

69 to 111

Otho Emperor 69 **Vitellius Emperor 69**

69 ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE. This year Peter and Paul suffered.

Suetonius Tranquillus. Life of Aulus Vitellius

He afterwards filled two ordinary consulships, and also the censorship jointly with the emperor Claudius. Whilst that prince was absent upon his expedition into **Britain**, the care of the empire was committed to him, being a man of great integrity and industry. But he lessened his character not a little, by his passionate fondness for an abandoned freed woman, with whose spittle, mixed with honey, he used to anoint his throat and jaws, by way of remedy for some complaint, not privately nor seldom, but daily and publicly.

69AD Cassius Dio Cocceianus

While he (Vitellius) was behaving in this way, evil omens occurred. A comet star was seen, and the moon contrary to precedent appeared to have had two eclipses, being obscured by shadows on the fourth and on the seventh day. Also people saw two suns at once, one in the west weak and pale, and one in the east brilliant and powerful. On the Capitol many huge footprints were seen, presumably of some spirits that had descended that hill. The soldiers who had slept there the night in question said that the temple of Jupiter had opened of itself with great clangor and some of the guards were so terrified that they expired. At the same time that this happened Vespasian, engaged in warfare with the Jews, [sent his son Titus to the emperor Galba to give him a message. But when Titus returned, having learned on the way] of the rebellion of Vitellius and of Otho, he deliberated what ought to be done. [For Vespasian was in general not rashly inclined and he hesitated very much about involving himself in such troublous affairs.]

But people favored him greatly: his reputation won in **Britain**, his fame derived from the war under way, his kind heartedness and prudence, all led them to desire to have him at their head. Likewise Mucianus urged him strongly, hoping that Vespasian should get the name of emperor and that he as a result of the other's good nature should enjoy an equal share of power. Vespasian's soldiers on ascertaining all these facts surrounded his tent and hailed him as emperor. Portents and dreams pointing him out as sovereign long before had also fallen to the lot of Vespasian, and these will be recited in the story of his life. For the time being he sent Mucianus to Italy against Vitellius, while he himself, after taking a look at affairs in Syria and entrusting to others the conduct of the war against the Jews, proceeded to Egypt. There he collected money, of which of course he needed a great deal, and grain, which he desired to send in as large quantities as possible to Rome.

Vespasian Emperor 69-79

Suetonius Tranquillus. Life of Flavius Vespasianus Augustus

In the reign of Claudius, by the interest of Narcissus, he was sent to Germany, in command of a legion; whence being removed into **Britain**, he engaged the enemy in thirty several battles. He reduced under subjection to the Romans two very powerful tribes, and above twenty great towns, with the Isle of Wight, which lies close to the

coast of **Britain**; partly under the command of Aulus Plautius, the consular lieutenant, and partly under Claudius himself.

He (Vespasian.) had not only served with great reputation in the wars both in **Britain** and Judaea, but seemed as yet untainted with any vice which could pervert his conduct in the civil administration of the empire. It appears, however, that he was prompted more by the persuasion of friends, than by his own ambition, to prosecute the attainment of the imperial dignity. To render this enterprise more successful, recourse was had to a new and peculiar artifice, which, while well accommodated to the superstitious credulity of the Romans, impressed them with an idea, that Vespasian's destiny to the throne was confirmed by supernatural indications. But, after his elevation, we hear no more of his miraculous achievements.

The prosecution of the war in **Britain**, which had been suspended for some years, was resumed by Vespasian; and he sent thither Petilius Cerealis, who by his bravery extended the limits of the Roman province. Under Julius Frontinus, successor to that general, the invaders continued to make farther progress in the reduction of the island: but the commander who finally established the dominion of the Romans in **Britain**, was Julius Agricola, not less distinguished for his military achievements, than for his prudent regard to the civil administration of the country. He began his operations with the conquest of North Wales, whence passing over into the island of Anglesey, which had revolted since the time of Suetonius Paulinus, he again reduced it to subjection. Then proceeding northwards with his victorious army, he defeated the **Britons** in every engagement, took possession of all the territories in the southern parts of the island, and driving before him all who refused to submit to the Roman arms, penetrated even into the forests and mountains of **Caledonia**. He defeated the natives under **Galgacus**, their leader, in a decisive battle; and fixing a line of garrisons between the firths of Clyde and Forth, he secured the Roman province from the incursions of the people who occupied the parts of the island beyond that boundary. Wherever he established the Roman power, he introduced laws and civilization amongst the inhabitants, and employed every means of conciliating their affection, as well as of securing their obedience.

AD-69-79-Eutropius

To him succeeded VESPASIAN, who had been chosen emperor in Palestine, a prince indeed of obscure birth, but worthy to be compared with the best emperors, and in private life greatly distinguished, as he had been sent by Claudius into Germany, and afterwards into **Britain**, and had contended two and thirty times with the enemy; he had also added to the Roman empire two very powerful nations, twenty towns, and the Isle of Wight on the coast of Britain. At Rome he acted with the greatest forbearance during his government; though he was rather too eager after money; not however that he deprived any one of it unjustly, and even when he had collected it with the greatest diligence and anxiety, he was in the habit of distributing it most readily, especially to the indigent; nor was the liberality of any prince before him greater or more judicious: he was also of a most mild and amiable disposition, insomuch that he never willingly inflicted a severer penalty than banishment, even on persons convicted of treason against himself.

70 ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE. This year Vespasian undertook the empire
71 . This year Titus, son of Vespasian, slew in Jerusalem eleven hundred thousand Jews.

SBG St Dogfael. Albert le Grand gives us a series of Bishops of Lexovia, an apocryphal see that preceded Treguier, and was supposed to have been founded by

Drennalus, disciple of Joseph of Arimathea. He even gives the date of the arrival of this Drennalus as taking place in 72, and that of his death 92.

St Anacletus (Cletus) Pope 76-88

76. Annals of the Four Masters

Elim, son of Conra, after having been twenty years in the sovereignty of Ireland, was slain in the battle of Aichill, by Tuathal Teachtmhar. God took vengeance on the Aitheach Tuatha for their evil deed, during the time that Elim was in the sovereignty, namely, Ireland was without corn, without milk, without fruit, without fish, and without every other great advantage, since the Aitheach Tuatha had killed Fiacha Finnolaidh in the slaughter of Magh Bolg, till the time of Tuathal Teachtmhar.

Titus Emperor 79-81

79 Cassius Dio Cocceianus

In his reign also the False Nero appeared, who was an Asiatic and called himself Terentius Maximus. He resembled Nero in form and voice: he even sang to the zither's accompaniment. He gained a few followers in Asia and in his onward progress to the Euphrates he secured a far greater number and at length sought a retreat with Artabanus, the Parthian chief, who, out of the anger that he felt toward Titus, both received the pretender and set about preparations for restoring him to Rome.

Meantime war had again broken out in **Britain**, and Gnaeus Julius Agricola overran the whole of the hostile region. He was the first of the Romans whom we know to discover that Britain was surrounded by water. Some soldiers had rebelled and after killing centurions and a military tribune had taken refuge in boats. In these they put out to sea and sailed around to the western portion of the country just as the billows and the wind bore them. And without knowing it they came around from the opposite side and stopped at the camps on this side again. At that Agricola sent others to try the voyage around Britain and learned from them, too, that it was an island.

As a result of these events in **Britain** Titus received the title of imperator for the fifteenth time. Agricola for the rest of his life lived in dishonor and even in want because he had accomplished greater things than a mere general should. Finally he was murdered on this account by Domitian, in spite of having received triumphal honors from Titus.

In Campania remarkable and frightful occurrences took place. A great fire was suddenly created just at the end of autumn. It was this way. The mountain Vesuvius stands over against Naples near the sea and has unquenchable springs of fire.

Xiphilinus. From Epitome Dionis Nicaeensis

At this time, war having broken out again in **Britannia**, Gnaeus Julius Agriciola both overran all the territory of the enemy and became the first of the Romans of whom we know to discover that Britannia is surrounded by water, for certain soldiers, having mutinied and murdered a centurion and a tribune, took refuge in ships and having put to sea sailed round the western part of it, just as the waves and the wind carried them, and without realising it, coming from the other side, put in at the camps which were on this side. Thereafter Agricola sent others to attempt the circumnavigation and learned from them that it is an island. Such were the events in Britannia.

80AD? Valerius Flaccus, Argonautica (extract)

My song is of the straits first navigated by the mighty sons of gods, of the prophetic ship that dared to seek the shores of Scythian Phasis, that burst unswerving through the clashing rocks, to slink at length to rest in the starry firmament.

Phoebus, be thou my guide, if there stands in a pure home the tripod that shares the secrets of the Cymaeon prophetess, if the green laurel lies on a worthy brow. And thou too, that didst win still greater glory for opening up the sea, after the **Caledonian** ocean had borne thy sails, the ocean that of yore would not brook the Phrygian Iuli, do thou, holy sire, raise me above the nations and the cloud-wrapped earth, and be favourable unto me as I hymn the wondrous deeds of old time heroes. Thy son shall tell of the overthrow of Idume – for well he can – of his brother foul with the dust of Solyma, as he hurls the brands and spreads havoc in every tower.

Domitian Emperor 81-96

Suetonius Tranquillus. Life of Titus Flavius Domitianus.

Salvius Cocceianus was condemned to death for keeping the birth-day of his uncle Otho, the emperor: Metius Pomposianus, because he was commonly reported to have an imperial nativity, and to carry about with him a map of the world upon vellum, with the speeches of kings and generals extracted out of Titus Livius; and for giving his slaves the names of Mago and Hannibal; Sallustius Lucullus, lieutenant in **Britain**, for suffering some lances of a new invention to be called "Lucullean;" and Junius Rusticus, for publishing a treatise in praise of Paetus Thrasea and Helvidius Priscus, and calling them both "most upright men." Upon this occasion, he likewise banished all the philosophers from the city and Italy.

81 ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE. This year Titus came to the empire, after Vespasian, who said that he considered the day lost in which he did no good.

83 This year Domitian, the brother of Titus, assumed the government.

83-4 PLUTARCH The obsolescence of oracles.

Yet a short time before the Pythian games, which were held when Callistratus was in office in our own day, it happened that two revered men coming from opposite ends of the inhabited earth met together at Delphi, Demetrius the grammarian journeying homeward from **Britain** to Tarsus, and Cleombrotus of Sparta, who had made many excursions in Egypt and about the land of the Cave-dwellers, and had sailed beyond the Persian Gulf;

Demetrius said that among the islands lying near **Britain** were many isolated, having few or no inhabitants, some of which bore the names of divinities or heroes. He himself, by the emperor's order, had made a voyage for inquiry and observation to the nearest of these islands which had only a few inhabitants, holy men who were all held inviolate by the Britons. Shortly after his arrival there occurred a great tumult in the air and many portents; violent winds suddenly swept down and lightning-flashes darted to earth. When these abated, the people of the island said that the passing of someone of the mightier souls had befallen. "For," said they, "as a lamp when it is being lighted has no terrors, but when it goes out is distressing to many, so the great souls have a kindling into life that is gentle and inoffensive, but their passing and dissolution often, as at the present moment, fosters tempests and storms, and often infects the air with pestilential properties." Moreover, they said that in this part of the world there is one island where Cronus is confined, guarded while he sleeps by Briareus; for his sleep has been devised as a bondage for him, and round about him are many demigods (daimones) as attendants and servants.

84 ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE. This year John the evangelist in the island Patmos wrote the book called "The Apocalypse".

84AD Cassius Dio Cocceianus

[Domitian also took pride in the fact that he did not bury alive, as was the custom, the virgins he found guilty of debauchery, but ordered them to be killed by some different way.]

After this he set out for Gaul and plundered some of the tribes across the Rhine enjoying treaty rights,--a performance which filled him with conceit as if he had achieved some great success. Presumably on account of the victory he increased the soldiers' wages, so that whereas each had been receiving seventy-five denarii he commanded that a hundred be given them. Later he thought better of it, but instead of diminishing the amount he curtailed the number of men-at-arms. Both of these steps entailed great injury to the public weal: he had made the defenders of the State too few, while rendering their support an item of great expense.

Next he made a campaign into **Germany** and returned without having seen a trace of war anywhere. And what need is there of mentioning the honors bestowed upon him at this juncture for his exploit or from time to time upon the other emperors who were like him? For the object in any case was simply not to arouse the rage of those despots by letting them suspect, in consequence of the small number and insignificance of the rewards, that the people saw through them. Yet Domitian had this worst quality of all, that he desired to be flattered, and was equally displeased with both sorts of men, those who paid court to him and those who did not. He disliked the former because their attitude seemed one of cajolery and the latter because it seemed one of contempt. Notwithstanding [he affected to take pleasure in the honorary decrees voted him by the senate. Ursus he came near killing because he was not pleased with his sovereign's exploits, and then, at the request of Julia, he appointed him consul.] Subsequently, being still more puffed up by his folly, he was elected consul for ten years in succession, and first and only censor for life of all private citizens and emperors: and he obtained the right to employ twenty-four lictors and the triumphal garb whenever he entered the senate-house. He gave October a new name, Domitianum, because he had been born in that month. Among the charioteers he instituted two more parties, calling one the Golden and the other the Purple. To the spectators he gave many objects by means of balls thrown among them; and once he gave them a banquet while they remained in their seats and at night provided for them wine that flowed out in several different places. All this caused pleasure seemingly to the populace, but was a source of ruin to the powerful. For, as he had no resources for his expenditures, he murdered numbers of men, bringing some of them before the senate and accusing others in their absence. Lastly, he put some out of the way by concocting a plot and administering to them secret drugs.

Many of the peoples tributary to the Romans revolted when contributions of money were forcibly extorted from them. The Nasamones are an instance in point. They massacred all the collectors of the money and so thoroughly defeated Flaccus, governor of Numidia, who attacked them, that they were able to plunder his camp. Having gorged themselves on the provisions and the wine that they found there they fell into a slumber, and Flaccus becoming aware of this fact assailed and annihilated them all and destroyed the non-combatants. Domitian experienced a thrill of delight at the news and remarked to the senate: "Well, I have put a ban on the existence of the Nasamones."

Even as early as this he was insisting upon being regarded as a god and took a huge pleasure in being called "master" and "god." These titles were used not merely orally but also in documents.

St Clement 1 Pope 88-97

Grattius (Faliscus), the Cynegetica (Late 1st Century)

But that same Umbrian dog which has tracked wild beasts flees from facing them. Would that with his fidelity and shrewdness in scent he could have corresponding courage and corresponding will-power in the conflict!

What if you visit the straits of the Morini, tide-swept by a wayward sea, and choose to penetrate even among the **Britons**? how great your reward, how great your gain beyond any outlays! If you are not bent on looks and deceptive graces (this is the one defect of the **British** whelps), at any rate when serious work has come, when bravery must be shown, and the impetuous War-god calls in the utmost hazard, then you could not admire the renowned Molossians so much.

With these last cunning Athamania compares her breeds; as also do Azorus, Pherae and the furtive Acarnanian: just as the men of Acarnania steal secretly into battle, so does the bitch surprise her foes without a sound.

90 ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE. This year Simon, the apostle, a relation of Christ, was crucified: and John the evangelist rested at Ephesus.

92 . This year died Pope Clement.

95 ?Quintilian Institutio Oratoria VII 4

Sometimes, on the other hand, the question turns on size and number, as, for instance, what is the size of the sun or whether there are more worlds than one. In all these cases we arrive at our conclusions by conjecture, yet each involves a question of quality. Such questions are sometimes treated in deliberative themes: for example, if Caesar is deliberating whether to attack **Britain**, he must enquire into the nature of the Ocean, consider whether **Britain** is an island (a fact not then ascertained), and estimate the size and the number of troops which he will require for the invasion.

Quintilian Institutio Oratoria VIII 3

But there are still some old words that are endeared to us by their antique sheen, while there are others that we cannot avoid using occasionally, such, for example, as nuncupare and fari: there are yet others which it requires some daring to use, but which may still be employed so long as we avoid all appearance of that affectation which Virgil has derided so cleverly:

"**Britain's** Thucydides, whose mad Attic brain
Loved word-amalgams like Corinthian bronze,
First made a horrid blend of words from Gaul,
Tau, al, min, sil and God knows how much else,
Then mixed them in a potion for his brother!"

This was a certain Cimber who killed his brother, a fact which Cicero recorded in the words, "Cimber has killed his brother German."

Nerva Emperor 96-98

Trajan Emperor 98-117

St Evaristus Pope 97-105

Juvenalis From the Satires.

Moralists without Morals

Our arms indeed we have pushed beyond Juverna's shores, to the new-conquered Orcades and the short-nighted Britons; but the things which we do in our victorious city will never be done by the men whom we have conquered. And yet they say that one Zalaces, an Armenian more effeminate than any of our youth, has yielded to the ardour of a Tribune! Just see what evil communications do! He came as a hostage: but here boys are turned into men. Give them a long sojourn in our city, and lovers will never fail them. They will throw away their trousers and their knives, their bridles and their whips, and carry back to Artaxata the manners of our Roman youth.

A tale of a turbot.

"A mighty presage hast thou, O Emperor! of a great and glorious victory. Some King will be thy captive; or **Arviragus** will be hurled from his **British** chariot. The brute is foreign-born: dost thou not see the prickles bristling upon his back?" Nothing remained for Fabricius but to tell the turbot's age and birthplace.

"What then do you advise?" quoth the Emperor. "Shall we cut it up?" "Nay, nay," rejoins Montanus; "let that indignity be spared him. Let a deep vessel be provided to gather his huge dimensions within its slender walls; some great and unforeseen Prometheus is destined for the dish! Haste, haste, with clay and wheel! but from this day forth, O Caesar, let potters always attend upon thy camp!" This proposal, so worthy of the man, gained the day. Well known to him were the old debauches of the Imperial Court, which Nero carried on to midnight till a second hunger came and veins were heated with hot Falernian. No one in my time had more skill in the eating art than he. He could tell at the first bite whether an oyster had been bred at Circeii, or on the Lucrine rocks, or on the beds of **Rutupiae**; one glance would tell him the native shore of a sea-urchin.

The Council rises, and the councillors are dismissed: men whom the mighty Emperor had dragged in terror and hot haste to his Alban castle, as though to give them news of the Chatti, or the savage Sycambri, or as though an alarming despatch had arrived on wings of speed from some remote quarter of the earth.

The Ways of Women

Do the concerns of a private household and the doings of Eppia affect you? Then look at those who rival the Gods, and hear what Claudius endured. As soon as his wife perceived that her husband was asleep, this august harlot was shameless enough to prefer a common mat to the imperial couch. Assuming a night-cowl, and attended by a single maid, she issued forth; then, having concealed her raven locks under a light-coloured peruque, she took her place in a brothel reeking with long-used coverlets. Entering an empty cell reserved for herself, she there took her stand, under the feigned name of Lycisca, her nipples bare and gilded, and exposed to view the womb that bore thee, O nobly-born Britannicus! Here she graciously received all comers, asking from each his fee; and when at length the keeper dismissed the rest, she remained to the very last before closing her cell, and with passion still raging hot within her went sorrowfully away. Then exhausted but unsatisfied, with soiled cheeks, and begrimed with the smoke of lamps, she took back to the imperial pillow all the odours of the stews.

The Ways of Women

If you are not to love the woman betrothed and united to you in due form, what reason have you for marrying? Why waste the supper, and the wedding cakes to be given to the well-filled guests when the company is slipping away----to say nothing of the first night's gift of a salver rich with glittering gold inscribed with Dacian or Germanic victories? If you are honestly uxorious, and devoted to one woman, then bow your head and submit your neck to the yoke. Never will you find a woman who spares the man who loves her; for though she be herself aflame, she delights to torment and plunder him. So the better the man, the more desirable he be as a

husband, the less good will he get out of his wife. No present will you ever make if your wife forbids; nothing will you ever sell if she objects; nothing will you buy without her consent. She will arrange your friendships for you; she will turn your now-aged friend from the door which saw the beginnings of his beard. Panders and trainers can make their wills as they please, as also can the gentlemen of the arena; but you will have to write down among your heirs more than one rival of your own.

Learning and Letters Unprofitable

On Caesar alone hang all the hopes and prospects of the learned; he alone in these days of ours has cast a favouring glance upon the sorrowing Muses----at a time when poets of name and fame thought of hiring baths at Gabii, or bakehouses in Rome, while others felt no shame in becoming public criers, and starving Clio herself, bidding adieu to the vales of Aganippe, was flitting to the auction rooms. For if you see no prospect of earning a groat within the Muses' grove, you had better put up with Machaera's name and profits and join in the battle of the sale-room, selling to the crowd winejars, tripods, book-cases and cupboards----the *Alcithoe* of Paccius, the *Thebes* or the *Tereus* of Faustus! How much better that than to say before a judge "I saw" what you did not see! Leave that to the Knights of Asia, of Bithynia and Cappadocia----gentry that were imported bare-footed from New Gaul!

Trust in eloquence, indeed? Why, no one would give Cicero himself two hundred pence nowadays unless a huge ring were blazing on his finger. The first thing that a litigant looks to is, Have you eight slaves and a dozen retainers? Have you a litter to wait on you, and gowned citizens to walk before you? That is why Paulus used to hire a sardonix ring; that is why he earned a higher fee than Gallus or Basilus. When is eloquence ever found beneath a shabby coat? When does Basilus get the chance of producing in court a weeping mother? Who would listen to him, however well he spoke? Better go to Gaul or to Africa, that nursing mother of lawyers, if you would make a living by your tongue!

Stemmata quid Faciunt?

Who is it whom I admonish thus? It is to you, Rubellius Blandus, that I speak. You are puffed up with the lofty pedigree of the Drusi, as though you had done something to make you noble, and to be conceived by one glorying in the blood of Iulus, rather than by one who weaves for hire under the windy rampart. "You others are dirt," you say; "the very scum of our populace; not one of you can point to his father's birthplace; but I am one of the Cecropidae!" Long life to you! May you long enjoy the glories of your birth! And yet among the lowest rabble you will find a Roman, who has eloquence, one who will plead the cause of the unlettered noble; you must go to the toga-clad herd for a man to untie the knots and riddles of the law. From them will come the brave young soldier who marches to the Euphrates, or to the eagles that guard the conquered Batavians, while you are nothing but a Cecropid, the image of a limbless Hermes! For in no respect but one have you the advantage over him: his head is of marble, while yours is a living effigy!

Stemmata quid Faciunt?

Very different in days of old were the wailings of our allies and the harm inflicted on them by losses, when they had been newly conquered and were wealthy still. Their houses then were all well-stored; they had piles of money, with Spartan mantles and Coan purples; beside the paintings of Parrhasius, and the statues of Myron, stood the living ivories of Phidias; everywhere the works of Polyclitus were to be seen; few tables were without a Mentor. But after that came now a Dolabella, now an Antonius, and now a sacrilegious Verres, loading big ships with secret spoils, peace-trophies more numerous than those of war. Nowadays, on capturing a farm, you may rob our allies of a few yoke of oxen, or a few mares, with the sire of the herd; or of the household gods themselves, if there be a good statue left, or a single Deity in his little

shrine; such are the best and choicest things to be got now. You despise perchance, and deservedly, the unwarlike Rhodian and the scented Corinthian: what harm will their resined youths do you, or the smooth legs of the entire breed? But keep clear of rugged Spain, avoid the land of Gaul and the Dalmatian shore; spare, too, those harvesters who fill the belly of a city that has no leisure save for the Circus and the play: what great profit can you reap from outrages upon Libyans, seeing that Marius has so lately stripped Africa to the skin? Beware above all things to do no wrong to men who are at once brave and miserable. You may take from them all the gold and silver that they have; but plundered though they be, they will still have their arms; they will still have their shields and their swords, their javelins and helmets.

Stemmata quid Faciunt?

Where can be found, O Catiline, nobler ancestors than thine, or than thine, Cethegus? Yet you plot a night attack, you prepare to give our houses and temples to the flames as though you were the sons of trousered Gauls, or sprung from the Senones, daring deeds that deserved the shirt of torture. But our Consul is awake, and beats back your hosts. Born at Arpinum, of ignoble blood, a municipal knight new to Rome, he posts helmeted men at every point to guard the affrighted citizens, and is alert on every hill. Thus within the walls his toga won for him as much name and honour as Octavius gained by battle in Leucas; as much as Octavius won by his blood-dripping sword on the plains of Thessaly; but then Rome was yet free when she styled him the Parent and Father of his country! Another son of Arpinum used to work for hire upon the Volscian hills, toiling behind a plough not his own; after that, a centurion's knotty staff would be broken over his head if his pick were slow and sluggish in the trench. Yet it is he who faces the Cimbri, and the mightiest perils; alone he saves the trembling city. And so when the ravens, who had never before seen such huge carcasses, flew down upon the slaughtered Cimbri, his high-born colleague is decorated with the second bay.

The Vanity of Human Wishes

In all the lands that stretch from Gades to the Ganges and the Morn, there are but few who can distinguish true blessings from their opposites, putting aside the mists of error. For when does Reason direct our desires or our fears? What project do we form so auspiciously that we do not repent us of our effort and of the granted wish? Whole households have been destroyed by the compliant Gods in answer to the masters' prayers; in camp and city alike we ask for things that will be our ruin. Many a man has met death from the rushing flood of his own eloquence; others from the strength and wondrous thews in which they have trusted. More still have been ruined by money too carefully amassed, and by fortunes that surpass all patrimonies by as much as the British whale exceeds the dolphin. It was for this that in the dire days Nero ordered Longinus and the great gardens of the over-wealthy Seneca to be put under siege; for this was it that the noble Palace of the Laterani was beset by an entire cohort; it is but seldom that soldiers find their way into a garret!

The Terrors of a Guilty Conscience

manufacturers and sellers of poison, and the man who should be cast into the sea inside an ox's hide, with whom a luckless destiny encloses a harmless ape. What a mere fraction these of the crimes which Gallicus, the guardian of our city, has to listen to from dawn to eve! If you would know what mankind is like, that one court-house will suffice; spend a few days in it, and when you come out, dare to call yourself unfortunate. Who marvels at a swollen throat in the Alps? or in Meroe at a woman's breast bigger than her sturdy babe? Who is amazed to see a German with blue eyes and yellow hair, twisting his greasy curls into a horn? We marvel not, clearly because this one nature is common to them all. The Pygmy warrior marches forth in his tiny arms to encounter the sudden swoop and clamorous cloud of Thracian birds; but soon,

no match for his foe, he is snatched up by the savage crane and borne in his crooked talons through the air. If you saw this in our own country, you would shake with laughter; but in that land, where the whole host is only one foot high, though like battles are witnessed every day, no one laughs! "What? Is there to be no punishment for that perjured soul and his impious fraud?" Well, suppose him to have been hurried off in heavy chains, and slain (what more could anger ask?) at our good pleasure; yet your loss still remains, your deposit will not be saved; and the smallest drop of blood from that headless body will bring you hatred along with your consolation. "O! but vengeance is good, sweeter than life itself." Yes; so say the ignorant, whose passionate hearts you may see ablaze at the slightest cause, sometimes for no cause at all; any occasion, indeed, however small it be, suffices for their wrath. But so will not Chrysippus say, or the gentle Thales, or the old man who dwelt near sweet Hymettus, who would have given to his accuser no drop of the hemlock-draught which was administered to him in that cruel bondage. Benign Philosophy, by degrees, strips from us most of our vices, and all our mistakes; it is she that first teaches us the right. For vengeance is always the delight of a little, weak, and petty mind; of which you may straightway draw proof from this---that no one so rejoices in vengeance as a woman.

No Teaching like that of Example

Such were the maxims which those ancients taught the young; but now, when autumn days are over, the father rouses his sleeping son after midnight with a shout: "Awake, boy, and take your tablets; scribble away and get up your cases; read through the red-lettered laws of our forefathers, or send in a petition for a centurion's vine-staff. See that Laelius notes your uncombed head and hairy nostrils, and admires your broad shoulders; destroy the huts of the Moors and the forts of the Brigantes, that your sixtieth year may bring you the eagle that will make you rich. Or if you are too lazy to endure the weary labours of the camp, if the sound of horn and trumpet melts your soul within you, buy something that you can sell at half as much again; feel no disgust at a trade that must be banished to the other side of the Tiber; make no distinction between hides and unguents: the smell of gain is good whatever the thing from which it comes. Let this maxim be ever on your lips, a saying worthy of the Gods, and of Jove himself if he turned poet: 'No matter whence the money comes, but money you must have.'" These are the lessons taught by skinny old nurses to little boys before they can walk; this is what every girl learns before her ABC!

An Egyptian Atrocity

The Vascones, fame tells us, once prolonged their lives by such food as this; but their case was different. Unkindly fortune had brought on them the last dire extremity of war, the famine of a long siege. In a plight like that of the people just named, resorting to such food deserves our pity, inasmuch as not till they had consumed every herb, every living thing, and everything else to which the pangs of an empty belly drove them---not till their very enemies pitied their pale, lean and wasted limbs---did hunger make them tear the limbs of other men, being ready to feed even upon their own. What man, what God, would withhold a pardon from bellies which had suffered such dire straits, and which might look to be forgiven by the Manes of those whose bodies they were devouring? To us, indeed, Zeno gives better teaching, for he permits some things, though not indeed all things, to be done for the saving of life; but how could a Cantabrian be a Stoic, and that too in the days of old Metellus? Today the whole world has its Greek and its Roman Athens; eloquent Gaul has trained the pleaders of Britain, and distant Thule talks of hiring a rhetorician. Yet the people I have named were a noble people; and the people of Zacynthos, their equals in bravery and honour, their more than equals in calamity, offer a like excuse. But Egypt is more savage than the Maetoid altar; for if we may hold the poet's tales as true, the

foundress of that accursed Tauric rite does but slay her victims; they have nought further or more terrible than the knife to fear. But what calamity drove these Egyptians to the deed? What extremity of hunger, what beleaguering army, compelled them to so monstrous and infamous a crime? Were the land of Memphis to run dry, could they do aught else than this to shame the Nile for being loth to rise? No dread Cimbrians or Britons, no savage Scythians or monstrous Agathyrans, ever raged so furiously as this unwarlike and worthless rabble that hoists tiny sails on crockery ships, and plies puny oars on boats of painted earthenware! No penalty can you devise for such a crime, no fit punishment for a people in whose minds rage and hunger are like and equal things. When Nature gave tears to man, she proclaimed that he was tender-hearted; and tenderness is the best quality in man. She therefore bids us weep for the misery of a friend upon his trial, or when a ward whose streaming cheeks and girlish locks raise a doubt as to his sex brings a defrauder into court. It is at Nature's behest that we weep when we meet the bier of a full-grown maiden, or when the earth closes over a babe too young for the funeral pyre. For what good man, what man worthy of the mystic torch, and such as the priest of Ceres would wish him to be, believes that any human woes concern him not? It is this that separates us from the dumb herd; and it is for this that we alone have had allotted to us a nature worthy of reverence, capable of divine things, fit to acquire and practise the arts of life, and that we have drawn from on high that gift of feeling which is lacking to the beasts that grovel with eyes upon the ground. To them in the beginning of the world our common maker gave only life; to us he gave souls as well, that fellow-feeling might bid us ask or proffer aid, gather scattered dwellers into a people, desert the primeval groves and woods inhabited by our forefathers, build houses for ourselves, with others adjacent to our own, that a neighbour's threshold from the confidence that comes of union, might give us peaceful slumbers; shield with arms a fallen citizen, or one staggering from a grievous wound, give battle signals by a common trumpet, and seek protection inside the same city walls, and behind gates fastened by a single key.

Extracts from Martial

Martial TO QUINTUS OVIDIUS.

You, Quintus Ovidius, who are about to visit the Caledonian Britons, and the green Tethys, and father Ocean; will you then resign Numa's hills, and the comfort of Nomentan retreats? and does the country, and your own fireside, fail to retain you in your old age? You defer enjoyment, but Atropos does not at the same time lay aside her spindle, and every passing hour is placed to your account. You show by performing a kindness to a dear friend (and who would not praise such conduct?) that a sacred regard to your word is clearer to you than life. But may you at length be restored to your Sabine estate, long to remain there, and remember yourself among your friends!

Martial ON HIS OWN WRITINGS.

It is not the idle people of the city only that delight in my Muse, nor is it alone to listless ears that these verses are addressed, but my book is thumbed amid Getic frosts, near martial standards, by the stern centurion; and even **Britain** is said to sing my verses. Yet of what advantage is it to me? My purse benefits nothing by my reputation. What immortal pages could I not have written and what wars could I not have sung to the Pierian trumpet, if, when the kind deities gave a second Augustus² to the earth, they had likewise given to you, O Rome, a second Maecenas.

Martial ON LYDIA.

Lydia is as widely developed as the rump of a bronze equestrian statue, as the swift hoop that resounds with its tinkling rings, as the wheel so often struck from the extended springboard, as a worn-out shoe drenched by muddy water, as the wide-

meshed net that lies in wait for wandering thrushes, as an awning that does not belly to the wind in Pompey's theatre, as a bracelet that has slipped from the arm of a consumptive catamite, as a pillow widowed of its Leuconian stuffing, as the aged breeches of a pauper **Briton**, and as the foul throat of a pelican of Ravenna . This woman I am said to have embraced in a marine fishpond; I don't know; I think I embraced the fishpond itself.

Martial ON CLAUDIA RUFINA.

Although born among the woad-stained **Britons**, how fully has Claudia Rufina the intelligence of the Roman people! What beauty is hers! The matrons of Italy might take her for a Roman; those of Attica for an Athenian. The gods have kindly ordered that she proves fruitful to her revered husband, and that, while yet young, she may hope for sons-in-law and daughters-in-law! May heaven grant her ever to rejoice in one single husband, and to exult in being the mother of three children.

Martial TO ROME, IN PRAISE OF TRAJAN.

Rome, goddess of the earth and its people, to whom there is nothing equal, nothing second, when she was recently computing with joy the long series of years destined for the life of Trajan, and saw in our great leader so much bravery, youth, and martial ardour, Rome, I say, glorying in such a ruler, exclaimed: "You princes of the Parthians, you leaders of the Scythians, you Thracians, Sarmatians, Getae, and **Britons**, approach, I can show you a Caesar."

Martial A BASKET.

I, a barbarian basket, came from the painted **Britons**; but now Rome claims me for her own.

St Alexander 1 Pope 105-115

106. Annals of the Four Masters

Tuathal Teachtmhar, after having been thirty years in the sovereignty of Ireland, was slain by Mal, son of Rochraidhe, King of Ulster, in Magh Line, at Moin An Chatha, in Dal Araidhe, where the two rivers, Ollar and Ollarbha, spring. Ceanngubha is the name of the hill on which he was killed, as this quatrain proves:

1. Ollar and Ollarbha,
Ceann Gubha, lordly, noble,
Are not names given without a cause,
The day that Tuathal was killed.

And as was also said:

1. Tuathal, for whom the land was fair,
Chief of Meath of a thousand heroes,
Was wounded,—that chief of fair Freamhainn,
On the side of the hill of Gleann an Ghabhann.

107. Annals of the Four Masters

The first year of Mal, son of Rochraidhe, in the sovereignty of Ireland.

110 ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE. This year Bishop Ignatius suffered.

110. Annals of the Four Masters After Mal, son of Rochraidhe, had been four years king over Ireland, he was slain by Feidhlimidh Reachtmhar.

111. The first year of the reign of Feidhlimidh Reachtmhar, son of Tuathal Teachtmhar, as king over Ireland. Baine, daughter of Scal, was the mother of this

Feidhlimidh. It was from her Cnoc Baine, in Oirghialla, for it was there she was interred. It was by her also Rath Mor, of Magh Leamhna, in Ulster, was erected.

The Annals of Clonmacnoise.

Fiagha Finn of whom Dalviagha is called reigned 3 years and was slain by Fiagha Finnolay about the yeare of our Lord 95.

Fiagha Finnolay was king 7 yeares & was then slaine by Elym m'Conragh. The said Fiagha was of the sept of Heremon. Elym was K. 20 yeares & was slaine by Twahal Teaght- was sonn of king Fiagha Finnolay & was left fatherless in his mothers wombe, shee being the K. of **Scotlands** daughter, who soone after her husbands death fled secretly into **Scotland**, where she was Delivered of a goodly sonne called Twahall, whoe was by her brought up in all princely qualities untill he was 20 years old, at wch time he came into Ireland accompanied w th his said mother & few others of his friends, where after his landing in this kingdom one Fiachra Cassan and others euil contented with their estates to the number of 800 chosen men mett him and Presently saluted him as K. of the Realm, & soe went forward with the said Company & fought a battle against K. Elym & was therein slaine by the said Twahall. Hee Discomfitted the Ulstermen