The Greeks and Romans were in general highly critical of the ages in which they themselves lived, and used the good old days as a stick with which to beat their own generation. This method of flagellation is of course still with us, since it has always been, and presumably always will be, a habit with the ageing among us to look with a jaundiced eye upon the attitudes of our juniors and condemn them by measuring them against a previously established set of standards. The generation gap is not an invention of the second half of the twentieth century, however much the contemporary young may believe that they, for the first time in history, have discovered it. What is new in the present situation seems to be the organised contempt felt, or at least expressed, by the young for their elders: and of this I am not aware of any real evidence among Greeks and Romans.

The reason is, in part, a difference in the conception of what were the good old days. In the twentieth century we are inclined, in a definition of that halcyon period, to consider no greater interval than that between father and son. The parental stick used to beat the shortcomings of the child is with us a reference to conditions when we were boys. The ancient stick was a much longer one than this. The good old days were rooted more deeply in history. Examples were found, not in the virtues of the previous generation, but in models provided by national tradition; and perhaps this custom served to lessen the resentment felt by one generation towards its immediate predecessor. A pedestal at a distance creates more sympathy between two observers than is possible if one insists on standing on it while the other admires.

Horace's famous phrase laudator temporis acti\(^1\) is usually quoted with the implication that one so described is an admirer of the great days in his country's history. The full phrase is in fact laudator temporis acti se puero, one who cries up the virtues of the times of his own boyhood; and

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\(^1\) Horace, "Odysseid, Book III, Line 45"
Horace is here describing an attitude familiar in senior members of our own modern society. As far back as Homer we find old Nestor similarly telling the Greek chieftains at Troy that in his youth he associated with men greater than they, warriors for whom no match could be found among mortals that are now on earth. But this subjective, personal judgment on the present with reference to a supposed standard drawn from the critic's own experience is not the conventional one among the ancients. They took a more objective, historical view. Instead of illustrating a moral or social lesson by pointing to the degeneracy from the previous generation to the present, they set their standards in periods of historical significance, much as if we used the Elizabethans, or our New Zealand pioneers, as a means of estimating our own deficiencies: which, in general, we do not do. Perhaps we have not a sufficient sense of history: perhaps we are so staggered by our technical brilliance in evolving computers and atomic warfare that we feel any comparison with earlier ages is meaningless; perhaps our material achievements have dulled our critical faculty: but I suspect that we really believe we are superior to any generation that has gone before.

The ancients did not have this uplifting confidence. The prevailing theory of human history was that it was a story of degeneracy. Man was once little less than the gods, but through the ages he became physically weaker, shorter-lived and morally depraved. Again Homer provides examples. He is himself writing not about contemporaries but about heroes of a bygone age. Since the qualities for which such men were esteemed were physical beauty, strength and courage, Homer speaks of their superiority in these fields. When, for instance Diomede or Hector in the heat of battle casts round for a rock to use as a weapon, it is no ordinary rock. "The son of Tydeus grasped in his hand a stone, a huge stone, such that not two men could lift, men of the modern type. But he easily handled it by himself. With it he hit Aeneas on the hip..." 3 Hector is capable of the same sort of thing. "And Hector snatched up a stone which lay before the gates, broad at the base, pointed above. To heave it from earth on to a waggon were not easy for two men, strongest in their village, as men are now; but he single-handed tossed it lightly." 4
In Homer these glances at the puniness of the men of his own day are occasional and incidental. Hesiod makes the thing much more systematic, at the same time being more concerned with moral issues. The first race which the Olympian gods put upon the earth was the golden age. They appear to have been carefree, spending their time in dancing and feasting. They did no work. Hesiod does not tell us how this race passed away, though it might seem obvious to us. It was succeeded by an inferior age, the age of silver, whose chief, rather extraordinary, feature was that those born in it remained in a state of infancy for a hundred years and then after a brief maturity died. The next age was that of bronze, whose main interest was war. A rather surprising interruption in this depressing series of less and less precious metals comes in the age of heroes. They were an improvement on the bronze age, but unfortunately also became involved in war and perished after the struggles at Thebes and Troy. The last age is the age of iron, in which Hesiod himself lives. The description given by the Boeotian farmer poet has much in common with Juvenal, some eight or nine centuries later, and may touch a familiar chord today:"

"Would that I were not among the men of the fifth generation, but either had died before or been born afterwards. For now truly is a race of iron, and men never rest from labour and sorrow by day, and from perishing by night; and the gods shall lay sore trouble upon them. But, notwithstanding, even these will have some good mingled with their evils. And Zeus will destroy this race of mortal men also when they come to have grey hair on their temples at birth. The father will not agree with his children, nor the children with their father, nor guest with his host, nor comrade with comrade; nor will brother be dear to brother as aforetime. Men will dishonour their parents as they quickly grow old, and will carp at them, chiding them with bitter words, hard-hearted they, not knowing the fear of the gods. They will not repay their aged parents the cost of their nurture, for might shall be their right: and one man will sack another's city. There will be no favour for the man who keeps his oath or for the just or for the good; but rather men will praise the evil-doer and his violent dealing."
Strength will be right and reverence will cease to be; and
the wicked will hurt the worthy man, speaking false words
against him, and will swear an oath upon them. Envy,
foul-mouthed, delighting in evil, will go along with
wretched men, one and all." ⁹

The only body of opinion which questioned the deterioration
of mankind was that of the Epicureans, who believed that
man was getting better and better. But even in Lucretius,
who has no very high opinion of his fellow-man, there are
signs that the longstanding general belief has been hard to
shake off. The world, he thinks, might once have been in
some respects a better place. At least it was once more
capable of bearing better crops than it now does.¹⁰ Though
mankind is making steady progress in the arts and in civilisa-
tion, it is questionable whether thereby he is increasing his
capacity to enjoy life.

The equation of civilisation and degeneration is a common
one. Sophocles' hymn of praise for man the inventor is more
than outweighed by laments that man's inventive genius
should have been applied, for instance, to the building of
ships and all the technical achievements that have given
rise to evils such as war and greed and ambition and cruelty.
We find numerous conventional expressions of this attitude,
of which Tibullus' quam bene Saturno uiuebant rege¹¹ is
typical. Many people and many ages have a Rousseau-like
tendency to idealise primitive man. Civilised man may feel
that in the circumstances of his life he lacks the joys of
dewy innocence. The illogical conclusion he draws is that
civilisation is responsible for the loss of these joys, and
that they are necessarily, or at least probably, the lot of
more fortunate folk not burdened by civilisation. In isolated
instances people who feel like this may try to "get away
from it all" by withdrawing from society or violently rebelling
against it. The modern world witnesses mass reaction in this
direction, which could be paralleled in ancient times, and for
different reasons, only by slave revolts. Some, who shrink
from masochism or violence, continue to live in the society
which they profess to deplore and despise, and write about
a society which is less complicated and therefore, apparently,
more pure than their own. A Tacitus writes a *Germania*. This is strictly a historico-ethnographical treatise, not primarily a work to castigate luxurious Rome by a comparison with hardy Germany, but its implied criticisms, such as the famous “no one there believes that corrupting and being corrupted are merely a matter of fashion”,¹² are in the true Juvenalian vein. No Roman, however, could think for a moment that his way of life was inferior to that of German barbarians. Both Greeks and Romans, when they sighed for the advantages of the simpler life, thought not of other contemporary races, but of more glorious periods in their own history. Aristophanes harks back to the men of Marathon, who had none of this new-fangled education and the smart-alec attitude produced by it, but were content with knowing how to pull at an oar and play questionable tricks on their fellow sailors. In the next century Demosthenes, fighting his desperate battle against Philip and the growing might of Macedon, along with baser appeals to self-interest, tries to whip his unwilling countrymen into action by recalling the glories of the age of Pericles.

But it is the Romans above all who are conscious of the virtues of their ancestors. The most striking illustration of this attitude is their custom of glorifying their *atria* with *imagines* of their noble forebears. These served to arouse a pride and a spirit of emulation, not only in the members of the individual households but in others as well. Cicero says that such a representation of the great Cato, while of course being a particular source of inspiration for Cato Uticensis, is also an exemplar for all Romans, including no less a man than Cicero himself.¹³ Augustus was merely giving wider scope to this same sentiment when he set up in the forum statues of Roman triumphators, so that his citizens in going about their daily business would do so in the reminding presence of representatives of their past glories. The new Rome was to be built on the virtues of the past.

What were the virtues which the Romans saw in the great men of their history, and whose absence in the present furnished material for criticism of contemporary failure? The great men most frequently cited as examples for their degenerate descendants are the Curii, the Furii, the Fabricii,
the Quinctii. A glance at the careers of the gentlemen the Romans had in mind suggests what qualities they were believed to have possessed. To take them chronologically — and it must be remembered that though these personages are themselves historical, the stories which gathered round their names are often mere legends, sometimes perhaps with some historical foundation: but legendary materials, even if only half-believed, is significant in indicating attitudes — L. Quinctius Cincinnatus was consul in 460. He tilled his own farm, and did not allow his political eminence to go to his head. In 458 he was called from the plough to the dictatorship, which he held for only sixteen days (sufficient time for this hero to defeat the Aequi), thereafter dutifully and constitutionally retiring to his farm. He was again dictator in 439, at the age of eighty. To M. Furius Camillus tradition assigns five dictatorships. His fame arose from his capture of Veii (396). His successful campaign against the Faliscans is enlivened by the story of the schoolmaster of Falerii, illustrating the honour of a Roman general. Accused (of course unjustly) of unfair distribution of booty, he preferred voluntary exile to creating civil disturbance. He was recalled to the dictatorship to repel the Gauls. M'. Curius Dentatus was the opponent of the Samnites and of Pyrrhus. This was the age of traditional high chivalry between Rome and her enemies, a spirit which is absent from the life-and-death struggle with Hannibal. Dentatus, like Cincinnatus, was a farmer of meagre fortune. We hear of envoys of the Samnites finding him cooking turnips. Their proffered gifts he rejected with the truly Roman remark that rather than possessing gold he preferred to control those who possessed it. A slightly younger contemporary was C. Fabricius Luscinus. A successful general, he resisted Pyrrhus' offers of money and military command. He sent back to Pyrrhus the traitor who offered to solve Rome's problems by poisoning the Greek invader. His censorship in 275 was notable for the severity of his measures to suppress luxury. He himself died so poor that his estate could provide no dowry for his daughters.

From these stories it becomes immediately evident that the Romans required their models to be good soldiers. All these men were successful generals. The tradition assigns no similar honoured place to a Solon or a Socrates. Secondly,
they must not have lost the ancient Roman association with
the land. Cicero develops the thesis that Rome’s greatness
rises from her early preoccupation with agriculture in those
days when “men were summoned from the plough to become
consuls.” 14 (How many in America now reach the White
House from the log cabin?). The Roman hero, if not actually
poor, must have a contempt for money and be above bribery.
His sense of duty and his patriotism must override personal
rebuffs and injustices; it must also serve to secure his
loyalty to the constitution. No love of power may justify a
dictator in retaining his office when the occasion is past.
Though a good general will of course employ deception in
the military sphere of ambushes, feint attacks and the like,
he will not compromise his honour by countenancing
treachery.

These are, so to speak, public virtues objectively viewed.
Cicero gives us a slightly more philosophical estimate of the
qualities of the good man, as the idea of that hypothetical
creature crystallised in the Roman milieu. The philosophy is
popular (pingui Minerua), and Cicero, in assigning the words
to Laelius, imagines that this would be the view of the
average, reasonable, intelligent man. “They are good men
who behave in such a way as to win approval for their depend-
ability (fides), honesty (integritas), impartiality (aequitas)
and gentlemanliness (liberalitas). They exhibit no grasping
passion (cupiditas), no sensuality (libido), no headstrong
tendencies (audacia). They are firm in spirit (magna con-
stantia), like those I was citing a moment ago (C. Fabricius,
M. Curius). They follow, as far as a man is capable, nature,
which is the best guide to a proper life.” 15 The last sen-
tence is a piece of Stoicism, and the Roman man in the street
would probably have understood it no more than I can, but
he would have subscribed to the rest.

The generations when such heroes lived were the good old
days. What of the present? We have of course to examine “the
present” from the point of view of each critic of it. Perhaps
the most celebrated condemnation of the present among
Roman writers is the pessimistic statement of Livy in his
preface. The ancient discipline, he says, has slipped more
and more, until, with a final landslide, we have arrived at
our own day, when we can endure neither our shortcomings

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nor what would cure them. The explicit expression of this sentiment is comparatively rare among the Augustans. One may perhaps sense it occasionally in the Aeneid, but a writer of epic must almost by definition be an admirer of the past as against the present. The despair of Horace’s epodes gives way to the general, though by no means consistent, optimism of the odes, which find their inspiration in the new world of the empire. Even as a satirist Horace does not use the past (politically) as a weapon against the present, with which he personally is well content. He praises the good old days, but hastens to add that he would not go back to them. Perhaps he is sincerely critical when he laments that the traditional Roman ways have yielded to the universal itch to write. But in general he is a staunch champion of the present, who, in the field of literature, does not hesitate to chastise the ancients, like Plautus and even his respected Lucilius.

Tibullus professes weariness of the modern world, but his distaste is largely poetic convention, a not wholly insincere longing for a simpler country life. The life, however, which he visualises is not that of Dentatus and Cincinnatus (in which this ethereal poet could never have survived), but the life when old Saturn was king, the life in which Tibullus might have played the squire, surrounded by his devoted yeomanry. Propertius and Ovid we may dismiss. I can imagine neither maintaining honestly that the good old days held greater virtue than the glitter of Augustan society, in spite of the superficial encomia of the past which poetic convention required them to churn out.

In the previous generation Cicero, though in some matters, like Horace, he felt that the modern way was better, has frequent references to the glories of past heroes, not always so much in criticism of his contemporaries as by way of exhortation to aim at an ideal. We have seen that he reminds Cato of the eminence and virtues of his great-grandfather. In the pro Caelio, where of course he has a difficult brief, he describes the character of a Camillus, a Fabricius, a Curius — “men of such robust spirit, character and self-control that they rejected every pleasure, devoted every moment of their lives to physical and intellectual effort, allowing themselves no enjoyment of rest, relaxation, play
or social intercourse; believing life offered no prize if it were not associated with glory and dignity." 20 This, says Cicero, is virtue of a superhuman kind. His client Caelius is not quite of this stamp, and in these days could not be expected to be. Cicero then proceeds to defend Caelius for sowing a pretty fair crop of wild oats, pleading that we must be realistic about such things. Though not explicit, this is in fact a criticism of the present in comparison with the past. Occasionally, in a context less partisan, Cicero does express concern and regret about moral decline. For example, a sentence from the de Divinatione looks almost like an anticipation of Livy's lament: "We live in a moral atmosphere where our young men have slipped so far downhill that we must bend all our resources to curbing and controlling them." 21

Not very long after, that reformed rake Sallust put on the face of virtue in order to examine the moral turpitude of his age. He found unscrupulousness, bribery and greed, where one would have hoped to find decency, self-restraint and virtue. 22 His analysis showed that Rome's great days had been marked by readiness to submit to discipline and the stern demands of war; pleasure was found, not as the moderns find it, at orgies in the company of loose women, but in the contemplation of one's military accoutrements: virtue had subdued all else: the only rivalry was for military glory: 23 in the community was the utmost harmony: order prevailed more as a matter of course than by the operation of the law: hostility of any sort was reserved for one's country's enemies: lavish in their worship of the gods, the ancients were frugal in their private lives. 24 The change came with the conquest of Carthage. Money and power came to be valued, and these were the root of all evil. Sallust's "decline and fall" occupies several chapters of the Catiline, 25 where the past is constantly invoked in condemnation of the present. Nor are men the only contemporary offenders. The ladies are apparently not much better. Among Catiline's followers was one Sempronia, who had all the advantages which should have reconciled her to behaving like a Roman matron of the good old days — beauty, rank, wealth, a good husband and family. But she had to dabble in Greek and Latin literature, dance more elegantly than one would expect in an honest woman,
put decorum and chastity lowest in her scale of values, be equally prodigal with her money and her reputation— a sad decline from Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi. One is reminded of Sempronia’s still more notorious contemporary Clodia, whose life was a standing reproach to another Claudia of illustrious fame, the lady who proved her purity by assisting into Rome the mother of the gods.

The Ciceronian age felt that morally it had fallen away from the standards of its ancestors. The Augustans were aware, but apparently not so acutely aware (perhaps by official direction less vocally aware) of their degenerate condition. A century brings us to the age of Juvenal. Owing to his comparatively inferior social status Juvenal is less concerned with degeneracy in the political sphere. For that we look, and not in vain, to Tacitus. With him such adjectives as priscus, antiquus are always terms of praise, which he uses to glance at the shortcomings of more recent days. He notes in Galba “an old-fashioned strictness and a face too sternly set against compromise, qualities which today we have not the character to accept.” The fall of the republic is described as an occasion when the constitution was changed to the exclusion of all that was traditional and uncorrupted. Tacitus’ principal lament is the loss of libertas, which of course does not mean freedom in the modern sense (if there is a modern sense), but is, for a Roman, the right of a noble to do what he likes without stepping too heavily on the toes of other nobles. Juvenal is not distressed so much by the absence of this libertas. In the good old days he personally would never have enjoyed its advantages. The virtues he finds existing in the past and lacking in the present are of a more mundane character. One might say that almost the whole of his genuinely satirical writing is a sweeping condemnation of contemporary Rome as against the Rome of bygone days, but he has a number of passages where he explicitly invokes the past in criticism of the present.

Like Tibullus, he draws the conventional imaginative picture of the reign of Saturn, when there was no perjury, and dishonesty was rare enough to inspire amazement: there were no celestial dinner parties with a Ganymede or Hebe in attendance, and no employment had yet been found for
Pluto or the Furies: disrespect for one's elders was accounted a crime. Contemporary abuses are thus indicated by noting their absence from the mythological scene. Juvenal does not of course believe in such a golden age; but he does believe in the virtues of the Roman past. Satire XI is an invitation to a friend Persicus to have dinner with Juvenal, and the poet makes it an occasion to point out that the meal will be such as would have appealed to the old Roman worthies, but would be scorned by the modern gourmets. “This would have been a banquet in the old days for the senate in its most expansive mood. Curius used to put on his modest stove with his own hand the bits of greens he had collected from his tiny garden, which nowadays a shabby ditch-digger would turn up his nose at.”

It is significant that Juvenal now has an estate at Tibur which will furnish much of the substance of the meal. Though not personally cooking the turnips, Juvenal establishes a connexion of a sort with Cincinnatus and Dentatus, through his connexion with the land. In spite of his preoccupation with the city, he is not without a streak of the solid peasantry which is discernible in the oddest places in the Romans (How much more worthy of divinity would have been the fountain of Egeria in its natural state, without the disfiguring marble!) Juvenal's couches, like those of Cato and Fabricius, are unadorned, not tricked out with fancy tortoise-shell in the modern fashion. He makes no bow to the modern aesthetic pretensions. In the old days a soldier cared no more for Greek art as displayed on a cup chased by a master-craftsman than to break it up to provide trappings for his horse. We are reminded of Sallust's hero, whose main pleasure was derived from his military equipment. Nor did the gods of the good old days disdain to be represented in clay: and such statues were more instinct with divinity than the gilded ones of the present.

All this comes in a dinner invitation. Other criticisms involving contrast of past with present are scattered throughout the satires. The following random selection claims the privilege of ancient satirical method by taking the form (or formlessness) of a farrago. On the modern combination of stinginess and ostentatious extravagance: “Who among our ancestors went in for so much building of 'stately homes' and
dined off seven courses all by himself?''  

On hypocrisy: "...men who live it up like libertines, who put on the face of a Curius and preach morality?" On chastity, speaking of a modern pervert: "Whenever a fellow likes this joins the company of the dead, how does Curius feel, and the two Scipios, Fabricius, the ghost of Camillus, the troops that fell at the Cremera and Cannae, all those warrior hearts?" Rather would they welcome the son of a rough and simple home that kept the pure moral tradition of the ancient Sabines. Simplicity is gone. The nobles are sophisticated. "No one, Brutus, admires that ancient subtlety of yours. It's easy enough to pull the wool over the eyes of a king that wears a beard" — barbatus in Juvenal's day, curiously enough, being a regular word for an ancient, uncomplicated, guileless type. Money is too important nowadays. "It was poverty that kept the women of Latium pure. They were too hardworking, and their hands too rough and busy with the working of the Tuscan fleeces to admit vice into their humble homes. Hannibal was at the gates, and their husbands were on active service. Now we are suffering the evils of a long period of peace; luxury, which is crueler than an enemy, has descended upon us and avenges the world we have subdued. Every form of villainy and crime of passion has been familiar to us since the day when Roman poverty died." In front of our host stands a choice slave boy from Asia, bought for more than the whole fortune of Tullus the Lionheart or of Ancus or, to be brief, all the goods and chattels of all the kings of Rome." The poverty of the ancients, however, did not curb their generosity. "In days of old one made a finer reputation by being openhanded than by achieving a title or a high political office." The humbler citizen had been better off in the days when "talent was adequately rewarded, and men found it profitable to work overtime." Among the humbler citizens, as always, were the teachers. "Grant, o ye gods, that the earth may lie light upon our forefathers: let the fragrant crocus in unending spring attend their ashes: for it was their wish that the teacher should be revered as a parent." Famous is Juvenal's indictment of the populace as a whole, in its degeneracy from a sovereign body to a spineless, shiftless mob. "The people which once upon a time had everything in its gift, power, political office,
military command, nowadays is content with a more modest role, and is vitally concerned about getting just two things, free rations and entertainment." 45

The satirist's job is naturally to find things to criticise and, if possible, correct. In order to justify criticism and guide correction, he must have some sort of standard. Philosophers may evolve theoretical standards of what is right and what is wrong, in systems ranging from materialistic expediency to Platonic idealism. This is rarefied air for the common man. A critic like Horace, though dabbling in philosophy, has a more down-to-earth approach. He exalts his own taste into a standard and castigates what does not conform to it. This again does not have universal appeal, since not everyone has the same taste as Horace. Juvenal, for all his extravagance, has the Roman attitude. Conceptions of right or wrong, good or bad, had few sanctions in religion: nor were they based on an abstract intellectual process, which was foreign to the Roman temperament. But when a nation has developed from a village on a hill to a world-embracing empire, its past provides a standard that can be understood by any man in the street; and it is to this past that the Roman naturally turns when he looks for something like an ideal.

NOTES

1. *Ars Poetica* 173
2. *Iliad* I 260, 271
3. ib. V 304
4. ib. XII 455 (Norwood's translation)
6. ib.127 ff.
7. ib.143 ff.
8. ib.158 ff.
9. ib.174-201
10. *de Rerum Natura*, II.1164 ff. (cp.V.799-800, 826-7, 942). The celebrated, and derided, Epicurean "picnic" (II.29-33, V.1392-1404) is an illustration of man's capacity to enjoy simple things before he needed stimulants for his jaded palate. Lucretius also illustrates the point by comparing the primitive shepherd's pipe with the modern "symphony".
11. Tibullus I.iii.15 ff.
12. Tacitus, *Germania* 19 nemo illic uitta ridet, nec corrumpere et corrumpi saeculum uocatur. Cp. criticisms implied in *nec uilla orbitatis pretia* (ch.20), with reference to the prevailing custom of legacy-hunting in Rome; and *impares libertini libertatis argumentum sunt* (ch.25), a protest against the power of the nouveaux riches.

13. *pro Murena* 66

14. *pro Roscio Amerino* 50 ff. Admittedly, Cicero is defending a farmer, but he must have felt that he would be heard with sympathy by the predominantly urban jury.

15. *de Amicitia* 19

16. Livy, *Preface* 9

17. Though nothing could be more succinctly pessimistic than *Odes* III.vi.45-8

   damnosa quid non imminuit dies?
   aetas parentum peior auis tuit
   nos nequiores, mox datus
   progeniem uitiisiorum.

18. *Satires* II.vii.22-4

   laudas
   fortunam et mores antiquae plebis, et idem
   si quis ad illa deus subito te agat, usque recuses.

19. *Epistles* II.i.103

20. *pro Caelio* 39

21. *de Divinatione* II.4 his...moribus et temporibus, quibus ita (iuuentus) prolapsa est ut omnium opibus refrenanda ac coercenda sit.

22. *Bellum Catilinae* 4

23. ib.9

24. ib.10

25. ib., e.g., chs.12-13

26. ib.25

27. *Histories* 1.18 antiquus rigor et nimia seueritas, cui iam pares non sumus.


30. ib.XI.77 ff.

31. ib. III.18

32. ib.XI.90

33. ib. 100 ff.

34. ib. 116

35. ib. I.94

36. ib. II.3

37
37. ib. 153
38. ib. X.298
39. ib. IV.103
40. ib. X.287
41. ib. V.56
42. ib. 110
43. ib. VII.96
44. ib. 207
45. ib. X.79