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LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME.

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BIBLIOTECA DE LA ALHAMBRA

# LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME

*WITH IVRY AND THE ARMADA*

BY

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY



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## PREFACE.

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THAT 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 the 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



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## PREFACE.

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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 Cloelia, 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 romancé or a drama. Plutarch, who was displeas'd 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.\* But though the existence of a poetical element in the early history of the Great City was detected so many ages ago, the first critic who distinctly saw from what source that poetical element had been derived was James Perizonius, one of the most

\* Ὑποπτον μὲν ἐνίοις ἐστὶ τὸ δραματικὸν καὶ πλασματώδες· οὐ δεῖ δὲ ἀπιστεῖν, τὴν τύχην ὀρώνας, οἷων ποιήματων δημιουργός ἐστι.—*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 Crusenius, 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 ποίημα is a poem. They all render it an event.

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. It 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 Kurroglou, the great freebooter of Turki-

stan, 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 merit.

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

\* "Quid? Nostri veteres versus ubi sunt?"

Quos olim Fauni vatesque canebant,  
Cum neque Musarum scopulos quisquam superârat,  
Nec dicti studiosus erat."

Cic. in *Bruto*, cap. xviii.

The Muses, it should be observed, are Greek divinities. The Italian goddesses of verse were the Camœnæ. 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 Camœnæ, 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 brutes, 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.

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.”\*

\* Οἱ δὲ ἀνδρωθέντες γίνονται, κατὰ τε ἀξίωσιν μορφῆς καὶ φρονήματος ὄγκον, οὐ συνοφορβοῖς καὶ βουκόλοις ἐοικότες, ἀλλ' οἴους ἂν τις ἀξιώσειε τοὺς ἐκ βασιλείου τε φύντας γένους, καὶ ἀπὸ δαιμόνων σπορᾶς γενέσθαι νομιζομένους, ὡς ἐν τοῖς πατρίοις ὕμνοις ὑπὸ Ῥωμαίων ἔτι καὶ νῦν ᾄδεται.—*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

Cato the Censor, who also lived in the days of the Second Punic War, mentioned this lost literature in his lost work on the

by the words, *Κοῖντος μὲν Φάβιος, ὁ Πίκτωρ λεγόμενος, τῆδε 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,

antiquities of his country. Many ages, he said, before his time, there were ballads in praise of illustrious men; and these ballads

that in the Capitol. (*M. Seneca, Contr. i. 6; Macrobius, Sat. i. 15; Photius, Bibl. 186.*) Ovid, Livy, 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.



it was the fashion for the guests at banquets to sing in turn while the piper 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.†

\* Cicero refers twice to this important passage in Cato's Antiquities:—"Gravissimus auctor in 'Originibus' dixit Cato, morem apud majores hunc epularum fuisse, ut deinceps, qui accubarent, canerent ad tibiam clarorum virorum laudes atque virtutes. Ex quo perspicuum est, et cantus tum fuisse rescriptos vocum sonis, et carmina."—*Tusc. Quæst.* iv. 2. Again:—"Utinam exstarent illa carmina, quæ, multis sæculis ante suam ætatem, in epulis esse cantitata a singulis convivis de clarorum virorum laudibus, in 'Originibus' scriptum reliquit Cato."—*Brutus*, cap. xix.

† "Majores natu in conviviis ad tibias egregia superiorum opera carmine comprehensa pangebant, quo ad ea imitanda juventutem alacriorem redderent. . . . Quas Athenas, quam

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 pre-

scholam, quæ alienigena studia huic domesticæ disciplinæ prætulerim? Inde oriebantur Camilli, Scipiones, Fabricii, Marcelli, Fabii."—*Val. Max.* ii. 1.

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

dicts 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.

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

\* "Nosque et profestis lucibus et sacris,  
Inter jocosi munera Liberi,  
Cum prole matronisque nostris,  
Rite Deos prius apprecati,  
Virtute functos, MORE PATRUM, duces,  
Lydis remixto carmine tibiis,  
Trojamque, et Anchisen, et almæ  
Progeniem Veneris canemus."

*Carm. iv. 15.*

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, Archilochus, 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

\* See the Preface to the Lay of the Battle of Regillus.

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 old national verse of Italy.\* Ennius sang the Second Punic War

\* 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 *Elementa Doctrinæ Metricæ*, iii. 9.

The Saturnian line, according to the grammarians, consisted of two parts. The first was a catalectic dimeter

in numbers borrowed from the Iliad. The elder poet, in the epitaph which he wrote for himself, and which is a fine specimen of the

iambic; the second was composed of three trochees. But the license 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 a mio Cid eran venidas.”

“A mi lo dicen; a ti dan las orejadas.”

“Man möhte michel wunder von Sifride sagen.”

“Wa ich den Künic vinde daz 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;”

early Roman diction and versification, plaintively boasted that the Latin language had

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 Cortona, may have heard some verses of Archilochus sung, may have been pleased with the metre, and may have introduced it 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

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.

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.

\* Aulus Gellius, *Noctes Atticæ*, i. 24.



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

\* See Servius, in Georg. ii. 385.

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 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 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 Elfreda 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 Elfreda 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 execution 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

\* "Infamias quas post dicam magis resperserunt cantilenæ." Edgar appears to have been most mercilessly treated in the Anglo-Saxon ballads. He was the favourite of the monks; and the monks and minstrels were at deadly feud.

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 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 them 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; 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

\* Mariana, lib. x. cap. 4.

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

\* See the account which Sanchez gives of the Bivar manuscript in the first volume of the *Coleccion de Poesias Castellanas anteriores ad 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.

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 æra, may be supposed to have known, and who are in nowise above the passions and prejudices of their age and nation. To these 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.

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalif  
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

## 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 Prætor descended from the old Horatian patricians; for he evidently 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 his description, 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 gronde 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 Percy was lede away.”

Is 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.



P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

UNTA DE 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.



## 2.

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.

## 3.

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 ;



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalif  
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

## 4.

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 ;

## 5.

From the proud mart of Pisæ,  
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.

## 6.

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.

## 7.

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 ;  
Unharm'd the water-fowl may dip  
In the Volsinian mere.

## 8.

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.

## 9.

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.

## IO.

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.”

## II.

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.



monumental de la Alhambra y Generalif  
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

## 12.

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.

## 13.

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.

## 14.

For aged folk 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.

## 15.

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.



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generali  
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

## 16.

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.

## 17.

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 ;  
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,  
    And the stout guards are slain.



## 18.

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.

## 19.

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.”

20.

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

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

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

21.

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.

## 22.

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.

## 23.

And plainly and more plainly  
Now might the burghers know,

By port and vest, by horse and crest,  
Each warlike Lucumo.

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 Thrasymene.

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

24.

Fast by the royal standard.

O'erlooking all the war,  
Lars Porsena of Clusium

Sate 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.

25.

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.

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA  
26.

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.  
"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 ?"



27.

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,

28.

“ 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?

29.

“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?”

30.

Then out spake Spurius Lartius ;  
 A Ramnian 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.”



P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
 CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

31.

“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.

32.

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.



## 33.

Now Roman is to Roman  
More hateful than a foe,  
And the Tribunes beard the high,  
And the Fathers grind the low.  
As we wax hot in faction,  
In battle we wax cold :  
Wherefore men fight not as they fought  
In the brave days of old.

## 34.

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.

## 35.

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.

## 36.

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 ;

## 37.



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.

38.

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.

39.

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,  
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.

## 40.

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.”

## 41.

But now no sound of laughter

Was heard amongst 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.

## 42.

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.

## 43.

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?"

44.

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.

## 45.

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

## 46.

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.



## 47.

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?"

## 48

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.

49.

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.

50.

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-peal  
Dies fitfully away.

## 51.

Yet one man for one moment  
Strode 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.”

## 52.

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.

## 53.

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 !”

## 54.

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.

55.

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.

56.

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.

57.

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.”

58.

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.

59.

“O 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.

60.

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.

## 61.

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.

## 62.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,  
In such an evil case,



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  
 Bare bravely up his chin.<sup>1</sup>

63.

“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.”

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<sup>1</sup> “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.*

64.

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.

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalif  
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

65.

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.

## 66.

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.

## 67.

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.



CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

68.

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 ;

69.

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 ;

70.

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.



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CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

THE BATTLE OF THE LAKE

REGILLUS.

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CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA



D

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, βίη Ἡρακλεΐη, περικλύτος Ἀμφιγυΐεις, διάκτορος Ἀργειφόντης, ἐπτά-

πυλος Θήκη, 'Ελένης ἕνεκ' ἠΰκόμοιο. 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

\* Herodotus, v. 92. Livy, i. 34. Dionysius, iii. 46.

† Livy, i. 54. Dionysius, iv. 56.

‡ Herodotus, iii. 154. Livy, i. 53.

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 Croesus to destruction. Then the character of the narrative changes. From the first mention of Lucretia to the retreat of Porsena nothing 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,\* Clœlia 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

\* M. de Pouilly attempted, a hundred and twenty years ago, to prove that the story of Mucius was of Greek origin ; but he was signally confuted by the Abbé Sallier. See the *Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions*, vi. 27, 66.

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 :

Τρωσὶν μὲν προμάχιζεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδῆς,  
 . . . Ἀργείων προκαλίζετο πάντας ἀρίστους,  
 ἀντίβιον μαχέσασθαι ἐν αἰνῇ δηϊοτήτι.

Livy introduces Sextus in a similar manner :

“Ferozem juvenem Tarquiniunt, 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' ὡς οὖν ἐνόησεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδῆς  
 ἐν προμάχοισι φανέντα, κατεπλήγη φίλον ἦτορ'  
 ἂψ δ' ἐτάρων εἰς ἔθνος ἐχάζετο κῆρ' ἀλεείνων.

“Tarquinius,” says Livy, “retro in agmen suorum infenso cessit hōsti.” 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, St. 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 chaplain's 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 St. James. "Nevertheless," he adds, "it may be that the person on the grey horse was the glorious Apostle St. 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 St. George depending from their collars, and meet, on great occasions, in St. George's Chapel. Thus, when Louis 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 St. Louis, 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 St. Louis 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

\* See Livy, ix. 46. Val. Max. ii. 2. Aurel. Vict. De Viris Illustribus, 32. Dionysius, vi. 13. Plin. Hist. Nat. xv. 5. See also the singularly ingenious chapter in Niebuhr's posthumous volume, *Die Censur des Q. Fabius und P. Decius*.

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 chaunted 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 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.

\* Livy, xxvii. 37.

† Hor. Carmen Seclulare.

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.



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA



*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 CCCCLI.

P.C. Monumental de la Anábrá y Generalif  
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

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 crown'd ;

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 :

But the proud Ides, when the squadron rides,

Shall be Rome's whitest day.

2.

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.

## 3.

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 cottage 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.

## 4.

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 always.

## 5.

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.

6.

“ 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,