

The Thirty Cities warn you,
Look that your walls be strong.

7.

Then spake the Consul Aulus,
He spake a bitter jest :
“ Once the jays sent a message
Unto the eagle’s nest :—
Now yield thou up thine eyrie
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.”

8.

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 how 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."

9.

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.

10.

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 threescore 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,
Whence Cora's sentinels o'erlook
The never-ending fen ;
From the Laurentian jungle,
The wild hog's reedy home ;
From the green steps whence Anio leaps
In floods of snow-white foam.

II.

Aricia, Cora, Norba,
 Velitræ, with the might
 Of Setia and of Tusculum,
 Were marshalled on their right:
 Their 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.

12.

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.

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

Sate 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.

13.

But in the centre thickest
 Were ranged the shields of foes,
 And from the centre loudest
 The cry of battle rose.

There Tibur 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 ;
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.

14.

Now on each side the leaders
Gave 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.

15.

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

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 painted snake ;

So turned, so fled, false Sextus,
 And hid him in the rear,
 Behind the dark Lavinian ranks,
 Bristling with crest and spear.

16.

Then 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 spake
Was, " Friends, how goes the fight ? "

17.

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 Cæso
A death-wound in the face ;
Tall Cæso 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.

18.

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!”

19.

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 besit
 A Consular of Rome.

20.

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 I well wot
 Thou hast the keenest sight;

Say, what through yonder storm of dust
Comes from the Latian right?"

21.

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.”

22.

“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 again."

23.

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.

24.



“Herminius! Aulus greets thee;
He bids thee come with speed,
To help our central battle;
For sore is there our need.

There was 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.”

25.

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. Portal de la Alhambra y Generalife

CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

26.

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 ! "

27.

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!”

28.

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.

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
Broke 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.

30.

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,
The young Herminia washed and combed,
And twined in even tresses,
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 sware 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.
The knees of all the Latines
Were loosened with dismay
When dead, on dead Herminius,
The bravest Tarquin lay.

31.

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.”

32.

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.

33.

And all who saw them trembled,
 And pale grew every cheek;

And Aulus the Dictator

Scarce gathered^f voice to speak.

“ Say by what name men call you ?

What city is your home ?

And wherefore ride ye in such guise

Before the ranks of Rome ! ”

34.

“ 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. ”

35.

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.”

36.

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 Velitræ
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.

37.

Sempronius Atratinus

Sat 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 keep 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.

38.

“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!"

39.
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.

40.

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.”



VIRGINIA

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

VIRGINIA.

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 Siccus, 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 in the centuries, 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 which made them 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 muster 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 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," said Quintilian, with just pride, "is all our own." It sprang, in truth, naturally

* Cicero justly infers from this law, that there had been early Latin poets whose works had been lost before his time. "Quamquam id quidem etiam xii tabulæ declarant, condi jam tum solitum esse carmen, quod ne liceret fieri ad alterius injuriam lege sanxerunt."—*Tusc.* iv. 2.

from the constitution of the Roman government and from the spirit of the Roman people; and, though it submitted to metrical rules derived from Greece, it retained to the last its 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 till the Tribunes interfered in his behalf, on account of the bitter lines in which he had attacked the great Cæcilian family.* The genius and spirit of the Roman satirists survived the liberties 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

* Plautus, *Miles Gloriosus*. Aulus Gellius, iii. 3.

songs animated the factions of the infant Republic.

Those minstrels, as Niebuhr has remarked, appear to have generally taken the popular side. We can 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 chiefs 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 wanting, if any credit is due to the early history of Rome, in a class of qualities which, in a military Commonwealth, is sufficient to cover a multitude of offences. Several of them 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,

* In the years of the city 260, 304, and 330.

and had failed ignominiously.* None of them had been 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 Claudius Crassus signalled 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 Claudius, had left a name as much detested as that of Sextus Tarquinius. This elder Appius had been Consul more than seventy years

* In the year of the city 282.

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 Claudius on 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 dependant 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, Æmilius, 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 Claudian family to the heart. The crowd gathers round him, and calls on him to recite it. He takes his stand on the spot where, according to tradition, Virginia, more than seventy years ago, was seized by the pandar of Appius, and he begins his story.



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



VIRGINIA.

FRAGMENTS OF A LAY SUNG IN THE FORUM ON
THE DAY WHEREON LUCIUS SEXTIUS SEX-
TINUS 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 fletcher, 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 caitiff reeled three paces back, and let the
maiden go. .

Yet glared he fiercely round him, and growled
in harsh, fell tone,

“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 Scævola'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 Quinctius—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 garner 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 un-
polluted bride.

Spare us the inexpiable 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 snatchés 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 know'st 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 stanch'd ; 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, Vir-
ginius 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 ! "

Till then the voice of pity and fury was not
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 fright-
ful yell ;

“ See, see, thou dog ! what thou hast done ;
and hide thy shame in hell !

Thou that would'st 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 bow'd ;

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 shout-
ing 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 't was 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.

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

JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

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 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 drunkenness, 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 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,

* Dion. Hal. De Legationibus.

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 encampment, were full of meaning:—"These barbarians," he said, "have nothing barbarous in their military arrangements." 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

* *Anguimanus* is the old Latin epithet for an elephant. Lucretius, ii. 538, v. 1302.

of the Epirotes were fiercely disputed, dearly purchased, and altogether 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 defeated. 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.

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 owned 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 reiterated shouts of *Io triumphe*, such as were uttered by Horace on a far less exciting occasion, and in boasts resembling those which Virgil, two hundred and fifty years later, 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, TRI-
UMPHED 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.”

2.

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.

3.

And every Alban burgher
Hath donned his whitest gown ;
And every head in Alba
Weareth 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.

4.

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.

5.

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.

6.

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.

7.

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 Amúlius
Of the great Sylvian line,
Who reigned in Alba Longa,
On the throne of Aventine.

8.

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.”

9.

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.

10.

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

11.

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 !

12.

"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.

"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.

14.

"Leave gold and myrrh and jewels,
 Rich table and soft bed,

To them who of man's seed are born,
Whom woman's milk hath fed.
Thou wast not made for lucre,
For pleasure, nor for rest;
Thou, that art sprung from the War-god's loins,
And hast tugged at the she-wolf's breast.

15.

“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.

16:

“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.

17.

“ 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.

18.

“ 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.

19.

“ 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.

20.

“ 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.

21.

“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 laurelled train
Move slowly up the shouting streets
To Jove’s eternal fane.

22.

“Beneath thy yoke the Volscian
Shall veil his lofty brow :
Soft Capua’s curled revellers
Before thy chairs shall bow :
The Lucumoes of Arnus
Shall quake thy rods to see ;

And the proud Samnite's heart of steel
Shall yield to only thee.

23.

“The Gaul shall come against thee
From the land of snow and night:
Thou shalt give his fair-haired armies
To the raven and the kite.

24.

“The Greek shall come against thee,
The conqueror of the East,
Beside him stalks to battle

The huge earth-shaking beast,
The beast on whom the castle
With all its guards doth stand,
The beast who hath between his eyes
The serpent for a hand.
First march the bold Epirotes,
Wedged close with shield and spear;
And the ranks of false Tarentum
Are glittering in the rear.

25.

“The ranks of false Tarentum
Like hunted sheep shall fly :
In vain the bold Epirotes
Shall round their standards die :
And Apennine’s grey vultures
Shall have a noble feast
On the fat and the eyes
Of the huge earth-shaking beast.

CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

26.

“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.



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

27.

“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?

28.

“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.

29.

“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.

30.

“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.

31.

“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."

Rep. Monumento de la Alhambra y Generalife
CONSEJERIA DE CULTURA

UNTA DE ANDALUCIA



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 trun-
cheon 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,