

HISTORY ^{7 SERVA}

OF

ROME.

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VOL. III.

FROM THE END OF THE FIRST TO THE END OF THE SECOND
PUNIC WAR.

A NEW EDITION.

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P R E F A C E.

THE publication of this volume has been delayed longer than may have seemed reasonable to the wishes of the author's friends. When I was requested to superintend its progress through the press, I foresaw and stated that other calls, which would have a prior claim to my attention, would inevitably much retard it. But the request was made at a time when my own grief made me doubly anxious to do any thing that might allay the far deeper grief of others; and as it was repeated, notwithstanding this objection, I did not hesitate to comply with it. Indeed, but for this, I should joyfully have welcomed the opportunity of rendering any service to the memory of so great and good a man, a friend whom I so much honoured and revered. There seemed also to be a kind of propriety in my undertaking the task, not only on account of my previous connexion with another great historian of Rome, but also because the first letter I ever received from the author of this work, was written for the purpose of making some inquiries about Niebuhr's history, of which he said he had heard me speak with much praise. This letter was written in the year 1824; and to me it is an interesting recollection, that I should thus have been the means of introducing Dr. Arnold to a writer, who was to exercise so powerful an influence over the whole frame of his thoughts.

The manuscript which was put into my hands was singularly clear and correct: one might have thought

at first sight, that it was fit for going to the press immediately. But it proved that the Author's practice was not to note his references at the time he was composing his narrative: he used to keep them to be added afterwards. Hence the only notes under the text which were found in the manuscript, are the first nine to the first chapter, and that on the Basque numerals in p. 324. I conceive that, after having impregnated his mind with the liveliest conception he could gain of the events he was about to record, from a comparison of the accounts given by the ancient writers, he was unwilling to interrupt the flow of the narrative by pausing to examine the details of the documents, and so reserved all specific remarks on their contents, until the work was revised after its completion. Else such a practice would seem to entail a considerable addition of trouble. But it was also the practice of another friend of mine, who has enriched our literature with the best of all histories of Greece; and I have been informed that it was Niebuhr's practice also, only that Niebuhr's memory was so prodigious, he would often insert his references, with the number of the book and chapter, and at times with the words of the original, without feeling any need of verifying them.

Owing to this cause the work became considerably more arduous than I had anticipated; at least for one whose studies during the last ten years had lain in totally different regions, and who could only find an hour or two now and then, often at long intervals, to employ on it. In executing it, I have been much aided by my connexion and friend, the Rev. Arthur Stanley, whose devoted love for his former master made him rejoice in doing any thing for his remains, and is one among many like noble monuments to Dr. Arnold's praise. Still, although through the chief part of the volume the only sources of information are the

regular historians of the period, there are several statements for which it took me many hours to discover the authority: and in some instances, after having abandoned the search as hopeless, I found the passage required in one of the historical fragments recently published by Mai. After all, I have not been able to detect what the author was referring to in p. 48, where he says, that a freedman "might go out as a farmer of the taxes to Sicily," or in p. 323, where mention is made of a story which "ascribed the foundation of Gades to Archelaus, the son of Phœnix." Perhaps some scholar with more learning, and with something better than a private library at command, may enable me to supply these omissions in a future edition. The experience of the author's singular accuracy, which I have gained from the examination of his authorities, convinces me that he cannot have written without some definite ground for his assertions. Doubtless too there is some other authority than I have been able to find for the statement in p. 136, that "the older Gaulish chiefs were often averse to war, when the younger were in favour of it."

I have made this statement as a sort of apology for the length of time that this volume has been detained in the press, and to explain why it does not appear, like its predecessors, with the accompaniment of a running commentary, which is so requisite for the history of any period of antiquity, though perhaps less so for that of the second Punic war than of any other. In a very few instances have I allowed myself to do more than add a reference to the passages which I conceived the author had in view; indeed scarcely any where, except in pp. 123 and 128. Certain materials, which would have been digested into notes, were found among the author's papers. Of these, such as appeared fitted for publication, have been added in the Appendix.

Now that this volume does at length make its appearance, I trust that the warmest expectations entertained by the author's admirers will be fully satisfied. To me it seems far the best and most valuable portion of his history. This may be because I have been under the necessity of forming a more intimate acquaintance with it, which is often no less serviceable to books than to persons. I believe however that the superiority is real. For, in the first place, the author was entering upon ground comparatively unbroken: at least it had not just been exhausted by the mighty intellect which had been reconstructing the earlier history of Rome. How strongly the author felt the difficulty of following one who had said all that could be said about that period, and who left nothing to be gleaned by such as came after him, appears from the Preface to the second volume, where, after the amplest acknowledgment of his obligations to Niebuhr, he speaks with a magnanimous humility of the inferiority of his own work. Had Niebuhr lived to write the history of the second Punic war, it is clear, from the passage at the beginning of his third volume, where he says that "Scipio towers above his nation, as Hannibal above all nations," that he would have entered upon his task with the resolution of doing justice to both the competitors in the grandest struggle ever maintained by a single man; at least with the exception of that which Luther, above seventeen centuries after, waged also against the power of Rome. But as it is, Dr. Arnold is the first extant historian, and, we may fairly believe, is altogether the first, who has given any thing like an adequate representation of the wonderful genius and noble character of Hannibal. This representation however, the reader will observe, is to be found in the whole course of this volume, rather than in the summary which concludes it, and which was

written eighteen years before, when the author was only beginning to work his way out of the mists and clouds, which for so many ages had hung over the history of the Roman republic.

Besides, while the laborious avocations of Dr. Arnold's practical life, which would have worn out any common man, would not allow him to devote so much time to his history as would have been requisite to piece together fragments amassed from the whole service of ancient literature, into a united and living body, it was also more congenial to the tone of his mind, which was rather that of a statesman than of a philologist or philosopher, to portray the life of a state in broad definite forms, than to sketch out an image from seemingly shapeless clouds by gazing upon them with intent divination. And the most remarkable among his talents, his singular geographical eye, which enabled him to find as much pleasure in looking at a map as lovers of painting in a picture by Raphael or Claude, comes more into play in this volume; as does also, what must be intimately connected with that eye, his talent for military affairs. Even the military genius of Hannibal can hardly have been set on its right ground before. No reader of this volume will be able to close it without deploring that the author did not live to bring the war to its termination.

A strange fatality seems to hang over the history of Rome. No people ever wrote their history like the Romans; and they wrote it out. Other great nations have employed a large portion of their intellectual energies in other fields. Of the three ancient nations who have exercised a lasting influence on the destinies of mankind, the Hebrews were appointed to write their religion on the heart of the world, and the Greeks wrote their poetry and philosophy: but the Romans from first to last were employed in writing the history of Rome, and wrote that history on the

face of the whole earth in enduring characters, by their wars, their conquests, their laws, and their language, the traces of which are to be seen at this day in the chief part of Europe. They continued to write their history in larger and larger characters, from the age of the original monarchy down to that of Trajan, and even in some sort to that of Justinian; and when the mind of the nation was in its prime, great historians rose up in it, and gave an image of the history, which their countrymen had written by their deeds. But while the chief works of the Greek historians have been preserved in singular completeness, those of the Roman have all become fragments. Moreover, in modern times, when the spirit of Rome had again become substantiated in a man who knew all history and all knowledge, and who was about to revive and reanimate what Time had destroyed and scattered, he was cut off in the middle of his work. And now a second great writer, whose mind in many respects was peculiarly qualified to make him the historian of Rome, has left his work a fragment. After Niebuhr's death, when an injudicious friend was advising me to complete his history, I replied that it would be as easy to complete Cologne cathedral. This latter work seems now about to be accomplished; and it may be that a complete history of Rome will in time be written; but it will not be Niebuhr's, nor Arnold's. A great mind comes once, and does not return.

In thinking however of the death of Dr. Arnold, more especially in the present state of the English Nation and Church, there are deeper reasons for sorrow than the non-completion of any merely literary work. The history of Rome will still be written; and when viewed with reference to this object, the loss occasioned by Dr. Arnold's death cannot be compared with that which the whole know-

ledge of antiquity sustained by Niebuhr's. Doubtless too God will raise up men who will be able to do his work in England in these critical times. But there was a mission to which Dr. Arnold seemed especially called, and for which he was peculiarly fitted, a mission of the highest importance, which he executed faithfully and dutifully, and in which he had few fellow-workers. In an idolatrous age, one of the men we most need is an idoloclast, to use the word which Coleridge in his Tombless Epitaph applies to his ideal self. Such indeed there ever will be, some frivolous, some reckless; but the idoloclasts whom we need, and who alone will do their work effectually and beneficially, are such as are at once zealous and fearless in demolishing the reigning idols, and at the same time animated with a reverent love for the ideas which those idols carnalize and stifle. Such an idoloclast we had in Dr. Arnold, a dauntless lover of truth, in the midst of an age when few seek or care for any truth, except such as seems to pamper their already bloated predilections and prepossessions. From his unshakeable trust in the God of Truth, under the assurance that God is Truth, and that Truth can never be against God, he pursued it boldly at all risks, in the spirit of the sublime prayer, *ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ ὄλεσσον*. For he knew that, though he might perish, God would live; though he might fall, God would triumph; and he felt confident that every time Truth is purged with a careful and loving hand from the defilements wherewith the exhalations of the world are continually crusting her over, her form and features will come out in greater beauty and glory. This should be the spirit of all men who write, above all on religion and philosophy; but in England it is very rare among those who treat on such subjects, whatever it may be among men of science. We are so bound and shackled by all manner of prejudices,

national, party, ecclesiastical, individual, that we can hardly move a limb freely; and we are so fenced and penned in, that few can look out over their neighbour's land, or up to any piece of sky, except that which is just over their heads. Many too of our ablest men in these last years, instead of seeking after truth with loving patience and candour, have rather employed their best faculties in decking out their favourite idol with all the finery and tinsel which they could scrape together, and in burning incense before it, until they are wrapt in a mist, and count the glare of their tapers more glorious than the noonday sun. At such a time it is especially wholesome and refreshing to find a man like Dr. Arnold, who loves the truth, and seeks it, and speaks it out. I do not mean to profess an entire agreement with all his opinions: on many points we differed, more or less; but whether differing or agreeing, when I turn from the ordinary theological or religious writers of the day to one of his volumes, there is a feeling, as it were, of breathing the fresh mountain air, after having been shut up in the morbid atmosphere of a sick room, or in the fumigated vapours of an Italian church. He did indeed yearn after truth and righteousness, with yearnings that could hardly be uttered; and to hear of falsehood, to hear of injustice, pained him like a blow. Therefore was his death felt almost like a personal, as well as a national loss, from one end of England to the other. His yearnings now, we may trust, through the Saviour whom he delighted to glorify, are stilled with the contemplation of perfect Truth and perfect Righteousness. O that his example and his teaching may arouse others to a like zeal in the same most holy cause!

J. C. HARE.

October 20th, 1843.

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