

ABSTRACT

Petrarch's *Africa* I-IV: A Translation and Commentary

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English-speaking scholars have neglected Francesco Petrarch's self-proclaimed masterwork, the *Africa*. Focusing on Petrarch's vernacular poetry and to a lesser extent his Latin prose, scholars overlook his Latin verse. Of Petrarch's major works, the *Africa* has received the least scholarly attention, inspiring to date only one monograph, one translation, and fewer than ten articles from English-speaking scholars. This discrepancy between Petrarch's opinions and those of his admirers inspired this thesis.

This thesis provides first-time readers of *Africa* I-IV with a translation that brings the reader to Petrarch's Latin. The translation aims to preserve the tone and literal sense of the Latin original while maintaining smooth readability in English. A commentary, including grammatical annotations and discussing Petrarch's sources, inspiration, and historical context, accompanies the translation.

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by

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A Thesis

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LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS

Aen.: Aeneid

Bell. Cat.: *Bellum Catilinae*

Cic.: Cicero

Claud.: Claudian

De Off.: *De Officiis*

Ep. Fam.: *Epistulae Familiares*

Epist.: *Epistulae*

Epod.: *Epodes*

Eut.: Eutropius

Fam.: *Rerum Familiarium Libri*

Flor.: Florus

Georg.: *Georgics*

In Ruf.: *In Rufinum*

Brev.: *Breviarium Historiae Romanae*

Juv.: Juvenal

Luc.: Lucan

Met.: *Metamorphoses*

Mem.: *Rerum Memorandarum Libri*

Mon.: *De Monarchia*

Od.: *Odes*

Ov.: Ovid

P.: Petrarch

Phars.: *Pharsalia*

Polyb.: Polybius

Post.: *Epistola ad Posteritatem*

Rep.: *De Re Publica*

Secr.: *Secretum*

Sen.: *Rerum Senilium Libri*

Stat.: Statius

Theb.: *Thebaid*

Theog.: *Theogonia*

Tr. Fam.: *Triumphus Fame*

Val. Max.: Valerius Maximus

Verg: Vergil

Vir. Ill.: *De Viris Illustribus*

Vita Scip.: *Vita Scipionis*

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CHAPTER ONE

Introduction

On Good Friday in 1327, Francesco Petrarch met Laura, the woman destined to become the muse of his vernacular poetry. Suffering through years of unrequited love between 1327 and 1338, Petrarch poured out his soul into his most famous poems, the *Canzoniere*. Exhausted by impossible love and frustrated with the vernacular, Petrarch began searching the libraries of Europe for lost classics. In 1333, Petrarch rediscovered Cicero's *Pro Archia*. Inspired to imitate the beauty of Cicero's Latin, Petrarch found a new direction for his life. In the Latin classics, Petrarch was able to find a muse to whom he could devote his passion fully.

In 1337, Petrarch made his first trip to Rome. Though time and the neglect of the Avignon popes had ravaged the City, Petrarch was dumbstruck at the sight of buildings and places that had long inhabited his imagination. His love of the classics and his experience in Rome convinced him that the city must rise again; Rome needed a second *Aeneid*. On another Good Friday, in 1338,¹ Petrarch embraced a new muse and a new tongue and began the *Africa*, an epic poem in Latin about the Second Punic War and Rome's most famous general, Publius Cornelius Scipio Africanus Major.

Unaware of the existence of Silius Italicus' *Punica*, Petrarch hoped to remedy the apparent oversight of the classical poets by setting forth his hero's deeds in hexameters. This project, the *Africa*, became alternately Petrarch's obsession and his revulsion, and he left it incomplete at his death. At times he worked feverishly, but frustration at his

¹ Nicola Festa. *Saggio sull' Africa del Petrarca*. Palermo: Remo Sandron, 1926, p. 7.

inability to live up to the example of his model, Vergil, caused him to abandon his work for long periods.

Despite Petrarch's best efforts to conceal his occupation, word of the *Africa* spread quickly. It was not long before Petrarch's fame reached the court of King Robert of Naples, a ruler considered by his contemporaries to be enlightened and studious. Robert gave Petrarch the resources he needed to devote himself to the *Africa*, and the king's favor rewarded the poet's efforts with wide acclaim. Paris and Rome were soon contending with each other to crown Petrarch poet laureate, an honor he accepted in 1341 from the Eternal City. Petrarch and his contemporaries attributed his fame and success to his *Africa*, unfinished though it was. Petrarch dedicated the work to Richard in gratitude and promised to write another epic in his honor.

Although Petrarch had sketched out in rough hexameters Scipio's entire campaign, the poem remained unfinished. He hoped to present the completed poem to Robert in gratitude for his sponsorship, but Robert died early in 1343. Petrarch still worked feverishly to complete the poem and inserted an allusion to his benefactor's death.² Petrarch visited Naples in the fall of 1343 to pay his respects to his departed patron and seems to have suspended work on the *Africa* shortly thereafter.

In the same year, Petrarch's brother Gherardo became a Carthusian monk, inspiring Petrarch to reflect on the direction his life had taken. The product of this reflection was the *Secretum*, a series of imagined dialogues between the poet and St. Augustine, wherein the two discuss the impermanence of human esteem and the futility of secular endeavor. In the *Secretum*, Augustine singles out the *Africa* as Petrarch's chief

² *Africa* 9.421-6.

distraction and counsels him to contemplate death and eternity rather than to seek fleeting glories. Petrarch became convinced of his failure to live up to the standard of the minor orders he had taken in his youth and felt a deep need to examine his priorities.

In addition, Petrarch was a perfectionist and rarely allowed his “incomplete” works to be published. In his *Letter to Posterity*, Petrarch admits this fault and explains that his creative impulse is better suited to conception than execution.³ This admission reflects fact; Petrarch completed none of the long works he undertook. At his death, Petrarch left unfinished the *Trionfi* and *De Viris Illustribus*, large-scale works in Italian and Latin, respectively. The lack of cohesion and the rough transitions of his masterwork, the *Africa*, show that it, too, was unfinished at Petrarch's death.

Petrarch's letters make periodic mention of his returning to the *Africa*, but he seems to have been discouraged by the enormity of the project. The unauthorized publication of a few lines by one of Petrarch's friends increased his anxiety over ever publishing the *Africa*. Petrarch received various and repeated pleas, including some from his good friend Boccaccio, to let the world hear his epic, but these only served to harden Petrarch's resolve against its publication. Petrarch spent the rest of his life guarding the *Africa*, all the while making copious notes and devising schemes for revisions that he never made. When he died in 1374, he left the poem as unfinished as it had been thirty years earlier.

Not until 23 years after Petrarch's death was the *Africa* finally edited and circulated.⁴ By this time, enthusiasm for the project had faded, and Petrarch's weary

³ *Post.* 24.

⁴ Festa (1926a), lii-lvii.

public came to regard the poem as a minor curiosity, a mere appendix to his much more influential *Canzoniere*. Petrarch had helped establish the Tuscan dialect as Italy's national literary language. Naturally, his vernacular works overshadowed his Latin ones, the *Africa* especially. While the epic contained many beautiful passages, it struck Italian humanists and their successors as a medieval pastiche of Livy and Vergil. Later generations who followed Petrarch's injunction to adhere to strict classical usage would find that their founder's research had been incomplete and that his efforts at purging his medievalism had failed. Even worse, the manuscript of Silius Italicus' *Punica*, an authentically classical but arguably poetically inferior epic of the Second Punic War, was rediscovered early in the fifteenth century. In an age that abhorred medievalism and loved classicism for classicism's sake, the audience for Petrarch's *Africa* grew even smaller.

Indifference towards the work has remained to the present day. The *Africa* has received scant editorial and scholarly attention compared to Petrarch's vernacular works and letters. Editions of Petrarch's *Opera Omnia* from the sixteenth century onward have included the *Africa*, but the poem is little noticed and apparently little read. The first scholarly edition of the *Africa* was Léon Pingaud's hasty Paris edition of 1872. Pingaud's uncritical text and unappreciative introduction did little to improve the *Africa*'s reputation. Francesco Corradini's edition of 1874 was more sympathetic but no more scholarly than Pingaud's. Both relied on a small number of rather mutilated manuscripts. In their editions, the artistry and occasionally even the sense of Petrarch's poem eluded readers.

Nicola Festa's monumental edition of 1926 used twice as many manuscripts as those of his predecessors. He treated the text as an intentional product and avoided the classicizing emendations and orthography of Corradini and Pingaud. When the text was unclear, he showed that it was the result of mutilation or of incomplete revision, not of poor craftsmanship, as Festa's predecessors had assumed. The text that emerged from Festa's labor was coherent and much closer to Petrarch's original intent.

In the same year that his edition appeared, Festa brought out his *Saggio sull' Africa del Petrarca*, the first work of scholarship to treat the *Africa* systematically. Festa established the *Africa* not as a failed attempt at Vergilian emulation but as a unique artifact of late medieval Italian letters. Festa agreed that the *Africa* was a failure if judged as a mere versification of Livy or an attempt to best Vergil. Still, he found in the poem was something more than amateur classicism, something that demanded treatment on its own terms. Festa saw the *Africa* as a masterfully conceived meditation on the Eternal City, a lamentation of its abandonment, and a call upon contemporaries for Italian and Christian unity and the revival of the idea of Rome.

Festa's edition and thesis caused a sensation and earned glowing reviews in scholarly journals. Since that time, scholarship on the *Africa* has been steady in the Latin countries, but the poem has continued to receive little attention elsewhere. With the exception of a few articles, the only scholarly work on the *Africa* in English is Aldo Bernardo's *Petrarch, Scipio, and the Africa*. In this groundbreaking study, Bernardo argues convincingly that Scipio, not Laura, was Petrarch's chief muse. While Laura inspired the *Canzoniere*, Scipio was the constant subject of Petrarch's other works, both

Italian and Latin. According to Bernardo, Scipio is the key to understanding Petrarch's *oeuvre* in its totality—the *Africa* is the synthesis of Petrarch's lifework.

Despite the excellence of his scholarship, Bernardo found few English-speaking disciples. Only one English translation, the product of two noted Renaissance scholars, Thomas Bergin and Alice Wilson, has been undertaken during the more than six centuries since the *Africa* was written. It follows Petrarch's Latin loosely, and its inflated blank verse is more Miltonian than Vergilian. This sole English translation is little read and has long been out of print. English readers still await an *Africa* true to Petrarch's style and tone.⁵

While no scholarship on the *Africa* has appeared in English since Bergin and Wilson, the bibliography in French, Italian, and German grows ever larger. The year 2006 saw the publication of Pierre Lauren's excellent Budé text of books I-V with the rest to follow soon. In September 2007, Bernhard Huss and Gerhard Regn produced a German translation with a brief introduction and notes. After six and a half centuries, it seems that the poem is finally receiving its due.

This translation and commentary are keyed to Festa's 1926 edition of the *Africa*. This edition, now out of copyright, is available online.⁶

⁵There are rumors that the *Africa* will soon appear in Harvard's Loeb-style *I Tatti Renaissance Library*.

⁶<http://www.bibliotecaitaliana.it>.

CHAPTER TWO

English Translation

Book I

Recount even to me, Muse, the man—famous for his valor and dreadful in war—to whom noble Africa, subdued by Italian arms, first gave her eternal name. Sisters who are my sweet care, if I sing to you of wonders, I pray that it be granted to me to drink again at the fountain of Helicon. Indeed, now Fortune has restored to me the meadows and springs of friendly country, the stillness of uninhabited fields, streams and hills, and the pleasures of sunny forests. You, restore to your bard your songs and inspiration.

And You, Highest Parent, the world's most certain hope and highest glory, Whom our age celebrates as Victor over the ancient gods and over Hell, Whom we see revealing fivefold wounds profuse on His innocent body, bring succor! If songs delight, I shall bring back from the peak of Parnassus pious verses, dedicating many to You; or if such please You too little, perhaps I will bring You even my tears, which ought to have been shed for you, which I—thus my mind was deceived—have long kept from You.

With you also as my judge, greatest master of the Trinacrian kingdom, Italy's splendor and glory of our age, to whatever extent I have deserved the long-desired laurels, the title of poet, and to sit in the seat of the bards, I pray: by your hospitality, deem worthy in your tranquil heart this offered gift. Now perhaps it will happen to the reader of all this that it will charm his idle ears and pain him less at the end of the work than at the beginning. Thereafter, you will make its path towards all years of posterity easy, for who would dare to condemn that which seemed pleasing to you? One who

knows affirms such things more boldly—how by a single nod you are able to make something worthy that before was not. See how the fearful mob honors the offerings hung on sacred temples. Cast off *the offerings*, and the mob despises *the temples*. How much your illustrious fame can add to my applause! If only you but wished to hide them in the shadow of your clement name, where meanwhile no old age and no worms would erase my name!

Accept, again I pray, most glorious of kings, accept at last! Stretch out your pious hands, and soften your gaze. I myself shall extol your deeds to the stars with deserved praises, perhaps someday with another song—if only Death should await me a little! I ask no longer than that. I will sing of the name of the Sicilian king and of his every wonder, which, *though* not *yet* heard abroad, we have all recently seen. For those whom a similar task wearies are wont to go back further in the past: the thousandth year keeps busy those who are *thus* engaged. It shames others to stop *even* at this boundary. No one has looked upon his own age, as one's Muse wanders more freely and with no impediment through little known years. Now one sings of Troy's fall; another reports on Thebes and hides young Achilles. Still another fills Emathia with Roman bones. Even I will not now recall the deeds of our own time; rather my inspiration is to destroy utterly with the aid of Ausonian Mars the cursed Africans and to blunt their excessive might. But, King, always holding you in my heart and hastening to return to you, I will follow the path I have begun, not yet daring to touch your greatest deeds. Your deeds held more allure, but I was afraid, considering you and me and weighing everything. It is best *first* to test one's talent. If by chance it passes under favorable omens, then I will approach the heights with my full resources. For you yourself would be there, and glorious, wide Parthenope

would see me returning again to her walls, bringing back Roman garlands a second time as poet. I have now plucked frail leaves from a humble bush, equipped with an excellent Scipiad accompanying these first attempts. Then I will seize stronger branches; you, generous one, will certainly assist *me* with your story and will strengthen my wavering pen. Another laurel, most beautiful of our time, will be granted to the one who loves your deserved glory.

What may be the cause of so great an evil, what origin *there was* of *this* slaughter, is under examination. Whence *came these* animosities? What madness compelled strong nations to undergo so many hardships on the well-roamed seas? *What* made Europe Libya's rival and Libya Europe's, lands devastated by disaster in turn? And indeed, the cause not requiring much study that comes to my mind is Envy, the corrupt root of all evils. From its first beginning is the dawning of Death and also Grief, looking with sullen face on all a neighbor's prosperity. Rival Carthage could not look upon Rome's flourishing. She envied the rising city, and she considered *the city*, thenceforth her equal, more gravely. Soon she, inwardly silent but full of grievances, full of threats, saw *Rome* increased in strength and learned that she was to submit to the rule of a powerful mistress and to hear new laws and to bring tribute. Her deadly pride finally compelled her to shake off her bridle and to double her sure disasters. Grief and shame strangled men who had suffered through much slavery. Woeful greed added to stubborn spirits had grown, and there never was an appeasing gift. The aspirations of both cities were the same—both peoples desired empire. Each seemed to herself worthy to have all things close at hand, to have the whole world obey her. In addition, there had been both recent forfeiture and fierce injury, with the island of Sardinia lost and Trinacria snatched away from them and

also Spain, too confined by peoples on both sides. Exposed to every treachery, a land most suited to be plundered was at length to suffer unspeakable trials, hardly different from a fatted sheep caught in the midst of wolves who is turned now here, now there, by flashing teeth and, trembling, is rent in pieces, whole, lying on its back and sodden with its own gore and that of its pursuers.

To this was added the landscape itself—Nature placed the nations on opposite shores, espying each other from afar. She gave them no peace, opposing characters, cities contrary in custom, rival gods—the deities of each hated by the other, winds, weather utterly hostile, and waves grappling upon the raging sea. Thrice they fought with fierce hatreds and much bloodshed; hostilities begun in the first war were brought to an end in the second, if you would observe the facts, for the third war had a simple end, finished with moderate toil. Here we will observe the greatest of these affairs: the middle strife, the extraordinary commanders, war beyond description.

Borders beaten by the storms, Spain saw a heavenly youth, one chain cast off from her burdened neck, the Ausonian yoke, and Roman arms. Now rout drove the Phoenicians far across the sea; they had been terrified in their spirits at the lightning skill of the Thunderer, at the character of the commander—his fame, his noble birth, his new methods of fighting, and at his famous enterprises against cruel evil. Just then, treacherous Hasdrubal, looking out on his threatening enemy, was safe on the Mauretanian shore. In like manner, a stag, terrified of his pursuers and their dogs, looks behind his back on the commotion, peering from the peak of a mountain and gasping.

The conqueror of Iberia's land stood by the ocean, where the fickle poetry of bards strikes the Herculean Pillars by the sea, where weary Phoebus plunges from on

high and cleanses his chariot of dust and heat. Here denied entrance by no hand of mortal strength but by Nature herself, omnipotent and hostile, he stood and ardently grieved that his enemy was snatched from his jaws. He had won too little; now a more alluring fortune did not soothe his wounded spirit. While Carthage stood, the lustrous glory of his deeds was dimmed. He certainly still saw the fugitive, watching from a distance and brandishing sluggish arrows with a half-dead hand. Moreover, a confused report mixing up everything in rumors was growing, coming from our part of the world. Hannibal, under arms, threatened close to the Ausonian citadels, and his torches had been brought even under the walls of the fatherland. Illustrious commanders had fallen, Italy burned with impious fires, and the fields flowed with gore. Vengeance for his father's death urged him on, and devotion moved him to complete the work that he had undertaken. To appease the holy ashes of the fallen and the shades of his parents, to cleanse shame from Italy's face with savage blood—this passion beat incessant in the heart of famous Scipio, showing on his face and in his eyes the noble gleaming embers in his fiery heart. There was sleepless night, laborious day, and scarcely an hour of rest for the commander—so great was the virtue in his unconquerable heart!

Amidst these troubles, while night slowly released the wet earth from its dark embrace, although Tithonus' wife still warmed her cold and aged husband in her arms, the servant girls who turn the days neither yet wished to unbar the gleaming doors from their purple hinge nor dared to open the rosy windows and wake their lord. And Scipio, fatigued, laid down his head. Then sweet sleep closed his tired eyes. Out of silent heaven an unnatural shade descended, and the form of his father suddenly stood erect on a cloud, showing to his dear son his heart, flank, and chest, pierced by many spears. This

bravest youth froze in all his limbs, and his hair stood up in horror. Then the other took hold of his fearful son and soothingly began in his familiar voice:

"Eternal splendor, greatest glory of our race, and at last the single hope of our tottering fatherland, stay your fear, and store my words in your unforgetting mind. Behold, the king of Olympus has allotted me a brief hour, which may bring you much pleasure, unless you refuse it. Won over by my prayers, He opened the starry thresholds of heaven—rarest boon—and permitted you, still living, to enter both poles, so that with me leading you might behold the stars and their slanting paths; both your fatherland's labors and your own; and the Sisters' web, spun by their stern thumb, the fate still unknown to the world. Direct your attention here. Do you see those southern walls, the treacherous palace founded on an infamous mountain by feminine trickeries? Do you see the wide assemblies of raving men and the throng dripping with warm blood? Alas, city made famous beyond measure by our ruin! Alas, land savage against Italian brides! Do you raise again your once shattered arms and muster troops for their waiting tombs? Most sluggish Bagradas, *why* do you so scorn the unconquerable Tiber? Fierce Byrsa, why do you so hate the high Capitoline? You will again know your mistress and will learn through her lash. This task is for you, my son. In just war, glory will make you equal to the gods. I swear by these sacred wounds, *which came* to me deservedly, because by them I paid back everything I owed to the fatherland; by them my martial bravery made its journey to the gods. No other solace for such disasters came for me, grieving many things in my departing spirit, while my enemies stabbed my limbs, than the fact that after my funeral I saw that there remained a bold avenger for my house. Because that hope then lessened my other fears, I loved death's touch."

He runs to him still speaking this, and from head to toe looks upon the *other's* mortal wounds with saddened eyes. But then his devoted mind goes mad, and his tears flow abundantly. Nor did he allow him to say more; breaking in mid-sentence, he began:

"Alas, alas! What do I see? Who then, parent, ran you through the chest with a hard blade? Who has dishonored your face, revered by the nations, with your innocent blood? Tell me, my sire—let nothing else first reach my ears."

Saying this, he seemed to fill the radiant stars and their ordered stations with his weeping. If it be allowed to compare base things to the sublime, if the harsh and sudden bitterness of unaccustomed salt surrounded a fish who had abandoned salt water and removed to a pleasant stream, now accustomed to sweetness, it would be no differently astounded than was that sacred choir. Here, there is wrath, grief, moaning, a mind uncertain of the future, and fear of death, and, most pitiful of all, the thousand cares of our world, in which we spend the better part of life. In heaven, there is pure day, which eternal light makes serene, which neither gluttonous grief nor sad whispers disturb, which no hatred enflames. It was an extraordinary thing that an unaccustomed clamor beat upon the gods' ear, as he filled recesses of inaccessible light and silent heaven with his devotion. Then, with modest entreaties, his father seized him in a loving embrace and restrained his son's sighs with heavy words:

"Spare me your groaning, I pray. The time and place do not allow it. But if the *sight of these wounds* disturbs your spirit even now, it is time for me to reveal the deaths *of your ancestors*. Listen, for I will say much in few words. The sixth year had seen our Roman standards victorious in Spanish camps, when you, Fortune, gave me, detesting *further delays* and *yet more* cares, a magnificent plan, as events attest. I, unlucky, trusted

my brother to share personally my hurried burden and to strike twin spurs against the lingering war. So, with a favorable omen, we separated at last, and with divided legions we each pursued the enemy in far off places. Now the tired Sisters let fall our threads of life, not yet full on their distaffs. Now Death shows herself. All at once, the Phoenicians demand the help of fraud at this uncertain time, fearing to face worse calamities. Their trickery proved to be a guarantee of their strength and of our doom. They began to corrupt with bribery the spirits of the Celts, with whose help my brother's arms had to that point stood, and also to persuade them to flee. Our example must be put before the eyes of our commanders, lest they, relying on foreign aid, no longer trust in their own soldiery. He censured them in the name of the gods, of truth, of righteous counsels—vain words! They left suddenly with a silent farewell. How much power there is in *precious* metal! Gods, Shame, kind Faith, to gold alone do you submit! Left naked by its guard, my brother's battleline resolved to run back to impassable, dry, and unfamiliar mountains. To their commander, this seemed the only hope. Their harsh enemy, taught to pursue a retreating army to the end, pressed on. The Punic columns, which had been secretly reinforced by a new enemy, jeering and wicked, likewise now encircled me in a large mass, far off *from my allies*. It seemed *right* to me to trust in fate. To no *avail*—it was forbidden that I join my dear brother. Weaker by much in numbers, I was surrounded in every direction by three armies and was forced to take up unfavorable positions. My weapon remained—there was no hope of flight. That which the Fates allowed *occurred* in a narrow span of time; we arrayed our hardest core with swords and sent the African dead to hell. Wrath and grief gave *us* strength. Tactics had no place, and there was no semblance of a plan, just as when a greedy shepherd in his trusty veil, waging war on

nourishing bees, agitates them as they tremble in the dark night. The bees, gloomy, then abandon their hive, layered with helpless wax. Then they, blind, rush out and rage. In scattered and incautious flight they land on his head. Their crafty enemy stands, anxious to begin his work. The victor over unavailing wounds roots out and despoils the cradle of a devout people. Thus with spears and an avenging sword we beat the hated enemy, and we leave our frenzied hatred in their wounds—an act that for the wretched is the only salvation and highest desire. They were standing as they had been arranged, as airy Eryx and star-bearing Atlas stand firm against the southern winds. Why do I delay? Unprotected, we are buried under a cloud of arms and men. Jealous Fortune holds her own custom and shunned those who were faithful. Cold blood congealed on my chest. I see the ambush and my approaching death. Fearing not on my account but on that of the fatherland, I quickly begin, according to the demands of the situation, to strengthen my languishing battalions with these words:”

‘Soldier, the arduous path of noble death lies open before us. Go with me as your leader, whom indeed often on other occasions you have followed by fortune, never by better fame! May your face fear neither a battle-line of swords nor the nearness of death. Mars grants fame to meager blood and with death gives glory to his dear descendants. Think of your people, and with goodwill embrace your father's fate. The same one law of nature commands that the cowardly and the brave alike die. Do not be affected by your loss. There is little time for either. Now although the dangers of the earth and of the sea may cease, the dreaded day will arrive unaided. This alone is granted to the brave: that they will die happy. The remaining multitude dies in weeping, and the weak pour out tears in fear. The last hour is brief and comes at length as a witness to your life. Act

therefore; make well-known by your death whether any part of your Latin blood remains. For while Fortune allowed, I conquered, and my right hand produced funerals. But now, since everything is withdrawing, let it be enough that we have barred their path with our bodies. Let them pass through our hearts and savage eyes and awesome faces. With these, it pleases us to oppose such a mountain, to barricade their advance with these bulwarks. May savage barbarians know that true men have fallen and that they trample Roman corpses, which, though pallid, ought not be despised. Make haste, well-born contingent! The death envied by good men is at hand! These things ought always be remembered at Roman altars with pious tears and perpetual incense!

“Set aflame by such *words*, they assemble. Just like a hail-storm torn from a cloud, they rush. I first am born on their gleaming spears, never to return from the enemies poured out around me. The bravest and most loyal men follow *me* to slaughter. We are struck down, and we die. What is left to the few against thousands? And now you anticipate the last moments of my righteous brother. Indeed, Spain was no kinder *to him*. He too tried in vain to rise against Fate's final whirl. Under a heap of great ruin, he likewise perished. No other death was more befitting than that of my brother. While alive, the harmony between us was wondrous, never interrupted by the slightest quarrel. There was for us two one home, likewise, a single way of life, a single mind, and a single death. The same place watches over the bodies and ashes of both men. By chance, we came to this place at a single time. Here there is loss of our former prison. From on high we think little of our scattered limbs. We hate and fear the snares and chains *we once* knew—a burden on our liberty. We love the fact that we are no more.”

The other, still tearful *said*: "Dear father, your patriotism touches the deepest recesses of my heart. But the soft and languid vengeance of words has always been the most important of affairs. Tell me then, venerable father, whether I should think that you, your brother, and others whom Rome called, long ago dead and buried, *still* live?"

His father chuckled at his speech and *said*, "How oblivious you wretches are, blinded in a mist. How greatly is the human race manipulated by the fogginess of truth! This alone," he said, "is the truest life. Yours, however, is death, this life of which you speak. But you, look upon my brother. Do you see that he goes about, in contempt of his harsh death? Do you see his vigor, unmastered in his heart, his living glory, and his eyes shining on his face? Why look you not on his noble battle-line following? Will anyone tell me that these men have died? Nevertheless, as humans allotted by fate, they breathed out their great spirits and left their bodies as their debt to earth. Can you see the happy troops approaching as they reflect the purple dawn in their beaming faces?"

"Indeed, greatly," he said. "I do not recall anything sweeter that these eyes have seen. But *I have a* desire to know their names. Be not of a different mind, father. I beg *you* by the gods and by Jove himself, by the all-seeing Sun, and by the Phrygian Penates, if that same care *accrues to them, and by the fatherland*, if any of its sweetness comes here. Either I am deceived, or I know some of them from this column. The character, the dress, the appearance, and the gait of these men, and their faces, although they have a new luster, I nevertheless remember. Indeed, I have seen them, and we have recently lived together in our fatherland's city."

"Indeed, you recall them rightly. Punic deceit recently took this man from his earthly cares. He died, alas, trusting to his age, having met *the foe* in an uneven *contest*."

Too trusting was Marcellus in that <...> Mindful of his end, he moves from side to side and happily strolls with us in broad heaven. Crispinus follows at a great distance, whom the faithless host tried to destroy on that same day. But they gave slow wounds to his delayed death. The other there fell dying, while traps were hidden. Then straightway his light spirit entering this place, left his cold members there for his bloodthirsty murderer. Now comes Fabius! The greatest majesty of his deeds and of so great a name called him to live in the serene heavens. See the great commander! Although he was called Delayer by all the people, his immense glory, although tardy, was due to his plans, and flourishes. This one neither fire nor sword seized from Latium. Rather, when Punic arms were especially oppressing, an energetic old age brought him, *still* peaceful, here. Look at Gracchus, burning greatly in spirit and clamoring for battles. Through trickery, he was cut off from his strong body and *doomed* to a shameful funeral.

In addition, Fate was too envious of Aemilius Paulus. See how many wounds pierce his brave chest! On the day of Cannae's battle, thinking of Rome's pitiable fate for the last time, he refused to survive the destruction. And besides, he spurned the horse offered him and rebuffed the one asking him *and replied*: 'We have lived too long. But you, boy, honored one of the gods for the virtue of your spirit, depart and save your head, still to live. Preserve yourself for better things. Tell the Fathers to fortify the city. Tell them to strengthen the walls, to learn together to endure extreme danger. For wicked Fortune brings forth savage threats, and the bloodthirsty victor is at hand. Take my last words to Fabius. Tell him that I lived mindful of his commands. Tell him that I died with you as my witness. Now Fate and a hasty colleague have thrown everything into

great confusion. Pure valor lacked space. Impetuosity took its place. Flee while I die, lest perhaps by saying more I be the cause of your death.'

They surround him in iron as he speaks such things. He, swift, flies. Fear lightens his limbs. It put feathers on his horse and spurs on his heels. So an anxious mother bird, when a crafty serpent assails her nest, on the one hand wishes to save herself from apparent death, but on the other, miserable, she hesitates to leave her offspring behind. Devotion, finally overcome by terror, yields, and she, with wings beating at last, decides for her own benefit, and trembling looks on from a nearby tree at the fate of her young and at the beast's rage. With a cry, she, breathless, then rushes through the whole wood and hastens with a devoted screech. Thus that youth, worthy of memory, went, often casting his sad eyes behind him. He sees that great disaster arises on the field. After the general slaughter, he sees the cruel Phoenicians piercing his commander's sacred chest with dreadful blows, and he assailed heaven with a vain cry. Why do I continue? May it satisfy you to know that the multitude of youths fallen in this battle was innumerable. So too of those who died for the fatherland. Certainly though while he sought to injure us with great zeal, while he despoiled our helpless city of its brave citizens, fierce Hannibal filled heaven with our men's shades."

While his father recalls such things, his son *began*, gasping: "I confess that it has satisfied me to know what I especially wished, to see the faces of my people. As for the rest, unless you keep me from them, nothing would be better than a conversation with my second father."

"Why don't you come closer now" he said "and address him and quickly take possession of his ears, ready to hear?" With these words, he carried his step forward and

bowed his modest brow. Embracing his uncle, he began to speak thus: "You who are revered by me, truly you are no less dear to me than my father. If God has granted that my mortal eyes look upon your face, if He has opened famous Olympus and the doors of this high world to unworthy me, give, I pray, a meager hour for our conversation, for the time remaining is brief, and I am reminded that I must return to camp. Where tallest Calpe hangs over the sea, supported by the ocean's shoals, and touches heaven with her summit, there the Roman standards await me now. There they look for their commander. There, at last, rapid war pursues its end."

That most peaceful hero took the youth in his embrace and spoke thus: "If by the command of the gods you convey your mortal members high to heaven—for there could be no other giver of so great a gift; it is indeed a most high and exceptional honor that has touched you alone—it is hard to say what hope I hold out for you. To what living man have the gods yielded this path? Unless there were in you a divine spirit, Fortune, who easily gives out rewards, would in no way have given this to a man—to see arcane mysteries, to have premonitions of disasters long to come, to have foreknowledge of his own fate, to look on these blessed souls, and to set foot under the sun's gleaming doorways and towards the revolutions of such vast regions. Fortune will grant none of these, since everything is slave to the will of God. If He adorns you with such light, of what honor might others deem you worthy? And this not to one undeserving, for we have so often spied your shattered enemies, lying everywhere on the fields of Spain. We have also seen that our death is avenged. On this account, having eternal fame for your exceptional patriotism, dare *to ask* me whatever you will. For you will immediately find

my ear attentive and my mind unoccupied. Shall we then progress more swiftly and fill this brief hour in conversation?"

"Tell me," he said, "if there is life after death, as my kind father attests, and if it is truly eternal, though our own life is like death, why am I yet kept from it by staying longer on earth? Were it not better that it be permitted for my spirit, rising, to forsake the earth and fly to heaven?"

"You do not understand it well," the other said. "God has ordained, according to nature and his eternal laws, that man is to remain in watch of his body until he is recalled by a manifest edict. It is not fitting, therefore, that he hasten, but rather that he bear mildly whatever inconveniences of his brief life prevail, lest he seem to spurn God's command. Men have been born under this law so that they might hold the earthly kingdoms. For to them has been entrusted the protection of the earth and of the things the earth carries and the deep sea. Therefore, the spirit must be guarded in the flesh, by you and by all good men, and must be prevented from leaving its proper seat with noble cares and zeal and a love of seeing, lest by chance it should leap out and leave behind the body and flee the senses and carry itself to the far-off stars. This befits exceptional souls. This is the death that divine men, seeking better things, attained. But while their members are strong, the delay is brief. Understand the core of our counsel. Promote faith, justice, and all that is holy. Let holy piety dwell in your heart as the companion of your character. That great virtue is owed to your father, to your fatherland more, but most greatly and most perfectly to God. A life adorned by these is surely the path to heaven. It may keep you on the right track when your final day will take the burden of your flesh and send your soul through the pure air. I should like to have reminded you of this too—nothing of

our deeds is more pleasing to Him our Lord and Father, who rules heaven and earth, than cities with just laws and a group of men united by just relations. Whoever will raise high his fatherland with his talent or strength and will help it when oppressed, he will, by taking up arms, expect, assured without limitation, the day *when he will come* into this peaceful region, and he may seek the rewards of true life for himself, with God's justice established, which allows nothing unavenged nor lacking its reward." Having spoken thus, he applied on his ardent nephew the flames and goads of his love.

But behold, in the meantime, there was a new mass of men advancing. No one of them had a face known to him. They all had a single, burnished mode of dress, which shone like a starry lamp. In the distance, a few now heavy with old age and reverend in majesty, were surpassing all the others in their mighty visage. "This is the line of our kings, whom our people endured in our city's earliest times," he said. "Their face betrays that they are kings. There, Romulus first, the author of our famous name, that glorious parent of our people. Do you see, dearest one, how much fire is in his spirit? Our nascent powers demanded such a man. Another comes, more restrained in his gait. It was he who with a new religion checked our rough people. He was previously distinguished for the virtue of his fatherland and for Sabine Cures and was therefore transported to our citadel. Look at how, concerned by the counsel of his wife, he sets up life-giving laws and divides the coming year. Nature gave him birth, *already* aged. From his first year he had this face, gray hair, and time-worn cheeks. The third king follows. That bravest of our kings gave shape to the art of war, which now you practice. He was thunderous to see and was likewise conquered by a single thunderbolt. The fourth marks our walls with his plough and founds the Tiber's Ostia, having premonition that all the

world's wealth would gather here, connecting our two walls with the very first youthful bridge. The fifth's face is little known to me, but I suspect that he is the one whom high Corinth gave us as king long ago. It is he, without a doubt! I see his tunics and his togas, his fasces and his impressive trabeas, his curule chairs and his gleaming medals, and all the symbols of our power, along with the chariots, horses, and processions of a triumph. Slavish origin gave up the sixth in numbered order to the throne. Though his name remains servile, his mind is kingly. He cleansed the disgrace of his low birth with his deeds and virtue. He first established the census, so that Rome might know that she was mighty and that well-known, she should fear nothing too high." He had finished.

Then the other rejoined, "If I recall my readings, I had heard that the locks of seven were encircled by Romulus' crown, and I held each of the same number of names for certain. Where then is the other?" "Dearest son," he said, "idle luxury and harsh pride never rise to this place. His heinous crimes drowned him in Avernus, him whose spirit was savage, and whose name was Proud. You ask for him who ruled with the scepter for the last time. He was a brutal king, though good even in brutality, for he first thrust into our city the love of Freedom, having suffered sorrows. Look now on the happy souls amassed who hold better rule. They are true friends of virtue."

At once three eager souls came to the fore, bound arm in arm. The crowds of shades, a devoted multitude from the whole assembly, glorify them with cheerful applause. The other stood admiring: "Why is the favor of these three so great?" he asked. "What exceptional bond connects those walking together?" "The same womb and parent gave birth to each of them," the other said. "From this comes their love. Since our liberty was once entrusted to them alone, from this comes their favor. Alas, the throats

and cruel wounds of two of them! Look at how a recent, noble slash shines on both their respective chests! The fates of powerful peoples were entrusted to triplets, so that with little blood, countless corpses of one race would certainly fall. With the armies of their people divided, and with six opposing eyes, they waged a final battle. Our freedom, then trembling, like one crumbling under uncertain war, hung on the fate of one man. It was assured by the hand of one. Both his brothers had died, and Fortune had begun to favor the Alban people, until the third, surviving and unharmed, avenged the deaths of his brothers and the fate of our state, driving the victorious bodies to the ground, until he, still energetic, cut the throats of the brothers, who were divided by space and grew faint with much blood, heavy with his blows. They were exhausted from their running and their pulsing wounds. Considering this, he now rejoices. His brothers also celebrate again that they were sent to heaven with their deaths avenged. Now they, to whom his virtue gave power, encircle him, mindful *of his deed*. Why do I examine them singly? You see the thousands filling spacious heaven, do you not? There is Publicola, worthy of so great a name, distinguished before the others in patriotism, leader and father of our country."

The other, desirous of seeing them, bent his gaze, and there was a great array near where the Milky Way, encircled by countless stars, inclines towards stable Arthon. He was dumbstruck and asked about these men, their names, and their deeds. "Dear nephew, if I wished to tell you of everything that is memorable, you ought to wish for another night," he said. "Look—every star falls into the sea, and heaven is turned back. Even now Aurora's shining face, thinking of rising, quivers as she has washed away her sleep with the eastern wave. Now your father, pointing out the fleeing stars, has admonished you

with a nod and has rejected further delays. May it be enough to know that these are Roman souls, to whom there was the single care of protecting their fatherland. The greater part sought these seats with their own blood poured out and preferred eternal life through their fierce devotion, having fallen deservedly.”

Book II

His father snatches him, still intent, from such serious matters and kindly says, “It is time to go down from heaven. The favor to come here has been given to few; it is best that you leave willingly.” He replied, “Dear father, I beg you, do not be hasty! Do not fade from me, for I am still uncertain of a few things! Send me back certain of the future!” “My son,” he began, “you squander the comforts of our short time. This repose, this night’s dreams, and everything that you have ambiguously and confusedly observed, will suddenly dissipate. If, perchance, some wisps should remain in your keen mind, dreams are nevertheless untrustworthy, and you will believe that your memory has been wiped clean. Even so, I cannot refuse your request. Tell me, son, what vexes you still, and be brief, for soon you will meet swift Phoebus.”

“Sire, if you know the will of the gods, and if your eyes can see the future, I would wish to know what the Fates prepare. For I see harsh wars battering Latium with fearsome force. Faithless Hannibal stands at the gates. Everything is turned upside down and falls to ruin. They fertilize the fields with our blood. So many illustrious generals have been cut down. You two bright lights of so great an empire fell at the same time. Thus the sun was taken from Italic lands, and Rome gave way under these twin disasters. What remains? What end now awaits our lady, the City? Will she fall, or will she stand? And if we rouse our arms in vain, rid my mind of these many anxieties and heavy

concerns. Restore sleep to my eyes and rest to my limbs. For if God ordains that I and the Fatherland must fall, what profit is it to resist and to raise mortal hands against inexorable Fate? Let us die unarmed! Let savage Hannibal live and rule in all the earth!”

The brave father did not allow his son to remain indignant at heart. “Quite the contrary,” he said. “It shall fall to a soldier to beat back the one-eyed brigand from Ausonia’s borders. Then he will retreat, hostile in spirit, and will be dread to leave this foreign land, thirsting for blood and spoils, while the unhappy mob of his own country, fearful and thoroughly frightened by nearing war, will recall him and will make him withdraw homeward. Afterwards, he will reach the shores of Africa. Fearful to collide in a dreadful clash on a bloody battlefield, he will wish for parley at the front of your ranks. Beware that man’s deceptions and treacheries! Let two Romans’ dreadful ruin, ferociously perpetrated by barbarian guile, be a lesson to you. Go then and examine the cruel face of the enemy. Listen to what he has said, and as a wary sentry see through the insidious words of the aged trickster.”

“Mark my word: if you refuse and retreat, the whole world will see you as just another coward or perhaps a braggart. He, indeed, will try to twist your mind with varied wile and new trickeries, repeating in his proposals sweet peace, peace, and disguising deceit as peace, though he alone is the destroyer of peace. Truest son, stand firm, and keep your purpose. May no part of your dignity or of the fatherland perish. Seeing his sad fate face to face, he will rage. He will give his false mouth humble tones and hushed words and will warn *you*, a youth always accustomed to favorable outcomes, to weigh the changing accidents of Fortune. In a treacherous speech, he will describe the many terrors and fates of generals. When he sees that no word has moved your noble spirit, he will

become distraught, will boil with anger, will rage for weapons and war, and will return to his camp. There will be battle, which the Fates will watch with changing favor, and the entire world will fear the outcome. A more pious man will rule in our camps, an impious general in theirs. We have Virtue, the enemy of evil, and the restraint's Devotion, Decency, well-counseled Faith, Duty, her companion Justice, and the rest of the Sisters, who will brandish their arms. On the other side are Fury, Trickery, and Madness, Hearts ignorant of truth, Contempt of God, burning Lust, blind Wrath thriving on ceaseless quarrels: dreadful types, and all sorts of evil deeds."

"In the end, you will be the victor in the war, but do not let victory make you savage. Indeed, adverse fortune will suddenly strike him down. Defeated, he will flee and will land on foreign shores where the tide of the Hellespont separates Asia from Grecian lands. In desperation, he will try everything. As a suppliant, he will grasp the feet of kings and their unworthy knees and will beg for foreign troops, eager once more to bring ruin on Italic shores, should Fortune allow. But She will be kinder to us. Already sated by boundless evils, she will upset his bloodstained plans. Need I say more? A pathetic exile, he will wander and spew his venom in every land, seeking the Romans even in death. Just as when, perchance, a rockslide crushes a ferocious snake at the crossroads: it writhes, dying. It vomits threats and venom, twisting its tail and scaly form in a thousand knots-singularly awful to see. At last, bloody, it hisses, lifts up its listless eyes for the last time, and rages, in vain, against the perpetrator himself. Thus frantic, doomed to die, that man will wander a thousand paths. As you fulfill your duties to the state, you, carefree, will see him unarmed, and you will look on the savage face that terrified the world. That happy day will be accompanied by friendly talk. Ephesus

will be blessed by the conversation of such great men. Indeed, with counterfeit praise, false Fame equates the wicked with the virtuous. Throughout the world She finds great wickedness; terrible and horrendous to say, She, destitute, celebrates and does not distinguish between motives. One man aids his decaying fatherland and is praised; the other through great slaughter seeks bloodstained spoils and a kingdom for himself so that he may lie in *a bed of gold*. He too is praised. Both Hannibal and Scipio will be praised; all posterity will admire each. Alas! This pair was brought to earth mismatched and born under an unlucky star. But the mob cannot see how great the distance is between a noble deed and a foul crime. With what wondrous flatteries he will at once desire to bend your will! Either the Punic heart is always thus, or manliness reveres praise from an enemy—truly rare indeed. Perhaps this will elicit from you a true chuckle, nothing more. When he has looked back on these burdensome affairs and has surrendered to death, and, frantic, has nourished his soul on false hope, he will fearlessly come to ruin at a Bithynian palace. At last, the reckless, cruel general will drive fear from our city and from the world. You see the fate of your enemy, whom Ausonia's land endured for so long.”

“But if you eagerly require still more knowledge of Roman affairs, learn from the archives of the Fates. The present victory will make a straight and easy path to the rest. It will shame no one to seize the port that strong Carthage possesses. It will teach peoples our yoke and train them to bring tribute. Suddenly, the vain Aetolian will rise to arms; Antiochus will advance. Under your younger brother's auspices you *will* defeat him. The earthy East will know you as the West does already and also the rainy North. Then war will arise from war, but Rome will conquer all menaces and will march to the ends of the

earth. Conquered kingdoms will receive the yoke; then the Galatians and the fury of Macedon will come under her laws. Neither their royal blood nor the great deeds of their predecessors can avail them. Even if Alexander the Great, so often called back from the grave, should return—you know my opinion—in a short time, all Greece would fall prostrate, conquered, and pay harshly the price of our fallen ancestors. Now let Glabrio, the famed discipline of Memmius, and the genius of Flaminius begin to achieve greatness on account of their illustrious deeds. They compete with you in fame. Diverse challenges and a long series of labors approach. A blooming age is coming for valiant men. Now are brought before me the Scauri, the Drusi, the Metelli, distinguished with abundant titles, and the Nerones, illustrious names. In time to come, a pestilential branch will grow from that trunk. It will injure the people with its wicked shade. Now with stern virtue the Catones rise in single file. If only that house were less hateful to our own! The Aemilii rise up. From their stock, choose an heir who may earn our ancestral name with his deeds and complete your remaining work by sword and fire. Inflamed with a righteous hatred, he will be crueller to those who deserve it.”

“Let me continue at length. Now I have before my eyes fierce Sulla, the solemn Pompeii, and the brave heart of Brutus, and I am astounded at where he dares to plunge his sword. From here it has come to the peak of things, and I foresee that the Caesarian house will be master of the whole world. Why do I recount all this? At no time will our city be more richly adorned by distinguished minds and great leaders. Would anyone believe this? One, torn from his Campanian plow, will be distinguished in war. Let him carry our standards under Auster and press on Libya again. That victor will bend the necks of illustrious kings under his triumphal arch. Twice let him deliver Latium, from

oppressive siege by the worst fear. Recalled from fiery shores and suddenly commanded to cross the snowy Alps before Aquae Sextae—so they call the valley by name—let him beat back Teutonic rage in a famous slaughter. With like carnage let him next strike down the fiery Cimbri. In the hidden places of the furthest earth, where you, youth to be remembered throughout the centuries for your recent deeds, now have made your camp, a youth no less great will come. No other man more worthy has the name of great. He will force the Tagus, Baetis, and Ebro to bear our yoke and to recognize the Tiber as their master. With excessive savagery, this same man will crush a rebellious citizen. Let no jealousy take hold of your upright soul. Allow others to fly to the heights. There will be no man, and there was no such man, to whom all Glory fell. She, always whole, prepares a share for new men.”

“Life is short, but the universe goes on forever. What will happen, unless each age brings forth its own heroes who would wish to meet their fates willingly? If a single man were sufficient for the expanse of all time, the republic could have been content with you as her leader. But you will be happy here with me while wars rage and will praise that outstanding youth from heaven. I mention only a few of his countless exploits. The man’s greater deeds are too many and must be sung by those with greater poetic accomplishment. Indeed, he, as victor in headlong flight, if it be allowed to say, will, marching off, cross from sunset to sunrise and will raise the Italic name above the heavens. All will bow before him. Lavish fortune will desire to decorate this leader with many triumphs. But he will exercise restraint. His soul will be sated by just a few *rewards*, namely that the honored laurel tighten tripled round his head, that Rome see him standing on the awesome chariot three times, he will depart contented. He will banish

pirates from every sea. Steadfast Judea will be conquered along with the two Armenias, the Cappadocians, the Arabs, Ganges with her wide body, the Persians, and the Parthians. Conquering everything, we will go at last from the Red Sea to frozen Arctos and its icy earth, to Tanais and hard Maeotis, and we, at earth's limit, will touch the far-off Riphean Mountains. Worn down by long strife, their kings will flee, detesting life, royalty, and war alike."

"Our victors will trample on the Caspian's gates. They will tread Sheba and its incense-burning homes under foot. They will penetrate the virgin thresholds of the virgin temple and look on its innermost sanctum. Purple, gems, and gold will not move them. With a trembling sword, Roman Humility comes among treasures. She is unimpressed by them. No island will remain free on the wide sea, nor will any land under the fixed or wandering stars be free. Cyprus' palace will come under our flourishing empire. Crete, the immense shelter and instructor of superstitions, will come. So, too, the Euboean gulf, and Rhodes, celebrated by Phoebus and the waves. Then the Cyclades, which straddle the Aegean's depths like stars in a clear sky; the shield of mighty Sicily; rich Sardinia with its sultry climate; Corsica, poor in land but with sunny rocks; and whatever lies by the placid Tyrrhenian Sea, whatever by the Ebro, and whatever by the Adriatic."

"But who will sail to raging Ocean with a fleet? There will be one, the bravest of our descendents, who must always be praised in the vast world. He will fill Gallic farms with confused panic and will defile their rivers with gore in streams of black. Then, in a swift battle, he will trample on the golden-haired Britanni, remote in distant sky, land, and sea. With bridges he will span the Rhine that contends with an unconquered flood.

Taking hold of hostile borders, he will make sorrowful war on the blue-eyed Germans with his soldiery.”

“Oh, if only that blessed man knew how to put some limit on his weapon! Alas, he will not. Wretched, he will be unwilling; with whirling mind he will turn his all-conquering hands against the republic’s soft underbelly, polluting foreign battles with civil war, fouling worthy triumphs with unworthy slaughter. Nevertheless, it shames me that he dishonors his many great deeds with infamous fury. How shamelessly ambition tramples all else, so that one man might claim an entire empire for himself. He will be first, an example for the rest. Haughty, he will loot the treasury. He will choose a new Senatorial class. I wholly omit Pharsalian deaths, Ephirean clashes, Thapsus, Munda, and the Capitoline, stained with blood.”

“His nephew, a much greater man than he, will follow him, coming from his sister’s illustrious stock. He will bring the far-flung Indians under our laws and will take Egypt by force and seize the wife of a Roman leader as she shakes her barbaric rattles. He will flash with the sword all his life and crush exalted kings underfoot. He will teach savage Ister and the land that lies beneath the twin Bears to heed the Roman fasces. Carried to the city with three triumphs, according to custom, he will proclaim laws, not yet known, to the whole world. Exalted on the highest throne, he will see scepters submitted to him. He will see high kings and throngs of people, all inflamed by a desire to please him, bring him gifts. Now older, he will crush the stubborn Iberians. That will be his final labor. Peaceful ages will follow from it. Then the gloomy doors of two-faced Janus will be shut, and its bronze-clad posts will be joined at the hinge. Then venerable old age will take him, heavy and moribund, from his beloved wife’s caress and

embrace and send him to the grave. After his death, I see Rome's destiny receding, its noble traditions disgracefully decaying. Woe is me! Why must you die? Our house's descendants will die with you. But you, having received your due, will reach heaven's high dome. What of the rabble to come? They will be the world's laughingstock, a disgrace to their noble race. They will look on that which they deserve, Tartarus and the Stygian caves. And yet, I am too hasty. I see father and son, equally noble, in doubled triumph on the joyful Capitoline. She is verdant with paired laurels. There is also a double purple. I seem not to see two chariots. Instead, Piety, carefree, passes in one alone. It is an extraordinary sight indeed and a most propitious omen. Jerusalem and its glorious faith, conquered by the sword, will fall at the hands of these leaders. It will be heaven's will that these two destroy sacred rites with their swords. The people will be able to earn the wages of their sins. It pains me to go further, for foreigners of Hispanic and African stock will take the scepters and the glory of empire, won by us with such great labor. Who can bear that these dregs of humanity, these disgraced leavings of our sword, attain to the heights of affairs?"

Since he could not check his father's grief he interrupted him in mid-speech, in tears, saying, "Dear father, what a wretched thing you relate! Will such a fortune be permitted? First let the stars, wrenched from heaven, fall to the Stygian marshes! First let the fierce judge of Orcus be triumphant over the lofty throne of the sky, and let him thunder from heaven's stronghold, ere conquering Africa should seize Rome's laws and eternal name!"

He did not leave him in distress for long and said, "I beg you, cast aside your tears and your fear. Latin honor will survive. The Roman Empire will always be called by a

single name, but the man who holds its reigns will not always be Roman. In fact, effeminate Syria will stretch out her hand. So will hard Gaul, loquacious Greece, and Illyricum. The power will rest at last with Boreas. So shall the Fates spin human affairs. Perhaps in far-off years at the end of earth's ruin, Fortune will return it to its proper seat. Look deeper and seek the rest of our city's fate. This is one of many things that God on high shrouds in mist. Know that, as much as is permitted to the soul's divining, Rome will not come to ruin, conquered by the enemy. This glory was given to no other nation. To no other people has so great an honor been given."

"Rome will be conquered by passing years. Little by little she will grow old, enfeebled by neglect, and will fall to crumbles. No age will ever be free of civil strife and frenzied wars. The time will come when there will be scarcely one true Roman citizen in our city. Rather, there will be humanity's dregs, gathered from every land. Yet this mob, barely civilized, will wound itself with bloody swords. Unless a man worthy of being born at a better time plants himself in the middle of the fight and shows his hands and the front of his face, whatever remains of blood in their wretched hearts they pour out from mutual wounds. Have this comfort: Rome, founded long ago under powerful stars, though disfigured by factions and gangs of evil men, will endure for a long time and, in this pestilence, will be, although barely by name, queen of the world. This sacred title will never leave her. Just as vigor deserts an aged lion, though his former countenance and his fearsome roar remain on his face, he, nevertheless, is slow to do anything. Although he may be a shadow, the whole forest is still subject to the defenseless relic. Who would dare to discover the end of such things for certain or set it out beforehand?

Shall I go on? In the end, Rome, though ruined, will live out her life's span. She will come to the last age and will perish with the world.”

Thus he spoke. Sighing from the depths of his heart, he fell silent. With his right hand, he led his son as he followed him down a shining path. Now they were treading on heaven's downward-curving dome. They were leaving the heights with light steps. The high morning star it was that struck their backs with light, yet there was only one shadow for the two men, and buxom Cynthia, descending from the peak, was radiant, facing her brother, Atlas.

Once again the father broke the silence. The world stood, enraptured by excellent sweetness, and the stars held their eternal courses. “My son,” he said, “solace of your ancestor and best portion of my life, who will increase our delights in happy heaven, you act so that I, already blessed, seem happier when I look upon a mortal, which I did not expect. Open your faithful ears to me and carry home your heart, filled with truth. Our delay must be short, for the night's hateful shadows have departed, and the sea now buries the stars in its waves. Everything that has been born dies and grows weak when aged. Nothing in mortal affairs is lasting. How can a man and his people hope for what mother Rome cannot? The centuries will slip by with little suffering. Ages will pass. You will hasten to your death. You are a shade, light ash or a bit of smoke, which even the wind may move. For what purpose is glory gained by blood? To what purpose are great labors in a fleeting world? Though you wish to stay, heaven's swiftest flights cast you down. Do you see how close our shameful empire's boundaries extend? With what great labor we stretched them! Now with how much danger must you likewise guard these things! Do what can be done, and it will be accomplished, unless these fruitful

undertakings displease the Fates. Let Rome alone be the head of the entire world. Let her alone be mistress of conquered lands.”

“Is it still a great thing? Do you find it worthy of such a name? The world is an island wedged in a small space by narrow boundaries, which winding Ocean embraces in his ambit. Do you not see how small it is, though great of name? Nor do you inhabit it all. For the marshes hold many, as do the forests. The rougher part is weighed down by crags, and another is stiffened by ice. The scorched part is burned by heat. Fire covers the homes of serpents with searing sands. Turn your eyes this way so that you may see the whole thing at once. Do you see that each pole that stands at heaven’s peaks supporting the heights has been made subject to and hardened by everlasting ice? The race of men has been forbidden from that far-off land. Nothing grows there that can sustain life. There the path of the sun is wider, its slanting circle goes among the wandering stars, the fields redden with fire, the great middle sea boils, and its subterranean liquid cools heaven’s fire poorly. The Argolic poets pretended that the gods once met there. Restored by food and drink, they spent a peaceful night under Atlas’ shade in divine tranquility with the great king of the Ethiopians. They made this fiction because they believed the stars were great divinities that began life in the flowing waves that the Ethiopians’ shore holds, and which appear to slant, weary, towards sunset, where great Atlas, who is master of the farthest of lands, juts out. He is ready to receive them as they come and hides them in his great cavern.”

“But *now I must return to my main subject*: it is forbidden to travel to the middle region. In one place at length the sky’s cruelty drives you off, but at another the frosts are mixed with flames and melt. For this reason, mortals enjoy twin homes, but the one

is inaccessible to the other. Heat and sea separate them. A single, tiny place remains, but it too is isolated in a vast and empty land. At that place there are a cacophonous chattering of languages and hostile ways of life. These will prevent the spread of that place's fame. To be known by the whole world has belonged to no one. Who will be well known to those in the farthest Arctic, and whose name will touch the unknown source of the Nile? Would the same thing that earns glory at Toprobane also resound at the Hibernian shore? To what end do mortal offerings hasten? They desire to spread their fame far and wide, but confining walls forbid it. Great dreams come to the aid of those shut up in a crowded prison. But when the last light shakes off the dream and takes away the shadows, then, at that late hour, the wretches begin to see the truth. And they will look back on their lives in vain. And they depart wailing about lost things."

"This ridiculous delusion also occupies the minds of you who desire to make an eternal name for yourselves. The many ages entice your spirits, and long posterity comes before your eyes. To cross the lips of learned men is pleasing to the dead. To wander down an unobstructed path to the ends of the earth is the pleasure of those who are consigned to the grave. To live after death, to spurn cruel fate—these, I admit, are sweet, but to live in name alone is nothing. Live the better life, the surer life. Blessed, ascend heaven's heights and leave the wretched earth behind. A life awaits you here that the passage of time will not disturb, that sad winter and hateful summer cannot bend, that neither fickle wealth nor wretched poverty will render shaken or unhappy, that pale death will not bury, nor will diseases of mind and body, brought on by an unlucky star, ail you. Live unconstrained by time, for the time to come will destroy you and the name gained by great deeds. Those things you think enduring will quickly perish. Virtue alone,

ignorant of death, can endure. She fashions the path to the gods. Strengthened by her, go forth. May your weary backs not quail before this heavy task.”

“But if false glory lures your wandering mind, consider what you desire. Time will pass, your body will decay, and its members will rot in a shameful tomb. Your grave will quickly fall to ruin, and your honors, cut in marble, will be effaced. Then, son, you will suffer a second death. Your illustrious deeds, recorded in blessed books, will live longer, but they too will suffer in obscurity. The age to come will speak your praises, but it too, wearied by time, will fall silent, and, after long centuries, will give you forgetful offspring. You do great things, but you will do things greater still. As victor you will direct great battles with your hand, most worthy of fame. Indeed, your deeds have been praised by many, and they must be praised by many more.”

“Now, my son, I seem to see a youth, born in Etruscan territory after many centuries, who recounts your deeds and comes to us as a second Ennius. Each is dear to me. Each should be remembered for his zeal. One brought his unpolished Muses to Latium with rough melody, but the other will stay them with song even as they flee. Each will sing our labors with his own style and will strive to prolong our brief lives. Truly he is dearer to me by much who in the distant future will cast his glance back at our time, because no compulsion or prize will interfere with his enthusiasm, neither fear nor hatred, nor expectation of our favor, but only esteem for our great deeds and love of truth.”

“Yet what does all this profit? A book’s death will come suddenly, for that which mortal labor wrought with futile effort must also be mortal. Even if your descendants wished to preserve it, they could not resist the ravages of age, nor could they be alert and

stand against advancing time, for many things prevent them: deadly floods upon the earth and fires that consume entire nations; diverse diseases, born by sea and air; the fury of battles that allows no peace to remain anywhere on earth, while earth itself meets death with its books dying likewise. So there remains for you a third death. Do you but consider how many famous men there are in the Far East or in the South? Yet they could not send their names to you. How many were those illustrious men who in early times dared hope for eternal fame, but are now unknown? You, my son, are bound by the confines of time and space. It is fitting that he who recognizes this direct his mind to this fact. The foolish mob will have learned from the world how they ought speak of you. Despise whatever it is, and if my commands warrant your attention, I order you to scorn human favor and to put no hope therein. Let noblest Virtue beguile you with her enticements. If Glory were the object of your devotion, you would surely find it, but you would not long stay by her side. But if, my son, you store up treasures in heaven, you will have something that you may always possess, blessed without end and beyond measure. But if you are touched by fame's sweetness and are even now pricked by its goads, I promise you that your glory has been assured by your labor. The reward that you, my son, desire will come. Even though you may flee, she will follow you, even unwilling. As his body's shadow follows the wanderer under the sun, so *glory* follows you. Wherever you turn your step, it will turn. If you stand, it stands. So reputation follows both the willing and the unwilling. Would you not call him foolish who walks in dry dust just to see the shadow behind his rear? He is no more sensible who spent his life and wearied his body in vain and burdened his mind with anxiety, demanding no praise but the empty whispering of people at the crossroads. What is then my point, you ask?

Let me tell you. Let him go so as to achieve his goal, let his shadow follow him going on his way; let another work towards love of Virtue. Let heaven be his destination, not glory, which, even though spurned, follows his deserving deeds.”

“Therefore, take the high road that I show you, or, better yet, do not abandon the hard path you have already undertaken. May the republic thrive when you are her leader! May she sit as victor in Fortune’s highest zenith! Whatever you do the peaceful king of all-covering Olympus will observe from the stars. He will be pleased by your dignity, and he will be no more pleased by any deed than to see that you remain a support for your ailing country and that you hold the name of Scipio deservedly along with the cognomen your deeds will give you. I remind you of one more thing—impress it on your mind—after devotion to what is right and love of the fatherland, let your next concerns be for your friends. Eagerly embrace those friendships that Virtue brings about and nurture those that have just begun. Give friendship to those who ask. You will experience nothing greater in human dealings than the mutual intimacy and faithful heart of a friend. Indeed, a certain Laelius, truest of all, is with you now. May he know your secrets and be your aide. Let him earn your affection and peer into those depths of your heart that are concealed from the rest. After much time, your house will have a second Laelius. He will be dear to our famous descendent and will be likewise joined to him by a singular bond.”

“In the future many will err concerning this. Laelius and Scipio alike will be celebrated as unique among all those friends whom the earth has produced since its very beginning, although they are two pairs, separated by a long period of time. Take yours first, and although you are high-born, do not spurn a friend of humble birth, since

respected men, whom living Virtue made equal to the nobles and whose souls are unequal to their parentage, have risen from among the commoners. He had spoken.

But the other responded, “As yet, I have followed in your footsteps. Never have I failed, mindful of our ancestral dignity. Nevertheless, being advised and more alert, I will go wherever you, holy father, call me. Still, I am puzzled that you, dear father, who warns me of many things, keep silent about my fate.” He answered grimly, “Indeed! May your virtue, dear son, teach you to endure many hardships. You cannot know what evils your final fate reserves for your noble project. Alas, it pains and shames me to say it! But although you may have an ungrateful country, depart, content with light vengeance. You must neither rattle your weapons nor mobilize your camp, although perhaps you could. It is best to endure whatever fortune *brings*. Neither lose the fatherland you saved nor damage your dignity. She sends you into exile? Depart. She does not recall you? Stay. As her most famous exile, avenge the dishonor she brought you while living and deny the fatherland your ashes and your bones. Call her ungrateful and inscribe it on your unforgetting tomb. May that much suffice. Allow nothing more. Even now, I am forbidden to prolong this respite. Remember your father. Farewell, my son. Gently guide your growing brother. May he trace his path through your footsteps.” He spoke and equaled the fleeting stars in his swiftness.

Meanwhile, the rising sun shone above the tents and invaded the general’s hard bed with ruddy light. The camp’s bugle rang out, and struck by the terrible noise, he left sleep and father behind.

Book III

Then the fiery Sun unleashed his swift horses and overpowered the starry sky, and all the stars withdrew in trembling flight. The great hero arose, considering everything the night's quiet had brought him through its shadows. "Why did I not steal sweet kisses from my father? Why did I not seize him and catch him in my hand as he started to leave? Why did the night end so soon? Why could it not be prolonged in gentle conversation? I would have asked him many more things: on which battlefields our last troops assemble, or what part of the sea; how much trust there ought to be in alliances; how faithful are the barbarous hearts of kings; in what land my tomb will be, or what type of death the mastering lot keeps for me and my brother; what the death and fate of my beloved cousin will be, since his virtue is already known; whether sinful injustice against our beloved fatherland threatens everyone or me alone. But perhaps it may be better that I remain ignorant, lest Virtue, knowing the end, draw back her linen sails in the face of an opposing wind. Rather, finish what has been begun, and forgive your raging fatherland, for it knows not what it does."

Thus he thought to himself and commanded that his friend Laelius be summoned straightway. Laelius came at once and was silent and unmoving as he looked on Scipio's eyes and awesome brow. Scipio spoke: "Dearest Laelius, my mind is greatly disturbed. What we two have accomplished would perhaps be enough for others, yet how small a thing it is amongst Italian disasters and wretched fate to have broken Hispanic battlelines! We have campaigned without danger. How unworthy of our arms is that deed, if it should not be completed once undertaken! We seem to have feared the sight of their dreadful general, and we have neither dared to wish to clash on battlefields distant from

our ancestral land nor to defend the dear walls of besieged Rome. Will our citizens and enemies call us to exile or retreat? I do not know how much fighting spirit or toughness there is in you, but I cannot hope that there is anything common about you. For others, it is a great and remarkable deed to have begun, but that is not enough for me, as long as something else remains. I myself will see to it that Hannibal, spewing out his last, wicked breath, appeases all our leaders, and that Faithless Carthage sooner sink into the abyss before the deep anger in my heart fall silent. I would gladly die if by my death the sorrowful wounds of the Punics were equaled to our own. Will not God, the avenger of so many crimes, stir his just spears for our cause? Surely thunderbolts will not rain down from heaven. Surely cloudy Atlas, shield of the land and guardian of wicked earth, will not freely quit his place, torn up from his deepest root; cast out ranks of serpents and mountains of burning sand; and make way for the howling Southerlies. Surely sluggish Bagradas, harsher than the frozen Ister, will not shatter Carthage's disreputable walls in a whirling abyss and cover her shameful people with avenging waves. We have conquered, though unproved arms hold our weapons. God, detesting their many lies, will finish our war. Nevertheless, I foresee that this burden falls on our shoulders. I detest delay, but it is necessary to consider carefully many things and to see disasters that approach from afar. All Africa burns with hate: neither shore, nor port, nor home show us hospitality, nor do the lands offer us nourishment. Wherever you cast your gaze, everything you see is hostile. Where would our fleet dock? What fields would our troops take? Where will our generals pitch their tents? Who will show us the safe path? Who would teach us about the countryside, the cities, and the customs of the people? Who would lead our anxious cohorts to cross the fords of the deep river? These matters

must be considered by a sharp mind. First, I would like to see if there is any honesty in barbarian hearts. Perhaps you have heard the name of Syphax. Rumor has it that he surpasses all kings in wealth; no one nobler by blood of ancestors or richer in fertility of kingdom by citizens breathes. We must test him: if the reputation of the Latin name was able to penetrate even the Libyan deserts, perhaps he will be persuaded by a delegation and obliging requests. For indeed, glory often charms barbarian hearts and savage spirits. When we invade that hostile country—for that is my intention—I think his shores would be suitable and convenient when the war is begun. This task is given to you, noble man, for there is in you honeyed speech and the remarkable cunning of a gentle mind. Go to entice and tame his savage spirit with your speech.”

He had spoken. Laelius was examining the rope he had cast off from land as he overcame the watery straits that divide the Iberian shore from the Libyan sands of the small sea’s swell. The day took him to Mauretanian territory. Then he went straightway to the king. <.....> The palace arose, supported by snowy columns. The royal chamber beamed, decorated with golden metal. <.....> A mass of gems of various types from all the world shone radiant. Here and there you could see saffron and emerald-colored jewels glittering on the high ceiling like stars. A golden Zodiac in the central arch of its winding path was constantly taking slanting courses at its highest peak. There crafty Atlas, not yet stone, had by his cunning enclosed seven gems in a row, like the seven wandering stars that heaven holds. One, slower than the rest, could melt an old man’s frozen heart. One further off and tinged with red was menacing. Still another seemed to go about with gentle rays as it made the ceiling glitter with a pleasant light. In the center, an enormous garnet equaled the sun’s radiance and conquered the shadows with its

plentiful light. On account of its wondrous power, you might think it made its own days and dispelled night, as does the sun. Behind it, two lights shone with equal effect. The more golden one went on its path slowly and enflamed sudden passions in the hearts of the observer. Dark but shimmering with heavenly rays, the moon, swift, rushed down her headlong path, bending her horns of dusky steel.

Above, all around, were seen different carved animals with odd expressions and frightening shapes. At the front of the row stood Aries with horns twisted and face turned back, as if unhappily mourning the corpse of the famous maiden floating in the waves. Next came fierce Taurus and the beauty of Agenor's daughter set upon his swimming *back*. Then came the handsome bodies of two youths, Leda's progeny, a Noble Pair of Brothers. Fourth came the bristly sight of briny Cancer, whom the fearsome face of swift Leo followed. After him came most beautiful Virgo of rosy cheek. Then came the arms of weighty Libra, extended on both sides. They weigh the unstable hours in equal measure. Scorpio next—he scans the ceiling with his menacing tail and shows his immense Claws. Then the Thessalian monster, the visage of a Hideous Half-Man, whose face and arms are human, looking like an old man with a drawn bow—horrible to meet!—and girded by an ivory quiver; he has the lower half of a four-footed creature. Next to him the simple form of two-horned Capricorn rose up to the ceiling; his horns shone a golden red as his foot stiffened on its cloven hoof. After him *came* the huge likeness of a naked man, his face veiled by a black cloud, as if poised to pour out Waters from heaven. And the Pisces swam in the graven sea, cutting the waves with their breasts and quivering tails.

While they hastily examined the twelve signs with their roving gaze, they marveled at the work and followed each one. From all directions, flashing with gold, the splendor of gods, the beauty of heroes, and the deeds of ancestors met them. Jupiter, proud on his exalted throne, scepter in hand, stood before the others, brandishing a thunderbolt. Jove's shield bearer was raising an Idean youth to heaven in its talons. Then with heavy step and sad in old age came rustic Saturn in rude appearance, adorned with covered head and grey cloak and bearing hoe and scythe, a father devouring his children. Then a fire-breathing dragon, holding the end of its twisted tail in its mouth, was coiling itself in great circles. Not much further on could be seen Neptune, spreading his horns in an immense ring and baring his nimble trident against the confined waters, swimming in the deep sea as massed Tritons and Nymphs wandered around and showered their distant water king with praises. His horse, summoned by an earthquake, rises from the sea and beats the sandy beach with his swift hooves.

Next was long-haired Apollo, with a beardless face—here a boy, here a youth, and with not much time having passed, hoary. His sacred horse was standing before his feet, swift and raring, shaking the ground; he champed at his bit. Beside him sits a strange and immense monster with a three-mawed mouth. He is calm and charmed by the one who protects him. On his right he has a dog, but on his dark left a hungry wolf, and in the middle is a lion. These heads are joined together by a coiled serpent and show that time is fleeting. Indeed, the image of the cithara seemed to sing to the ears with a quiet, plucking song. On Apollo's back were a quiver, a winged bow, and arrows. And monstrous Python was there, lying in the twisting cave of Cirrha. Here too was the shade of sweet, fragrant, verdant laurel in gold that was the desire of Greek and Italic poets and

revived the nine Muses in their lair. You would suppose that they charmed the enduring stars with songs of different types in different octaves.

Apollo's younger brother comes by his side. His face itself proves him malicious. He bears a rod twisted with snakes. His head wears an exquisitely decorated cap, and winged sandals surround his feet with shining feathers. The rooster stands at attention, and Argus is slain by his curved sword. His young betrothed sits at his left; she glories in her exceptional beauty but seldom rejoices at the sight of her dowry. Near her stands the scandal of the Gorgon sisters. Perseus, severing the snake-haired head with his fraternal sword, with neck turned back and fixed on his mirror. Here too are the old man turned to stone; the monster born from blood, a winged steed; and the sacred font of the nurturing Muses.

After them comes the raging image of deadly Mars standing on his bloody chariot. Here is the wolf. Here are the Furies, hoarsely shrieking miseries. He stood with a gleaming helmet on his head and flail in his hand. Here too is Vulcan with his disgrace. By craft he looks on his wife's hidden betrayals and prepares to leave but is hindered by his lame foot. The mob of gods looks on him, and the stars ridicule the limping husband.

Now you could see Pan, chest decorated with stars, holding his horns and ruddy face skyward. His shaggy legs stiffen, he treads in caves on goat's hooves, and, like a shepherd, he carries a crooked staff. His large pipe, crafted by him of seven reeds, sings out. Close by, holding her scepter, sat the queen of goddesses, Jove's dear sister and exalted wife. Her head has been veiled on high in a glorious cloud, which Iris, appearing in various colors, encircles, and peacocks lick the footsteps of their mistress.

Next is the armored image of dreadful Minerva, the Virgin, as they say. In her right hand is a long spear, and her lofty helmet shakes its crest. A crystal shield bearing a Gorgon's face protects her. At night, a bird flies near the goddess as she peers into the shadows. The Cecropian field gives birth to fresh olives. She who was born from Jove's brow mocks Venus' shameful birth, her sister's foul origin. Nude Venus, wanton, made up in rose and purple, drove a conch, swimming in the sea, where, it is said, was the goddess' disgraceful birth. Always keeping doves, she was accompanied by three naked girls, of whom the first was turned away from us, but the other two fixed their gaze on us, their fair arms entwined in the other's. Neither was absent the winged boy nor the quiver on his back, full of sharp arrows, nor his deadly bow. Flinging one of his many, he left one stuck in Apollo. At this the high ones rumbled in heaven. The naughty boy hid in the lap of his dear mother.

Then Diana fills the entire wood with choirs of Dryads. Oreades and nimble Fauns and Satyrs follow, stamping in a circle, and Diana's dear shepherd snores in a green meadow. At that shining spring, wretched Actaeon spied her bathing her most beautiful arms; just then he himself was suddenly torn apart by his dogs' teeth. The sacred doe dies for her, but the goddess cannot in this way be satisfied by the Scythian altars.

Last is mother Cybele, to whom no land was dearer than Ida. The aged woman was sitting, spreading out her massive frame and awesome with her key and scepter. Dignified by varied dress and mother of many, she had upon her head a lofty crown made of Phrygian ramparts. Indeed, the ancients say she bore all the gods and the Thunderer himself. It may be truly said that from her capricious womb the same goddess brought

forth the savage giants, who were for centuries an unspeakable pestilence upon the earth. She is carried on a chariot by the mastered necks of lions.

At a distance, the wild lord of the netherworld stands on his sulphury throne and rules over gloomy Tartarus. Next to him sits his unhappy bride, kidnapped long ago—so the story goes—in the valley of Sicilian Aetna. Here are the grief and groaning of souls who pay for their crimes. You can see the nine pallid kingdoms, separated by gates, as the black swells of the Stygian abyss flow by. Acheron, gloomier still, glides past and, as it thickens, covers the curdled marsh with muck. Cocytus, moaning and rising as it encircles Avernus with its tearful stream, makes its way through caves and choirs of shades on its banks. Here too are Phlegethon's abyss with its scorching water; silent Lethe's troughs that pour out forgetfulness; and the ancient one who, sitting on his black ship and steering with his oar, conveys souls across the sad river. The Stygian king with his unpitied wife, gazing through the boundless darkness, regards all this and nourishes his pale eyes on the varied punishments. With a fierce command, he brings his servants to heel. Death, Sadness, the Furies, and the Fates with their spinning thread attend him. The three-headed doorkeeper of the dark city lies under his feet.

All these things were with different methods and in wondrous order engraved, plunging from the kingdom of the gods to the lowest center of the earth. <...> Laelius, examining all this, saw nothing cheaper than purest gold. He trod on what was considered dear. Then at length, having come to the end of the great hall, he met the king. The king rose from his proud throne and kindly sought his guest's embrace. They then sat down. Next Laelius began to speak in a calm voice: "Greatest king, whom Chance deems worthy of so great a friend that the Sun, looking down at everything as it

returns from the Indian shore while it seeks its Hesperian bed, does not see, has not seen, and, unless I am mistaken, will not see; hear me lest my words pass through inattentive ears! Scipio, greatest and most famous in the great world, commands that you be well! If ever anything is holy and faithful, if faith is genuine, if the cultivation of honor endures among the nations, these are most greatly so in a single people, and a single man of that people has their essence. Rome is the world's head, and Scipio is her greatest general. Nor, truly, do I spin lies. Now, king, he demands your friendship. You have seen the ways of Punic hearts, how shaky is their loyalty. Believe me, if Fortune gave them a favorable outcome to this war—may the God of gods prevent it—the condition of your kingdom would be much worse, and your life would be exposed to many dangers. No spirit of love but terror alone keeps them back. But the Romans have no truer skill than the keeping of faith. Nothing is dearer. Dear friends are counted by us as great wealth. The truth of this is in not far distant Spain and Ausonia. And now you, Africa, put the faith and promises of the toga-clad people to the test. You see that nothing is more beneficial to you than our friendship. We are far away, whence few disturbances may be dreaded. If called, we will cross the vast ocean with our fleets prepared for the weakest wind. When that time comes, our arms, shining with yours in the thick of the battlefield, will oppose your surprised enemies. Besides, unless cruel Fortune wantonly blocks the path we choose and interrupts us in the middle of things, the desire to remove the mobs of kings and to take the scepter from unworthy tyrants so that everything should revert to the few stays fixed in our people, for a country's best condition is under a single ruler. Evil prevails in a lawless mob of rulers. For this reason, all Africa should likewise return

to the governance of a single king. I leave out the rest, for who else more worthy than you resides between the Atlantic and the Red Sea?"

"Moreover, do not scorn the gifts of your powerful friend. For he has sent you a swift mount, born on Apulia's borders and fit for war, who in speed matches Auster's gusts and the crashing bolts of the deadly Thunderer. On your horse he places ornaments and for his snow-white neck a golden collar that once was stolen from a Samnite tyrant. For the man he adds armor strengthened by the hardest ores that fertile Elba brings forth from her diverse metals. See your black helmet and your gleaming sword; see how large the plate that protects your chest and how comfortable your greaves. See how interwoven purple twinkles on its many knots and how it veils the dark iron. See how the iron spike glitters like yellow gold and how the spear strikes afar. See how the shield with its opposing curve deflects the wounds of swords. I pray you, hereafter carry Roman standards into battle. You will obtain good fortune as great Scipio's friend. Wishing this, he and Rome entreat you: keep this agreement, and form an alliance. May this day be doubly auspicious for us both and be always celebrated as good on the shores of Europe and Libya." When he had spoken, he fell silent and relaxed his voice and face at the same time.

Then the king, well-pleased, responded: "Roman, I happily embrace your proposal, and I scorn neither the gifts of so great a friend nor your trust. But I fear to join as your ally and to be thrust suddenly by my own free-will into new dangers, unless you have your bold leader appear in person. My greatest wish is to grasp his conquering hand. That would be a trusty pledge of alliance and a symbol of peace to come in the future. Indeed, we know how great his virtue is, how illustrious his fame throughout the

world. No one more distinguished lives in the Roman Empire, and no one more powerful moves spirits with his voice or stirs hearts with his brow. We are impressed by his dignity and his name itself, and we desire a meeting with your leader. May right hand shake right hand, and may eye meet eye. May my words mix with his, and may his presence lend credence to his reputation. For our hearts are not so uncivilized, and the spirit that resides in our breast is not so barbarous that beauty cannot move our eyes and that conspicuous virtue cannot entice and capture our souls. Great concern for my unstable kingdom holds me back, and my fertile realm, surrounded by tyrants, prevents me from abandoning my ancestral borders. I would have gone to see him, and there would have been no small glory in that deed, to seek so great a friend across the sea. But he, whom the tough bridle of ignoble fear does not impede, whom youth urges to bear more patiently whatever ill, if our alliance is his concern—there is safe passage through the waves—if you trust me at all, he may wish to meet at my palace and enjoy a friendly conversation. Still, among all these concerns, the growing darkness and the day’s last hour remind us to go to our meal.”

He spoke, and rising from the throne, he took Laelius’ right hand in his with kindness and placed him, as was their custom, on a lofty couch of purple. A trumpet gave the expected signal throughout the wide halls. The servants assembled and rushed around in busy squadrons. It was no mean feast—for these men, it was not a simple matter of changing out the drinks. Some carried a golden vase, others shining *goblets* of pure crystal. Others were filling a gem-encrusted crater with the sparkling wine that mother Meroe, inflamed by nearby Phoebus, had sent long ago. The palace burned with splendor and resounded with commotion. Such things as were at their table—unless you doubt

Homer's witness—were at Alcinous' feast. Laelius, with honeyed speech, sat here as friendly guest, where once had sat wily Ulysses.

Scarcely had the end of the feasting come when a youth, dressed in purple, stood before their eyes and struck his melodious lyre according to his country's custom. All were astounded by the wondrous sweetness. Words soon followed what was sounded: "Great Alcides, after he subdued fierce monsters throughout the earth and, still living, forged himself a path to the stars, leaving behind the Nemean glades and the Lernian marsh and with the jaws of Haemonia having been cut long ago, the fearsome hills of shady Erymanthia and with two famous cities having been razed and with the lofty manbeasts having been prostrated and with Geryon slain, he, emboldened and honored by these deeds, brought his step to our lands, struck down our perils, and slew Antaeus in our ancestral fatherland. From this, liberty came to us; the most foul pestilence, pushed down by the Herculean fist, left everything safe, far and wide, and the countryside lay open for new inhabitants. When everything had been expelled, he knew that the world had been pacified. He fearlessly sought Orcus' threshold and dared to examine fearsome Megera up close. Not far from our borders he raised a tall monument, twin pillars on the roaring sea. He appointed them to be the end of the far-wandered world. And it was that way a long time, but of late a wild youth, coming from the east, has dared to cross this boundary. So far, he has been unable to erase the name of Hercules, its founder, to whom ancient Atlas, exhausted by the excessive weight, resigned the heavens and the stars when he was in Libya's fields. Then Atlas rested. But he did not have long respite, for soon the lamentable wretch was enchanted by sweetness. He dared meet Medusa's gaze and was turned to stone. We see him even now. He stands, massive, and covers the earth

with his immense shadow. He lies stretched out over a wide space and touches the stars with his peak. Snow is always his companion. Clouds and winds, lightning and rain, shake him. But after his fall, he has not long remained unavenged, for his avenger came from Arcadia and, with awesome Pallas' skill, carried off the monster's severed head. Her gore, with wicked blood of poured out putrefaction, poisoned the Libyan sands. So, living and dying, Medusa brought ruin on the world."

"Afterwards, a queen, leaving Tyre, built great walls on our borders and founded the great city of Carthage. From that act came its name. Then, having scorned marriage to a nearby king, although the people's prayers urged her, she would not forget her previous husband and sealed her chastity with death. In this way, the savage queen, her city's founder, died. How many wrongs will she bear if indeed anyone—because it cannot be believed—should place trust in trickery, which playing a song, turns her holy name to forbidden passion! The city, founded by these means, flourished in a short time. Hatred, always joined to prosperous events, called for war against powerful nations. At that time lived vigorous men, the Philaenian brothers, whom even now, though they have perished, Carthage pays cult for their love of country and judges them to have increased the number of gods and worships at an altar of the twin divinities. If they, desiring to live, had denied their fatherland their lives, many thousands would have fallen on the battlefield of Cyrene."

"This latest age is now oppressed by raging warfare. Neither that which rages on the middle sea nor grasping Scylla joined to Charybdis keeps the Punics from Italic borders. Hannibal, worthy of eternal name, has penetrated the Latian mountains and with vinegar broken through their impassible rocks. He has made an easy path for his legions

where wild goats are wont to totter. We are confronted from every direction: now your fields grow wet with blood; now your fountains are reddened; now the grass shoots up a higher head in Italic fields; unexpectedly, a youth to be remembered, sent down from heaven, arrives and bears his fatherland's ruin on his shoulders. Spain sees him and his famous deeds, and now Africa hears them. So now the Fortune of the two leaders stands uncertain; so now he wavers under the strain. The end will be whatever the Fates ordain, but great deeds will be done."

When he had brought his song this far, the lyre player suddenly fell silent and struck his lyre mute with his finger. The applause of the nobles and the favor of the people followed this song. Then the king resumed: "Dear guest, you have heard of our origin and of the Libyan plight, and you see the beginnings of our race. If thanks are due these words, regale us with tales of your origins and leaders."

Then the other, gently smiling, responded: "Great king, what a heap of deeds you demand! Do you perchance imagine that you could hear of our great deeds in a short time? A mere year would be too brief for such tales—you want to discuss it all in the span of a crowded night, of which the greater part is past. Now my tongue stops flying; concerns, and sleep, and hardship all prevent it. Among these, there is no time to hold in conversation, though I am willing. Who could easily explain how through long centuries Italy raged against the battle lines of the Etruscans, how many Samnite wars there were, and how many times the Gauls fled with their army routed? Or our deeds in this land or in the middle of the sea, where Chance had brought both fleets forward as they approached with hostile oarsmen? Or the disasters that unhappy Spain has

endured—rivers, filled with corpses, unable to hold their course; and fields always reeking of fresh slaughter.”

“Our leaders have done these things. Scarcely the thousandth part of all their deeds is recorded in the depths of our annals. If perchance it pleases you, Scipio will send you the documents from the Tarpeian citadel. For there the official storehouse of the temple preserves the records of our deeds. There you can read many things, and although you would think it large, it is all the same less than what is true. There is no need for a partial witness; the facts lie open. There never was an abundance of writers among the Roman people, though the Greek world has too many. For us it is much more pleasing to act than to write and to leave the praising of deeds to others rather than to praise others. If in fact you were to see our deeds enumerated in some books, foreign hands wrote them. But even Greek affairs, added to Latin affairs, cannot in the telling equal such great character as ours. May that remain a certainty in your heart!”

“Now, in however much nighttime remains for talk, I will set out our origins. Our race’s origin came from the blood of the far off Teucrians, whom Greece, having conquered them in a ten-year war, is said to have scattered from their ancestral walls. And perhaps someone has now been born in Italy who will be the avenger of so great a crime. But now I return to my undertaking. From that great shipwreck and from so many thousands, one alone swam out, guiltless and unscathed, and that with difficulty. For there on the Phrygian shore where the ruins of Mother Troy smoked still and the cinders began to amass wispy embers, a famous leader, Anchises’ son, and much celebrated for his war-fame, whose path was not directed towards saving strength or his own city or his friends, wept and left his fatherland and his dear bedmate. When he had

suffered terrible disasters and winding wanderings on land and a thousand dangers at sea, he finally came to the Ausonian shore, yet undaunted. And when the Latin colonists felt the warlike Trojan, and Lavinia had proffered the seal of her embrace to a foreign man, he left his faithful body, dying at the sacred river. The boy Iulus followed this man in succession, and others came after him. In this way, the age of kings, who held Alba Longa with her walls and under their scepters, proceeded until a hearty shepherd built new walls at the Tiber's swell, the avenger of his grandfather and righter of wrongs. When he died, posterity called him father and drew him to heaven and gave him, taken up as Quirinus, his own incense."

"Now you see our city's foundation and beginning. With what leaders shall I now continue my speech? With what names shall I fill my talk? I see an immense crowd growing, from which Liberty brought forth ample stock of noble men and fed great spirits in that peaceful city. I would sooner count out the stars of the star-spangled night, the waves of the sea, and the sands of the shore than all those great houses of leaders on which my Rome prides herself: the Curii; the brave Camilli; the war-famed Pauli; the three hundred Fabii, slaughtered in a single day on behalf of their fatherland in need; the fierce Torquati; the Lepidi; the stern Catones; the Fabricii, content with little; the one who drew his name from a horserace; the one who drew his name from a bird from heaven; the Marcelli, famous for their spirit; the warlike Gracchi; the Reguli, full of loyalty, whose name, unless I am deceived, reports of war have already brought to your ears; and, at last, the great sons of Scipio, who surpass all other great names and whom the nurturing Cornelian house brought down from heaven to make the sons of men equal to the gods above. From this, the general of generals derived his ancestry. It is a great

task even for me to list only the names of these houses. If I wished to run through their worthy deeds, how much greater would it be? Truly, my tongue is not made of iron, and neither are your ears. But lest it perhaps be thought our faith is lacking in comparison to the faith which your songs with lofty chant sang of the Philenian brothers, a small portion of the full heap will be recalled at length.”

“For once upon a time, a deep chasm, opened in the Roman Forum either when a hidden wind struck the earth or by some other cause, terrified the city. Our dazed Fathers stood around it in a thick crowd. The people, upset, rushed in all directions to fetch large stones. Some brought in baskets of earth and great logs. Since nothing was accomplished by these heaps and at the same time the gods’ wrath raged, it seemed that the pestilence could be sealed by consulting with the gods. While the terrified men begged for a response, a skilled soothsayer said, ‘Famous nation, frightened by unfamiliar portents, this cave cannot be filled according to the plan you consider. What does it avail to wish to bend the gods with vain mounds of stones and earth? Even if the Tarpeian Rock and the six other hills were to fall into its remotest depths and the heavy Appenines and Etna leaned over it, there would be no end. The gaping pit demands these sacrifices from you: the fissure will seal when filled by a few of you.’ When he had said this, their hearts hardened, and a gloomy pallor came over them all. Many brought jewels, and others brought gold and silver, for these things are thought better by the inexperienced, ignorant of true goods, and by the hearts of men whom blind earthly desire and the black recesses of their fleshy prisons rule. The one, who was bravest of the youth, shouted out before the others, ‘Blind men, how much sloth is in your hearts? You have raised up base things as dear ones, and small things as great ones. There is no

use for gold, which earth vomits up from her filthy depths, nor for pebbles harvested in the wilderness. I counsel you one thing only: the gods have given us nothing better than our manliness and prowess in war. Surely these are the highest of true Roman goods, and if they demand the highest, I will give arms and a man!’ Still speaking, he raised his eyes to heaven, looking at the temple of Jove that watches over the citadel, and stretched his hands up and down, invoking all the gods in heaven and in the underworld, to which he was heading. He spurred his powerful horse of his own accord and was willingly swallowed by the open pit. As the man rushed on, his armor gleamed and thundered. There was a great crash; the sides of the pit came together and were joined as one. The very tip of the vanishing spear, scarcely trembling, crosses over. In the same way, heaven splits open with amazing brilliance and exposes the inmost parts of the heavenly realm. Then, just as soon as it is seen, the flame, goaded by a sudden whirling, departs, and its own form returns to peaceful heaven. What do you say of such a man, whom you see giving his life and his living corpse—if it were permitted to say—to his fatherland and, still armed, traveling to the Stygian grove? Curtius had a mighty place in our histories.”

“Would you like me to tell you of the Decii? The first of them, seeing the Latin battle lines pressing back on our own, stood forth and gave a savage war-cry. He prayed to the great gods and having devoted himself to their service and with a ritual garland on his head, sent himself in the enemy’s midst, arrayed like Gabinus. Indeed, he died stuck on all sides by spears. With his death we gained true victory that day, and with him it is believed that confusion and fear suddenly entered all the Latin enemies. He was a sight horrible to behold. High on his black horse, he seemed to charge like something more majestic than is among the human race. It was fitting then that not long afterwards his

son, as if by birthright, followed this righteous deed and revived his father's name in a battle with the raging Gauls. Calling on his father with a shout, he gave himself to certain death at the points of the Gauls' spears and swords and broke through their battle line and raging battalions. With him crossed flight, fear, and death to those who had been winning. The third, a grandson, in order to approach the famous titles of grandfather and father, although fame gave him a less well-known name, with similar faithfulness and going down a like path to death, broke the might of the Lucani. So, on three fields stand three citizens in succession. They perished willingly and won their reward in death. Great and noble house, whose praises all centuries may solemnly sing, may your memory not slowly pass into oblivion, and may your most distant descendants not be forbidden to celebrate you."

"The rest, which is commonly known everywhere, I leave to you. You have seen—and it has not been so long since then that you could not have seen—with what perseverance bravest Regulus kept his sacred duty when he had been abandoned and with what great love of his fatherland he burned. Alas, well-born elder, may your fame never perish! You die, but *your name* will survive and stay with you and live forever."

"But why should we recall these families and these men, when we have seen our legions rush towards certain death, with a general advising his troops and telling them of their fate, shouting, 'Men, you must go on, you cannot retreat!' No one lost heart or looked downcast, and advancing quickly, they gladly went to death. If you did not know, this is the Roman way: to spurn chance, to meet coming death calmly, to despise what other peoples admire and desire, to embrace what seems fearful, to conquer suffering, to trample grief, and to die willingly rather than to continue life disgraced."

He had spoken. The other responded: "You stop in the middle and leave out many things. Why do you omit the final affairs of your kings?" To this, his guest responded: "I confess, it befits a king to ask of the fortunes of our kings. Nevertheless, I skipped them for brevity's sake. But perhaps my silence seemed suspicious to you. Do not think that we have dared insult our kings because we were inflamed by lust for spoil and sought a better name for our crime. Hear what was the true cause of our change of state. Liberty, long hoped for and never attained, enticed our hearts with its brilliance, but scepters oppressed us. Barbaric royalty, hanging over the heads of its wretched subjects, goaded us with harsh demands. Paralysis seized us, made us weak, and caused us to forget ourselves. It shames me to report through what hardships we persevered at home. It shames me to speak once more of our service on foreign battlefields as we followed after our wicked king and of the unholy yoke we bore on our necks and of our slothful hearts! He thought it nothing to take through heinous crime the title of Proud, nor to spread his cruel name through the world with new crimes against his fatherland. Alas, such monstrous deeds! So many thousands, for whom Virtue had made all things possible, the crowd that Fortune had prepared to conquer so many kings and nations, feared this unworthy leader and obeyed his blasphemous commands as holy writ! Not so do honey bees revere their king and dare to keep away from their borders the guilty drones and the tiny gnats. They often keep back their beekeeper, trembling with fear, from the honey and bar him from entering. They sting livestock and hounds. Nevertheless, they all fear their tiny and defenseless king. They respect him and celebrate him at home and abroad. They always crowd in the royal halls and carry him to his marriage rites on their backs. So fear and reverence for our king held us until his

overweening pride grew with his dissipation and his shameful lust was swelled by his arrogance. Then our men waited no longer. It seemed that this tumor could be excised by the sword; a surgeon's hands were needed to heal our wounds. Our patience stood firm, unshaken by his haughty commands but fell, conquered by his obscenity."

"A royal youth, with his lecherous heart aflame and not quite sane, was nursing a bitter wound of love and crossed the threshold of a virtuous lady under cover of darkness. Fearing nothing such, she received him, and he took her by force. Having taken her honor, he reveled in his spoiling of feminine modesty and took delight in the dark night's deed. He departed pleased with his crime and was confident that she would keep quiet. She was greatly pained by what had happened and hated her life and her flesh. Angry at her own body, she cried, 'Woman, will you live as a worthless vessel of shameful lust, and will the loathsome stains of that adulterer be forever on you? Will you be able to look on your couch, where everything dear—husband, virtue, reputation, and modesty—were taken from you? Die, wretched spirit, and flee this sad light! I beg you! Break free from these hostile confines!' When she had lamented all this in private, she straightway called for her father and husband, desiring that she be allowed to put aside the hateful burden of her body with them present."

"Her father was at Rome, and her husband was far off at camp. When her messenger had found her father, he chanced to meet her husband as he hurried on his way. He spoke with the voice of his mistress: a heinous crime—he knew not what—had been perpetrated at the house, and both father and husband must return at once. The husband was shocked by his wife's command and was troubled as he considered Fate's will for him and what threatening Fortune had in store. He went on, considering different

things, and found his father-in-law, just as worried, at the front gate. The summoned men went in together, each voicing their concerns in turn. The woman was moved to tears by their sudden arrival. Then her husband asked if she were unharmed, and she responded, 'By no means. At one stroke, I have lost everything I held dear. No pleasure was left me. When chastity has been taken, it must be confessed, however wretchedly, that everything good has perished. Dear husband, the stain of another man is on your bed. Though my body was violated, my soul is untouched. Let death be my witness. Stretch out your right hands and swear that the villain will not go to death with his crime unpunished, and that the adulterer will not dance on my grave.'"

"Still raging, she told them of the crimes of the previous night and filled her words with prayers and lamentations. While the husband comforted the anguished woman and told her that where the mind is pure there can be no crime, she said, 'Even if I absolve myself of this crime, I would not wish to avoid its punishment. No adulteress will live at Rome using me as an example.' She drew the sword that she had hidden in her robe from its sheath and buried it in her snow-white breast. She fell on the sword-hilt as if by such a wound she would be able to bring back her spoiled honor. A famous story tells how a mother bird bore her chicks, killed by a cruel snake's bite, to heaven and spent her life mourning them. Just so, they cried out as they saw the frightful wound and began to grieve. The house trembled with the great commotion. Only Brutus kept back his tears and vain words. He was an exceptional man. Great virtue was hidden in the depths of his heart. Hot-blooded, he removed the gory blade from the frothing wound and raised it aloft. Then he spoke: 'I swear by the gods and the supreme Thunderer and by this once chaste and unspoiled blood, that with fire, iron, and undying hatred I will pursue this

family, its house, its descendants, the king's detested head, and his proud crown, now, in the future, and forever, as long as my life remains. He cannot keep his kingdom as long as my hand can wield a spear.' When he had spoken, he forced the others to swear the same. They all wondered from where and from what source such sudden boldness had come into the heart of Brutus.”

“Brutus called the citizens to assemble. He brought the sad and pitiful corpse into the light as the people watched. To some he showed the sword, still dripping with hot gore. To others, he showed the deep wound in her chest. He urged one man of the danger to his daughter. Another he asked to be mindful of his sisters. Still another, he reminded of his wife whose fidelity he knew gave their home no small measure of sweetness. After this, he went through what the king had done and showed them how the king's arrogant lust sustained his pride. His anger spurred them on, and his words struck a chord with their concerns. The violet blood pooling on the ground, the woman's arms growing cold and pale, the grievous sight of father and husband, and most of all, bold Brutus' aggressive speech, stirred them. Wherever he had set his step, a huge crowd of men followed, brandishing their swords, and groups of women wailed at Fate's cruelty. In this way, Lucretia's story was oft repeated and became known. But why should I delay? That story was the greater part. The kings were driven out by that leader, and Tarquin died aged and exiled. All his sons and his cursed wife paid the penalty of their crimes with different deaths. The lofty house of that Proud king fell to cinders.”

“That was the end of our kings. Better times followed, and the liberty we now enjoy began. Yearly oaths keep back the tyrants in perpetuity. The rule of law crushed their cruel scepters, and two men replaced one. Now you would see civilian magistrates

carrying twin standards. The first to take the fasces was the author of our newfound liberty. He watched over it with the same zeal. In fact, for the sake of fairest Liberty he gave to death the sons that he had raised, their bodies beaten with reeds and broken by the axe, because they preferred the rule of kings. As much as he was an unhappy father, he was an upright citizen. As much as he was a stern consul, he was a friend of liberty.”

“Later, Brutus stood in the way of the king’s young son, who was calling for the restoration of the kingdom as his ancestral right and beat him back in a fierce battle. He sent the youth, pierced by a mortal wound and still menacing arrogance, to Orcus. Brutus, boiling with rage and burning with hatred, rushed at him and did not see the other’s spear strike at him. So both men died savage deaths, but Brutus, the stronger man, covered his fallen foe with his body as he died, victor at last. Thinking nothing of the danger, Brutus tore the unholy soul from its body and said, ‘Traacherous boy, I who have savagely avenged you on the point of my sword will follow you to Tartarus’ shades.’ Men and women of all ages wept for him who had done such worthy deeds, and the rostra resounded with exceptional lamentation. Groups of matrons were especially grateful and celebrated him as their own father and the avenger of chastity, and they did not stop mourning for an entire year. Brutus’ name endures today and will always be remembered.”

Book IV

Laelius had finished. Then the king began to speak again in a most gentle voice: “You relate truly great things. I see how great is the difference between the base and the high and how Rome’s destiny surpasses all others. I also understand what your virtuous lady wanted in death—that chaste Dido should not keep all such fame for herself alone.

Or what the youth buried in the unpitying earth wanted—that the father, son, and grandsons be recalled so that not all fame be lavished upon our entombed brothers. One thing impresses me above all else—that the greatest valor comes down to common people. The last day frightens Man most of all. Strong Virtue has often lessened this fear. A scarce few have it, scarcely even one, yet it is a common attribute of your people. To die for liberty’s defense with face forward is a quality possessed solely by your armies.”

“But what I wish to know above all else, the life and deeds of your present and distinguished general, you pass over. I ask, therefore, that you explain these things in full to us. What are his habits? What does he look like? What kind of heart dwells in his chest? Of how much dignity are his young years possessed? Frequent rumors have brought us only scant details about him. Tell us especially of his recent deeds in Spain. I will ask about the things you know best, since you saw them all in person. You alone can see into the depths of his heart, for surely your ardent friendship hides nothing. Now I beg you, swift night, to tarry for a moment while Laelius tells us of noble deeds. May Aurora, lying content in the lap of her aged husband, reign in her snow-white team and give time for Laelius’ words. May he more playfully than usual clasp his rose-fingered wife in tight embraces.”

When Laelius saw that everyone’s hearts and ears were intent on him and that the silence was unbroken, he began. “What a strain it is on my eloquence to fulfill so great a request! My rhetorical skills are not flowing, and I do not possess the bountiful charm of the Cecropian tongue. Greatest Homer filled nights with the raging youth, and now Ennius, though less refined, fills them with an excellent young man. But Scipio was worthy of a Greek bard. The former was even better suited to a Latin bard. Achilles

perhaps needed a herald. Scipio needs none. His fame grows without such embellishment. Every day his praises multiply. Nor does our friendship blind me. A time will come when fame alone shall raise the man to heaven. Perhaps this gives you pangs of jealousy? <....> Anyway, we should continue the more pleasant things we have begun.”

“It is believed that no man ever had as much natural talent as he. His body shines with heavenly brilliance. His powerful brow, though harsh, proves him to be a persuasive leader. From his face, his two eyes flash a single glare that no man can endure. Straight down his shoulders, his dense hair shows itself, golden and unkempt, to the sun in the raging winds. The sweat of active service, constant work, a soul content with little, and fear keep him from neglecting manliness. He is taller than the others, and whenever battle is joined, he brings hope to his men and fear to the enemy with his imposing height. Therefore, his appearance holds both hope and fear. His great spirit needs a temple such as his heart provides. The rest of him fits *this image*: you would see that his shoulders and arms are those of a captain of soldiers. If you saw him among a hundred thousand, you could pick him out as the true leader. His great charm causes many to tremble. With his rare sweetness, he leads men to forget themselves and to be silent for a long time. His appearance interrupts conversations already begun and turns those speaking towards new discourse. His nobility far surpasses that of mortal man. Flashing Jupiter and quivered Phoebus in bright heaven barely equal him.”

“I will speak no more of these things, for his wealth of strength and beauty is unimportant and of little consequence. Perhaps you will see his face and say that I have spoken less than the truth. For this glory is granted to him alone since, although the

reality may prove harmful to a great reputation, his rather makes him greater. If his age disturbs you—and I admit that he has not yet reached his third decade—his virtue attains new heights with the passage of time. Older men, though stern, should imitate his gravity, and cheerful youth should desire his levity. He is as harsh to his enemies as he is dear to his friends' affection. Seeing him brandishing his spear and then with friendly face and arms putting it down, you would wonder which suits him better. Luck has not raised him up, nor has Fortune cast him an unfavorable lot, yet in both cases he is the same, he keeps his head and calmly faces whatever comes. He cares nothing for spoils or the fickle adulation of the people. True glory alone satisfies him. He looks for true friends; they are his riches. He maintains their eternal friendship with the same faith that made them friends. Now a rumor travels through all the West that a youth, like the gods above, has come, whom no human strength can resist and who with gentle friendship conquers those he has driven under arms. As the sky's splendor conquers the earth's darkness, so blooming Italy overwhelms all other lands. As a single part of the clear sky shines brighter than the rest, so mighty Rome beams over Italy herself. As the sun conquers the shining stars with its rays, so Scipio excels all others.”

“Let truth speak for itself. You would say that this youth was not created in our image. The rumor that has been reported here that raises the man to heaven is not entirely false. For many truly believe that this man came down from heaven's height. Why should I repeat all this? It pains me to speak of petty things. The story is widely known. It is said that a beautiful serpent was often seen in his mother's bed. Its appearance struck many with fear. From this arose the popular suspicion, now widely circulated in the cities, of his divine birth. Certainly, the boy who from that union was

brought into the light and is now a great and incomparable man, made his faith in these divine affairs public. His reverence and character are seen in every aspect of his life. When the sun rises, it is his custom to leave everything behind and go alone to Jove's sanctuary. That place, which sits on the Tarpeian hill where cowering priests solemnly fulfill their sacred duties, is our most holy. Untroubled by earthly cares, he goes to the altar and bars the entrance with gates closed. Here, as if saying many things, he spends his time. He leaves suddenly, and you would see how his face reflects the greatest divinity and how his eyes shine with heavenly fire. He is full of hope. If a task stands in his way, he meets it and promises certain victory in his great battles, as if they had been promised him by the god himself."

"In this way, on many fields he has set hearts aflame, given courage, and made what was before impossible possible. A steadfast mind produces strength. The body avails nothing unless the mind has given it strength. When battle lines turn their backs to be struck in retreat and the standard bearer scarcely carries his flag with trembling hand, I have often seen the general take the spears from a panic-stricken sergeant and cry, 'Behold, God leads us! Will we heed His call or will we flee? I will happily follow. I alone will win the promised victory. If the Fates prevent it, I alone will die. Flee and live free lives. You outlive me as degenerate youths who will meet death in another way!' At these words, the battle lines re-formed, the men set their hearts against death, and, thus rallied, they often carried the day."

"How great is their love for this general! How great is the honor that calls them to arms! For when they see how much resolve is in his mind, how much faith he has in the gods, and how Jupiter is by his side, they stand firm and rally to him, thinking he has

a god's authority. For these reasons, since he has accomplished many hard labors and was never beaten at the point of a sword as long as he was the commanding general, they will remember him down the centuries for his continuous battles.”

“Now the desire to know something of his future chances consumes you, or perhaps you wish to hear what the outcome of his labors will be. Already, he makes the walls of high Carthage shake with his spirit. Even now he plans how to mount its citadel and how to make tottering Byrsa fall into the sea. Scipio is like a lion, who, raging and tormented by fierce hunger, as if stung by darts, looks on a white heifer, his enemy, wandering in the fields, suppresses his anxiety and checks his frenzy until he gets closer. Though she is still far off, he tears her to pieces and devours her with his eyes, his claws still unbloodied. He paws through her hidden guts and reduces the still unseen carcass to tiny bits. So our lion, believe you me, now seethes. He does not fear their might as much as that his prize, the enemy, will flee, and he searches for every exit. He thinks that everything he desires is possible. Whatever he has thought possible is possible. For this reason, he does whatever he wants. He only wishes for the best and to do great deeds.”

“What should I say of his piety? His loyalty for father and fatherland is well-known and has been observed through many forms of peril. It is enough to touch on two such instances. The rage of our bitter enemy, bewailed by our Cisalpine settlers, was laying waste to the Gallic countryside. Fires burned from the Po to Rome, and the smoke blew through the Capitoline citadels. Our general's great father was sent there under bad auspices. What more? We met them on an open plain. The Phoenician won. Our general would have died in that battle, if his bold son, aged about eighteen, had not

rescued his father, side pierced with a spear, from the brink of death and made a way through the thick of the enemy with his sword. This was the work of a mere boy!”

“Then direst Fate again was pressing, and again Hannibal was threatening to destroy mighty Italy with iron and fire. The bloody town of Cannae, made famous by our blood, had inflicted black wounds on the Latin underbelly. Fear had put all our hope to flight. It was as if a ship had yielded to the waves and could not bear heaven’s tempest or the furor of the sea. The sailors become terrified, and their faces grow pale. A new concern takes hold of the shaken pilots: how will each man secure his escape? One by leaping for the shore, another seeks the tiny, rocky summit of a nearby atoll, another, grasping the mast or the wheel of the ruined helm, swims out and entrusts his arms to the raging sea. Such was the estate of our city. Such were our plans. Alas, the empire’s crown wavered. A mass of how many disasters would befall it? Why should I delay to tell the truth? The youths mustered. Metellus, their leader, came too. Retreat alone would be pleasing, to leave the harmful lands and to hand Spain over to the victorious Phoenician. This immediately became widely known. Hearts fell, and ice-cold fear attacked everyone. Still, a certain Scipio, the tribune of the soldiers, with soft cheeks only just adorned with their first growth, was unafraid. While everyone else, disheartened by the trying circumstances and afraid, considered how to help and wasted time with meaningless babble, he said, ‘Why don’t we proceed? Not much time remains for debate. We must act. Will we not draw our swords? I pray you, come with me! Dear nobles, whose chief concern is the preservation of our city and our empire, follow in my steps! The republic has not yet died!’ With such a speech he raised their sullen spirits. We all arose and followed our general. Amphytrion’s son went no faster than

Scipio when he met the rebellious half-men in hard battle and flung his giant spears. So we went, and when we came to nervous Metellus' tent, Scipio rushed in first. The trembling band of soldiers was standing there, their hearts set on shameful plans. Their gloomy murmur made scarcely a sound. Not a single tongue struck its fearing palate. Such is the color and confidence on the face of captured men whom a harsh decree has sentenced to a terrible death. Those wretches trembled, driven mad by the fates of approaching death, yet they look all around for a place to flee when only one path of salvation lies open.”

“Just then, Scipio sprang up, awe-inspiring with sword drawn, and said, ‘I swear by the highest will of the heavenly Thunderer, that I will never, as long as life and force remain in me, forsake the labors of the city of Rome or of Italy, nor will I allow others to do so. And now you, Quintus Metellus, must swear the same. If you refuse, you will die by my hand, and the last day has come for all of you!’ He raised his sword, and everyone trembled with fear. Metellus, their leader, himself grew stiff. Surely the bold and unexpected deed had overwhelmed their minds. It was as if Jove’s wrath had hurled a three-pronged spear at the unstable roof of the house. The sight of this enraged citizen made them tremble as if they saw Hannibal’s conquering standards hanging over them and threatening death and chains. So they swore the words as Scipio had sworn them—their leader first, and then the others. So with extraordinary virtue he cut off their shameful flight. Scarcely the sixth year had passed since that time when he brought his father back from death.”

“The two greatest lights of mother Rome had been slain, and deadly Fortune, in a single instant, nearly buried the great name of the sons of Scipio. Spain, lost during this

crisis, had changed its ancestral loyalty. Not a single man arose from so many thousands of nobles. No one dared to stretch his hand to heal the wound of the great disaster. Then a son, avenger of father and uncle, offered his name. With a spirit greater than those of men, he crossed the Pyrenees and brought back under the rule of the sons of Quirinus all of Spain, from where it stretches between two wide and distant oceans to where, at its greatest extent, it turns towards your sea and the columns of Hercules, and from there it rises towards the ridge that takes its name from its perpetual fires, and it overlooks the fields of Gaul. Whatever measure of men or booty may be in that place has been taken from the enemy and is ours with Fortune as the judge.”

“But from his many worthy deeds, I will select a few. A city, which Hasdrubal the Phoenician founded, sits on the Spanish coast, and he gave it the name of mighty Carthage. Strongest walls surround a part of it, and a part is defended by the quick tide of the sea. Here the Phoenicians brought all their processions, standards, men, weapons, and generals, since, if battles threatened from the waves or from the wide fields, their position would be advantageous and most suitable for war, looking towards an easy path to its old mother. For all these reasons, the neighboring peoples fled there, seeking safety, just as when fires send up their first flames, and pitch-black smoke flying fills the air, they scatter as the dreadful fire nears and puts them to flight and leave their homes, carrying their valuables on their persons, and from every direction they run to the testudinal citadel.”

“Scipio made his way there, investigating the traces of a conspicuous rumor. Leaving everything else behind and ignored, he sought that place. He led his troops there, encircled it with a Roman camp, and built a small wall from thin mud. Though I

tell you wondrous things, they are nonetheless true. Walls thick with towers and fastened round with ample provisions, the ardor of a soldiery that can see its final fate, massed guards, a thousand ramparts, ballistas striking camps thrown into confusion from afar—none kept our general from scaling their walls and destroying all their weapons. A shorter siege has never touched walls. Indeed, a single day saw its beginning and its end. Unwarlike doves no more swiftly abandon their nests to Jove’s swooping shield-bearer, nor do frightened hares more quickly flee an advancing lion for their warrens, than the guardianship of their gate was deserted. A few hid themselves in the strength of the walled citadel; others fled outright and were scattered throughout the whole city. Everything was filled with confused noise while men fought and died with shouting and groaning. It was like when a storm is born aloft by the swift southerlies from the Ethiopian shore and falls on our clime. It appears fearsome from afar; then approaching mists descend and send down streams mixed with hailstones. Then the rivers swell, and the one that was flowing calmly before now is changed, roaring and rushing in imitation of the great rivers. Terrified farmers flee, and a great terror menaces the wretches from above. Herds of cattle perish in the raging river’s stream. Wherever you turn your trembling eyes, fires strike out from the scattered clouds. Death is at your heels. You could not direct your path in any direction, nor could you stand still. Grief and awe are here, and wailing resounds through the clouds.”

“At this time, many bright signs of our new general’s character shone forth and were made manifest. How great a man he was both under arms and after battle! Indeed, Mars was no more violent as he upon his raging chariot rallied the Thracians, striking out against his enemy, nor was he harsher when he plunged his frothing horses into Hebrus.

But when the citadel was breached, and the enemy, their weapons cast aside, fell prostrate to ask forgiveness, his furor at once was quenched and subsided. The pounding wrath left his heart, and his sword fell from his hand. Just so, Jupiter, regarding us with his peaceful face, calms the black clouds, winds immediately fall silent, storms abate, the sun shines, stars arise in the darkness of the night, and order returns to the world. Now our peaceful victor made his way to the citadel and ordered that symbols of Roman victory be hung from its high towers. After this, he prepared to repay the gods with sacrifices and deserved thanks. A priest, dressed in his habit, stood and pierced the great heart of a consecrated bull as he summoned to the sacred rites in succession Jove, the Phrygian Penates, the spirit of Romulus, and all the divine guardians of Latium, through whose perpetual care the Capitoline is entrusted to be the world's head."

"When this was finished, he paid his soldiers their deserved thanks and the spoils they were owed, for he was not at all ignorant that virtue is nourished by esteem. There was a long-established custom, observed by Roman generals from earliest time, that when a siege surrounded weak cities, safe with high walls, to him whom either bravery or fate gave first to scale the walls, earned the mural crown, precisely so-called. This type of prize is especially sweet, since glory excites their minds and makes them unmindful of every danger. Foreseeing this at that time, our ardent general pricked their spirits with such goads. But the common report asserted that the summit had been reached by two hands joined together, and a great commotion, marked by opposing devotion, arose in the camp. Some wished to praise the one, others the other. Just so, when swift hounds in competition sank their wounding teeth into the raging boar that they have driven from his lair in the dark thorns and laid out all his limbs on the ground, an uproar from on high

arose from the watching youths: who first dared to set his teeth in the hairy haunches, who in leaping caught the beast's bristly back, who drew first blood. They start to fight about the hunting merits of the hounds, but the victorious hounds raise their howling to the clouds."

"Scipio saw that his battalions were disturbed and rattling their weapons and feared the not inconsiderable seeds of mutiny. He immediately called his quarreling troops to his headquarters and suppressed their rising wrath with words: 'When,' he said, 'the bravery of two men shines so brightly that that of all the rest lags so far behind and blocks only its own, then the fame should go to neither or to both. We believe that this is worthier, since he is first whom no one has preceded.' So he spoke with cheerful words, and surrounded the temples of both men with green crowns. At once, all fury and wrath subsided. The gloomy quarrels had this end. It was hardly different from when jealousy and the radiance of a lovely mate stir strong bulls to battle: horns attack bodies, ears fill with lowing. Then large herds support each one in turn, and the cattle make their faction; if the wise herdsman foresees their wrath and knows of their passion, he comes in good time. The disturbance is tempered with gentle words; he crowns the fighters with laurel and sends them off, appeased, to their own pastures."

"Meanwhile, a huge, pitiful, tearful crowd of women filled the walls with their cries. Here a pious youth bemoaned that he himself became the champion of chastity and carried on with the dignity of his ancestors. Everyone who feared assault on account of sex or age and the whole people, in need of aid, had collected in the safety of the citadel. A guard of trustworthy men was ordered, and the mob of women was prevented from showing their faces, since attractive eyes are an affront to modesty, and the flower of a

chaste face is plucked by leering eyes. But fearing this beforehand, he moved the captive
crowds to a far off place. See ye gods how much dignity there is in his mortal breast!
See that he is wise beyond his youthful years! For it is burdensome to bear at once the
spurs of youth and the verdant charms of beauty! <....>

CHAPTER THREE

Commentary

The numbers used in the following commentary refer to Nicola Festa's 1926 edition of the Latin text of the *Africa*. Inasmuch as this text is not included in this thesis, readers are invited to consult its online version at www.bibliotecaitaliana.it.

Notes to Book I

1-2. P.'s invocation of the muse is in imitation of an epic tradition stretching from Homer down to the Latin poets of the fourth century AD.

1. *belloque tremendum*: Cf. Verg. *Aen.* 6.842-3.

2. *referes*: P.'s use of the future indicative instead of the present imperative renders this command more vivid.

2. *virum...armis*: Cf. Verg. *Aen.* 1.1.

3. *prius*: Two Scipiones were granted the cognomen *Africanus*. The first, P. Cornelius Scipio Africanus Maior, was the hero of the Second Punic War (218-202 BC) and is the hero of the *Africa*. Scipio Africanus Minor was the victor of the Third Punic War (149-146 BC), which saw the definitive destruction of Carthage. For echoes of this line, see *Vita Scip.* 1.1 and Flor. 2.6.32.

4. *exhausto*: lit. "having drunk." Petrarch has drunk from the spring before, hence "again" in the translation.

4. *fontem*: here refers to the Hippocrene, whose waters were said to give whoever drank from them poetic inspiration.

5. *Elicone*: Helicon is a Boeotian mountain that, along with Pieris, is a traditional seat of the Muses. Aganippe and Hippocrene are its two main springs (Hesiod *Theog.* 1-4).

5. *Sorores*: The Muses. Hesiod presents them as daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyne while the lyric poets make them the offspring of Ouranos and Gaia.

6-9. P. here refers to his retreat at Vaucluse. Having lived in Rome from 1333-1337, P. returned to Vaucluse in 1337 and began composing the *Africa* in 1338 (*Post.* 26).

9. *restituit*: P. here alludes to his return to Italy in 1341, after a long stay in Provence.

12. *Herebi*: Erebus, primordial deity of darkness, was the offspring of Chaos. In later myths, his name was attached to the region of the underworld opposite Tartarus on the River Styx. By synecdoche, poets often used Erebus to refer to the underworld as a whole. In P.'s medieval, Christian context, Erebus has become synonymous with Hell.

12-13. *quina.../Larga...vulnera*: the five wounds of Christ on his hands, feet, and side. These lines are often cited to support the notion that Petrarch began writing the *Africa* during Holy Week of 1338.

14. *summe parens*: God the Father.

14-18. Cf. Verg. *Georg.* 3.10-15.

15. *Parnasi*: Parnassus, the sacred mount of Apollo, god of poetry and song.

19-70. P.'s dedication to King Robert of Sicily is similar in style and structure to Statius' dedication of his *Thebaid* to Domitian (Stat. *Theb.* 1.22-33).

19. *moderator...Trinacrii*: Governor of the Three-Starred Isle, i.e., of Sicily. Robert I of Anjou was the son of the last Angevin king of Sicily. He inherited claims to the kingdoms of Sicily and Jerusalem but only controlled Naples. His contemporaries considered him a man of high culture, and many hoped he would end Italy's wars and found a united kingdom. Robert was made papal vicar by Clement V and mediated disputes between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines in the north while he also settled dynastic squabbles in the south. The constant threat from Aragonese Sicily prevented him from turning his hegemony into the union that so many of Italy's elite desired.

20. *Hesperie*: Southern Italy or Spain. Here it refers to the Kingdom of Naples.

21-22. *Iudice...*: Robert presided at P.'s coronation as poet laureate.

21. *vatumque*: P.'s usual word for the ancient poets.

25. *vacuas quod mulceat aures*: Cf. Horace *Epod.* 1.16.26.

33. *exime; despiciet; dona; templos* implied.

36-37. The ancients considered verse to be more durable than prose (Ov. *Met.* 15.871-79).

40-45. P. does not keep this promise to record Robert's deeds in verse. A pledge to commemorate a patron in verse is a common trope of Latin epic.

50. P. here refers to Vergil. His *Aeneid* recounts the fall of Troy and the wanderings of Aeneas, founder of the settlement that would eventually become Rome.

51. This *ille* is Statius, whose *Achilleid* and *Thebaid* recount the 'hidden' youth of Achilles and the sagas of the Theban cycle, best known from the plays of Sophocles, respectively. To protect young Achilles from Agamemnon's recruiters, Thetis dressed him as a girl. This ruse worked for a time, but Achilles' desire for glory eventually overcame his mother's concern for his safety.

53. This last poet is Lucan. His *Pharsalia* or *Bellum Civile* relates in ten books the story of the civil war between Pompey and Caesar. The battle of Pharsalus in Thessaly in 48 BC serves as the poem's climax.

53. *Emathiam*: poetic name for Thessaly, as in Verg. *Georg.* 1.491-2.

54. *Ausonio*: In Greek poetry as well as in Vergil, Ausonia means Italy. The Ausones were an Italic tribe of Southern Italy, reputedly the descendants of Auson, a son of Odysseus.

60. *tentare*: Sc. *temptare*.

63. *Parthenope*: One of the sirens who enticed Odysseus. Greek colonists gave her name to the settlement that became of Naples.

66. *Scipiade*: an alternate name for P.'s poem, modeled after the names of the *Iliad* and *Aeneid*.

70ff: Cf. Verg. *Aen.* 1.8-11, 10.90-91; Luc. *Phars.* 1.8, 67; Livy 21.1.

77-8. *radix...malorum / invidia*: P. assigns ultimate blame to Carthage, due to her jealousy of Rome's greatness. He uses this theme throughout the poem to depict the Carthaginians as morally defective and their city as decadent. On P.'s phrasing, see I Tim. 6.10.

78-103. The First Punic War lasted from 264 to 241 BC. It was the longest of the three Punic Wars. Dispute arose ostensibly over a settlement of Italic mercenaries whom Rome felt duty-bound to aid. The war was fought mainly on Sicily and the surrounding seas. The expedition marked Rome's first action outside of the Italian peninsula. The harsh terms of the treaty that Rome imposed on Carthage at the conclusion of hostilities caused much resentment and ultimately led to the Second Punic War.

86. *superbia*: P.'s understanding of Carthage's fall is influenced by the tragic doctrine of Nemesis. *Superbia* is a translation and cognate of the Greek *hybris*, usually rendered as 'overweening pride.' Classical literary thought held that *nemesis*, i.e. ruin, follows *hybris*.

95. *Sardinie...Trinacria*: The Romans took Sardinia during the Mercenary War (240 BC), which followed the First Punic War. Due to high indemnities demanded by Rome, Carthage was unable to pay its mercenaries, and a bloody civil war followed. Sicily was not strictly lost after the First War, but Carthaginian influence was limited to the island's western edge. Cf. Flor. 1.18.

96. *Hispana*: sc. *Hispania*. After its defeat in the First Punic War, Carthage looked to extend its dominion in Spain. With revenue much decreased by the loss of Sardinia and Sicily, Carthage felt compelled to exact heavy tribute from the Spaniards. Scipio won his earliest battles (211 BC) fighting to expel the Carthaginians and found ready allies among the Spaniards.

99. *luporum*: The wolf is a traditional symbol of Rome. According to Livy 1.4, Romulus and Remus, descendants of Aeneas and founders of the city of Rome, were suckled by a she-wolf (Verg. *Aen.* 9.59-64).

103-107. Cf. Verg. *Aen.* 1.16 and 4.628-9.

109. *ter*: The three Punic Wars.

110-113. Cf. Flor. 2.15.

111-112. *tertia...prelia*: The Third Punic War lasted from 149 to 146 BC. The three battles described are probably Masinissa's incursion into Carthaginian territory in 151, Rome's bloodless capture of Utica in 149, and the fall of Carthage in 146. In the latter two battles, Scipio Africanus Minor, Major's adoptive grandson, led the Roman forces. He was reputedly reluctant to raze the city, but loyalty to the senate overcame his scruples. He is said to have shed tears as the citizens were rounded up and the city systematically burned (Polyb. 39.4).

114. *inenarrabile bellum*: Cf. Verg. *Aen.* 8.625.

115-7. Cf. Livy 27.19 and 28.16 (209-205 BC).

115. *sidereum iuvenem*: There were reports while Scipio was still alive that he had been fathered by Jupiter. Scipio neither confirmed nor denied these rumors, and the Spanish believed him to be at least semi-divine. P. discusses the word *sidereus* in *Fam.* 10.4.

116. *Hesperia*: here, Spain.

116. *catenam*: Sc. *catenam*.

119. *tonantis*: This is an allusion to Scipio's alleged descent from Jupiter, god of thunder.

121. *armorumque novas artes*: Scipio was celebrated for his kind treatment of the conquered Spanish. In 211, realizing that his numbers were few and that the Carthaginians had treated the Spanish harshly, Scipio sought to make allies of his new subjects. This policy would be continued during the empire and would contribute greatly to the Romanization of conquered peoples. Indeed, Scipio's greatest accomplishments as a general were due to diplomatic acumen, not tactical innovation.

123. Hasdrubal: This refers to Hasdrubal Gisgo, who led the Punic forces in Iberia to victory over the brothers P. and Cn. Scipio in 212 BC.

125-126. Cf. Verg. *Aen.* 4.54.

127. *Hibere*: Sc. *Iberie*.

128-129. *Columnas...Herculeas*: The Pillars of Hercules at Gibraltar and Monte Hacho separate the Mediterranean from the Atlantic. Until the late Middle Ages, Europeans regarded them as the western edge of the world. According to legend, while Hercules was collecting the cattle of Geryon, he split the tallest of the Atlas mountains with his club to avoid scaling it and in so doing, opened the Strait of Gibraltar. In antiquity there was, so Strabo tells us (3.5.2-3), a temple to the Phoenician god Melqart, whom the Greeks identified as Tyrian Heracles, worshiped at Gades (modern Cadiz).

130. *Phebus*: Phoebus is usually an epithet of Apollo, but here, as in classical Latin poetry, it refers to Phaethon, son of Helios, the sun god. In Homer, Phaethon is just another name for Helios, the sun god (*Il.* 11.735 and *Od.* 5.479). At any rate, the ancients believed that the sun was daily conveyed across the sky from east to west by means of a chariot, hence the word *currum* at the end of line 130.

134-6. Cf. Livy 27.38-40.

141-2. Cf. Livy 28.44.10 and Flor. 2.6.32.

143. *Hanibalem*: Hannibal Barca (247 – 183/182 BC) is universally hailed as one of the greatest generals of all time. He led Carthage through the Second Punic War, during which he famously crossed the Alps with a contingent of elephant troops. His invasion of Italy was largely successful, and many of Rome's allies in the north were for a time in Carthage's party. In Italy, he enjoyed a series of victories, culminating at the battle of Cannae, which saw the death of a considerable portion of the senators and an estimated 70,000 Roman soldiers. Subsequently, Hannibal used diplomacy to foment rebellion among the Sicilian Greeks and to bring the Macedonians into the war against the Romans. Far from home, Hannibal was unable to press his advantage, and a stalemate of some 15 years ensued. Scipio's invasion of Africa forced Hannibal's return. The Carthaginians suffered a disastrous defeat at Zama, and Hannibal was forced into exile. He was pursued by the Romans until his suicide in 183/182 BC.

144. *Hesperiam*: here, Italy.

147. *cesorum cineres*: The Romans, like many other ancient Mediterranean peoples, practiced cremation rather than inhumation.

152. *anxia nox, operosa dies*: The ability to keep sleepless nights and full days was a trait much prized by the Romans. Pliny the Younger lauds his uncle's ability to engage himself tirelessly in scholarly pursuits in *Epist.* 3.5. Sallust describes Catiline using the same language in *Bell. Cat.* 5.

154. P. here begins his grand adaptation of Cicero's *Somnium Scipionis*. The *Somnium Scipionis* was originally a digression in book 6 of Cicero's *De Re Publica*. In the fifth century AD the Neo-Platonist Macrobius excerpted the *Somnium* and provided it with a commentary in two books. It is in this form that the *Somnium* reached P. Discounting a few fragments recovered from palimpsests, the *Somnium* is the only substantial part of book 6 extant. In the *Somnium*, Scipio Africanus gives Scipio Aemelianus Africanus a tour of the heavens and promises a blessed afterlife to the statesman who will sacrifice himself for his country's interests. Though the *Somnium* is compact, it has digressions on geography, numerology, and prophecy. Accompanied by Macrobius' commentary, the *Somnium* enjoyed great popularity in the Middle Ages. P.'s treatment of the dream shifts the setting two generations in the past and is a dialogue between Scipio Africanus and his uncles. P.'s version of Scipio's dream covers much the same range of topics as Cicero's but also includes allusions to the *Aeneid* (*Aen.* 2.268-97; 5.722-45; 6.494-534, 752-900.)

155-6. *Tithonia...uxor*: Tithonus' wife is Aurora, Roman goddess of the dawn. Aurora rose every morning to herald the new day. The sun and moon are her siblings. She had many liaisons and four sons, the North, South, East, and West winds. She fell in love with two handsome youths, Ganymede and Tithonus, and abducted them. Jupiter decided to keep Ganymede for himself but granted Aurora one wish as compensation. She asked Jupiter to make Tithonus immortal but forgot to ask that he also remain eternally youthful. Jupiter granted her request, and Tithonus became ever more aged and ugly, eventually transforming into a grasshopper or cicada (*Ov. Met.* 9.421).

162. *patris*: Publius Scipio (d. 211 BC).

166. *arrecte horrore come*: Cf. Verg. *Aen.* 4.280 and 10.726.

169. Cf. Verg. *Aen.* 2.281.

171-2. Cf. Verg. *Aen.* 5.719-27.

177-9. Cf. Cic. *Rep.* 6.11.

181. *femineis*: P. here refers to Dido, founder of Carthage and doomed lover of Aeneas.

181. *viden*: Sc. *videsne*.

186. *Bagrada*: Sometimes called Bagradas, the modern-day Medjerdah flows near Utica.

187. *Birsa*: Byrsa, the Greek name for the citadel of Carthage. Byrsa is Greek for hide, and, according to legend, Dido was granted as much land as she could cover with a bull's hide. Using the cleverness that would garner her both praise and censure, Dido cut the hide into strips and marked the perimeter of what would become Carthage (Verg. *Aen.* 1.367 and Livy 34.62.12).

189-90. *iusto / Marte*: P.'s conviction that Rome's war with Carthage was just is based on Cic. *De Off.* 2.8 and Dante *Mon.* 2.3.1.

192. *Mavortia*: An archaic, un-syncoated adjectival form of the name Mars.

205-6. Cf. Verg. *Aen.* 2.283-6, 6.500-2.

211-4. This unusually ineffective simile appears to have no classical models.

223. *lucis inaccessse*: Cf. I Tim. 6:16.

226. *parce...gemitu*: Cf. Verg. *Aen.* 1.257.

230-84. After Hasdrubal's defeat at Dertosa in 215 BC, the Carthaginians were distracted by Syphax's revolt in Africa. P. and Cn. Scipio took advantage of the situation and attempted to complete the conquest of Spain. After three years of campaigning, they had great success, but Hasdrubal put down the rebellion and returned to Spain in 212 BC. Events unfolded as P. describes, with the brothers dying at the battle of the Upper Baetis in 211 BC. For P. Scipio's death, see Livy 25.34. For Cn., Livy 25.36.

239. *Sorores*: These sisters are the Fates, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos. The Fates spun the thread of a person's life. They were either primordial deities or the daughters of Zeus and Themis.

244. *Celtarum*: This is a reference to the Celt-Iberians, the native inhabitants of Spain.

246-248. P. utters similar sentiments in *Canzoniere* 128. He has also in mind Rome's decline and fall, which were due in large part to reliance on an increasingly foreign army.

266-71. Cf. Verg. *Aen.* 12.587-92, Stat. *Theb.* 10.574-9, Claud. *In Ruf.* 2.460-2.

276-277. *Austris / acrius*: Auster, the south wind.

277. *Erix*: Eryx was the name of a mountain and settlement in ancient Sicily. In antiquity, there was a cult of Aphrodite there, and the mountain was dedicated to her. The modern name of the town is Erice, while the mountain is Monte San Giuliano.

277. *Athlas*: Atlas is either the Titan who bore the heavens on his shoulders or a Mauretanian king who became the mountain range when Perseus showed him the severed head of Medusa.

283-4. Cf. Verg. *Aen.* 2.348-55.

318. *Hesperia*: Spain.

330. In the second dialog of P.'s *Secretum*, St. Augustine quotes this line to remind P. to be always mindful of man's mortality.

334-18. Cf. Cic. *Rep.* 6.14. There is a similar procession of Rome's heroes in the sixth book of Vergil's *Aeneid*. Vergil has Anchises detail Rome's coming glory to Aeneas, whereas P. has Scipio's father show him Rome's past, to inspire virtue.

354. *Frigios...Penates*: The Phrygian Penates were the household gods of Troy. Anchises carried them to Italy (Verg. *Aen.* 2.716-20).

362. *Marcellus*: M. Claudius Marcellus (d. 208 BC) was killed in battle against the Carthaginians (Livy 27.27.12). P. also mentions him in *Rerum memorandarum* 3.5.15 and dedicates *De Viris* 19 to his life.

365. *Crispinus*: T. Quintus Crispinus, consul in 208 BC. For his campaign in Sicily, see Livy 24.39.12, and for his death, Livy 27.26-28.33 and *De Viris* 20.

368. *alter*: Marcellus.

371. *Fabium*: Q. Fabius Maximus (d. 203 BC). Early on, he was criticized by the people because of his desire to avoid pitched battle with the Carthaginians. He was also given the agnomen *cunctator*, 'the Delayer,' as a kind of insult. Realizing that the Carthaginians were far from home and that their supply lines were severely stretched, Fabius harried their foraging parties and tried to starve them into submission. Fabius was relieved of command, and the following year the Roman army met with disaster at Cannae. This experience proved the wisdom of Fabius' unorthodox tactics, and his strategy was then followed until Scipio's invasion of Africa forced the Carthaginians to withdraw from Italy.

379. *Graccum*: Ti. Sempronius Gracchus, died in ambush, Livy 25.16-17.

381. *Emilio...Paulo*: Aemilius Paulus, consul slain at Cannae, Livy 22.44.49.

385. *rogantem*: The tribune Gn. Lentulus offered Paulus his horse, Livy 22.49.

387. *macte animi*: Cf. Verg. *Aen.* 9.638.

394-5. *feroque collega*: This brash colleague is Terentius Varro, who was consul along with Paulus. P. follows Livy 22.34.2 in characterizing Varro as *ferox*.

414-5. *innumeram...turbam cesorum*: Livy 22.49 gives a death toll of 45,500 infantry and 2,700 cavalry.

433. *Calpe*: the Rock of Gibraltar.

460-99. Cf. Cic. *Rep.* 6.15.

511. *moderator alter*: Numa Pompilius (d. 674 BC). Numa was a Sabine and the second king of Rome. His reign saw the integration of the Romans and Sabines as well as the establishment of Roman religious institutions (Livy 1.18-21).

515. *monitu ceu coniugis*: Numa's wife was the nymph Egeria. She was one of the Camoenae, goddesses of prophecy and wisdom who were later syncretized with the Greek Muses. Numa met Egeria in a sacred grove, and she instructed him in the ways of kingship. When Numa died, Egeria was transformed into a well (Ov. *Met.* 15.479), reportedly the Ninfeo d'Egeria in Rome's Parco Carafella.

516. *euntem dividat annum*: Numa is credited with devising the first Roman calendar.

517-8. Cf. Vergil *Aen.* 6.809.

519. *tertius*: Tullus Hostilius succeeded Numa and was a second Romulus. He waged wars with Rome's neighbors, expanding the city's territory and destroying Alba Longa. Due to his martial preoccupations, Tullus pridefully disdained sacrificing to the gods. When he finally came round, he performed a ritual incorrectly and was struck dead by one of Jove's thunderbolts (Livy 1.22-31). P. mentions the thunderbolt in *Fam.* 15.9.

519-20. *omnem / militia...artem*: Cf. Flor. 1.3.

522. *quartus*: Ancus Marcius (d. 616 BC) was Rome's fourth king. He was Numa's grandson and was chosen in hope that he would restore the enlightened rule of his grandfather. Ancus completed the conquest of Latium and built a bridge over the Tiber. His duties as priest and fame as bridge-builder led to the establishment of the office of Pontifex Maximus. Ancus also established the Plebs on the Aventine Hill, fortified the Janiculum, founded Ostia, and built Rome's first prison (Livy 1.32).

525. *quinti*: Tarquinius Priscus was an Etruscan of Greek origin. His father, Demaratus, had come to Etruria from Corinth. Tarquinius was barred from public office because of his foreign origin and left for Rome, hoping for better prospects. His skills as

an administrator gained the attention of Ancus Marcius, who soon adopted him. On Marcius' death, Tarquinius' rhetorical skill enabled him to convince Rome that he should succeed instead of Marcius' natural sons. As king, Tarquinius extended Rome's hegemony over several Sabine and Etruscan towns and built the Circus Maximus, the Cloaca Maxima, the Forum Romanum, and the temple to Jupiter Optimus Maximus on the Capitoline (Livy 1.34-41).

527-30. Tarquinius introduced many Etruscan institutions to Rome, including those that P. here enumerates (Flor. 1.5).

531. *sextum*: Servius Tullius (d.535 BC) was Tarquinius' son-in-law. He became king through the political maneuvering of Tanaquil, Tarquinius' wife, and not through the consultation of the plebs, as had been customary. There are various stories about his origins. A popular version makes him a slave, but this is most likely a folk-etymology on the basis of the similarity of *Servius* to the Latin word for slave, *servus*. He is likely related to Macstarna, an historical mercenary of Etruscan extraction (Livy 1.41). P. discusses Servius in *De Remediis* 2.5.

535. *censum*: Servius is remembered as a constitutional reformer and is said to have ordered Rome's first census.

535-6. Cf. Flor. 1.8.

540. *alter*: Tarquinius Superbus (d. 496 BC) was the seventh and last king of Rome. He had the senate proclaim him king and orchestrated Tullius' murder. Supported by a number of the senators, Tarquinius proceeded to roll back Tullius' democratizing reforms. Tarquinius grew ever more despotic, reducing the plebs to virtual slavery. He had immense and costly structures built and retained a large personal body guard of foreigners, displaying the oriental *superbia* from which he took his epithet. Tarquinius' son Sextus seized and defiled the Roman matron Lucretia, offending Roman honor and stirring up rebellion. The Tarquinius were soon ousted and the Republic founded (Livy 1.49).

545. Cf. Flor. 1.8.

549. *tres*: The three Horatii were triplet brothers chosen to face the Curiatii and to thus decide the outcome of a feud between Rome and Alba Longa. During the battle, two of the Horatii were slain and all three Curiatii wounded. The last remaining Horatius was able to kill each of the Curiatii in single combat. Returning to Rome, he met his sister, who lamented that she had been engaged to one of the Curiatii. Upon hearing this, the last Horatius drew his sword, killed his sister, and cried out 'So perish any Roman woman who mourns the enemy.' For this act, he was sentenced to death but was released on appeal to the Roman people (Livy 1.24ff).

578. *Publicolam*: P. Valerius Publicola (d. 503 BC) was the colleague of L. Junius Brutus after the exile of L. Tarquinius Collatinus. He was a great enemy of monarchy (Livy 2.8.1).

Notes to Book II

16. *Latium*: A region (mod. Lazio) of central Italy south of the Tiber and west of the Apennines that was the homeland of the Latins. The ancients believed that Latium was named for Latinus, whom Hesiod (*Theog.* 7.55) claimed was the son of Odysseus and Circe and king of the Tyrsenoi (Etruscans). In Vergil's *Aeneid*, Latinus was king of the Latins and father of Lavinia, whom Aeneas married.

17. *foribus...perfidus*: *Fora* (sing. *forum*) were the religious, political, and ceremonial centers of Roman towns. Hannibal's 'faithless' presence there would offend the citizens' civic pride and religious sensibility.

18. *Nostro pinguescunt arva cruore*: Cf. Verg. *Georg.* 1.491-2.

19-21. *lumina...duo*: Scipio's father, P. Scipio, and uncle, Cn. Cornelius Scipio Calvus.

27. *cogente deo*: Cf. Stat. *Theb.* 10.306.

29. *humanas...manus*: Cf. Sen. *De Constitutione Sapientiae* 4.2.

32. *latronem...luscum*: Hannibal lost his right eye to conjunctivitis while crossing the Apennines in 217 BC on his way to Lake Trasimene (Livy 22.2). For the description of Hannibal as *luscus*, see Juv. 10.159 and *Tr. Fam.* 1.127.

34-37. Cf. Livy 30.35.

39. *tu...caveto*: This *tu* with the future imperative is especially emphatic.

43. Cf. Livy 30.30-31 and Flor. 1.22.

45. *retrahis...pedem*: *pedem retrahere* = 'to retreat.'

47-61. This is a summary of the speech Hannibal will make in the seventh book.

51-52. *de tua...maiestate*: The preposition *de* with an ablative of possession, though characteristic of medieval Latin, is rare in P.'s classical models.

62. *impius*: P. has made this word Hannibal's epithet to contrast him with Vergil's *pious Aeneas*. *Pietas* was considered the most Roman of the virtues, and it is therefore fitting that Rome's greatest enemy is *impius*.

63. Cf. Verg. *Aen.* 8.678-88.

64. *benesuada*: Late origin, rare.

65. *sorores*: These sisters are the Roman virtues *Dignitas* and *Gravitas*.

73. *Grais*: This is a contracted form of the archaic/poetic adjective *Graius*, 'Greek.'

74-6. Cf. Flor. 1.24. P. drew on Livy 34.60 and Eut. *Brev.* 31-2 for his account of Hannibal's death in *De Viris* 17.49-55 (Martellotti 1983, pp. 91-2.)

77. *ardens...ruiturus*: The present participle controlling the future participle shows purpose.

80. *quid multa*: A common Latin idiom that approximates the English 'Need I say more?'

86-89. Laurens (213) detects the influence of Florus' account of the death of Mithradates' (1.40) on P.'s description of Hannibal's last moments.

92-93. Livy relates (35.13) that in later years, Scipio met Hannibal at the court of Antiochus in Ephesus and that they had friendly reminiscence of the war.

95-96. *facinus dum grande, tremendum / horrendum*: *Facinus* can mean both deed and crime. P. exploits *facinus*' ambiguous meaning by using contrasting adjectives here and in line 2.104.

98-100. Cf. Verg. *Georg.* 2.505-7.

107-108. Cf. *Fam.* 13.10.

111. *quum*: an archaic form of *cum*.

112. *Bithinica aula*: Hannibal was a refugee at the court of Bithynia when he committed suicide in 183 BC (Livy 39.51).

116. *medio...acero*: The Fate's middle skein is that which has not yet been measured, i.e., the future.

117-119. Cf. Flor. 2.7.

121. *Etholus*: Glabrio (see below, line 134 and note) conquered Aetolia in 191 BC.

121-25. This refers to Scipio's legation while his younger brother, then consul, was concluding the war against Antiochus in Magnesia (Flor. 1.24.14). Scipio's younger brother, L. Cornelius Scipio Asiaticus, defeated Antiochus III at Magnesia ad Siplylum in 190 BC (Livy 37.37.41). This victory gave Rome all of Asia Minor north of the Taurus.

123-124. ...*Eous* / ...*Zephirus*...*Auster*: Three of the *Anemoi*, gods of the North, West, and South Winds. Eous and Zephyr are Greek names, while Auster is Roman. Here they represent the cardinal directions.

127-136. Cf. Flor. 2.7-14.

128. *Galathe Macedum*: After about 150 years as a Roman client, Galatia was peacefully incorporated into the Roman Empire as a province in 25 BC. Macedon became a Roman province in 146 BC after a series of three wars.

130. *Magnus Alexander*: Alexander III of Macedon (356-323 BC.)

131. *nosti*: Translate with present force. Sync. perf. of *novi*; preteritive use of the verb *nosco*.

132. *Grecia cunta*: Greece became the Roman Province of Achaea in 146 BC following L. Mummius' destruction of Corinth. In 88 BC, Achaea supported Mithradates VI Eupator of Pontus against Rome, prompting L. Cornelius Sulla to invade Greece and lay waste to its cities. The Romans were harsh in their treatment of their rebellious province, destroying much of Greece's cultural patrimony and leaving its economy in ruins (Livy 42). P. misspells Mummius' name as Memmius in line 2.134.

133. *cesorum...avorum*: the Trojans.

134. *Glabrio*: M' Acilius Glabrio was consul with Cornelius Scipio Nasica in 191 BC. He defeated Antiochus the Great at Thermopylae and made the Aetolian League a Roman protectorate (Flor. 1.24; Livy 36.16-19; 37).

135. *Flamini*: T. Quinctius Flaminius was consul in 198 BC. He defeated Philip V in the Second Macedonian War at the battles of Aous and Cynocephelae (Livy 33.6-10). He admired Greek culture and guaranteed 'Greek freedom' at the Isthmian Games of 196 BC. Most manuscripts of Flor. record his name as *Flaminius*, and P. has followed this tradition.

141-42. ...*ramus* / *pestifer*...: Nero Claudius Caesar, emperor 54-68 AD, last of the Julio-Claudians.

144. There is evidence of a rivalry between the Scipiones and Catones. Based on late nineteenth-century understanding of Cicero's use of the word *grex* in *De Amic.* 69, scholars of the first half of the twentieth century characterized Scipio Africanus and his friends and relations as belonging to a so-called 'Scipionic Circle' that favored political

reform and Greek culture. Conversely, M. Porcius Cato has been portrayed as the leader of a conservative reaction that celebrated Roman tradition. Scholars since the publication of Astin's *Scipio Aemelianus* (Oxford, 1967) tend to agree that this division is overly simplistic. Nevertheless, there was some friction between the two factions.

145-6. *Emilii...nepotem / Elige*: P. Cornelius Scipio Africanus' eldest son, P. Cornelius Scipio, adopted the younger son of L. Aemelius Paulus Macedonicus, who is known to history as Scipio Aemelianus Africanus, victor of the Third Punic War. P. refers to the adoption in *De Remediis* 3.131.

149. *Sillum*: L. Cornelius Sulla Felix, 138-78 BC. Quaestor under C. Marius in 107, he received Jugurtha's surrender at the end of the Numidian War. During the 90s, his relationship with Marius deteriorated. Sulla emerged as the leader of the aristocratic *optimates* against Marius' *populares* party. During the Social War of 89, Sulla defeated the Samnites. He was consul the following year. In the next decade, his proscriptions gained him a reputation for cruelty. After many years of civil war and unrest, Sulla reformed the Roman constitution and retired to the country, where he died a peaceful death.

150. *Pompeios*: Cn. Pompeius Magnus (Pompey the Great), who was defeated by Caesar in the Civil War, is the best known of the Pompeii. His two sons, Gnaeus and Sextus, fought against Caesar's successor Octavian, who would become the emperor Augustus.

150. *Bruti*: M. Junius Brutus, 85-42 BC, descendant of L. Junius Brutus the tyrannicide and leader of the conspiracy against Caesar in 44.

157. *unus...eximius*: This is C. Marius, who campaigned in Numidia and captured Jugurtha. Probably influenced by Cic. *Tusc.* 2.22.53, P. calls Marius a *rusticus* in *Ep. Met.* 1.3 and in *De Remediis* 2.5.

163. *Aquas Sextas*: *Aquae Sextiae* (Aix-en-Provence) was the site of a major battle between the Romans under C. Marius and the Germanic Cimbri in 102 BC (see Flor. 3.3 and P. *Rime* 128.44-48).

168. *magnus...iuvenis*: Pompeius Magnus. He was awarded three triumphs for his campaign against the pirates, his conquest of Palestine, and his campaign in Armenia (Flor. 1.40-41).

169-70. *Tagum Bethimque et Hiberum / ...Tybrim*: The Tagus, Baetis (mod. Guadalquivir), and Ebro are the chief rivers of Spain. The Tiber runs through Rome.

171. *nimia civem feritate rebellem*: In 76 BC, Q. Sertorius, governor of Spain, rebelled. Pompey crushed this rebellion (Livy 44).

174-227. Cf. Luc. *Phars.* 2.576-94.

184. *plectroque... maiore*: lit., ‘with a greater plectrum.’ The plectrum was a flat, pointed piece of bone or stone used to pluck the strings of the lyre, the instrument that accompanied the recitation of poetry.

194. *Armenia duplex*: Isidore (*Orig.* 14.3.35) explains this description of a ‘double Armenia.’

195. *Cappadoces Arabes... Ganges*: After more than a century as a client kingdom, Cappadocia became a Roman province in 17 AD. Arabia was briefly a Roman province under the emperor Trajan. Rome’s empire never reached the Ganges.

196. *Persis et Arsacides: Rubroque a litore*: The Persians and the Romans fought numerous wars in Central Asia. Mesopotamia was a province under Trajan but was abandoned soon after the emperor’s death. The Red Sea was little visited and little known by the Romans and was certainly not under their control.

197. *Arthon: Sc. Arcton*: The Greek name of the constellation Ursa Major, which contains the Big Dipper and points northward.

198. *Tanaim et Meotida*: Tanais is the modern Don, and the Maeotis is the Sea of Azov.

199. *Repheos*: Riphean refers to the northern region of Scythia, today southern Russia.

202-7. Cf. *Flor.* 3.5.

202-3. *Sabeam / Turicremasque domos*: Sheba, a region of ancient Arabia, was celebrated in antiquity and the Middle Ages for its fragrant spices, frankincense and myrrh.

205. *Purpura*: In antiquity, purple dye was extremely expensive to produce and was considered especially extravagant and luxurious.

210. *Cipri*: Cyprus, valuable for its bronze and its many harbors, became a Roman province in 57 BC.

211. *Creta superstitionum ingens domus*: In antiquity, Crete was famed for its variety of cults. P. echoes this line in *Fam.* 15.7.

214-5. *clipeus potentis / Trinacrie*: Sicily became a Roman province at the conclusion of the First Punic War in 242 BC. The ‘shield of Sicily’ refers to the Gorgon’s head, a common apotropaic decoration on Greek shields and later became a symbol of Sicily.

215-6. *Sardinia / Corsica*: In violation of treaty, the Romans seized Sardinia and Corsica in 238 BC during Carthage's Mercenary War.

217. *Tusco...equore*: The Etruscans were called Tusci by the Romans and Tyrrhenians by the Greeks. The sea bordering Latium is still called the Tyrrhenian Sea.

219. *ille*: C. Julius Caesar. Flor. (1.45) claims that because Britain and Germany were so little known and their inhabitants so savage, Caesar's victories there were the greatest deeds of any Roman general.

227. *ceruleis Germanis*: Cf. Tac. *Germ.* 4.1.

238. *Pharsalicas...Ephirea*: Caesar's victory over Pompey at Pharsalus in 48 BC brought an end to the first phase of the Civil War.

239. *Thapson...Mundam...Capitolia*: After Pompey's defeat, M. Porcius Cato the Younger led what remained of the *optimates* to North Africa. Thapsus fell to Caesar's forces in 46 BC, and Cato committed suicide soon after. Leadership of the *optimates* then fell to Pompey's sons, Gnaeus and Sextus. Caesar's forces utterly defeated the Pompeians, and Caesar met with no further organized resistance. Caesar returned to Rome in triumph and was made dictator for life, but a conspiracy of conservatives assassinated him near the Capitoline in 44 BC.

240-1. *maximus / nepos*: Octavian (63 BC-14 AD), was Caesar's great-nephew and heir. After Caesar's death, senatorial support was divided between Octavian and Mark Antony, Caesar's lieutenant. The two initially cooperated and along with Lepidus formed the Second Triumvirate to bring stability to Rome. The triumvirate was dissolved in 33 BC, and war broke out between Octavian and Antony in 31 BC. Octavian defeated Antony at Actium, styled himself Augustus, and became Rome's first emperor (Flor. 4.3.11-12). P. refers to him again in *Fam.* 23.1

243. *barbara sistra*: The shaking of rattles was characteristic of the cult of Isis, the Egyptian mother-goddess. Her cult was especially popular during the empire (Verg. *Aen.* 8.696).

244. *uxorem Latii...ducis*: This is Cleopatra, (69-30 BC) last of the Ptolemaic pharaohs. She was the lover of Caesar and later the mistress of Mark Antony. She committed suicide after her defeat at Actium.

246. *Romanis fascibus*: The fasces is a bundle of rods bound to an axe. It was an Etruscan symbol of authority over corporal and capital punishment that Rome's consuls inherited from the kings.

246. *Histrum*: Ister is the ancient name for the lower Danube. Except for a short-lived rule over Dacia (mod. Romania), the river remained the empire's northern border until Byzantine times.

255-6. *Gemini claudentur trisitia Iani / Limina*: The doors of the Temple of Janus could only be closed during times of peace. Numa Pompilius was the first to close the temple. He was followed by T. Manlius in 235 BC, Augustus in 29 BC, and Vespasian in 70 AD (Verg. *Aen* 7.601-10).

258. *dilecte coniugis*: Livia Drusilla (58 BC-29 AD) was Augustus' wife and the mother of Tiberius. She wielded considerable influence at Augustus' court and was awarded the title Augusta, which in essence made her the empress of Rome (Suet. *Aug.* 99).

264. *generis*: The moral, artistic, and political decline Rome experienced after the death of Augustus was mirrored in the weakening mental state of the Julio-Claudian emperors, Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, and Nero. Of these, Caligula and Nero were madmen. Rome's armies remained strong, and after the civil wars that followed the suicide of Nero in 64 AD, the general Vespasian established a new dynasty, the Flavians. The Flavians would also end their reign with a madman, Domitian.

265. *Tartarus...Stigiosque recessus*: Tartarus was a place of eternal punishment, lower even than Hades. The Styx was the principal river flowing through the Underworld.

266-7. *natum / patrem*: This refers to the emperors Vespasian (9-79 AD) and Titus (39-81 AD). P. mentions the double triumph in *Fam* 23.1 and describes it as *Christi gloriosissimam ultionem*, echoing Orosius *Hist.* 8.9.8.

276. *externi*: The emperors Trajan and Hadrian were born in Spain of Roman parents. Septimius Severus and Geta were African. Septimius Severus' wife was Syrian, and their son Caracalla was born in Gaul. The third century crisis would bring a host of emperors from far-flung regions of the empire, including Britain and Thrace.

283. *arbiter Orci*: Rhadamanthys was, along with Minos and Aeacus, a judge of the underworld. In later tradition, he metes out punishment to the wicked in Tartarus. Verg. *Aen.* 6.566.

288. *honos*: This archaic spelling of *honor* is in conscious imitation of Vergil.

290-2. *Siria / ...Gallia / ...Grecia...Illiricum / ...Boream*: 'Effeminate Syria' refers to Heliogabalus, the deified boy emperor, transvestite, and transsexual. Antoninus Pius was from Gaul, Julian was born in Greece and was the author of the last great attempt to breathe new life into Greek pagan culture. Maximinus is the most famous of the emperors to come from Illyricum. Boreas could be a reference to Constantine, who was born in Britain, but it probably refers to the long succession of Germanic invaders who eventually resurrected the Roman Empire under Charlemagne.

296-7. *incumbes / petes*: The future tense here has imperative force.

301-26. P.'s patriotic longing for the restoration of Rome was common among fourteenth century Italians. P. witnessed firsthand the corruption of the papal court at Avignon and neglect of Rome. His literary mentor, Dante, wrote a work of political theory, *De Monarchia*, on the need for the restoration of Roman political dominion. Scholars have posited several men as P.'s *vir dignus*. Martellotti (627) detected a reference to him in *Rime* 53's *spirto gentil* and argued for Cola di Rienzi, the founder of a short-lived Roman republic during the 1340s. Corradini (420) thought it might be Stefano Colonna, Rienzi's rival. Perhaps P. intends his patron, Robert of Sicily.

318. *leonem*: A roaring lion was the symbol of Ghibellines.

331. *Lucifer*: The morning star, Venus.

333. *Cynthia*: Cynthia was an epithet of Diana, sister of Apollo and goddess of the moon. Phoebe, a titan and the sister of Atlas was also goddess of the moon and was Diana's grandmother.

337-59. Cf. *Fam.* 1.3; *Rime* 91.12-14, 244.12; *Trionfo del Morte* 1.79-100.

360-364. Cf. Boethius 2.7.5; Cic. *Rep.* 6.20; Dante *Paradiso* 22.133-154; P. puts these words in St. Augustine's mouth in *Secr.* 3.200.

376-7. Cf. Macr. *In Somn. Scip.* 2.7.11, Boet. *Cons. Phil.* 2.7.5, and *Secr.* 3.200.

388. *mediam...zonam*: Cf. Verg. *Georg.* 1.233, Plin. *Nat. Hist.* 2.68.172, Macr. *In Somn. Scip.* 2.5.7.

395. *diversi mores*: Cf. Boet. *Cons. Phil.* 2.7.6-7.

399-400. *Toprobani... / ...Hibernum*: Sri Lanka, the furthest east island known to the Romans, and Ireland, the furthest west.

432. *mortem...secundam*: Cf. *Secr.* 3.16.9.

435-7. Cf. Cic. *Rep.* 6.6.22.

442. *Finibus Etruscis iuvenem*: The youth is of course P., who was born at the Tuscan border town of Arezzo in 1304.

443. *Ennius alter*: Ennius was Rome's first great epic poet and the father of Latin literature. He wrote a poem called *Annales* on the Second Punic War. Silius Italicus, a silver age poet, also wrote an epic on the Second Punic War, the *Punica*, but was probably unknown to P. P. knew Ennius only through scattered quotations and the unfavorable judgment of later generations of Latin poets. His own estimation of the father of Latin literature is therefore negative. P. evaluates Ennius' lack of artistic achievement later in this book and in books IV and IX.

445. *rudes...Musas*: Cf. Ov. *Trist.* 2.424.

487-90. Cf. *Secr.* 3.204; Cic. *Tusc.* 1.45.109; Sen. *Ad Luc.* 79.13.

490-500. Cf. *Secr.* 3.206.

507-509. *baculum... / Scipionis... / Cognomen...*: The Latin words *baculum* and *scipio* are roughly synonymous. The *cognomen aliud* is *Africanus*.

521. *Lelius alter*: C. Laelius was consul in 140 BC and friend of Scipio Aemelianus Africanus.

539. *Ingratam patriam*: P. Cornelius Scipio's epitaph, reported in Val. Max. 5.3.2 was: *ingrata patria, ne ossa quidem mea habes*.

Notes to Book III

1. *astrigerum...axem*: Cf. Stat. *Theb.* 8.83.

7-8: Cf. Verg. *Aen.* 5.741-2.

9. *petiturus fueram*: This use of the active periphrastic in the pluperfect is extremely rare.

12. *forent = essent*.

20. *ceptum*: Sc. *inceptum*.

20-1. *patrieque ignosce furenti / nescit enim quid faciunt*: Cf. Lk. 23:34.

22. *iubet*: historical present.

22. *illicet*: metrically influenced form of *ilicet*.

25-77. Cf. P. *Vita Scipionis* 3.1.

28. *periclo*: syncopated form of *periculo*.

39. Cf. Verg. *Aen.* 9.349.

51. *contorto vertice*: Cf. Luc. *Phars.* 3.627.

87. Here P. begins his grand tableau of Syphax's palace. P.'s presentation passes from the palace's immense dome with its model universe to the signs of the Zodiac to a catalogue of the Olympian deities and their attendants. P. apparently intended to include a description of the ancient heroes (3.139) after that of the gods, but no such description

follows. This long passage has many models stretching from Homer to medieval epic and is in fact a melding of the traditions of *catalogue* and *ekphrasis*. The catalogue serves to show off the poet's mythological learning while the ekphrasis gives him an opportunity to display his powers of visual description.

88. *atria*: *atrium* means palace in the plural.

93. *signifer*: *orbis signifer* = the Zodiac.

95-6. *lumina septem / ...vaga*: *lumina vaga*, 'wandering stars,' is a fair translation of the Greek *planetes*, 'the wanderers.' The seven planets in P.'s geocentric universe were the Moon, Mercury, Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn.

138-260. P. bases his description of the pagan gods on a variety of ancient and medieval sources, but his chief inspiration is an anonymous document called *Mythographus Vaticanus III*. The study of mythology was not well developed in P.'s day. Details on the appearance and attributes of the gods came mostly from written sources, since the rediscovery of pagan art was still a generation away. P.'s amassing of accurate details is for this reason especially impressive and is the product of much research. For a detailed discussion of P.'s sources, see Laurens, 235-6.

141. *Iovis armiger*: the eagle.

142. *Ydeum iuvenem*: The 'Idean youth' is Ganymede, cupbearer to the gods and Jupiter's *eromenos* (Verg. *Aen.* 5.254-5, *Alexandreis* 1.455-6).

147. *flammivomusque draco*: This fire-breathing dragon is a medieval, Germanic intrusion into P.'s otherwise classical catalogue.

160. *monstrum ignotum immensumque trifauci*: Cerberus, the three-headed watchdog of the underworld.

167. *volucres in terga sagitte*: Cf. Verg. *Aen.* 12.415.

168. *Cirreo...antro*: The Delphic cave was the abode of the Pythia, Apollo's oracle at Mt. Parnassus.

168. *Phiton*: The Python was the chthonic serpent goddess of Delphi. Apollo slew the Python and rededicated her temple as the site of his oracle.

174. *frater...iunior*: Mercury, Apollo's younger half-brother, son of Jupiter and the Pleiad Maia.

178. *Gallus...Argus*: The cock was Mercury's totem. For Mercury's dealings with Argus, see Ov. *Met.* 1.625-723.

179. *sponsa*: A rather late tradition, originating with Martianus Capella and related in the *Mythographus Vaticanus III*, relates that Mercury wed Philology and that they gave birth to the *trivium* and *quadrivium*.

181-5. P. alludes to Ovid's accounts of the slaughter of Medusa (*Met.* 4.782-5), of Atlas turning to stone (4.652-662), of the birth of Pegasus from Medusa's blood (4.785-6), and of the formation of the Hippocrene spring (5.256-7).

183. *cervice reflexa*: Cf. Verg. *Aen.* 8.633 and Stat. *Ach.* 1.382.

185. *fons sacer*: See note 1.4.

204. *Minerva*: Minerva was the Roman Athena, goddess of crafts, wisdom, and battle tactics. No myths tell of her ever having a consort, so the ancients venerated her as a virgin goddess.

206. *et cristam*: Due to her military associations, Minerva was usually depicted in battle armor.

207. *cristallinus habens clipeus*: The aegis was Jupiter's goatskin shield. After Perseus slew Medusa, the Gorgon's head was placed in the center of the Aegis. In another myth, the aegis was a monster slain by Athena, who then fashioned its skin into a breastplate.

208. *nocturna volucris*: The owl was Minerva's totem. Its large eyes were thought to be indicative of its great intellect.

209. *cecropius*: Cecrops was a legendary, semi-divine, chthonic king of Athens. He was credited with instituting the cult of Athena at Athens.

210. *cerebro prognata Iovis Venerisque pudendum*: Minerva, apparently generated asexually, was born from Jupiter's brow. For this reason, she was thought to represent the divine intellect. P. here blends several myths about the parentage of Venus. For Venus to have her 'foul birth,' springing up from the sea foam when Uranus' dismembered penis fell from heaven into the Mediterranean, she would have to be Minerva's great aunt, not her sister. Venus cannot be simultaneously the daughter of Uranus and of his nephew Jupiter.

212. *Venus*: Venus was the goddess of erotic desire and beauty. Early myths seem to indicate that she was older than the Olympians, but the Romans reckoned her to be the daughter of Jupiter. Modern scholars agree that she was a Semitic goddess imported to Greece sometime before the Greek Dark Ages.

215. *nudis...puellis*: The Graces (Beauty, Mirth, and Good Cheer), were Venus' attendants, (Servius *In Verg. Aen.* 1.720).

221. *Apolline*: According to Ov. 1.452ff, Apollo became infatuated with the naiad Daphne after Cupid shot him with an arrow. Daphne rejected his advances and was transformed into a laurel tree to escape him.

224. *Driadum*: The Dryads were spirits of the forests and groves.

224. *Dyana*: Diana was goddess of the hunt and the moon. She was the older sister of Apollo and daughter of Jupiter and Latona. Like Minerva, Diana was a virgin goddess and renowned for her chastity.

225. *Horeades*: The Oreades were spirits of the mountains. They were associated with Diana because she was thought to frequent the mountains while hunting.

225. *Fauni...Satiri*: Fauns and Satyrs are goat-legged spirits of the woods. They were famed for their lust and drunkenness and were attendants of the wine god Bacchus.

229. *Actheon*: Actaeon was a heroic Theban hunter. He happened to see Diana bathing in a forest spring. Diana turned him into a stag, whereupon his own dogs tore him to shreds. Ovid tells his story in *Met.* 3138-252.

232. *Cibele...Yda*: Cybele, originally a Phrygian mountain goddess, was the Roman 'Great Mother,' goddess of the earth. Mt. Ida, in Anatolia, was her seat.

237. *Tonantem*: 'The Thunderer' is a common epithet for Jupiter, king of the gods and god of the sky.

244. *coniunx*: Proserpina was the daughter of Ceres and the wife of Pluto. Ovid relates the story of Proserpina's kidnapping, her marriage to Pluto, and Ceres' wrath in *Met.* 5. 332-571.

246-62. Like Dante, P. splits the underworld into nine regions, but his descriptions of the five rivers Styx, Acheron, Cocytus, Phlegethon, and Lethe are more classical than Dante's.

256. *senex*: This is Charon, the ferryman of Hades.

261. *Parce*: The Fates were Nona, Decima, and Morta, who respectively spun, measured, and cut the thread of life.

294. *experiare = experiaris*, here a hortatory subjunctive.

311. *munera quin etiam ne despice fortis amici*: Cf. Livy 27.17.

318. *Ilva*: In antiquity, Elba was famed for its iron production.

371. *crateras*: A crater was a large vessel used for mixing water and wine.

373. *Meroe*: Meroe was a mythical island in the Ethiopian Nile said to produce excellent wine, (Luc. *Phars.* 10.160-3).

376. *cena Alcinoi*: Alcinous was king of the Phaeacians and host to Odysseus. His feast is described in Hom. *Od.* 8.62-103.

382-451. Cf. Luc. *Phars.* 4.609-60 and Ov. *Met.* 9.182-98.

382. *Alcides*: Hercules, son of Jupiter and Alcmena, was named Alcides by his adoptive father, Amphitryon.

382. *fera monstra*: The Hydra was a many-headed water serpent who guarded the underworld.

384. *Nemeos Lernam*: Nemea was the site of Hercules' first labor, the slaying of the Nemean Lion. Lerna, a lake in the Argolid, was the lair of the Hydra.

385. *colles Erimanthi*: Hercules slew the Erymanthian Boar at Mt. Erymanthus in Arcadia (Ov. *Met.* 2.499).

386. *Hemonie*: Thessaly.

387. *bimembribus*: The Centaurs were half human and half horse. The Centaur Nessus attempted to rape Hercules' wife Deianira, but Hercules slew him (Ov. *Met.* 9.118ff).

388. *Gerione*: Geryon was a three-bodied warrior. One of Hercules' labors was to kill Geryon and take his cattle (Ov. *Met.* 9.184).

390. *Antheum*: Antaeus was a Libyan giant who drew strength from contact with the ground. Hercules lifted him above his head and crushed him.

395. *Orci*: Orcus was an Etruscan god of the underworld. Like the Greek Hades, the name Orcus could also be used for the underworld itself.

396. *Megeram*: Megaera was one of the Furies.

398. *geminas Columnas*: The pillars of Hercules. In early tradition, the "pillars" of Hercules were Gibraltar and Monte Hacho or Jebel Musa. Later, they were identified with pillars set up at the Phoenician temple of Melqart at Gades (Cádiz.) Greco-Roman mythologists referred to Melqart as Tyrian Hercules.

399. *utque...orbis*: From antiquity until the Middle Ages, the Pillars of Hercules were considered the western limit of the world. Although P. knew of Vadino and Ugolino Vivaldi's voyage into the Atlantic in 1291 and believed that the brothers

discovered the Canaries (*Itenerarium ad Sepulcrum Domini* 22), he is here content to remain rooted in classical tradition.

401-3. Alexander the Great, according to Q. Ruf. 10.1.17-8, wanted to efface Hercules' name from the columns. See also P. *Tr. Fame*, 160-2. Alexander is described as *vesanus* in Sen. *De Benef.* 2.16.1, Luc. *Phars.* 10.38, and *Alexandreis* 10.94.

414. *Utor ab Archadia*: Perseus.

414. *Palladis arte*: Pallas Athena was honored for her military skill.

418. *regina*: Dido. P. also defends Dido's honor against the unanimous verdict of antiquity in *Triumphus Pudicitie* 154-9 and *Rerum Senilium* 4.5.

420-1. *propinqui / coniugium regis*: Iarbas was king of the nomadic Gaetuli.

421. *cum*: concessive.

432. *fratres...Philenos*: The brothers offered themselves as live burials to enlarge Carthage's territory (Sall. *Iug.* 79).

434. *extimat*: Sc. *aestimat*.

438-9. *Caribdi / Scilla*: Scylla and Charybdis were sea-monsters that guarded a narrow strait in the Odyssey. Though Homer gives no clear indication of their location, the Strait of Messina between Italy and Sicily is the traditional site.

440-3. Cf. Liv. 30 and Juv. *Sat.* 10.153.

447. *iuvenis*: Scipio.

453. *subticuit*: Sc. *tacuit*.

466-9. Cf. Flor. 1.4-16.

477. *Tarpeia*: The Tarpeian Rock was a cliff on the Capitoline from which traitors were hurled. It was named for Tarpeia, a vestal virgin who opened the gates for the Sabines (Livy 1.11). The rock was also the site of the Temples of Jupiter Capitolinus and Saturn, which contained a treasury and an archive.

504-5. *caramque... / consortem*: Creusa was Aeneas' first wife. She died in the flight from Troy (Verg. *Aen.* 2).

509. *Lavinia*: Lavinia, Aeneas' second wife, was the daughter of Latinus. Their marriage united the Trojans and the Latins.

510. *sacro...flumine*: Aeneas was buried on the banks of the river Numicus in Latium. The river's waters purified Aeneas and made him a god (Ov. *Met.* 14.326-34).

515. *magnanimus...pastor*: Romulus.

518. *Quirino*: After calling an assembly, Romulus disappeared in a cloud of mist. Some believed he had been murdered, but the general opinion was that he had been apotheosized. Afterwards, he was worshipped as the god Quirinus (Livy 1.16).

527. *Curios...Camillos*: M. Curius Dentatus brought the Samnites under Roman suzerainty and drove Pyrrhus from Italy. M. Furius Camillus was dictator four times. He conquered Veii, held the Gauls at bay, and, when the situation in Rome became desperate, he encouraged the Romans to leave the city. After the destruction of Rome, he helped rebuild the city and was hailed as *secundus conditor*. Camillus receives treatment in P.'s *De Viris Illustribus* 8. He and Curius are upheld as models of Roman virtue at Mart. *Ep.* 1.24. For Curius, see Flor. 1.13.9;21-2, and for Camillus, see Livy 5.14-7.1.

528. *Paulos*: L. Aemilius Paulus led the Roman army to defeat at Cannae in 216 BC. Years later, his son defeated Perseus during the Macedonian War.

528. *Fabiosque trecentos*: The three hundred and six (according to Livy 2.49.4; 50.11 and Ov. *Fasti* 2.196) Fabii fought a personal war against the Veians. Only one Fabius survived, spared, it was believed, by the gods so that Q. Fabius Cunctator might be born and deliver Rome from Carthage. In epitomes of Livy, as well as in Ov. *Fasti* 2.203, the number is rounded to three-hundred.

530. *Torquatos*: T. Manlius Torquatus conquered Sardinia. In a speech that Livy considered too severe, he convinced the Senate not to ransom the Roman survivors of the defeat at Cannae (22.60). P. wrote about him in *De Viris* 9.

530. *Lepidos*: M. Aemilius Lepidus was a supporter of Caesar and the junior member of the second Triumvirate (Val. Max. *Fact. et Dict. Mem.* 3.1.1).

530. *Catonos*: M. Portius Cato 'the censor.' P. dedicates book 22 of *De Viris* to him. (Livy 34.17-39.52; Val. Max. *Fact. et Dict. Mem.* 4.3.11, 7.7.15).

531. *Fabricios*: C. Fabricius Lucinius expelled Pyrrhus from Italy and brought the Samnites under Roman control. P. commemorates him in *De Viris* 14.

531-2. *inclita cursu / Nomina*: Papirius Cursor won fame for his indefatigable spirit and untiring pursuit of his enemies during the Samnite Wars and earned the cognomen Cursor. P. devotes book 12 of *De Viris* to him (Livy 8.29-9.16; Aur. Vict. *De Vir. Ill.* 31.1).

532. *dedit cello demissa volucris*: M. Valerius was challenged by a Gaul to personal combat. A crow descended on Valerius' helmet and proceeded to attack the

Gaul. Valerius killed his opponent and was awarded the cognomen 'Corvinus' (Livy 7.26.1-5), cf. P. *De Viris* 1.

533. *Marcellos*: M. Claudius Marcellus defeated Hamilcar in Sicily and conquered Syracuse. P. writes of him in *De Viris* 19 (Livy 22.57-28.9).

533. *Graccos*: Ti. Sempronius Gracchus led a force of slave volunteers to victory against Hanno at Beneventum and against Hannibal at Nola (Livy 24.14-17.) He was later killed in a Carthaginian ambush. His sons, Ti. Sempronius Gracchus and C. Sempronius Gracchus were social progressives and were killed by Senatorial conservatives (Flor. 2.2-3).

534. *Regulos*: During the First Punic War, M. Atilius Regulus led the Roman fleet to victory against Carthage at Cape Ecnomus and invaded Africa. He was later taken captive. The Carthaginians sent him to Rome to negotiate a peace settlement, but instead he urged the Senate to continue the fight. He honored his parole by returning to Carthage and suffered a grisly death (Eut. *Brev.* 21, 25; Val. Max. 9.2; Hor. *Od.* 3.5.13-56).

554. *deum = deorum.*

571. *Unus...fortissimus*: Curtius offered himself, armed and mounted, as a sacrifice to the gods so that an abyss might close. He charged into the abyss and was swallowed up. A lake, the *Lacus Curtius*, formed on the site of his sacrifice (Livy 7.6).

579. *arma virumque dabo*: Cf. *Aen.* 1.1.

596. *Decios*: There were three generations of men named P. Decius Mus. The first, consul in 340 BC, heroically sacrificed himself in battle during the Latin war. His son, four times consul, also sacrificed himself in battle and ensured a Roman victory during the Third Samnite War. The grandson, consul in 279 BC, helped defeat Pyrrhus. P. commemorates the grandfather in *De Viris* 9 and mentions the trio in *Rerum Familiarum* 6.4.9 (Livy 7.9.2-12, 8.10.6; Livy 10.28, Val. Max. 5.6.6; Flor. 1.12.7).

661. *scelus horrendum*: Tarquinius Superbus ascended the throne by murdering his predecessor Servius Tullius. Tullia, Tullius' daughter and Tarquinius' wife, desecrated her father's body and was the first to salute Tarquinius as king (Livy 1.48).

668. *regem*: The queen bee was thought to be male until the seventeenth century.

676. *humerisque in nubila tollunt*: Sc. *nubilia* (Verg. *Georg.* 4.210-218).

720. *porgite dextras*: Cf. *Aen.* 8.270.

732. *sic nota*: P. would probably have known this story from Phaedrus' Latin rendition of Aesop's Fables (Phaed. 1.28). In the Greco-Roman tradition, the tale goes

back to Archilochus' *Epodes* of the sixth century BC and has antecedents in Egyptian and Mesopotamian literature.

738. *Brutus*: P. offers a similar characterization in *De Vir.* 3.5.

777. *unum pepulere duo*: The Republic invested two consuls annually with executive powers.

777-8. *geminata...signa*: Each consul had a retinue of lictors who carried the *fasces*, an axe bound with rods, during official processions.

780-5. Cf. *Flor.* 1.3.

795-803. Cf. *Livy* 2.6 and *Flor.* 1.4.9.

Notes to Book IV

4-5. *femina...pudica* / ...*Dido*: Challenging classical tradition, P. here compares Lucretia's modesty with Dido. See note 3.418.

6-8. *iuvenis...* / ...*sepultis* / *Fratribus*: P. draws a parallel between Curtius' self-sacrifice and that of the Philenian brothers. With this equation, P. once again breaks with tradition, as the Romans condemned the Carthaginians for their human sacrifice but failed to reflect on their own history and practice.

8. *genitor natusque neposque*: The Decii. See note 3.597.

17. *nosse* = *novisse*.

28. *niveos...iugales*: Cf. *Ov. Fasti* 4.373-6.

29. *senis...mariti*: See note 1.155-6.

36. *Cecropie...lingue*: Attic Greek, see note 3.210.

39-40. P. is fond of this idea. He also uses it in *Vita Scip.* 9.12-13 and in *Africa* 9.45-8.

46. Cf. *Livy* 28.35.

49-50. Cf. *Vita Scip.* 11.17 and *Livy* 28.35.6-7.

61. *altifici*: This is an *hapax legomenon*.

92. *Dis*: Contr. of *divis*.

106-7. This rumor of Scipio's divinity is reported in Livy 26.19. Livy suggests that Scipio's seclusion at the Temple of Jupiter was in conscious imitation of Alexander's devotion to Zeus-Ammon.

115. *sol...solus solet*: P. has assembled these words in deference to Cicero's folk etymology of *sol* in *De Nat. Deo*. 3.21.54. A more explicit allusion appears in *Africa* 8.3.

116. *cellam Iovis*: The Temple of Jupiter Optimus Maximus on the Capitoline was the most important religious building in ancient Rome. It was begun by L. Tarquinius Priscus and rebuilt several times during the Republic and Empire.

144. *remeare = remeavere*.

169. *Cisalpinis...colonis*: Cisalpine Gaul was a Roman province south of the Alps and north of the Rubicon. The Romans conquered the area between 224 and 220 BC, but after Hannibal's invasion in 218, the native Celts became Carthaginian allies.

173-4. The Battle of the Ticinus in 218 BC was the first of Rome's defeats leading up to Cannae (Livy 21.45-7).

182. *Cannarum*: The Battle of Cannae was Hannibal's greatest victory. He encircled a Roman army twice as large as his own in a pincer movement. The Romans were utterly destroyed, but the Carthaginians were unable to press their advantage (Livy 22).

200-1. *teneras... / ...genas*: Greek accusative of part affected.

212. *Amphitrioniades*: Hercules.

213. *Semiferis*: Hercules fought the centaurs outside Chiron's cave when they became intoxicated by the scent of wine (Ov. *Fasti* 5.379ff).

214-41. Cf. Livy 22.53.

251. Cf. Flor. 1.22.37-38.

251. *Quiritum*: See note 3.518.

255. *perpetuis...flammis*: The Pyrenees.

261. *magne nomen Carthaginis*: Hasdrubal founded Carthago Nova (mod. Cartagena) as the capital of Carthaginian Spain in 230 BC.

289. *armigero*: See note 3.142. See also Verg. *Aen.* 5.255 and Claud. *De Bello Gildonico* 467-8. In these lines, P. borrows Horace's imagery of the eagle and doves (*Od.* 1.37).

311-2. *Mars violentior... / Trachas*: The Greeks and Romans considered the Thracians to be especially savage. For this reason, poets often made Thrace the abode of Mars (Ov. *Ars Am.* 2.585, Stat. *Theb.* 7.42).

326. *Frigiosque Penates*: See note 1.354.

337. *muralem...coronam*: There is very little information about the mural crown apart from P.'s description. The principal ancient sources are Polyb. 6.39 and A. Gell. 5.6.16. See also Maxfield, 76-9.

373. *victrici fronde*: Due to the plant's associations with Apollo (see note 3.222), a laurel wreath was the prize at the Pythian games. Later, it became associated with military victory and was part of the regalia of a Roman *triumphator*.

388. Here Book IV breaks off. There is no sure evidence to suggest exactly how P. planned to connect this book with the next, but Laurens (271) suggests that he intended to write on chastity and the story of Allucius' betrothed (Livy 26.50).

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