civilised than the Romans of the fifth century before Christ. A chaplain of Cortes, writing about thirty years after the conquest of Mexico, in an age of printing presses, libraries, universities, scholars, logicians, jurists, and statesmen, had the face to assert that, in one engagement against the Indians, Saint James had appeared on a grey horse at the head of the Castilian adventurers. Many of those adventurers were living when this lie was printed. One of them, honest Bernal Diaz, wrote an account of the expedition. He had the evidence of his own senses against the legend; but he seems to have distrusted even the evidence of his own senses. He says that he was in the
battle, and that he saw a grey horse with a man on his back, but that the man was, to his thinking, Francesco de Morla, and not the ever-blessed apostle Saint James. 'Nevertheless,' Bernal adds, 'it may be that the person on the grey horse was the glorious apostle Saint James, and that I, sinner that I am, was unworthy to see him.' The Romans of the age of Cincinnatus were probably quite as credulous as the Spanish subjects of Charles the Fifth. It is therefore conceivable that the appearance of Castor and Pollux may have become an article of faith before the generation which had fought at Regillus had passed away. Nor could anything be more natural than that the poets of the next age should embellish this story, and make the celestial horsemen bear the tidings of victory to Rome.

Many years after the temple of the Twin Gods had been built in the Forum, an important addition was made to the ceremonial by which the state annually testified its gratitude for their protection. Quintus Fabius and Publius Decius were elected Censors at a momentous crisis. It had become absolutely necessary that the classification of the citizens should be revised. On that classification depended the distribution of political power. Party-spirit ran high; and the republic seemed to be in danger of falling under the dominion either of a narrow oligarchy or of an ignorant and headstrong rabble. Under such circumstances, the most illustrious patrician and the most illustrious plebeian of the age were intrusted with the office of arbitrating between the angry factions; and they performed their arduous task to the satisfaction of all honest and reasonable men.
One of their reforms was a remodelling of the equestrian order; and, having effected this reform, they determined to give to their work a sanction derived from religion. In the chivalrous societies of modern times, societies which have much more than may at first sight appear in common with the equestrian order of Rome, it has been usual to invoke the special protection of some Saint, and to observe his day with peculiar solemnity. Thus the Companions of the Garter wear the image of Saint George depending from their collars, and meet, on great occasions, in Saint George’s Chapel. Thus, when Lewis the Fourteenth instituted a new order of chivalry for the rewarding of military merit, he commended it to the favour of his own glorified ancestor and patron, and decreed that all the members of the fraternity should meet at the royal palace on the feast of Saint Lewis, should attend the king to chapel, should hear mass, and should subsequently hold their great annual assembly. There is a considerable resemblance between this rule of the order of Saint Lewis and the rule which Fabius and Decius made respecting the Roman knights. It was ordained that a grand muster and inspection of the equestrian body should be part of the ceremonial performed, on the anniversary of the battle of Regillus, in honour of Castor and Pollux, the two equestrian Gods. All the knights, clad in purple and crowned with olive, were to meet at a temple of Mars in the suburbs. Thence they were to ride in state to the Forum, where the temple of the Twins stood. This pageant was, during several centuries, considered as one of the most splendid sights of Rome. In the time of Dionysius the cavalcade sometimes consisted of
five thousand horsemen, all persons of fair repute and easy fortune.*

There can be no doubt that the Censors who instituted this august ceremony acted in concert with the Pontiffs to whom, by the constitution of Rome, the superintendence of the public worship belonged; and it is probable that those high religious functionaries were, as usual, fortunate enough to find in their books or traditions some warrant for the innovation.

The following poem is supposed to have been made for this great occasion. Songs, we know, were chanted at the religious festivals of Rome from an early period; indeed from so early a period, that some of the sacred verses were popularly ascribed to Numa, and were utterly unintelligible in the age of Augustus. In the Second Punic War a great feast was held in honour of Juno, and a song was sung in her praise. This song was extant when Livy wrote; and, though exceedingly rugged and uncouth, seemed to him not wholly destitute of merit.† A song, as we learn from Horace,‡ was part of the established ritual at the great Secular Jubilee. It is therefore likely that the Censors and Pontiffs, when they had resolved to add a grand procession of knights to the other solemnities annually performed on the Ides of Quintilis, would call in the aid of a poet. Such a poet would naturally take for his subject the battle of Regillus, the appearance of the Twin Gods, and the institution of

---


† Livy, xxvii. 37.

‡ Hor. Carmen Seculare.
their festival. He would find abundant materials in the ballads of his predecessors; and he would make free use of the scanty stock of Greek learning which he had himself acquired. He would probably introduce some wise and holy Pontiff enjoining the magnificent ceremonial, which, after a long interval, had at length been adopted. If the poem succeeded, many persons would commit it to memory. Parts of it would be sung to the pipe at banquets. It would be peculiarly interesting to the great Posthumian House, which numbered among its many images that of the Dictator Aulus, the hero of Regillus. The orator who, in the following generation, pronounced the funeral panegyric over the remains of Lucius Posthumius Megellus, thrice Consul, would borrow largely from the lay; and thus some passages, much disfigured, would probably find their way into the chronicles which were afterwards in the hands of Dionysius and Livy.

Antiquaries differ widely as to the situation of the field of battle. The opinion of those who suppose that the armies met near Cornufelle, between Frascati and the Monte Porzio, is at least plausible, and has been followed in the poem.

As to the details of the battle, it has not been thought desirable to adhere minutely to the accounts which have come down to us. Those accounts, indeed, differ widely from each other, and, in all probability, differ as widely from the ancient poem from which they were originally derived.

It is unnecessary to point out the obvious imitations of the Iliad, which have been purposely introduced.
THE

BATTLE OF THE LAKE REGILLUS.

A LAY SUNG AT THE FEAST OF CASTOR AND POLLUX,
ON THE IDES OF QUINTILIS,
IN THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCCL.

I.

Ho, trumpets, sound a war-note!
    Ho, lictors, clear the way!
The Knights will ride, in all their pride,
    Along the streets to-day.
To-day the doors and windows
    Are hung with garlands all,
From Castor in the Forum,
    To Mars without the wall.
Each Knight is robed in purple,
    With olive each is crowned;
A gallant war-horse under each
    Paws haughtily the ground.
While flows the Yellow River,
    While stands the Sacred Hill,
The proud Ides of Quintilis
    Shall have such honour still.
Gay are the Martian Kalends:
    December's Nones are gay:
BATTLE OF THE LAKE REGILLUS.

But the proud Ides, when the squadron rides,
Shall be Rome's whitest day.

II.

Unto the Great Twin Brethren
We keep this solemn feast.
Swift, swift, the Great Twin Brethren
Came spurring from the east.
They came o'er wild Parthenius
Tossing in waves of pine,
O'er Cirrha's dome, o'er Adria's foam,
O'er purple Apennine,
From where with flutes and dances
Their ancient mansion rings,
In lordly Lacedæmon,
The City of two kings,
To where, by Lake Regillus,
Under the Porcian height,
All in the lands of Tusculum,
Was fought the glorious fight.

III.

Now on the place of slaughter
Are cots and sheepfolds seen,
And rows of vines, and fields of wheat,
And apple-orchards green;
The swine crush the big acorns
That fall from Corne's oaks.
Upon the turf by the Fair Fount
The reaper's pottage smokes.
The fisher baits his angle;
The hunter twangs his bow;
Little they think on those strong limbs
That moulder deep below.
Little they think how sternly
That day the trumpets pealed;
How in the slippery swamp of blood
Warrior and war-horse reeled;
How wolves came with fierce gallop,
And crows on eager wings,
To tear the flesh of captains,
And peck the eyes of kings;
How thick the dead lay scattered
Under the Porcian height;
How through the gates of Tusculum
Raved the wild stream of flight;
And how the Lake Regillus
Bubbled with crimson foam,
What time the Thirty Cities
Came forth to war with Rome.

IV.

But, Roman, when thou standest
Upon that holy ground,
Look thou with heed on the dark rock
That girds the dark lake round,
So shalt thou see a hoof-mark
Stamped deep into the flint:
It was no hoof of mortal steed
That made so strange a dint:
There to the Great Twin Brethren
Vow thou thy vows, and pray
That they, in tempest and in fight,
Will keep thy head alway.

V.

Since last the Great Twin Brethren
Of mortal eyes were seen,
Have years gone by an hundred
And fourscore and thirteen.
That summer a Virginius
Was Consul first in place;
The second was stout Aulus,
Of the Posthumian race.
The Herald of the Latines
From Gabii came in state:
The Herald of the Latines
Passed through Rome’s Eastern Gate:
The Herald of the Latines
Did in our Forum stand;
And there he did his office,
A sceptre in his hand.

VI.

‘Hear, Senators and people
Of the good town of Rome,
The Thirty Cities charge you
To bring the Tarquins home:
And if ye still be stubborn,
To work the Tarquins wrong,
The Thirty Cities warn you,
Look that your walls be strong.’

VII.

Then spake the Consul Aulus,
He spake a bitter jest:
‘Once the jay sent a message
Unto the eagle’s nest:—
Now yield thou up thine eyrie
Unto the carrion-kite,
Or come forth valiantly, and face
The jays in deadly fight.—
Forth looked in wrath the eagle;
And carrion-kite and jay,
Soon as they saw his beak and claw,
Fled screaming far away.’
VIII.
The Herald of the Latines
Hath hied him back in state;
The Fathers of the City
Are met in high debate.
Then spake the elder Consul,
An ancient man and wise:
'Now hearken, Conscript Fathers,
To that which I advise.
In seasons of great peril
'Tis good that one bear sway;
Then choose we a Dictator,
Whom all men shall obey.
Camerium knows'thow deeply
The sword of Aulus bites,
And all our city calls him
The man of seventy fights.
Then let him be Dictator
For six months and no more,
And have a Master of the Knights,
And axes twenty-four.'

IX.
So Aulus was Dictator,
The man of seventy fights;
He made Æbutius Elva
His Master of the Knights.
On the third morn thereafter,
At dawning of the day,
Did Aulus and Æbutius
Set forth with their array.
Sempronius Atratinus
Was left in charge at home
With boys, and with grey-headed men,
To keep the walls of Rome.
Hard by the Lake Regillus
Our camp was pitched at night:
Eastward a mile the Latines lay,
    Under the Porcian height.
Far over hill and valley
    Their mighty host was spread;
And with their thousand watch-fires
    The midnight sky was red.

X.

Up rose the golden morning
    Over the Porcian height,
The proud Ides of Quintilis
    Marked evermore with white,
Not without secret trouble
    Our bravest saw the foes;
For girt by three-score thousand spears,
    The thirty standards rose.
From every warlike city
    That boasts the Latian name,
Foredoomed to dogs and vultures,
    That gallant army came;
From Setia's purple vineyards,
    From Norba's ancient wall,
From the white streets of Tusculum,
    The proudest town of all;
From where the Witch's Fortress
    O'erhangs the dark-blue seas;
From the still glassy lake that sleeps
    Beneath Aricia's trees—
Those trees in whose dim shadow
    The ghastly priest doth reign,
The priest who slew the slayer,
    And shall himself be slain;
From the drear banks of Ufens,
    Where flights of marsh-fowl play,
And buffaloes lie wallowing
    Through the hot summer's day;
From the gigantic watch-towers,
     No work of earthly men,
From the Laurentian jungle,
     The wild hog's reedy home;
Whence Cora's sentinels o'erlook
     The never-ending fen;
From the green steeps whence Anio leaps
     In floods of snow-white foam.

XI.

Aricia, Cori, Norba,
     Velitrae, with the night
Of Setia and of Tusculum,
     Were marshalled on the right:
The leader was Mamilius,
     Prince of the Latian name;
Upon his head a helmet
     Of red gold shone like flame:
High on a gallant charger
     Of dark-grey hue he rode;
Over his gilded armour
     A vest of purple flowed,
Woven in the land of sunrise
     By Syria's dark-browed daughters,
And by the sails of Carthage brought
Far o'er the southern waters.

XII.

Lavinium and Laurentum
     Had on the left their post,
With all the banners of the marsh,
     And banners of the coast.
Their leader was false Sextus,
     That wrought the deed of shame:
With restless pace and haggard face
     To his last field he came.
BATTLE OF THE LAKE REGILLUS.

Men said he saw strange visions
Which none beside might see,
And that strange sounds were in his ears
Which none might hear but he.
A woman fair and stately,
But pale as are the dead,
Oft through the watches of the night
Sat spinning by his bed.
And as she plied the distaff,
In a sweet voice and low,
She sang of great old houses,
And fights fought long ago.
So spun she, and so sang she,
Until the east was grey,
Then pointed to her bleeding breast,
And shrieked, and fled away.

XIII.

But in the centre thickest
Were ranged the shields of foes,
And from the centre loudest
The cry of battle rose.
There Tiber marched and Pedum
Beneath proud Tarquin's rule,
And Ferentinum of the rock,
And Gabii of the pool.
There rode the Volscian succours:
There, in a dark stern ring,
The Roman exiles gathered close
Around the ancient king.
Though white as Mount Soracte,
When winter nights are long,
His beard flowed down o'er mail and belt,
His heart and hand were strong:
Under his hoary eyebrows
Still flashed forth quenchless rage,
LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME.

And, if the lance shook in his gripe,
'Twas more with hate than age.
Close at his side was Titus
On an Apulian steed,
Titus, the youngest Tarquin,
Too good for such a breed.

XIV.

Now on each side the leaders
Give signal for the charge;
And on each side the footmen
Strode on with lance and targe;
And on each side the horsemen
Struck their spurs deep in gore;
And front to front the armies
Met with a mighty roar:
And under that great battle
The earth with blood was red;
And, like the Pomptine fog at morn,
The dust hung overhead;
And louder still and louder
Rose from the darkened field
The braying of the war-horns,
The clang of sword and shield,
The rush of squadrons sweeping
Like whirlwinds o'er the plain,
The shouting of the slayers,
And screeching of the slain.

XV.

False Sextus rode out foremost:
His look was high and bold;
His corslet was of bison's hide,
Plated with steel and gold.
BATTLE OF THE LAKE REGILLUS.

As glares the famished eagle
   From the Digentian rock
On a choice lamb that bounds alone
   Before Bandusia's flock,
Herminius glared on Sextus,
   And came with eagle speed,
Herminius on black Auster,
   Brave champion on brave steed;
In his right hand the broadsword
   That kept the bridge so well,
And on his helm the crown he won
   When proud Fidenæ fell.
Woe to the maid whose lover
   Shall cross his path to-day!
False Sextus saw, and trembled,
   And turned, and fled away.
As turns, as flies, the woodman
   In the Calabrian brake,
When through the reeds gleams the round eye
   Of that fell speckled snake;
So turned, so fled, false Sextus,
   And hid him in the rear,
Behind the dark Lavinian ranks,
   Bristling with crest and spear.

XVI.

But far to north Æbutius,
   The Master of the Knights,
Gave Tubero of Norba
   To feed the Porcian kites.
Next under those red horse-hoofs
   Flaccus of Setia lay;
Better had he been pruning
   Among his elms that day.
Mamilius saw the slaughter,
   And tossed his golden crest,
And towards the Master of the Knights
Through the thick battle pressed.
Æbutius smote Mamilius
So fiercely on the shield
That the great lord of Tusculum
Well nigh rolled on the field.
Mamilius smote Æbutius,
With a good aim and true,
Just where the neck and shoulder join,
And pierced him through and through;
And brave Æbutius Elva
Fell swooning to the ground:
But a thick wall of bucklers
Encompassed him around.
His clients from the battle
Bare him some little space,
And filled a helm from the dark lake,
And bathed his brow and face;
And when at last he opened
His swimming eyes to light,
Men say, the earliest word he spoke
Was, 'Friends, how goes the fight?'

XVII.

But meanwhile in the centre
Great deeds of arms were wrought;
There Aulus the Dictator
And there Valerius fought.
Aulus with his good broadsword
A bloody passage cleared
To where, amidst the thickest foes,
He saw the long white beard.
Flat lighted that good broadsword
Upon proud Tarquin's head.
He dropped the lance: he dropped the reins:
He fell as fall the dead.
DOWN AULUS SPRINGS TO SLAY HIM,
     WITH EYES LIKE COALS OF FIRE;
BUT FASTER TITUS HATH SPRUNG DOWN,
     AND HATH BESTRODE HIS SIRE.
LATIAN CAPTAINS, ROMAN KNIGHTS,
     FAST DOWN TO EARTH THEY SPRING,
AND HAND TO HAND THEY FIGHT ON FOOT
AROUND THE ANCIENT KING.
FIRST TITUS GAVE TALL CAESO
     A DEATH WOUND IN THE FACE;
TALL CAESO WAS THE BRAVEST MAN
     OF THE BRAVE FABIAN RACE:
AULUS SLEW REX OF GABII,
     THE PRIEST OF JUNO'S SHRINE:
VALERIUS SMOTE DOWN JULIUS,
     OF ROME'S GREAT JULIAN LINE;
JULIUS, WHO LEFT HIS MANSION
     HIGH ON THE VELIAN HILL,
AND THROUGH ALL TURNS OF WEAL AND WOE
     FOLLOWED PROUD TARQUIN STILL.
NOW RIGHT ACROSS PROUD TARQUIN
     A CORPSE WAS JULIUS LAID;
AND TITUS GROANED WITH RAGE AND GRIEF,
     AND AT VALERIUS MADE.
VALERIUS STRUCK AT TITUS,
     AND LOPPED OFF HALF HIS CREST;
BUT TITUS STABBED VALERIUS
     A SPAN DEEP IN THE BREAST.
LIKE A MAST SNAPPED BY THE TEMPEST,
     VALERIUS REELED AND FELL.
AH! WOE IS ME FOR THE GOOD HOUSE
     THAT LOVES THE PEOPLE WELL!
THEN SHOUTED LOUD THE LATINES;
     AND WITH ONE RUSH THEY BORE
THE STRUGGLING ROMANS BACKWARD
     THREE LANCES' LENGTH AND MORE:
AND UP THEY TOOK PROUD TARQUIN,
     AND LAID HIM ON A SHIELD,
And four strong yeomen bare him,  
Still senseless, from the field.

XVIII.

But fiercer grew the fighting  
Around Valerius dead;  
For Titus dragged him by the foot,  
And Aulus by the head.  
"On, Latines, on!" quoth Titus,  
"See how the rebels fly!"  
"Romans, stand firm!" quoth Aulus,  
"And win this fight or die!"  
They must not give Valerius  
To raven and to kite;  
For aye Valerius loathed the wrong,  
And aye upheld the right:  
And for your wives and babies  
In the front rank he fell.  
Now play the men for the good house  
That loves the people well!"

XIX.

Then tenfold round the body  
The roar of battle rose,  
Like the roar of a burning forest,  
When a strong north wind blows.  
Now backward, and now forward,  
Rocked furiously the fray,  
Till none could see Valerius,  
And none wist where he lay.  
For shivered arms and ensigns  
Were heaped there in a mound,  
And corpses stiff, and dying men  
That writhed and gnawed the ground;
And wounded horses kicking,
And snorting purple foam:
Right well did such a couch befit
A Consular of Rome.

XX.

But north looked the Dictator;
North looked he long and hard;
And spake to Caius Cossus,
The Captain of his Guard:
'Caius, of all the Romans
Thou hast the keenest sight;
Say, what through yonder storm of dust
Comes from the Latian right?'

XXI.

Then answered Caius Cossus
'I see an evil sight;
The banner of proud Tusculum
Comes from the Latian right;
I see the plumed horsemen;
And far before the rest
I see the dark-grey charger,
I see the purple vest;
I see the golden helmet
That shines far off like flame;
So ever rides Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.'

XXII.

'Now hearken, Caius Cossus:
Spring on thy horse's back;
Ride as the wolves of Apennine
Were all upon thy track;
Haste to our southward battle:
And never draw thy rein
Until thou find Herminius,
And bid him come amain.'

XXIII.

So Aulus spake, and turned him
Again to that fierce strife;
And Caius Cossus mounted,
And rode for death and life.
Loud clanged beneath his horse-hoofs
The helmets of the dead,
And many a curdling pool of blood
Splashed him from heel to head.
So came he far to southward,
Where fought the Roman host,
Against the banners of the marsh
And banners of the coast.
Like corn before the sickle
The stout Lavinians fell,
Beneath the edge of the true sword
That kept the bridge so well.

XXIV.

'Herminius! Aulus greets thee;
He bids thee come with speed,
To help our central battle;
For sore is there our need.
There wars the youngest Tarquin,
And there the Crest of Flame,
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.
Valerius hath fallen fighting
In front of our array:
And Aulus of the seventy fields
Alone upholds the day.'
XXV.

Herminius beat his bosom:
   But never a word he spake,
He clapped his hand on Auster's mane:
   He gave the reins a shake,
Away, away went Auster,
   Like an arrow from the bow:
Black Auster was the fleetest steed
   From Aufidus to Po.

XXVI.

Right glad were all the Romans
   Who, in that hour of dread,
Against great odds bare up the war
   Around Valerius dead,
When from the south the cheering
   Rose with a mighty swell;
' Herminius comes, Herminius,
   Who kept the bridge so well!'

XXVII.

Mamilius spied Herminius,
   And dashed across the way.
' Herminius! I have sought thee
   Through many a bloody day.
One of us two, Herminius,
   Shall never more go home.
I will lay on for Tusculum,
   And lay thou on for Rome!'

XXVIII.

All round them paused the battle,
   While met in mortal fray
The Roman and the Tusculan,
   The horses black and grey.
Herminius smote Mamilius
   Through breast-plate and through breast;
And fast flowed out the purple blood
   Over the purple vest.
Mamilius smote Herminius
   Through head-piece and through head;
And side by side those chiefs of pride
   Together fell down dead.
Down fell they dead together
   In a great lake of gore;
And still stood all who saw them fall
   While men might count a score.

XXIX.

Fast, fast, with heels wild spurning,
   The dark-grey charger fled;
He burst through ranks of fighting men;
   He sprang o'er heaps of dead.
His bridle far out-streaming,
   His flanks all blood and foam,
He sought the southern mountains,
   The mountains of his home.
The pass was steep and rugged,
   The wolves they howled and whined;
But he ran like a whirlwind up the pass,
   And he left the wolves behind.
Through many a startled hamlet
   Thundered his flying feet;
He rushed through the gate of Tusculum,
   He rushed up the long white street;
He rushed by tower and temple,
   And paused not from his race
Till he stood before his master's door
   In the stately market-place.
And straightway round him gathered
   A pale and trembling crowd,
And when they knew him, cries of rage
    Brake forth, and wailing loud:
And women rent their tresses
    For their great prince’s fall;
And old men girt on their old swords,
    And went to man the wall.

XXX.

But, like a graven image,
    Black Auster kept his place,
And ever wistfully he looked
    Into his master’s face.
The raven-mane that daily,
    With pats and fond caresses,
And decked with coloured ribands
    From her own gay attire,
Hung sadly o’er her father’s corpse
    In carnage and in mire.
Forth with a shout sprang Titus,
    And seized black Auster’s rein.
Then Aulus swore a fearful oath,
    And ran at him amain.
‘The furies of thy brother
    With me and mine abide,
If one of your accursed house
    Upon black Auster ride!’
As on an Alpine watch-tower
    From heaven comes down the flame,
Full on the neck of Titus
    The blade of Aulus came:
And out the red blood spouted,
    In a wide arch and tall,
As spouts a fountain in the court
    Of some rich Capuan’s hall.
XXXI.

And Aulus the Dictator
Stroked Auster's raven mane,
With heed he looked unto the girths.
With heed unto the rein.
'Now bear me well, black Auster,
Into yon thick array;
And thou and I will have revenge
For thy good lord this day.'

XXXII.

So spake he; and was buckling
Tighter black Auster's band,
When he was aware of a princely pair
That rode at his right hand.
So like they were, no mortal
Might one from other know:
White as snow their armour was:
Their steeds were white as snow.
Never on earthly anvil
Did such rare armour gleam;
And never did such gallant steeds
Drink of an earthly stream.

XXXIII.

And all who saw them trembled,
And pale grew every cheek;
And Aulus the Dictator
Scarce gathered voice to speak,
BATTLE OF THE LAKE REGILLUS.

‘Say by what name men call you?
What city is your home?
And wherfore ride ye in such guise
Before the ranks of Rome?’

XXXIV.

‘By many names men call us;
In many lands we dwell:
Well Samothracia knows us;
Cyrene knows us well.
Our house in gay Tarentum
Is hung each morn with flowers:
High o’er the masts of Syracuse
Our marble portal towers;
But by the proud Eurotas
Is our dear native home;
And for the right we come to fight
Before the ranks of Rome.’

XXXV.

So answered those strange horsemen,
And each couched low his spear;
And forthwith all the ranks of Rome
Were bold, and of good cheer:
And on the thirty armies
Came wonder and affright,
And Ardea wavered on the left,
And Cora on the right.
‘Rome to the charge!’ cried Aulus;
‘The foe begins to yield!
Charge for the hearth of Vesta!
Charge for the Golden Shield!
Let no man stop to plunder,
But slay, and slay, and slay;
The Gods who live for ever
Are on our side to-day.’
XXXVI.

Then the fierce trumpet-flourish
From earth to heaven arose.
The kites know well the long stern swell
That bids the Romans close.
Then the good sword of Aulus
Was lifted up to slay:
Then, like a crag down Apennine,
Rushed Auster through the fray.
But under those strange horsemen
Still thicker lay the slain;
And after those strange horses
Black Auster toiled in vain.
Behind them Rome's long battle
Came rolling on the foe,
Ensigns dancing wild above,
Blades all in line below.
So comes the Po in flood-time
Upon the Celtic plain:
So comes the squall, blacker than night,
Upon the Adrian main.
Now, by our Sire Quirinus,
It was a goodly sight
To see the thirty standards
Swept down the tide of flight.
So flies the spray of Adria
When the black squall doth blow,
So corn-sheaves in the flood-time
Spin down the whirling Po.
False Sextus to the mountains
Turned first his horse's head;
And fast fled Ferentinum,
And fast Lanuvium fled.
The horsemen of Nomentum
Spurred hard out of the fray;
The footmen of Velitæ
Threw shield and spear away.
And underfoot was trampled,
Amidst the mud and gore,
The banner of proud Tusculum,
That never stooped before:
And down went Flavius Faustus,
Who led his stately ranks
From where the apple blossoms wave
On Anio’s echoing banks,
And Tullus of Arpinum,
Chief of the Volscian aids,
And Metius with the long fair curls,
The love of Anxur’s maids,
And the white head of Vulso,
The great Arician seer,
And Nepos of Laurentum,
The hunter of the deer;
And in the back false Sextus
Felt the good Roman steel,
And wriggling in the dust he died,
Like a worm beneath the wheel:
And fliers and pursuers
Were mingled in a mass;
And far away the battle
Went roaring through the pass.

XXXVII.

Sempronius Atratinus
Sate in the Eastern Gate,
Beside him were three Fathers,
Each in his chair of state;
Fabius, whose nine stout grandsons
That day were in the field,
And Manlius, eldest of the Twelve
Who kept the Golden Shield;
And Sergius, the High Pontiff,
For wisdom far renowned;
In all Etruria's colleges
   Was no such Pontiff found.
And all around the portal,
   And high above the wall,
Stood a great throng of people,
   But sad and silent all;
Young lads, and stooping elders
   That might not bear the mail,
Matrons with lips that quivered,
   And maids with faces pale.
Since the first gleam of daylight,
   Sempronius had not ceased
To listen for the rushing
   Of horse-hoofs from the east.
The mist of eve was rising,
   The sun was hastening down,
When he was aware of a princely pair
   Fast pricking towards the town.
So like they were, man never
   Saw twins so like before;
Red with gore their armour was,
   Their steeds were red with gore.

XXXVIII.

'Hail to the great Asylum!
   Hail to the hill-tops seven!
Hail to the fire that burns for aye,
   And the shield that fell from heaven!
This day, by Lake Regillus,
   Under the Porcian height,
All in the lands of Tusculum
   Was fought a glorious fight,
To-morrow your Dictator
   Shall bring in triumph home
The spoils of thirty cities
   To deck the shrines of Rome!'
XXXIX.

Then burst from that great concourse
A shout that shook the towers,
And some ran north, and some ran south,
Crying, 'The day is ours!'
But on rode these strange horsemen,
With slow and lordly pace;
And none who saw their bearing
Durst ask their name or race.
On rode they to the Forum,
While laurel-boughs and flowers,
From house-tops and from windows,
Fell on their crests in showers.
When they drew nigh to Vesta,
They vaulted down amain,
And washed their horses in the well
That springs by Vesta's fane.
And straight again they mounted,
And rode to Vesta's door;
Then, like a blast, away they passed,
And no man saw them more.

XL.

And all the people trembled,
And pale grew every cheek;
And Sergius the High Pontiff
Alone found voice to speak:
' The gods who live for ever
Have fought for Rome to-day!
These be the Great Twin Brethren
To whom the Dorians pray.
Back comes the Chief in triumph,
Who, in the hour of fight,
Hath seen the Great Twin Brethren
In harness on his right.
Safe comes the ship to haven,
Through billows and through gales,
If once the Great Twin Brethren
Sit shining on the sails,
Wherefore they washed their horses
In Vesta's holy well,
Wherefore they rode to Vesta's door,
I know, but may not tell.
Here, hard by Vesta's Temple,
Build we a stately dome
Unto the Great Twin Brethren
Who fought so well for Rome.
And when the months returning
Bring back this day of fight,
The proud Ides of Quintilis,
Marked evermore with white,
Unto the Great Twin Brethren
Let all the people throng,
With chaplets and with offerings,
With music and with song;
And let the doors and windows
Be hung with garlands all,
And let the Knights be summoned
To Mars without the wall:
Thence let them ride in purple
With joyous trumpet-sound,
Each mounted on his war-horse,
And each with olive crowned;
And pass in solemn order
Before the sacred dome,
Where dwell the Great Twin Brethren
Who fought so well for Rome!
A collection consisting exclusively of war-songs would give an imperfect, or rather an erroneous, notion of the spirit of the old Latin ballads. The Patricians, during more than a century after the expulsion of the Kings, held all the high military commands. A Plebeian, even though, like Lucius Siccius, he were distinguished by his valour and knowledge of war, could serve only in subordinate posts. A minstrel, therefore, who wished to celebrate the early triumphs of his country, could hardly take any but Patricians for his heroes. The warriors who are mentioned in the two preceding lays, Horatius, Lartius, Herminius, Aulus Posthumius, Æbutius Elva, Sempronius Atratinus, Valerius Poplicola, were all members of the dominant order; and a poet who was singing their praises, whatever his own political opinions might be, would naturally abstain from insulting the class to which they belonged, and from reflecting on the system which had placed such men at the head of the legions of the Commonwealth.

But there was a class of compositions in which the great families were by no means so courteously treated.
No parts of early Roman history are richer with poetical colouring than those which relate to the long contest between the privileged houses and the commonalty. The population of Rome was, from a very early period, divided into hereditary castes, which, indeed, readily united to repel foreign enemies, but which regarded each other, during many years, with bitter animosity. Between those castes there was a barrier hardly less strong than that which, at Venice, parted the members of the Great Council from their countrymen. In some respects, indeed, the line which separated an Icilius or a Duilius from a Posthumius or a Fabius was even more deeply marked than that which separated the rower of a gondola from a Contarini or a Morosini. At Venice the distinction was merely civil. At Rome it was both civil and religious. Among the grievances under which the Plebeians suffered, three were felt as peculiarly severe. They were excluded from the highest magistracies, they were excluded from all share in the public lands; and they were ground down to the dust by partial and barbarous legislation touching pecuniary contracts. The ruling class in Rome was a monied class; and it made and administered the laws with a view solely to its own interest. Thus the relation between lender and borrower was mixed up with the relation between sovereign and subject. The great men held a large portion of the community in dependence by means of advances at enormous usury. The law of debt, framed by creditors, and for the protection of creditors, was the most horrible that has ever been known among men. The liberty, and even the life, of the insolvent were at the mercy of the Patrician money-lenders. Children often became slaves
in consequence of the misfortunes of their parents. The debtor was imprisoned, not in a public gaol under the care of impartial public functionaries, but in a private workhouse belonging to the creditor. Frightful stories were told respecting these dungeons. It was said that torture and brutal violation were common; that tight stocks, heavy chains, scanty measures of food, were used to punish wretches guilty of nothing but poverty; and that brave soldiers, whose breasts were covered with honourable scars, were often marked still more deeply on the back by the scourges of high-born usurers.

The Plebeians were, however, not wholly without constitutional rights. From an early period they had been admitted to some share of political power. They were enrolled each in his century, and were allowed a share, considerable though not proportioned to their numerical strength, in the disposal of those high dignities from which they were themselves excluded. Thus their position bore some resemblance to that of the Irish Catholics during the interval between the year 1792 and the year 1829. The Plebeians had also the privilege of annually appointing officers, named Tribunes, who had no active share in the government of the Commonwealth, but who, by degrees, acquired a power formidable even to the ablest and most resolute Consuls and Dictators. The person of the Tribune was inviolable; and though he could directly effect little, he could obstruct everything.

During more than a century after the institution of the Tribuneship, the Commons struggled manfully for the removal of the grievances under which they laboured; and, in spite of many checks and reverses, succeeded in
wringing concession after concession from the stubborn aristocracy. At length in the year of the city 378, both parties mustered their whole strength for their last and most desperate conflict. The popular and active Tribune, Caius Licinius, proposed the three memorable laws which are called by his name, and which were intended to redress the three great evils of which the Plebeians complained. He was supported, with eminent ability and firmness, by his colleague, Lucius Sextius. The struggle appears to have been the fiercest that ever in any community terminated without an appeal to arms. If such a contest had raged in any Greek city, the streets would have run with blood. But, even in the paroxysms of faction, the Roman retained his gravity, his respect for law, and his tenderness for the lives of his fellow-citizens. Year after year Licinius and Sextius were re-elected Tribunes. Year after year, if the narrative which has come down to us is to be trusted, they continued to exert, to the full extent, their power of stopping the whole machine of government. No curule magistrates could be chosen; no military musters could be held. We know too little of the state of Rome in those days to be able to conjecture how, during that long anarchy, the peace was kept, and ordinary justice administered between man and man. The animosity of both parties rose to the greatest height. The excitement, we may well suppose, would have been peculiarly intense at the annual election of Tribunes. On such occasions there can be little doubt that the great families did all that could be done, by threats and caresses, to break the union of the Plebeians. That union, however, proved indissoluble. At length the good cause triumphed. The
Licinian laws were carried. Lucius Sextius was the first Plebeian Consul, Caius Licinius the third.

The results of this great change were singularly happy and glorious. Two centuries of prosperity, harmony, and victory followed the reconciliation of the orders. Men who remembered Rome engaged in waging petty wars almost within sight of the Capitol lived to see her the mistress of Italy. While the disabilities of the Plebeians continued, she was scarcely able to maintain her ground against the Volscians and Hernicans. When those disabilities were removed, she rapidly became more than a match for Carthage and Macedon.

During the great Licinian contest the Plebeian poets were, doubtless, not silent. Even in modern times songs have been by no means without influence on public affairs; and we may therefore infer that, in a society where printing was unknown, and where books were rare, a pathetic or humorous party-ballad must have produced effects such as we can but faintly conceive. It is certain that satirical poems were common at Rome from a very early period. The rustics, who lived at a distance from the seat of government, and took little part in the strife of factions, gave vent to their petty local animosities in coarse Fescennine verse. The lampoons of the city were doubtless of a higher order; and their sting was early felt by the nobility. For in the Twelve Tables, long before the time of the Licinian laws, a severe punishment was denounced against the citizen who should compose or recite verses reflecting on another.* Satire is, indeed, the only sort of composition in which

* Cicero justly infers from this law that there had been early Latin poets whose works had been lost before his time. 'Quamquam id
the Latin poets, whose works have come down to us, were not mere imitators of foreign models; and it is therefore the only sort of composition in which they have never been rivalled. It was not, like their tragedy, their comedy, their epic and lyric poetry, a hothouse plant which, in return for assiduous and skilful culture, gave only scanty and sickly fruits. It was hardy and full of sap; and in all the various juices which it yielded might be distinguished the flavour of the Ausonian soil. ‘Satire,’ says Quinctilian, with just pride, ‘is all our own.’ Satire sprang, in truth, naturally from the constitution of the Roman government and from the spirit of the Roman people; and, though at length subjected to metrical rules derived from Greece, retained to the last an essentially Roman character. Lucilius was the earliest satirist whose works were held in esteem under the Cæsars. But many years before Lucilius was born, Nævius had been flung into a dungeon, and guarded there with circumstances of unusual rigour, on account of the bitter lines in which he had attacked the great Cæcilian family.* The genius and spirit of the Roman satirist survived the liberty of their country, and were not extinguished by the cruel despotism of the Julian and Flavian Emperors. The great poet who told the story of Domitian’s turbot was the legitimate successor of those forgotten minstrels whose songs animated the factions of the infant Republic.

These minstrels, as Niebuhr has remarked, appear to have generally taken the popular side. We can

* Plautus, Miles Gloriosus. Aulus Gellius, iii. 3.
hardly be mistaken in supposing that, at the great crisis of the civil conflict, they employed themselves in versifying all the most powerful and virulent speeches of the Tribunes, and in heaping abuse on the leaders of the aristocracy. Every personal defect, every domestic scandal, every tradition dishonourable to a noble house, would be sought out, brought into notice, and exaggerated. The illustrious head of the aristocratical party, Marcus Furius Camillus, might perhaps be, in some measure, protected by his venerable age and by the memory of his great services to the State. But Appius Claudius Crassus enjoyed no such immunity. He was descended from a long line of ancestors distinguished by their haughty demeanour, and by the inflexibility with which they had withstood all the demands of the Plebeian order. While the political conduct and the deportment of the Claudian nobles drew upon them the fiercest public hatred, they were accused of wanting, if any credit is due to the early history of Rome, a class of qualities which, in the military commonwealth, is sufficient to cover a multitude of offences. The chiefs of the family appear to have been eloquent, versed in civil business, and learned after the fashion of their age; but in war they were not distinguished by skill or valour. Some of them, as if conscious where their weakness lay, had, when filling the highest magistracies, taken internal administration as their department of public business, and left the military command to their colleagues.* One of them had been intrusted with an army, and had failed ignominiously.† None of them had been

* In the years of the city 260, 304, and 330.
† In the year of the city 282.
honoured with a triumph. None of them had achieved any martial exploit, such as those by which Lucius Quinctius Cincinnatus, Titus Quinctius Capitolinus, Aulus Cornelius Cossus, and, above all, the great Camillus, had extorted the reluctant esteem of the multitude. During the Licinian conflict, Appius Claudia Crassus signalised himself by the ability and severity with which he harangued against the two great agitators. He would naturally, therefore, be the favourite mark of the Plebeian satirists; nor would they have been at a loss to find a point on which he was open to attack.

His grandfather, called, like himself, Appius Claudia, had left a name as much detested as that of Sextus Tarquinius. This elder Appius had been Consul more than seventy years before the introduction of the Licinian laws. By availing himself of a singular crisis in public feeling, he had obtained the consent of the Commons to the abolition of the Tribuneship, and had been the chief of that Council of Ten to which the whole direction of the State had been committed. In a few months his administration had become universally odious. It had been swept away by an irresistible outbreak of popular fury; and its memory was still held in abhorrence by the whole city. The immediate cause of the downfall of this execrable government was said to have been an attempt made by Appius Claudia upon the chastity of a beautiful young girl of humble birth. The story ran that the Decemvir, unable to succeed by bribes and solicitations, resorted to an outrageous act of tyranny. A vile dependent of the Claudian house laid claim to the damsel as his slave. The cause was brought before the tribunal of Appius. The wicked magistrate, in
defiance of the clearest proofs, gave judgment for the claimant. But the girl's father, a brave soldier, saved her from servitude and dishonour by stabbing her to the heart in the sight of the whole Forum. That blow was the signal for a general explosion. Camp and city rose at once; the Ten were pulled down; the Tribuneship was re-established; and Appius escaped the hands of the executioner only by a voluntary death.

It can hardly be doubted that a story so admirably adapted to the purposes both of the poet and of the demagogue would be eagerly seized upon by minstrels burning with hatred against the Patrician order, against the Claudian house, and especially against the grandson and namesake of the infamous Decemvir.

In order that the reader may judge fairly of these fragments of the lay of Virginia, he must imagine himself a Plebeian who has just voted for the re-election of Sextius and Licinius. All the power of the Patricians has been exerted to throw out the two great champions of the Commons. Every Posthumius, Aemilius, and Cornelius has used his influence to the utmost. Debtors have been let out of the workhouses on condition of voting against the men of the people: clients have been posted to hiss and interrupt the favourite candidates: Appius Claudius Crassus has spoken with more than his usual eloquence and asperity: all has been in vain; Licinius and Sextius have a fifth time carried all the tribes: work is suspended: the booths are closed: the Plebeians bear on their shoulders the two champions of liberty through the Forum. Just at this moment it is announced that a popular poet, a zealous adherent of the Tribunes, has made a new song which will cut the
VIRGINIA.

FRAGMENTS OF A LAY SUNG IN THE FORUM ON THE DAY WHEREON
LUCIUS SEXTIUS SEXTINUS LATERANUS AND CAIUS LICINIUS
CALVUS STOLO WERE ELECTED TRIBUNES OF THE COMMONS
THE FIFTH TIME, IN THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCLXXXII.

Ye good men of the Commons, with loving hearts and true,
Who stand by the bold Tribunes that still have stood by you,
Come, make a circle round me, and mark my tale with care,
A tale of what Rome once hath borne, of what Rome yet may bear.
This is no Grecian fable, of fountains running wine,
Of maids with snaky tresses, or sailors turned to swine.
Here, in this very Forum, under the noonday sun,
In sight of all the people, the bloody deed was done.
Old men still creep among us who saw that fearful day,
Just seventy years and seven ago, when the wicked Ten bare sway.

Of all the wicked Ten still the names are held accursed,
And of all the wicked Ten Appius Claudius was the worst.
He stalked along the Forum like King Tarquin in his pride:
Twelve axes waited on him, six marching on a side;
The townsmen shrank to right and left, and eyed askance with fear
His lowering brow, his curling mouth, which always seemed to sneer:
That brow of hate, that mouth of scorn, marks all the kindred still;
For never was there Claudius yet but wished the Commons ill:
Nor lacks he fit attendance; for close behind his heels,
With outstretched chin and crouching pace, the client Marcus steals,
His loins girt up to run with speed, be the errand what it may,
And the smile flickering on his cheek, for aught his lord may say.
Such varlets pimp and jest for hire among the lying Greeks:
Such varlets still are paid to hoot when brave Licinius speaks.
Where'er ye shed the honey, the buzzing flies will crowd;
Where'er ye fling the carrion, the raven's croak is loud;
Where'er down Tiber garbage floats, the greedy pike ye see;
And wheresoe'er such lord is found, such client still will be.

Just then, as through one cloudless chink in a black stormy sky,
Shines out the dewy morning-star, a fair young girl came by.
With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,
Home she went bounding from the school, nor dreamed of shame
or harm;
And past those dreaded axes she innocently ran,
With bright, frank brow that had not learned to blush at gaze of man;
And up the Sacred Street she turned, and, as she danced along,
She warbled gaily to herself lines of the good old song,
How for a sport the princes came spurring from the camp,
And found Lucrece, combing the fleece, under the midnight lamp.
The maiden sang as sings the lark, when up he darts his flight,
From his nest in the green April corn, to meet the morning light;
And Appius heard her sweet young voice, and saw her sweet young
face,
And loved her with the accursed love of his accursed race,
And all along the Forum, and up the Sacred Street,
His vulture eye pursued the trip of those small glancing feet.

Over the Alban mountains the light of morning broke;
From all the roofs of the Seven Hills curled the thin wreaths of
smoke:
The city-gates were opened; the Forum all alive,
With buyers and with sellers was humming like a hive:
Blithely on brass and timber the craftsman's stroke was ringing,
And blithely o'er her panniers the market-girl was singing,
And blithely young Virginia came smiling from her home:
Ah! woe for young Virginia, the sweetest maid in Rome!
With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,
Forth she went bounding to the school, nor dreamed of shame or
harm.
She crossed the Forum shining with stalls in alleys gay,
And just had reached the very spot whereon I stand this day,
When up the varlet Marcus came; not such as when erewhile
He crouched behind his patron’s heels with the true client smile:
He came with lowering forehead, swollen features, and clenched fist,
And strode across Virginia’s path, and caught her by the wrist.
Hard strove the frightened maiden, and screamed with look aghast;
And at her scream from right and left the folk came running fast;
The money-changer Crispus, with his thin silver hairs,
And Hanno from the stately booth glittering with Punic wares,
And the strong smith Muræna, grasping a half-forged brand,
And Volero the flesher, his cleaver in his hand.
All came in wrath and wonder; for all knew that fair child;
And, as she passed them twice a day, all kissed their hands and
smiled;
And the strong smith Muræna gave Marcus such a blow,
The caftiff reeled three paces back, and let the maiden go.
Yet glared he fiercely round him, and growled in harsh, fell toné,
‘She’s mine, and I will have her: I seek but for mine own:
She is my slave, born in my house, and stolen away and sold,
The year of the sore sickness, ere she was twelve hours old.
’Twas in the sad September, the month of wail and fright,
Two augurs were borne forth that morn; the Consul died ere night.
I wait on Appius Claudius, I waited on his sire:
Let him who works the client wrong beware the patron’s ire!’

So spake the varlet Marcus; and dread and silence came
On all the people at the sound of the great Claudian name.
For then there was no Tribune to speak the word of might,
Which makes the rich man tremble, and guards the poor man’s
right.
There was no brave Licinius, no honest Sextius then;
But all the city, in great fear, obeyed the wicked Ten.
Yet ere the varlet Marcus again might seize the maid,
Who clung tight to Muræna’s skirt, and sobbed, and shrieked for
aid,
Forth through the throng of gazers the young Icilius pressed,
And stamped his foot, and rent his gown, and smote upon his breast,
And sprang upon that column, by many a minstrel sung,
Whereon three mouldering helmets, three rusting swords, are hung.
And beckoned to the people, and in bold voice and clear
Poured thick and fast the burning words which tyrants quake to hear.

'Now, by your children's cradles, now by your fathers' graves,
Be men to-day, Quirites, or be for ever slaves!
For this did Servius give us laws? For this did Lucrece bleed?
For this was the great vengeance wrought on Tarquin's evil seed?
For this did those false sons make red the axes of their sire?
For this did Scaevola's right hand hiss in the Tuscan fire?
Shall the vile fox-earth awe the race that stormed the lion's den?
Shall we, who could not brook one lord, crouch to the wicked Ten?
Oh for that ancient spirit which curbed the Senate's will!
Oh for the tents which in old time whitened the Sacred Hill!
In those brave days our fathers stood firmly side by side;
They faced the Marcian fury; they tamed the Fabian pride:
They drove the fiercest Quintius an outcast forth from Rome;
They sent the haughtiest Claudius with shivered fasces home.
But what their care bequeathed us our madness flung away:
All the ripe fruit of threescore years was blighted in a day.
Exult, ye proud Patricians! The hard-fought fight is o'er.
We strove for honours—'twas in vain: for freedom—'tis no more.
No crier to the polling summons the eager throng;
No Tribune breathes the word of might that guards the weak from wrong.
Our very hearts, that were so high, sink down beneath your will.
Riches, and lands, and power, and state—ye have them:—keep them still.
Still keep the holy fillets; still keep the purple gown,
The axes, and the curule chair, the car, and laurel crown:
Still press us for your cohorts, and, when the fight is done,
Still fill your garnerers from the soil which our good swords have won.
Still, like a spreading ulcer, which leech-craft may not cure,
Let your foul usance eat away the substance of the poor.
Still let your haggard debtors bear all their fathers bore;
Still let your dens of torment be noisome as of yore;
No fire when Tiber freezes; no air in dog-star heat;
And store of rods for free-born backs, and holes for free-born feet.
Heap heavier still the fetters; bar closer still the grate;
Patient as sheep we yield us up unto your cruel hate.
But, by the Shades beneath us, and by the Gods above,  
Add not unto your cruel hate your yet more cruel love!  
Have ye not graceful ladies, whose spotless lineage springs  
From Consuls, and High Pontiffs, and ancient Alban kings?  
Ladies, who deign not on our paths to set their tender feet,  
Who from their cars look down with scorn upon the wondering street,  
Who in Corinthian mirrors their own proud smiles behold,  
And breathe of Capuan odours, and shine with Spanish gold?  
Then leave the poor Plebeian his single tie to life—  
The sweet, sweet love of daughter, of sister, and of wife,  
The gentle speech, the balm for all that his vexed soul endures,  
The kiss, in which he half forgets even such a yoke as yours.  
Still let the maiden’s beauty swell the father’s breast with pride;  
Still let the bridegroom’s arms infold an unpolluted bride.  
Spare us the inexcusable wrong, the unutterable shame,  
That turns the coward’s heart to steel, the sluggard’s blood to flame,  
Lest, when our latest hope is fled, ye taste of our despair,  
And learn by proof, in some wild hour, how much the wretched dare.’

. . . . . . . . . . . . .

Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space aside,  
To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn and hide,  
Close to yon low dark archway, where, in a crimson flood,  
Leaps down to the great sewer the gurgling stream of blood.  
Hard by, a flesher on a block had laid his whittle down;  
Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his gown.  
And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to swell,  
And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, ‘Farewell, sweet child!  
Farewell!’

Oh! how I loved my darling! Though stern I sometimes be,  
To thee, thou know’st I was not so. Who could be so to thee?  
And how my darling loved me! How glad she was to hear  
My footstep on the threshold when I came back last year!  
And how she danced with pleasure to see my civic crown,  
And took my sword, and hung it up, and brought me forth my gown!  
Now, all those things are over—yes, all thy pretty ways,  
Thy needlework, thy prattle, thy snatches of old lays;  
And none will grieve when I go forth, or smile when I return,  
Or watch beside the old man’s bed, or weep upon his urn.
The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls,
The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's marble halls,
Now, for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal gloom.
And for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.
The time is come. See how he points his eager hand this way!
See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon the prey!
With all his wit, he little deems, that, spurned, betrayed, bereft,
Thy father hath in his despair one fearful refuge left.
He little deems that in this hand I clutch what still can save
Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the slave;
Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and blow—
Foul outrage which thou knowest not, which thou shalt never know.
Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more kiss;
And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way but this.'
With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died.

Then, for a little moment, all people held their breath;
And through the crowded Forum was stillness as of death;
And in another moment brake forth from one and all
A cry as if the Volscians were coming o'er the wall.
Some with averted faces shrieking fled home amain;
Some ran to call a leech; and some ran to lift the slain:
Some felt her lips and little wrist, if life might there be found;
And some tore up their garments fast, and strove to stanch the wound,
In vain they ran, and felt, and stanched; for never truer blow
That good right arm had dealt in fight against a Volscian foe.

When Appius Claudius saw that deed, he shuddered and sank down,
And hid his face some little space with the corner of his gown,
Till, with white lips and bloodshot eyes, Virginius tottered nigh,
And stood before the judgment-seat, and held the knife on high.
'Oh! dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,
By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us twain;
And even as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and mine,
Deal you by Appius Claudius and all the Claudian line!'
So spake the slayer of his child, and turned, and went his way;
But first he cast one haggard glance to where the body lay,
And writhed, and groaned a fearful groan, and then, with steadfast feet,
Strode right across the market-place unto the Sacred Street.

Then up sprang Appius Claudius: 'Stop him; alive or dead!
Ten thousand pounds of copper to the man who brings his head.'
He looked upon his clients; but none would work his will.
He looked upon his lictors; but they trembled, and stood still.
And, as Virginius through the press his way in silence cleft,
Ever the mighty multitude fell back to right and left.
And he hath passed in safety unto his woeful home,
And there ta'en horse to tell the camp what deeds are done in Rome.

By this the flood of people was swollen from every side,
And streets and porches round were filled with that o'erflowing tide;
And close around the body gathered a little train
Of them that were the nearest and dearest to the slain.
They brought a bier, and hung it with many a cypress crown,
And gently they uplifted her, and gently laid her down.
The face of Appius Claudius wore the Claudian scowl and sneer,
And in the Claudian note he cried, 'What doth this rabble here?
Have they no crafts to mind at home, that hitherward they stray?
Ho! lictors, clear the market-place, and fetch the corpse away!'
The voice of grief and fury till then had not been loud;
But a deep sullen murmur wandered among the crowd,
Like the moaning noise that goes before the whirlwind on the deep,
Or the growl of a fierce watch-dog but half-aroused from sleep.
But when the lictors at that word, tall yeomen all and strong,
Each with his axe and sheaf of twigs, went down into the throng,
Those old men say, who saw that day of sorrow and of sin,
That in the Roman Forum was never such a din.
The wailing, hooting, cursing, the howls of grief and hate,
Were heard beyond the Pincian Hill, beyond the Latin Gate.
But close around the body, where stood the little train
Of them that were the nearest and dearest to the slain,
No cries were there, but teeth set fast, low whispers and black frowns,
And breaking up of benches, and girding up of gowns.
'Twas well the lictors might not pierce to where the maiden lay,
Else surely had they been all twelve torn limb from limb that day.
Right glad they were to struggle back, blood streaming from their heads,
With axes all in splinters, and raiment all in shreds.
Then Appius Claudius gnawed his lip, and the blood left his cheek;
And thrice he beckoned with his hand, and thrice he strove to speak;
And thrice the tossing Forum set up a frightful yell;
'See, see, thou dog! what thou hast done; and hide thy shame in hell!
Thou that wouldst make our maidens slaves must first make slaves of men.
'Tribunes! Hurrah for Tribunes! Down with the wicked Ten!'
And straightway, thick as hailstones, came whizzing through the air
Pebbles, and bricks, and potsherds, all round the curule chair:
And upon Appius Claudius great fear and trembling came;
For never was a Claudius yet brave against aught but shame.
Though the great houses love us not, we own, to do them right,
That the great houses, all save one, have borne them well in fight.
Still Caius of Corioli, his triumphs and his wrongs,
His vengeance and his mercy, live in our camp-fire songs.
Beneath the yoke of Furius oft have Gaul and Tuscan bowed;
And Rome may bear the pride of him of whom herself is proud.
But evermore a Claudius shrinks from a stricken field,
And changes colour like a maid at sight of sword and shield.
The Claudian triumphs all were won within the city towers;
The Claudian yoke was never pressed on any necks but ours.
A Cossus, like a wild cat, springs ever at the face;
A Fabius rushes like a boar against the shouting chase;
But the vile Claudian litter, raging with currish spite,
Still yelps and snaps at those who run, still runs from those who smite.
So now 'twas seen of Appius. When stones began to fly,
He shook, and crouched, and wrung his hands, and smote upon his thigh.
'Kind clients, honest lictors, stand by me in this fray!
Must I be torn in pieces? Home, home, the nearest way!'
While yet he spake, and looked around with a bewildered stare,
Four sturdy lictors put their necks beneath the curule chair;
And fourscore clients on the left, and fourscore on the right,
Arrayed themselves with swords and staves, and loins girt up for
fight.
But, though without or staff or sword, so furious was the throng,
That scarce the train with might and main could bring their lord
along.
Twelve times the crowd made at him; five times they seized his
gown;
Small chance was his to rise again, if once they got him down:
And sharper came the pelting; and evermore the yell—
'Tribunes! we will have Tribunes!'—rose with a louder swell:
And the chair tossed as tosses a bark with tattered sail
When raves the Adriatic beneath an eastern gale,
When the Calabrian sea-marks are lost in clouds of spume,
And the great Thunder-Cape has donned his veil of inky gloom.
One stone hit Appius in the mouth, and one beneath the ear;
And ere he reached Mount Palatine, he swooned with pain and fear.
His cursed head, that he was wont to hold so high with pride,
Now, like a drunken man's, hung down, and swayed from side to
side;
And when his stout retainers had brought him to his door,
His face and neck were all one cake of filth and clotted gore.
As Appius Claudius was that day, so may his grandson be!
God send Rome one such other sight, and send me there to see!
THE PROPHECY OF CAPYS.

It can hardly be necessary to remind any reader that according to the popular tradition, Romulus, after he had slain his grand-uncle Amulius, and restored his grandfather Numitor, determined to quit Alba, the hereditary domain of the Sylvian princes, and to found a new city. The Gods, it was added, vouchsafed the clearest signs of the favour with which they regarded the enterprise, and of the high destinies reserved for the young colony.

This event was likely to be a favourite theme of the old Latin minstrels. They would naturally attribute the project of Romulus to some divine intimation of the power and prosperity which it was decreed that his city should attain. They would probably introduce seers foretelling the victories of unborn Consuls and Dictators, and the last great victory would generally occupy the most conspicuous place in the prediction. There is nothing strange in the supposition that the poet who was employed to celebrate the first great triumph of the Romans over the Greeks might throw his song of exultation into this form.
THE PROPHECY OF CAPYS.

The occasion was one likely to excite the strongest feelings of national pride. A great outrage had been followed by a great retribution. Seven years before this time, Lucius Posthumius Megellus, who sprang from one of the noblest houses of Rome, and had been thrice Consul, was sent ambassador to Tarentum, with charge to demand reparation for grievous injuries. The Tarentines gave him audience in their theatre, where he addressed them in such Greek as he could command, which, we may well believe, was not exactly such as Cineas would have spoken. An exquisite sense of the ridiculous belonged to the Greek character; and closely connected with this faculty was a strong propensity to flippancy and impertinence. When Posthumius placed an accent wrong, his hearers burst into a laugh. When he remonstrated, they hooted him, and called him barbarian; and at length hissed him off the stage as if he had been a bad actor. As the grave Roman retired, a buffoon who, from his constant drunkeness, was nicknamed the Pint-pot, came up with gestures of the grossest indecency, and bespattered the senatorial gown with filth. Posthumius turned round to the multitude, and held up the gown, as if appealing to the universal law of nations. The sight only increased the insolence of the Tarentines. They clapped their hands, and set up a shout of laughter which shook the theatre. 'Men of Tarentum,' said Posthumius, 'it will take not a little blood to wash this gown.' *

Rome, in consequence of this insult, declared war against the Tarentines. The Tarentines sought for allies beyond the Ionian Sea. Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, came

* Dion, Hal. De Legationibus.
to their help with a large army; and, for the first time, the two great nations of antiquity were fairly matched against each other.

The fame of Greece in arms, as well as in arts, was then at the height. Half a century earlier, the career of Alexander had excited the admiration and terror of all nations from the Ganges to the Pillars of Hercules. Royal houses, founded by Macedonian captains, still reigned at Antioch and Alexandria. That barbarian warriors, led by barbarian chiefs, should win a pitched battle against Greek valour guided by Greek science, seemed as incredible as it would now seem that the Burmese or the Siamese should, in the open plain, put to flight an equal number of the best English troops. The Tarentines were convinced that their countrymen were irresistible in war; and this conviction had emboldened them to treat with the grossest indignity one whom they regarded as the representative of an inferior race. Of the Greek generals then living, Pyrrhus was indisputably the first. Among the troops who were trained in the Greek discipline, his Epirotes ranked high. His expedition to Italy was a turning-point in the history of the world. He found there a people who, far inferior to the Athenians and Corinthians in the fine arts, in the speculative sciences, and in all the refinements of life, were the best soldiers on the face of the earth. Their arms, their gradations of rank, their order of battle, their method of intrenchment, were all of Latian origin, and had all been gradually brought near to perfection, not by the study of foreign models, but by the genius and experience of many generations of great native commanders. The first words which broke from
the king, when his practised eye had surveyed the Roman
campment, were full of meaning:—'These barbarians,' he
said, 'have nothing barbarous in their military arrange-
ments.' He was at first victorious; for his own talents
were superior to those of the captains who were opposed
to him; and the Romans were not prepared for the
onset of the elephants of the East, which were then for
the first time seen in Italy—moving mountains, with
long snakes for hands.* But the victories of the Epir-
otes were fiercely disputed, dearly purchased, and alto-
gether unprofitable. At length, Manius Curius Dentatus,
who had in his first Consulship won two triumphs, was
again placed at the head of the Roman Commonwealth,
and sent to encounter the invaders. A great battle was
fought near Beneventum. Pyrrhus was completely de-
feated. He repassed the sea; and the world learned,
with amazement, that a people had been discovered, who,
in fair fighting, were superior to the best troops that had
been drilled on the system of Parmenio and Antigonus.
The conquerors had a good right to exult in their
success; for their glory was all their own. They had
not learned from their enemy how to conquer him. It
was with their own national arms, and in their own
national battle-array, that they had overcome weapons
and tactics long believed to be invincible. The pilum
and the broadsword had vanquished the Macedonian
spear. The legion had broken the Macedonian phalanx.
Even the elephants, when the surprise produced by their
first appearance was over, could cause no disorder in the
steady yet flexible battalions of Rome.

* Anguimus is the old Latin epithet for an elephant. Lucretius,
ii. 538, v. 1302.
It is said by Florus, and may easily be believed, that the triumph far surpassed in magnificence any that Rome had previously seen. The only spoils which Papirius Cursor and Fabius Maximus could exhibit were flocks and herds, waggons of rude structure, and heaps of spears and helmets. But now, for the first time, the riches of Asia and the arts of Greece adorned a Roman pageant. Plate, fine stuffs, costly furniture, rare animals, exquisite paintings and sculptures, formed part of the procession. At the banquet would be assembled a crowd of warriors and statesmen, among whom Manius Curius Dentatus would take the highest room. Caius Fabricius Luscinus, then, after two Consulships and two triumphs, Censor of the Commonwealth, would doubtless occupy a place of honour at the board. In situations less conspicuous probably lay some of those who were, a few years later, the terror of Carthage; Caius Duilius, the founder of the maritime greatness of his country; Marcus Atilius Regulus, who owed to defeat a renown far higher than that which he had derived from his victories; and Caius Lutatius Catulus, who, while suffering from a grievous wound, fought the great battle of the Ægates, and brought the first Punic war to a triumphant close. It is impossible to recount the names of these eminent citizens, without reflecting that they were all, without exception, Plebeians, and would, but for the ever-memorable struggle maintained by Caius Licinius and Lucius Sextius, have been doomed to hide in obscurity, or to waste in civil broils, the capacity and energy which prevailed against Pyrrhus and Hamilcar.

On such a day we may suppose that the patriotic enthusiasm of a Latin poet would vent itself in reiter-
ated shouts of *Io triumpha*, such as were uttered by Horace on a far less exciting occasion, and in boasts resembling those which Virgil put into the mouth of Anchises. The superiority of some foreign nations, and especially of the Greeks, in the lazy arts of peace, would be admitted with disdainful candour; but pre-eminence in all the qualities which fit a people to subdue and govern mankind would be claimed for the Romans.

The following lay belongs to the latest age of Latin ballad-poetry. Nævius and Livius Andronicus were probably among the children whose mothers held them up to see the chariot of Curius go by. The minstrel who sang on that day might possibly have lived to read the first hexameters of Ennius, and to see the first comedies of Plautus. His poem, as might be expected, shows a much wider acquaintance with the geography, manners, and productions of remote nations, than would have been found in compositions of the age of Camillus. But he troubles himself little about dates, and having heard travellers talk with admiration of the Colossus of Rhodes, and of the structures and gardens with which the Macedonian kings of Syria had embellished their residence on the banks of the Orontes, he has never thought of inquiring whether these things existed in the age of Romulus.
THE PROPHECY OF CAPYS.

A LAY SUNG AT THE BANQUET IN THE CAPITOL, ON THE DAY WHEREON MANIUS CURIUS DENTATUS, A SECOND TIME CONSUL, TRIUMPHED OVER KING PYRRHUS AND THE TARENTINES, IN THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCCLXXIX.

I.

Now slain is King Amulius,
Of the great Sylvian line,
Who reigned in Alba Longa,
On the throne of Aventine.
Slain is the Pontiff Camers,
Who spake the words of doom:
‘The children to the Tiber;
The mother to the tomb.’

II.

In Alba’s lake no fisher
His net to-day is flinging:
On the dark rind of Alba’s oaks
To-day no axe is ringing:
The yoke hangs o’er the manger:
The scythe lies in the hay:
Through all the Alban villages
No work is done to-day.
III.

And every Alban burgher
Hath donned his whitest gown;
And every head in Alba
* Wear eth a poplar crown;
And every Alban door-post
With boughs and flowers is gay:
For to-day the dead are living;
The lost are found to-day.

IV.

They were doomed by a bloody king:
They were doomed by a lying priest:
They were cast on the raging flood:
They were tracked by the raging beast:
Raging beast and raging flood
Alike have spared the prey;
And to-day the dead are living:
The lost are found to-day.

V.

The troubled river knew them,
And smoothed his yellow foam,
And gently rocked the cradle
That bore the fate of Rome.
The ravening she-wolf knew them,
And licked them o'er and o'er,
And gave them of her own fierce milk,
Rich with raw flesh and gore.
Twenty winters, twenty springs,
Since then have rolled away;
And to-day the dead are living:
The lost are found to-day.
VI.
Blithe it was to see the twins,
Right goodly youths and tall,
Marching from Alba Longa
To their old grandsire's hall.
Along their path fresh garlands
Are hung from tree to tree:
Before them stride the pipers,
Piping a note of glee.

VII.
On the right goes Romulus,
With arms to the elbows red,
And in his hand a broadsword,
And on the blade a head—
A head in an iron helmet,
With horse-hair hanging down,
A shaggy head, a swarthy head,
Fixed in a ghastly frown—
The head of King Amulius
Of the great Sylvian line,
Who reigned in Alba Longa,
On the throne of Aventine.

VIII.
On the left side goes Remus,
With wrists and fingers red,
And in his hand a boar-spear,
And on the point a head—
A wrinkled head and aged,
With silver beard and hair,
And holy fillets round it,
Such as the pontiffs wear—
The head of ancient Camers,
Who spake the words of doom:
'The children to the Tiber;
The mother to the tomb.'
IX.
Two and two behind the twins
Their trusty comrades go,
Four and forty valiant men,
With club, and axe, and bow.
On each side every hamlet
Pours forth its joyous crowd,
Shouting lads and baying dogs
And children laughing loud,
And old men weeping fondly
As Rhea's boys go by,
And maids who shriek to see the heads,
Yet, shrieking, press more nigh.

X.
So they marched along the lake;
They marched by fold and stall,
By corn-field and by vineyard,
Unto the old man's hall.

XI.
In the hall-gate sate Capys,
Capys, the sightless seer;
From head to foot he trembled
As Romulus drew near.
And up stood stiff his thin white hair,
And his blind eyes flashed fire:
'Hail! foster child of the wonderous nurse!
Hail! son of the wonderous sire!

XII.
'But thou—what dost thou here
In the old man's peaceful hall?
What doth the eagle in the coop,
The bison in the stall?
Our corn fills many a garner;
Our vines clasp many a tree;
Our flocks are white on many a hill
But these are not for thee.

XIII.

‘For thee no treasure ripens
In the Tartessian mine:
For thee no ship brings precious bales
Across the Libyan brine:
Thou shalt not drink from amber;
Thou shalt not rest on down;
Arabia shall not steep thy locks,
Nor Sidon tinge thy gown.

XIV.

‘Leave gold and myrrh and jewels,
Rich table and soft bed,
To them who of man’s seed are born,
Whom woman’s milk have fed.
Thou wast not made for lucre,
For pleasure, nor for rest;
Thou, that are sprung from the War-god’s loins,
And hast tugged at the she-wolf’s breast.

XV.

‘From sunrise unto sunset
All earth shall hear thy fame:
A glorious city thou shalt build,
And name it by thy name:
And there, unquenched through ages,
Like Vesta’s sacred fire,
Shall live the spirit of thy nurse,
The spirit of thy sire.
XVI.

'The ox toils through the furrow,
   Obedient to the goad;
The patient ass, up flinty paths,
   Plods with his weary load:
With whine and bound the spaniel
   His master's whistle hears;
And the sheep yields her patiently
   To the loud clashing shears.

XVII.

'But thy nurse will hear no master;
   Thy nurse will bear no load;
And woe to them that shear her,
   And woe to them that goad!
When all the pack, loud baying,
   Her bloody lair surrounds,
She dies in silence, biting hard,
   Amidst the dying hounds.

XVIII.

'Pomona loves the orchard;
   And Liber loves the vine;
And Pales loves the straw-built shed
   Warm with the breath of kine;
And Venus loves the whispers
   Of plighted youth and maid,
In April's ivory moonlight
   Beneath the chestnut shade.

XIX.

'But thy father loves the clashing
   Of broadsword and of shield:
He loves to drink the steam that reeks
   From the fresh battle-field:
He smiles a smile more dreadful
Than his own dreadful frown,
When he sees the thick black cloud of smoke
Go up from the conquered town.

XX.

‘And such as is the War-god,
The author of thy line,
And such as she who suckled thee,
Even such be thou and thine.
Leave to the soft Campanian
His baths and his perfumes;
Leave to the sordid race of Tyre
Their dyeing-vats and looms:
Leave to the sons of Carthage
The rudder and the oar:
Leave to the Greek his marble Nymphs
And scrolls of wordy lore.

XXI.

‘Thine, Roman, is the pilum:
Roman, the sword is thine,
The even trench, the bristling mound,
The legion's ordered line;
And thine the wheels of triumph,
Which with their laureled train
Move slowly up the shouting streets
To Jove's eternal fane.

XXII.

‘Beneath thy yoke the Volscian
Shall vail his lofty brow:
Soft Capua's curled revellers
Before thy chairs shall bow:
TheLucumoesofArnus
Shallquakethyrokedex;AndtheproudSamnite’shearthofsteel
Shallyieldtoonlythee.

XXIII.
‘TheGaulshallcomeagainstthee
Fromthelandofsnowandnight:
Thoushaltgivishisfair-hairedarmies
Totheravenandthekite.

XXIV.
‘TheGreekshallcomeagainstthee,
TheconqueroroftheEast.
Besidehimstalkstobattle
Thehugeearth-shakingbeast,
Thebeastonwhomthecastle
Withallitsguardsdothstand,
Thebeastwhohathbetweenthiseyes
Theserpentforahand.
FirstmarchtheboldEpirotes,
Wedgedclosewithshieldandspear;
AndtheranksoffalseTarentum
Areglitteringintherear.

XXV.
‘TheranksoffalseTarentum
Likehuntedsheepshallfly:
InvaintheboldEpirotes
Shallroundtheirstandardsdie:
AndApennine’sgreyvultures
Shallhaveanoblefeast
Onthefatandtheeyes
Ofthehugeearth-shakingbeast.
XXVI.

'Hurrah! for the good weapons
That keep the War-god's land.
Hurrah! for Rome's stout pilum
In a stout Roman hand.
Hurrah! for Rome's short broadsword,
That through the thick array
Of levelled spears and serried shields
Hews deep its gory way.

XXVII.

'Hurrah! for the great triumph
That stretches many a mile.
Hurrah! for the wan captives
That pass in endless file.
Ho! bold Epirotes, whither
Hath the Red King ta'en flight?
Ho! dogs of false Tarentum,
Is not the gown washed white?

XXVIII.

'Hurrah! for the great triumph
That stretches many a mile.
Hurrah! for the rich dye of Tyre,
And the fine web of Nile,
The helmets gay with plumage
Torn from the pheasant's wings,
The belts set thick with starry gems
That shone on Indian kings,
The urns of massy silver,
The goblets rough with gold,
The many-coloured tablets bright
With loves and wars of old,
The stone that breathes and struggles,
The brass that seems to speak;—
Such cunning they who dwell on high
Have given unto the Greek.

XXIX.

'Hurrah! for Manius Curius,
The bravest son of Rome,
Thrice in utmost need sent forth,
Thrice drawn in triumph home.
Weave, weave, for Manius Curius
The third embroidered gown:
Make ready the third lofty car,
And twine the third green crown;
And yoke the steeds of Rosea
With necks like a bended bow,
And deck the bull, Mevania's bull,
The bull as white as snow.

XXX.

'Blest and thrice blest the Roman
Who sees Rome's brightest day,
Who sees that long victorious pomp
Wind down the Sacred Way,
And through the bellowing Forum,
And round the Suppliant's Grove,
Up to the everlasting gates
Of Capitolian Jove.

XXXI.

'Then where, o'er two bright havens,
The towers of Corinth frown;
Where the gigantic King of Day
On his own Rhodes looks down;
Where soft Orontes murmurs
Beneath the laurel shades;
Where Nile reflects the endless length
Of dark-red colonnades;
Where in the still deep water,
    Sheltered from waves and blasts,
Bristles the dusky forest
    Of Byrsa's thousand masts;
Where fur-clad hunters wander
    Amidst the northern ice;
Where through the sand of morning-land
    The camel bears the spice;
Where Atlas flings his shadow
    Far o'er the western foam,
Shall be great fear on all who hear
    The mighty name of Rome.
IVRY:
A SONG OF THE HUGUENOTS.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, oh pleasant land of
France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! Hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war,
Hurrah! Hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel’s stout infantry, and Egmont’s Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand:
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine’s empurpled flood,
And good Coligni’s hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armour drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, ‘God save our Lord the King!’
‘And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
‘For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
‘Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
‘And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre.’

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André’s plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies,—upon them with the lance.
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turned his rein.
D’Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
‘Remember St. Bartholomew,’ was passed from man to man.
But out spake gentle Henry, ‘No Frenchman is my foe:
‘Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go.’
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France to-day;
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight;
And the good Lord of Rosny has ta’en the cornet white.
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta’en,
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.
Up with it high; unfurl it wide; that all the host may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought His church
such woe.
Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest point of
war,
Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna; Ho! matrons of Lucerne;
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls.
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright;
Ho!burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night.
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre.

1824.
THE ARMADA:
A FRAGMENT.

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise;
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico; the stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth Bay;
Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty hall;
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.
With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes;
Behind him march the halberdiers; before him sound the drums;
His yeomen round the market cross make clear an ample space;
For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Caesar's eagle shield.
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,  
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely hunters lay.  
Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight: ho! scatter flowers, fair maids:  
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute: ho! gallants, draw your blades:  
Thou sun, shine on her joyously; ye breezes, waft her wide;  
Our glorious SEMPER Eadem, the banner of our pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner’s massy fold;  
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold;  
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,  
Such night in England ne’er had been, nor e’er again shall be.  
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,  
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;  
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame spread,  
High on St. Michael’s Mount it shone: it shone on Beachy Head.  
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,  
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.  
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar’s glittering waves:  
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip’s sunless caves:  
O’er Longleat’s towers, o’er Cranbourne’s oaks, the fiery herald flew:  
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.  
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,  
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton down;  
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,  
And saw o’erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red light,  
Then bugle’s note and cannon’s roar the deathlike silence broke,  
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.  
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires;  
At once the wildalarum clashed from all her reeling spires;  
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear;  
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer;  
And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,  
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each roaring street;  
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,  
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in:  
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike errand went,  
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey’s pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth;
High on bleak Hampstead’s swarthy moor they started for the north;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still:
All night from tower to tower they sprang; they sprang from hill to hill:
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o’er Darwin’s rocky dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern’s lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin’s crest of light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely’s stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o’er all the boundless plain;
Till Belvoir’s lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o’er the wide vale of Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt’s embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

1832.
NOTES.

HORATIUS.

Page 31, ver. i., line 1: "Lars Porsena of Clusium."—Lars was an Etruscan title, answering to our lord or chief. In Etruscan inscriptions it occurs in the forms Lar, Larth, Larthi, and Larthia. It is scarcely necessary to warn the reader that the likeness of sound with the English lord is wholly accidental. The Etruscan language was not Aryan, that is, it had nothing to do with Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, German, or their kindred forms of speech.

Page 31, ver. i., line 6: "And named a trysting day."—Trysting day, a day of meeting according to previous agreement, or trust.

Page 31, ver. ii., line 7: "When Porsena of Clusium."—The Etruscans wrote the name Porsenna; but the Latin poets sometimes abbreviated the second syllable.

Page 32, ver. iv., line 2: "Where scowls the far-famed hold."—The situation of the Etruscan towns is one of the most striking characteristics of Tuscan scenery. Many of them occupy surfaces of tableland surrounded by a series of gullies not visible from a distance. The traveller may be thus a whole day reaching a place which in the morning may have seemed to him but a little way off. Dennis, Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria.

Page 32, ver. v., line 4: "Heavy with fair-haired slaves."—Massilia, the modern Marseilles, was a Greek colony from Phocæa (Phokaia) in Asia Minor. Among the articles of merchandise conveyed by their ships to Italian shores would be slaves obtained from the interior of Gaul.
Page 33, ver. vi., line 8:—"The great Volscian mere."—Mere, literally, that which is dead; hence a sheet of stagnant water, as on swampy and fen lands.

Page 33, ver. ix., line 1: "There be thirty chosen prophets."—The Etruscan religion was a system of ‘Shamanism;’ in other words, it sought to ascertain the will of the gods by the interpretation of outward signs, which might be furnished by the flight of birds, the direction of lightning, the entrails of victims, or in other ways. This system the Romans adopted from the Etruscans, and many of the most illustrious Roman augurs bore Etruscan names. Their seers were, therefore, strictly not prophets, but sorcerers.

Page 33, ver. ix., line 7: "Traced from the right on linen white."—The Etruscan writing was from right to left. Writings on linen were called by the Romans libri linei.

Page 34, ver. xiii., line 8: "From all the spacious champaign."—Champaign, plain, open country, as the Campagna of Rome; from the same root with the Latin campus, a plain.

Page 35, ver. xvi., line 5: "The Fathers of the City."—This name here denotes the Roman Senate, which, according to the tradition, consisted, in the time of the kings, of 300 members.

Page 36, ver. xvii., line 5: "Verbenna down to Ostia."—Ostia, the port at the mouth of the Tiber.

Page 36, ver. xvii., line 7: "Astur hath stormed Janiculum."—The Janiculan hill lies on the right bank of the Tiber, precisely opposite to the Palatine hill on the left bank.

Page 36, ver. xviii., line 1: "Iwis, in all the Senate."—Iwis, adv. 'certainly.' In German, gewiss. It is connected with A.S. witan, ‘to know,’ which survives in the legal phrase, "we do you to wit," and also with the Latin vidi and the Greek οἶδα. This verb is found in the authorised English version of the Bible, Exod. xxxii. 2, Mark ix. 6. From the same root we have the old English witan in Witenagemot, ‘the assembly of the wise.’

Page 36, ver. xviii., line 5: "Forthwith up rose the Consul."—After the expulsion of the kings, the Roman patricians intrusted their political powers to two magistrates, chosen annually from the ruling class, and called Consuls or Colleagues. The priestly functions of the kings were discharged by an officer called Rex sacrificulus, or king of the sacrifices, like the Archon Basileus at Athens.

Page 37, ver. xxiii., line 4: "Each warlike Lucumo."—By this name the Latin writers designated the Etruscan chiefs. Each of the twelve cities forming the Etruscan confederacy had its own Lucumo. In Etruscan inscriptions the word appears in the form Laukane, the feminine being Laukanessa. Mr. Taylor traces the connexion of the word with the Tatarian ulug-kan, 'great chief.'

Etruscan Researches, 322.
Page 38, ver. xxiii., line 11: “By reedy Thrasyemene.”—The shores of this lake witnessed the destruction of the Roman legions under Flaminius by the Carthaginians under Hannibal, in the second Punic war.

Page 38, ver. xxiv., line 8: “That wrought the deed of shame.”—The tale of his wickedness, which caused, it is said, the death of Lucretia and the downfall of the kingy power in Rome, is referred to in the Lay on “The Battle of the Lake Regillus,” xii.

Page 39, ver. xxviii., line 5: “And for the holy maidens.”—The Vestal Virgins, who were bound to a life of celibacy during the term of their service as guardians of the sacred fire of Vesta on the common hearth of the city. They belonged to patrician houses and enjoyed curule honours. The breach of their vow was punishable by death.

Page 40, ver. xxx., line 2: “A Roman proud was he.”—The patricians, or ruling order in Rome, were divided, it is said, into three tribes, the Ramnes, Tities, and Luceres; but of the origin of these names little is known.

Page 40, ver. xxxii., line 3: “And the Tribunes beard the high.”—The tribunes were officers representing the tribes of the Plebs or Commons, and existed probably from the first formation of that body. After the revolt of the Plebs, which followed soon after the expulsion of the kings, these magistrates were recognised by the Patricians, were declared inviolable in their persons, and were invested with the absolute power of vetoing any measure of which they disapproved.

Page 41, ver. xxxiv., line 5: “And Fathers mixed with Commons.”—The Roman government was at first wholly in the hands of the Patricians or Patres, a word which denoted originally nothing but despotic power. Under these the Commons, called Plebs (Gr. πλῆθος, ‘a multitude’), gradually secured to themselves, first personal freedom, and in course of time, after hard struggles, a share of political power.

Page 41, ver. xxxvii., line 4: “Sicken in Ilva’s mines.”—Ilva is the modern Elba, the island in which Napoleon Bonaparte held his little court before the Hundred Days. It was well known for its iron mines, the ore of which, from lack of wood on the island, was smelted on the mainland.

Page 42, ver. xxxix., line 4: “The rover of the sea.”—The Etruscans, like the Phenicians, united the practices of piracy and kidnapping with those of legitimate commerce, and were dreaded generally along all the Mediterranean shores.
NOTES.

Page 44, ver. xiii., line 5: "Quoth he, 'The she-wolf's litter.'" —The she-wolf, in the Roman tale, suckled Romulus and Remus, the twin children of Rhea Ilia, or Silvia.

Page 49, ver. lxi., line 6: "And spent with changing blows." —Worn out with fighting or exchanging blows.

Page 51, ver. lxvi., line 1: "It stands in the Comitium." —The place of meeting for the thirty Curie, which made up the whole body of Roman patricians. It was included in the Forum.

Page 52, ver. lxviii., line 7: "And the good logs of Algidus." —A forest-clad hill lying to the north of the Alban lake, about twelve miles south-east of Rome.

THE BATTLE OF THE LAKE REGILLUS.

Page 62, ver. i., line 2: "Ho, lictors, clear the way!" —The lictors were attendants of the patrician magistrates, armed with rods and axes.

Page 62, ver. i., line 7: "From Castor in the Forum." —Castor and Mars are here used to denote the temples built in honour of these deities, just as we speak of St. Peter's at Rome, or of our own St. Paul's.

Page 62, ver. i., line 13: "While flows the Yellow River." —The Tiber, from its yellow sands; hence called also the golden.

Page 62, ver. i., line 14: "While stands the Sacred Hill." —The Sacred Hill was an eminence beyond the river Anio. It was associated chiefly with the secession of the Plebs, which resulted in the recognition of the Tribunes by the Patricians as officers of the Roman state. See note to "Horatius," page 40, ver. xxxiii., line 3.

Page 62, ver. i., line 15: "The proud Ides of Quintilis." —The fifteenth day of July, which by the Romans, whose year began with March, was styled Quintilis, or the fifth month. The Ides divided each month into two equal or nearly equal portions.

Page 62, ver. i., line 17: "Gay are the Martian Kalenda." —The first day of each month was known as the Kalends. On the first of March the sacred fire was solemnly rekindled on the hearth of the Temple of Vesta.

Page 63, ver. ii., line 20: "Shall be Rome's whitest day." —Days of good omen were marked with chalk; those of ill omen with charcoal. Horace, Satires, ii. 3, 246.
Page 63, ver. ii., line 1: "Unto the Great Twin Brothren."—These are the twin deities, Castor and Pollux, called by the Greeks Kastor and Polydeukes, the 'gleaming or glistening ones.' Of the many stories told of their origin, the most familiar is that which speaks of them as the brothers of Helen, and as sprung with her from a single egg. The name of the former was associated with skill in the management of horses, that of the latter with boxing. They are sometimes represented as coming to life alternately, according to the relation of day and night, like the Āṣvins or Twin Riders of the Vedic hymns.

Page 63, ver. ii., line 5: "They came o'er wild Parthenius."—These lines describe the course of the mysterious riders from their Eastern birthplace. The Parthenian range is the eastern barrier of the Arkadian or central highlands of the Peloponnesse. Cirrha was the port on the Corinthian gulf for the landing of pilgrims bound for the great shrine of Delphi. Adria or Hadria was the name by which the Romans spoke of the Adriatic Sea; and the Apennines formed the backbone of Italy, which the twin riders had to cross before they could reach Rome.

Page 63, ver. ii., line 11: "In lordly Lacedæmon."—The city of the Lacedæmonians was more commonly called Sparta. It consisted of four hamlets on the banks of the Eurotas, which drained the valley of Taygetos.

Page 63, ver. ii., line 12: "The City of two kings."—Nominally at the head of the Spartan state, although in historical times largely subjected to the authority of the Æphors, were the two kings who belonged respectively to the houses of Eurysthenes and Procles, the twin sons of Aristodemos, a descendant of the great hero Herakles, whom the Latins confounded with their own Hercules, a god of boundaries or landmarks.

Page 64, ver. iii., line 25: "And how the Lake Regillus."—Of this lake, which is said to have been in the neighbourhood of Tusculum, not a trace is now to be found.

Page 64, ver. v., line 6: "Was Consul first in place."—See note to "Horatius," page 36, ver. xviii., line 5.

Page 65, ver. v., line 9: "The Herald of the Latines."—The Romans themselves belonged to the Latin race; but the destruction of Alba Longa, the religious centre of the Latin league, marks the severance between them and their kinsfolk, whose supremacy was by that event destroyed for ever.

Page 65, ver. vi., line 4: "To bring the Tarquins home."—According to the story followed by Livy, the family of the Tarquins, which supplied two kings to Rome, was Greek. Demaratos, a
Corinthian noble or Eupatrid, had been driven from his city by the tyrant Kyppselos, and took refuge in the Etruscan town of Tarquinii. Here his son, Lucumo, was born; but being unable, as a stranger, to acquire political power, he migrated to Rome, where he called himself Lucius Tarquinius, from his birthplace, and was surnamed Priscus. His son, also called Lucius Tarquinius, murdered the sixth king, Servius Tullius, and became infamous as Tarquin the Proud (Superbus).

Page 66, ver. viii., line 7: “‘Now hearken, Conspect Fathers.’”—That all the members of the dominant class at Rome were called Patres or Patricians has been already mentioned (note to “Horatius,” page 41, ver. xxxiv., line 5). Those of the Patres who were chosen into the Senate, and had their names enrolled in the lists of members, were called Patres Conspecti. Ihne, Early Rome (Epochs of Ancient History), 125.

Page 66, ver. viii., line 11: “Then choose we a Dictator.”—According to the belief of Livy, the Dictator was an extraordinary magistrate, first appointed after the expulsion of the kings. Named by one of the Consuls, he was invested with supreme military power, which he was bound to lay down at the end of six months at latest. The Dictator named his own lieutenant, who was called Magister Equitum, or Master of the Knights or horsemen.

Page 66, ver. x., line 20: “And axes twenty-four.”—Each of the two Consuls was attended by twelve lictors, of whom each bore an axe (securis), bound up in a bundle of rods (fasces). During a dictatorship these twenty-four attendants were transferred to the officer placed above them.

Page 67, ver. x., line 17: “From where the Witch’s Fortress.”—Circeii, the supposed home of Circe (Kirkè), the daughter of the Sun, whose magic potions could convert men into swine.

Page 67, ver. x., line 24: “And shall himself be slain.”—According to the story told by Pausanias, ii. 27, 4, Hippolytus, the son of Theseus, on being raised from the dead by (Asklepios) Æsculapius, crossed the sea and came to Aricia, where he dedicated a temple to (Artemis) Diana. The priest of this temple was to be a runaway slave who had conquered his opponent in single combat. Thus a slave who challenged the existing priest and slew him would himself at once become the priest, and remain so till he should himself be worsted by another.

Page 68, ver. xi., line 14: “By Syria’s dark-browed daughters.”—The weavers and purple-dyers of Tyre and the other Phenician cities were famed throughout the ancient world.

Page 68, ver. xi., line 15: “And by the sails of Carthage brought.”—Carthage, the greatest of the Phenician colonies on the northern coast of Africa, was destined to contest the empire of the
world with Rome, and, in spite of the heroism of Hannibal, the first general of any land or age, to fail in the task.

Page 68, ver. xii., line 5: “Their leader was false Sextus.”—The reference here is to the deed of wickedness perpetrated by Sextus Tarquinius against Lucretia, wife of his kinsman, Tarquinius Collatinus. Lucretia slew herself in the presence of her family; and the crime became, according to the legend, the immediate cause of the downfall of the Roman monarchy.

Page 70, ver. xiv., line 11: “And, like the Pomptine fog at morn.”—The Pomptine marshes extended over the lowlands of Latium, lying between Antium and Terracina.


Page 72, ver. xvii., line 10: “Upon proud Tarquin’s head.”—See note to page 65, ver. 6, line 4.

Page 73, ver. xvii., line 28: “Of Rome’s great Julian line.”—The Julian house professed to draw its name from Julius or Iulus, son of Ascanius, and grandson of Æneas the Trojan, who was himself a son of Anchises and the goddess Aphrodite, called by the Latins Venus.

Page 73, ver. xvii., line 30: “High on the Velian hill.”—The Velian hill was one of seven which belonged to a Rome said to be older than that of Romulus.

Page 74, ver. xix., line 8: “And none wist where he lay.”—Wist, the preterite tense of the old English verb witan, ‘to know.’

Page 75, ver. xix., line 16: “A Consular of Rome.”—Roman citizens who had filled the office of Consuls formed the class of Consulars.


Page 77, ver. xxv., line 8: “From Aufidus to Po.”—These two rivers enclose between them the whole of Italy, from the centre of the vast plain of Lombardy to the scantier space of open land round Cannæ, where the genius of Hannibal all but achieved the destruction of the Roman power.

Page 79, ver. xxx., line 17: “‘The furies of thy brother.’”—The Furies were goddesses who exacted vengeance for the shedding of blood. By the Greeks they were called Eumenides (‘the gentle beings’) or Erinyes.

Page 80, ver. xxxii., line 4: “That rode at his right hand.”—See note to page 63, ver. ii., line 1.

Page 81, ver. xxxiv., line 3: “Well Samothracia knows us.”
NOTES.

—Samothraca, one of the four northernmost islands of the Egean Sea.

Page 81, ver. xxxiv., line 4: "Cyrene knows us well."—Cyrene (Kyrénē) was the most splendid of the many Greek colonies on the northern coast of Africa.

Page 81, ver. xxxiv., line 5: "Our house in gay Tarentum."—Tarentum, in its Greek form, Taras, was one of the wealthiest cities belonging to that wonderful cluster of Greek colonies which won for the southern portion of the Italian peninsula the name of Great Greece (Magna Græcia, Megalé Hellas).

Page 81, ver. xxxiv., line 7: "High o'er the masts of Syracuse."—The great Dorian city of Sicily on the eastern coast of the island.

Page 81, ver. xxxiv., line 9: "But by the proud Eurotas."—See note to page 63, ver. ii., line 11.


Page 81, ver. xxxv., line 12: "Charge for the Golden Shield!"—The golden shield of Mars, which fell from heaven in the days of Numa Pompilius, the second of the legendary Roman kings.

Page 82, ver. xxxvi., line 21: "Now, by our Sire Quirinus."—According to Livy, Quirinus was the name under which divine honours were paid to Romulus after his assumption into heaven. The notion cannot be traced much farther back than the time of the historian himself.

Page 83, ver. xxxvii., line 7: "And Manlius, eldest of the Twelve."—Twelve Patricians, who formed an ecclesiastical corporation under the name of Sallii, were chosen as guardians of the twelve Ancilia or sacred shields of Mars. Only one of these was genuine, and this one fell from heaven in the days of the peaceful and righteous king Numa; the other eleven were made precisely like it, to prevent the risk of its being lost by theft.

Page 83, ver. xxxvii., line 9: "And Sergius, the High Pontiff."—The Romans connected the name of Pontifex, or Pontiff, with the making of bridges (Pontes); but Pontifices are found in many places where there were no bridges to be built. The word is only another form of Pompifex, just as in Greek we have the two forms Πομπα και Ποτα answering to the Latin quingue, five. It denotes, therefore, a maker or arranger of pomps or processions, and thus illustrates the name of Numa Pompilius himself as the founder of pontifical law. Ihne, History of Rome, vol. i., p. 31.

Page 84, ver. xxxviii., line 11: "In all Etruria's colleges."—The communities of Etruscan seers or sorcerers. See note to "Horatius," p. 33, ver. ix., line 1.

Page 84, verse xxxviii., line 1: "Hail to the great Asylum!"—The Asylum, according to Livy, was a place where Romulus, in order to get inhabitants for his new city, promised a sure refuge to
NOTES.

Page 84, verse xxxviii., line 2: “Hail to the hill-tops seven!”
—The seven hills of Rome, commonly reckoned as the Quirinal, Viminal, Esquiline, Caelian, Aventine, Palatine, and Capitoline hills. But the earlier Rome stood on another set of seven hills, known by the names Palatium, Vélia, Cermalus, Caelus, Fagutal, Oppius, and Cispius.

Page 85, ver. xxxix., line 13: “When they drew nigh to Vesta.”—See note to page 62, ver. i., line 7. The Latin Vesta is the same word as the Greek Hestia, and denoted the sacred hearth with its heaven-sent fire. Each city, each tribe, each clan, each house, had its own inviolable hearth, and the flame which burned upon it was the symbol and pledge of kindliness and good faith, of law and order, of wealth and fair dealing. The goddess can scarcely be separated in thought from the fire and the hearth which were consecrated to her. It may safely be said that of no other deity was the worship so nearly an unmixed blessing.

Page 85, ver. xl., line 8: “To whom the Dorians pray.”—The Dorians and Ionians were the two foremost branches of the Hellenic or Greek race. At the head of the former were the Spartans, at the head of the latter the Athenians.

Page 86, ver. xl., line 36: “To Mars without the wall.”—See note to page 62, ver. i., line 7.

VIRGINIA.


Page 97, line 5: “Of fountains running wine.”—The Homeric hymn to Dionysos (Iakchos, Bacchus) tells how the purple stream of wine ran along the decks of the ship on board of which the god was imprisoned.

Page 97, line 6: “Of maids with snaky tresses.”—These are the Furies (see note to “Battle of the Lake Regillus,” page 79, ver. xxx., line 17) and the Gorgons, of whom two were immortal; the third, Medusa, was mortal, and was slain by Perseus, who brought her head, with its snake-locks, to Athéné. The goddess placed it on her σαὶς.

Page 97, line 10: “Or sailors turned to swine.”—By the magic potions of Kirkê (Circe). See note to “Battle of the Lake Regillus,” page 67, ver. x., line 17.

Page 97, line 10: “When the wicked Ten bare sway.”—The Decemvirs, who are said to have been appointed about the middle
Page 99, line 23: “Two augurs were borne forth that morn.”—A name given to seers who drew omens from the flight of birds or from examining their intestines after sacrifice. They were not unfrequently Etruscan. See note to “Horatius,” page 33, ver. ix., line 1.

Page 99, line 27: “For then there was no Tribune.”—The reference is to the alleged suspension of the constitution and all its ordinary offices while the Decemvirs were engaged in the work of legal reformation.

Page 99, line 29: “No honest Sextius then.”—Among the Tribunes of the people Livy mentions one Sextius, who proposed the sending of a colony to Bola.

Page 99, line 33: “The young Icilius pressed.”—According to the story, Virginia was betrothed to Icilius, who had filled the office of Plebeian Tribune.

Page 100, line 4: “Be men to-day, Quirites.”—According to Niebuhr, the phrase Populus Romanus Quirites was equivalent to the expression “Populus Romanus et Plebs”—the Patricians and the Plebeians together. The word Quirites may have some connexion with the Patrician Curiae; that it is closely connected with the name Quirinus is obvious.

Page 100, line 5: “For this did Servius give us laws.”—Servius Tullius, the constitutional king, whose legislation associated all Roman citizens in their military capacity, came between Tarquinius Priscus and his son Tarquinius Superbus, to whom he owed his death.

Page 100, line 7: “For this did those false sons.”—The two sons of Brutus, the citizen who was elected Consul with Tarquiniius Collatinus immediately after the expulsion of Tarquin the Proud, were beheaded by their father's order for conspiring to restore the tyrant to his power.

Page 100, line 8: “For this did Scævola's right hand.”—Q. Mucius Scævola having determined to murder Porsenna (see “Horatius,” page 31, ver. ii., line 7), made his way into his camp, and there murdered his secretary by mistake. Learning his error, he thrust his hand into a brazier, to show how little he cared for torture, and then told the king that he had no less than 300 fellow-conspirators. Alarmed at the risks which he was running, the Etruscan chief proposed, it is said, to make peace with the Romans.

Page 100, line 12: “Whitened the Sacred Hill.”—The scene of the secession of the Plebs, three miles from Rome. This secession preceded the recognition of the Tribunes as officers of the Roman state. According to Livy, it was here that Menenius Agrippa addressed to them the fable of the belly and the members.
Page 100, line 14: "They faced the Marcial fury."—The story related by Livy tells us that Caius Marcius, a young Patrician, called Coriolanus from having conquered the town of Corioli, was banished for contempt of the magistrates, and taking service with the Volscians, reduced the Romans to extremities, from which they were delivered only by the intercession of his mother and the Roman matrons. His exclamation on yielding to their prayer was, it is said, 'Mother, thou hast saved Rome, but ruined thy son!' For the historical value of the tale see Ihne, Early Rome (Epochs of Ancient History), p. 151.

Page 100, line 15: "They tamed the Fabian pride."—A reference to the troops of Cæso Fabius, who refused to storm the camp of the enemy, and so, by leaving the victory incomplete, deprived the general of his triumph.

Page 100, line 16: "They sent the haughtiest Claudius with shivered fasces home."—L. Quinctius Cincinnatus, according to the story of Livy, was a violent opponent of the Plebeians, and was banished in consequence.

Page 100, line 25: "Still keep the holy fillets."—The fillet (tania) was worn by priests and priestesses; and priesthood was confined strictly to the Patrician class.

Page 100, line 25: "Still keep the purple gown."—The trabea, a toga of purple and white, was worn by the Consuls and knights in public solemnities.


Page 100, line 26: "The curule chair, the car, and laurel crown."—The Sella Curulis, or chair of state, had been strictly an emblem of royalty. After the expulsion of the kings, the right of using it was conferred on the chief Patrician magistrates. The car was used by the Consuls when triumphing as Roman generals over their enemies. At the same time they wore a wreath or garland of laurel.

Page 100, line 27: "Still press us for your cohorts."—Every Roman legion was made up of ten cohorts; but as the number of men in a legion varied from time to time, that of the cohorts was also uncertain.

Page 100, line 30: "Let your foul usance."—One of the chief grievances against which the Plebeians struggled in their contests with the ruling class was the severity of the law of debt, which not only made repayment of loans difficult or impracticable, but left the
person of the debtor at the mercy of the creditor, who might shut
him up fettered in a private prison or dungeon, and even sell him
into slavery. See note to page 98, line 8.

Page 101, line 4: "From Consula."—See note to "Horatius,
page 36, ver. xviii., line 5.

Page 101, line 4: "And High Pontiffs."—See note to "Battle

Page 101, line 7: "And ancient Alban kings."—The Latin
kings of Alba Longa, whose rule came to an end, according to the
story, with the destruction of the city by the orders of the third
Roman king, Tullus Hostilius. See note to page 65, ver. v., line 9.

Page 101, line 8: "Who in Corinthian mirrors."—The luxury
of Corinth passed into proverbs, which spoke of it as beyond the
reach of any except a favoured few. "Non cuvis hominì contingit
adire Corinthum."

Page 101, line 9: "And breathe of Capuan odours."—Capua
was the great city of the rich Campanian plain, the pleasures
of which are supposed to have been fatal to the efficiency of the
army of Hannibal.

Page 101, line 10: "To see my civic crown."—The civic crown,
composed of the leaves of three different sorts of oak, was bestowed
upon a Roman soldier who had saved the life of another citizen in
battle by slaying his opponent. It was originally conferred by the
hands of the rescued man.

Page 101, line 32: "And brought me forth my gown."—The
toga was the distinctive dress of the Roman citizen, and thus the
Romans were known as the gens togata or gown-wearing people.
On reaching manhood, youths, who had thus far worn the toga
prætexta or purple-hemmed gown, put on the toga virilis, which
was simply white.

Page 103, line 30: "Beyond the Pincian Hill."—This hill lies
to the north of the Mons Quirinalis, and therefore was beyond the
wall which bore the name of Servius Tullius.

Page 104, line 15: "Still Caius of Corioli."—See note to page
100, line 14. The first syllable in Corioli must be pronounced long.

Page 104, line 17: "Beneath the yoke of Furius."—The
Furian gens or clan is supposed to have belonged originally to
Tusculum. The most distinguished member of this gens was M.
Furius Camillus, the deliverer of Rome from the Gauls.

Page 104, line 23: "A Cossus, like a wild cat."—Cossus was
the cognomen or surname of a house belonging to the gens Cor-
nelia. Somewhat later than the time of the Decemvirs, Servius
Cornelius Cossus killed in battle Lars Tolumnius, the king of Veii,
and won the spolia opima, which, it is said, were obtained by only two other Romans during the whole course of Roman history.

Page 104, line 24: "A Fabius rushes like a boar."—The Fabian gens had always been noted for their bravery and public spirit. The almost total destruction of the clan at the Cremera by the Veientines was the most celebrated incident in the traditions of the family.

Page 105, line 12: "And the great Thunder-Cape."—The Acroceraunian promontory on the eastern or Greek coast of the Adriatic, facing Brentesion, the Latin Brundisium (now Brindisi), a region of thunder-fire, like the Phlegrean Plains (Phlegreai Campi) at the base of Vesuvius.

THE PROPHECY OF CAPYS.

Page 112, ver. i., line 2: "Of the great Sylvian line."—See note to "Virginia," page 10, line 4.

Page 112, ver. i., line 6: "Who spake the words of doom."—Doom to Rhea Ilia or Sylvia, the daughter of Numitor, who had been cruelly treated by his brother Amulius, and to her twin children, the daughters of the war-god Mars.

Page 113, ver. v., line 5: "The ravening she-wolf knew them."—See note to "Horatius," page 44, ver. xliii., line 5.

Page 114, ver. vi., line 1: "Blithe it was to see the twins."—Romulus and Remus. The two names are only varied forms of the same word.


Page 115, ver. xi., line 7: "Hail! foster child of the wonderous nurse!"—The she-wolf.

Page 115, ver. xi., line 8: "Hail! son of the wonderous sire!"—The war-god Mars.

Page 116, ver. xiii., line 2: "In the Tartessian mine."—The reference is to mines in the region of Southern Spain, called by the Phenicians Tarshish, in the Greek form Tartessos.

Page 116, ver. xv., line 6: "Like Vesta's sacred fire."—See note to "Horatius," page 39, ver. xxvii., line 5, and page 85, ver. xxxix., line 13, of "Battle of the Lake Regillus."

Page 117, ver. xviii., line 1: "Pomona loves the orchard."—The Latin goddess of fruits.
NOTES.

Page 117, ver. xviii., line 2: "And Liber loves the vine."—Liber, frēs, an epithet of the wine-god Bacchus, as freeing men from their cares. Lyæus, which has the same meaning, is the Latinised form of the Greek Ἀναῖος.

Page 117, ver. xviii., line 3: "And Pales loves the straw-built shed."—Pales, a rustic god, or goddess, whose name, like that of the Sicilian Palici, is akin probably to Pallas.

Page 117, ver. xix., line 5: "And Venus loves the whispers."—Venus, the Latin goddess of beauty and love, answers to the Greek Aphrodite. According to the Roman tradition, she was the mother of Aeneas, the progenitor of the Roman race.

Page 118, ver. xx., line 7: "Leave to the sordid race of Tyre."—Sordid, as busying themselves only with trade and commerce. See note to "Battle of the Lake Regillus," page 68, ver. xi., line 14.


Page 118, ver. xx., line 11: "Leave to the Greek his marble nymphs."—Statues of nymphs, the maidens with whom the imagination of the Greeks peopled the woods and waters, mountains and caves.

Page 118, ver. xxii., line 1: "Thine, Roman, is the pilum."—The Pilum was the long spear carried by the heavy-armed soldiers of the Roman legion, who were therefore called Pilani, those who stood before them being known as Antepilani.


Page 119, ver. xxiii., line 1: "The Gaul shall come against thee."—The reference is to the invasion of the Gauls under Brennus (Bran), and to their discomfiture by the Dictator, M. Furius Camillus.

Page 119, ver. xxiv., line 1: "The Greek shall come against thee."—The Greek invader is Pyrrhus, king of Epeirus. See the Preface.

Page 119, ver. xxiv., line 4: "The huge earth-shaking beast."—The elephant, with which the Romans now first became acquainted.

Page 119, ver. xxiv., line 11: "And the ranks of false Tarentum."—Tarentum was one of the chief cities of Great Greece, Magna Græcia. See note to page 81, ver. xxxiv., line 5. The Latin names of these Greek cities were formed from the genitive case—Taras, Tarantos, Tarentum. The name Beneventum was substituted
for the city of Malocis, as its getive case, Maloentos, yielded Maleventum, a word of evil sound for Roman ears.

Page 120, ver. xxvi., line 1: “Hurrah! for the good weapons.”
—The seer is here drawing a contrast between the weapons used by the Roman legionaries and those of the Greek Phalanx.

Page 120, ver. xxvii., line 6: “Hath the Red King ta’en flight?”—The word Pyrrhus means red, like the Latin Rufus.

Page 120, ver. xxviii., line 3: “Hurrah! for the rich dye of Tyre.”—See note to page 68, ver. xi., line 14.

Page 121, ver. xxx., line 4: “Thrice drawn in triumph home.”
—The Dictator Manius Curius Dentatus defeated Pyrrhus in the battle of Beneventum, B.C. 274. See note to page 119, ver. xxiv., line 11.


Page 121, ver. xxxi., line 1: “Then where, o’er two bright havens.”—Situated on an isthmus of three miles in width, Corinth had a port on the Saronic as well as on the Corinthian or Crissæan Gulf.

Page 121, ver. xxxi., line 3: “Where the gigantic King of Day.”—The colossal statue of the sun, which was reckoned among the seven wonders of the world.

Page 122, ver. xxxi., line 12: “Of Byrsa’s thousand masts.”—Byrsa, in Hebrew or Phenician Bozra, the citadel of Carthage.

Page 122, ver. xxxi., line 17: “Where Atlas flings his shadow.”—The great mountain range of North-Western Africa, which was supposed to bear up the heavens, in the myth of Atlas.
MARCH 1882.

GENERAL LISTS OF NEW WORKS
PUBLISHED BY
MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.
PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

HISTORY, POLITICS, HISTORICAL MEMOIRS, &c.

Armitage’s Childhood of the English Nation. Fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
Arnold’s Lectures on Modern History. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Bagshot’s Literary Studies, edited by Hutton. 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.
Beaconsfield’s (Lord) Speeches, by Kebebe. 2 vols. 8vo. 32s.
Bingham’s Marriages of the Bonapartes. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 21s.
Bosco’s Italian History, by Morell. Royal 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Browning’s Modern France, 1814-1879. Fcp. 8vo. 1s.
Buckle’s History of Civilisation. 3 vols. crown 8vo. 24s.
Chesney’s Waterloo Lectures. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Davis’s Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government. 2 vols. 8vo. 42s.
Dun’s Landlord and Tenant in Ireland. Crown 8vo. 6s.
Dun’s American Food and Farming. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Epochs of Ancient History:—
Beckly’s Gracchi, Marius, and Sulla. 2s. 6d.
Capers’s Age of the Antonines. 2s. 6d.
— Early Roman Empire. 2s. 6d.
Coxe’s Athenian Empire. 2s. 6d.
— Greeks and Persians. 2s. 6d.
Curtels’s Rise of the Macedonian Empire. 2s. 6d.
Thucydides’ Rome to its Capture by the Gauls. 2s. 6d.
Mellows’s Roman Triumvirates. 2s. 6d.
Sankey’s Spartan and Theban Supremacies. 2s. 6d.
Smith’s Rome and Carthage, the Punic Wars. 2s. 6d.

Epochs of English History, complete in One Volume. Fcp. 8vo. 5s.
Creighton’s Shilling History of England (Introductory Volume) Fcp. 8vo. 1s.
Browning’s Modern England, 1820-1875. 9d.
Cordery’s Struggle against Absolute Monarchy, 1603-1688. 9d.
Creighton’s (Mrs.) England a Continental Power, 1066-1216. 9d.
Creighton’s (Rev. M.) Tudors and the Reformation, 1485-1603. 9d.
Rowley’s Rise of the People, 1215-1485. 9d.
Rowley’s Settlement of the Constitution, 1689-1784. 9d.
Tancock’s England during the American & European Wars, 1783-1820. 9d.
York-Powell’s Early England to the Conquest, 1s.

Epochs of Modern History:—
Church’s Beginning of the Middle Ages, 2s. 6d.
Cox’s Crusades, 2s. 6d.
Creighton’s Age of Elizabeth, 2s. 6d.

London, LONGMANS & CO.
General Lists of New Works.

Epochs of Modern History—continued.

Gardiner’s Houses of Lancaster and York. 2 vols. 6d.
Gardiner’s Puritan Revolution. 2 vols. 6d.
— Thirty Years’ War. 2 vols. 6d.
Hale’s Fall of the Stuarts. 2 vols. 6d.
Johnson’s Normans in Europe. 2 vols. 6d.
Longman’s Frederick the Great and the Seven Years’ War. 2 vols. 6d.
Ludlow’s War of American Independence. 2 vols. 6d.
McCarthy’s Epoch of Reform, 1830–1850. 2 vols. 6d.
Morris’s Age of Queen Anne. 2 vols. 6d.
Seebold’s Protestant Revolution. 2 vols. 6d.
Strob’s Early Plantations. 2 vols. 6d.
Warburton’s Edward III. 2 vols. 6d.

Freud’s English in Ireland in the 18th Century. 3 vols. crown 8vo. 18s.

— Julius Caesar, a Sketch. 8vo. 18s.

— Outline of English History, B.C. 55–A.D. 1880. Fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d.


Hayward’s Selected Essays. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 12s.

Innes’s History of Rome. 3 vols. 8vo. 45s.


Lecky’s History of European Morals. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 16s.

— Rationalism in Europe. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 16s.

Lewes’s History of Philosophy. 2 vols. 8vo. 32s.

Longman’s Lectures on the History of England. 8vo. 15s.

— Life and Times of Edward III. 2 vols. 8vo. 38s.

Macaulay’s Complete Works. Library Edition. 8 vols. 8vo. £5. 5s.

— Cabinet Edition. 16 vols. crown 8vo. £4. 16s.

— History of England:—

People’s Edition. 4 vols. cr. 8vo. 16s. | Library Edition. 5 vols. 8vo. 64s.


People’s Edition. 2 vols. cr. 8vo. 8s. | Library Edition. 5 vols. 8vo. 56s.


— Democracy in Europe. 2 vols. 8vo. 32s.

Marival’s Fall of the Roman Republic. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

— General History of Rome, B.C. 753—A.D. 476. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.
— History of the Romans under the Empire. 8 vols. post 8vo. 48s.

Oswin’s Recollections of the last Half-Century. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Rawlinson’s Ancient Egypt. 2 vols. 8vo. 63s.

— Seventh Great Oriental Monarchy—The Sasanians. 8vo. 28s.

Seebold’s Oxford Reformers—Cato, Erasmus, & More. 8vo. 14s.

Sewell’s Popular History of France to the Death of Louis XIV. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Short’s History of the Church of England. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Smith’s Carthage and the Carthaginians. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Taylor’s Mammal of the History of India. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.
General Lists of New Works.

BIOGRAPHICAL WORKS.

Tocqueville’s Realities of Irish Life. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Trevelyan’s Early History of Charles James Fox. Crown 8vo. 6s.


Biographical Works.

Bagehot’s Biographical Studies. 1 vol. 8vo. 12s.


Oates’s Dictionary of General Biography. Medium 8vo. 28s.

Froude’s Thomas Carlyle, 1795–1835. 2 vols. 8vo. with Portraits and Plates, 32s.


Jerrold’s Life of Napoleon the Third. 4 vols. 8vo. £3. 18s.

Lecky’s Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.


Marshman’s Memoir of Havelock. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Memoir of Augustus De Morgan, By his Wife. 8vo.

Mendelssohn’s Letters. Translated by Lady Wallace. 2 vols. or. 8vo. 5s. each.

Mill’s (John Stuart) Autobiography. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Newman’s Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ. Crown 8vo.

Noble’s Life of Mozart. Translated by Lady Wallace. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 21s.

Overton’s Life &c. of William Law. 8vo. 15s.

Savigny’s Correspondence with Caroline Bowles. 8vo. 14s.

Spedding’s Letters and Life of Francis Bacon. 7 vols. 8vo. £4. 4s.

Stephen’s Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

MENTAL AND POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY.

Ames’s View of the Science of Jurisprudence. 8vo. 18s.

— Fifty Years of the English Constitution, 1830–1880. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

— Primer of the English Constitution. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Beacon’s Essays, with Annotations by Whately. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

— Works, edited by Spedding. 7 vols. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Bagehot’s Economic Studies, edited by Hutton. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Bain’s Logic, Deductive and Inductive. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Pickland & Lang’s Aristotel’s Politics. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Constable’s System of Positive Polity, or Treatise upon Sociology. 4 vols. 8vo. £4.

Grant’s Ethics of Aristotle; Greek Text, English Notes. 2 vols. 8vo. 32s.

Hodgson’s Philosophy of Reflection. 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.

Kalisch’s Path and Goal. 8vo. 12s. 6d.

Keith on Authority in Matters of Opinion. 8vo. 14s.

Leslie’s Essays in Political and Moral Philosophy. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Macleod’s Speeches corrected by Himself. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.


Mill on Representative Government. Crown 8vo. 2s.

London, LONGMANS & Co.
General Lists of New Works.

Mill on Liberty. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d. Crown 8vo. 1s. 6d.
Mill's Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind. 3 vols. 8vo. 28s.
— Dissertations and Discussions. 4 vols. 8vo. 67s.
— Essays on Unsettled Questions of Political Economy. 8vo. 6s. 6d.
— Examination of Hamilton's Philosophy. 8vo. 18s.
— Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive. 2 vols. 8vo. 25s.
— Principles of Political Economy. 2 vols. 8vo. 80s. 1 vol. crown 8vo. 5s.
— Subjection of Women. Crown 8vo. 6s.
— Utilitarianism. 8vo. 5s.

Mill's (Max) Chips from a German Workshop. 4 vols. 8vo. 35s.
— Haber Lectures on Origin and Growth of Religion. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
— Selected Essays on Language, Mythology, and Religion. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 18s.

Sandars' Institutes of Justinian, with English Notes. 8vo. 15s.
Swinburne's Picture Logic. Post 8vo. 5s.
Thomson's Outline of Necessary Laws of Thought. Crown 8vo. 6s.
Toqueville's Democracy in America, translated by Reeve. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 16s.
Twin's Law of Nations, 8vo. in Time of Peace, 12s. in Time of War, 21s.
Whately's Elements of Logic. 8vo. 10s. 6d. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.
— Rhetoric. 8vo. 10s. 6d. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.
— English Synonymes. Fcp. 8vo. 3s.
William's Nicomachean Ethics of Aristotle translated. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Zeller's Socrates and the Socratic Schools. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.
— Stoics, Epicureans, and Sceptics. Crown 8vo. 15s.
— Plato and the Older Academy. Crown 8vo. 15s.
— Pre-Socratic Schools. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 30s.

MISCELLANEOUS AND CRITICAL WORKS.
Arnold's (Dr. Thomas) Miscellaneous Works. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
— (T.) Manual of English Literature. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.
— English Poetry and Prose. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Bain's Emotions and the Will. 8vo. 15s.
— Mental and Moral Science. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.
— Sense and the Intellect. 8vo. 15s.
Beaconsfield (Lord), The Wit and Wisdom of. Crown 8vo. 6s.
Becker's Charicles and Gallus, by Metcalfe. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d. each.
Brown on the Unicorn. 8vo. 3s.
Blackley's German and English Dictionary. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Contam's Practical French & English Dictionary. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
— Pocket French and English Dictionary. Square 18mo. 8s. 6d.
Farrar's Language and Languages. Crown 8vo. 6s.
Froude's Short Studies on Great Subjects. 3 vols. crown 8vo. 18s.
German Home Life, reprinted from Fraser's Magazine. Crown 8vo. 6s.
Hodgson's Outcast Essays and Verse Translations. Crown 8vo. 9s. 6d.
Hume's Essays, edited by Green & Gros. 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.
— Treatise on Human Nature, edited by Green & Gros. 3 vols. 8vo. 28s.
Latham's Handbook of the English Language. Crown 8vo. 6s.
— English Dictionary. 1 vol. medium 8vo. 14s. 4 vols. 4to. 27s.
Liddell & Scott's Greek-English Lexicon. Crown 4to. 30s.

London, LONGMANS & CO.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Format</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Liddell &amp; Scott's Abridged Greek-English Lexicon.</td>
<td>Square 12mo. 7s. 6d.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Longman's Pocket German and English Dictionary.</td>
<td>18mo. 5s.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Macaulay's Miscellaneous Writings.</td>
<td>2 vols. 8vo. 21s. 1 vol. crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>— Miscellaneous Writings and Speeches.</td>
<td>Crown 8vo. 6s.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mabert's Classical Greek Literature.</td>
<td>Crown 8vo. Vol. I. the Poets, 7s. 6d. Vol. II. the Prose Writers, 7s. 6d.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milner's Country Pleasures.</td>
<td>Crown 8vo. 6s.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miller's (Max) Lectures on the Science of Language.</td>
<td>2 vols. crown 8vo. 18s.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Owen's Evenings with the Skeptics.</td>
<td>2 vols. 8vo. 22s.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rich's Dictionary of Roman and Greek Antiquities.</td>
<td>Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rogan's Eclipse of Faith.</td>
<td>Fcp. 8vo. 8s.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>— Defence of the Eclipse of Faith</td>
<td>Fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rogan's Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases.</td>
<td>Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Savile's Apparitions, a Narrative of Facts.</td>
<td>Crown 8vo. 5s.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Selections from the Writings of Lord Macaulay.</td>
<td>Crown 8vo. 6s.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Simonds' Latin Classical Literature.</td>
<td>2 vols. 8vo.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>White &amp; Riddle's Large Latin-English Dictionary.</td>
<td>4to. 21s.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>White's Concise Latin-English Dictionary.</td>
<td>Royal 8vo. 12s.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>— Junior Student's Lat.-Eng. and Eng.-Lat. Dictionary.</td>
<td>Square 12mo. 12s.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Separately</td>
<td>The English-Latin Dictionary, 5s. 6d.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>— The Latin-English Dictionary.</td>
<td>7s. 6d.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilson's Studies of Modern Mind &amp;c.</td>
<td>8vo. 12s.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wit and Wisdom of the Rev. Sydney Smith.</td>
<td>16mo. 3s. 6d.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Xenge's English-Greek Lexicon.</td>
<td>Square 12mo. 8s. 6d. 4to. 21s.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Autumn Holidays of a Country Parson.</td>
<td>8s. 6d.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Changed Aspects of Unchanged Truths.</td>
<td>3s. 6d.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Common-place Philosopher in Town and Country.</td>
<td>3s. 6d.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Counsel and Comfort spoken from a City Pulpit.</td>
<td>3s. 6d.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Critical Essays of a Country Parson.</td>
<td>3s. 6d.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Graves Thoughts of a Country Parson.</td>
<td>Three Series, 3s. 6d. each.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Landscapes, Churches, and Moralties.</td>
<td>3s. 6d.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leisure Hours in Town.</td>
<td>3s. 6d. Lessons of Middle Age. 3s. 6d.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our Little Life.</td>
<td>Essays Consolatory and Domestic. 3s. 6d.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Present-day Thoughts.</td>
<td>3s. 6d.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Recreation of a Country Parson.</td>
<td>Three Series, 3s. 6d. each.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seaside Musings on Sundays and Week-Days.</td>
<td>3s. 6d.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sunday Afternoons in the Parish Church of a University City.</td>
<td>3s. 6d.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**ASTRONOMY, METEOROLOGY, GEOGRAPHY &C.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Format</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Freeman's Historical Geography of Europa.</td>
<td>2 vols. 8vo. 31s. 6d.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Herschel's Outlines of Astronomy.</td>
<td>Square crown 8vo. 12s.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Keith Johnston's Dictionary of Geography, or General Gazetteer.</td>
<td>8vo. 42s.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nelson's Work on the Moon.</td>
<td>Medium 8vo. 31s. 6d.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Proctor's Essays on Astronomy.</td>
<td>8vo. 12s. Proctor's Moon. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>— Larger Star Atlas.</td>
<td>Folio, 16s. or Maps only, 12s. 6d.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>— New Star Atlas.</td>
<td>Crown 8vo. 5s. Orbs Around Us. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>— Other Worlds than Ours.</td>
<td>Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>— Sun.</td>
<td>Crown 8vo. 14s. Universe of Stars. 8vo. 10s. 6d.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith's Air and Rain.</td>
<td>8vo. 24s.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

London, LONGMANS & CO.
General Lists of New Works.

The Public Schools Atlas of Ancient Geography. Imperial 8vo. 7s. 6d.
— Atlas of Modern Geography. Imperial 8vo. 5s.
Webb's Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes. Crown 8vo. 9s.

NATURAL HISTORY & POPULAR SCIENCE.

Arnott's Elements of Physics or Natural Philosophy. Crown 8vo. 12s. 6d.
Brandt's Dictionary of Science, Literature, and Art. 3 vols. medium 8vo. 6s.
Decaisne and Le Maout's General System of Botany. Imperial 8vo. 31s. 6d.
Dixon's Rural Bird Life. Crown 8vo. Illustrations, 7s. 6d.
Evans's Bronze Implements &c. of Great Britain. 8vo. 25s.
Ganot's Elementary Treatise on Physics, by Atkinson. Large crown 8vo. 15s.
— Natural Philosophy, by Atkinson. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Gooden's Elements of Mechanism. Crown 8vo. 6s.
Grove's Correlation of Physical Forces. 8vo. 15s.
Hartwig's Aerial World. 8vo. 10s. 6d. Polar World. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
— Sea and its Living Wonders. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
— Subterranean World. 8vo. 10s. 6d. Tropical World. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Haughton's Six Lectures on Physical Geography. 8vo. 15s.
Hear's Primeval World of Switzerland. 2 vols. 8vo. 12s.
Helmhotz's Lectures on Scientific Subjects. 2 vols. cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. each.
Hullab's Lectures on the History of Modern Music. 8vo. 8s. 6d.
— Transition Period of Musical History. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Keller's Lake Dwellings of Switzerland, by Lee. 2 vols. royal 8vo. 43s.
Lee's Note Book of an Amateur Geologist. 8vo. 21s.
Lloyd's Treatise on Magnetism. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
— on the Wave-Theory of Light. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
London's Encyclopedia of Plants. 8vo. 49s.
Lubbock on the Origin of Civilisation & Primitive Condition of Man. 8vo. 18s.
Macalister's Zoology and Morphology of Vertebrate Animals. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Nicols' Puzzles of Life. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.
Owen's Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of the Vertebrate Animals. 3 vols. 8vo. 75s. 6d.
Proctor's Lights Science for Leisure Hours. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. each.
— Rose Amateur's Guide. Fcp. 8vo. 4s. 6d.
Stanley's Familiar History of British Birds. Crown 8vo. 6s.
Text-Books of Science, Mechanical and Physical.

Abney's Photography, 3s. 6d.
Anderson's (Sir John) Strength of Materials, 3s. 6d.
Armstrong's Organic Chemistry, 3s. 6d.
Ball's Astronomy, 6s.
Barry's Railway Appliances, 3s. 6d. Bloxam's Metals, 3s. 6d.
Banerman's Systematic Mineralogy, 6s.
Gooden's Principles of Mechanics, 3s. 6d.
Gore's Electro-Metallurgy, 6s.
Griffin's Algebra and Trigonometry, 3s. 6d.
Jenkin's Electricity and Magnetism, 3s. 6d.
Maxwell's Theory of Heat, 3s. 6d.
Merrifield's Technical Arithmetic and Mensuration, 3s. 6d.
Miller's Inorganic Chemistry, 3s. 6d.
Froese & Bivwright's Telegraphy, 3s. 6d.

London, LONGMANS & CO.
General Lists of New Works.

Text-Books of Science, Mechanical and Physical—continued.

— Rutley's Study of Rocks. 4s. 6d.
— Shelley's Workshop Appliances. 3s. 6d.
— Thomson's Structural and Physiological Botany. 6s.
— Thorpe's Quantitative Chemical Analysis. 4s. 6d.
— Thorpe & Muir's Qualitative Analysis. 3s. 6d.
— Tilden's Chemical Philosophy. 3s. 6d.
— Unwin's Machine Design. 3s. 6d.
— Watson's Plane and Solid Geometry. 3s. 6d.

— Tyn dall's Floating Matter of the Air. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.
— Fragments of Science. 2 vols. post 8vo. 16s.
— Heat and Motion. Crown 8vo. 12s.
— Notes on Electrical Phenomena. Crown 8vo. 1s. sewed, 1s. 6d. cloth.
— Notes of Lectures on Light. Crown 8vo. 1s. sewed, 1s. 6d. cloth.
— Lectures on Light delivered in America. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.
— Lessons in Electricity. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Von Cotta on Rocks, by Lawrence. Post 8vo. 16s.
Wood's Bible Animals. With 112 Vignettes. 8vo. 14s.
— Homes Without Hands. 8vo. 14s. Insects Abroad. 8vo. 14s.
— Insects at Home. With 700 Illustrations. 8vo. 14s.
— Out of Doors. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.
— Strange Dwellings. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. Popular Edition, 4to. 6d.

CHEMISTRY & PHYSIOLOGY.

Buckton's Health in the House, Lectures on Elementary Physiology. Cr. 8vo. 2s.
Jago's Practical Inorganic Chemistry. Fcp. 8vo. 2s.
Miller's Elements of Chemistry, Theoretical and Practical. 3 vols. 8vo. Part I.
— Chemical Physics, 16s. Part II. Inorganic Chemistry, 24s. Part III. Organic
— Chemistry, price 31s. 6d.
Reynolds's Experimental Chemistry, Part I. fcp. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Part II. 2s. 6d.
Tilden's Practical Chemistry. Fcp. 8vo. 1s. 6d.
Watte's Dictionary of Chemistry. 7 vols. medium 8vo. £10. 16s. 6d.
— Third Supplementary Volume, in Two Parts. Part I. 36s. Part II. 50s.

THE FINE ARTS & ILLUSTRATED EDITIONS.

Dresser's Arts and Art Industries of Japan. [In preparation.
Jameson's Sacred and Legendary Art. 6 vols. square crown 8vo.
— Legends of the Madonna. 1 vol. 31s.
— — — Monastic Orders. 1 vol. 21s.
— — — Saints and Martyrs. 2 vols. 31s. 6d.
— — — Saviour. Completed by Lady Bastin. 2 vols. 42s.
Longman's Three Cathedrals Dedicated to St. Paul. Square crown 8vo. 31s.
Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome, illustrated by Scharf. Fcp. 4to. 31s. imp.
— 16mo. 10s. 6d.
— — — Illustrated by Weguelin. Crown 8vo. 6s.
Macfarren's Lectures on Harmony. 8vo. 12s.
Moore's Irish Melodies. With 161 Plates by D. Macline, R.A. Super-royal 8vo. 31s.
— Lalla Rookh, illustrated by Tenniel. Square crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Perry on Greek and Roman Sculpture. With 280 Illustrations engraved on
— Wood. Square crown 8vo. 31s. 6d.

London, LONGMANS & CO.
THE USEFUL ARTS, MANUFACTURES, &c.

Barry & Bramwell's Railways and Locomotives. 8vo. 21s.

Bourne's Catechism of the Steam Engine. Fcp. 8vo. 6s.
- Examples of Steam, Air, and Gas Engines. 4to. 70s.
- Handbook of the Steam Engine. Fcp. 8vo. 9s.
- Recent Improvements in the Steam Engine. Fcp. 8vo. 6s.
- Treatise on the Steam Engine. 4to. 42s.

Brasey's British Navy, in 6 vols. 8vo, with many Illustrations. Vol. I. Ship-building for the Purposes of War, 10s. 6d. Vol. II. Miscellaneous Papers on the same subject, 3s. 6d.

Cesny's Encyclopedia of Civil Engineering. 8vo. 25s.

Culley's Handbook of Practical Telegraphy. 8vo. 16s.

Eastlake's Household Taste in Furniture, &c. Square crown 8vo. 14s.

Fairbairn's Useful Information for Engineers. 3 vols. crown 8vo. 31s. 6d.
- Applications of Cast and Wrought Iron. 8vo. 16s.
- Mills and Millwork. 1 vol. 8vo. 25s.

Gwilt's Encyclopedia of Architecture. 8vo. 52s. 6d.

Hawkold's Engineer's Valuing Assistant. 8vo. 31s. 6d.

Kerr's Metallurgy, adapted by Crookes and Ritblrig. 3 vols. 8vo. 24. 19s.

London's Encyclopedia of Agriculture. 8vo. 21s.
- Gardening. 8vo. 21s.

Mitchell's Manual of Practical Assaying. 8vo. 31s. 6d.

Northcote's Lathes and Turning. 8vo. 18s.

Payen's Industrial Chemistry. Edited by R. H. Paul, Ph.D. 8vo. 42s.


Sennett's Treatise on the Marine Steam Engine. 8vo. 21s.

Stoney's Theory of Strains in Girders. Royal 8vo. 33s.

Ure's Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, & Mines. 4 vols. medium 8vo. 27. 7s.

Ville on Artificial Manures. By Crookes. 8vo. 21s.

RELIGIOUS & MORAL WORKS.

Abbey & Overton's English Church in the Eighteenth Century. 2 vols. 8vo. 36s.

Arnold's (Rev. Dr. Thomas) Sermons. 6 vols. crown 8vo. 8s. each.

Bishop Jeremy Taylor's Entire Works. With Life by Bishop Heber. Edited by the Rev. C. F. Eden. 10 vols. 8vo. 25. 6s.

Boulton's Commentary on the 99 Articles. Crown 8vo. 6s.
- History of the Church of England, Pre-Reformation Period. 8vo. 15s.

Brown's (Bishop) Exposition of the 99 Articles. 8vo. 16s.

Colenso's Lectures on the Pentateuch and the Moabite Stone. 8vo. 12s.

Colenso on the Pentateuch and Book of Joshua. Crown 8vo. 6s.
- Part VII. completion of the larger Work. 8vo. 24s.

Conder's Handbook of the Bible. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Combeare & Howson's Life and Letters of St. Paul:—

Library Edition, with all the Original Illustrations, Maps, Landscapes on Steel, Woodcuts, &c. 2 vols. 4to. 42s.


Student's Edition, revised and condensed, with 46 Illustrations and Maps. 1 vol. crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Craik's History of the Papacy during the Reformation. 2 vols. 8vo.

London, LONGMANS & CO.
General Lists of New Works.

Davidson's Introduction to the Study of the New Testament. 2 vols. 8vo. 30s.
Elliot's (Bishop) Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles. 8vo. Galatians, 8s. 6d.; Ephesians, &c. 6d. Pastoral Epistles, 10s. 6d. Philippians, Colossians, and Philemon, 10s. 6d. Thessalonians, 7s. 6d.
Elliot's Lectures on the Life of our Lord. 8vo. 12s.
Ewald's History of Israel, translated by Carpenter. 5 vols. 8vo. 63s.
— Antiquities of Israel, translated by Solly. 8vo. 12s. 6d.
Gospel (The) for the Nineteenth Century. 6th Edition. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Hopkins's Christ the Consoler. Fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
Jukes' New Man and the Eternal Life. Crown 8vo. 6s.
— Second Death and the Restitution of all Things. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.
— Types of Genesis. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Kalisch's Bible Studies. Part I. the Prophecies of Balaam. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
— Part II. the Book of Jonah. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
— Historical and Critical Commentary on the Old Testament; with a New Translation. Vol. I. Genesis, 8vo. 18s. or adapted for the General Reader, 12s. Vol. II. Exodus, 18s. or adapted for the General Reader, 12s. Vol. III. Leviticus, Part I. 15s. or adapted for the General Reader, 8s. Vol. IV. Leviticus, Part II. 15s. or adapted for the General Reader, 8s.
Lyra Germanica: Hymns translated by Miss Winkworth. 8vo. 6s.
Martineau's Endeavours after the Christian Life. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.
— Hymns of Praise and Prayer. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d. 24mo. 1s. 6d.
— Sermons, Hours of Thought on Sacred Things. 2 vols. 7s. 6d. each.
Mill's Three Essays on Religion. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Monsell's Spiritual Songs for Sundays and Holidays. Fcp. 8vo. 5s. 18mo. 2s.
Miller's (Max) Lectures on the Science of Religion. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Newman's Apologia pro Vita Sua. Crown 8vo. 6s.
Passing Thoughts on Religion. By Miss Sewell. Fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
Sewell's (Miss) Preparation for the Holy Communion. 23mo. 3s.
— Private Devotions for Young Persons. 18mo. 2s.
Smith's Voyage and Shipwreck of St. Paul. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Thoughts for the Age. By Miss Sewell. Fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
Whately's Lessons on the Christian Evidences. 18mo. 6d.
White's Four Gospels in Greek, with Greek-English Lexicon. 22mo. 5s.

TRAVELS, VOYAGES, &c.

Baker's Rifle and Hound in Ceylon. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.
— Eight Years in Ceylon. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Ball's Alpine Guide. 3 vols. post 8vo. with Maps and Illustrations:—I. Alps, 8s. 6d. II. Central Alps, 7s. 6d. III. Eastern Alps, 10s. 6d.
Ball on Alpine Travelling, and on the Geology of the Alps, 12.
Beresby's Sunshine and Storm in the East. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.
— Voyage in the Yacht 'Sunbeam.' Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. School Edition, fcp. 8vo. 2s. Popular Edition, 4to. 6d.
Hassall's San Remo and the Western Riviera. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Mackmurdo's Medical Geography of India. 8vo. 21s.
Miller's Wintering in the Riviera. Post 8vo. Illustrations, 7s. 6d.
General Lists of New Works.

PACKIN'S Guide to the Pyrenees, for Mountaineers. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.
The Alpine Club Map of Switzerland. In Four Sheets. 42s.
Wald's Sacred Faïnlands. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

WORKS OF FICTION.

Buried Alive, Ten Years of Penal Servitude in Siberia. Crown 8vo. 6s.
Cabinet Edition of Novels and Tales by the Right Hon. the Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G. 11 vols. crown 8vo. price 6s. each.
Cabinet Edition of Stories and Tales by Mrs Sewell. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, gilt edges, price 2s. 6d. each:
- Amy Herbert. Cleve Hall.
- The Earl's Daughter.
- Experience of Life.
- Gertrude. Ivora.
- Katharine Ashton.
- Lanston Parsonage.
- Margaret Percival.
- Ursula.

Novels and Tales by the Right Hon. the Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G. Hughenden Edition, with 2 Portraits engraved on Steel and 11 Vignettes engraved on Wood. 11 vols. crown 8vo. price £2. 2s.
- Sybil. Tancred.
- Venetia. Henrietta Temple.
- Contarini Fleming.
- Alroy. Ixion, &c.
- The Young Duke, &c.
- Vivian Grey. Endymion.
- The Queen's Maries.

The Modern Novelist's Library. Each Work in crown 8vo. A Single Volume, complete in itself, price 2s. boards, or 2s. 6d. cloth:
- By the Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G.
- Lothair.
- Coningsby.
- Sybil.
- Tancred.
- Venetia.
- Henrietta Temple.
- Contarini Fleming.
- Alroy. Ixion, &c.
- The Young Duke, &c.
- Vivian Grey.
- Endymion.
- By Major Whyte-Melville.
- Digby Grand.
- General Bounce.
- Kate Coventry.
- The Gladiators.
- Good for Nothing.
- Holmby House.
- The Interpreter.

Whispers from Fairy Land. By the Right Hon. Lord Brabourne. With Nine Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

POETRY & THE DRAMA.

Bailey's Festus, a Poem. Crown 8vo. 12s. 6d.
Bodwell's Family Shakespeare. Medium 8vo. 14s. 6 vols. fcp. 8vo. 21s.
Cayley's Iliad of Homer, Homometrically translated. 8vo. 12s. 6d.

London, LONGMANS & CO.
General Lists of New Works.

Comington's Aeneid of Virgil, translated into English Verse. Crown 8vo. 3s.
Goethe's Faust, translated by Birds. Large crown 8vo. 12s. 6d.
— — translated by Webb. Svo. 12s. 6d.
— — edited by Seals. Crown 8vo. 5s.
Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome, with Tyry and the Armada. 16mo. 3s. 6d.
The same, Cheap Edition, fcp. 8vo. 1s. sewed, 1s. 6d. cloth.
Moore's Poetical Works, 1 vol. ruby type. Post 8vo. 6s.
Ormsby's Poem of the Old. Translated. Post 8vo. 5s.
Southey's Poetical Works. Medium 8vo. 14s.

RURAL SPORTS, HORSE & CATTLE MANAGEMENT &c.
Blaine's Encyclopedia of Rural Sports. Svo. 21s.
Fitzwygram's Horses and Stables. Svo. 10s. 6d.
Francis's Treatise on Fishing in all its Branches. Post 8vo. 15s.
Mile's Horse's Foot, and How to Keep it Sound. Imperial 8vo. 12s. 6d.
— Plain Treatise on Horse-Shoeing. Post 8vo. 2s. 6d.
— Stables and Stable-Fittings. Imperial 8vo. 15s.
— Remarks on Horses' Teeth. Post 8vo. 1s. 6d.
Milner's Country Pleasures. Crown 8vo. 6s.
Neville's Horses and Riding. Crown 8vo. 6s.
Ramsay's Fly-Fisher's Entomology. Svo. 12s.
Steel's Diseases of the Ox, being a Manual of Bovine Pathology. Svo. 15s.
Stonehenge: The Dog in Health and Disease. Square crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.
— Greyhound. Square crown 8vo. 15s.
Youatt's Work on the Dog. Svo. 6s.
— — — Horses. Svo. 7s. 6d.
Wicksteed's Sea-Fisherman. Post 8vo. 12s. 6d.

WORKS OF UTILITY & GENERAL INFORMATION.
Acton's Modern Cookery for Private Families. Fcp. 8vo. 6s.
Black's Practical Treatise on Brewing. Svo. 10s. 6d.
Buckton's Food and Home Cookery. Crown 8vo. 2s.
Bull on the Maternal Management of Children. Fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
Bull's Hints to Mothers on the Management of their Health during the Period of Pregnancy and in the Lying-In Room. Fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
Campbell-Walker's Correct Card, or How to Play at Whist. Fcp. Svo. 2s. 6d.
Edwards on the Ventilation of Dwelling-Houses. Royal 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Longman's Chess Openings. Fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
Macleod's Economics for Beginners. Small crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.
— Elements of Economics. 2 vols. small crown 8vo. Vol. I. 7s. 6d.
— Theory and Practice of Banking. 2 vols. Svo. 26s.

London, LONGMANS & CO.
General Lists of New Works.

Maundrell’s Biographical Treasury. Fcp. Svo. 6s.
— Historical Treasury. Fcp. Svo. 6s.
— Scientific and Literary Treasury. Fcp. Svo. 6s.
— Treasury of Bible Knowledge, edited by Ayre. Fcp. Svo. 6s.
— Treasury of Botany, edited by Lindley & Moore. Two Parts, 12s.
— Treasury of Geography. Fcp. Svo. 6s.
— Treasury of Knowledge and Library of Reference. Fcp. Svo. 6s.
— Treasury of Natural History. Fcp. Svo. 6s.

Pereira’s Materia Medica, by Bentley and Redwood. 8vo. 25s.
Furnivall’s Comprehensive Specifier; Building-Artificers’ Work. Crown Svo. 6s.
Pole’s Theory of the Modern Scientific Game of Whist. Fcp. Svo. 2s. 6d.
Quain’s Dictionary of Medicine. 1 vol. Svo. in two parts, 6s. 6d. the press.
Reader’s Time Tables. Third Edition. Crown Svo. 7s. 6d.
Scott’s Farm Valuer. Crown Svo. 5s.
— Bents and Purchases. Crown Svo. 6s.
Smith’s Handbook for Midwives. Crown Svo. 5s.
West on the Diseases of Infancy and Childhood. 8vo. 18s.
Willich’s Popular Tables, by Marriott. Crown Svo. 10s.
Wilson on Banking Reform. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
— on the Resources of Modern Countries 2 vols. Svo. 24s.

MUSICAL WORKS BY JOHN HULLAH, LL.D.
Hullah’s Method of Teaching Singing. Crown Svo. 2s. 6d.
Exercises and Figures in the same. Crown Svo. 1s. sewed, or 1s. 2d. limp cloth; or 2 Parts, 6d. each sewed, or 8d. each limp cloth.
Large Sheets, containing the ‘Exercises and Figures in Hullah’s Method,’ in Two Parcels of Eight, price 6s. each.
Chromatic Scale, with the Inflected Syllables, on Large Sheet. 1s. 6d.
Card of Chromatic Scale. 1d.
Grammar of Musical Harmony. Royal Svo. price 3s. sewed and 4s. 6d. cloth; or in 2 Parts, each 1s. 6d.
Exercises to Grammar of Musical Harmony. 1s.
Grammar of Counterpoint. Part I. super-royal Svo. 2s. 6d.
Wilhem’s Manual of Singing. Parts I. & II. 2s. 6d. or together, 5s.
Large Sheets, Nos. 1 to 8, containing the Figures in Part I. of Wilhem’s Manual, in a Parcel, 6s.
Large Sheets, Nos. 9 to 40, containing the Exercises in Part I. of Wilhem’s Manual, in Four Parcels of Eight Nos. each, per Parcel, 6s.
Large Sheets, Nos. 41 to 52, containing the Figures in Part II. in a Parcel, 9s.
Hymns for the Young, set to Music. Royal Svo. 8d. sewed, or 1s. 6d. cloth.
Infant School Songs. 6d.
Notation, the Musical Alphabet. Crown Svo. 6d.
Old English Songs for Schools, Harmonised. 6d.
Fundamentals of Musical Grammar. Royal Svo. 3s.
School Songs for 2 and 3 Voices. 2 Books, Svo. each 6d.
A Short Treatise on the Staff. 2s.
Lectures on the History of Modern Music. Svo. 8s. 6d.

London, LONGMANS & CO.
LORD MACAULAY'S LIFE AND WORKS

The LIFE and LETTERS of LORD MACAULAY
by Sir George Trever, B.B.A., 16, &c.
Library Edition, 3 vols. 8vo. 7s. 6d. each

HISTORY of ENGLAND from the ASCENSION of JAMES the SECOND
Student's Edition, 6 vols. 8vo. 1s. each
Vandenhoeck's Translation, 6 vols. 8vo. 5s. each
Library Edition, 7 vols. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

CRITICAL and HISTORICAL ESSAYS
by Lord Macaulay, 1 vol. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
_bis. 1 vol. 12mo. 5s.
Reader's Library, 6 vols. 8vo. 1s. each
Student's Edition, 4 vols. 8vo. 7s. 6d. each
Library Edition, 5 vols. 8vo. 5s. each

VARIOUS ESSAYS, reprinted separately

_Authorised Edition, Vols. 1, 2, 3, 6s. 6d. each
_Fine Leather, 2 vols. 8vo. 10s. each
_Literary Club Edition, 2 vols. 8vo. 5s. each
_Torr's Literary and Historical Library, 3 vols. 8vo. 10s. each
_Wong's Edition, 3 vols. 8vo. 5s. each

LAYs of ANCIENT ROME
Illustrated by G. Rhead, 10 vols. 8vo. 5s. each

_Scholar's Edition, 7 vols. 8vo. 3s. each
_Vandenhoeck's Translation, 8 vols. 8vo. 6s. each
_Reader's Library, 5 vols. 8vo. 1s. each

SPEECHES, edited by Hinsdill
_2 vols. 8vo. 5s. each

Miscellaneous Writings
_5 vols. 8vo. 12s. 6d.
Student's Edition, 5 vols. 8vo. 6s. each

Miscellaneous Writings and Speeches
_Vandenhoeck's Translation, 6 vols. 8vo. 8s. each
_2 vols. 8vo. 4s. each
_Student's Edition, 4 vols. 8vo. 4s. each

The COMPLETE WORKS of LORD MACAULAY
_Authorised Edition, 8 vols. 8vo. 12s. 6d.
Library Edition, 5 vols. 8vo. 10s. each

Selections from the WRITINGS of LORD MACAULAY
Edited, with a Memoir of the Author, by the Right Hon.
_John MacAuley, M.P., 2 vols. 8vo. 12s. 6d.

London: LONGMANS & CO.