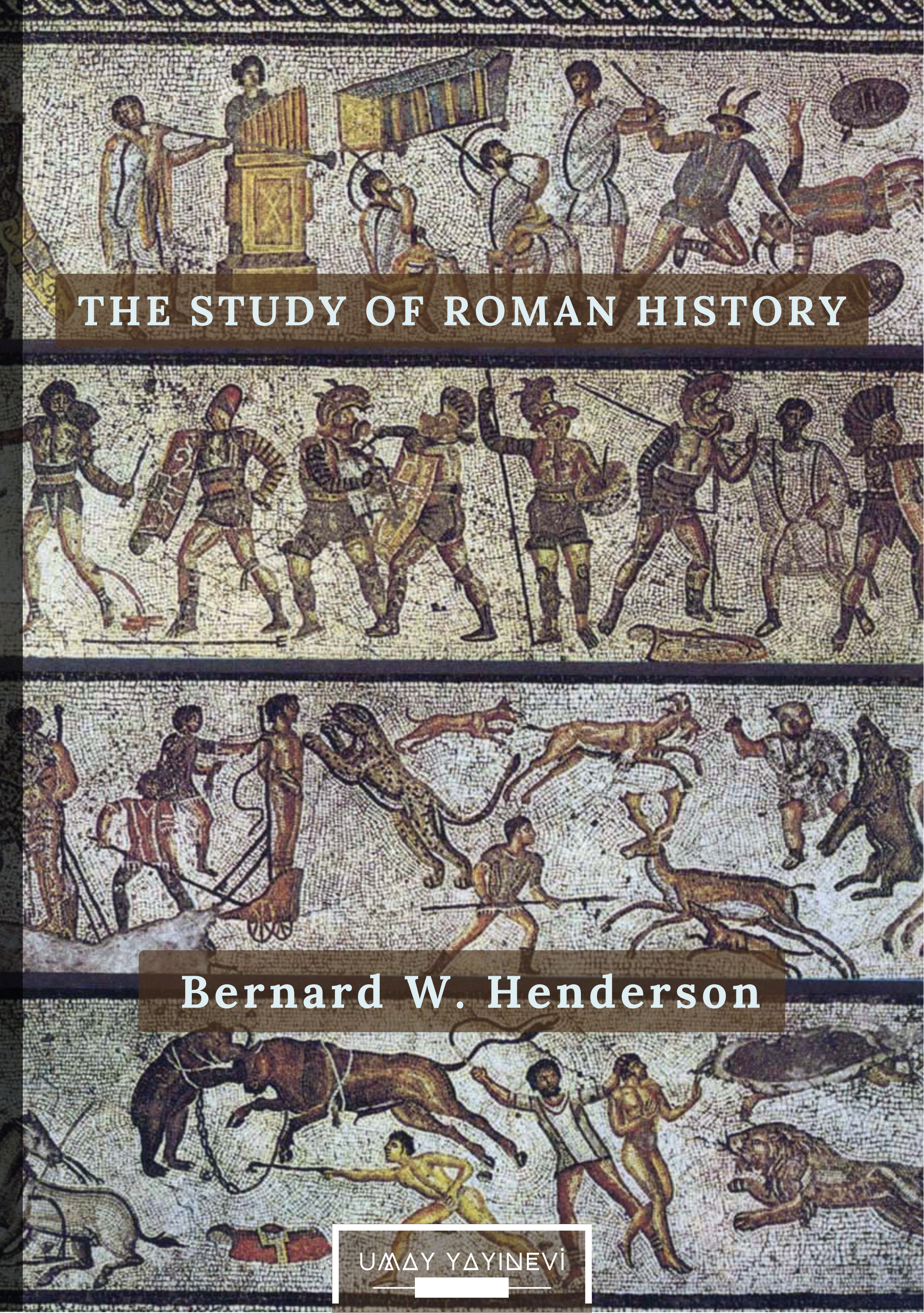

THE STUDY OF ROMAN HISTORY

Bernard W. Henderson

UMAY YAYINEVİ

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Bernard W. Henderson

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PREFACE

MOST writers on history, whether on ancient or on modern history, are of necessity didactic. The more exhaustive their treatment of a subject is, the more they by their very excellence tend to discourage further enquiry into it. There seems not much help for this state of things.

The aim of this little book is different. As a tutor in Roman History, I have at times been accused by worried pupils of delighting over much in the "heuristic method." This simply means that I like asking them questions and dislike imparting information in tabloid shape. This is really the main object of this book also—to ask questions, to suggest to any student who may read it subjects for his own consideration and research. It has certainly not been my primary object to tell once more the often-repeated tale of Rome's history. To be in charge of a working-party in a trench has some advantages as well as responsibilities. To direct, to encourage, at times to take a hand—this is similarly my desire in this book. Above all, it is meant to provoke enquiry, if not dissent, by the workers (a proceeding viewed with less favour in a trench). I hope that its main feature may turn out to be as it were a menu to the banquet. If taken as the banquet itself it will be Barmecide fare.

The common praise which greets many a worthy book is that it leaves nothing else to be said upon the subject. From our Oxford point of view this is no praise at all. Neither is it, in history, ever true. Probably the *Manual of Military Law* comes nearest to this curious ideal.

Not even Beethoven has exhausted the possibilities of emotion in music, nor Mozart those of melody. Not even does a Gibbon or a Mommsen close the road of research in Roman History to those who would follow it further up into the hills. History in its ancient meaning is enquiry, and enquiry it remains. And the very spirit of Oxford is the spirit of enquiry. This book is meant to be a call to students younger than its writer to adventure boldly upon a noble study. It is this spirit of adventure which alone can now remake our England, as it made her three and a half centuries ago. Surely the adventure is to be pursued in the domain of thought as well as in action and the exploration of life. In all University men, and not least in the members of what by tradition is the "West Country" College in Oxford, this boldness should be instinctive. In this book I try to guide the adventurous along one chosen road. There are very many other roads. I suspect that all are tending towards the same far-distant goal. At least "Sursum corda." We are not to be scared.

Exeter College, Oxford,
June, 1919.

CONTENTS

CHAP. PAGE

PREFACE 9

I. INTRODUCTION: THE UNIQUENESS OF ROME . 13

II. THE CONQUEST AND THE ORGANISATION OF ITALY 27

III. ROMAN CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY: THE FIRST FIVE CENTURIES 51

IV. THE "THREE PERIODS" OF ROMAN HISTORY 63

V. FEATURES AND PROBLEMS OF THE "POLYBIAN" PERIOD, 265–133 B.C. 72

VI. PROBLEMS OF THE "REVOLUTION" PERIOD, 133–31 B.C. 79

VII. FEATURES OF THE HISTORY OF THE EARLY PRINCIPATE, 31 B.C.–A.D. 117 . . . 97

VIII. CONCLUSION 117

IX. THE AUTHORITIES: THEIR VALUE AND THEIR USE 121

APPENDICES—

A. ON READING FOR GREATS 135

B. SELECT BIBLIOGRAPHY 146

INDEX 157

UMAY YAYINEVİ

THE STUDY OF ROMAN HISTORY

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION: THE UNIQUENESS OF ROME

THE study of Roman History is that of a process first, and, secondly, that of a method.

The process is the course of events by which a city on the western side of Italy came in the course of centuries to acquire an Empire which included all Western and Southern Europe, the North African coast, the Valley of the Nile as far south as Assuan, the shores of the Black Sea, and a great part of Central Europe and of hither Asia.

The method is that by which the citizens and the rulers of this city maintained their government over races which, though at first alien, were presently in large measure incorporated into the city's franchise; by which these men substituted a civilisation of their own in place of the Oriental or barbarian customs which they destroyed. This civilisation was itself from early days the product of a blend of peoples. It was not purely indigenous. Great part of it was borrowed from a neighbouring folk, the Greeks, whom these men had subdued, but not destroyed.

It is thus often found convenient to divide Roman History into two main periods, that of the

Acquisition, and that of the Maintenance, of the Empire. The death of Julius Cæsar in 44 B.C. marks a rough boundary between the two. Yet this is but a rough-hewn division. Great parts of the Roman Empire were acquired after that date. And the problem of the maintenance of their conquests had faced Roman Republican statesmen for long years before it. In reality (as was seen a century earlier by a sage Greek historian who had set himself to tell the whole story of Rome's advance to universal dominion)[1] it is impossible to dissever methods of conquest from arts of government. The dynamic and the static were two aspects of the same political and military genius which have made the history of Rome the most alluring chapter in the story of Man before the days of the discovery of the New World and of the glory of the conquest of the sea.

At the very outset of the study of this subject, it is important to realise a distinctiveness in the underlying conception of Roman as contrasted with all previous history. The main lesson taught by that distinctiveness is of abiding value for all the ages. It has been but emphasised by the story of modern Europe and of the United States of America.

"Empires" have been acquired both by races, such as the Assyrian, Persian, Macedonian, British, and by "City States,"[2] such as Athens, Sparta, and Rome.[1] Of these Empires some have arisen only to decay and pass away quickly. Others have challenged all the vicissitudes of time, and have endured for many centuries. The very foundation of this permanence is the power of inclusiveness, of reconciliation, of sympathy. Of the possession of this power the Roman State gives the first real example in the history of mankind. This is the uniqueness of Rome. That this should be in essence the distinctive mark of a people, hard, warlike, greedy, brutal, and militarist if ever folk was militarist, seems a grim paradox, almost a jest of bitter taste indulged in by a cynically humorous Providence. But the fact remains true.[2]

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[1] Polybius.

[2] A "City State" may be defined as a State whose Central and Local Governments are in the main identical: in which small distinction, if any, can be drawn between municipal and State institutions: in which sovereignty, whether it resides with the Few or the Many, tends to be exercised directly and is not delegated to Representatives. Examples of such a State are not confined to "Ancient History."

The truth of it is established by a cursory survey of the course of Ancient History.

The Oriental Monarchies of the Ancient World, Assyria, Babylonia, Media, Persia, Egypt, were despotisms with little power of any but material development. Any unity won by them was based on force. Our modern belief, now strengthened by the events of the last few years, is that Individualism (i.e. the right to Independence of Thought) and Freedom (i.e. the right to self-government) are essential not only to progress but to political life itself. But these Oriental Monarchies had no room for either Individualism or Freedom. They wrought great structural works. They bestowed happiness of a sort upon many myriads of men. They dealt death or bondage to many myriads more. To political life, to political thought, they contribute little save lessons of negation. The interest of their history is small save to those who would morbidly dissect a body politic full of stagnation, corruption, and decay, or to that honourable enthusiast, the "mere antiquarian."

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[1] Empires based on Religion, such as Islam, form a category apart and cannot be considered here. Their permanence depends on the vigour of their propaganda and the vitality of their creed. But here also comprehensiveness is the keynote of success.

[2] The "practical" character of the Roman mind was never more clearly displayed than by the truth of this paradox. I call attention to this again later.

The Greek City State exhibited both Individualism and Freedom in a great variety of forms and with vivid energy. Hence in Greek history two opposing tendencies developed side by side, the one of Unity, the other of Disunion. His individualism made the Greek realise his contrast with the non-Hellene, the alien, the *βάρβαρος*. He produced in consequence a lively theory of "Pan-Hellenism." But in actual life this Greek unity was hardly more than a voluntary association of independent political units dictated by a merely temporary identity of interests. It was the pressure from outside threatening his Freedom which made any such association possible, and only for so long as the pressure lasted. That the facts fell so far short of the theories of Greek historian, philosopher, and poet was due to the second tendency to Disunion or Separation, which is so marked a feature of all Greek history.

The feeling of the worth of the individual himself, and of the responsibility of the individual to himself and to his fellows, is perhaps the chief debt which modern civilisation owes to the Hellene. In due course the Christian religion came to reinforce this sense of Individuality and to give to it a religious sanction. But earlier in its political development it proved little short of disastrous to that very Freedom wherein it sought to find its most notable expression. Voluntarily to abandon any function of man as a free political agent appeared unworthy of a man. Autonomy, even of the smallest unit, seemed worth more than life itself.

The peril threatened by Persian ambition welded together one-half of the Greek world (and only one-half) to join forces against the foe. When the invader was driven in hideous rout back to Asia, rival ambitions divided the conquerors. Athens' " Empire " was built upon a goodwill which vanished in a decade. Men were very clear-sighted in those days. If there was no goodwill to be won or created by conciliation, if the subjects' passion for autonomy defied any attempt to modify it, why base an Empire on anything but the Will to Power ? Athens' Empire, despite magniloquence, was so based, and it lasted barely half a century. Sparta inherited her task. Owing to her usual stupidity she incurred a speedier failure. Then city challenged city in hatred and envy. Memories of bitter wrong and of violence were always being refreshed. Greek disunion seemed triumphant, and the barbarian was once more knocking at the gates. So reckless had Greek individualism become of the higher synthesis. In its atmosphere science, literature, philosophy, gave the richest of fruit to man. Pure Art's birth was still the Republic's. Yet a price was paid for this great Greek creed of the reasonableness of man's enquiry into all the things of man, of nature, and of God. This price was the political impotence of the Greek City State. Freedom itself bade fair to be sacrificed to the very love of Freedom.

Then in this crisis there came to the rescue the Macedonian. To him, truer Hellene than the degenerate Hellene himself, was due the first manifestation in the Greek world of an actual visible Unity of political institutions. Only an Alexander could cast down the walls of separation between Greek city and Greek city. His Empire planted a victorious Hellenism on the shores of Oxus and of Indus. True, the political independence of the Greek City State was now dead. But the Greek city under Macedonian sway exhibited a sturdy life of its own. And only Macedonian compulsion could Hellenise the East. Surely here was a lasting Empire, based on community of government, of interest, of sympathy, and of language?

It was a short-lived dream. On the homeland Alexander bestowed peace: on the ruder tribes of the East the elements of culture. There was no guarantee of permanence in these gifts. On the death of the monarch his Empire split into fragments. No slow development of natural processes had produced it; no human insight or adaptiveness ensured it. Created by the sword, by the sword it was rent asunder. Alexander had hoped to fuse together Greek and Oriental by encouraging intermarriage. It was a practical device worthy of Aristotle's pupil. But the scheme came to sorry shipwreck on the rock of Greek sentiment. His own folk resented the degradation. Panhellenism was a wide fair garden, but its very name implied that the barbarian was kept outside its enclosing wall.

Thus Alexander left to the Western world but the memory of a transient "Universal Empire." Already by the end of the third century B.C. this Empire had become a welter of states, a mere σύγχυσις πολιτειῶν. And if the unit of political life was now larger than the City State, this was due to the simple fact that Providence tended to side with the larger number of battalions. One ever-famous city still recalls the hero's name. Elsewhere among the jostling peoples of the East whom he subdued, a few rare coins or rarer legends alone preserve the memory of the greatest Greek "Emperor" in the record of history. To what end served the toil and the fading triumph?

In the year 338 B.C. a single battle, that of Chaeronea, ended the tale of Athens' independence. With it, the glamour and the fascination of the Greek City State pass away. Through the enwrapping mist of the next two centuries are dimly seen shapeless figures of struggling inglorious Federations, of vain statesmen or heroic princes hopelessly pursuing after welfare, of sullen insurgent mobs clamouring for the sole rule of the proletariate. Out of this confusion Order sprang. But this Order was sternly imposed by a Western conqueror. Left to their own devices, the Greeks could no more have fashioned it than can a woodland reverting to the wild yield corn for the life of man.[1]

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[1] The history of the Greek world in the third and second centuries B.C. provides a study of extraordinary fascination, which is due in part to Polybius and Plutarch among ancient

It was in this same year, 338 B.C., that two victories gained by Rome in distant Italy over her sister cities of the Latin League mark the most obvious beginnings of an Empire which should be wider than any which Alexander knew, and yet persist. Progress towards it was slow and toilsome. Often it was increased by the operation of the most selfish of motives and wrested to the most unworthy of ends. Often its growth was unrealised by the Romans themselves, or, when realised, was unwelcome to them. Yet the political Unity which Rome created achieved at last the success denied to all earlier Empires. It endured, for many hundreds of years in fact—in consequences, to this our own day.

It is in this fact of permanence that the Roman Empire differs obviously from all its predecessors. Nor was this permanence mainly due to the grim fighting qualities of the race. The Empire was indeed won by the sword. The dead lay strewn over many a Roman battlefield from Britain, Gaul, and Germany in the West to Armenia and Mesopotamia in the East. But the Empire was kept and consolidated by a genius for inclusiveness, for assimilation, which was the one priceless gift bestowed upon Rome by Fortune, a gift which the capricious goddess denied to her spoilt favourite child, the Greek. To this breadth of conception

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authors, to Freeman and Mahaffy among modern. Alike the investigator into modern Federal Institutions, and he who traces the tendency of democracies to sell their soul to Bolshevism, find here rich precedent and material for thought. The Oxford student of Roman History may so select his "period" or special subject as to include this. See below, pp. 63–71.

and generosity of idea were indeed added other qualities. Roman genius for war and political organisation, Roman "aptness at imitation,"[1] Roman moral simplicity and straightness (qualities which we dare not underrate), all helped to ensure to this people a lasting supremacy.[2] But the "aptness to include" was Rome's talisman to open to her the gates of Empire. Her foes fight her on many a stricken field. A generation passes, and the sons of the conquered are fighting in the armies of the conqueror.

There remained one people which not even Rome could assimilate or absorb. But that elusive and disturbing Greek superiority of thought and intellect she had the grace to acknowledge, and, however clumsily, to imitate, to admire, and to promote. The civilising work of Hellenism was carried on vigorously under the ægis of the Roman Government. It was fostered zealously by a long succession of enlightened Roman statesmen, in glad captivity to their captives. St. Paul's career and writings bear conclusive witness to the wide diffusion of Hellenism, reaching from Italy[3] to Galatia in the first century A.D. Rome was true heir to the inspiration of Alexander.

Yet here lay a danger which presently became visible. East and West, sundered by differences of language and of culture, threatened to part company. Signs of such disruption became obvious when the whole fabric of State was shaken by the revolutionary passions of the first century B.C. It needed the insight of the greatest Roman of all time to avert this disaster, to restore the imperilled unity. The Emperor Augustus fashioned two strong weapons. An all-controlling Central Government checked sternly all incipient nationalist disloyalty. But this by itself was not enough. There was also need of some common bond of union to link every part of the far-flung Empire together in a community of sentiment as well as in one of control or of interest. The second instrument of Augustus' government which supplied this want was Cæsar-Worship. It was this which gave to loyalty and to patriotism that strongest of all sanctions, the sanction of religion. From that Prince's day the unity of the Roman Empire was based not only on strong government, not only on good government, not only on the content of the governed, but finally on a patriotism which drew its inspiration from religion itself.

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[1] A quality expressly assigned the Roman by Polybius.

[2] I am well aware that a favourite charge brought by famous writers against Roman diplomacy is that of "slimness," and is on some notorious occasions justified. But it may be exaggerated, and I doubt if this ever served Rome well in the long run.

[3] And especially in Southern France. But Christianity here was somewhat later in origin.

Hence ensued a curious result. At the very time when the worship of "Roma et Augustus" was being established under Government auspices in every centre of provincial life,[1] when the old "religion of Numa" was finding its consummation in a State creed politically devised and diplomatically maintained, there befell an event which changed the history of mankind for ever. The birth of Christ in a turbulent, despised, and petty corner of the

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[1] The evidence for its universality is very nearly conclusive. Cf. especially the valuable article "Concilia" in Ruggiero's *Dizionario Epigrafico.*

Roman world was itself the consummation of that Jewish religious experience which had for so many centuries been but a side-stream of tendency, but which now for the first time joined the main river of world history. But when the new religion, Christianity, challenged Cæsar-Worship for its pride of place, the bitterest of struggles ensued. By their own essential natures, neither rival could understand the other.[1] At last the Emperor Constantine owned defeat, and, by establishing Christianity as the State religion, thereby disarmed it. In very truth one leading conception of the old City State won hereby a most notable victory. "The State owes the gods a public worship." This conception prevails throughout human history from Homer's day to our own. Christianity, in its earnest individualism, had been disposed to deny the truth of this, and it had been strengthened in its defiance by the opposition which it encountered. Let a man save his own soul, and what matters the rest? But when Constantine enthroned Christianity amid the ruins of all its rivals, he thereby vindicated the old thesis that the State as such had a duty towards religion. Thus the religious bond of union seemed maintained in fact, if changed in form, throughout the Roman world. The Empire still held together.

Yet it was the Emperor Constantine himself who, by founding his new city upon the site of Byzantium in A.D. 330, hastened the severance of Roman from Greek and undid a work of union which had lasted for five hundred years. For Hellenism had now found a new centre and rallying-point. And Christianity at once proved to be a weaker cement than Cæsar-Worship had been. Its primary claim had always been on the individual; and though this was always a claim on the individual in Society rather than in isolation,[1] yet this Society was the complete Society of mankind rather than any particular political Society, however wide in extension. The Christian could hardly be less a citizen of the world than the Imperial Stoic had been. What frontiers could the Kingdom of God admit?

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[1] I have dwelt on and explained this at greater length in my *Life and Principate of the Emperor Nero*, pp. 343–357 and notes.

In A.D. 395 Honorius and Arcadius divided their world between them. The Roman Empire was finally cleft in twain. The Western, "Roman," Empire lasted barely a century more, and then fell before the barbarian invaders from the North. But so long and so stoutly had the Romans held out against their repeated attacks that the conquerors came prepared to admire, to imitate, and to learn those elements of humanity, of law, of civilisation, of religion of which Goth, Vandal, Teuton, in their savage homes knew but little. The Eastern, "Byzantine," Empire lasted yet a thousand years until Constantinople fell in A.D. 1453. Stereotyped and fossilised though its institutions soon became, the greatest example in history up to our own day of the curse of bureaucracy, it yet maintained some kind of shadowy claim to the supremacy of an undivided Roman Empire, and it was always the one bulwark of European civilisation against attacks from the East and South. For many centuries Byzantium preserved the name and did the work of Rome.[1] For many centuries "Rome" and "Roman" were names to inspire the dread or excite the cupidity of the warriors enlisted under Islam's banners.

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[1] The *μονώτης*, according to the most practical of all philosophers (before the days of the English Utilitarians), is not quite human. He tends, in fact, to be *ἢ θηρίον ἢ θεός*. The hermits of the Nubian desert hardly give the lie to this alternative. St. Paul, as well as an English schoolboy, might have called their caricature of Christianity a beastly life. To find its justification in the circumstances of the time (an apologia for the selfishness of the creed) is no small tribute to Roman Order, the ruin of which produced, *inter alia*, such despairing results. Yet the very hermits tended to rail on the world in communities, and thus pay unconscious homage to the sagacity of the Greek philosopher.

But in the West the Byzantine claim to represent Rome was hotly denied, alike by Gothic and Lombard chieftains and by Bishops of Rome. And here, if the unity of the Roman Empire existed no longer in fact, yet in idea it persisted still. Invigorated by a rude barbarian ingrafting, Rome now became missioner of civilisation to the northern peoples, substituting for their tribal and nomadic instincts her old historic conceptions of unity, order, and stability. Finally, Rome won acceptance for the idea of Universality in government, religion, and law, from races capable as the old Romans themselves had been of realising it and of acting faithfully upon it. Until in due course this one also of "Earth's great golden dreams went past into the dark."

Long before this, the study of Roman History as such is ended. Its uniqueness consists of this conception of political unity, rendered effective through twelve hundred years of life by the comprehensiveness which shared privilege, by the generosity which bestowed franchise freely. To indicate the chief stages of this long history and the particular problems which in the various "periods" called for decision by Rome's rulers; to examine, however briefly, the character of some of the ancient records concerning it, on which our knowledge of it must be founded; and to suggest, at least by constant implication, that method of study which Oxford requires of those among her students who would learn for themselves something of this most vital chapter in the history of mankind—these are now my tasks. To suggest rather than dogmatically to assert should be my main endeavour. For the study of Roman History can only be profitable if it is, in Mark Pattison's words, an "understanding study."

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[1] "The chief work of Rome in the world was the defence of Mediterranean civilisation against external enemies." (W. Warde Fowler, *Rome*, p. 229.)

CHAPTER II

THE CONQUEST AND THE ORGANISATION OF ITALY

SOME fifteen miles from the sea the River Tiber describes in its hurrying course a double bend in the shape of the letter S. In the upper part of this it encloses a level parade ground. This from the earliest days of the city which sprang up upon the river's eastern bank was consecrated to the service of the God of War and known as the Campus Martius. Below this the Tiber encircles the base of two of the little cluster of low hills over which the city spread. These two hills were called the Palatine and the Esquiline. On the river's western bank there rises a loftier hill, the Janiculum, scene of Garibaldi's heroic defence of Republican Rome against the assaulting French in 1849.

To one standing beside the great Italian's statue on the crest of the Janiculum the view ranges far over the tumbled masses of houses, churches, and palaces of modern Rome to the wide levels of the encompassing plain. Over these levels there creep lines of ruined aqueducts which guide the eye to the encircling mountains beyond. Only seawards over the flat plain there is nothing to arrest the imagination.

The nearest mountain-group lies to the south-east. These are the Alban Hills, and they rise sharply out of the desolate Campagna, the champaign-ground of a pastoral community, to attain in Monte Cavo a height of over 3000 feet. This shapely mountain climbs steeply from the forest-encircled lakes of Alba and of Nemi, and broods over these ancient homes of religious awe as some Scafell over its bleaker lonelier tarns. Small white towns shine brightly on the lower slopes of the Alban Hills, old pleasure resorts in times of peace for the noble families and Popes of Rome, but in sterner days refuges for them from peril or from plague.

In these hills' bosom the ancient Latin race had its origin. Here, at Alba Longa, it built for its needs its earliest city, the hearthstone and most sacred sanctuary of the people and their tutelary God, Jupiter of Latium. In the traditions of the Romans it was the boy Ascanius, son of Æneas of Troy, who fortified Long Alba with much strength, and there the race of Hector ruled for full three hundred years. And all these years beneath their gaze the turbid river hurried seawards through its morass-encumbered desolate plain where as yet no man dared to dwell.

Tradition is at times a sure guide to historic probability, even though the heroic personalities of the saga are the invention of patriotic legend. For long years before man ventured to descend to the richer plains by the river he sought security in hamlets among the hills. Only in the plain could a settlement grow into a city. But only beneath the shelter of the kindly hills could he live in safety with his flocks and herds. In their recesses the little communities of Latins formed a rude confederation together to worship their God on the Alban Mount. And when, many years later, the city of the plain usurped the place of the city of the hills as chief of the Latin League, Rome continued to celebrate these rites in the shrine and after the manner consecrated by religion, sentiment, and tradition. Deity is conservative in His likes and clings faithfully to His most ancient seat. The Roman's reverence for tradition and custom (and never existed a people more conservative) had its roots struck down deep into the soil of his fathers, whence the happy race was never torn up nor driven to tempt fortune beyond the estranging sea.

But in due course of years the more hungry or adventurous among the hillmen, shepherds in search of better pasturage, youngsters perhaps irked by their elders' ways, others perhaps fugitives and outlaws from justice (Roman sagamen loved this last tale the best) came down from their heights. They settled on those low hills on the river bank which, when fortified with rude walls of earth or stone, still offered them protection, and also promised them an ample water-supply and good grazing-ground hard by.[1] And this was the origin of Rome.[2]

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[1] That the "seven hills" (in reality more than seven) were some thirty feet higher 2500 years ago than they are to-day is certain. They have weathered away, and the swampy valleys separating them have to some extent had their level raised. The "lapis niger," showing the level of the early Forum, was recently disinterred far below the level of the modern street at the base of the Capitol.

[2] Another theory is that Rome begins as a military outpost for the Latins against the Etruscans from the very first. This seems to me less likely.

The reconstruction of early history to-day depends less on tradition (albeit for all its colour and its life it still must rely wellnigh exclusively upon this) than on arguments from " Survivals " and " Finds." That the earliest settlers on the site of Rome were in the main pastoral can be shown by all three kinds of evidence.[1] For a time these small pastoral communities remained independent, each on its own hill. There were settlements of Latins from the Alban Hills, of kindred Sabellian and Sabine men from the eastern mountains, possibly of strange Etruscans from beyond the river. But when all were so closely congregated together, amalgamation could not be very long deferred. We need hardly postulate the " work of some legislator under Greek influence "[2] for so very obvious a " Synoekismus " as this.

This was the beginning of Rome's growth. In fact the site was admirable for a city's development, whether as regards defence or advance.

On the north and west lay the river. In Italy south of the Apennines all the main natural lines of communication run from north to south. These converged to cross the obstacle which the impetuous Tiber threw in their way at one point where the river narrowed and an island in it formed a stepping-stone across it. Opposite this crossing lay Rome. Here there was built a wooden bridge, the Pons Sublicius, and this for sacred reasons remained of wood even when the city had become the Augustan monument of marble. The Janiculum on the western bank was the "bridge-head." So long as a Roman garrison held this hill, Rome was safe from attack from the north. The red flag floating on the hilltop showed that the crest was safely guarded. But let the red flag fall, and no Roman Assembly could meet on the plain of Mars. For the Roman Assembly was always the people-in-arms, and the fall of the flag surely showed that its presence was needed elsewhere. If the garrison were driven from the hill down to the river, they would cross by the wooden bridge. This then hewn down, Rome was still secure. The most famous of early Roman legends does but enshrine the "standing" military fact.

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[1] e.g., by the character of the traditional festivals (Lupercalia: Palilia, etc.): the use of milk instead of wine in sacred rites; the reckoning of wealth in terms of cattle (" pecunia " from " pecus "): the Italian " aes signatum," stamped with the Ox: the Romulus-Remus legend, etc. In like manner perhaps the Merivale stone-circles on Dartmoor, too big for roofing, indicate primitive cattle-pounds. Such books as Warde Fowler's *Roman Festivals* throw light on the primitive Romans' ways of life as well as upon their conceptions of religion. The beginnings of Roman history, however, and the critical analysis of Roman legend are the happy hunting-ground of modern Italian rather than of Oxford scholars (e.g. E. Pais). There is some opportunity here for the latter.

[2] Mommsen.

On the east and south of the city, the widespreading plain gave timely notice if any enemy approached from the hills. These could only be raiders, and there was time enough to drive cattle and folk within the circuit of some stout wall of defence. Against this wall the robbers' onslaught broke as vainly as ever Scotch marauders' onset surging fruitlessly up against the Peel Towers of the Border. And then the marauders must soon retire back to their mountain fastnesses. Why too should not a few hundreds of horsemen be collected to harry their coming and going? The "State" (a big word, presently inevitable) would give them their horses. Not yet were the days of wandering Celtic hordes, of the desperate defence of the citizens' last hope, the Arx Capitolina, Capitol and Citadel of Rome.

Safe from destruction, the little city grew. Some folk tended their herds in the plain. Some laboured on the stubborn fields. Some plied in their rude boats up and down stream, bringing down produce to the shelter of the city walls, or reaching the sandy seacoast and trafficking with the kindly Greeks to the south of the river mouth. To the north were Tuscan pirates, a horrid danger. But the passage of the river must be guarded from the sea. Therefore at the mouth of it the people early planted a settlement, Ostia. There was no fear lest this should become a rival city. On that flat, crumbling, and dangerous coast it would enjoy no chance of rivalry. The Roman tribesmen skirmishing along the river bank under their savage chiefs, or floating in war coracles down-stream, could have sacked it any day. But some safe anchorage amid the shifting sands was needed. A daring pirate might harry the coast, but the city fifteen miles up-stream was safe enough with Ostia as watch-dog. And in fact no invader threatened from the sea until in the days of Rome's last agony Genseric landed at Ostia in A.D. 455. Here then was founded the first of the "Roman Colonies," by tradition the only Colony established in the days of the Roman kings.[1]

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[1] "Ostia" would be a most attractive subject for a monograph. The relics of the once happy little port, daily crumbling away into the devouring river; the keen interest in its welfare shown by the early Emperors: the Claudian harbour, now a

It is with the persons of these same seven Roman kings that tradition links the events of the story of Rome's early growth. For Tradition, mother of History, always loves living personalities more than the dead stuff of geographical or economic statistics, or the gossamer web of probabilities and tendencies. The sequence of the Roman kings and their work is of a somewhat artificial make. The tradition, in its literary shape, is late and was fashioned under Greek influence. In its well-known form we cannot trace it back beyond the middle or end of the third century B.C. The result is one of Art rather than of certainty. The first king is the shepherd-founder. The second is the law-giver. The third is the warrior, who destroyed Alba and rid his citizens of a danger from their now jealous kinsmen in the hills. The fourth king must push the advance in other directions, and make good the city's defences against the grim horror threatening from the black forests beyond the river. To him therefore were ascribed the fort on the Janiculum, the Pons Sublicius, and the colony of Ostia.

Then tradition reveals a fact which may so have displeased the patriotic Latin citizen that he sought to obscure it. For the fifth king is a Tarquin, i.e. an Etruscan "Tarchon" or Prince. That the weird uncanny warrior folk over the Tiber were

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reedy more: Trajan's "Porto": memories of Virgil and his Emperor:—all invite the wandering scholar, archæologist and historian both. Then let his monograph grow into one on "Roman harbours," and let him roam from Ravenna, Rimini, and Ancona to Civita Vecchia and Pisa. But when would he return to Oxford to write? Ireland may be the land nearest to the Saints in Heaven; but Italy is nearest to the Englishman's heart.

restless and pressing south is shown by the cities which they established in Campania, far to the south of Rome. And Rome lay right in their way. Despite red flag, wooden bridge, and all the rest of the defences, it seems certain that the Etruscans captured the Latin city in their stride. Thereafter princes of Etruscan blood ruled it, to its own great advantage, until at last the native element rose in rebellion against their alien overlords, overthrew the foreign dynasty, and declared once and for all that Rome had had enough of kings. And from that day forth to the end of the Roman Empire Rome endured no "Rex," save only as a title given to a priest, in itself reminiscent of early monarchical duties.

None the less, in their day the Etruscan kings served Rome well. The fifth king drained the city, honoured the Gods, and broadened the basis of privilege. The sixth king, Servius Tullius (whose name deserves always to be held in remembrance), built, so tradition said, a new great ring wall of defence, now embracing the Aventine and Capitoline hills, and instituted a notable organisation of Rome's now powerful army. Of the wall relics are to this day still shown. The new army numbered, it was reckoned, over 18,000 men. This was a larger force than the Athenians, at the height of their strength, managed to put into the field against their Peloponnesian enemies. Under the Tarquins Rome's power was pushed out in all directions, to Veii over the river, to Gabii by the Sabine Mountains, to Ardea under the Volscian heights. The days of the shepherd settlements on the seven hills are now far remote. Rome is a child no longer.

Then came the expulsion of the kings, the "Regifugium." And just as at Athens (Herodotus' opinion notwithstanding), at Corinth, at Syracuse, and at many another Greek town the overthrow of a reigning "tyrant" dynasty cost the city the loss of much of its power and prestige (nor was such loss always made good), so it befell at Rome. On the fall of the Tarquins the city soon found that her influence stopped at the very Servian wall itself. But recovery was rapid. The tide of Roman advance had receded only to sweep forward with more resistless flood, as soon as the first confusions and distresses were ended.

To explain the causes of that advance in Italy, to show reasons for the lines which it followed, are the tasks for the student of the history of Rome between the traditional date of the establishment of the Republic in 509 B.C. and the beginning of the Punic Wars in 265 B.C.

Both military and moral reasons may be adduced to justify the Roman conquest of Italy. The vigour of the Roman's training, the firmness of his discipline, his endurance, his passionate determination never to own defeat, his native hardihood, the stern fervour of his patriotism, his quiet faith in his protecting Gods, his unblemished courage, simplicity of life, hardy ambition—a sermon for modern days could be preached from any of these texts. Only on the Spartans among all other peoples of antiquity did Fortune or Nature seem to bestow a similar combination of gifts. Even the Spartan lacked somewhat of the Roman's "pietas" and "gravitas," his sense of duty and responsibility.

For these were largely fruit of those endearing ties of family life which the Spartan sacrificed to the apparent claims of stern military necessity when he made the barracks his boys' home, the parade ground their recreation, the sergeant, not the father, their instructor. To both peoples doubtless the State became their real religion. Both therefore offered their children's individuality as a full and perfect oblation to their insistent God. But few Romans seem to exhibit quite that slavishness of soul which marks a Spartan or a Prussian.

And if both Roman and Spartan lacked quickness of mind, versatility and suppleness of apprehension, the former had two further advantages over the latter. By reasons of his generous use of conquest, the Roman had the numbers which made good repeated checks and defeats and always reinvigorated his will to conquer. This generosity was perhaps not for a moment instinctive in the race. But the Roman, set in the midst of a circle of sturdy foes, had the surpassing wit to see that for his very safety's sake he must reinforce his armies by new citizens admitted from his foemen's ranks. Then when the need for this seemed past, he tried to deny his franchise to the conquered, and at once incurred a peril which came near to destroying him. But in defeat he learnt his old lesson anew, and the wisdom of his statesmen saved him.

Rome's second advantage was her position in Italy.

The geography of Italy as marking out the lines and directing the fortunes of the Roman bid for mastery is a subject worthy of close attention.

Here only the barest outline of research can be suggested. The student who would trace the history of the earlier wars waged by Republican Rome must, map in hand, wander through the highlands of Central Italy on foot, and find therein a joy which few pleasures of activity can surpass. Then with his material self-won he may return to studies in a library. Here is an outline of the whole long story.

The tale of the Romans' advance east and south of their city is that of a lowland warrior folk penetrating up into the hostile girdle of mountains. The shapes and beauty of these hill masses fascinate the wanderer to-day. But their natural difficulties perplexed the commanders of many a Roman army. And behind these mountains lay the wild moorlands of Samnium, the ravines and recesses of the Abruzzi.

Valleys, however, penetrate the mountain barrier up from the plain of Latium ; practicable passes lead to the upper waters of rivers which flow eastwards to the Adriatic sea, or south and south-east to enrich the fertile Campanian plain. Not only did such valleys invite advance by the Romans, but they separated hostile tribe from tribe. Such separation spelt divided counsels, conflicting interests, mutual jealousy. Just as in the Highlands of Scotland two hundred years ago, the generals and statesmen of the lowland Power learnt to take quick advantage of such local animosities. Every Roman statesman was himself an Army officer. "Divide et impera" was a very early maxim of Roman statecraft ; for it was made possible by the very nature of the country. Disasters among the hills were bound to befall the lowland armies. But the mountaineer can never push his advantage home. Only on one terrible occasion did Civil War in the city tempt the Samnite hillmen to adventure up to the gates of Rome. Then Sulla at the Colline Gate saved her very existence for the world.[1] But for the most part the victorious Highlander halts upon his mountain ridge, fatally embarrassed by the thought of descending to the plain with its open manœuvres and cavalry onslaughts. Then [illegible] due course up again from the lowland comes flooding the attack through the ever-open channels of access. It overtops the defiant hills and submerges their inhabitants.

Thus after many weary years of warfare, Sabines, Samnites, Marsi, Æqui, Volsci, all submitted to Roman might, and were presently, many of them, incorporated on terms into the very Roman State itself. Famous alliances, as with the Hernici and with their own kinsmen the Latins, gave invaluable aid to the Romans. When at last the Latins themselves tried one last fall with the all-conquering city, the Romans were strong enough to risk everything against their erstwhile allies. These offered to Rome a choice of Federation on equal terms or War. Rome made her choice and won the day. "Her 'No!' to the Latins was one of the turning-points in the history of Italy and of the world."[2]

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[1] Cf. Freeman's Essay on Sulla (*Historical Essays*, Vol. I); a brilliant study. But whom does not the Roman Claverhouse (as Arnold of Rugby called him) inspire?

[2] Greenidge, *Roman Public Life*, p. 298: a book whose remarkable merit is sorely hampered by closeness of print and dullness of style.

Close on the heels of Rome's victory over her kinsmen there followed sixty years' relentless struggle with the Samnites. By the early years of the third century B.C. the lowland City had subdued the eastern mountaineers, and the way lay open for her to the rich spoils of the southern lands.

Long before this a danger more grim had threatened from the north. From the heights beyond the Janiculum the Roman, as he looked northwards to the black ridge of the Ciminian Forest, knew what peril lay lurking in and behind the woods. For all his self-confidence, the forest filled him with some such dread as that which haunted day and night the early Canadian settler in his regard of the sombre woods which brooded over the waters of the St. Lawrence or parried his adventurous thrust into the wild from little daring Montreal. The parallel must not be pushed too far. For the Etruscans were no roving predatory savages, but a powerful long-established League of hill-set fortress cities. Yet no people with whom they came into contact but regarded them with horror and dismay. The adventurous Greek sea-rover dared not push his way into the haunts of the Tuscan corsairs. The Greek colonist ventured no farther north than Cumæ on the Bay of Naples. One powerful Syracusan monarch dealt the Etruscan navy so heavy a blow early in the fifth century B.C. that he rid Sicilian waters for ever of the pest. But still the dark blue Tyrrhenian Sea hid its mysterious dangers and was no safe voyaging for any stranger. And on land the menacing clouds hung heavy in the north. To the Romans the

Etruscans stayed for long years an enigma and a dread. At this very day this people with their undecipherable tongue, their demon ghosts and monsters, their grotesque art, an abortion and caricature of Attic models, their gloomy devil-haunted rites, remain the puzzle-people of antiquity. Their very land expressed the weirdness of their genius, its cold and grey-blue soil seamed with dead watercourse and lonely valley, hewn deep with rock-set tombs. For Etruria's story we forget smiling Tuscany of the Middle Ages, and many-jewelled Florence on Arno-side. Jagged ruins of Faesulae's walls, Sutrium's squalid beggary, Bolsena tragedy-encompassed, some lonely monastery in the desolate hills fit place for contest with Satanic power, the wilderness which climbs up to Amiata's cold and lofty peak, the very Tuscan poet himself who bore the mark of Hell graven for ever on his forehead—these are Etruria. Let the Oxford student who would rewrite the story of Rome's warring with her people first penetrate the remoteness of her hills.[1]

It was not till the year 310 B.C. that a Roman army first crossed the Ciminian Ridge. Then the main struggle began. Victory was won by hard fighting, but ensured by other devices, the planting out of fortress colonies, the building of roads, and, chiefly, by the incorporation of conquered communities into the Roman franchise. When once the Etruscans had submitted, their neighbours, the Umbrian hill-folk, gave little trouble. Through the heart of their land the Romans drove their Great North Road, the Via Flaminia. This penetrated the main Apennine chain by the "Furlo Pass," reached the Adriatic at Fanum Fortunæ, and followed the coastline north to the small harbour and frontier fortress of Ariminum. This, the main line of communications for Rome's armies with North Italy, was built in 220 B.C.[1]

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[1] Dennis' great work on Eturia is not only a masterpiece: it remains an invitation to some student of Roman History to follow in the Master's steps. And Minoan is not the only language which still defies modern learning. Incidents in the long struggle between Siena and Florence suggest that the nature of the people had not been greatly changed by the veneer of Christianity spread over it.

Satisfied with their conquests of Etruria and Umbria, the Romans had very good reason to wish to stay their advance on the hither side of the rampart of the Apennines. These mountains reach round in a giant curve, separating Northern Etruria and the valley of the Arno from the broad plain which lies between the Apennines and Alps. Through this plain the Po flows eastwards for 200 miles to enter the Adriatic by a maze of channels and lagoons. It became a home of red cities, many of Roman colonial foundation, a land of such extraordinary fertility (as it is to this day) that a traveller in the second century B.C. could declare that he could live there comfortably *en pension* for a farthing a day. (This is no longer the case.)[2] But when the Romans first came into touch with the district, it was no part of Italy at all in their eyes. In the fifth century B.C. horde after horde of Celtic immigrants had come swarming down into it from over the Alps, the precursors of a long fatal series of northern invaders of Italy. These "Gauls" drove the Etruscan settlers whom they found in the land back over the Apennines, and partitioned the conquered land among their tribes. North of the Po were the Insubres, Cenomanni, and Veneti; south of it the Boii and Lingones, the latter spreading down the Adriatic coast as far as Ariminum. Thus to the Romans this whole land was "Gaul this side of the Alps," Gallia Cisalpina, the military "Key of Italy" in later years.

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[1] The walk from Fano to Orvieto and Rome along the course of the Ancient road is an attractive one. Its chief difficulty is the avoidance of tempting by-ways.

[2] "Surely such is the fertility of this country that I think no region or province under the sun may compare with it. . . . It is wholly plaine, and beautified with such abundance of goodly rivers, pleasant meadows, fruitful vineyards, fat pastures, delectable gardens, orchards, woods and what not, that the first view thereof did even refocillate my spirits and tickle my senses with inward joy. . . . It seemeth to me to be the very Elysian fields,

From time to time the Gauls cast forth fresh swarms to try their fortunes to the south, and always at the news the alarm at Rome was intense. There was good reason for such alarm. One such swarm actually in 390 B.C. annihilated the Roman defending army on the little Allia river and sacked the city itself. Only the capital remained in Roman hands. Another such horde marched down the western road and was with difficulty crushed at Telamon some six years before Hannibal crossed the Alps. The Gallic tribes in Italy welcomed both Hannibal and his brother Hasdrubal with enthusiasm, and, on the whole, clave stoutly to the Carthaginian invader. A century passed by, and

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so much decanted and celebrated by the verses of poets, or the Tempe or Paradise of the world . . . insomuch that I said to myself that this country was fitter to be an habitation for the immortall Gods than for mortall men." (Thos. Coryat's *Crudities*: a description of Lombardy in 1608.)

then again a mixed swarm of peoples from beyond the Alps, Cimbri and Teutones, came as a locust flight down on north Italy. This time Marius, in bitter fighting, saved Rome. This "northern danger" was persistent, until the Romans' punitive and precautionary measures had at last the mastery. But it was reserved for the destroyer of the Roman Republic himself, Julius Cæsar, first to adventure to attack the Gauls in their more distant homes and to drive the "Germans" back beyond the Rhine.

Long ere this the Celtic folk in the valley of the Po had been so merged in the Roman civilisation that some of Rome's noblest poets and writers hail from this homeland and, intensely Italian in sentiment though they were, may even have had an infusion of Celtic blood in their veins.[1] Although the actual Roman franchise was not extended to the Po until 89 B.C. or to the Alps for forty years more, when Italy became first veritably one land (a unity lost again on the break up of the Roman Empire, and regained only on September 20, 1870, never again to be surrendered to the northern barbarian), yet practically by the year 200 B.C. Rome was free to deal with the north of Italy as she pleased.

By this year also her grip had fastened remorselessly on the luxurious and effeminate Greek cities of Campania and the south. In vain these had called a champion to their aid from Epirus overseas. In vain they had rallied to the more doughty Carthaginian warrior. Rome bided her time, and took her full revenge. Far removed again beyond the central moorland wastes, which mere mule tracks crossed, lay the Apulian and Calabrian plains. To enter them was to appropriate. "Introisse victoria fuit."

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[1] e.g. Virgil from Mantua, Livy from Padua, Catullus from Verona.

Thus the Romans became by conquest masters of the fair land of Italy. By the middle of the third century B.C. her influence reached to the Apennines; a century later her military frontier touches the Alps, and her dominions are spread far beyond the seas. Whence arose new dangers and new problems.[1]

Conquest is the work of the soldier, the use of conquest that of the statesman. This use of conquest, according to that most sane historian Polybius, is the truer test of a nation. It were little advantage to Rome to gain victory after victory, to sack city after city, to crush tribe after tribe, if thereby she did but acquire rule over an ever-growing number of subjects oppressed and sullenly malcontent. But the Roman's genius for organisation and government was greater even than his aptitude for war. Else had the history of Europe been far other than it has been. The details of this organisation, first of Italy and then abroad, and the methods of Roman government may be narrated so prosaically, may be so overwhelmed by the multitude of minutiæ, may be so tangled up in bitter controversy concerning special points, as to induce weariness or even disgust in the student and thrust the study down into disfavour and neglect. Yet this history of methods and principles of government, though it may not vie in interest with biographies of statesmen or deeds of warriors, claims both by its intrinsic value and by its greater difficulty both appreciation and reflection. Of such study, the Organisation of Italy by Rome forms an indispensable chapter.

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[1] Here I can only call attention to a subsidiary but valuable subject for study, viz. the question of the causes which determined the fact (*pace* Mahan and the history of the Punic Wars) that Rome never became a great naval Power, nor had the Roman any taste for the conquest of the seas. That Sea Power did play at times a part in the determination of various Roman wars is certain—a fact which does but emphasise the general Roman indifference. This subject may be commended to the student.

Owing, however, to the scanty, baffling, and erratic nature of the evidence this happens to be one of the most intricate subjects of study in the whole of Roman history. Of all the gifts in Pandora's box, that of crass unintelligibility seems to have been specially reserved for the ancient lexicographer, from whom come tantalising fragments of information concerning it. Conclusions are presented confidently enough. But if some stout-hearted enquirer delve at any point down to the foundations he will find these slight and resting on shifting sand. So much the more reason is there for digging.

A parti-coloured map of Italy in the days before the Social War, about 100 B.C., in which each community is given a colour appropriate to its particular status in relation to Rome, reveals a chequer-board suggestive of Harlequin's costume.[1] On the one hand stand the "Latins," the "Nomen Latinum." These consist partly of the ancient towns of "Latin rights," partly of the newer Latin colonial foundations, thirty-five in number. But the bulk of these colonies have nothing Latin about them save the status. Roman citizens composed them, who surrendered their franchise to gain thereby intelligible advantages of greater autonomy in their local government. Neither had the term "Jus Latinum" itself always the same meaning. "Old" Latin rights were more extensive than "New" (whatever the origin of the latter—a disputed question). Like the word "politics" in Mr. Pickwick's famous words, the "Nomen Latinum" "comprises in itself a difficult study of no inconsiderable magnitude." Its history has to be traced from the Foedus Cassianum of 493 B.C. down to the survival of "Latinitas" in the Digest of Justinian. It suggests a good thesis for a monograph.

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[1] Such an ingenious map is given by Beloch in his indispensable book *Der Italische Bund.*

Technically no "Latin" was a Roman citizen: all Latins were "peregrini." But the main bulk of these last were the "Italian allies," Socii Italici. Among these also we meet with a bewildering multiplicity of varieties, a baffling diversity of privilege or hardship. Some cities or tribes are bound to Rome by a Treaty, Foedus; but the terms of these treaties are by no means always the same. Others, less favoured, have had a Law, Lex, imposed on them by the Roman Government, which determines their duties. Such an "unilateral Act" is more easily modified or revoked in Rome's own interests than is the "bilateral Treaty." Some again enjoy more or less of a real "liberty," and are immune from Roman taxation. The great majority of the whole number are absolutely "surrendered into the Roman power." Yet by Roman grace these "dediticii" enjoyed some measure at least of self-government. Finally, a few stand proudly apart, treating on equal terms with Rome as independent Sovereign Communities.

These differences of status were the result of the history of each town. Two main principles, however, governed Roman statesmanship in the matter. Military service on behalf of Rome in some shape or other was demanded of all "peregrini" whenever Rome had need of it. And in return Rome was usually ready to bestow as large a measure of local self-government as seemed compatible with her own security. None of them could possess an independent foreign policy. But Home Rule in purely domestic concerns was the keynote of Roman statecraft.

Hence we may understand how puzzled such an invader as Hannibal might well be, when he found his manifestos of "liberty" failing so often to win for him the joyful allies on whose help he too confidently reckoned. Now he would come to a city whose folk might seem to dally with the offer. Yet they had no bitter discontent to set against the lively danger of acceptance. And as for military service—why, Hannibal as well certainly expected this from them. A few miles farther on, and he would be calling on "Latins" to fling away the yoke of Rome. How could he realise that these same "Latins" were colonists from Rome, descendants, sons maybe, of Roman citizens themselves? Now he would come to ancient enemies of the city on the Tiber, brooding over ancient wrongs. Here he might enlist recruits. But among these memories was one of Rome's ruthlessness perchance. Their present condition was not insufferable. Should they venture all on a single throw? Ever and again a true Roman garrison town, or a walled city whose inhabitants proudly called themselves Roman citizens, would defy his direst efforts. This curious complexity of status which prevailed throughout Italy was verily Rome's salvation in the Hannibalic invasion, as it was once again in the still graver peril of the Social War at the beginning of the first century B.C.

Sharply distinguished from all peregrini and Latins in status, if not so sharply in the rights actually enjoyed, were the many communities of Roman citizens, scattered up and down Italy. Thirty-five of these towns were "Roman Colonies." These were mostly garrison towns planted at selected strategic points to guard the great roads or to keep watch over a newly conquered tribe. But by far the most important of these, as indeed of all the communities of Italy, and the one chief explanation of Rome's mastery in the land, were the "Incorporated Municipalities," the Municipia. For the Roman, the word "municipium" deserves to be written always in letters of gold. Its creation dates back to the fourth century B.C., when first Rome conceived this idea of incorporating the citizens of a conquered town into her own franchise instead of destroying, enslaving, or removing them wholesale. The first certain example of such incorporation is the famous instance of the town of Caere in South Etruria in 353 B.C.[1] "Caerite Rights" were henceforth freely bestowed. For two and a half centuries Rome never turned backward along this path. Doubtless the main reason why she bestowed her citizenship upon the vanquished was her desire to swell the ranks of her citizen armies. The duty of military service was universal, and the Roman soldier was given a training and a discipline superior at least to those of the Italian ally, who was equally bound to serve. But, motive apart, and although full citizenship was rarely given (the new citizens had no vote in the Roman Assemblies and could not hold office in the Roman State), Roman citizens these men became none the less. Their sons or grandsons became inheritors of the feelings of Roman pride and patriotism. And in course of time the new citizens were sure to attain equality of rights with the old.

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[1] Tusculum is an earlier, but a more doubtful, example.

This then was the "municipium," a town whose inhabitants possessed at least some part of the Roman franchise, and originally gained that franchise by direct incorporation into the Roman State.[1] In the course of two centuries Italy was covered by a network of these towns. And presently the majority of Italian communities still kept outside the franchise wall came passionately to desire admittance into the magic garden. Herein resides the startling difference between the fortunes of Imperial Athens and those of Imperial Rome. The subjects of the former sprang to arms to destroy, of the latter to claim part in, the ruling city. Ancient History presents perhaps no more significant lesson for the meditation of the modern world than this.

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[1] The monstrous anomaly of a "Latin municipium" only makes a late appearance. Then in time the word came practically to designate any town other than Rome enjoying local self-government, and so we are on the high road to our own English use of the term "municipal."

In time the Roman municipia regained their local autonomy while still remaining integral parts of the Roman State. A vigorous development of "municipal" institutions replaced the citizens' direct participation in the functions of Government in the first century of our era. The study of this "municipium," both in the history of the meaning of the word and in the reality and liveliness of its civic enthusiasm, is one of the most engrossing within the whole range of Roman history. Our own free town life goes back to the Roman "municipium." This it is which constitutes, in logical language, the "differentia" of the Roman as distinct from every other State of Antiquity. It was the final cause of Rome's triumph, the justification of her magnificent greatness.[1]

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[1] In these last pages I have indicated in briefest outline a subject of study whose resources are well-nigh inexhaustible. Let a student trace the history and fortunes of any single Italian town, and it will give him enjoyment for many happy months (though it will not enhance his chances of "success in the Schools"; philosophy's claims are too greedy for this).

The whole subject of the Organisation of Italy is dealt with at enormous length by Marquardt, and admirably also by Beloch (*v.* Bibliography *ad fin.*). Every Dictionary of Classical Antiquities, such as Smith, Pauly-Wissowa, Daremburg et Saglio, Ruggiero, has long articles *sub voce.* Colonia, Municipium, Præfectura, *et al.* Ruggiero's *Dizionario Epigrafico* is in some respects the most suggestive, but its progress still after a quarter of a century towards the end of the alphabet is one of more than Teutonic deliberation. Every Handbook of Roman Constitutional History (perhaps those of Greenidge and Willems are the two best) grapples furiously with the subject. I have myself dealt with it recently at some length in the *Cambridge Companion to Latin Studies*, pages 366-390. German monographs may be neglected. But let a student choose his town in Italy, France or Spain. And if he finds himself in the "Middle Ages" before he has done with it, so much the more enjoyable his citizenship.

CHAPTER III

ROMAN CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY: THE FIRST FIVE CENTURIES

THE history of the Roman Constitution, both Republican and Imperial, formed for many years the subject of what was probably the most famous of all the courses of lectures delivered in Oxford to students reading for the Final Honour School of Literæ Humaniores.[1] The lecturer's exhaustive treatment seemed to leave little scope or promise for further research. And always behind his lectures there lurked vaguely in the background the monumental volumes of Mommsen's *Staatsrecht*. Bold writers published works of their own upon the subject. They drew in part at least from that inexhaustible fount. Bolder students dipped their little buckets into it. But if they themselves took the plunge, they struggled presently out again to dry land, and thereafter remained for the most part content with the comfortable precision and luminous conciseness of the lectures of their Oxford Master. The very liberty to differ reduced itself to some scrupulous examination of minute details. Two other Oxford historians of profound knowledge and wide repute scrutinised microscopically the principles of Roman Criminal Law and Procedure.[1] Over these again towered the giant figure of the German Intellectual Super-Man. In such fields of study there has remained little for gleaning. It makes little difference whether the last stook is removed from these harvest-fields or not.[2] Rural Economy offers better rewards for independent digging.

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[1] Those of H. F. Pelham, late Camden Professor of Ancient History. His few published works (viz. the clear, concise little *Outlines of Roman History* and the *disjecta membra* of articles contributed to various periodicals and now collected and published as *Essays on Roman History*) reveal so superb a quality of workmanship that the regret for his unwritten History of the Roman Principate grows keener and keener as his memory recedes. Some fatality seems to cling to those who cherish the hope of writing a connected history on a great scale of the early Roman Empire. Mommsen, Pelham, and Greenidge all promised themselves the work, and by no one of them was it accomplished. Pelham's Oxford Lectures were those on the Constitutional History both of the Roman Republic and of the early Principate. He also lectured on Claudius, Nero, the Flavian Emperors, and Trajan. None of these lectures have been published. They remain rich ore to mine for those who heard them and possess them.

All three Oxford savants have lately passed away. The Professor's famous lectures remain unpublished, manuscripts cherished on many a dusty bookshelf and in many an English country house and parsonage. To many generations of Oxford men the lecturer's incisive voice seems still to echo from the walls of his ancient College Hall.[3] Nor for those who come after can any other quite take his empty place. Yet still in this one part of the realm of

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[1] J. L. Strachan-Davidson, Master of Balliol, in his *Problems of the Roman Criminal Law,* and A. H. J. Greenidge, in his *The Legal Procedure of Cicero's Time.* Cf. too the latter writer's *Roman Public Life* and many articles in the Dictionary of Antiquities.

[2] A Cambridgeshire custom.

[3] Exeter College.

Roman History the modern student sits humbly at the feet of kings, and may hardly carve out a kingdom for himself.

In this book then I merely direct attention to a few leading features of the Constitutional History of Rome. Guides are superfluous in "The High." Or (to change the metaphor) the stores of knowledge concerning it are easily accessible, and everyone can carry them away.[1]

Rome of the Kings exhibits the familiar features of a monarchically governed City State. There is a King, nominated by his predecessor. His election is confirmed by the Elders and acclaimed by the populace. There is a Senate, which consists of the "Patres," the Chiefs of the clans (gentes). And there is a Citizen Body, the Cives or Quirites. These are variously divided, now into Tribes, now into local "Curiæ." They meet together for business in an Assembly constituted on the basis of the latter division, called the Comitia Curiata.

Though this earliest-known Constitution is Greek in type, Rome "in her political evolution worked out her own salvation." This was due to the external relations in which she found herself involved and to the concurrent development of her political ideas.

The rapid growth of the city, the constant influx of strangers, the migrations of Latins to Rome to claim her citizenship—all these added on to the original "gentes" a mass of new inhabitants, citizens and non-citizens. These formed the "plebeian" families, and the "clients" in distinction from the old "patrician" burghers. Thus there arose an urban proletariate which had at first few rights and equally few duties.

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[1] There is a notable French translation in seventeen volumes of Mommsen's and Marquardt's *Staatsrecht und Staatsverwaltung*: also in three volumes of Mommsen's *Strafrecht*. Few would prefer the German originals.

"Happy is the man that has his quiver full of them." Child-bearing was indeed desirable to an ancient City State, though not all had the wit to see it. For no such State, and Rome least of all, avoided enemies at the gate. But children hungry and in rags are not quite exclusively a mark of modern progress, and the money-lender or his equivalent doubtless existed in Mousterian days. At Rome the proletariate began presently to be of opinion that there must be political remedies for social evils, a belief as familiar as it is old. The pressure of constant wars, the ever-increasing military needs of the city, gave to men who even in militarist Rome were unwilling to be cannon-fodder except on terms their opportunity to secure if not happier lives for themselves at least brighter hopes for their sons. And the Roman, in his own hard practical fashion, was apt to be curiously devoted to his boys. Quite early there began a tendency towards the removal of distinctions between classes and a levelling-up of privilege. Under the alien Etruscan monarchs the process was naturally expedited. New and old were blended together to form the People in Arms who met in Assembly arranged by Companies—"Centuriæ." Henceforward the "Comitia Centuriata" was always the chief Assembly—at least in prestige—

of the people of Rome.[1] In it privileges of birth had to give way to those of wealth. This wealth, as in an early community was inevitable, was reckoned in landed property. Now the spoils of war consisted chiefly in land appropriated from the conquered. Hence the distribution of these spoils among the citizens, i.e. the soldiers, quickly became a question of grave political importance. The origin of Rome's troublesome and persistent "Agrarian Problem" is found in her military achievements.

When monarchy disappeared, a new important constitutional principle took its place. This was that of the "Collegiality" of elected magistrates. For many years this system was even applied at times to the conduct of campaigns, until sad experience taught the folly of this use of it. Possibly its origin was due to the fact that the Roman people itself was an amalgamation of distinct but equal elements. Henceforward the principle was essential to the very existence of the Republican Constitution.

The consequences of its application to Roman Public Life were far-reaching. It was applied with logical strictness and clearness of insight (within limits suggested by Roman common sense) to every branch of the administration. The result of this was to place the executive under the control of the only deliberative body in the State which existed in permanent session. This body was the Senate. By the beginning of the third century B.C. Rome had become in theory a pure democracy. Supreme power seemed vested in the popular Assembly alone. But the next century and a half revealed a constitution which in its practical working was anything but democratic. Polybius. the sagacious and experienced Greek political thinker and himself a practical statesman, studied it and thereupon evolved his characteristic " Theory of the Balance of Power in the Roman Constitution." But in actual practice a well-nigh undisputed authority was exercised by the Senate during these years. Constant peril abroad gave the mastery at home to this Aristocracy of talent and official experience. And the Collegiality of the magistrates weakened decisively any attempted opposition by the executive.

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[1] The more adventurous student may investigate the problem of the composition and divisions of the Comitia Centuriata (i) in "Servian" days: (ii) in the latter half of the third century B.C.: (iii) as handled by Sulla: (iv) in the days of Cicero. If, however, the "system of Pantagathus" pleases him, let him remember (*a*) that Pantagathus was neither an ancient lexicographer nor a Byzantine monk, but a (comparatively) modern Italian scholar: (*b*) that his delight in arithmetical simplicity may be more satisfactory to the non-mathematically-minded than true to fact.

Later again, the Collegiate principle fell on evil days. But the disregard of it provoked bitter civil wars. Julius Cæsar displayed an open contempt for it. He was requited by the Republican's dagger. The Roman felt instinctively and justly that such contempt was mark of a would-be King. It was reserved for the acuteness of Augustus to devise a new form of Constitution in place of the out-worn Republic, wherein this Collegiate principle could seem to be reconciled with the actual possession by one man of supreme power in the State. The character of this, the " Constitution of the Principate," was a tacit recognition of the traditional strength and value of the old Republican principle of Collegiality.

We may now hark back from such general considerations to consider the development in other respects of the Constitution of the early Roman Republic.

At the end of the sixth century B.C., when the Republic began,[1] all powers were confined still to the patricians except in so far as the Centuriate Assembly elected magistrates and passed laws. But even such laws were not valid until they received the sanction of the patrician Senators. This sanction was termed the Patrum Auctoritas. And the executive magistrates, viz. the two annual Consuls, their assistants the Quæstors, the occasional Dictator and his Chief-of-Staff, the Magister Equitum, though elected by the whole body of the People, could only be patricians. The plebeians, resentful against this appropriation of all authority by their presumed betters, took to meeting informally and to passing resolutions of their own. Any such decree of a " Concilium Plebis " was, however, as little binding upon any other than the plebeian himself as is a decree of Convocation upon the conscience or practices of any Nonconformist. This plebeian Council existed altogether outside of the Constitution. But it existed.

Concurrently (or even earlier) the plebeians dealt another shrewd blow to their masters. Intolerable grievances, particularly those of debt and its penalties, soon led to the annual appointment of champions of the plebs, the "Tribuni plebis."

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[1] The traditional date is 509 B.C.

These were elected by the Plebeian Assembly. They could never count technically as "Magistrates of the Roman People," for the populus Romanus was composed of all citizens, patricians as well as plebeians. And no patrician had a vote in the election of the Tribunes. But the Tribunes, even though from the first sacrosanct (a doubtful compliment), were far from being omnipotent. For many a year a Tribune who wished to make a resolution of the plebs binding upon the populus had to induce some genuine "curule magistrate" to reintroduce the proposal before an Assembly of the populus, and again the sanction of the Patres was necessary before such could become a Law.

Thus the plebeians, who very soon constituted the great bulk of the entire people, were hampered at every turn. A further remedy for their disabilities might seem to be provided by the creation, at some uncertain time in the fifth or fourth century, of yet another legislative Assembly, called the Comitia Tributa. The Concilium Plebis had long been "voting by tribes"—one tribe, one vote.[1] The votes of each tribe were determined by the majority within each one. This method of voting was obviously simpler and also it was fairer to the majority than was the cumbrous system of voting by Centuries, where men's votes had a very unequal value. Hence the tribal system of voting was now applied to the new Assembly of the populus. In this therefore the plebeians could exert their will. But this Comitia Tributa enjoyed a rather indistinct existence.[1] And, in fact, it was not by any such tricks of machinery that a remedy could be found for the legislative incompetence of the plebeians, or democratic equality, at least in name, be won.

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[1] After 241 B.C. there were thirty-five Roman "tribes," and never more.

For more than two centuries there raged the "Struggle between the Orders." Into the details of this domestic warfare I do not here enter. But the main features of the slow Constitutional development engendered by it may here be noted. Each one of them forms a subject of study in itself. They were some five in number.

(1) The gradual equalisation of plebeians with patricians in the right to hold magistracies and to pass laws which were binding on all the citizens.

(2) The multiplication of executive offices, resulting in a weakening of the magistracies and their dependence upon the deliberative elements in the Constitution.

(3) The growth of a "New Nobility" of Office, not of Birth. It was thus composed of rich plebeians as well as of patricians, and tended, in virtue of the pride of place, to become every whit as exclusive as the old aristocracy had been.

(4) The increase in the power of the Senate, now composed almost exclusively of ex-officials.[2] Its permanence, its experience, and its freedom of discussion gave this Council every possible advantage over the more spasmodic Assemblies of populus or plebs.

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[1] It is only of very recent years that modern scholars have been able to distinguish the Comitia Tributa from the Concilium Plebis and evoke the former from historic shades.

[2] Every young magistrate entered the Senate on his election to office and retained his seat in that Body for life.

(5) The comparative weakness of the Senate's possible rivals in the Constitution. Thus the executive was hampered by its many subdivisions and by the principle of Collegiality; and the populace by its entire dependence on the executive for any right to meet at all, by the cumbrous nature of its constitutional machinery, and by the division of functions between its more or less equal co-ordinate Assemblies.

Yet when the notable Lex Hortensia was carried in 286 B.C. the democracy at Rome seemed at last to have won a complete victory. By this year the plebeians could pass resolutions (plebiscita) which were binding on the whole community. They had also "won in the long race for honours."[1] Their own officials, the Tribunes, by the very nature of their office, seemed pledged up to the hilt to champion popular interests against any aristocratic interference or arbitrary authority. The aggressive power of the Tribunate was remarkable. The tribunician veto, which was applicable to any action of any magistrate, constituted a unique weapon of defence. And by their inviolability the tribunes might well seem to enjoy the special favour of Heaven. The champions of the people were blest of the Gods, and in them at least the people too were blessed.[2]

And surely the Roman democracy had urgent need to use the weapons which it had so laboriously forged. The lover of the picturesque may depict Capitalism as a hydra coiling its insidious folds about the honest Roman worker's neck. In sober fact, social evils began to press heavily upon the proletariate. Wealth had acquired an undue influence. The hunger for land, always a characteristic Roman trait, became all the more insistent as, in the now more settled condition of Italy, the supply of land for distribution became always more precarious. Why should the rich, sprung now mainly from the people's ranks and despising them all the more for it, mock the hungry folk with the sight of their large estates, almost flaunt their appropriation of magistracy and of land alike in the eyes of the poor? The time was ripe for popular social legislation. The machinery to ensure it was perfected. What hindered the peaceful coming of the social revolution? When the Epeirote invader Pyrrhus had been driven home again; when the malcontent Greek cities were quelled; when there remained no tribe, city, or race in Italy from the Po to the Straits of Messina which dared any longer to challenge Roman might—what military need any longer existed which might delay the indulgence in the sweets of social reform? There was little on the surface to reveal the underlying weakness of popular power at Rome.

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[1] Greenidge.

[2] Inviolability is of course capable of other, less flattering, explanations; but the most implacable of despoiled opponents never found the mark of Cain on the brow of a Roman tribune.

Inter arma silent leges. From out of the untroubled blue there came rushing storm after storm of desperate war. In the grim crisis of the Punic Wars the Senate took firm hold of the helm of State. It alone could and did save Rome. The people trembled and obeyed. More than a century of ceaseless fighting deferred all thought of social legislation. Army after army of the Roman people crossed the seas to battle in Sicily, Africa, Greece, Macedonia, Asia; struggled over Alpine and Pyrenean rampart to contend for Gaul and Spain. There was no breathing space for thought, no thought for anything save the necessities and the comfortable spoils of war. The people of Rome went fighting, at the first for dear life, later for the rewards of victory. As did the grandsire, so did the son. All played the man in the open field. What was democracy but an untimely phantom, scarcely to be seen in the crude noonday light of war? Let it back to its forgotten shades and slumber there deeply for a hundred and thirty years. But what should befall if ever wars should cease, and some leader of the people call to it to awake?

CHAPTER IV

THE "THREE PERIODS" OF ROMAN HISTORY

AT this point, the opening of the Punic Wars, there begins the first of the "Three Periods" of Roman History, one of which the Oxford "Greats" student is invited to study closely.[1] His choice is free. Each period offers to him special attractions of its own.

The "First Period" embraces Republican History only. Its limits are the beginning of the First Punic War and the Battle of Actium.

This period falls into two obvious halves. The first section, which is the property of this period only, contains the history of the Great Wars, 265–146 B.C. The authority for this part of the story is Polybius, not Livy. In it is also contained that wonderful chapter of human sorrow, the tale of dying Greece. Its second section, 146–31 B.C., is common to both the "First" and the "Second Period" of Roman History. This is the story of Rome in revolution, the Civil Wars, and the death-agony of the Republic.

The greatest and most human figures in the whole history of Rome move across this stage, the Gracchi, Marius, Sulla, Pompey, Cicero, Julius Cæsar, Octavian. Attendant in their company are many lesser men, but these too are intensely alive, amazingly "modern." We live in the very streets of crowded Rome. We listen to the disputes, trials, debates, and uproar. We share in the conflict of hopes and fears; marvel at the riots; shudder at the savageries and cruelties of men with desires and passions like our own. We admire and hate, and instinctively take sides. We would stand apart and judge dispassionately, but find ourselves against our very will plunged anew into the party strife, cheering one leader, deriding another, with the zest of the most fiery bigot.

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[1] For the "Statutable" details and requirements, see Appendix.

Are we democrats? Gracchus is our hero. Is sheer Bolshevism to prevail? Sulla will save the State from this its deadliest peril. Is a narrow selfish clique to have the mastery over our ancient rights? Sulla's own pet subaltern shall mock its incompetent stupidity. Is the soldier to be omnipotent? Are five centuries of Republican glory to count for nothing? Cicero, the silver-tongued, shall plead the Republic's cause and offer on our behalf his life a sacrifice for our dead liberty. May we never again have peace, order, and good government? Cæsar has won new realms for us beyond the Alps: he, the conqueror, shall bestow these still more precious gifts on us besides. Shall we place our necks beneath a tyrant's yoke? Pompey has given us an Eastern Empire spacious beyond our wildest dreams: he seeks nothing save honour for himself: he will save us from the would-be King.

The ungrateful dagger has murdered Cæsar. Who shall now redeem us from the drab, sordid wretchedness of politicians' bickerings, and our soldiers from deadly warfare on Mesopotamian sands and from the fiery darts of the enemy? Mark Antony, the romantic paladin or burly soldier of fortune, yet perhaps but a jolly overgrown schoolboy after all, shall fill the Oriental world with wonder and troubled Rome with whisperings. Is bloodshed to last for ever? Is no one of us ever again to call his home, his life, his own? From out the ruins of a shattered world there steps a young princely figure, virile, courageous, with mien and features of a youthful God. The Republic shall be in Octavian's keeping to his long life's end.

Not Plutarch, alas! is our sustenance on the earlier portion of this road (yet who will not read him?). One wretched book of dismal Appian is allotted in his place, sorry, mouldy fare. In Sallust we find style again: in Cicero's Letters the very life-blood of the period.

The "Second Period" of Roman History ("From the end of the Third Punic War to the accession of Vespasian") shares with the First this exciting story of the end of the Republic. Its gravest loss is that the student, starting with the year 146 B.C., cannot realise the Republic's splendour or the true nature of that Senate which in the earlier days was its chief glory. In compensation for this loss the "Period" offers him the early Principate for study and that series of Roman Emperors, Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, and Nero, who, both by the gloomy genius of a Tacitus and the venomous gossip of a Suetonius, live for us as do no other monarchs of any land or time. But in reality the personal ought not to be the one absorbing fascination of the period. For here is the story of the reconstruction of a ruined world, of institutions both restored and new, of government at last vitalising, just, and strong.

For his "authority" the student of it goes indeed to Tacitus. To whom else should he go? But lest he be misled by the Roman Master-Artist, and come to believe his study little but that of Palace intrigue, of half-lunatic despots and cruel ambitious Queens,[1] of foulness in high places, of crawling plot and smiling treachery—lest he see Rome, the Capital, illumined in one blaze of lurid light against a background of impenetrable darkness brooding over the world beyond, the very Roman "stones" cry out and will not hold their peace. Among the most impelling attractions of this Imperial period is the chance it affords for the study of Roman inscriptions, invaluable in the scope of their information, human in utterance as hardly Tacitus himself is human. Their variety is inexhaustible. Augustus' stately manifesto, graven for us on Ancyra's temple walls, may rivet the attention duly. But in a sense no less appealing is the simple record of service, regiment, decorations, placed upon some Roman soldier's tomb in his dearly-loved little native city, proudly commemorating the honours of its townsman. And these are multiplied by seventy times seven and again by seventy. Yet the vast and ever-increasing numbers of such finds need not discourage or terrify. Only a small selection can indeed be read. But the student of this period has guidance and opportunity enough to be able to realise for himself how greatly the whole aspect of the history of the Empire has changed in our day since Theodor Mommsen first conceived the mightiest historical project of the nineteenth century and began the publication of the "Corpus" of Latin Inscriptions.

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[1] Women, it has been said, play no part in the history of Athena's city. They are prominent enough in the story of the more masculine Rome during the Ciceronian Age and the early Empire. Fulvia, Livia, Julia, Messalina, Agrippina, Poppæa, Domitia, Faustina, all who

"Have done with tears and treasons
And love for treason's sake"—

Yet Rome had her Octavia as well.

The "Third Period" of Roman History ("From 43 B.C. to the death of Trajan") begins at an artificial date and ends abruptly at a time when the Empire is in confusion. It shares with the "Second Period" the history of the early Principate, but has three remarkable subjects of study peculiar to itself. These are the Civil Wars of A.D. 68–69 (for though these are nominally included in the Second Period, the student of this does not offer the Histories of Tacitus and does not in fact concern himself with the "Year of the Four Emperors"); the reconstruction of a disordered world (the work of the Flavian Emperors); and, thirdly, the whole record of Trajan's warlike prowess both north of the Danube and in Mesopotamia. The Civil Wars of A.D. 68–69 give an opportunity better perhaps than any other fighting in antiquity for the application of modern strategical principles to test the adequacy of the ancient records.[1] But this period labours under some serious disadvantages when compared in interest and value with its two predecessors. To profess a study of Roman History and yet know nothing of the Republic is like the building of a house from the first or second story upwards. The suite of rooms may be magnificent, but what of the foundations? Again, the authorities to be read, so far as they are first class, are confined to the earlier portion of the period. For the tale of years after A.D. 70 two of the "lives" of Suetonius and a selection from Pliny's Letters (a very painful contrast to Cicero's)[2] hardly cover the ground, even with the incomparable "Agricola" of Tacitus added. In fact there *is* no good authority for the outstanding figure of the second section of the period, the warrior Trajan. At the same time, this fact undoubtedly gives greater opportunities for individual research, and this is an undoubted gain, though somewhat discounted by the completeness of French monographs on Domitian and Trajan. The use of inscriptions is hardly, at least in kind, more extended for the Third than it is for the Second Period. And finally, if the period begins too late, it ends too soon. Who does not now understand the craving for ease after war, for port after stormy seas? The reign of Hadrian, the Peace-maker, the restorer of a war-worn Empire, is the happy sequel to the restlessness of the impetuous career of Trajan. To Hadrian justice has not been done. To him was due the very possibility of the "Golden Age" of the Antonines, the "most brilliant and happiest in all Roman history."[1] For his story we have little "authority" save the miserable work of a late literary hack. But it was not this reason which ended the period at Trajan's death. For a short time Hadrian's Principate was actually included in the schedule. Then the blameless Emperor was found to be indeed the last straw which broke its back. Few would read the period, and he was hurriedly excluded outside its limits.

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[1] I have tried to develop this somewhat novel method of dealing with ancient military history in my study of the "Histories" of Tacitus (*Civil War and Rebellion in the Roman Empire*, London, 1908). Naturally this book has annoyed the older, specially the German, school of writers, who pin their faith to the brilliant Tacitus. I have also treated Corbulo's campaign in Armenia in like manner (in my *Life and Principate of the Emperor Nero*, chapter 5). Here too I admit that Tacitus does not emerge unscathed from the scrutiny. I suggest that the Peloponnesian War ought to be and can be advantageously re-studied from this same point of view. Unless at times some fresh disturbing gale blows through our ancient Oxford forest, this, despite its stately beauty, will in due course perish, choked by its litter of dead leaves.

[2] Pliny's Letters to Trajan and the Emperor's "brief and pithy answers" have been reasonably called "one of the most precious treasures that have survived from ancient literature" (Warde Fowler, *Rome*, p. 236). But to turn from Cicero and his friends to the bulk of Pliny's correspondence is to leave the sandal-wood, cedar, and cassia of the ivory palaces for plain hutments of varnished deal.

This rapid survey of the three "Periods" may be enough to show that each has an attractiveness of its own for different tastes. He who likes military history best will choose the First or Third; he to whom the history of institutions and of government mainly appeals, the Second. The lover of literature will undoubtedly prefer Tacitus to Polybius; the lover of Greece, its history and its language, will make the contrary choice. He who would by his own research try to make inferior straw into excellent bricks may perhaps build most happily an habitation for himself in the Third Period. Inscriptions entice to the Second or Third, biography to all alike. If the Third Period has its Vespasian, Agricola, Domitian, and Trajan, the First can counter with Hannibal, Philopoemen, Cleomenes, Aratus. Plutarch's charm is shared by all three. The appealing study of the condition and welfare of any province under Roman Government can be only half completed by the student of the First Period, and is in most cases not begun at all by the student of the Third.[1]

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[1] Warde Fowler, who calls Hadrian "one of the most capable and efficient men who ever wielded great power." This praise leaves us a little cold. Efficiency seems inevitably to suggest Weltmacht, and the "business man" may be saviour of the State, but we do not love him. How pedestrian the Muse of History may be!

The great majority of men choose the Second Period; a tiny number only select the First. The majority choose wisely. The Second Period is easily the most living in actuality, valuable in authorities, rich in materials for debate, for appreciation, for the knowledge and the understanding of Rome. But the choice is free. *Αἰτία ἑλομένου.*

One brief word may be added. There may be those who are attracted by the history of the beginnings of Christianity, who are undeterred by the furious controversies which this history has for generations excited, who undauntedly set themselves to breast the Pelion-upon-Ossa of writings which it has upraised and daily yet upraises, out-Pelioning Pelion. Such must avoid the First Period and seek rather the Third. But the Greats student is for the most part well advised in considering very warily before he adventures far up this beaten mountain track. For he may haply find it lose the very semblance of a track, and while his head is wrapped in soddening mist his feet will be stuck fast in a quagmire of churned and ineluctable mud.[1]

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[1] Britain is a notable exception.

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[1] I have given some hint of the nature of some of these controversies in my *Life and Principate of the Emperor Nero*, Appendix B, "Christianity and the Government." From the sacerdotal trend of thought in history (as elsewhere) Heaven save us all.

CHAPTER V

FEATURES AND PROBLEMS OF THE "POLYBIAN" PERIOD, 265–133 B.C.

THE chief "political" interest of these years is the story of the wars by which Rome gained the mastery over the whole of the Mediterranean basin from the shores of Asia Minor to the Gibraltar Straits and the Bay of Biscay. Their "constitutional" interest is really not Roman at all, but is that provided by the history of Federal Government in the Greek world, its nature, its varieties, its strength or weakness. But the student of the Roman history of the time finds himself impelled to ponder over this story, not only by invitation of the "authorities" whom he reads (or ought to read), but also by the intrinsic interest and very modern importance of the whole subject of Federalism.

Still richer is the mine which the student of military history and of diplomacy may explore, hard beaten though the gallery leading to the heart of it may by this time seem to be. It is on the first part of the long road that the amplest treasure lies to his hand. For more than sixty years Rome and Carthage were locked together in their heroic death-grapple. Here is the study of diplomacies which led to war, which enforced or accepted peace, their wisdom or their folly; of the strategy of campaigns and the tactics of battle; of the worth of cavalry and the art of siege; of the use and misuse of naval power; of rivers, mountains, and fortresses guiding the course of events; of plans that go awry, of despair that is defied, of the innumerable chances and caprice of war. Here the student must determine the prospects of the rivals at the outset of the combat, compare their resources, contrast their methods of government, estimate the homogeneity or heterogeneity of their populations, appraise their endurance of the blows of fortune or indulgence in the sweets of victory. Above all he must ask himself what were the real causes of the final and complete triumph of the Roman.[1]

Why does the Victrix Causa, approved though it be whether by the Gods or by the fruits which humanity gathers from the victory, so seldom enlist on its side men's sympathy? To contemporaries fear lest they suffer the like doom may in many cases incite to this dislike of the victors. Proximus ardet Ucalegon. Later Ages are moved always by the sense of tears in mortal things, unless indeed they find in the defeated neither resolution of endurance nor any trace of generosity of soul, unless they see brutality, impiety, and arrogance suffering at last the visitation of the righteous wrath of God. Then let Him exact the uttermost farthing, and who shall say Him nay?

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[1] In this period the student also runs a peculiar risk. There is a malignant gadfly, that of delight in topographical controversy, which seems chiefly to haunt the battlefields of the Second Punic War—the river-banks of Trebia, of Aufidus, of Metaurus, the reedy shores of Trasimene, above all, the snows of the Alpine Pass (the metaphor here, on scientific grounds, goes limping). How badly I was myself stung by it is shown by a succession of papers in the *Journal of Philology*, the *Classical Review*, and the *English Historical Review*. To such ephemerida references need not be given. There may be many other victims, who may be wished a sweet discomfiture and a speedy recovery. The infection, while it lasts, is, however, feverish, most exciting, and not unpleasant. And if the gadfly, true to its historic type, drive the bitten overseas, it surely justifies itself.

But even though man at his sternest or with imagination asleep and interest dulled forget the miseries of the women, the hunger, nakedness, and torment of the children, yet when he sees the figure of some champion of the vanquished defiant of terror, challenging fate, scornful of ruin, then always men's hearts go out to such a one despite all the warnings or dissuasion of their judgment. On the field of his last defeat even a Macbeth, a Richard, a Napoleon, enforces admiration. How much more whole-heartedly do we rally to Hector's side, or help to man the defences of Alesia?[1]

Thus no generation passes but some new tribute is paid to Hannibal. The child of nine swearing his boyish oath of undying vengeance on the insolent Roman, the stalwart general in the pride of years, conqueror alike of Nature and of Man, unworsted on any Italian field of battle, the veteran in his last years, baffled counsellor and mocked plaything of a puppet braggart King, the Carthaginian is a hero of tragedy, of its pity and its terror.

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[1] One of the quaintest illustrations of this human instinct is that supplied by the "Boadicea" statue on the Embankment at Westminster. A poet's enthusiasm, unhistorical patriotism, and chivalry, have surrounded a veritable, if maltreated, savage with an atmosphere of glamour, and provided a striking example of the pathetic fallacy.

"Ah me, when the mallows wither in the garden, and the green parsley and the curled tendrils of the anise, on a later day they live again, and spring in another year; but we men, we the great and wise and mighty, when once we die, in hollow earth we sleep, gone down into silence, a right, long, endless, unawakening sleep."

But the two cities are in truth the protagonists in the drama of the Punic Wars. The final siege of Carthage, that proud Phœnician city, as cruel and beautiful as the western sea, takes rank in our minds with that of Calais, Antwerp, or of Paris fifty years ago. The young heroic Roman conqueror, as the town burns beneath his gaze, turns to his grave Greek counsellor with apprehension and tears, citing half unwillingly the great lament for Troy:

> ἔσσεται ἦμαρ ὅταν ποτ' ὀλώλῃ Ἴλιος ἱρὴ
> καὶ Πρίαμος καὶ λαὸς ἐϋμμελίω Πριάμοιο.

A greater than Troy or Carthage was in his thoughts. And Rome's immortal poet for all his genius must fail to win men's hearts to his hero, the embodiment of victorious Rome. Does even Virgil himself quite forgive Æneas the fate of Dido? He at least brings her curse right down through the ages:

> Nullus amor populis nec foedera sunto.
> Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor,
> Qui face Dardanios ferroque sequare colonos,
> Nunc, olim, quocumque dabunt se tempore vires.
> Litora litoribus contraria, fluctibus undas
> Imprecor, arma armis: pugnent ipsique nepotesque.

And now, like her dead Queen, the image of the glorious city herself passed away beneath the earth, and vanished, yet implacable, within the shadowy groves of the dead. But it is not only due to historian and to poet—it is in virtue of the immense stake at issue for all future generations, that no epic struggle of Antiquity can outvie the tale of the Punic Wars.

These wars do not exhaust the military interest of the period. Two of the three wars with Macedon offer interesting studies in topography, strategy, and tactics. Cynoscephalæ and Pydna are battles not unworthy of Rome. The overthrow by her of the vainglorious Seleucid monarch suggests John Ridd's wrestling match with the Cornish giant. The bitter party feuds which plagued all that was left of independent Greece gave its point to the famous epigram: "The quickness of our ruin was our salvation."[1] Rhodes and Pergamum were first patronised, then bullied (rightly or wrongly) into abject surrender. Egypt was saved from the greedy maw of other despoiling States, to become an irritation and an annoyance to her protector. In all this Eastern world, as in North Africa, Roman statecraft early discovers that familiar device of modern European politics, the maintenance of a balance of power. Only when it is finally proved that peace cannot be by this means preserved does the Senate with reluctance yield to the increasing pressure of the commercial profiteers and sanction direct annexation by Rome. Few diplomatic studies in Antiquity are more interesting, few provoke sharper controversies of opinion,[1] few give greater opportunities for independent judgment, than does that of Rome's policy with regard to Greece herself and the Greek monarchs or republics of the Levant during more than fifty troubled years.

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[1] εἰ μὴ ταχέως ἀπωλόμεθα οὐκ ἂν ἐσώθημεν.

This old world, east of the Adriatic, fell in the event as some over-ripe fruit into Rome's grasp. But sour and bitter enough was that which she now sought to pluck in the new Western world. The Spanish Wars were never-ending. Like fire they died down only to blaze out again the more fiercely.[2] Here the fighting was as grim as the booty was sparse. Never was Roman military service more hated in the homeland, never were the burdens of conscription more passionately resented, than in the enforced levies for the wars in Spain. And never did legionary seem to have smaller chance of a return in safety to his city or his farm. Disaster clung to the Roman arms. Spain was the grave of many a military reputation. And the reaction of this hated overseas service, which seemed as unnecessary as costly, upon both the agrarian condition and the politics of the mother country is not devoid of a somewhat sinister suggestiveness to-day. Spain herself in due course reaped such advantage from the Roman conquest that both to Latin literature and to the very Imperial throne itself she made contribution far earlier and more remarkably than did any other province of the Roman world. There was, however, little thought for the future or in any shape for the good of the conquered to assuage the anxiety of the statesman or to console the duress of the soldier when the one beheld Rome squandering the lives of her youth upon an accursed inhospitable soil, the other strove to tame the unconquerable ferocity of the Spaniard. It needed the tenacity of a Scipio himself to end the Spanish wars.

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[1] e.g. Mommsen, Ihne, Mahaffy, all of whose views are open to serious objection.

[2] Πόλεμος πύρινος.

In the very year in which Numantia fell and the aged Polybius ended his long literary life in narrating these the last military exploits of the brilliant boy, his erstwhile pupil,[1] "revolution" (as common parlance has it) broke out in Rome. The Polybian "Period of the Great Wars" is ended.

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[1] Unhappily Polybius' history of the Numantine War is not preserved. I know nothing more human or more affectionate in Roman history than the tale of Polybius' relations with Scipio, told by the former, nothing more simple and moving than the anecdotes which the master tells with delight concerning his boy pupil. The two read together, play together, hunt together, in due time go to the wars together. The father who encourages the friendship is the noblest Roman of his day. The son nobly fulfils the promise of his enthusiastic high-spirited boyhood. The tutor, no crabbed Pedagogue Dryasdust with blear sight and ferule, but a courtly polished soldier, statesman, and gentleman of the highest stamp, in this part of the tale at least rebuts the charge of monotony so often brought against his narrative.

CHAPTER VI

PROBLEMS OF THE "REVOLUTION" PERIOD, 133–31 B.C.

WHEN the wars ended, the Roman democracy awoke at last to a sense of its grievances. For 150 years the Senate had ruled the Roman State. From it no redress of those grievances could be expected. There were indeed men who looked hopefully to the Senate, who strove for moderate measures of reform and for conciliation. Their hopes were disillusioned, their efforts fruitless. Democracy and Authority stood defiantly opposed. The knots which no legislator could untie were cut by the sword.

Rome entered upon a revolutionary epoch of gruesome intestine strife and of sanguinary war. Neither exhausts the riches for history of the period. During it event crowds upon event, policy upon policy. One soldier, Marius, rough son of the people, annihilated the northern barbarian invader and forthwith plunged recklessly into the maelstrom of party politics, which incontinently sucked his stupid head under. Another, his rival, Sulla the ruthless, the Claverhouse of Rome,[1] scornful of democratic frothings against him in the City, carved out an Asiatic Empire for his country with the sword, returned to save that city's very existence from foes within and without, then stood aside to see if his new-built framework for its government would stand the shocks and ravages of time. Another, Sulla's young lieutenant, Pompey, fashioned anew in his turn Rome's Eastern Empire, bequeathing thereby to Imperial Rome problems of statecraft which she never fully solved, and cheerfully destroyed his captain's work at home. His rival, Cæsar, led the Roman Army to the Rhine, the Channel Ports, and the Thames, and left as his legacy to succeeding Governments the problem of the West. Studies abound of the career of these men, and of many another statesman of the period, of their motives, hidden or disclosed, of their legislation, of their wars, of their work for Rome. Most of such studies are eloquent ; some are superficial ; none are so conclusive as to deter any from the right, the duty, the pleasure, of fashioning his opinion for himself. In the actual records of the time hardly one of the lesser men but makes good his personality side by side with the greater outstanding figures. The unavailing gallantry of Sertorius, the captivating gaiety of the young scoundrel Caelius, the Rupert of Hentzau of Roman politics, the very self-seeking and greed of Brutus the incorruptible himself are tit-bits from this history's heaped fare. And for the richest banquet of all[1] is Cicero—

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[1] Dr. Arnold.

> Non ego cuncta meis amplecti versibus opto,
> Non, mihi si linguæ centum sint oraque centum,
> Ferrea vox.

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[1] The metaphor, in a more sinister connection, is one of Cicero's own, and may perhaps be permitted me.

But perhaps it is more useful here to redistribute the main problems of this exciting period under some five general heads :

(1) The first problem is the controversy concerning the Constitution. Where in the State is sovereignty to reside ? Is the People to exercise it ? Or the Senate ? Or some magistrate nominally representative of one or other ? Or shall sovereignty be divided ?

The raising of this question was not in itself an unconstitutional act on the part of the young statesman who provoked the controversy thereby. The Roman Constitution was typically "flexible" rather than "rigid." The law-making authority had absolute power to modify it at will by the ordinary processes of law. When Tiberius Gracchus was driven by the bitter opposition which his agrarian measures encountered to defy the wishes of the Senate, he was, by the forms of the Constitution, within his legal rights, though by his action he broke with the custom of centuries. And in this breach of custom his proceedings were, in effect, revolutionary. Still more revolutionary were the results of his challenge to prescriptive and customary law. But it was when his foes appealed to violence to quell the troublesome tribune that Revolution first began to stalk unashamed through the streets of Rome, and the responsibility for the unwelcome guest must rest upon the Conservative Party, who first indulged their resentment in so desperate a manner. That the legalist Cicero never admits this is but one sign more of the lasting anger which the tribune and his younger brother Caius excited.

These two men did in fact "galvanise the democratic machinery into life." It is more than doubtful whether this was at any time their primary intention. If they roused the long-dormant powers of the People, this was always rather as the means towards the attaining of ends which they judged desirable than the very end and object of their activity. Incidentally, their action and careers revealed for the first time the inherent absurdity of the Roman Tribunate as an element in a workable Constitution if once the customary checks upon a tribune's abuse of power were disregarded as the Gracchi did disregard them. Yet it is highly doubtful whether the brothers were not justified in this disregard, not merely by their passion for necessary reform, but even by the forms of law. Of their two careers, that of the younger provokes most controversy, and his was certainly the deeper and more complex character. Caius, uncrowned King of Rome, revealed the weakness of the Roman Tribune, omnipotent though he might seem in law, when once he was threatened by military power, which he as tribune could not possess. Clear-sighted statesmen who came after marked the lesson of his rise and fall. Sulla set himself to provide safeguards of law against the chance of such another tribune, Cæsar to provide safeguards of force against his exemplar's fate. Augustus summed up the lessons of the past when he firmly based the authority of the Principate upon the two rival elements in combination, the tribunician power and the military imperium. For none at least of these three men had Caius Gracchus lived in vain.

And when once this question of the fitting residence of sovereignty in the Constitution had been raised, no statesman but must thereafter be ready with his answer to it.

(2) The second problem is the Roman Agrarian Question.

This trouble had its roots buried in the past. As a subject of study it bristles with technicalities and difficulties. In the actual handling it was no less thorny. The elder Gracchus centred his attention upon it. It was on behalf of agrarian reform that he challenged the Senate's customary power and thus called for a solution of the other, the constitutional, problem concerning sovereignty.

Agrarian legislation was in his day no new thing. Time after time before him recourse had been had to it with intent to relieve the proletariate of Rome and also to make provision of small holdings for army veterans. But besides these "Poor Law" and military objects of such legislation Gracchus was mainly concerned with a third, the revival of agriculture. Dismayed by the diminishing population, he believed the chief hope for Italy to reside in the reinvigoration of country life and its hardy stock of farmers. That the class of small yeomen farmers had been for many years past struggling with many difficulties is certain. Gracchus and his brother proposed remedies for the decay of agriculture. He who would appraise duly the merit of their proposals must carefully consider the causes of this decay, which were many. Criticism of the Gracchan Land Act is too apt to be both hasty and foolish.[1] In the reaction following the reformers' deaths, the Roman Squirearchy did their best to destroy the whole of their work. But it was not so easy to dispose of the agrarian question. The continued growth of poverty at Rome, the growth in numbers of the army and its insistent claims for pensions in the shape of land (ever more imperative as soon as Marius instituted his long-service system and substituted a professional volunteer army in place of a conscript citizen militia), the persistent distress of the farming class—all cried out for the attention of politicians. These proposed different measures according as they were swayed by military or by political motives. Henceforth for a century agrarian legislation excited the liveliest controversies. Much of it was insincere, much impatient. The condition of the land continued to cause deep concern throughout the years of the early Empire. Republican statesmen and Princes alike have to ponder over the problem. Sulla, Cicero, Cæsar, Augustus, Trajan—the wisest heads in Rome—set to work on it. The troops would not allow otherwise. Will small allotments pay? Which is the best system of land tenure? Can love for the country overpower the lure of the city? Is slave-labour uneconomic? Can free labour exist side by side with it? If so, under what conditions? Can free labour be found? Can we grow not only crops for our need but children for their tending? Must the army claim the boys and leave father and field desolate alike? Is there to be no son to take his father's place upon the little ancestral farm? Are rents too high? Are they possible at all? Is the State to be the only landlord? Are colonies the real solution for agrarian ills? Are the very seasons worse than they used to be? What shall the farmer grow? Is pasture to drive out tillage? Shall the State be capitalist and lend money for stock or tools to new or impoverished farmers? Can you reasonably expect a time-expired soldier to make a decent farmer at all? Are restrictions to be placed upon the size of farms or the sale of land? Such questions are far from exhausting the possibilities or the interest of the Roman Agrarian problem or its import for the efficiency of Rome and the prosperity of Italy. Modern as many of the queries may seem, the Roman sought for answers to them all. To what extent did he succeed? One fact at least he knew, that war had become the deadliest enemy of the farmer:

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[1] Contrast e.g. Greenidge's thoughtful conclusions in his excellent *History of Rome*, Vol I, with Oman's cavalier slapdash criticisms in his attractive little book *Seven Roman Statesmen*—just the book to interest and to mislead public schoolboys. Neither the abolition of slavery nor "Protection" really could go to the root of the evil. It hardly needed the analysis by Ferrero to prove the inherent absurdity of this latter suggestion for ancient Italy. If, as a fact, Roman statesmen do not propose "protective" measures, it were alike wiser and more modest to consider why they refrained, even to infer from their very refraining the economic futility of the idea, than pityingly to label them children in finance or economic lunatics. Such pity may indeed breed contempt, but for others than the objects of it.

> Tot bella per orbem,
> Tam multæ scelerum facies, non ullus aratro
> Dignus honos, squalent abductis arva colonis,
> Et curvæ rigidum falces conflantur in ensem.

But if once again the swords could be beaten into pruning-hooks, would there be any use for the latter?

(3) The third problem is that of the extension of the Roman franchise to all remaining "Latins" and "Italian Allies." It has already been urged that this was for centuries the vital question for the Roman Republic. During the "Great Wars" it had been somewhat quiescent. The advent of peace brought it once more to the front with an imperative demand for final settlement. For the democratic agrarian legislation, whose benefits only citizens should enjoy (the selfishness of democracy is a familiar theme), roused this sleeping lion to raging activity. Not only the rich Roman squires and nobles, but also the Italian and Latin farmers and land-owning communities found themselves threatened by the reformers with loss of lands, eviction, spoliation. The poor citizen must have land ? Then the non-citizen, to keep his little farm which he had possessed so long, had best himself become a citizen at once.

But it chanced to be an unlucky moment at which to press home the old familiar claim for inclusion in the Roman State. In the development of all democracies there seems sooner or later to come a time when the love of privilege makes them untrue to their own essential creed. This stage the Roman people now unhappily had reached. By the victories and the prizes of war the prestige of Roman citizenship had of recent years been multiplied an hundredfold. Less than a century ago, a small Latin city, Praeneste, had been offered the Roman franchise as a reward for glorious fidelity to Rome in time of bitter war. Praeneste had declined the offer. Such a refusal, such a preference for local independence, on the part of any except ancient enemies, had become a thing incredible at the end of the first century B.C. For in addition to prestige the franchise now included other more material benefits. By it the new-made citizen would gain a share in land-distribution schemes. He would be rid of the arbitrary power of wandering Roman magistrates. And, if he were politically-minded, he would get a vote at elections and a voice in the making of laws. The vote was indeed for the majority a hardly appreciable privilege. The Roman Republican Government never evolved a representative system. The old idea of the City State was far too persistent to approve of such a weak emasculate mockery of its traditional ideal, which was the direct participation by all the citizens in all the functions of government. Every citizen who wished to vote must come himself to Rome for the purpose. No free trips to the city were advertised on election days. Why should a man leave home and farm to journey perhaps several days along a dusty road on so trivial an object bent?

The actual value of the vote might seem enhanced in these days when the popular Assemblies were being invited by their leaders to appropriate the rights of government. But for most men at a distance it would still remain more than enough to know that they could vote if they liked to make the effort. It is well to dwell on this fact of the indifference felt for this function of citizenship, since it explains in part why the Italian acquiesced on the whole quite cheerfully in the downfall of the

Republic. A man who thinks slightingly of a privilege will hardly fight for it. To the bewilderment and sorrow of townsmen like Cicero, the new voters did not turn out to be Republican enthusiasts. Let a Cæsar secure them peace, order, prosperity, let an Augustus provide their sons with honourable and lucrative careers under Government, what cared they if their vote lost even the nominal worth which it had in theory once possessed?

The grandfathers of these indifferent Republicans had, however, other more urgent reasons than the vote for their claim to become Roman citizens. When they made their demand they found at last a Rome jealous of privilege, niggardly, hostile. The wiser statesmen, who formed in the Senate a Moderate or Centre party, in vain urged the folk to be true to the Roman old-time policy of generosity. They were in a small minority.[1] All three statesmen who championed unflinchingly the Allies' claims were murdered for it. Their adherents were persecuted. Vested interests were too powerful. The bulk of the Senators, by instinct conservative, the commercial class, now rapidly becoming a deadly influence in Roman politics,[2] and the people itself, quite well aware that a shared dole is smaller, all combined to oppose the proposal and thus to rush the Roman State over the brink of desperate war.

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[1] "How wonderful, how very wonderful, the operations of time and the changes of the human mind!" But this remarkable outburst by the shy heroine of Mansfield Park concerning Mrs. Grant's shrubbery found Miss Mary Crawford (not unnaturally) "untouched and inattentive," a selfish impassivity worthy of the Roman senator.

[2] The rise and work of the Roman merchant class, and of the banking, commercial, and "Stock-Exchange" interests, constitute a study of great value and opportunity. Here I can only call attention in passing to the "Equites" and their importance in politics.

The Allies fought and won.[1] It was Rome's unique good fortune that while in her enemies' ranks there were undoubtedly many who welcomed what seemed at last the final chance to destroy the domineering city there were yet more who fought not to annihilate but to enforce admission into its privileges. The Romans by defeat speedily became wise again. By making large concessions to the latter they detached them from their comrades. Then in one supreme struggle Sulla, greatest of her generals, ground Rome's last irreconcilable foes to powder.

But the franchise question was settled. After five slow centuries, the unification of Italy was practically complete. The extension of the franchise from the Po to the Alps was but a corollary of the measure of 89 B.C. and followed forty years later. Of all the problems of this "Revolutionary" period, this one alone was completely solved within the limits of the period itself.

It in turn bequeathed to succeeding generations a cognate franchise problem. Why should Roman citizenship stop short at a mountain barrier? Within two and a half more centuries all free inhabitants of the Roman world were Roman citizens.[1]

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[1] Appian's account of this, the "Social," war is really the *ne plus ultra* of military, topographical, and chronological incompetence exhibited by any professed historian. So much the richer opportunity, it might be hoped, for a modern student. Unhappily, such other evidence as exists wherewith to supplement the blunderer's mishandling of a big subject is itself spasmodic and too inadequate to be of any great avail. The Social War is an historical desert which absolutely refuses to blossom as the rose. You cannot irrigate a melancholy waste out of dry cisterns.

(4) The fourth problem is that of the government of the provinces. Later in origin than the preceding three, it lasts so long as Rome continues to be an Empire.

The subject is so great, the evidence so ample, the contrast between Republican and Imperial methods so striking, the consequences both to Republic and to Empire have attracted so much attention, and so much has been written on the whole Roman provincial system, that here I must rest content with laying emphasis on the importance of thought concerning the problem by each student. One general suggestion may also be made. It is in the consideration of this problem that we find the one main justification for the fall of the Republican Constitution. But, the world being an imperfect one, we do *not* so clearly find in it the cause of that fall. The Roman Republic acquired provinces, mainly by hard fighting. From them Rome in the last century before Christ derived the greater portion of her wealth. To govern them she sent an ever-changing succession of her leading men. In whose interests did she rule these millions of subjects? Why were attempts, though honestly made and constantly repeated, to check misgovernment everlastingly inoperative? Provincial government became a leading piece on the chess-board of party rivalry. This was not a sanction for good government. This doubtless involves a condemnation of the Republic. How many weary years did it take the British Government before it learnt the folly of colonial exploitation for the mother country's supposed financial benefit? The Roman Republic was given a century and a half in which to learn, if fate were kind or wisdom forthcoming, the true principles of the government of dependencies. In this task (and it made little difference whether it were Senate or People who essayed it) the Republic conspicuously failed. Some men tried their best to govern justly. In some men's case this best was but a sorry best. Most men frankly and unblushingly sought their own advantage. None, I think, were hypocritical. Perhaps the facts of self-seeking and misgovernment were too patent. Rome all the while was waxing great in riches and in strength. It certainly was not the provincial subject who sorrowed or who had cause for sorrow at the destruction of the Republic and the coming of the Principate. But as certainly it was neither he nor any thought by others for his good that did this work. In the reflection how greatly he gained by the change of Constitution we can at best indulge an *ex post facto* satisfaction (if we feel it) that the Republic was destroyed.[1]

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[1] Caracalla's edict of A.D. 212 practically ended the matter. (The "Latini Juniani" hardly count in this connection.) That the Emperor's motives were as banausic as his character was contemptible affects the giver rather then the gift. Gingerbread is gingerbread, even when the gilt is off it.

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[1] I have myself elsewhere, in the *Cambridge Companion to Latin Studies*, pp. 391–400, dwelt at some length on the Roman Provincial System both under Republic and Principate. To this I may perhaps refer the student, and avoid repetition here. At least he is bound to give most careful thought to this topic. A knowledge of the right method of the government of dependencies has always been vital to England, and for her "governors" the country has never yet looked in vain to her Universities.

(5) The fifth problem is that of the relations between the Central Government and the Foreign (i.e. provincial) Executive. It is the direct outcome of the acquisition by Rome of her overseas possessions. And it is here that we do discover the actual cause, as distinct from the justification, of the fall of the Republican system of government.

That the control exercised at home by the Deliberative over the Executive was a strong one was largely due, as we have seen, to the principle of the Collegiality of magistrates. But abroad this principle could not be applied. There then remained two checks only upon the absolute power of the old magisterial imperium when this was exercised in a Roman province overseas. These were the short, usually annual, tenure of office, and the existence of a similar and equal imperium in a neighbouring province. But the latter check might be just an incitement to rivalry. The former could be very easily abolished when any military or naval crisis seemed to require a more lasting command. It is a not incurious fact that it was the Roman people and not the Senate which was the keenest to bestow such extraordinary and even extravagant commands upon their favourites. They really destroyed their own liberties and with their eyes open (if a democracy in a hurry ever does have its eyes open).

These checks inoperative, there remained but the power to enforce and the will to obey. Most excellent laws concerning the duties of provincial governors were again and again placed on the statute book. Caius Gracchus and Sulla saw quite clearly the way things might tend. But the power to enforce these laws was lacking, and the Courts were corrupt. Political parties quarrelled long and bitterly for the right to act as jurors in these Courts, but neither scowling financier nor sympathetic Senator succeeded in keeping an erring governor in awe of him. Omnia Romæ venalia.

What then of the will to obey? If this is all that is left, then the only sanction of loyalty to the Constitution is the sentiment of loyalty itself. In the first century B.C. this proved to be a very weak sanction. For then the very Constitution itself was the chosen battlefield of the contending parties. Provincial governorships and the armies available in different provinces were the prizes of political warfare. Military power was fast becoming the only authority recognised and recognisable in the State, the sole guarantee of any kind of stability and order in Italy and in Rome itself. Well-nigh every man was playing for his own hand, was forced by circumstances to play for his own hand. Loyalty to the Constitution had small chance of survival when the Constitution could neither secure to the military chiefs their desires or even their personal safety, nor gratify the demands of their troops.

That it failed also to ensure good government for the provinces counts little towards the justification of Roman generals in their treason. Julius Cæsar had no "right" to destroy the Republic because the Senate misgoverned the provinces unless a remedy for this misgovernment had been his inspiring motive. He himself, less sentimental than some of his modern apologists, never posed as champion of the provincials. He may have been an "imperial captain, the most majestic man of ancient history."[1] He may have been "the one man of his time really gifted with scientific intelligence."[2] His opponents may have had a poor conception of liberty.[3] He had at least no conception of it at all. He used his scientific intelligence in pursuit of his own objects, and identified the majesty of the State with his own. He defied the law of the Constitution, pleading (with much justice in fact) that his enemies were wresting this to his own destruction.[4] Thus he became the greatest revolutionary of all. Many of his foes he slew with the sword. Those who bowed to the inevitable he pardoned. He ruled the Roman world, King in all but name. Many of the problems of the century he solved. His remedial measures pointed both backward to the past and forward to the days to come. There was still one, the most crying, need of the Rome of his own day, the establishment of a strong central Government which should keep order and bestow some measure of fair dealing upon the inhabitants of the Empire. This his absolute power might seem to provide. In reality it was just here that he failed. His monarchy lacked the supreme merit, that of permanence. The daggers which smote him to earth were true critics of a very honest, but a very palpable, political failure. Like all his predecessors, Julius Cæsar missed the answer to this problem of the nature of the Central Government, and provided no efficient guarantees for its authority or survival. The dead Dictator's adopted son, Octavian, revered his memory. But in departing from his scheme for the government of the Empire he constituted himself in fact the Dictator's critic, and made a contribution to the good of Rome the value of which exceeded all Julius Cæsar's contributions to that end.

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[1] De Quincey.

[2] Warde Fowler.

[3] "The liberty they were struggling for was in reality the liberty to misgovern the Empire and to talk without acting efficiently" (Warde Fowler).

[4] Boissier's admirable sketch of Cæsar and his motives is entirely sane.

Yet before Octavian could obtain the power to serve the State he had to make his way to recognition through twelve more years of dire civil war. In March 44 B.C. he was little older than a boy, feared where he was not despised. His rivals then were either the tried servants of the dying State or the most reckless of brilliant adventurers. The study of the means whereby this Roman lad, through twelve years of war, peril, and intrigue, gained at last his absolute authority is perhaps the most enthralling of all in the history of the last years of the Republic. Ruthless or merciful by turns as policy dictated, with a personal attractiveness and a wit to attach great soldiers and statesmen in undying fidelity to his cause, enduring, fearless, fortunate, in hardship, in shipwreck, in war, through ill-health, through plots, through treachery, Octavian alone made no single mistake and let slip no single opportunity. Every rival played into his hands, until at last the greatest of Cæsar's generals, his own most bitter competitor, lay dead in Cleopatra's arms, and he alone, a man now in the pride of years, was left to make lasting restoration of the Commonwealth.[1]

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[1] This last period of the Civil Wars provides the student of military history with rich material, even though Cæsar's own Commentaries now fail him. Antony's military career is itself a priceless study. Never was there a Roman soldier greater in disaster and defeat or one more adored by his men. The dramatic intensity of his rivalry with Octavian has baffled even Shakespeare himself. *Antony and Cleopatra* lacks reality and fire. And in this period also that last chapter in the story of Cicero's long, honourable political career, when he was actually "head of the State," gives to the Republican enthusiast his most splendid opportunity for eulogy and tears.

CHAPTER VII

FEATURES OF THE HISTORY OF THE EARLY PRINCIPATE

31 B.C.–A.D. 117

AFTER the battle of Actium, 31 B.C., Octavian was undisputed master of the Roman world. Four years later the Senate and People bestowed on him the title Augustus, by which he was always henceforth known. In his name Cæsar as in the reality of his power he was true heir to Julius. But in his policy he differed. Thanks to his creative genius, the sharp distinction which we are apt to make between Republic and Empire was not so clearly visible to contemporary Romans. It was exactly the policy of Augustus, a main object of all his striving, that men should believe in the continuity of the State, that they should discover in the new Constitution (now known significantly as the Principate) no sudden break with the Past but a natural development of its best features. And, in fact, there was no abrupt change. Roman history pursues the single channel of its course, and is no series of brilliant episodes such as Greek history, in our handling of it and by the nature of the facts, is apt to become.

Under the Principate old problems persisted, to be sagaciously handled. Old institutions continued, to be sympathetically encouraged in their decrepitude. New problems arose, to be boldly faced. New institutions were created, to be disguised under old and honourable names. A moralist might be inclined to denounce the whole Constitution of the Principate as a framework of shams or a tissue of lies. Ethics in this obtuse world are not Politics, and the statesman would not be so hasty. It is what men believe, even what they want to believe, that matters. And the Romans wanted passionately to believe that their Republic *was* restored and safe in their Prince's keeping.

To help him in his work the first and greatest of the Roman Princes summoned generals, statesmen, administrators, and poets. These last were not the least serviceable of them all. Information, publicity, panegyric, all, we know, are useful to a Government. Virgil and Horace supplied the need. It has been well, if sadly, said that "the Æneid remains the one enduring monument of that age of new hope."[1] Not every national renaissance is so fortunate in the literature of its reconstruction period.

Thus at last peace returned to a war-worn world, and even the proudest Roman Senator hardly realised that the Republic had passed away for ever.

To indicate most briefly the problems of the early Principate and its half-conscious development towards the bureaucratic monarchy of a later age is now my remaining task. If the reader is incited to the happier toil of investigating and developing the ideas of which little beyond a bare suggestion may here be made, such an end may fitly crown the present work.

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[1] Warde Fowler.

The main subjects for study in the history of the early Principate are the following:

(1) The Organisation by Augustus of the new government, its development under the cautious treatment of his successors, the Julio-Claudian Emperors, and its more serious modifications at the hands of the Flavian Princes.

This study involves the consideration of the famous theory of the "Dyarchy,"[1] the division, one in reality of functions rather than of power, between the Senate on the one hand and the Prince as "representative of the commonalty" on the other. It is Collegiality again in a curious form. By it opposition was largely disarmed, men's republican sympathies were diverted into safer channels of municipal activity, and a broad bridge was thrown over a very dangerous gulf. Pure Republicanism became the cult of a few, the pose of the élite. The Dyarchy satisfied men's imagination (the horrors of civil war had made them eager to be satisfied), and the real power was wielded by a single ruler without ostentation or parade of the fact.

(2) The Reorganisation by Augustus of every branch of public life, education only excepted.[2]

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[1] A convenient label for a unique Constitution, whose use we owe first to Mommsen.

[2] The Roman State's neglect of education is a theme full of surprises and calls for much thought. It was in this neglect that, according to Cicero, Polybius found his only reason for the criticism of Rome. Even Augustus leaves the matter alone. Roman education remained "publicist," not public. State-

The noblest Civil Service of the Ancient World was created, and public duty was no longer confined to the members of senatorial circles. The Middle Classes, the Roman bourgeois, were now called on to help in the government of the whole Roman world. When at last a useful career was thrown open to talent, greed and selfishness could no longer dictate the political action of these classes, as they did in the evil days of the Republic. Yet their old honours and careers remain open to the Upper Classes, and in greater amplitude. These are still servants of the State in administration and in war.

The military and the financial systems were remodelled from top to bottom. The municipal system was encouraged to develop the virtues of local autonomy and public spirit which were not only its glory, but did in fact compensate in very real measure for the entire loss of value attaching now to the vote in public Assembly or at elections in Rome. Two flaws have been found inherent in this local municipal life. Paternal government, it is said, was too apt to interfere. And present amusement took the place of energy and hope for the future. If these defects existed they were not very visible in the first century A.D. In this period the Roman "genius for the encouragement of towns" and their fondness for

supported or maintained schools were non-existent, save for a few eleemosynary grants to poor children under Nerva and Trajan. Private generosity maintained some schools and some municipalities others. But "the Romans conquered the world without knowing any geography," and the State never displayed any real interest in the education of its members.

association in guilds and societies (the "Collegia");[1] had full scope.

(3)

> Delicta maiorum immeritus lues,
> Romane, donec templa refeceris
> Aedesque labentes deorum et
> Foeda nigro simulacra fumo.
> Dis te minorem quod geris, imperas. . . .

Horace is the mouthpiece of Augustus. The Emperor by his restoration of ancient shrines and the construction of new, by his care for and patronage of weather-beaten cults, by his dislike of Oriental innovations, has earned for himself the title of "champion of orthodoxy." His motives in this sphere of activity may well have been political rather than spiritual. But the victor in a desperate struggle is more naturally disposed to piety than is the vanquished. Moreover, if the old rural deities of field and wood, of hearth and home, of ploughshare and pruning-hook, still lingered unabashed in many an Italian heart, the Emperor Augustus was always as true an Italian as any peasant.

His religious revival perhaps failed of any lasting success. But to him was also due the new religious invention of Cæsar-worship. This certainly was mainly political in concept. And it attained his object fully. It bound together the whole complex of nationalities which formed the Roman Empire in recognition of the only possible principle of unity, the recognition of the joint divinity of "Rome and Augustus," of the Imperial idea expressed, not unnaturally, in terms of worship. Had not every citizen, every merchant, every humble peasant in the whole Roman world, rejoicing at last in peace and plenty, reason to be grateful to these his tutelary deities?

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[1] The Roman Collegia form a most attractive subject of study. I have dealt with it at some length in the *Cambridge Companion to Latin Studies*, pp. 379–382. Waltzing's elaborate work on the Roman Corporations remains a mine of precise information. The article "Collegia" in Ruggiero's *Dizionario Epigrafico* is invaluable. Cf. Bibliography to my article *supra*.

> O Meliboee, deus nobis haec otia fecit.
> Namque erit ille mihi semper deus.

The student of the struggle of contending religions in the early Roman Empire cannot neglect the history of the State cult, even if he feels disposed to slight it as no true example of religion. The seer of Patmos did not so misapprehend its force.

(4) In military and foreign history, the extension of the Empire to its natural geographical boundaries, and the principles of consolidation for defence of these frontiers, were largely the work of Augustus. The methods of Roman frontier defence may be studied closely on Rhine, Danube, and Euphrates, on the African desert border, and on the Roman Wall of Britain. The motives which determined the choice of each frontier or its modification by later Emperors; their policy of advance or withdrawal, of direct annexation or indirect political influence; client-kingdoms; river or mountain barriers; the opening up of communications; the methods of civilising frontier tribes or of keeping these at bay; transplantations and subsidies; all such topics may engage many hours of not unfruitful toil. Three chapters of frontier history are

at different times under different princes perhaps of special interest. These are:

(*a*) The choice of the Rhine in preference to the Elbe frontier under Augustus and Claudius, and the slow shifting of the "centre of gravity" from Rhine to Danube under the Flavians and Antonines. Trajan's conquest of Dacia as a gigantic "bridge-head" over the Danube is a splendid interlude, one never forgotten at least by the Roumanians.

(*b*) The vacillations of policy on the Euphrates, and Rome's tentative handling of the Armenian and Parthian problems, at first under Claudius and Nero in chief, later under Vespasian, Trajan, and Hadrian.[1]

(*c*) The conquest of Britain, its motives, fortunes, disasters, and triumph. The "Agricola" is the masterpiece of Tacitus, however sinister and all awry is the portrait of Domitian painted in it. And for the history, signs, and finds of the Romanisation of Britain the local archæologist can hie gaily forth to villa, museum, ditch and mound, milecastle and wall, on many a loved spot in the English country-side.

To these three subjects may be added many another—the quelling of revolts within the borders of the Empire; the dangerous long-persistent nationalist "self-determination" movement in Gaul, which culminated in the years of peril A.D. 68–69; the mutiny of the legions both on Danube and on Rhine;[1] and the blaze of insurrection in that little cauldron of religious frenzy, Judæa, until at last Titus took Jerusalem and the Jews stayed sullenly quiet thereafter for a generation.

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[1] I have dealt with this subject at some length in my study of Corbulo's campaign (*Life and Principate of the Emperor Nero*, chapter 5), and with various topographical and chronological controversies therein involved in various papers (*v. ib.* bibliography). The nature and meaning of "strategic frontiers" may interest some and these have some opportunity of studying those here.

(5) The methods of Romanisation of all her subjects and their incorporation by Rome into her franchise, suggestive as these topics are of far earlier Republican days, received their final treatment under the early Empire. The planting out of colonies, the direct bestowal or purchase of citizenship, continue. Each Emperor may be considered from this point of view, that of his attitude to the "franchise question." In respect of direct grants, all are cautious; few come near to emulating Julius Cæsar's generosity. But towns could earn the right of increase of civic privileges, and some of their charters have survived to lend colour to the history of local life as well as insight into Roman policy and methods.[2] Yet curiously enough it was the new Army system which not only gave security to the Empire and honourable careers to Roman and provincial alike, but also continuously year by year enrolled numbers of aliens into the Roman name. Citizenship and marriage-rights now became the recognised rewards for twenty-five years of "auxiliary" service, and

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[1] Cf. my *Civil War and Rebellion in the Roman Empire.*

[2] e.g. those of Urso, Salpensa, Malaga. Cf. E. G. Hardy's *Spanish Charters.* On the whole subject of the Roman Municipal system cf. my article in the *Cambridge Companion to Latin Studies*, pp. 366–390, and the bibliography there. The horrid problems of the Lex Julia Municipalis have a fascination peculiarly their own.

the children of barbarians grew up full citizens of Rome.[1]

And so at last the whole Roman world was enfranchised in A.D. 212 by the impecunious Caracalla. It is a far cry from the little town of Caere in the fourth century B.C. But Rome halted once only on the long journey for a few dismal years, and in reality never looked back. To the Roman historian a hundred years are but as yesterday: dawn at last succeeds the watch in the night.

(6) Under every Emperor (whether he were "good" or "bad" made little difference) the condition of the Roman provinces, their government, their finance, their prosperity, constitute perhaps the chief glory and certainly the main justification of the Imperial system: the contrast in all respects with the Republican mishandling of the provinces must always remain a painful surprise to any convinced democrat, whatever explanations he may lay as unction to his troubled soul. It is best, however, honestly to admit at the outset that a democracy may be (of course to its own hurt) very greedy at times, and that a monarchical system occasionally may be (of course in its own interests) surprisingly intelligent.

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[1] See the series of military "Diplomata" (examples in Dessau, *Inscriptiones Latinæ selectæ*, pp. 389 *et seq.*, and Cagnat's invaluable *Cours d'Epigraphie Latine*, pp. 261-270). From these in the main the "Army Lists" of the Roman Auxilia can be compiled (as by Cheesman), as well as the history of these regiments traced. A study of the barbarian names of the recipients of the franchise revealed by these documents is illuminating. It is refreshing to remember that the son of a Dipscurtus, an Iantumarus, a Mucapor, a Heptapor, enjoys the citizenship which his soldier father won.

Under the Principate the Central Government showed a new spirit and a new attitude towards its dependencies.[1] Free local institutions were developed. Towns on the Roman model were encouraged. The control over the provincial executive became real and lasting. The best men were employed continuously on this service. They were honoured and well paid, and soon proved that the Roman governor could be honest, intelligent, capable, and loyal. Justice was impartially administered. Order was well maintained. Sympathy with and understanding of local feeling were not lacking. A universal and ingenious system of "Provincial Councils," which were linked officially with Cæsar-worship, gave to each province its mouthpiece or safety-valve, to each governor some insight into local opinion, to the Emperor material for information and guidance, to the world some foreshadowing of representative government. Maladministration was promptly punished. Bad and stupid governors need no longer be employed again. Those who proved their worth could now remain for years together in the same province, *au fait* with all its peculiarities. Or, with ripened experience, they could presently be transferred to others which presented harder problems and needed expert handling. There existed some kind of a rough hierarchy in provincial commands.[2]

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[1] Cf. my suggestions on this topic in the *Cambridge Companion to Latin Studies*, pp. 398–400. But the interest comes in collecting the illustrations which justify the inductions.

[2] Here the inscriptions which give details of men's careers are as invaluable as they are plentiful. Now e.g. we find a governor's young aide-de-camp returning in after years to his

Every Roman province is a worthy study in itself. Differing types suit different fancies. Oxford life is too short to permit the student to range with close scrutiny over the whole Roman world. In its Eastern half he may remark the contentment and growing prosperity of the inhabitants: in the Western, the growth of towns at the expense of tribal organisation (a definite and well-considered feature of Imperial policy). Yet here he may note also the persistence and strength of tribal instincts and cults. In Africa he may marvel at the engineering feats of the Roman, the irrigation of the thirsty wastes, the thronging happy inhabitants of a rich and smiling land before the Vandal or the greater abomination, the sword of Islam, laid it waste for a thousand years. And he may reflect that the Romans found one single legion enough to garrison that land from Tripoli to Tangier, parts of which to-day defy whole armies of their descendants.[1] In Algeria

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old province as chief in command; in the intervening years he has been travelling in many parts of the Empire. Now a son serves on his father's staff and "learns the ropes." Now a man is fetched from a placid district for military service on a frontier campaign. And to gain the haven of the governorship of a rich, cultured, and peaceful province as the crown of long and honourable service a man not seldom passes first through the fire of a more turbulent and anxious command. Dalmatia may lead to Asia, Britain to Africa. The whole evidence for and subject of the "Cursus honorum" are inestimably rich.

[1] We would give much for a contemporary regimental history of this legion, *Tertia Augusta*. For its loss not even the brilliance of such French writers as Boissier or Thomas can quite compensate. Of course the legion had auxilia to help it. But even so Boissier comments ruefully on the fact that the Romans maintained an army of some 27,000 men in Africa whereas "nous ne possédons ni la Tripolitaine ni le Maroc" (this was written twenty-five years ago) "et il nous faut 48,000 hommes, en temps de paix, pour garder l'Algérie et la Tunisie" (*L'Afrique Romaine*, p. 97). Even Mommsen becomes quite lyrical in treating of the

and Morocco to-day one of the greatest of modern soldiers, the most intelligent and sympathetic of modern administrations, essay once more the Roman's task. Yet how vastly greater the expenditure of life and of wealth to achieve, as yet, but some small part of Rome's success!

Only in Greece, the darling land of many a Roman Emperor himself, the ancient home of culture, did the people, in spite of every effort of the Government, speed ever faster down the melancholy road of ruin and decay. Long before the Roman grip had fastened on the land this sorry progress had begun. Were there remedies for it which the anxious Roman missed? Was the evil beyond all healing? Was liberty the very life-blood of the people which, when it drained away, could never again be infused into its veins, so that the folk sank dully into the sloth of decrepitude and premature old age? Long years before Julian, idealist and dreamer, the Gods of Greece had uttered their despairing cry, "Let us go hence." But it was no lack of sympathy on the Romans' part which drove them forth.

(7) We must also turn the page of early Imperial history and glance at its reverse side. This is not indeed to dwell on any "spiritual" loss, on the decay of individuality, on the stiffening or corroding of intellect and imagination, on the withering away of

African Provinces, where "the Berbers remained like the palm of the oasis and the sand of the desert." If we could but travel by a time-machine Lambæsis and not Biskra would be the object of our journey. But surely the old Roman spirit is not dead when such a man as General Lyautey rules in Morocco, with work as arresting to the imagination as even that of a Baring in Egypt, a Wingate in the Sudan. And how long would Roman culture have tolerated the devilries of a Peters?

art and poetry, on the ostentation and artificiality of life in Rome itself. Neither is it our task to moralise over the corruption of morals, over vice, cruelty, or bestiality in high places, nor even to do more than warn against the risk of disproportion and exaggeration. The great river of Roman life outside the walls of Alexandria, Antioch, or Rome flowed still with quiet, pure depths. The parade and lust flaunting within such cities were hardly more than turbid eddies on its surface. Were this not so, could the Roman Empire have else endured? Juvenal and Swift are useful, if distasteful, cauteries for unwholesome tumours.[1] But Piccadilly is not England, and the Palatine of Imperial revels is not Rome Four-Square to the clean winds of heaven. This, our last, is now a simpler, more practical, consideration, that of the "Opposition under the Empire."

Death had mown such wide swathes in the ranks of Augustus' possible opponents, both Republicans and rivals, the general longing for peace was so intense, the Prince was so indispensable to the new-born life and hope, that after Actium the Emperor during all his many remaining years of life had little to dread from either open or covert hostility. Two abortive conspiracies against his life were discovered and easily suppressed. But there did exist an Opposition under the Principate, though its nature may be misunderstood. To explain its insignificance is at least not difficult.

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[1] The earlier indignation of Persius rings far more genuinely. Juvenal is for ever shrieking, and one feels that the louder he shouts the more he is hoping to gloat over a fatter bank-balance.

Who save the jealous desired a change of government? That revolutions are bred of hunger and of misery was never more obvious than it is to-day. The great mass of the Romans of every class were at last well fed and happy.

There might, however, seem to be less material causes of disaffection. At least there might exist an "intelligentsia" which kicked even although it waxed fat, and just because it arrogated to itself this title of superiority over the mass. The word "liberty" still tasted sweet on some men's lips. Yet "liberty" was now in truth a theme for declamation, a pious aspiration of doctrinaire and Stoic. Such sighings after it did not endanger the stability of the Imperial Government. For Roman philosophic liberty resembled Plato's Justice or the Kingdom of God: it was found best within a man's soul, and not in the brutal world outside. Of such ideals neither Absolutist Government nor Greek democracy nor any kingdom of this world need have fear. Yet all three did, curiously enough, in fact entertain a lively apprehension of them. Was it envy, or credulity, or mere lack of intelligence which inspired this mistrust?

The political importance of Roman Stoicism was less solid than were its tenets. Earlier Emperors might, not unreasonably, be disgusted or indignant with the Stoic's repellent, even insulting, parade of passive resistance. The needs of the State were calling to every man of worth and understanding to come and take his share of the Roman's burden. The philosopher who contemptuously shrugged his shoulders and ostentatiously turned away was not an engaging character. In schoolboy language, he badly wanted kicking. "If our soul is to be lost because we go down into the arena of life, then the odds are that it was not worth saving from the first."[1] There did exist a *via media* between servile flattery and rugged contumacy, and it could be found if a man would only go and look for it. Even under evil Princes great men could serve the State. Was not the philosopher a great man?

Stoic nonchalance was as irritating as it was petty. But it needed a nervous, impulsive, vain youth of artistic temperament like Nero to suspect Stoicism of being a political danger. Doubtless the Stoic set a very bad example. But, at least under Nero's handling, the lot of a conscientious objector to public service could be made anything but a happy one. Unluckily, Stoicism was fashionable, and no great peril to the State arose which might at once reveal the rottenness of its professors' attitude to public life. Nero's very suspicion did presently produce some justification for it. But at best it was a very slender justification. Thrasea Paetus, the typical Stoic Opposition leader, died like a sheep in the shambles.[2] The more dangerous Seneca is perhaps to be regarded rather as a courtly "Director" of Dames than as a philosopher conspirator or as a persecuted Stoic martyr and saint.[3] Had his pupil Nero ever really perused his works? He who can with avidity read the mass of wordy platitude of which Seneca's philosophic writings in the main consist has a vigorous appetite and, it may be hoped, no greater sense of humour than has the Master.[1] Thoreau in his Walden woods might have sat down beside the Roman, and the two would have railed very prettily together upon the wickedness of the unheeding busy world. The modern moralist seems to have some advantage of honesty over the Stoic millionaire, to whose extortions was largely due Britain's despairing rising against Rome. It is in truth difficult to refrain from some secret sympathy with Nero, and his wrath against Stoicism and its professors. Domitian's similar hostility had less excuse. And when, in the person of Marcus Aurelius, the Stoic philosopher himself became King, he showed the Stoic creed to be, if not a strong sanction for service to the State, yet at least consistent with a loyal devotion to public duty.

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[1] York Powell.

[2] Ne oderim tam segniter pereuntes.

[3] This is Professor Dill's view. But cf. Prof. Pelham's incisive criticisms on both of us in his essay on the Early Roman Emperors (*Essays on Roman History*, pp. 46–48).

At least liberty, if a trap to ensnare the Stoic, was no bait to allure the Roman soldier. And the Opposition to the Principate, so far as it was to any extent effective, was military. But whether it made itself manifest in actual mutinies on the Danube and in Roman Germany or hatched conspiracies at Rome, this danger always threatened the person of the reigning Prince, not the Principate as a form of government. There is an element of pathos in the picture of the Roman governor pleading with his mocking troops to champion the Senate and people of Rome and to fight for the "ancient freedom," and then dying on his own sword when he found how little they cared for such appeals.[1]

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[1] It is almost impossible to believe that the witty *Ludus de morte Claudii Cæsaris* is the work of Seneca. Dio Cassius and Saturnalia notwithstanding, its contrast with e.g. the Moral Epistles or the tragedies is too startling. It is not as though Seneca betrays a gleam of humour in any other of his writings. Historically the *Ludus* is quite invaluable for any knowledge of the Principate of Claudius. But its humour, to be matched in Latin literature only by Petronius' immortal work, forms its undying attraction. I have written at some length on both these rare examples of Latin literary genius in my *Life and Principate of the Emperor Nero*, pp. 51–54, 327–339, *et al.*

Militarism, indeed, is a curse in any shape. When a whole nation is dragooned into selling its soul for military power, militarism becomes a menace to the civilisation of the world. From this fate Augustus had saved the Romans. But he could not save the Throne from its dependence in the last resort upon the fidelity of the troops. A Prince might be forgiven the want of warlike ambition. But let him once seem heedless of the comfort and welfare of his soldiers, let him by neglect appear disdainful of the merit and importance of the Army, and at once his risk was great. Prætorians, Varangians, Janissaries, all enforce the same lesson. Nero's overthrow was due to this neglect and not to any moral indignation on the part of an outraged world. After him no Roman Emperor for many years but was careful to make himself personally known to the legionaries.

The very Army System, one of Rome's chief debts to Augustus, increased this particular peril of militarism. By posting the troops in permanent cantonments along the frontiers it guarded the peace of the Empire, fostered the growth of towns, stimulated, as has been shown, the spread of citizenship and civilisation, and relieved the Empire of intolerable burdens of requisition, billeting, and forced levies. But at the same time it allowed an identification of interests between local army and province which was dangerous to the feeling of loyalty to the State.[1] And when the throne was vacant, the system invited competition between the different armies, each supporting the claims of its own nominee. The dire Civil Wars of A.D. 68–69 showed how unwisely Augustus' successors had neglected his precautions against such military rivalry. These wars are a rich quarry for the labours of military enthusiasts.[2] But the main lesson for history taught by the events which at last placed the sturdy old Sabine farmer Vespasian on the throne is political and not military.

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[1] Even in a mutilated chapter of Dio Cassius. More and more bitterly we regret the lost books of Tacitus' *Annals*.

(8) Thus finally we come to the problems of the Flavian period and to the "Age" of Trajan. The chief interests here are the reconstruction of a well-nigh ruined Europe, the development of the constitution on markedly monarchical lines, problems of taxation, finance, and agriculture at home, of the consolidation and expansion of the Empire abroad. The elaborate organisation of the defences of the Rhine, Danube, and Euphrates frontiers merits special notice. Once more, character-studies, especially of the rulers themselves, are invincibly

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[1] Augustus' attempt to prevent this by recruiting in distant provinces for the legions seems to have broken down early.

[2] For a "military" handling of these Civil Wars, see my *Civil War and Rebellion in the Roman Empire.*

attractive. And there is one "literary" question which really haunts the student throughout the whole of Roman Imperial history, that of the "Senatorial" bias of practically all the extant literary authorities. The extent to which this bias both makes and mars the traditional portraiture of each succeeding prince is a baffling subject of analysis.[1] But this phantom of uncertainty cannot be wholly exorcised, nor can its malign influence be ever completely discounted.

At the end, the whole glory of Imperial Rome seems to culminate in the heroic knightly figure of Trajan. Statesman, patriot and warrior, conqueror of Dacia, Mesopotamia, Assyria, he beyond any other Roman seems the incarnation of the Roman spirit of all time in whom in veritable fact as in mediæval legend:

> Era storiata l'alta gloria
> Del roman principato, il cui valore
> Mosse Gregorio alla sua gran vittoria,

The memory of his deeds is preserved for us alike in little Adriatic city, in small Mediterranean harbours, and in the monuments which still adorn the heart of Imperial Rome.[2]

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[1] I would call special attention here to the learned and, despite its atrociously crabbed language, the interesting work of H. Peter, *Die geschichtliche Litteratur über die Römische Kaiserzeit bis Theodosius I und ihre Quellen.* (2 vols. Leipzig, 1897.)

[2] Trajan's public works, their relics and their record, excel even those of Augustus in interest. The artist, the archæologist, the traveller, and the historian have equal and unrivalled opportunity here of research and of delight. I may mention in particular the monumental work of Cichorius on the Trajan Column. But Ancona, Civita Vecchia, Porto, Benevento, Adam-Klissi—the names crowd upon the recollection. And what student will explore the course of the Via Traiana on foot without a profit excelled only by his joy?

Virgil's great contrast at last holds good no longer :

> "Others, belike, with happier grace
> From bronze or stone shall call the face :
>
> . . . .
>
> But, Roman, thou, do thou control
> The nations far and wide :
> Be this thy genius, to impose
> The rule of peace on vanquished foes,
> Show pity to the humbled soul,
> And crush the sons of pride."

Roman portraiture attained heights surely unsurpassed by any other until the days of Donatello and Michael Angelo when it fashioned the likeness of the Emperor Trajan.

With Trajan our Oxford study of Roman History now ends. His towering figure has eclipsed, perhaps a little unfairly, the Princes who came after him. Hadrian restored peace again, and thus alone made possible the halcyon days of that golden Indian summer of Roman history, the Age of the Antonines. Then the storms from the black and ominous North and the withering winds from the East brought upon Imperial Rome the winter's doom which never passed away. Let whoso has heart and courage pursue her history further.

CHAPTER VIII

CONCLUSION

ROME begins as the greatest Latin example of the "City State." It was not long before her citizens were to be found outside of the circuit walls of the city. The Roman Republic accomplished the unification of Italy by incorporation into the Roman franchise, the Empire that of the Roman world. Yet in a very vital sense Rome never ceased to be a City State. Throughout Roman history it is the actual city of Rome which retains the primacy of interest and prestige for all the centuries. The free inhabitants of the Empire call themselves Romans, thereby using the title and implication of a City State, long after the time when those who dwelt within the walls of Rome were more than an infinitesimal proportion of the whole number of " Roman " citizens, long after the removal of the centre of administration from the Tiber to the Bosphorus. Had Rome been left deserted, a little group of grass-covered lonely hills beside the silent hurrying river, a haunt alone for the wildfowl and their mournful crying, still the men of the Western world might have called themselves Romans. For some ideas are longer lived than are the institutions which embody them. The Republic must indeed find its central hearth in Rome. The Empire may be governed from Ravenna or Byzantium. All the same, men are Romans still, and the forms and titles of the City State were employed to the days of Diocletian. Of such strength was the concept, in origin perhaps and in essence Greek, when rooted in the soil of Roman patriotism and pride.

Rome's main bequest, however, to mediæval Europe and to the modern world was another concept, that of the World-Empire with its universal law, of unity victorious over diversity in the realm of politics. This concept also survived the dissolution of the body politic which for many centuries had been its concrete expression. When discord and decay within, and the onslaught of foes without, had destroyed the Roman Empire, this idea embodied in it remained manifest alike in political and in religious history. Charlemagne and his successors to the nineteenth century were its champions in the former sphere. In the latter there rises the vision of the one Church, universal, militant, and triumphant, governed by and centred in the See of Rome, whose occupant still claims universal sovereignty on earth in the more mystical domain of faith.[1]

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[1] The two great subjects of Roman Jurisprudence and Roman Religion, however cognate to and valuable for the study of Roman History, usually fall outside the scope of the Oxford student of Literæ Humaniores. The Cambridge Tripos, Part II, flings its net more widely (and catches fewer fish). Yet the latter subject at least, Oxford, in the person of Dr. Warde Fowler, has claimed very specially as her own.

Cold facts of life and history have proved too strong for both Roman concepts. World-Empire in politics as in creed has perished, as did the City State itself. Hardly can either now be even an ideal for man's desiring. Yet for generation upon generation each has been the goal towards which he strove, the plummet-line by which the straightness of his thoughts and acts was measured.

Therefore it is that no stage in the development of such concepts, no chapter in the long story of their progress and of their decay, can lack its human interest. For our study, Ancient Rome is not as some skeleton of dried fossilised monster of remote bygone ages. It is rather the living parent-stem from which spring the branches of this our once-vigorous modern civilisation. Is there in like manner some leading concept which this modern Society of ours, now torn and shattered by the cruelties and the devastation of war, will in its turn bequeath to future ages, not merely to arrest the imagination and to stimulate the curiosity of their students, but in action also to fructify their work and to reinvigorate their thought?

In this survey of Roman history I have called attention to problems, policies, and tendencies, to constitutional development and institutions, to wars and statecraft, politicians and generals. If one thought remains, it is that, when all is said and done, the pride and the strength of Rome were really her men, the unnamed, unnoticed multitude, the rank and file of her unconquerable armies and tillers of the soil, patient, sturdy, laborious, resolute, God-fearing, undismayed. Who can discover, or, discovering, narrate the glory of such men ?

These that swept at the sound of the trumpet
Out thro' the night like gonfaloned clouds,
Exiled hosts when the world was Rome,
Tossing their tattered old eagles, marching
Down to sleep till the last great trumpet,
London, Nineveh, rend your shrouds,
Rally the legions and lead them home.

. . . .

Marching out of the endless ages,
Marching out of the dawn of time,
Endless columns of unknown men,
Endless ranks of the stars o'er-arching,
Endless ranks of an army marching
Numberless out of the numberless ages,
Men out of every race and clime,
Marching steadily, now as then.

CHAPTER IX

THE AUTHORITIES: THEIR VALUE AND THEIR USE

THE attention of the student of Roman History at Oxford is directed to "Authorities" which are in the main literary. Four of these are professed historians, Polybius, Appian, Sallust, Tacitus. A somewhat meagre selection from the Letters of Cicero or of Pliny is suggested for his study, and two biographies from Suetonius.

No one of the historians is read entire. Polybius is read in "selections" only. The fragmentary state in which his vast work has come down to us makes this of less importance. Of Appian's writings one book only of the Civil Wars is required. This sample is likely to satisfy all but the most exigent. One again of Sallust's two notorious treatises is read, the "party-pamphlet" called the *Catiline*.[1] The *Jugurtha* is the record of the vexatious career of a nomad bandit sheikh, and can more easily be spared, though its picture of the venality of Roman politicians explains in part the civil dissensions of the period.[2] Two-thirds of the *Annals* of

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[1] This, one of Mommsen's famous dicta, may of course be disputed, as may all his judgments on the men of Cicero's time —to the lively satisfaction of the disputant.

[2] Greenidge in the first (and only) volume of his *History of Rome*—a most readable work—makes a lucid story out of Sallust's *Jugurtha*, though possibly it is longer and more

Tacitus alone survive, and of these one-half is read. "Third Period" students offer the whole of the same writer's *Histories* so far as these are extant. Such students also read the two Suetonius' *Lives*, typically poor stuff. Pliny's correspondence is lath-and plaster with a stucco whitewash, but it has a stout beam or two of oak in it when Trajan writes his pithy common-sense replies. These are invaluable in the structure of this period.

There must always be big gaps in a list of "Authorities" required for special study by a curriculum over which the gloomy shadow of examination always hangs. Jowett and Mark Pattison may still be discussing the merits of examinations in the Shades, but the former yet retains his precarious Mastery in Oxford. The biggest of such gaps in the study of Roman History is the entire absence of Livy, who now is scarcely read, even by Passmen. Another gap is Plutarch, but, as I have already suggested, the student *must* add a little of this dainty to his plainer fare. Another is Cæsar, whose Commentaries both on the Gallic and on the Civil Wars may still be devoured by the military historian and by the student of character. But the examiner as such is ignorant of their existence. Velleius Paterculus, the "lives" of the earlier Emperors in Suetonius, and the windy work of Dio Cassius, are also luxuries, rather less in demand than more. To this literary evidence is

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elaborated than the intrinsic importance of this petty little frontier war warrants. The trouble was chiefly important because Sulla made good use of it for his own advancement. Is the *Jugurtha* just a Vertheidigungschrift of Sulla as the *Catiline* is supposed to be of Cæsar?

to be added the epigraphic, to whose surpassing value and fascination I have already called attention. Numismatic evidence is not in great regard.

No modern writer is in Oxford an "Authority," not even if he be Mommsen himself. The essayist who, when challenged for his "evidence," cites any such should quickly discover his enormity, unless indeed he be "plane desperati ingenii." For some mention of these modern Authorities [*sic*] he may consult the bibliography at the end of this book.

Every student is expected to estimate in some measure the value of his ancient Authorities. In this connection he considers a writer's date (in relation to the subject of his writing), sources, honesty, ability, partisanship (conscious or unconscious), practical experience in affairs, motives for writing, and, in general, "merit." No "appreciation" of the writer's literary qualities is demanded. They may indeed hardly exist (in some obvious cases) for appreciation at all.

It is not my part here to apply such scrutiny to the miscellany called *Cicero's Letters* and thus save a lazy student from a labour of love. Than this "source" fatter worm was never offered, no, not even in England, to a hungry trout.[1] But by way of illustrating what the student may expect to find or look for when he approaches his authorities I treat briefly the two chief historians, one of whom he must certainly read, Polybius and Tacitus.

Polybius in his own land of Achæa was statesman, diplomat, and soldier, both practical and cavalry officer and writer on many branches of tactical theory. In the prime of life he was taken captive to Rome and lived for many years in the city, tutor to the two sons of as noble a Roman as ever adorned the pages of Roman Republican history. The Greek became a valued member of the most intellectual "circle" of the time, one devoted to Hellenic culture and thought. A common passion for the chase endeared him to the younger of his two boy pupils. When the latter became the most famous Roman general of his day he gave his former tutor a post on his Staff, and Polybius was himself present at the sack both of Carthage and of Numantia. Shortly after the latter event he met with an accident while hunting and died from its effects at a ripe old age.

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[1] I borrow this simile from a saying of Dr. Warde Fowler *à propos* of each single one of the Letters of Charles Lamb.

What to-day remains of the forty books of his history (by no means the only work written by him) is an encyclopædia of the events in the Greco-Roman world in the third and second centuries before Christ. The historian's interests are bewildering in number, but he holds as fast as he can to the guiding thread of his discourse, and announces, not without pomposity, as the text for his *Universal History* the justification of the ways of Providence to man in bestowing on Rome the empery of the inhabited world. He is never shy of calling attention to his own excellence. One of his chief boasts is that he beyond all other writers on his theme searches for the causes of events. This "apodeictic" chase involves him in many a tangled maze of disquisition and parenthesis. But he usually emerges eventually, brandishing triumphantly as trophy some rather mangled specimen of a final cause. He claims with emphasis the merits of impartiality and absolute truth. To demonstrate this fact, he belabours unlucky rival penmen so lustily that mere fragments of them now remain, embedded in their scornful critic's work. Posterity evidently came rapidly to the conclusion that they could not be worth preserving. It was quite a common practice of the greatest historians of antiquity to write their own "publisher's notice"[1] in the shape of a violent depreciation of all those who had selected the same subject. But self-advertisement never reached such sublime heights as in the pages of Polybius. Yet his honesty is so manifest that he cannot be called vindictive. But his own claim to impartiality cannot, at least in his story of his own beloved Achæan League, for one moment be maintained. The opponents of the League, Macedonian, Spartan, Ætolian, even Roman, all feel the lash of his indignation. His fiery denunciation of any Achæan statesmen themselves who pursued a policy counter to his own reveal the intrepid partisan, not the passionless judge. Above all he hated the great soldier-king of Sparta, the last heroic figure in Greek history, his contemporary, Cleomenes the Third, and the rival historian Phylarchus, who dared to uphold the Spartan's cause. Had Plutarch not preserved for us the latter's story, our judgment of events had gone sorely astray.[2] To the latter too we owe Phylarchus' unflattering picture of the statesman Aratus, alike the mentor of Polybius and the object of that young politician's undying adoration, that unlucky diplomat who "in his old age put garlands on his head and sang pæans in praise of a rotten Macedonian." Polybius' loyalty to the memory of his old political chief does honour to his heart, but credit neither to his head nor to his merit as impartial historian.

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[1] Thucydides and Tacitus are conspicuous examples of this.

[2] Plutarch's Lives of Cleomenes, Aratus, and Philopoemen are masterpieces.

In his tale of Rome's conquests, however, Polybius himself shines in comparison with Livy, who borrowed unblushingly from the earlier writer. It is only the Greek who treats with scrupulous fairness both combatants in the Punic Wars. His sources, he tells us, were violently partisan for one or other side. Certainly the Latin historian justifies the reproach. Yet Polybius, himself made prisoner of the Romans by a somewhat brutal exercise of power (even though this were justified by its results),[1] reveals in his own history and person the unique attractiveness of Rome and the truth of the apparent paradox concerning that cosmopolitan city that "none but Romans could live at Rome."

Lastly, his political experience and philosophy, his interest in constitutional theory, his love of geography and travel, his military science, all make Polybius a storehouse of information. His religious scepticism is engaging in its simplicity. We are sympathetically amused by his puzzled refinements on his own disbelief.[1] One quality indeed is lacking to this most learned, painstaking, and sane historian, that of style. To many style is the pearl of great price, and to purchase this many a weary reader would bid Polybius sell all that he has. In him the Muse of History has not merely a pedestrian votary. Her faithful servant goes limping almost all the way.

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[1] The deportation of the "Thousand" and, in general, Rome's policy towards Greece form the most excellent subjects for discussion and difference of opinion.

At the antipodes in very truth stands the greatest of Latin stylists and prose writers, Tacitus. Is he also a sound historian? The very question may seem insufferable. Yet we may venture to apply the tests of an historian suggested above.

It was in the reign of Trajan that he wrote his two chief works, the *Histories* and the *Annals*.[2] He had just passed through the evil days of the last years of Domitian's tyranny. All that remains of the *Histories* embraces the events of a bare three years, A.D. 68–70. The *Annals* also are all too fragmentary. In them we have the story of the greater part of the Principates of Tiberius and Nero, and of the latter half of the reign of Claudius.

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[1] Perhaps I may venture to summarise the religious views of the three great Greek historians as follows: "Men believe in the Gods because the Gods exist" (Herodotus); "The Gods exist because, i.e. in so far as, men believe in them" (Thucydides); "The Gods do not exist, but it is most desirable that men should believe in them" (Polybius). Sometimes, however, a startling event shakes the last-named writer's scepticism. His chosen example of such, however, the last Macedonian rebellion against Rome, is curiously unconvincing. No writer, however, ancient or modern, has a keener sense of the innate Roman δεισιδαιμονία or has written more convincingly concerning its value to Rome than Polybius.

[2] In this brief summary I pass reluctantly over the *Agricola* and *Germania*. Wonderful masterpieces though they are, are they good history?

To fill the gaps in Tacitus' narrative, inferior scribblers offer us their miserable aid. The loss of nearly five complete books of the annals is heartrending. And Oxyrhyncus gives us never a gleam of hope.

In no respect then is Tacitus a "contemporary writer." His sources seem to have been of respectable merit, though he too complains of their bias.[1] He also availed himself of State Papers and of Memoirs. Both of these kinds of evidence have been known to lie.

His own interests are curiously narrow, and the circumstances of the time seem not only to have destroyed his faith in human nature, but also to have embittered his temper, distorted his view, obscured his judgment and thrown it out of perspective. His training in rhetoric and practice at the Bar doubtless added exaggeration to his style and colour to his pen. But it was Domitian's cruelty which branded a deep scar upon his very soul. And he found the savagery and vices of that gloomy prince anticipated in that earlier age to which he turned his thoughts. The Julio-Claudian Emperors already seemed remote. Their figures and their acts were magnified by the separating mist of time, through which figures of horror seemed to peer in fantastic shapes. Behind these again lay the glorious days of the free Republic, when "virtue" had its unfettered chance alike of public service and of due reward.

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[1] One example only remains to us of that class of writers who, according to Tacitus, wrote fulsome panegyrics on the Emperors. But Velleius Paterculus in his open admiration for his old captain Tiberius seems to me to strike a very honest note, and most certainly not to deserve Macaulay's hasty "vile flatterer."

All the sympathies of Tacitus are with this "Virtus" of the old Republic. They are, however, limited to the class of men who alone, in his view, exhibited it. These were the old families of Rome, the old Senatorial nobility. A somewhat blunt word could be used to characterise his psychology. What some call aristocratic the rude world calls snobbish. The poor, the humble, the bourgeois middle classes, all these simply have no interest for Tacitus. He is not, however, a "Republican" opponent of the Principate. He sees clearly enough that any return to the Republican system was a stark impossibility. Hence his pessimism. The more degenerate the nobility become under the overshadowing of the Prince, the more bitterly he both exposes and condemns their degradation. But the more fiercely also does he resent the change of government which rendered such degradation all but inevitable. What famous wars, he sighs, can he relate? What heroic deeds? "Nobis in arto et inglorius labor." With the story of the early Empire and its fortunes on field and flood before his eyes he mourns over his subject as a "narrow" one! But Rome herself may be now not so exclusively the cynosure of all eyes (unless he can make her this again). Like Cicero, Tacitus is miserable if even in thought removed from the city. The provinces, save for some scandal of misgovernment, the wars, unless they give him opportunity for some finely invented speech or piquant description, seem to him dull and lifeless stuff whence to weave the web of history. Who can rate Tacitus highly as a military historian ? His sense of strategy, his chronology, his geography, are all alike hopeless. Yet his brilliance in depicting a siege, a catastrophe, a peril, has never been surpassed and has rarely been rivalled. The same is true of his portraiture, in which also the rhetorician's love of antithesis is most marked. With a Germanicus as contrast he will smite Tiberius ; with a Corbulo, Nero ; with an Agricola, Domitian. But still, "nobis in arto et inglorius labor !" Was ever blindness so wilful or perverse ? But the Roman advocate must stick to his brief.

Moral philosophy always appealed to the Roman. Metaphysics he frankly abhorred. But the juristic soul loves ethics ; and Tacitus was a Roman jurist. He longed once more to discover in Rome that patriotic unselfishness and devotion with which he endowed the nobility of past and buried Republican days. Around him in his own day he could find little but self-seeking and corruption, degenerate nobles, flaunting vicious women, the dishonour of ancient families, the decay of all that civic virtue, that sober simplicity of family life, which once had been the unconquerable strength of Rome. His regrets hurry him back to very distant times. The "Twelve Tables" were the beginning of corruption. When the law was not, there was no sin. But Tacitus had nothing of the consolation and hope which inspired the Christian writer who shared this view. The only grace for the Roman of his day seemed to be the Prince's favour. The Principate was "hostile to the virtues." The nobles perished like dumb beasts. Give them at least their due meed, a tomb apart from the vulgar herd, the rueful commemoration of a lament. The rest is silence. Tacitus will not see the new virtues which are redeeming the Roman world.

In such evil days, so great a master of psychological analysis can impute little but evil motives to men's actions. His subtle scrutiny cannot allow him the joy of a simple belief in good. Virtue and vice were unequally matched. "Most men will proclaim every man his own goodness, but a faithful man who can find?" Tacitus is at least the candid critic always ready to attribute every man his own evil. Such a writer is unlikely to draw for us a fair picture of the Princes round whose persons and authority centred all the new recuperative forces of the State. A Tiberius, cruel, crafty, incredibly vicious; a Claudius, pedant, dotard, incredibly vulgar; a Nero, buffoon, poseur, incredibly dirty; are these in honest fact those Julio-Claudian Emperors under whose rule the Empire seemed verily re-born? Did not those Princes minister to that Empire's needs?[1]

Tacitus is among the Immortals. Yet he is an imprison'd soul, of those who despair of human nature:

> And while they try to stem
> The waves of mournful thought by which they are prest,
> Death in their prison reaches them,
> Unfreed, having seen nothing, still unblest.

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[1] In this rapid sketch of Tacitus my debt to H. Peter is very obvious. For once Boissier seems to me not so well to hit the mark in his *Tacite*.

With a few notes concerning the lack of "Authorties" I now end.

Even within the limits of the periods of Roman history designed for special study there are great stretches of the road along which the student has to grope his way without an "ancient" guide to help him. When a Polybius or a Tacitus has us by the hand we are thankless enough at times to gird at them. But we miss them very sorely when they leave us to pursue such desolate portions of the journey.

For part of the way the student is really solitary. The "Fifty Years" of Roman history from 43 B.C.–A.D. 14 are those in which the transition from Republic to Principate was effected. Few periods might seem to offer more chances of interest to him. Yet for the history of all these years he reads no single "Ancient Authority," the *Monumentum Ancyranum* possibly excepted. Dio's continuous narrative, even when eked out by Suetonius, is sorry ditchwater. Plutarch does his valiant best to attract him. But for the most part the student passes hurriedly along, in his hand some modern text-book, school history, or biography, until Tacitus picks him up as convoy. The loss to him is serious. He seems almost doomed to miss the fascination of Antony, the greatness of Octavian.[1] Shakespeare and Virgil may hasten to his aid. But the schoolboy's rejoinder that poetry is not history is not inapt. What is first-hand evidence of facts?

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[1] I hardly dare refer him to Gardthausen's massive work on Augustus. But even Shuckburgh's *Life of Augustus* is not always read.

There is the same lack of good ancient evidence for the reign of Caligula, part of that of Claudius, and, chiefest of sorrows, for Trajan. Again, the line of least resistance is the modern textbook, a re-stewed hash of poor ingredients. There is no Mommsen even here to impose authority upon the student. It is still but a very faint light upon the horizon which heralds the coming of a still greater, and an English, Master.[1] The history of the early Principate on a grand scale remains still to seek, an unwritten work of genius.

There is one earlier period in which the student, though bereft of worthy guides, is anything but solitary on his journey. This is that other "Fifty Years"—from Gracchus to Sulla. In reality it is the better part of a century, from 146 B.C. to Cicero's consulship in 63 B.C. And here his task is so different that it should become perhaps the most pleasurable work of all. For here out of a multiplicity of evidence of indifferent quality he has to construct his own narrative and form his own opinion for himself. What historical study could be so inspiring, so profitable, as this? Textbooks lie in wait lurking for him on every hand. Let him forget his schoolboy days and spurn their insidious temptations. Mommsen's thunders descend upon his head. Let him defy the Olympian himself and challenge him for evidence. Biographies offer him their lure of all delight. Let him play indeed with the Flower-maidens, but remember in time his mission. Lecturers invite his presence. Let him most sedulously avoid them. Labour-saving appliances and a shorter working-day are not Oxford ideals. On the earlier part of this journey he finds a guide is thrust imperatively upon him. Let him deal with the fellow as courteously as he may, but yet know him always to be just the ignorant Alexandrian sciolist that the rascal is.[1] To discover, to compare, to weigh ; to appreciate, to explain, to reject—these are our student's happy tasks. He may be grateful for material conveniently collected for his use.[2] It is " up to him " to sift it. In his travel through the diversified country of the history of these years he must find his own " authorities," he must, to use the plain talk of childhood, make up his own mind. Let him at least pluck up heart and essay the task, resolute never to be satisfied with a borrowed judgment :

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[1] Mommsen's *Provinces* can hardly be cited as a history of the period. Gibbon (in small mouthfuls) has been appropriated by the Honour School of Modern History(!). Prof. Bury's masterly textbooks both for Greek and for Roman Imperial History may perhaps be said to have saved the situation. Though many an Oxford man would doubtless like to contribute to a statue of the Cambridge Professor (to be erected in the Examination Schools) I am not quite sure that such a situation is worth saving.

> Sed non ante datur telluris operta subire,
> Auricomos quam quis decerpserit arbore fetus.

The golden bough of the tree of that knowledge which gives access to the story of the past and affords converse with the Shades of the dead is surely courage.

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[1] It is quite impossible to forgive the substitution of Appian Book I for Plutarch's *Lives of the Gracchi* in the statutable requirements for Lit. Hum. Is it not a wiseacre's part to make a shibboleth of continuity of narrative as such ?

[2] As e.g. in Greenidge and Clay's *Sources for Roman History* B.C. 133–70, or (still better) Niccolini's *Fasti Tribunorum Plebis*.

APPENDICES

A. ON READING FOR GREATS

[I REPRINT here a pamphlet of mine (privately printed) which for a dozen years past I have been in the habit of giving to each one of my "Greats" pupils when he comes to me on beginning his course in Ancient History. It applies particularly to any Oxford man just through "Moderations." But other students of Roman history may possibly find something serviceable in it.]

I. IN GENERAL

You have just finished with one examination. Its results in your case, if good, may well serve as encouragement, if bad, need be no discouragement, to you in your work for Greats. For while pre-eminently a "Classical" School, so that the good scholar has here still an advantage, Greats work differs so widely in nature and scope from Moderations work that every man who is willing to be a student—and that means just the love of reading and of thinking for their own sake—can do well in Greats whatever his class in Mods.

You have just finished with one examination. In two and a quarter years comes another, the Final, examination. For two whole years I want you, if you can, to put away altogether the thought of the examination.

In that charming little book, a book which gives us all much to think about, called *An Oxford Correspondence of* 1903, Mr. Warde Fowler of Lincoln College makes his imaginary tutor write to his imaginary pupil as follows:

> "By the way, please do not make any more allusions to your class in Greats; it doesn't matter to me (and very little to any one else) what class my pupils get, provided they have not wasted their time. I can remember the time when men fancied they were labelled for life first, second or third class; but they soon get the better of that delusion, and in these days, for what reason I hardly know, they seem to get over it still more quickly. I don't think the British world believes in the results of examinations quite as much as it did."

"The examination result does not matter." But this, you will say, is not true: the class *does* matter in life, in one's after career perhaps, and at least to the reputation of the College. Yes, it may very likely make a difference to you, and it certainly does make a difference to your College's reputation. And we are, all of us, very interested in the Class list, not less on one account than on the other.

But then, in the first place, I believe that even so the less you think during these next two years of the examination—yes, even as a motive for work—the better actually you will do in it, when it comes. A man may have the most practical, the most honourable, reasons for ardently desiring success in the examination. So the thought of the examination may be a powerful motive and incentive to him to work steady and fearlessly. But as the sole motive for work, in most cases it is likely to defeat its own end, and you can never be sure that you are one of the minority, and I hope you are not. However greatly, however reasonably, you may desire success in the examination, you are, I am convinced, more likely to achieve this if you put this motive for the time so far away in the back of your mind that you are able by an exercise of will to forget it altogether.

And there is this other, and more important, reason for such a "will to forget." Work done for an examination may so easily be merely a degradation of the intellect—that is of one of the chief parts of you. If ever stress should be laid on work for its own sake, it is here in Oxford that it should even still in this twentieth century be laid. We cannot, it is probable, contribute positively to the advancement of learning. We have neither the time nor the ability. But we can all of us contribute negatively to the advancement of learning by refusing to degrade learning by the way in which we set about using other men's positive contributions as well as by applauding them. The task before us all is to learn and to think, to recognise truth and to criticise error. If we refer our studies to an examination, knowledge and interest are both likely to suffer. No one really enjoys a walk who is thinking all the time of his dinner at the inn at the close of the day. And it is ill work going for a walk unless you are going to enjoy it.

Do not then think of the examination for Greats. Exercise your will to forget. There is a glorious field of knowledge now inviting you all to enter. And it has all manner of private comfortable corners in it for individual tastes. It is the wisdom of this University which presents to you this field and marks out its boundaries. Boundaries it must have: for two and a half or four years are not the whole of one's intellectual life. And discursiveness of work beyond limits quickly becomes an evil. But the boundaries are very ample and there is much room for enjoyment in the field, however heavy the going may seem at times.

For two years then we ought none of us to speak of the examination at all. You may perhaps find me making a blunder sometimes in this respect, mentioning the "Schools," appraising a value in "Class" terms, talking of "examiners," as though the fact that A.B. is an examiner could possibly be any additional recommendation of A.B. as student and lecturer! There does undoubtedly exist a temptation here for the tutor (though perhaps you hardly realise the strength of it for him) as for the pupils. I shall do my best, as I want you to do your best, to resist it, to avoid all such language and the attitude of mind which it expresses. If I ever use such expressions, you must neglect and forget them. For indeed I trust that it will never be the pupil who compels the tutor to appeal to an examination as to that which alone interests him, alone makes him work. If we come to this, we are treating Oxford as a school, not as a University for the advancement of learning, at least of our learning. But I see no reason to believe that we shall come to this parlous state. Should I then during these next half-dozen terms ever refer you to the examination as a criterion or inducement of work, it should be my mistake to be ignored by you. "Perverse studere qui examinibus studeant." So the marks on Collection papers must be regarded as references, not to classes in the Schools, but to that ideal of perfection of form and matter which is quaintly symbolised by the figure *a* +.

One more word still about the examination, and I hope to have done with it for many a long day. But I am bound to add this, that in asking you to forget the examination, I am not asking you to despise either it or your University for imposing it on you, or to ignore the requirements of the Statute which controls it. Historically, University examinations are the test of the fitness of the student to teach in his turn; they are the conditions of admission of a young scholar into the Corporation of Masters. For 800 years past, the Universities of Europe, our own ever in the front rank of them for antiquity, for fame, and for learning, have been claiming the right to impose some kind of a test of fitness for full membership upon their students. The examinaation is the test, the degree is the hall-mark, of such fitness on the part of the scholar, for long years often a mere boy when he enrolled himself among the children of the University, and still now not very old.

Greats then is one of our modern tests. It is a good and a fair test, the best and the fairest, perhaps, that we in our University have. And your University has the right and the duty to impose such a test of intellectual fitness, of the love of knowledge, of the use of the opportunities which she affords her students. It is not the examination which is the evil. It is when it is viewed not as a test, but as a τέλος, that the hurt comes. But if during your time here you have resolutely avoided this wrong attitude towards it and worked for work's sake, then when the time for the examination comes you will be ready for it, and take it easily, very likely with pleasure, "in your stride." The good which your University does to you will be done by then, and her demand upon you to prove this good will do you no hurt.

Now all these long remarks are very obvious and, doubtless, unnecessary. The more obvious and unnecessary you think them, the better pleased I for one shall be.

II. In Particular

(A) *Lectures.*

The reason for going to all lectures is that you have not time to find out everything for yourself.

I shall each term recommend to you lectures which I think will be useful to you in your historical work. If ever you see on the lecture list a lecture to which you think you would like to go, I hope you will at once suggest this to me.

If after giving any lecture a fair trial you think that attendance at it any longer will not be a profitable use of your time, I very much want you to come and tell me so before you "cut" the lecture. For you shall certainly not be compelled to attend any lecture in ancient history, my own or any one else's. But I think before you cease to attend a lecture it is better for us to agree together that you can spend the time which it demands better for your work otherwise than by going to it.

And what is worse than useless is irregular spasmodic appearance at any set of lectures. Of course a man is bound occasionally to miss a lecture, and then he has to fill up the gap as best he may by copying a friend's notes. It used too to be an old-fashioned courteous practice to write beforehand to an Out-College lecturer and ask him to excuse your absence when such exceptional cases of necessary absence arose. I do not think this old custom survives to any great extent. But it had and still has a certain charm of courtesy about it, and if becoming singular it is not for that reason ridiculous.

But however that may be, continued irregularity of attendance not only savours (perhaps) somewhat of discourtesy to your lecturer, but certainly it is likely to be worse than useless. It is worse than useless because it is also a waste of your time. It is no good saying "I will copy the notes. This will do just as well." It will not, I assure you, do just as well. If the notes are good, it will take more of your time to copy them than attending yourself, and you are bound to miss something, if it be only the lecturer's personality, by this copy process. It is true that there may be sometimes lectures which admit of order and arrangement better when read over than during the process of taking them down. But even so it is more likely to be of profit to you to arrange your own notes than those of some one else. "Either not at all or regularly" is the only sound working rule for lecture attendance.

So will you let me know if ever you want to give up a lecture instead of putting in an occasional attendance to keep up appearances? Such appearances are not worth keeping up. The University is not a school.

(B) *Essays*.

The reason for writing essays is that you may find out as much as you can for yourself.

Essays therefore are your most important work for Greats, because they are peculiarly your own work.

Given the subject, rummage about yourself for materials, discuss it if you like with others; but don't take any one's views second-hand, whatever their source. Fresh water is better than stale wine. Never be content with one single book on a subject if you can help it. Even if you are pulling one particular philosopher's or historian's views to pieces (and that is a tremendous joy), a brother philosopher or historian might suggest to you ideas which would help you in the process.

Compare views and authorities. Then make up your own mind for yourself. Green's view of the right of the State to punish, for instance, or Mommsen's theory of Cæsar's intentions, these are most valuable for study. If in your essay on either subject you give your tutor just a résumé of either writer under your own name—well, to speak frankly, I greatly prefer the original dish to a hash of it. But I most of all prefer to know what you think of Mommsen's views of Green's, and why you think it. No modern writer constitutes an "Authority" in ancient history, and no writer at all in philosophy. You will have to be prepared to be challenged for your "Authorities." What then constitutes an authority in ancient history? This you will have to consider.

Hence it follows that essays cannot with any satisfaction to yourself be left to the last minute.

Essays should, I think, be accumulated in a notebook; and one notebook might be set apart for philosophy, another for history. References should always be inserted whenever possible, and it is useful to keep the opposite page in the notebook free for these and additional notes. By keeping the essays together in this way you will gradually acquire a most useful collection of your own essays, which will be indispensable to you when the time comes for reviewing and revising your knowledge. You must rely on your own work. No essay is done twice. And the essays are to be your chief stock-in-trade.

When you bring your essay to read it, it is as well to bring a pencil too. For you may occasionally find some small correction or addition to make. When you come with another essayist, you should expect to learn something from him, as, let us hope, he is similarly able to learn something from you. You can help one another in work as well as in games and on the river.

Whenever you find some subject upon which you would like to write an essay, don't hesitate to suggest it to me.

There is no regulation length or size for an essay. It is a temptation to reckon up work by the number of hours and an essay by the number of pages. Neither course is very advisable. When the essayist has done the best he can with a subject and feels that he has learnt something at least for himself about it, then he ends. Every man of course has his own style: it is part of his personality. But it is as well to remember that metaphors are a luxury, and rather kittle cattle at times to drive home, and that what Mr. Warde Fowler's Jim Holmes calls rudely "ornamental rot" —well, a little of it goes a long way.

It is a great thing to be justifiably proud of your collected essays.

(C) *Texts.*

The reason for reading texts is that you may draw knowledge from its source and study thought in the *ipsissima verba* of the thinker.

Texts are to be read for their subject matter. Interleaved copies are useful for analysis, notes, and cross references. Your own analysis is more valuable to you than that of any one else.

I recommend especially your keeping a special "Greek History" notebook (and so in due course a Roman) to collect in it instances gathered from your texts, illustrating various subject headings, e.g. Tyranny, Priesthood, Oracles, Education, etc. As time goes on you will find the blank pages filling up. You will come across such illustrations in your texts, in your English histories of Greece and Rome, in your lectures.

One may casually crop up at any moment. When this happens, don't wait, or it will escape you, but pin it fast to its notebook in its proper place. Such a notebook for facts of your own discovery is very valuable. It should be at your side during your reading of a Text

The bulk of the Texts to be read is large, and they take a great deal of knowing. I should not feel to have done justice to an ancient historian under a double reading, to an ancient philosopher under a treble. While you cannot read the *Republic* too often. In your history, the Greek are considerably longer than the Roman texts. Herodotus and Thucydides, Book I, should be finished at latest by end of your first Long after Mods.; the rest of Thucydides and Xenophon by the end of the Easter Vacation following—earlier if possible; the Roman history texts by the end of your second Long after Mods., or at latest by the December after. To get behindhand with the Texts is fatal; you never really catch up again.

(D) *Collections.*

The reason for Collections is self-knowledge. They are not, or ought not to be, an inducement to work in the Vacations.

Collections, I repeat, are not to be regarded as an inducement to work. They are for your own sake, that by their means you may from time to time realise for yourself how much or how little you know of a subject, and that you may act accordingly. And they are also useful in enabling you to practise the arranging and ordering of your knowledge. I have even known at times a very question itself suggestive of ideas for use in the future.

"Collections," I was assured once, "are never taken seriously." I don't quite believe this. So far as it is true, they are a waste of time. But to take a Collection paper seriously does not mean either making it an end-in-itself, which it certainly is not, or "grousing" furiously at "having" to do it. When Collections are in the above way voluntary, it might even be possible to enjoy them at times.

If you have reached as far as this in these somewhat long remarks, perhaps you will endure a few sentences more to finish with, and those, in my opinion, not least important. They are intended to emphasise what I hold to be the chief and characteristic feature of the Greats Course. And this is Independence. Throughout I would have you eager to be independent in thought and in interest. Like the Aristotelian virtues this virtue of Intellectual Independence lies in a mean, the mean between Intellectual Submission to Authority—the defect—and Intellectual Recalcitrance—the excess. It is the defect in this case to which most men perhaps are liable, but I have known both tendencies.

One of the best applications of this virtue of independence is that you should try presently to find out some special bit of work to appropriate for yourself, to contemplate leisurely and with affection, to rummage about in a library for information concerning it, to make it your very own. There is plenty of time to add this on to your other work, so long as you don't get behindhand with your texts. See e.g. if there is some prize essay subject, University or College, which attracts you. You need not take it up primarily for any other prize save that of the joy of "digging"—and that is the best prize of all. Or again, look at the list of "Special Subjects" in the Examination Statutes for Greats (you ought to have a copy of these), and see if there is one which you might like to appropriate. These "Special Subjects" are only rarely taken, and no man should ever dream of taking one for the motive of doing better for himself thereby in the examination. But if taken for the love of it, a special subject might reward you by the feelings of keenness and appropriation which it ought to inspire. In some way or another, prize essay or special subject or simply by a particular bit of work in itself, by itself, and for itself, Independence can show itself, as well as throughout in your attitude to learning. It may be on the philosophical or historical (yes, modern as well as ancient) or archæological or philological side : this from this point of view does not matter. But you might, each one of you, dig a little corner of the great field of learning particularly as his own private domain, even planting it with strange flowers. And you might reasonably expect as well as wish to exclude the Tutor from this your *Hortus Inclusus.*

And the spirit of the whole School, this our premier School of Literæ Humaniores, seems to me expressed by some words of Lord Acton, when he said that one ought "to do one's learning and thinking for oneself without expecting short cuts or relying on other men."

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