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THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

PLEASANT READING

FOR

YOUNG PEOPLE.

LONDON AND GLASGOW:
RICHARD GRIFFIN & COMPANY.

THE BOOK OF WONDERS:

OR,

Engravings and Descriptions

OF SOME OF THE

MOST REMARKABLE NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL CURIOSITIES

IN THE WORLD.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

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PREFACE.

Figures and descriptions are given in this little volume of a few of the grandest and most noted Wonders of Nature and Art. One class of these is intended to place before the young reader examples of some of the greatest works accomplished by the men of bygone times, so far as the remains of these monuments are capable of doing; while another class exemplifies what has been effected in our own day by the vast and daily increasing resources of science, in meeting and overcoming extraordinary obstacles to the accomplishment of great purposes in works of public utility. Both these classes of objects, in striking the mind of youth with admiration and wonder, cannot fail to excite

emulation in analogous and kindred walks. A few of the more interesting curiosities of Nature have been interspersed for the sake of variety, and of a character calculated to elevate the mind of the young to a proper conception of the greatness, wisdom, and goodness of the Creator.

The youthful imagination delights to contemplate such subjects; and in the selection and adaptation of the articles for this little work, care has been taken that the language used, while not so puerile as is usual in juvenile books, is yet simple enough for the comprehension of youthful readers.

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BOOK OF WONDERS.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE Great Exhibition of the Works of Industry of all Nations will make the year 1851 a prominent one in the annals of England. So far, indeed, as respects human progression and the advancement of civilization, it will mark an important era in the world's history. But though to England may belong the credit of having rendered a truly cosmopolitan conception a grand historical fact, it is to the "noble French nation" that we must ascribe the honour of having originated and greatly developed the idea of industrial Exhibitions. Up till the year 1849, no less than eleven such "Expositions" had taken place at various times in France, every one of which was a step in advance of its prede-

cessor. The last one was a most gorgeous affair. It was held in a building erected on the Champs Elysées, covering upwards of five acres of ground, and in which the productions of 4494 exhibitors were arranged for the inspection of the delighted multitudes by whom it was daily thronged. Prior to this last Exposition, the idea never was entertained of admitting other than native productions; but in February, 1849, the French Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, M. Buffet, proposed that specimens of agricultural and manufacturing skill from neighbouring nations should be admitted to their approaching exposition. Whether the fear of rivalry was too strong for the French Chambers of Commerce to agree to this proposal, it might be ungenerous to assert; but certain it is, the minister had to abandon his proposal, and the Exposition of 1849 was, as usual, confined to the results of native talent.

The idea, however, was caught, and immediately adopted by our Society of Arts, with Prince Albert at its head. But it was no longer confined to "neighbouring nations" merely. In the true spirit of liberality and enlightenment, it was thrown open to the whole commercial world. Our colonies in every clime, and all nations and people with whom we had commercial intercourse, were invited, upon equal terms with our own people, to

join in a grand exhibition of the skill and industry of man. The magnitude of such an undertaking was altogether unprecedented, and the difficulties that beset its accomplishment were of a most formidable nature. It would be out of place to detail these difficulties: sufficient is it to say, they were all triumphantly overcome. The Exhibition was opened in state by Her Majesty Queen Victoria, on the 1st May, 1851, and the success has been far greater than ever was dreamt of.

There is little doubt, that of all the interesting objects connected with this truly gigantic undertaking, the most wonderful of all is the great building of glass and iron, or "CRYSTAL PALACE," as it has been named, constructed for the Exhibition. Its magnitude, the celerity of its construction, the materials of which it is composed, and the perfect adaptation of every part to the purpose intended, all combine indeed to render it the modern *Wonder of Wonders*. A building covering 844,056 square feet, with an exhibiting surface of about 21 acres, roofed in, and handed over to the Commissioners in little more than three months from its commencement, constructed almost entirely of glass and iron, the most fragile and the strongest of working materials, combining the lightness of a conservatory with the stability of our most permanent structures- -such a building

may indeed excite wonder and curiosity! Enchanted palaces that grow up in a night are confined to fairy-land, and in this material world of ours, the labours of the bricklayer and carpenter are notoriously never-ending. It took 300 years to build St. Peter's at Rome, and 35 to complete our own St. Paul's. The new Palace of Westminster has already been 15 years in hand, and is still unfinished. We run up houses, it is true, quickly enough in this country; but if there be a touch of magic in the time occupied, there is none in the appearance of so much stucco and brickwork as London streets exhibit. Something very different from this has been realized by the great edifice in Hyde Park. Not only has it risen with extraordinary rapidity, but in every other respect it is suggestive of "Arabian Nights" remembrances.

When the Exhibition was first proposed, and the Commissioners advertised for designs for a building, no less than 245 architects competed, about forty of whom were foreigners. But none of the plans satisfying the Committee, they perfected one for themselves out of the various suggestions afforded by the competing artists, the leading feature of which being a dome of gigantic proportions. This dome of iron, and town of brick, however, were so unpopular, and the contest as to a

site was so warm, that the whole scheme of the Exhibition was at this juncture in some danger.

At the eleventh hour, Mr. Joseph Paxton, the celebrated horticulturalist, suggested a building entirely of iron and glass, on a similar plan to the immense conservatory he had constructed at Chatsworth, for the Duke of Devonshire; and on furnishing the design, it was immediately and unanimously adopted by both the Building Committee and the Royal Commission. The result has abundantly testified the wisdom of their decision.

The site of the Crystal Palace is in Hyde Park, between Kensington Road and Rottenrow, the centre of the building being opposite the Prince of Wales Gate. The ground plan is a parallelogram 1851 feet long, by 456 feet wide in the broadest part, with a transept 408 feet long, and 72 feet wide, intersecting the building at right angles in the middle. The side walls rise in three steps; the outer wall rises from the ground 24 feet high; the second rises 20 feet higher, or 44 feet from the bottom of the pillars below; and the third rises 20 feet higher than the second, or 64 feet from the bottom of its supporting pillars, giving within the building a great central avenue or nave 72 feet wide; and on each side of it three avenues 24 feet wide, and two 48 feet wide, the transept being 108 feet high, to give ample room

for the trees which remain under it. The roofs of the different sections of the main building consist of a series of ridges and valleys of 8 feet span, running transversely, so that there is a valley at the top of each column. The transept has a semi-circular roof, with a radius of 36 feet. The space occupied on the ground floor is 772,784 square feet, and that of the galleries above 217,100 square feet, making together about 21 acres. The total cubic contents of the building are 33,000,000 feet.

There are four exits at the east end, four at the west, and six on the south side. The main entrances are three in number; one at the south end of the transept, nearly opposite the Prince of Wales Gate, richly ornamented, extending along its entire breadth with seven pairs of doors, each of eight feet span; the other entrances are at the ends of the centre aisle, each with nine doors of a similar width.

The plan is so simple in all its parts and details, that a section of one part shows the whole; for it is merely by the multiplication of those parts that the stupendous structure is extended, resting in every part on hollow iron columns, 24 feet apart, which form regular avenues throughout the entire structure. Each column is fixed in a socket formed in a base or broad flange, which rests on a foundation of concrete.

There are 3,300 iron columns, varying from 14½ feet to 20 feet in height, 2224 cast iron girders, and 1128 iron beams for the galleries, and about 900,000 superficial feet of glass, weighing 400 tons, wood only being used for sash-bars, joists, flooring, doors, and the boarding which covers the lower part of the building. The exterior surface of the first or ground tier is of wood, for the purpose of greater security, and also to afford a wall space for such articles as require to be hung up to be seen to advantage.

The arrangements for the ventilation and drainage of the whole fabric are perfect, and there is ample provision in case of fire. A supply of water, to the extent of 300,000 gallons daily, if needed, is to be had from the Chelsea waterworks.

Messrs. Fox and Henderson of Birmingham were the builders. They contracted to complete the erection by the specified time, at a cost of £79,800, if the materials are given up to them after the exhibition, or £150,000 if the building remained. They fixed the first columns on the 26th September, 1850, and the building, though not completed in all its details, was handed over to the Royal Commissioners on the 1st January following. The interval, till the opening on 1st May, was occupied in perfecting the details and arranging and painting the interior.

The Crystal Palace will introduce a new style of architecture, which will be a most important element in the appliances of civilization, this mode of building being not only eminently calculated for the requirements of such exhibitions, but admirably suited, from its lightness and beauty, to a number of purposes, amongst others, winter gardens and promenades near towns.

During the erection of the structure, it was visited by the most distinguished individuals in the country, and sometimes the crowds who flocked to watch its progress were immense. On one Sunday, no less than 100,000 persons entered the gates of Hyde Park. When completed, every one was struck with its extreme grandeur and simplicity. Mr. Paxton's idea was now seen, and accorded to be a most wonderful and successful effort of imagination and artistic skill; and the whole as it stood, in the realization of his grand conception, one of the most astonishing and successful examples of contrivance, industry, and engineering energy ever known in this or any other country.

Into this palace of glass has been concentrated specimens of human skill and ingenuity in all departments of art and manufacture from almost every nation on the face of the earth. These occupy a space so large, that the passages necessary to be traversed, to view the whole,

extend to between twenty and thirty miles. It will easily be seen, therefore, that it would fill volumes to describe the variety of articles exhibited; and that it is quite impossible even to give any thing like a correct general idea of the gorgeousness and grandeur of the Exhibition taken as a whole. Every phase of human effort has been brought together to produce an effect that must be seen to be conceived of and believed possible. The magnitude and airy elegance of the structure, pervaded by the full ethereal light of day, strike at once every beholder; while the stately trees enclosed, mingling in perspective their luxuriant foliage with the sparkling play of the gushing fountains, lend an Arabian enchantment to the spectacle, never, perhaps, realized in this plodding world before.





SERPENT CHARMERS.

In those warm countries where serpents are abundant, there are a class of men called snake charmers, who appear to be able not only to handle some of the most poisonous kinds of these reptiles, but also to play and perform tricks with them, and even irritate them to a state of fury, and suffer themselves to be bitten by these creatures with impunity.

A late writer in *Fraser's Magazine* describes the mode of procedure of a couple of Arab snake charmers, at the Zoological Gardens, in the Regent's Park, London:—

"Standing in the open space, the old Arab said something to the young one, who stooped down under the reptile-cases, and drew out a large deal-box, with a sliding cover, drew off the cover, and pulled out a large long nai-haje. After handling it, and playing with it a little while, he set it down on the floor, half squatted close to it, and fixed his eye on the snake. The serpent instantly raised itself, expanded its hood, and turned slowly on its own axis, following the eye of the young Arab, turning as his head, or eye, or body turned. Sometimes it would dart at him as if to bite. He exercised the most perfect command over the animal. All this time the old Arab stood still, personally regarding the operation, but presently he also squatted down, muttering some words, opposite to the snake. He evidently affected the reptile more strongly than his more mercurial relative, though he remained motionless, doing nothing that I could see but fixing his eyes upon the snake, with his face upon a level with the raised head of the serpent, which now turned all its attention to him, and seemed to be in a paroxysm of rage. Suddenly it darted, open-mouthed, at his face, furiously dashing its expanded whitish-edged jaws into the dark hollow cheek of the charmer, who still imperturbably kept his position, only smiling bitterly at his excited antagonist. I was very close, and watched very narrowly; but

though the snake dashed at the old Arab's face, and into it more than twice or thrice, with its mouth wide open, I could not see the projection of any fang.

"Then the old Arab, who, it was said, had had the gift of charming serpents in his family for a long series of years, opened another box, and took out four or five great lizards, and provoked the naia with them, holding them by the tails in a sort of four-in-hand style. Then the youth brought out a cerastes, which, I observed, seemed overpowered, as if—as the country people say—something had come over it. He placed it on the floor, but this serpent did not raise itself like the naia, but, as the charmer stooped to it, moved in a very odd agitated manner on its belly, regarding him askant. I thought the serpent was going to fly at the lad; but it did not. He took it up, played with it, blew or spit at it, and then set it down apparently sick, subdued, and limp. He then took it up again, played with it a second time, gathered it up in his hand, put it in his bosom, went to another box, drew the lid, and brought out more snakes, one of which was another naia, and the others of a most venomous kind.

"Now there were two naias, with heads and bodies erect, obeying apparently the volition of the charmer. One of the snakes bit the youth on the

naked hand, and brought the blood; but he only spat on the wound and scratched it with his nail, which made the blood flow more freely. Then he brought out more lizards of a most revolting aspect. The Arab, holding the snakes by the tails, let their bodies touch the floor, when they came twisting and wriggling on towards the spectators, who now backed a little upon the toes of those who pressed them from behind. Sometimes the charmers would loose their hold, when the serpents, as if eager to escape from their tormentors, rapidly advanced upon the retreating ring; but they always caught them by the tails in time, and then made them repeat the same advances. I kept my position in front throughout, and had no fear, feeling certain that Mr. Mitchell—and those under whose superintendence this highly amusing and instructive establishment is so well conducted—would not have permitted the exhibition to take place if there had been the least danger. Besides this, I observed that the charmers only used their own serpents, which they had, I presumed, brought with them; and I confess that the impression upon my mind was that they had been rendered innoxious by mechanical means.

"The gift or power of charming is said to be hereditary. The Arab lad, who is only fifteen, when asked how he obtained his power, stated that

his father was a holy man, and not afraid of serpents; that neither is he; and that they cannot hurt him. The old man, Jabar Abou Haijah, states that they belong to a tribe known by the name of Rufaiah, who have handed down the mystery of serpent charming from father to son for many generations, and over whom serpents have no hurtful power."

The serpents which figure most prominently in the performance of these Arabs are the Egyptian cobra, the scientific name of which is *Nai haje;* and the cerastes (*Vipera caudalis.*) The Egyptian cobra, which wants the curious spectacle-like mark on the back of the neck that distinguishes the Asiatic species, is of a somewhat dark and greenish hue, marked with brownish spots, and attaining the length of from three to five feet. This is the serpent which the Egytian conjurers know how to render stiff and immoveable by pressing the nape of the neck with the finger, and thus throwing it into a sort of catalepsy. The serpent is thus apparently converted into a rod or stick.

Traces of this conversion occur in the Sacred Scriptures; for instance, where Pharaoh's wise men cast down their rods, which were turned into serpents, but were devoured by the serpent of Aaron: —"And Moses and Aaron went in unto Pharaoh, and they did so as the Lord had commanded: and

Aaron cast down his rod before Pharaoh, and before his servants, and it became a serpent. Then Pharaoh also called the wise men and the sorcerers: now the magicians of Egypt, they also did in like manner with their enchantments. For they cast down every man his rod, and they became serpents: but Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods."

There can be no doubt that these serpent charmers extract by mechanical force the poison-teeth of those serpents upon which they perform the higher class of their experiments. Yet their superior knowledge of the nature and habits of these creatures may enable them to use great liberties with snakes upon whom no such operation has been performed. Dr. Davy thus describes the mode of operation in Ceylon, where, as well as on the continent of India, frequent displays are made of the powers possessed by these snake charmers:—

"The exhibition is rather a curious one, and not a little amusing to those who can contemplate it. The charmer irritates the snake by shaking it, and by rapid threatening motions of his hand; and appeases it by his voice, by gentle circular movements of his hand, and by stroking it gently."

This looks something like magnetism. "He avoids with great agility the attacks of the animal when enraged, and plays with it and handles it

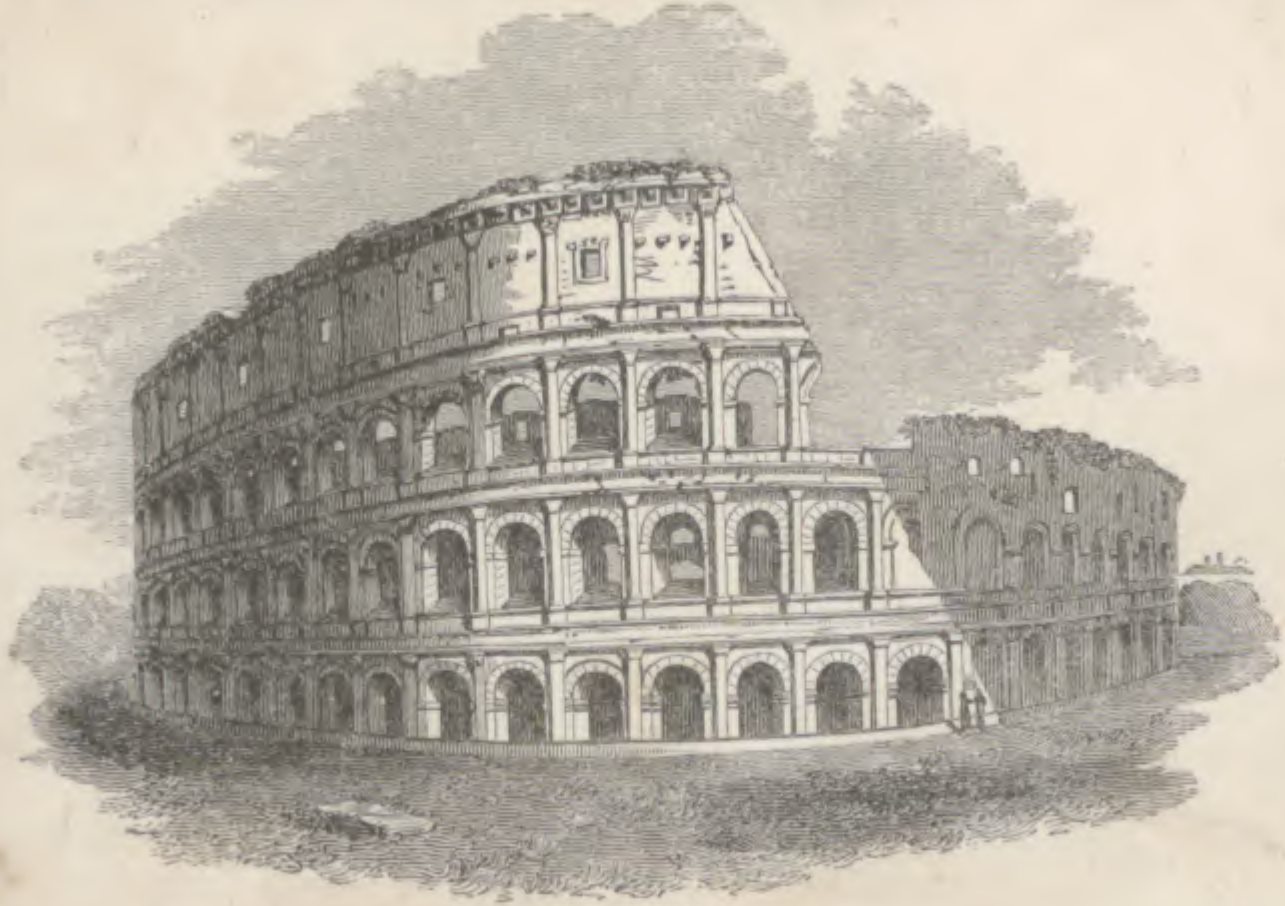
only when pacified, when he will bring the mouth of the animal in contact with his forehead, and draw it over his face. The ignorant vulgar believe that these men really possess a charm by which they thus play without dread, and with impunity, with danger. The more enlightened, laughing at this idea, consider the men impostors, and that in playing their tricks there is do danger to be avoided, it being removed by the extraction of their poisonous fangs. The enlightened, in this instance, are mistaken, and the vulgar are nearer the truth in their opinion. I have examined the snakes I have seen exhibited, and have found their poison-fangs in and uninjured. These men do possess a charm, though not a supernatural one, viz., that of confidence and courage. Acquainted with the habits and disposition of the snake, they know how averse it is to use the fatal weapon nature has given it for its defence in extreme danger, and that it never bites without much preparatory threatening. Any one possessing the confidence and agility of these men may irritate them, and I have made the trial more than once. They will play their tricks with any hooded snake, whether just taken, or long in confinement, but with no other kind of poisonous snake."

SPACE MEASURING.

IMAGINE a railway from here to the sun. How many hours is the sun from us? If we were to send a baby in an express train, going incessantly at a hundred miles an hour, without making any stoppages, the baby would grow to a boy—the boy would grow to be a man—the man would grow old and die—without seeing the sun, for it is distant more than a hundred years from us. But what is this comparison with the planet Neptune's distance? Had Adam and Eve started by our railway at the creation, to go from Neptune to the Sun, at the rate of fifty miles an hour, they would not have got there yet, for Neptune is more than six thousand years from the centre of our system. But we are getting into too large numbers again; we must have some swifter servant than railway to measure space for us. Light will answer our purpose—for light travels from the sun to our earth in eight minutes. Eight minutes, then, counting by light, are equivalent to a hundred years of railway express speed! It would take about four hours to go from the sun to Neptune. Among the stars, we shall find that the nearest is three years off, counting by light!

THE COLOSSEUM AT ROME.

THE Colosseum is one of those gigantic ruins which gives evidence of the greatness of ancient Rome. This building was an immense amphitheatre, constructed for the celebration of some of those games which bore the peculiar impress of the national character, especially the combats of gladiators, and the exhibition and combats with wild beasts. It occupies the site of Nero's Lake, in the valley between the Palatine, the Esquiline, and the Cælian Hills. Vespasian commenced its erection about A.D. 70 or 71; but it was not completed until some nine years subsequently, about A.D. 80, in the reign of his son, the Emperor Titus, who dedicated it with great pomp and magnificence. Its form was that of an ellipsis, 564 feet long, and 467 broad in its greatest extent. The interior area, or arena (so called from its being covered with sand,) on which the games were exhibited,



COLOSSEUM.

was so capacious that upwards of 10,700 beasts could stand within its circuit. This area was surrounded by a wall twelve feet high, over which was a projecting row of seats fourteen feet in depth, and covered at top, for the chief magistrates, senators, foreign ambassadors, &c., which was called the *podium*. Here, also, were accommodated the vestal virgins and the *editor*, or person who gave the games; and behind the senators sat the *equites*, or knights, on fourteen seats set apart for them, as the second order of nobility. In the times of the Empire, the *podium* was furnished with an elevated tribune, surmounted by a canopy, in which the Emperor sat in state. The front of the first range of seats was protected from any irruption of the wild beasts by a breast-work or parapet of gilt bronze; and, as a further security, an iron palisade encompassed the arena, at the foot of which, beneath the *podium*, there was a deep cut or canal full of water. This, the first story of the structure, rested on a basement of eighty arches: behind it rose three walls in succession, each increasing in height until the outer one reached an elevation of 140 feet —a wide passage, or corridor, called an *ambulatorium*, being left between each wall, which communicated with the outside by means of eighty portals called *vomitories*, and with the corridors of the upper stories, by means of numberless flights

of stairs. The separate height of each of the three walls on the inside constituted a distinct story, and from each a tier of marble seats, covered with cushions, ran sloping down towards the arena, and afforded accommodation for the people. These seats were called *popularia*, and the number of persons who could view the games from them and the *podium* amounted to no less than 87,000; while in the wooden galleries erected over the outer wall, for the lowest classes, 20,000 individuals found room to assist at the spectacles of the arena. A large awning, called the *velarium*, was extended around the summit, and protected the spectators from the sun or rain, while the atmosphere within was rendered cool and delicious by the play of numberless fountains, and the odour of aromatic perfumes; and such was the extraordinary skill and simplicity of contrivance with which the various passages and means of ascent and descent were constructed, that all parties, of whatever rank, found their way to and from the respective localities allotted to each, without the least difficulty or confusion, notwithstanding the vast masses with which the amphitheatre was thronged at every representation. The exterior wall presented a *façade* consisting of four compartments, of different architectural orders, rising one above the other, viz., the Doric, the Ionic, and two Corinthian orders, the highest having pilas-

ters instead of columns, and every second interval being pierced for windows.

It was in this vast edifice, amidst the brutal shouts of a populace maddened with sanguinary excitement, that, for nearly 300 years, the blood of thousands of the primitive Christians was poured out like water, and their bodies torn to pieces by furious beasts. Its walls perpetually resounded with the cry, "*Christiani ad leones!*" during the earlier part of the exhibition, when the gladiators butchered each other for their entertainment; and the day's sport was generally brought to a close by the sight of a mangled victim writhing in the grasp of a lion, a tiger, or some other beast of prey. On the occasion of the dedication of the amphitheatre, Titus exhibited shows of gladiators, combats with wild beasts, &c.; and Trajan, during an exhibition which lasted 123 successive days, brought upon the arena one thousand pairs of gladiators. Sometimes the arena was converted into a forest, by means of large trees and bushes, &c., being transplanted to it for the occasion, with the soil around them, as they stood, and then various beasts of the chase were hunted through its mazes. In this manner the Emperor Probus on one occasion exhibited four thousand ostriches, boars, deer, wild sheep, &c. But it was the gladiatorial combats—the human massacres, which were most prized by

the dissolute nobles, who were buried in luxury, and consumed by the desire of morbid excitement; and by the blood-thirsty populace, who, when every other quality of the Roman citizen had fled from their breasts—leaving them a debauched, degraded rabble—retained the sanguinary ferocity of a ruder age, without its redeeming courage. It was in vain that the then feeble voice of Christianity was raised in abhorrence and denunciation of these demoniacal sports, which cut off thousands yearly in the prime of life: even the Imperial authority itself failed to put down the furious fashion of the time; and the edicts of Constantine the Great were of little avail in the cause of humanity. At length, what neither the sovereign power of the Christian Emperors nor the humanising influence of polished civilization could effect, was accomplished by the devoted zeal of an humble monk. On the 1st January, A.D. 404, Almachius, or Telemachus, an ascetic of the Eastern Desert, who had come to Rome, inspired with the holy purpose of putting an end to those feasts of the Prince of Darkness, even though it should cost him his life, entered the amphitheatre with the eager crowd of spectators, and when the gladiators commenced their mutual butcheries, rushed in between them and endeavoured to put a stop to the combat. Stones and missiles of every description were immediately

hurled at the too-daring Reformer; and by the order of the Prætor Alypius—a person possessed of the most inordinate love of those exhibitions—he was slain on the spot. But in this, as in other instances of the effusion of the blood of the martyrs, the sacrifice was fruitful in happy results. The feeble, vacillating spirit of the Emperor Honorius, often, but in vain, urged by his Christian counsellors to grapple with the inveterate abuse, was at last roused to action by the horror inspired by the murder of Telemachus; and enforcing with the full weight of the Imperial power the existing laws, and issuing new edicts, he put an end to the gladiatorial shows for ever. The fighting with the wild beasts, however, was not abolished until towards the close of the Gothic King of Italy, Theodoric, about A.D. 526.

After the Colosseum had ceased to be used for its original purpose, history is, for a considerable time, silent as to its fate; but, when mention of it again occurs, at a long subsequent period, its dilapidated aspect plainly indicates how fully it shared in the disastrous vicissitudes of the Eternal City. In the Middle Ages, during the turbulence and commotions of the intestine factions, it was converted into a fortress, and was variously held by one or other of the contending parties. In the year 1332 it was in the possession of the "Senate

and People of Rome," as the dominant portion of the citizens at that period styled themselves, in contradistinction to the noble families, and was applied to a purpose of the same character as that of its original design. A grand bull-feast was given in its arena, a description of which has been left us by a contemporary writer, Ludovico Monaldesco. It was also used as an hospital, as an artisans' factory, and in various other ways, until at length, shorn of more than half its proportions by the combined effects of the decay of time, aided by earthquakes and inundations, and the incessant spoliations, for centuries, of Popes and Princes, who only regarded it as an inexhaustible quarry, it was consecrated within a comparatively recent period to the offices of religion, and the destructive agency of man was thus stayed. More active measures were taken for its preservation in the present century by Pius VII. and Leo XII., who secured it on the outside by strong buttresses at the south-east and north-west extremities. Gregory XVI., also, made some considerable restorations in the middle and outer walls on the south side, where they had disappeared.

As to the present appearance of the Colosseum, apart from its stupendous height and its enormous dimensions, which must strike every beholder with astonishment, its most characteristic feature is the

marked contrast presented in the aspect of strength and durability which the huge blocks of stone composing its structure exhibit, and the perfect picture of ruin and desolation conveyed by the yawning rents and fissures in the walls, and the extraordinary luxuriance of the mural and parasitic plants and shrubs with which they are covered in various places, and which often attain the size of full-grown trees.

Within the arena, the sacred character, communicated to the building in recent times, is indicated by a large black cross, which is planted on a mound in the centre of the arena, and by a series of pictures representing the various stages of Christ's passion and death, which are hung round the *podium*, or brick basement wall of the interior, as appropriate decorations of the place where so many martyrs had, by their tortures and death, borne witness of their faith in the truth of the Redemption. There is also at one end of the area an altar surmounted by a Madonna, which forms a simple species of Lady-chapel. In order to ascend to the upper corridors, an application to the custodian is necessary; but to all the lower parts of the building there is the freest access, as the arena is in fact a public thoroughfare.

Taken altogether, the ruins of the Colosseum constitute, perhaps, the best representative which

modern times could have of ancient Rome: it was a national amphitheatre: its form and construction are sufficiently preserved to show with the greatest clearness and intelligibility the style and manner of the cruel exhibitions of the arena, which were so peculiarly Roman; its majestic proportions impart to the mind an adequate conception of the grand character of the public edifices of the Imperial city, while its present desolate state eloquently proclaims the violence of the vicissitudes which laid them prostrate. To have the imagination, however, fully impressed with the associations pertaining to the locality, it is perhaps advisable to visit the Colosseum by moonlight.





ANCIENT ASSYRIAN SCULPTURES.

THE recent excavations by Layard, of the ruins of some of the cities of ancient Assyria, long lost to the world, have brought to light many most wonderful and beautiful sculptures. Some of these are so grand as to strike the beholders with astonishment and awe. They carry the mind back to that region where poetry first sung her "wood notes wild," and to an era long anterior to any authentic secular history—a time so antique, that Rome, and Greece herself, dwindle to the age of infants in comparison. Yet there stand the monuments of their skill and their greatness, in all the pomp of oriental wildness and metaphor, challeng-

ing the gaze and acumen of historians, hitherto baffled in their researches into the history of that primitive race who hunted with Nimrod through the forests of Babylon.

The cut represents one of these sculptures, now in the British Museum. It was dug out from a mound of ruins which had lain for ages engulphed in the sands of the desert. The spot is situated on the banks of the Tigris, near to a modern town called Mossul, and was at first supposed to be the site of the Nineveh of Scripture; but more recent investigation has shown this to be doubtful, some considering it to be rather the remains of the city Nimroud.

The figure is of colossal proportions, and represents a composite creature with the head of a man, the wings of an eagle, and the body and legs of a bull. It is formed of gypsum, and the slab is ten feet square, by two feet in thickness. It was situated at the entrance of a chamber, being built into the side of the door, so that one side and a front view only could be seen by the spectator. Accordingly, the Ninevite sculptor, in order to make both views perfect, has given the animal five legs. The four seen in the side view show the animal in the act of walking; while, to render the representation complete in the front view, he has repeated the right fore-leg again, but in the act of

standing motionless. The countenance is noble and benevolent in expression; the features are of the true Persian type; he wears an egg-shaped cap with three horns, and a cord round the base of it. The hair at the back of the head has seven ranges of curls; and the beard is divided into three ranges of curls, with intervals of wavy hair. In the ears, which are those of a bull, are pendant ear-rings. The whole of the dewlap is covered with tiers of curls, and four rows are continued beneath the ribs along the whole flank. On the back are six rows of curls, and upon the paunch a square bunch ranged successively, and down the back of the thighs four rows. The hair at the end of the tail is curled like the beard, with intervals of wavy hair. The hair at the knee-joints is likewise curled, terminating in the profile views of the limbs in a single large curl. The elaborately sculptured wings extend over the back of the animal to the very verge of the slab. All the flat surface of the slab is covered with cuneiform inscription, there being twenty-two lines between the fore legs, twenty-one lines in the middle, nineteen lines between the hind legs, and forty-seven lines between the tail and the edge of the slab.

The figure bears some analogy to the Egyptian sphynx, which is supposed to represent the head of the king upon the body of a lion, and is held by

some to be typical of the union of intellectual power with physical strength. The sphynx of the Egyptians, however, is invariably sitting, whereas the Nimroud figure is always represented standing. The apparent resemblance being so great, it is conjectured that the head on the winged animal may be that of the king, and the intention identical with that of the sphynx. Others, again, think this not likely to be the case, but rather that the intention of the Ninevites was to typify their god under the common emblems of intelligence, strength, and swiftness, as signified by the additional attributes of the bird. Nothing, however, has as yet been ascertained that can be depended on in regard either to the origin or intention and meaning of such figures. There can be no doubt, that between them and the composite animals mentioned in the Apocalypse and in the book of Daniel, there is a great resemblance, and if a correct knowledge of the signification of either class of these symbolical creatures could be satisfactorily arrived at, it would most probably aid in leading to the proper interpretation of the other.

QUICKSILVER MINES OF IDRIA.

Story of Count Alberti.—In order that the reader may have a proper understanding of the hard fate to which this unfortunate nobleman was condemned, we shall give the following brief description of the quicksilver mines at Idria:—In these doleful subterranean abodes, thousands have been condemned to reside, shut out from all hope of ever seeing the cheerful light of the sun, and compelled to toil out a miserable existence, under the whips of imperious and irresponsible taskmasters. Let the reader imagine a small aperture in the side of a mountain, of about five yards in width. This is the mouth of the mine, down this you are let in a kind of bucket for more than a hundred fathoms, the prospect growing wider, and more gloomy, as you descend. At length, after swinging in awful suspense for some time in this precarious situation, you reach the

bottom, and tread on the ground. The gloomy and frightful solitude around you, is made dimly visible by the feeble glimmer of lamps disposed here and there, so that the wretched inhabitants of these "regions of sorrow," whose eyes are accustomed to this melancholy substitute for light, can manage to find their way from one part to another. "Such wretches," says Mr. Everard, a gentleman who visited these doleful shades, "my eyes never beheld. The blackness of their visages, only serves to cover a horrid paleness, caused by the noxious qualities of the mineral they are employed in procuring. As they in general consist of malefactors condemned for life to this task, they are fed at the public expense, but they seldom consume much provision, as they lose their appetite in a short time, and commonly expire in about two years, from a total contraction of all the joints of the body.

"In this horrid mansion, I walked after my guide for some time, pondering on the strange tyranny and avarice of mankind, when I was accosted by a voice behind me, calling me by my name, and inquiring after my health, with the most cordial affection. I turned, and saw a creature, all black and hideous, who approached me with the most piteous accent, demanding, 'Ah! Mr. Everard, don't you know me?' Good God!

what was my surprise, when, through the veil of his wretchedness, I discerned my old and dear friend, Alberti! Yes, Count Alberti, once one of the gayest and most agreeable persons at the court of Vienna, at once the example of the men, and the favourite of the fair sex; often have I heard his name repeated, as one of the few who did honour to the present age, as possessed of generosity and pity, in the highest degree; and one, who valued fortune only so far as it enabled him to alleviate the distresses of mankind. I flew to him with affection, and after a tear of condolence, asked him how he came there. To this he replied, that having fought a duel with an Austrian general of infantry, against the Emperor's command, and having left him for dead, he was obliged to fly into one of the forests of Istria, where he was first taken, and afterwards sheltered by banditti, who had infested that quarter. With these he had lived for nine months, till by a close investing of the place in which they were concealed, and after a very obstinate resistance, in which the greater part of them were killed, he was taken, and carried to Vienna, in order to be broken on the wheel. However, upon arriving at the capital, he was quickly known, and several of his associates in captivity, bearing testimony to his innocence of the crimes laid to the charge of the banditti, his

punishment of the rack was changed into perpetual confinement and labour in the mines of Idria, a punishment, in my opinion, a thousand times worse than death."

"As Alberti," continued Mr. Everard, "was giving me this account, a young woman came up to him, whose appearance was such as to prove her to belong to the upper ranks of society, and to have known better fortune. The dreadful situation of the place had not been able to destroy her beauty, and even in this scene of wretchedness she seemed to have charms to grace the most brilliant assembly. This lady was, in fact, daughter of the head of one of the first families in Germany. She had been devoted to Alberti, and having tried every means to procure her lover's pardon, without effect, had at last resolved to share his miseries. With him, she accordingly descended into these mansions of despair, whence few of the living return: with him she is contented to live and to toil, forgetting the gaieties of life, despising the splendours of opulence, and enjoying the consciousness of her own constancy."

Thus far we have related the romantic history of Alberti, as given by Mr. Everard, the sequel of which, however, is communicated by that gentleman, in a second letter to a friend. "My last letter to you," he says, "was expressive, per-

haps too much so, of the gloomy state of my mind. I own that the deplorable situation of the worthy man described in it, was enough to add double horrors to the hideous mansion in which I found him. At present, I have the happiness of informing you, that I have since witnessed the most affecting scene I ever beheld. Nine days after I had written my last letter to you, a person came post from Vienna, to the little village, near the mouth of the great shaft—he was soon followed by a second, and a third. Their first inquiry was after the unfortunate Count, and I happening to overhear the demand, gave them the best information. Two of these were the brother and cousin of the lady—the third was an intimate friend and fellow-soldier of the Count's. They came with his *pardon*, which had been procured by the general with whom the duel had been fought, and who had perfectly recovered from his wounds. I led them, with the expedition of joy, down to his dreary abode, and presented to him his friends, and informed him of the change in his circumstances. It would be impossible to describe the joy that brightened his grief-worn countenance, or to picture the emotion shown by the young lady, on seeing her friends, and hearing of her husband's freedom. I could not, without a tear, behold this worthy couple taking leave of the wretched com-

panions of their toil. To one he left his mattock, to another his working clothes, to a third, his little household utensils. We soon emerged from the mine, when he once more beheld the light of the sun, that he had despaired of ever seeing again. A post chaise and four, took them, the next morning, toward Vienna ; where, I am since informed, by a letter from himself, the empress has taken him into favour—his fortune and rank have been restored, and he and his fair partner, have now the pleasing satisfaction of feeling happiness with a double relish, as they once knew what it was to be miserable."



MODERN AND ANCIENT ROAD WORKS CONTRASTED.

THERE were 234,000 cubic feet of masonry and rubble contained in one of the great works of the Via Appia. The high level bridge at Newcastle alone contains of masonry, 681,609; of rubble, 116,396; of concrete, 46,224; total, 844,229; besides 5,050 tons of iron, of which the Romans knew nothing. The whole cost of this undertaking was £234,450. The cubic feet of masonry in the Britannia tubular bridge, which we must consider as a viaduct, and the wonder of the present age, is 1,500,000; and the cost approximately calculated by Mr. Edwin Clarke, was £601,865. The cost of the Conway bridge, with £38,500 worth of masonry, was, £145,190. And, finally, the Tweed viaduct is said to contain two million cubic feet of masonry. We have, then, in these four great works alone — the Britannia and Conway bridges, the Newcastle and Berwick viaducts or bridges, nearly four millions and a-half of cubic feet of masonry; the whole costing not less than £1,280,000. That

is to say, if we could find in the Roman empire 100 such works as the celebrated substruction of the Via Appia, they would hardly equal in masonry or stonework these four productions of the "ultimi Britannia."

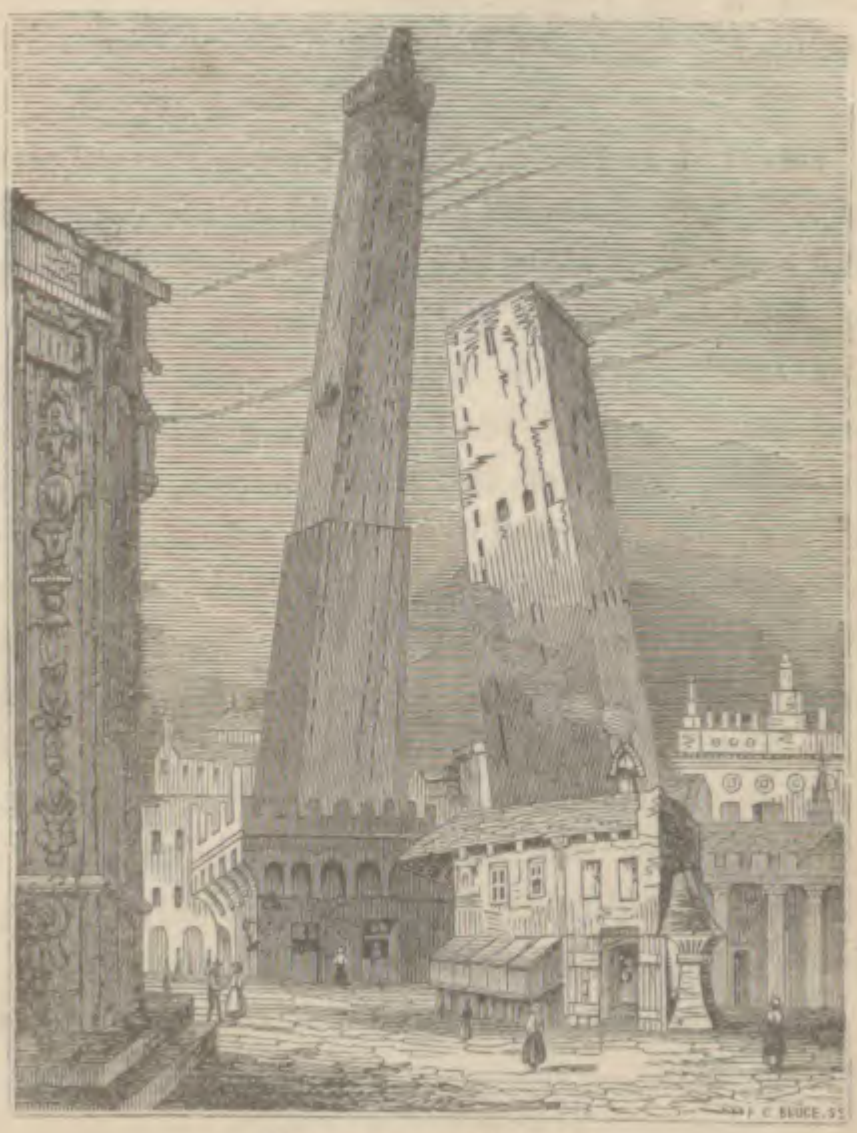
Although we have but little or no data to go upon for making a comparison of expenditure and labour, yet we may gather enough to maintain the proposition, that all the great works of the Roman empire connected with the lines of communication did not equal the works of a similar kind which now exist in the island of Britannia. Another thing which hinders us from making comparisons as to cost; we have in every line of railway £6,000 per mile for land. Appius Claudius cut through the country of the Volsci without asking the price, and dispensed with all the juries for assessing damages. Law expenses were not known; and the surveyors and engineers were not paid £1,200 a mile in those days. When Augustus re-made the Flaminian way to Rimini, he was the sole shareholder, and gave no scrip. Julius Cæsar and Mark Antony raised great works, but they knew nothing about raising dividends. That which would have astounded them more than an irruption of barbarians, would have been a bill of £1,800 for every mile of road for parliamentary and law expenses.

LEANING TOWERS.

It has been found by experiment that most lofty buildings of any antiquity are slightly inclined from the perpendicular. The Monument, near London Bridge, is one of many instances; but the towers at Bologna and Pisa, in Italy, and at Caerphilly, Bridgenorth, and Corfe Castle, in our own country, are the most remarkable. We are indebted to that elegant periodical work the *Landscape Annual*, for the beautiful view of those at Bologna, which we present to our readers. They were probably erected by private families, for the purposes of defence in the desperate feuds and civil wars which so long desolated Italy, and rendered buildings such as these of the utmost importance to their possessors. The small republics of Lombardy were continually at war with each other, or with the emperors of Germany; every city was divided into the two furious factions of Guelfs and Ghibellines (or the parties of the pope and the

emperor); and every street, and frequently every family, was "divided against itself" by the quarrels of the nobles—the Montagues and Capulets of their day;—and every man's house was indeed his castle, but in a very different sense from that which, thanks to our reformed politics, free institutions, and advanced state of civilization, these words now convey to English ears. The taller of the two, that of the Asinelli, was built A.D. 1109; its height has been variously stated at 350, 377, and 307 feet, and its inclination at a few inches, and at three feet and a-half. It has no external beauty, but rewards the traveller for a tedious ascent of 500 steps by an extensive view, which includes the neighbouring cities of Imola, Ferrara, and Modena. The tower of the Garisendi or Garissuidi, is immortalized by Dante's simile, who compares it to the stooping giant Antæus; its height is 140 or 150 feet, and it deviates seven or eight feet from the perpendicular. The wood work and masonry incline from the horizon, which fact strongly corroborates the opinion of Montfaucon, the antiquary, of the correctness of which there can hardly be a doubt. He says its inclination was "caused by the slipping of the earth; some went to ruin when it slipped, as the ground on the inclined side was not so firm, which may be said of the other towers that lean; that for the bells of St.

Mary Zibenica, at Venice, leans, and at Ravenna, and between Ferrara and Venice, and in other places,



[Leaning Towers of Bologna.]

numerous instances may be found." Of the leaning towers of Italy, this tower is second only to

that of Pisa, in the greatness of its deviation from the perpendicular, but is inferior in this point to that of Caerphilly Castle, whilst in height the tower of the Asinelli soars far above all its competitors in Italy and England.

Leaning Tower of Pisa.—This celebrated piece of architecture stands at the end of the cathedral, and consists of eight stories formed of arches supported by pillars divided by cornices. The elevation of the whole is about 180 feet. The form and proportions of the tower are graceful, and its materials, being of the finest marble, add to its beauty; but its grand distinction, which alone gives it so much celebrity, is a defect which disparages the work, though it may enhance the skill of the architect, and by its novelty forcibly arrest the attention. We allude to its inclination, which exceeds fourteen feet from the perpendicular. Many ascribe this architectural phenomenon to design, and this is now the generally received opinion, in consequence of which the tower is regarded as one of the greatest curiosities of art in existence.



PYRAMIDS AND SPHYNX.

THE EGYPTIAN SPHYNX.

The ancient Egyptians appear to have had two gods to whom especially worship was addressed. These were Osiris and Isis, which are supposed to be the same as the sun and moon. But besides these gods, worship seems to have been offered to various animals, the ox, wolf, hawk, ibis, cat, crocodile, &c. It is possible, however, that these creatures themselves were not at first worshipped, but came gradually to be so only as the knowledge of what was signified by them declined; for it is more than probable that a symbolical signification was originally attached to these animals, such as some divine attribute or spiritual or moral virtue or acquirement. It is to be hoped that the attempts now making to investigate this obscure subject will lead to some definite and satisfactory result, as a correct knowledge of the hidden meaning of the Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities would

tend to throw much light on many parts of Holy Scripture.

One of the most singular remains of ancient Egypt is the figure of the Sphynx. It was doubtless connected in some way or other with the worship of that remote people; but its real signification has long been a complete puzzle to antiquarians. One pretty version maintains the Sphynx to have been a fabulous monster, the offspring of Typhon and Echidna, and distinguished for wisdom and cruelty. It was sent by Juno to punish the Thebans in consequence of some provocation offered by them. It laid the whole country under terror, by proposing enigmas, and devouring the inhabitants if unable to explain them. The Thebans were told that the Sphynx would destroy herself so soon as one of the enigmas was explained. One of the enigmas was this:—What animal walks on four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three in the evening? Creon, king of Thebes, promised his crown and his sister Jocasta in marriage to him who should deliver his country from this monster, by explaining the riddle. It was ultimately solved by Œdipus, who observed that man walked on his hands and feet when young, or in the morning of life, at noon he walked erect, and in the evening of his days he supported his infirmities with a stick. The Sphynx no sooner

heard this explanation than she threw herself from a rock, and immediately expired.

Some conjecture that this singular figure was intended to represent the Creative Power, which combined in itself the male and female energies in an incomprehensible manner. Others, again, maintain that it is to be regarded as an astronomical system, marking the passage of the sun from the sign Leo into that of Virgo, and thereby shadowing forth the happy period when the overflowing of the Nile diffuses the blessings of health, and peace, and plenty throughout the land. Another theory is, that the countenance of a beautiful woman is combined with the body of a lion or other animal, to intimate the alluring aspect with which vice at first assails the unwary, and the besotted monsters she makes them when caught in her toils. Not one of these solutions can be depended on, however. It is much more likely that the figure was typical of some combined attributes of the Divine Being, and had a connection with the public worship of the Egyptian people.

The Egyptian Sphynx is formed with a human head on the body of a lion, and is always in a recumbent posture, with the forepaws stretched forward. The colossal one near the group of figures at Gizeh was uncovered to its base by Mr. Caviglia, after immense difficulty, and the excr-

tions of sixty men for seven months. The huge paws were constructed of masonry, and were found to stretch out fifty feet in advance of the body. Fragments of an enormous beard were found resting beneath the chin, and there were seen all the appendages of a temple, granite table, and altar arranged on a platform in front. On this pavement, and at an equal distance between the paws of the figure, was a large slab of granite, not less than fourteen feet high, seven broad, and two thick. The face of this stone fronted the east, and was highly embellished with sculptures in bas-relief, the subject representing two sphynxes seated on pedestals, and priests holding out offerings, while there was a long inscription in hieroglyphics, most beautifully executed, the whole design being covered at the top with the sacred globe, the serpent, and the wings. Two other tablets of calcareous stone, similarly ornamented, were found on each side of it, and were supposed to be part of a miniature temple. One of these was thrown down and broken, but the fragments are now in the British Museum. A small lion, crouching in front of this edifice, had its eyes directed towards the Sphynx. This and some other fragments are all painted red, a colour which in Egypt and India is appropriated to sacred purposes.

"The breast, shoulders, and neck," says Dr.

Richardson, "which are those of a human being, remain uncovered, as also the back, which is that of a lion. The neck is very much eroded, and to a person near, the head seems too heavy for its support. The head-dress has the appearance of an old fashioned wig, projecting out about the ears like the hair of the Barberi Arabs. The ears project considerably; the nose is broken; the whole face is painted red, which is the colour assigned to all the deities except Osiris. The features are Nubian or ancient Egyptian. The expression is particularly placid and benign, so much so that the worshipper of the Sphynx might hold up his god as superior to all other gods of wood and stone which the blinded nations worshipped." It is above 150 feet long, by 63 feet high.



THE THAMES TUNNEL.

So far back as the year 1799, a project was set on foot for constructing a tunnel under the Thames at Gravesend; but the plan was not patronised, and, consequently, fell to the ground. In 1823, Mr. Brunel, the celebrated civil engineer, exhibited his plan for constructing a double capacious road-way under that noble river. He selected a spot between Rotherhithe on the Surrey side, and Wapping on the Middlesex shore; and this selection evinced considerable judgment, as it did not interfere with the mercantile pursuits of the neighbourhood; and it also possessed a stratum of blue clay peculiarly adapted to the purpose. As soon as an Act of Parliament could be obtained, Mr. Brunel commenced his labours by sinking a shaft 50 feet in diameter on the Surrey side, and passed through a bed of gravel and sand 26 feet deep, constituting a kind of quicksand in which the drift makers of a former undertaking had been compelled to abandon their work. Mr. Brunel had been warned of this;

—he therefore sunk the shaft deeper, and formed a lesser one of 25 feet diameter, as a kind of well for drainage; but, on approaching the depth of 80 feet, the ground gave way suddenly under the small shaft, which sunk several feet at once, the sand and water blowing up at the same time. The necessary repairs consequent upon this interruption having been completed, the horizontal excavation for the body of the tunnel was commenced at the depth of 63 feet, with a declivity of 2 feet 3 inches in every one hundred feet. The excavation is 38 feet in breadth, and 22 feet 6 inches in height, presenting a sectional area of 15 feet. The basis of this excavation, in the deepest part of the river, is 76 feet below high water mark.

It was by means of a powerful apparatus, designated a "*shield*," that this extensive excavation was effected, and the double roadway and paths constructed within it. This shield consisted of twelve great frames, standing close to each other, like as many volumes on the shelf of a book-case: these frames were 22 feet in height, and about 3 feet in breadth. They were divided into three stages or stories, thus presenting 36 chambers, or cells for the workmen—namely, the miners, by whom the ground was cut down and secured in front, and the bricklayers, by whom the structure was simultaneously erected.

On two several occasions the river broke in upon the workmen, and consequently suspended their labours for a considerable period. The last time of this irruption, the injury was repaired by filling bags with clay and throwing them into the Thames immediately over the chasm made in the bed of the river. This simple remedy had the desired effect, and the work progressed satisfactorily and rapidly to a conclusion. The width of the river from low water mark on each side is 920 feet; but the entire length of the tunnel is 1300 feet. This stupendous undertaking is open to public inspection, at a trifling charge. The effect produced by the gas lights, with which it is plentifully supplied, is of the most extraordinary and splendid nature. The cost of this new wonder of the world has been about £800,000.

This does not appear to be the only construction of the sort in the world, for we find that a submarine bridge, like the tunnel, was completed by order of Semiramis, who caused to be constructed a bridge under the Euphrates, in order to be able to repair, secretly, from one to the other of the two palaces which were built upon each bank of that river. This road was 300 stadia in length, 19 in breadth, 12 in height, and was finished in 260 days!



BOILING SPRINGS.

The Geyzers, or springs of boiling water in Iceland, rank amongst the most remarkable natural curiosities in the world. They are situated about thirty-six miles from mount Hecla, and about twelve miles in a north-east direction from the village of Skolholt. The steam ascending from the principal springs during their eruptions may be seen from a considerable distance. When the air is still, it rises perpendicularly like a column, to a great height, then spreads itself into clouds, which roll in successive masses over each other,

till they are lost in the atmosphere. We perceived one of these columns when distant sixteen miles.

The springs mostly rise in a plain, between a river that winds through it, and the base of a range of low hills. Many, however, break out from the sides of the hills, and some very near their summits. They are all contained, to the number of one hundred or more, within a circle of two miles. The most remarkable spring rises nearly in the midst of the other springs, close to the hills. It is called Geyzer, the name probably in the old Scandinavian language for a fountain, from the verb *geysa*, signifying to *gush*, or *to rush forth*. The next most remarkable spring rises at a distance of one hundred and forty yards from it, on the same line, at the foot of the hills. We called it the New Geyzer, on account of its having but lately played so violently as at present.

There are others of consequence in the place, but none that approach to these in magnificence, or that, when compared with them, deserve much description. The generality of the springs are in every respect similar to those near Rykum, boiling in caldrons of three or four feet diameter, and some of them throwing their waters from time to time, by sudden jets, into the air. Many springs in this place, as in the other, boil through strata of coloured clay, by which they are rendered turbid.

Here, however, the red clays are brighter, and in greater proportion to the clays of other colours. Here also, as in the valley of Rykum, are many small springs, which throw out sulphureous vapour, and near which the ground, and the channel of the water, are covered and lined with a thin coat of sulphur.

The basins of the two principal springs are of irregular forms, four, five, or six feet in diameter, and from some of them the water rushes out in all directions, from others obliquely. The eruptions are never of long duration, and the intervals are from fifteen to thirty minutes. The periods of both are exceedingly variable. One of the most remarkable of these springs threw out a great quantity of water; and from its continual noise, we named it the Roaring Geyzer. The eruptions of this fountain were incessant. The water darted out with fury every four or five minutes, and covered a great space of ground with the water it deposited. The jets were from thirty to forty feet in height. They were shivered into the finest particles of spray, and surrounded by great clouds of steam. The situation of this spring was eighty yards distant from the Geyzer, on the rise of the hill.

The celebrated fountain which has been distinguished by the appellation of Geyzer alone, from

the pre-eminence it holds over all the natural phenomena of this kind in Iceland, rises through a perpendicular and cylindrical pipe or shaft, seventy feet in depth, and eight feet and a-half in diameter, which opens into a basin or funnel measuring fifty-nine feet from one edge to the other. The basin is circular, and the sides of it, as well as those of the pipe, are polished quite smooth by the continual friction of the water, and they are both formed with such mathematical truth, as to appear constructed by art.

When our guides led us to the Geyzer, the basin was filled to within a few feet of its edge. The water was transparent as crystal; a slight steam only arose from it, and the surface was ruffled by but a few bubbles, which now and then came from the bottom of the pipe. We waited with anxiety for several minutes, expecting at every instant some interruption to its tranquillity. On a sudden, another spring immediately in front of the place on which we were standing, darted its waters above a hundred feet into the air with the velocity of an arrow, and the jets succeeding this first eruption were still higher. This was the spring already mentioned under the name of the New Geyzer.

While gazing in silence and wonder at this unexpected and beautiful display, we were alarmed by a sudden shock of the ground under our feet,

accompanied with a hollow noise, not unlike the distant firing of cannon. Another shock soon followed, and we observed the water in the basin to be much agitated. The Icelanders hastily laid hold of us, and forced us to retreat some yards.

When the basin was nearly full, these occasional eruptions were generally announced by shocks of the ground. Immediately after the shocks, the whole body of water heaved exceedingly; a violent ebullition then took place, and large waves spread themselves in circles from the centre, through which the column forced its way. When the water had been quiet in the basin for some time, the thermometer placed in it stood at 180° only; but immediately after an eruption, it rose to 200°. We boiled a piece of salmon in it, which was exceedingly well tasted. Our cookery at Rykum had not been quite so successful.

Of the antiquity of these springs I can say nothing further than that they are mentioned as throwing up their waters to a great height, by Saxo Grammaticus, in the preface to his History of Denmark, which was written in the 12th century; but from the general appearance of the country, it is likely they have existed a great length of time.

PETER BOTTE'S MOUNTAIN.

The island which contains this most singular natural curiosity is situated off the east coast of Africa. It was discovered by the Portuguese in the sixteenth century, who named it Illa do Cerus; but the Dutch took possession of it soon after, and called it Mauritius, after Maurice, Prince of Orange. The Dutch abandoned it in the year 1712; and the French, who had been already for some time in possession of the neighbouring Isle of Bourbon, began to colonize it. From them it received the name of the Isle of France, and continued in their possession till the year 1810, when it became, and still continues, a British colony. It received no new name on being ceded to the British crown: it is now generally known by both its Dutch and French appellations,—Mauritius, or Isle of France.

The island is extremely mountainous, and exhibits in every part of it marks of volcanic action.

Some of the mountains are from two to three thousand feet in height, and are covered with snow during a great part of the year. Among them are several that assume the most singular and fantastic shapes; but the most extraordinary of any in its appearance, is that which bears the name of *Peter Botte*, from a person, who is said, by tradition, to have climbed to its summit many years ago, and to have lost his life in coming down again. This, however, is mere rumour, and even if the attempt was actually made by the person in question, it is evident that the fate which overtook him must have rendered it impossible to say whether he succeeded or not.

In point of fact, the top of the mountain has been usually regarded as quite inaccessible, notwithstanding the boast of a Frenchman about forty years ago that he succeeded in reaching it. The attempt has also been several times made by our own countrymen, since the island became a British possession, but always in vain, until the period which we are about to describe, and which was accomplished in 1832. The account of it was read before the Geographical Society, by Mr. Barrow, and says, "From most points of view it seems to rise out of the range which runs nearly parallel to that part of the sea coast which forms the bay of Port Louis, (the capital, situated on the west side of the

island,) but on arriving at its base, you find that it is actually separated from the rest of the range by a ravine, or cleft of a tremendous depth. The mountain appears to be about eighteen hundred feet high.

"Captain Lloyd, chief civil engineer, accompanied by Mr. Dawkins, had made an attempt in 1831 to ascend the mountain, and had reached what is called the neck, when they planted a ladder, which did not, however, reach half-way up the perpendicular face of rock beyond. Still Captain Lloyd was convinced that with proper preparations the feat might be accomplished. Accordingly, on the morning of the 7th September, 1832, that gentleman, along with Lieut. Phillpot, 29th Regt., Lieut. Keppel, R.N., and Lieut. Taylor, set out on the bold and perilous adventure. All our preparations being made," says Lieut. Taylor, who furnished Mr. Barrow with the account, "we started, and a more picturesque line of march I have seldom seen. Our van was composed of about fifteen or twenty sepoys, in every variety of costume, together with a few negroes carrying our food, dry clothes, &c. Our path lay up a very steep ravine, formed by the rains in the wet season, which having loosened all the stones, made it any thing but pleasant; those below were obliged to keep a bright look out for tumbling rocks, and one of these

missed Keppel and myself by a miracle." Along this path, which was not a foot broad, they picked their way for about four hundred yards, the negroes keeping their footing firm under their loads, by catching hold of the shrubs above them, as they proceeded. "On rising to the shoulder of the mountain," continues the narrative, "a view burst upon us which quite defies my descriptive powers. We stood on a little narrow ledge, or neck of land, about twenty yards in length, on the side which we mounted; we looked back into the deep wooded gorge we had passed up while on the opposite side of the neck, which was between six and seven feet broad, the precipice went sheer down fifteen hundred feet to the plain. One extremity of the neck was equally precipitous, and the other was bounded by what to me seemed the most magnificent sight I ever saw. A narrow knife-like edge of rock, broken here and there by precipitous faces, ran up in conical form to about three hundred and fifty feet above us, and on the very pinnacle old Peter Botte frowned in all his glory.

"After a short rest we proceeded to work. A ladder had been left by Lloyd and Dawkins last year; it was about twelve feet high, and reached about half way up the face of the perpendicular rock. The foot, which was spiked, rested on a ledge, which was barely three inches on each side.

A grapnel-line had been also left last year, but was not used. A negro of Lloyd's clambered from the top of the ladder, by the cleft in the face of the rock, not trusting his weight to the old and rotten line. He carried a small cord round his middle, and it was fearful to see the cool, steady way in which he climbed, where a single loose stone, or false hold, must have sent him down into the abyss; however, he partially scrambled away, till at length we heard him halloo from under the rock 'all right.' These negroes use their feet exactly like monkeys, grasping with them every projection, almost as firm as with their hands. The line which he carried up was made fast above, and up it we all four 'shinned' in succession. It was, joking apart, awful work. In several places the ridge ran to an edge not a foot broad, and I could as I held on, half sitting, half kneeling, across the ridge, have kicked my right shoe down to the plain on one side, and my left into the bottom of the ravine on the other. The only thing which surprised me, was my own steadiness and freedom from all giddiness. I had been nervous in mounting the ravine in the morning, but gradually I got so excited and determined to succeed, that I could look down that dizzy height without the smallest sensation of swimming in the head; nevertheless, I held *uncommonly hard*, and felt very

well satisfied when I was safe under the neck; and a more extraordinary situation I never was in. The head, which is an enormous mass of rock, about thirty-five feet in height, overhangs its base many feet on every side. A ledge of tolerably level rock runs round three sides of the base, about six feet in width, bounded everywhere by the abrupt edge of the precipice, except in the spot where it is joined by the ridge up which we climbed. In one spot, the head, though overhanging its base several feet, reaches only perpendicularly over the edge of the precipice, and most fortunately it was at the very spot where we mounted. Here it was that we reckoned on getting up; a communication being established with the shoulder by a double line of ropes, we proceeded to get up the necessary materials, Lloyd's portable additional coils of rope, crowbars, &c. But now the question, and a puzzler too, was, how to get the ladder up against the rock. Lloyd had prepared some iron arrows, with thongs, to fire over, and having got up a gun, he made a line fast round his body, which we all held on, and going over the edge of the precipice on the opposite side, he leaned back against the line, and fired over the least projecting part. Had the line broken, he would have fallen at least 1800 feet. Twice this failed, and then he had recourse to a large stone, with a lead-line, which swung diago-

nally, and seemed to be a feasible plan. Several times he made beautiful heaves, but the provoking line would not catch, and away went the stone far below; till at length Æolus, pleased, I suppose, with his perseverance, gave us a shift of wind for about a minute, and over went the stone, and was eagerly seized on the opposite side. 'Hurrah, my lads! steady's the word.' Three lengths of the ladder were put together on the ledge, a large line attached to the one which was over the head and carefully drawn up, and finally, a two inch rope, to the extremity of which we lashed the top of the ladder, then lowered it gently over the precipice, till it hung perpendicularly, and was steadied by two negroes on the ridge below. 'All right, now hoist away,' and up went the ladder, till it came to the edge of our ledge, when it was lashed in firmly to the rock. We then hauled away on the guy to steady it, and made it fast; a line was passed over by the lead line, to hold on, and up went Lloyd screeching and hallooing, and we all three scrambled after him. The union-jack and a boat-hook were passed up, and old England's flag waved freely and gallantly on the redoubted Peter Botte.

"No sooner was it seen flying than the Undaunted frigate saluted in the harbour, and the guns of our saluting battery replied; for though our expedition

had been kept secret till we started, it was made known the morning of our ascent, and all hands were on the look out, as we afterwards learnt. We then got a bottle of wine to the top of the rock, christened it 'King William's Peak,' and drank his Majesty's health.

"I certainly never felt any thing like the excitement of that moment; even the negroes, down on the shoulder, took up our hurrahs, and we could hear, far below, the faint shouts of the astonished inhabitants of the plain. We were resolved to do nothing by halves, and accordingly we made preparations for sleeping under the rock, by hauling up blankets, pea jackets, brandy, cigars, &c. Meanwhile, our dinner was preparing on the shoulder below, and about four P.M., we descended our ticklish path, to partake of the portable soup, preserved salmon, &c. Our party was now increased by Dawkins and his cousin, a Lieutenant of the Talbot, to whom he had written, informing them of our hopes of success; but their heads would not allow them to mount to the head or neck. After dinner, as it was getting dark, I screwed up my nerves, and climbed up to our queer little nest at top, followed by Keppel and a negro, who carried some dry wood, and made a fire in the clift under the rock. Lloyd and Phillpot soon came up, and we began to arrange ourselves for the night, each

taking a glass of brandy, to begin with. I had on two pair of trousers, a shooting jacket, waistcoat, and a huge flushing jacket over that, a thick woollen sailor's cap, and two blankets, and each of us lighted a cigar, as we seated ourselves to wait for the appointed hour for our signal of success.

It was a glorious sight to look from that giddy pinnacle, over the whole island, lying so calm and beautiful in the moonlight, except where the broad black shadows of the other mountains intercepted the light. Here and there we could see a light twinkling in the plains, or the fire of some sugar manufactory; but not a sound of any sort reached us, except an occasional shout from the party down on the shoulder (we four being the only ones above.) At length, in the direction of Port Louis, a bright flash was seen, and after a long interval the sullen boom of the evening gun. We then prepared our pre-arranged signal, and whiz went a rocket from our nest, lighting up for an instant, the peaks of the hills below us; and then leaving us in darkness. We next burnt a blue light, and nothing can be conceived more perfectly beautiful than the broad glare against the overhanging rock. The wild looking groups we made in our uncouth habiliments, and the narrow ledge on which we stood, were all distinctly shown, while many of the tropical birds, frightened at our vagaries, came glancing by the light, and then

swooped away, screeching, into the gloom below; for the gorge, on our left, was as dark as Erebus. We burnt another blue light, and threw up two more rockets, when our laboratory being exhausted, the patient-looking insulted moon had it all her own way again. We now rolled ourselves up in our blankets, and having lashed Phillpot, who is a determined sleep-walker, to Keppel's leg, we tried to sleep, but it blew strong before the morning, and was very cold. We drank all our brandy, and kept tucking in our blankets the whole night, without success. At day-break we arose, stiff, cold, and hungry; and shall conclude briefly, by saying, that after about four or five hours hard work, we got a hole mined in the rock, and sank the foot of our twelve foot ladder deep in this, lashed a water barrel as a land mark at the top, and, above all, a long staff, with a union-jack flying. We then, in turn, mounted to the top of the ladder, to take a last look at a view, such as we might never see again, and bidding adieu to the scene of our toil and our triumph, descended the ladder, to the neck, and casting off the guys and training lines, cut off all communication with the top."

The adventurous party descended in perfect safety from this perilous attempt, which was one of the most daring ever accomplished.

THE BRITANNIA TUBULAR BRIDGE.

THIS magnificent structure is a triumphant monument of the engineering skill of the present age. It is situated on the Chester and Holyhead Railway, which now forms part of the main line of communication between London and the Irish metropolis. At first it was considered quite impracticable to carry the Railway across the Menai Strait, which divides the maiuland from the Isle of Anglesea, in which Holyhead is situated; at least it was evident that no principle then known for the construction of bridges, was at all sufficient to effect the purpose, and, at the same time, preserve the navigation of the strait. For ordinary conveyances, Telford had previously spanned the strait at its narrowest part, by a bridge on the suspension principle, which has long been an object of great interest, displaying as it does engineering skill of the very highest character; but the great vibration of bridges on this principle



THE BRITANNIA BRIDGE.

renders them quite unfit for railway purposes. It occurred to Mr. Robert Stephenson, the engineer, that a tube might possibly be constructed of iron plates that would answer the purpose. The idea was deemed at first ridiculous; but after a model tube had been constructed, and its strength and fitness tested by a series of the severest experiments, and at a cost of £18,000, it was found to be quite practicable; though the difficulties, labour, and expense of such an undertaking would be of the most formidable character. As it would effect a saving of time to the extent of one hour or more in the journey from Dublin to London, the railway directors determined to proceed.

The bridge consists of two distinct lines, for the up and down trains, each formed of four separate but continuous hollow square beams or tubes of iron plates, &c. The tubes are 15 feet wide, and 30 feet high; the four central ones are 480 feet in length, but the end tubes are not quite so long. They were constructed on the adjoining shore, and when lying on piles at the side of the strait, one of these tubes looked like a row of houses three stories high. They were floated at high water upon pontoons into their respective positions, and afterwards raised to the proper elevation by powerful hydraulic presses.

At that part crossed by the bridge, there is a rock in the centre of the strait called the Britannia Rock, from which the bridge takes its name. This afforded a point on which to erect a pier or central tower for the support of the tubes. This tower rises majestically to a height of 230 feet, giving a clear way beneath the tubes for the purposes of navigation, sufficient to allow the largest ships to pass underneath, without striking their topmasts.

After all the tubes had been raised to their places, the last rivet, said to be exactly the 2,000,000th, was driven home by Mr. Stephenson on the 5th March, 1850. A series of experiments were afterwards made, to test the strength of the structure, and its capability for the important services it was intended for. These consisted of passing heavy trains of several kinds through it at various speeds. The last experimental government train was a heavy laden one of coal waggons, weighing 240 tons, with three locomotive engines. This was run through at the ordinary rate at which such trains travel, from ten to twelve miles an hour; and the deflection, as taken by a deflectometer fixed in the centre tower, was scarcely perceptible. This train was next placed over the middle of one of the tubes, and there left as a dead weight, while Captain Simmons, the government inspector, descended and made a minute inspection of the

masonry, the rivetting, plate-work, cellular top and bottom of the tubes, and every part of the workmanship, which occupied a considerable time. On returning to the tube, the deflection caused by the load was found to be about three-fourths of an inch, an amount so small as to be unworthy of consideration. Similar experiments made in the other tubes, exemplified the perfect success that had attended the continuity of the beam, the most remarkable feature in the structure, caused by the junction of each of the before isolated plates; for as the engines entered upon the small land tube, the motion due to their progressive weight was ascertainable in every tube, even to the further extremity of 1560 feet in length. Locomotives in steam were then passed through as fast as practicable, but only at twenty miles an hour, owing to the curves at either end. The deflection was the fraction of an inch, and the vibration scarcely perceptible, the tonnage weight of the tube itself acting, in reality, as a counterpoise or preventative to vibration. Captain Simmons was extremely interested with the bold design and immense strength of this remarkable high road, which is now described by its engineers as strong enough to support a line-of-battle ship suspended, or a load of locomotives piled one on the top of the other over its whole surface. The experiments

were all perfectly satisfactory, and tended to show that all parts of the stupendous work obeyed the calculated requirements, and to a certain extent determined the conjectural questions of duration and stability to arise under the test of every-day usage.

Sir Francis Head, when he saw one of the tubes raised, and in its place, observed,—"It seemed surprising to us, that by any arrangement of materials it could possibly be made strong enough to support even itself, much less heavily laden trains of passengers and goods, flying through it, and actually passing each other in the air at railway speed. And the more we called reason and reflection to our assistance, the more incomprehensible did the mystery practically appear; for the plate-iron of which this aerial gallery is composed, is not so thick as the lid, sides, and bottom which are required for an elm coffin, of strength sufficient merely to carry the corpse of an emaciated friendless pauper from the workhouse to his grave! The covering of this iron passage, 1841 feet in length, is literally not thicker than the hide of the elephant! Lastly, it is scarcely thicker than the bark of the 'good old English oak;' and if this noble sovereign of the forest, notwithstanding the 'heart' and interior substance of which it boasts, is, even in the well-protected park in which

it has been born and bred, often prostrated by the storm, how difficult is it to conceive that an attenuated aerial hollow beam, no thicker than its mere rind, should, by human science, be constituted strong enough to withstand, besides the weights rushing through it, the natural gales and artificial squalls of wind to which, throughout its immense length, and at its fearful height, it is permanently to be exposed!"

The cut gives a representation of this stupendous work of art, as seen from the Anglesea shore. Beneath are the deep Menai Straits, in length about twelve miles, through which, imprisoned between precipitous shores, the waters of the Irish Sea and of St. George's Channel are not only everlastingly vibrating backwards and forwards, but at the same time, and from the same causes, are progressively rising or falling from twenty to twenty-five feet with each successive tide, which, varying its period of high water every day, forms altogether an endless succession of aqueous changes.

The several towers and abutments are externally composed of grey roughly-hewn Anglesea marble. The land towers, the bases of which are the same as that of the Britannia, are each 198 feet above high water. They contain 210 tons of cast-iron girders and beams.

The first thing that strikes the spectator, on

approaching the cyclopean piles of masonry, is the vast masses of stone of which they are constructed. The limestone is in such immense blocks, that to the eye of the uninitiated it seems almost impossible to move them, yet they were moved with perfect ease; for such was the ingenuity, simplicity, and strength of the tackle used in its construction, that it was a matter of small moment whether a block of stone weighed one ton, or twelve tons.

The two lines of tubes have been rivetted together since the time of the government inspection, which has greatly added to the strength of the whole structure, and lessened the tendency to vibration. The continuous length of the iron part of this double gallery is 1513 feet,—far surpassing in size any piece of wrought-iron work ever before put together. Its weight is 5000 tons, being nearly equal to that of two 120-gun ships, having on board, ready for sea, guns, powder, shot, provisions, crew, flags, captain, chaplain, admiral and all!

The bridge altogether is 2400 feet long. It was fully opened for traffic on the 18th March, 1850. The cost to the Chester and Holyhead Railway Company was about £700,000. It took about four years only to complete it, while Telford's suspension bridge over a narrower part of the same strait took eight years to construct.



EARTHQUAKES.

A VERY large number of these great convulsions of nature have occurred in various countries both in ancient and modern times. Their ravages are

mostly confined to volcanic regions; although this has not been universally the case.

The Scriptures speak of several earthquakes:—one of the most remarkable is that which happened in the twenty-seventh year of Uzziah, king of Judah, about 783 B.C. There is mention made of this earthquake by the prophets Amos and Zechariah; and Josephus says, that it was so violent as to divide into halves a mountain which lay to the west of Jerusalem, and to remove one half of it 500 paces from its original site, insomuch that it closed up the highway, and covered the king's gardens.

An earthquake at Messina, in Sicily, in 1783, was felt over an area of five hundred square miles. Many and sudden sinkings of the land were perceived, numerous fissures were formed, and partial elevations effected in some places; and a fissure a mile in length, one hundred and five feet in width, and thirty feet in depth, opened at Plaisduo. Another about the same length, and a hundred feet deep, was formed at Cerzulle. At La Fortuna, a chasm, a quarter of a mile in length, thirty feet in width, and two hundred and twenty-five feet in depth, opened in the ground. Along the Straits of Messina the cliff of Gidro Greco, a mile in length, was precipitated on the adjacent houses and gardens. A fragment, detached by

the earthquake from Monte Jaci, crushed multitudes who had fled to the shore for safety; and at the same moment a wave broke on the shore, and swept away the aged Prince of Scylla and numbers of his people.

But the earthquake at Lisbon in 1755, was certainly the most horrible and extensive of modern times, nor have we any account of any thing that can be compared to it in ancient history. Its origin appears to have been under the Atlantic Ocean, the waves of which were shaken almost as violently as the land: its range extended over a part of both the hemispheres, and more or less affected Europe, Africa, and America, though it was in the south-western parts of Europe in which its violence and destruction were chiefly conspicuous, and especially in the city of Lisbon, which fell a victim to its fury. We shall give the following details in the order in which they are communicated in the abridgment of the Philosophical Transactions. The communication is from a Mr. Wolfall, and is dated 1st November, 1755, from Lisbon.

Since the beginning of the year 1750, we have had much less rain than has ever been known in the memory of man, excepting the last spring. The summer has been cooler than usual, and for the last forty days, fine clear weather, but not

remarkably so. On the first instant, (November 1755,) about forty minutes past nine in the morning, was felt a most violent shock of an earthquake; it seemed to last about the tenth part of a minute, and then came down every church and convent in town, together with the king's palace, the magnificent opera-house adjoining to it; in short, there was not a large building in town that escaped. Of the dwelling houses, there might be about one-fourth of them that tumbled, which, at a very moderate computation, occasioned the loss of 30,000 lives. The shocking sight of the dead bodies, and the shrieks and cries of those who were half buried in the ruins, are only known to those who were eye-witnesses; it far exceeds all description, for the fear and consternation was so great, that the most resolute person dared not stay a moment to remove a few stones off the friend he loved most, though many might be saved by so doing; but nothing was thought of but self-preservation, getting into open places, or into the middle of streets, was the most probable security. Such as were in the upper stories of houses, were in general more fortunate than those that attempted to escape by the doors, for these were buried under the ruins with the greatest part of the foot passengers. Such as were in equipages escaped best, though their cattle and drivers suffered severely;

but those lost in houses and the streets, are very unequal in number to those that were buried in the ruins of churches; for as it was a day of great devotion, (All Saints' day,) and the time of celebrating mass, all the churches in the city were mostly crowded; and the number of churches here exceeds that of both London and Westminster, and as the steeples are built high, they mostly fell with the roof of the church, and the stones are so large that few escaped.

Two days after the first shock, orders were given to dig for the bodies, and a great many were taken up and recovered. I lodged in a house where there were thirty-eight inhabitants, and only four saved. In the city prison eight hundred were lost; twelve hundred in the general hospital; a great number of convents, of four hundred in each, lost; the Spanish ambassador, with thirty-five servants. It fortunately happened that the king and the royal family were at Belim, a palace about a league out of town. The palace in town tumbled the first shock, but the natives insist that the inquisition was the first building that fell down. The shock was felt all over the kingdom, but along the sea-side more particularly. Faro, St. Ubals, and some of the large trading towns, are, if possible, in a worse situation than here, though the city of Oporto has quite escaped.

It is possible that the cause of all these misfortunes came from under the western ocean; for a captain of a ship, a very sensible man, told me, that he was fifty leagues off at sea—that the shock there was so violent as greatly to injure the deck of the ship; and occasioned him to think that he had mistaken his reckoning, and struck upon a rock. Upon which they instantly hoisted out their long-boat to save themselves, but happily brought the ship, though much injured, into this harbour.

The shocks lasted between five and six minutes. The very first shock was extremely short, but the last was as quick as lightning, succeeded by two others, which, in the general way of speaking, are mentioned altogether as one shock. About twelve o'clock we had a second shock. I was then on the *Terra do Paco*, or king's palace-yard, and had an opportunity of seeing the walls of several houses that were standing, open from top to bottom more than a quarter of a yard, yet close again so exactly as to leave no signs of injury.

What the precise cause of earthquakes may be is not distinctly known; but there is little doubt that volcanic action, deep in the bowels of the earth, has some connection with such wonderful convulsions of the earth's surface.

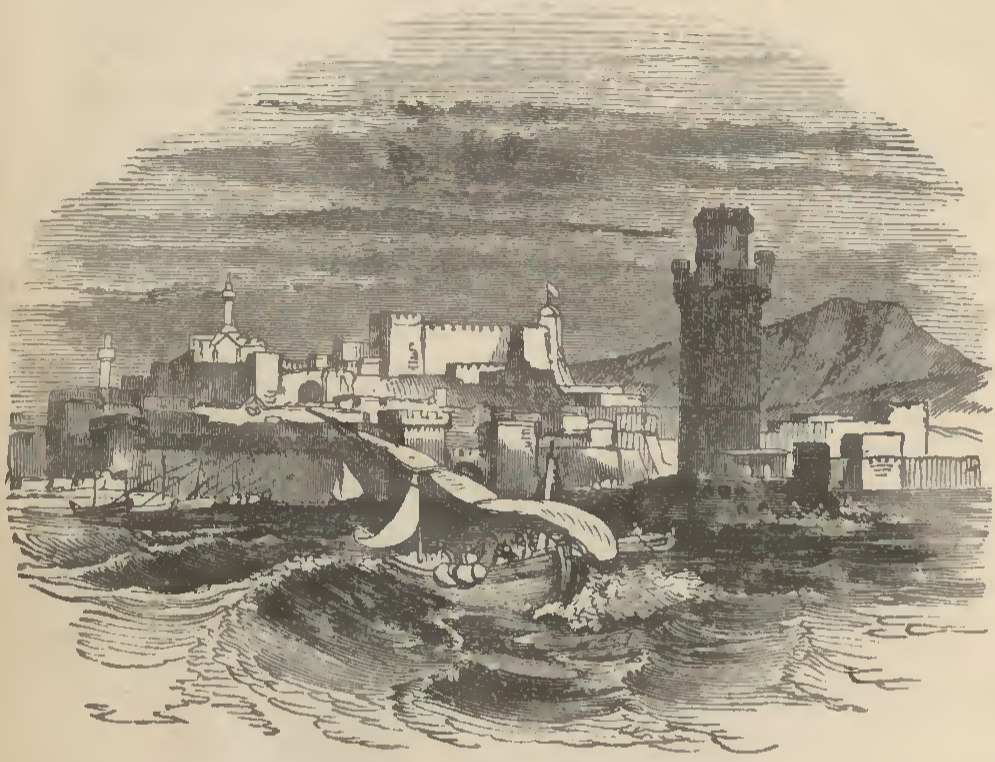
CURIOUS CLOCK AT STRASBURG.

At Strasburg there is a clock, of all others the most famous, invented by Conradius Dasipodius, in the year 1571. Before the clock stands a globe on the ground, showing the motions of the heavens, stars, and planets. The heavens are carried about by the first mover, in twenty-four hours. Saturn, by his proper motion, is carried about in thirty years; Jupiter in twelve; Mars, in two; the Sun, Mercury, and Venus, in one year, and the Moon in one month. In the clock itself there are two tables on the right and left hand, showing the eclipses of the sun and moon from the year 1573 to the year 1624. The third table in the middle, is divided into three parts. In the first part the statues of Apollo and Diana show the course of the year, and the day thereof, being carried about in one year; the second part shows the year of our Lord, and the equinoctial days, the hours of each day,

the minutes of each hour, Easter day, and all other feasts, and the dominical letter. The third part hath the geographical description of all Germany, and particularly of Strasburg, and the names of the inventor and all the workmen. In the middle frame of the clock is an astrolabe, showing the sign in which each planet is every day; and there are the statues of the seven planets upon a round piece of iron, lying flat; so that every day the planet that rules the day comes forth, the rest being hid within the frames, till they come out by course at their day; as the sun upon Sunday, and so for all the week. And there is also a terrestrial globe, which shows the quarter, the half-hour, and the minutes. There is also the skull of a dead man, and statues of two boys, whereof one turns the hour-glass, when the clock hath struck, the other puts forth the rod in his hand at each stroke of the clock. Moreover, there are the statues of Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, and many observations of the Moon. In the upper part of the clock are four old men's statues, which strike the quarters of the hour; the statue of Death comes out at each quarter to strike, but is driven back by the statue of Christ, with a spear in his hand, for three quarters, but in the fourth quarter, that of Christ goes back, and that of Death strikes the hour with a bone in his hand, and then the chimes sound.

On the top of the clock, is an image of a cock, which twice in the day crows aloud, and claps his wings. Besides, this clock is decked with many rare pictures; and, being on the inside of the church, carries another frame to the outside of the wall, wherein the hours of the sun, the courses of the moon, the length of the day, and such other things, are set out with great art.





[Rhodes.]

THE COLOSSUS OF RHODES.

This enormous building has justly been classed among the wonders of ancient architecture. It was a vast structure of brass or statuary metal, erected in honour of Apollo, or the Sun, the tutelar god of Rhodes. Its stride was fifty feet

asunder, each foot being placed on a rock or pedestal of stone at this distance from each other, at the entrance into the haven. Its height, according to Pliny, was not less than 105 feet, or seventy cubits, and hence vessels of considerable burden were capable of passing between its legs. It is said to have been erected by the Rhodians with the money produced by the sale of the engines of war which Demetrius Poliorcetes employed in fruitlessly besieging the city for a twelvemonth, and which he gave to them upon his reconciliation. Pliny affirms it was commenced by Chares of Lindus, a disciple of Lysippus, and finished upon his death by Laches of the same town. It was thrown down by an earthquake sixty years after its erection.

The basis that supported it was a triangular figure; its extremities were supported by sixty pillars of marble. There was a winding staircase to go up to the top of it, whence Syria and the ships bound to Egypt could be perceived in a great looking-glass, which was suspended to the neck of the statue. In one hand it held a lighthouse, and in the other a sceptre. It weighed 720,000 lbs. avoirdupois, and is said to have cost £44,000: it was sold after lying on the ground 894 years, by the Saracens in A.D. 667, as old brass to a Jew, who loaded 900 camels with it. On the spot where

the feet stood, a castle now stands on one side, and a tower on the other. Pliny mentions 100 other colossal statues in Rhodes, but none of such dimensions as the above.



MOUNT ÆTNA.

It takes its name either from *athuna*, a furnace, or *œutuna*, darkness. This mountain, famous from the remotest antiquity, both for its bulk and terrible eruptions, stands in the eastern part of the Island of Sicily in a very extensive plain, called *Val di demoni*, from the notion that it is inhabited by devils, who are supposed to torment the spirits of the condemned in the bowels of this volcano. There is much difference of opinion as to the height of this mountain, as also its circumference. Pindar, who lived 435 years B.C., calls it the *Pillar of Heaven*, on account of its great height. The upper regions of Ætna are so cold, as scarcely to be available for the purposes of tillage and cultivation. Lower down commences the large woody regions, which consist of large forest trees. Below these lie the plains, which are mostly laid out in vineyards, the slope of them being very gradual; and

here it is that, when the liquid fire arrives, there is most cause for alarm. At the very top it is perpetually covered with snow, from whence the island is supplied with that article, so necessary in a hot climate, and without which, the natives say, Sicily could not be inhabited.

In the middle of the snowy region stands the great crater, or mouth of Ætna; it is a little mountain, about a quarter of a mile perpendicular, and very steep, situate in the middle of a gently-inclining plain, of about nine miles in circumference. It is entirely formed of stones and ashes, in the middle of a hollow of about two and a-half miles in circumference, but by some writers it is considered more: the inside is crusted over with salts and sulphur of different colours. It goes shelving down from the top like an inverted cone, the depth of which nearly corresponds to the height of the little mountain. From many parts of this place issue volcanoes of sulphureous smoke, which, being much heavier than the circumambient air, instead of ascending, it rolls down the side of the mountain, till, coming to a more dense atmosphere, it shoots off horizontally, and forms a large track in the air according to the direction of the wind. In the middle of this funnel is the tremendous and unfathomable gulf, so much celebrated in all ages, both as the terror of this life, and the place of punishment in

the next. From this gulf continually issue terrible and confused noises; which, in eruptions, are in-



creased to such a degree, as to be heard at a prodigious distance.

This mountain is divided into three zones, called *Regione culta*, or fertile region; the *Sylvosa*, or woody region, and the *Regione deserta*, or desert zone. The form of Ætna is that of a cone, very broad at the base; which is more than forty miles in circumference. From the bottom, you ascend ten leagues, before reaching its summit; on the south side, and on any of the other sides, the way not being so straight, is considerably longer. Ætna is entirely composed of substances that have been discharged by the volcano, in its various explosions.

The woody region, especially the east side, called *Carpinetto*, abounds with large chestnut trees; the most remarkable of which has been called, from its size, the "chestnut tree of a hundred horse"—the circumference of which is said to have been two hundred and four feet. In Piedmontese, or *Regione culta*, is the river *Acis*, so much celebrated by the poets, in the fable of Acis and Galatea. It bursts out of the earth, at once, in a large stream, runs with great rapidity, and about a mile from its source throws itself into the sea. Its water is remarkably clear, and so extremely cold, that it is reckoned dangerous to drink it: it is said, however, to have a poisonous quality, from being impregnated with vitriol, in consequence of which cattle have been killed by it. It never freezes, but is said often to contract a greater degree of cold than ice.

The majestic forests of Ætna afford a singular spectacle, and bear no resemblance to those of any other country; their verdure is more lively, and the trees of which they consist of a greater height. These advantages they owe to the soil on which they grow; for the soil produced by volcanoes is particularly favourable to vegetation, and every species of plant grows here with great luxuriance. In several places, when we can view their interior parts, the most enchanting prospects are displayed. The hawthorn trees are of an immense size, and are cut fantastically, so as to represent orange trees; the beeches appear like so many ramified pillars, and the tufted branches of the oak like close bushes, impenetrable to the rays of the sun. The appearance of the woods in general is exceedingly picturesque, by reason of the great number and variety of the trees, and the inequality of the ground, which makes them rise like seats in an amphitheatre, disposing them also in groups and glades, so that their appearance changes to the eye at every step; and this variety is augmented by accidental circumstances, as the situation of young trees among others venerable for their antiquity; the effects of storms, which have often overturned large trees; while stems, shooting from their roots, like the Lernœan hydra, show a number of heads, newly sprung, to make up that which has been cut off.

There have been nearly forty eruptions of Ætna, from the first which Diodorus Siculus speaks of, (but does not fix the period at which it happened,) until the last which occurred in November, 1832, the descriptions of which differ only in the extent of damage done.

All travellers agree, that even in the height of summer, the cold of Ætna is the most piercing that they ever experienced; and a very recent one says, "The cold was so great that the wine had become quite thick, and on entering the stable, the guide found the mules trembling from its effects, notwithstanding that they had plenty to eat during our absence."



COLOSSAL SCULPTURE.

In Colonel Welsh's Military Reminiscences of the East Indies, is an account of a singular work of Art. He says—"Estimated as a military post only, Nungydeo must ever rank high, from its being almost inaccessible; though all wonder at the preceding sight was speedily lost in our surprise, when, after ascending several neat staircases, we suddenly came upon a large stone building, above which we then first discovered a finely-formed image, carved out of one solid stone, about seventy feet high, and representing a young man with wreaths of laurel winding from his ankles to his shoulders, every leaf of which was so exquisitely laboured, as to bear the closest examination. We were able to contrast the size of this extraordinary colossus with men, monkeys, and vultures, two of the latter being perched upon his head, and the upper part being seven times the height of a middle-sized man who stood on the top of the build-

ing, with the legs and thighs of the statue below. That it was cut out of the solid rock cannot admit of a doubt; for no power on earth could have moved so massive a column to place it there on the top of a steep and slippery mountain—so steep, indeed, that we could not see the statue till we had ascended close to it. The legs and thighs are cut out in proportion to the rest, but are attached to a large fragment of the rock behind them, artfully covered by the building of which it forms the back wall. I never in my life beheld so *great* a curiosity, every feature being most admirably finished: from the nose, inclining to the aquiline, and the under lip being very prominent and pouting, the profile shows it to the greatest advantage; and every part, from top to toe, is smooth and highly polished. I could hardly conceive how the hand of man, and that particularly of a race by no means either intelligent or educated, could have accomplished such a work of labour, and that too on the summit of a sterile rock. No person on the spot seemed either to know or care, when, or how, or by whom it was made; and though I have given it the usual appellation, the Brahmins call it Gometrauz and Gomethéz; and at a distauce it appeared to be a stone pillar."



THE CITY OF PETRA.

RUINS OF PETRA.

PETRA, the capital of Idumea, was one of the most remarkable cities of the ancient world, and its ruins, as they now stand, are of a most interesting and wonderful character. It was situated near the base of Mount Hor, about three days' journey from Jericho, and the same distance from Mount Sinai. The mountains, in the midst of which this far-famed city lay hidden, rise up from the eastern border of the Arabah, the deep valley extending from the Dead Sea to the gulf of Akabah. The whole aspect of this region is less barren than the mountains in the west, and many tracts of country embraced in it are so abundant in fertility, as to afford striking illustration of the fulfilment of the promise made to Esau, — "Behold thy dwelling shall be the fatness of the earth, and of the dew of heaven from above."

It is in the Wady Musa—in this Mount Seir,

where the ruins of ancient Petra are situated. The length of the valley in which the city lies, measures from north to south nearly a mile. Its average breadth is about half-a-mile. On the east and west, it is skirted by precipitous rocks, rising to the height of from 200 to 1000 feet. But on the north and south they are much lower, and afford, through ravines between them, two entrances to the city. The ancient and principal entrance, however, was from the east, by the Wady es Sîk. This is a deep and narrow defile of more than a mile long, shut in on either side by lofty perpendicular rocks, and coursed by a pretty rivulet which runs westward through the city. At the entrance of the valley, the cliffs are between forty and fifty feet high, with a space between them of about fifty yards. But further on, it contracts, and the cliffs become much higher, presenting on each side multitudes of tombs hewn out of the rock. Onwards towards the mouth of the valley, a splendid arch is thrown across from one cliff to another, below which the width of the passage is not more than twelve feet, and the height of the adjacent rocks measures nearly 300 feet. The bottom of this passage was anciently paved with square stones, some of which still remain, and the whole valley forms a wonderful scene of wild yet magnificent sublimity. Passing

westward in a winding direction, through this dark and rugged defile, the path opens into a broader valley running further north, where all at once on the western precipice the splendid façade of the *Khusneh* bursts on the view. This gorgeous work of art is hewn out of the face of the rock, and with its noble Corinthian pillars and magnificent entablature, supported by these, forms the most beautiful object in the whole of this scene of wonders. The interior of the structure, however, is plain and without ornament. It consists of one lofty room, and several small chambers, rendering it probable that it was originally intended for a temple.



Beyond this, in a bend of the Wady, which turns to the north, is situated the theatre. It is cut out of the solid rock, of a semi-circular form, and capable of containing between three and four thousand persons. All around its lofty walls, the cliffs are full of tombs, while in front, on the opposite side of the valley, the eye rests on a multitude of large sepulchres, so that, while a taste for the frivolities

of life was indulged by the wonderful people who were here of old—the inhabitants of the rock—they were constantly admonished of the solemn realities of death. Advancing to the north-east, the city itself opens fully to the view. It occupies an area in the bosom of the mountains of more than a mile in circuit, but increased considerably in extent by the numerous branch valleys which form recesses on all sides. The principal public buildings seem to have occupied the banks of the rivulet. Not far from the centre of the valley are seen the remains of what appears to have been a triumphal arch, under which are three passages, and a number of pedestals and columns. A little to the west of this, stands a sumptuous edifice, called Pharaoh's House, an imposing ruin of nearly thirty-four paces square. Not far to the east is situated a solitary column, composed of several bases, and connected with the foundation of a temple, of which the fragments of other columns are scattered around. Near to this, and indeed over the whole area, other piles of ruins, columns, and parts of



columns, intermingle with blocks of hewn stone, lie strewn on the ground. A large space on the north side of the brook is covered with relics of what were probably private habitations, and their whole appearance indicate the magnificence of the ancient city, as well as the power exerted in its entire overthrow. The most remarkable ruin next to the Khusneh is the Deir. This splendid excavation is situate high up among the topmost crags of the mountain, nearly on a level with the summit of Mount Hor, and is approached by a narrow rugged ravine at the west side of the open valley. It is cut out of the perpendicular face of the cliff, which flanks it on both sides, and though inferior to the Khusneh in chasteness and symmetry, it is yet an astonishing work of ancient art. Its length across the front is 152 feet; its height being equal to this measure, and its lower columns as they spring from the wa l, are about twelve feet in semi-circumference. There is within, one excavated chamber, and, like the Khusneh, the Deir appears to have been used as a temple when Edom has its gods.



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The most remarkable spectacle, however, in this wonderful spot, are the numerous excavations hewn out of the rock, in front of the surrounding mountains. Whether these were formed for temples, or human dwellings, or, as is most probable, for tombs of the dead, they cannot but surprise every observer by their number, and the incredible labour with which they must have been constructed. Besides occupying the entire face of the mountains by which the city is encompassed, they cover the whole front of the precipitous rocks in the ravines which branch out on every side. They are often seen rising one above another on the side of the surrounding cliffs, and steps cut out of the rock, now much worn by time, lead in all directions to these mysterious receptacles, some of which are not less than four hundred feet above the valley. Many of these excavations consist of a single chamber of ten or twenty feet in height, and about twelve in width, containing a niche a little above the floor, as if intended for receiving a votive offering. Not a few of them are humble unadorned holes in the rock, but a vast number are enriched with various ornaments, designed according to the taste or wealth of those who formed them. The whole face of the mountain has thus the appearance of a splendid pile of architecture, consisting of graceful columns, well designed pediments, and

rich entablatures, almost rivalling in skill the works of Grecian art.

A most striking and almost magical effect is given to these wonderful excavations by the great variety of colours in the sandstone rock in which they are formed. Many of them are thus adorned with the most lovely and brilliant hues. Red, purple, black, white, deep azure, and bright yellow, are blended together, so as to form the most charming and brilliant colouring —as brilliant as is observed in the colouring of flowers, or when the sky is illumined with a glorious sunset. The splendour of these works of art, with their tall columns, and graceful corridors, glowing in the beams of an eastern sun, is a scene of beauty and grandeur to which no description can do adequate justice. It is a spectacle of wonder and brilliance, on which every traveller of observation and taste dwells with rapture and amazement, and receives from it "impressions which will be effaced only at death." For more than a thousand years this city remained unknown and unvisited, till Burckhardt discovered it in 1812.

Such now is the once renowned Sela, the city of the rock. Petra appears to have been co-eval with the first rise of commerce in the East, and there is reason to conclude that it was a flourishing em-

porium of merchandise long before the dawn of the Christian era. It was then the common centre to which the traffic of northern Arabia tended, and the common storehouse of the commodities and luxuries of the eastern world. It came into the hands of the Romans during the reign of the emperor Trajan, and about the fifth century it was the metropolitan see of the third Palestine. But with the decline and fall of the Roman empire in these regions, Petra suddenly vanishes from the pages of history. After the Mahommedan conquest, and before the period of the Crusades, its very name disappears from the annals of nations. Yet no historian has left a word on record, to inform future generations how or when perished, the long powerful capital of the ancient Idumea.

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A

Collection of Narratives

OF

BATTLE, PERIL, AND SUFFERING.

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STORIES OF THE SEA.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

The Naval Power of England has ever been her pride, her honour, and her glory. In every period it has been the chief safeguard of the nation against invasion from abroad; and at the same time, has been the great means of establishing her fame, as eminent alike in the peaceful pursuits of industry, and for magnanimity and heroism in the art of war.

Never was the unconquerable spirit of our brave countrymen more displayed than when, in the sixteenth century, the King of Spain, in the plenitude of his power, and armed with the ecclesiastical thunders of Rome, fitted out what he styled the "Invincible Armada," in a vain endeavour to crush at once the growing power of England, and restrain the progress of Protestantism.

This vast armament consisted of one hundred and thirty ships, of the total burthen of fifty-seven thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight tons; on board of which were nineteen thousand two hundred and ninety-five soldiers, eight thousand four hundred and fifty sailors, two thousand and eighty-eight slaves, and two thousand eight hundred and thirty pieces of cannon. Moreover, there was a large fleet of tenders, with a prodigious quantity of arms on board, intended for such as should join them on their arrival in England, and there were also one hundred and twenty-four volunteers of noble birth, and about one hundred and eighty monks belonging to the several orders.

The command of the whole was given to Don Alphonso de Guzman, Duke of Medina Sidonia; and under him was Don Martinez de Recaldo, an experienced admiral, who had the direction of the whole, and whose advice was much esteemed by the general. These officers repaired to Lisbon in the latter end of the month of May, and in a few days after, the fleet was in a condition to sail. But we now return to consider the preparations made in England for warding off so dangerous a blow.

It gives one a high idea of the wisdom and fortitude of Queen Elizabeth and her ministers, to be told, that during the whole time Spain was pro-

viding for so formidable an invasion, they were assiduously employed in cherishing the commerce and naval power of England, without suffering themselves to be at all intimidated, either by the boasts of the enemy, or the intelligence of their great strength and vast preparations. They did not omit, however, to adopt precautionary measures; for many adventurers were licensed to fit out ships to distress King Philip in bringing home his treasures from the West Indies; and in order to delay the invasion as much as possible, or, if practicable, to defeat it, the Queen sent a fleet under Sir Francis Drake, in 1587, to Cadiz, where that admiral performed even more than was hoped for; for he forced six galleys, designed to have guarded the port, to shelter themselves under the cannon of the castle, and then, having burned upwards of a hundred ships in the bay, all of which were laden with ammunition and provisions, he sailed to Cape St. Vincent, where he surprised some forts, and entirely destroyed the fishing craft in the neighbourhood.

The English fleet was commanded by Lord Howard of Effingham, then High-Admiral, who had under him as Vice-Admiral, Sir Francis Drake, and as Rear-Admiral, Sir John Hawkins, besides many officers who had already distinguished themselves by their courage and skill. Their orders

were to lie on the west coast, that they might be ready to receive the enemy; and Lord Henry Seymour, in conjunction with Count Nassau, cruised on the coast of Flanders, in order to prevent the Prince of Parma and the army under his command, from making any descent, which it was expected they would attempt to do.

The land forces of the Queen were divided into three armies; the first consisted of twenty thousand men, cantoned along the south coast; the second, of two-and-twenty thousand foot, and a thousand horse, encamped near Tilbury, under the command of the Earl of Leicester; and the third, made up of thirty-four thousand foot and two thousand horse, was to guard the Queen's person, their commander being the Lord Hunsdon, a brave, active, and resolute nobleman, and a near relation of the Queen.

The English had so little idea of the approach of the Spaniards, that their fleet had not only returned into port, but several of their ships were laid up, and their seamen discharged. The Admiral, however, sailed on the first notice, and got out to sea, but not without great difficulty, as the wind was blowing hard into Plymouth Sound. The next day, being the 20th of July, they saw the Spanish navy drawn up in the form of a half-moon, sailing slowly through the Channel, its

wings being nearly seven miles asunder. The Admiral suffered them to pass by quietly, that he might have the advantage of the wind to attack them in the rear, and this he performed with equal courage and success; and though Don Martinez de Recaldo did all that was possible for a brave officer to do, yet the Spanish fleet was put into the utmost disorder, and many of their ships received considerable damage. More would have been done, but unfortunately a great part of the English fleet lay at too great a distance to be of any service.



The Spanish Armada attacked by the English fleet.—*From the Ancient Tapestry in the House of Lords.*

The night following, a Dutch gunner, who had been ill-treated by some Spanish officers, set fire to the ship which contained their treasure; and it was with great difficulty that the flames were

extinguished. The greatest part of the money was put on board a galleon commanded by Don Pedro de Valdez, which soon after sprung her foremast, and being thus disabled, fell into the hands of Sir Francis Drake, who sent her to Dartmouth, and divided the money on board among his men. The next day was spent by the Spanish general in disposing his fleet, issuing orders to his officers, and despatching an advice-boat to hasten the Duke of Parma, by giving him an account of the great loss he had already suffered, and the extreme danger he was in. On the 23d they fought again with various success. The Spaniards, however, discovered that the great size of their ships was a disadvantage, their shot flying over the heads of the English, while every bullet of the latter took effect.

On the 24th, the English were able to do very little for want of ammunition, but a supply arriving in the evening, the Admiral made all necessary arrangements for attacking the Spaniards during the night, dividing his fleet into four squadrons, the first commanded by himself, the second by Sir Francis Drake, the third by Admiral Hawkins, and the fourth by Captain Martin Frobisher, but a dead calm prevented the execution of this design. On the 25th there was more fighting, and one of the Spanish ships taken, and on the

26th the Admiral resolved to make no further attempts upon them till they should enter the Straits of Dover, where he knew Lord Henry Seymour and Sir Thomas Winter were waiting to join him with a fresh squadron.

The wind favouring the Spanish fleet, they continued their course up the Channel, with the English ships close in their rear. The strength of the Spaniards had not only alarmed, but excited the courage of the whole nation, insomuch that every man of quality and fortune was ambitious of distinguishing himself, by appearing upon this occasion against the common enemy. With this public-spirited view, the Earls of Oxford, Northumberland, and Cumberland, Sir Thomas Cecil, Sir Robert Cecil, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Thomas Vavasor, and many others, fitted out ships at their own expense, and went to attend on the Admiral. Men of lower rank showed their zeal and loyalty by sending ammunition and provisions; and so unanimous was the feeling against the Spaniards, that even the Roman Catholics, whom they expected to have found in arms, were glad to wipe away the aspersions which had been thrown upon them, by serving as common soldiers.

When, therefore, the Spanish fleet anchored on the 27th of July before Calais, the English Admiral, having with him nearly a hundred and

forty ships, was enabled to gall the enemy extremely; but perceiving on the 28th that the Spaniards had so disposed their larger ships that it would be a very difficult matter to put them again into disorder, he resolved to practise a stratagem which had long before been contemplated, in case the enemy should venture to come up the Thames. This was to convert some of his worst vessels into fire-ships. Accordingly, he filled eight large barques with all sorts of combustible matter, and sending them about midnight, under the command of Captains Young and Prowse, into the thickest part of the Spanish fleet, they speedily began to blaze, and, as the Admiral had foreseen, obliged the enemy's ships to separate, and each, by steering a different course, to seek its own safety; and the next day a large galleas ran ashore on the sands of Calais, where she was plundered by the English.

Desirous, however, of attempting something, the Spaniards again ranged themselves in order of battle, near Gravelines, where they waited for some time in hopes that the Prince of Parma would come out; but in this they were disappointed. At last, finding themselves hard pressed by the English fleet, which continued terribly to annoy them, they made a bold attempt to retreat through the Straits of Dover; but the

wind coming about, with hard gales from the north-west, drove them on the coast of Zealand; the wind, however, soon after veering to the south-west, they tacked, and got out of danger. The Duke de Medina Sidonia took this opportunity of calling a council of war, wherein, after mature deliberation, it was resolved that, as there were now no hopes of success, the most prudent thing they could do was to drop their design, and endeavour to save as many ships as possible.

This resolution was immediately carried into execution, and they made all the sail they could for their own coast, but in going round by the north of Scotland to avoid the English, exposed themselves to a variety of unforeseen dangers. The English Admiral sent Lord Henry Seymour with a strong squadron to cruise on the coast of Zealand, to prevent their joining the Prince of Parma, and he himself having followed the Armada for some distance, left them to pursue their course.

When the Spanish fleet arrived on the coast of Scotland, and found that care was everywhere taken that they should get no supplies, they threw their horses and mules overboard, and such of the ships as had a proper store of water, in all about twenty-five, bore away, with the Duke of Medina Sidonia, directly for the Bay of Biscay.

The rest, consisting of about forty sail, under the command of the Vice-Admiral, stood over for the coast of Ireland, intending to water at Cape Clear; but on the 2d of September a tempest arose, and drove most of them ashore, so that upwards of thirty ships and many thousand men perished on the Irish coast.

Some few were forced a second time into the English channel, where they were taken by the English, and several very large vessels were lost among the western isles and upon the coast of Argyleshire. From these about five hundred persons were saved, who came into Edinburgh nearly naked, and, out of mere charity, were clothed by the inhabitants of that city, who also attempted to send them home to Spain; but, as if misfortunes were always to attend them, they were forced by contrary winds to put into Yarmouth, where they were obliged to stay till information was given to the Queen and council; who, however, considering the miseries they had already endured, and not willing to appear less compassionate than the Scots, suffered them to continue their voyage.

Thus, in the short space of a month, this mighty fleet, which had been no less than three years preparing, was destroyed and brought to nothing. Of one hundred and thirty ships employed, only fifty-three or fifty-four returned to Spain; and, at

least, twenty thousand of the men who embarked perished. We may form some idea of the extent of their loss from the precautions taken by King Philip to hide it; among other measures, he published a proclamation to prohibit mourning. It is said, on hearing the news, he dropped down on his knees, and, with a hypocrisy peculiar to his character, returned thanks to God that it was no worse.

The Duke of Medina Sidonia escaped punishment only through the interest of his wife; but as for Don Diego Flores de Valdes, whose persuasions induced the general to disobey orders, he was arrested as soon as he set foot on shore, and conducted to the castle of St. Andero, after which he was never heard of. The same writer who gives us these particulars, takes notice of an error in the conduct of the English, viz., that they did not attack the Spanish fleet after it had arrived before Gravelines; this, however, he assures us, was not any fault of the Admiral, but was occasioned by the negligence of some under-officers, who had the direction of the military stores, and had been too sparing of powder and ammunition; otherwise, he tells us, it was thought the Duke de Medina Sidonia would have surrendered. This would have been a conquest equally glorious and important, the loss of which ought to teach pos-

terity not to be too hasty in censuring great officers, or too remiss in punishing their inferiors. In the present case, this mischance seems to have been covered by the many favours bestowed by Providence, and the offenders to have escaped amid the general joy which deliverance from so great an evil diffused through the whole nation.



One of the Ships of the Armada.





LOSS OF THE CENTAUR.

LOSS OF H.M. SHIP THE "CENTAUR,"

Captain Inglefield, Sept. 23, 1782.

The Centaur, a ship of 74 guns, commanded by Captain Inglefield, sailed from Jamaica on Sept. 10, 1782, after the decisive engagement in the West Indies, on the glorious 12th April, when the French fleet under Count de Grasse was defeated by Admiral Sir George Rodney. She was then in rather a leaky condition, but still no fears were entertained that she was not able to encounter a common gale of wind, till experience convinced them of their fatal mistake. It was on the evening of the 16th, that the fatal gale came on; and the ship was prepared for the worst weather that is usually met with in those latitudes, though at that time it did not blow very strong; but towards midnight it increased to a gale, and caused the ship to make so much water, that all hands were obliged to be turned to the pumps.

About two in the morning of the 17th, the wind had so much decreased, that they began to flatter

themselves the gale was breaking; but soon after there was a heavy shower of rain, accompanied with thunder and lightning, and the wind blew so strongly that the ship was laid on her beam ends. The water forsook the hold and appeared between decks, so as to fill the men's hammocks to the leeward, and the ship lay motionless, to all appearance irrecoverably overset. The water increasing fast, forced through the cells of the ports, and scuttled the ports from the pressure of the ship. The captain immediately ordered the main and mizen-masts to be cut away, and the fore-mast and bowsprit soon followed, upon which the ship immediately righted, but with such violence, and so quick, that they found it difficult to work the pumps; three guns immediately broke loose upon the main deck, and it was some time before they were able to secure them, several men being maimed in the attempt, and every moveable was destroyed, either from the shot thrown loose from the lockers, or the wreck of the deck. The officers who had left their beds in the morning, naked, when the ship overset, had not an article of clothing to put on, nor could they get supplied with any.

The masts had not been over the sides ten minutes, when the tiller broke short in the rudder-head; and before the chocks could be placed the

rudder was gone. Thus were they as much deserted as possible, lying at the mercy of the wind and sea; yet they had one comfort, that the pumps, if any thing, reduced the water in the hold, and, as the morning of the 17th came on, the weather grew more moderate, and continued so during the day. As the evening came on, however, it grew hazy and blew strong in squalls, and the night was passed in constant labour at the pumps; and when the wind lulled, the water diminished; but when it blew strong again, the sea rising, the water again increased.

On the evening of the 18th, they found their condition much worse than they had expected; the pumps being choked, were of little use, and all the casks of rum and provisions were stove, having floated with violence from side to side, until there was not a whole cask remaining. Should the ship swim, they had no water but what remained in the ground tier, and over this all the wet provisions, and casks filled with salt water, were floating, and with so much motion, that no man could go into the hold with safety. There was nothing left for them to try, but baling with buckets; and twelve large ones made of canvas were immediately employed. By noon the working of the buckets had considerably diminished the water, but there appeared no prospect of saving

the ship if the gale continued. The labour was too great to hold out without water, yet the people worked without a murmur, and indeed with cheerfulness.

The weather at this time was more moderate, but as the evening came on the gale increased. Through the night the Centaur laboured so much, that they scarcely dared to entertain a hope that she could swim till the morning; yet by dint of great exertions, which were increased by want of water, they managed to hold out; but their sufferings were so intense, that many of the people could not be restrained from drinking their own water.

On the 19th the weather grew more moderate, by about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and as the water in the hold began to diminish, the men were encouraged to redouble their efforts to get the water low enough, so as to enable them to break a cask of fresh water out of the ground tier. Some of the most resolute of the seamen were employed in the attempt, and at noon they were so far successful, as to get one cask, which, though little, was a very seasonable relief.

On the morning of the 20th, the fore-hold was cleared of the water, and they had the cheering promise of a fine day, which was taken advantage of by making every disposition that could contribute to their safety; and the captain had great

hopes that should the moderate weather continue, the ship would by the next day become manageable, and thereby enable them to save the people on some of the western isles; but at the same time, had there been another ship in the company, the captain would have deemed it his duty to have quitted the ship directly.

Unfortunately, however, on the morning of the 21st they had the mortification to find the weather still threatened, and by noon had increased to a storm. The orlop-deck had fallen in on the larboard side; a large leak had been discovered and stopped in the forehold, and another in the ladies' hold, and the ship appeared so weak from her labouring, that it was evident she could not last much longer; the fore and after cock-pit had fallen in, and all the store-rooms were down, and the stern-post was so loose, that as the ship rolled, the water rushed in on either side in such streams, that it was impossible for them to stop it. Night came on with the same dreary prospect as the preceding, and was passed in continued labour and exertion.

On the morning of the 22d, it was plainly to be perceived, that the fate of the ship was not far off, but still the labour went on without any apparent despair. The people were obedient and even cheerful, and each officer took his share in the

work that was to be performed; but despite of their exertions, the water continued to increase during the night, and their speedy destruction seemed inevitable.

On the morning of the 23d, they found the chain-pumps displaced and totally useless; and the carpenter declared that the ship could not live long, and proposed making rafts to float the ship's company, as it was no longer possible to encourage them with any prospect of their safety. Some appeared perfectly resigned, went to their hammocks and desired their messmates to lash them in, while others were lashing themselves to gratings and small rafts; but the most prominent idea was that of putting on their best and cleanest clothes. The weather became more moderate about noon, and as the rafts had been mentioned, the captain thought it right to make the attempt, although the spars they had on board could not float half the ship's company; but men in their situation were ready to catch at a straw. They immediately commenced making preparations; the booms were cleared, and the boats, of which they had three, the cutter, the pinnace, and five-oared yawl, were got over the sides, a bag of bread was ordered to be put into each, and any liquors that could be got at, for the purpose of supplying the rafts.

It was the intention of the captain to get into

the five-oared yawl, and the coxswain was desired to get any thing from the steward that might be useful; and two men, captains of the tops, of the forecastle, or quarter-masters, were placed in each of the boats to prevent any of the men forcing them until the arrangements were complete; but while these preparations were making, the ship was gradually sinking, the orlop-decks having been blown up by the water in the hold. The men had for some time quitted their employment of baling, and the ship was left to her fate.

In the afternoon, the weather again threatened and blew in strong squalls, the sea ran mountains high, and the yawl stove alongside and sunk. As the evening approached, the ship appeared little more than suspended in water, and there was no certainty that she could swim from one moment to another; indeed, such was the awful appearance of the surrounding elements, that it was impossible for any man to deceive himself with a hope of being saved upon a raft in such a sea; and the love of life, which never appears stronger than in the approach of death, began now to level all distinctions. It was near five o'clock when Captain Inglefield, on coming from his cabin, observed a number of people anxiously looking over the side, and found that several men had forced the pinnance, and that more were en-

deavouring to get in. The captain's first thought was to secure the boat before she might be sunk by numbers, and there appeared not a moment for consideration. It was a painful conflict of feelings, and which can hardly be imagined by any man who has not been in a situation like Captain Inglefield, either to remain and perish with the ship's company, to whom he could be of no further use, or seize the only opportunity of escaping which seemed left, and leave the people with whom he had had so often occasion to be well satisfied. However, the love of life prevailed. The captain called to Mr. Rainy, the master, who was the only officer on deck, and desired him to follow. They immediately descended into the boat, and with great difficulty got her clear of the ship, as twice the number that the boat could carry were endeavouring to get in, and many jumping into the water. Mr. Baylis, a young gentleman fifteen years of age, leaped from the chains after the boat had got off, and was taken in, making twelve persons altogether in the boat.

The boat falling astern, became exposed to the sea, and they endeavoured to pull her bow round, and keep her to the break of the sea, to pass to windward of the ship, but she was nearly filled in the attempt. The sea ran too high, and the only probability of living was by keeping her before

the wind. It was then the dreadful truth flashed upon their minds, how little better if any thing was their condition, to that of those they had left behind them in the ship; at the best it appeared but a prolongation of a miserable existence. In a leaky boat, with one of the gunwales stove, nearly in the middle of the western ocean, without compass, without quadrant, without sail, without greatcoat or cloak, all very thinly clothed, in a gale of wind, with a heavy sea running, was a miserable alternative between that and death.

It was about five o'clock in the evening, and about half-an-hour after losing sight of the ship, and before it was dark, that a blanket was discovered at the bottom of the boat; this was immediately bent to one of the stretchers, and under it as a sail they scudded all night, expecting that every wave would swallow them, and with great difficulty being able to clear the boat of one sea, before the next would overwhelm them, and all of them half-drowned. Without having really perished, perhaps no people ever endured more.

On the morning of the 24th, the weather grew moderate, having shifted to the southward; when they quitted the ship it was at N.W. or N.N.W. Fayall bearing E.S.E. about 250 leagues, and should the wind continue for five or six days, there was a probability that by running before the sea,

they might fall in with one of the western isles; but the wind having shifted, should it come on to blow, their hopes were at an end; for there was no possibility of preserving life but by running before the sea, which would carry them again to the northward, where they must inevitably perish. Upon examining upon what they had to subsist, they found a bag of bread, a small ham, a single piece of pork, two quart bottles of water, and a few French cordials.

The wind continued to the southward for eight or nine days, but providentially it did not blow so strong but that they could keep the boat to the side of the sea: but they were all most miserably wet and cold. Their condition now began to be truly miserable, for on the fifth day, they discovered that nearly all the bread was spoiled by salt water; and as it was necessary to go to an allowance, one biscuit was divided into twelve morsels for breakfast, the same for dinner; the neck of a bottle broken off with the cork in, and filled with water, was all the allowance for each man for twenty-four hours; and this was done without any degree of partiality or distinction; but they must have perished before this, had they not fortunately caught six quarts of rain water, and even this they could not have been blessed with, had they not found a pair of sheets, which had been put there by accident; these were spread when it rained, and

when thoroughly saturated, were wrung into the kit with which they baled the boat. With this short allowance, which in their sad condition was rather tantalizing, they began to grow very feeble, and their bodies were chafed into sores in many places, from their clothes being continually wet.

On the fifteenth day of their being in the boat, they had only remaining one day's bread, and one bottle of water, out of a second supply of rain. Their sufferings were now as great as human nature could possibly sustain, but they were convinced that good spirits were a better support than great bodily strength. This day died Thomas Matthews, one of the quarter-masters, and the stoutest man in the boat, from extreme hunger and cold. The day before, he had complained of his throat, as he expressed it, being too weak to swallow his morsel, and in the night he drank salt water, grew delirious, and died without a groan.

The weather became calm as the night came on, but about midnight a breeze sprung up from the westward; but not being certain of the direction, and afraid of running out of their way, they impatiently waited for the morning sun to be their compass, whose rising showed them that the wind was precisely as they had wished, and immediately spreading their blanket, ran before the sea at the rate of four miles an hour. Their last remaining

breakfast had been served, when John Gregory, the surviving quarter-master, declared that he saw land in the S.E.; but they had so often seen fog banks, which bore the appearance of land, that the captain dared not trust himself to believe it, and, as they appeared exceedingly elated, gave them a caution, that they might not feel the effects of disappointment; but one of the seamen broke out into an immoderate fit of joy, swearing that if that which he now saw was not land, he had never seen land in all his life. They immediately shaped their course for it, although the captain had very little faith in it.

The wind freshened, the boat went through the water at the rate of five or six miles an hour, and in two hours the land was plainly seen by every man in the boat, but at a very great distance, so that they did not reach it before ten at night. It must have been at least twenty leagues from them when they first discovered it. There was so thick a haze in every part of the horizon, except where they discovered the land, that they could not see for more than three or four leagues. By their reckoning, Fayall bore E. by N., which was the course they were steering; and had not the sky opened for their preservation, they would in a few hours have increased their distance from the land, got to the eastward, and of course missed all the

islands. As they neared the land, they were more and more convinced that it was Fayall; but it was some time before they were quite certain, having traversed for two hours a great part of the island, where the steep and rocky shore refused them a landing. This was borne with much impatience, for they had flattered themselves that they should meet with fresh water the instant they approached the island; but being disappointed in this, their thirst increased into almost a degree of madness, so that they were near attempting to land where the surf must have dashed the boat to pieces. Fortunately they discovered a fishing canoe, which conducted them safely into the road of Fayall, about midnight; but the regulations of the port would not suffer them to land, till they had been examined by the health officers.

In the morning they were visited by the English consul, Mr. Graham, whose humane attention made ample amends for the formality of the Portuguese. Indeed it is impossible to express their feelings of gratitude, for the kindness and humanity which was evinced by him, not only to Captain Inglefield, but to all the companions of his misfortunes; for several days his whole employment seemed to be contriving the best means of restoring them to health and strength. Perhaps there never were objects more deserving of pity. Some of the

stoutest men belonging to the Centaur, were obliged to be supported through the streets of Fayall. Captain Inglefield, and Mr. Rainy, the master, appeared in better health than any of the others; but even the captain could not walk without being supported; and notwithstanding the utmost attention that was paid to them, the most salutary provisions, and the most comfortable lodgings, for several days they grew rather worse than better: but that Providence which had sustained them through such an almost unparalleled accumulation of hardships, fatigues, and severities, at last restored them to health, vigour, and spirits.



THE MAIN TRUCK, OR A LEAP FOR LIFE.

> Stand still! How fearful
> And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low! . . .
>
> . . . The murmuring surge,
> That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
> Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no more,
> Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
> Topple down headlong.—SHAKSPEARE.

AMONG the many agreeable associates whom my different cruisings and wanderings have brought me acquainted with, I can scarcely call to mind a more pleasant and companionable one than Tom Scupper. Poor fellow! he is dead and gone now—a victim to that code of false honour which has robbed the navy of too many of its choicest officers. Tom and I were messmates during a short and delightful cruise, and, a good part of the time, we belonged to the same watch. He was a great hand to spin yarns, which, to do him justice, he sometimes did tolerably well; and many a long

mid-watch has his fund of anecdote and sea-stories caused to slip pleasantly away. We were lying in the open roadstead of Laguayra, at single anchor, when Tom told me the story which I am about to relate, as nearly as I can remember, in his own words. A vessel from Baltimore had come into Laguayra that day, and by her I had received letters from home, in one of which there was a piece of intelligence that weighed heavily on my spirits. For some minutes after our watch commenced, Tom and I walked the deck in silence, which was soon, however, interrupted by my talkative companion, who, perceiving my depression, and wishing to divert my thoughts, told me the story which I am now about to relate, for the entertainment of the reader.

The last cruise I made in the Mediterranean, said he, was in old Ironsides, as we used to call our gallant frigate. We had been backing and filling for several months on the western coast of Africa, from the Canaries down to the Mesurado, in search of slave-drivers; and during that time we had some pretty heavy weather. When we reached the Straits, there was a spanking wind blowing from about west-south-west; so we squared away, and, without coming-to, at the Rock, made a straight wake for old Mahon, the general rendezvous and place of refitting for our

squadrons, in the Mediterranean. Immediately on arriving there, we warped in alongside the arsenal quay, where we stript ship to a girtline, broke out the holds, tiers, and store-rooms, and gave her a regular-built overhauling from stem to stern. For a while, every body was busy, and all seemed bustle and confusion. Orders and replies in loud and dissimilar voices, the shrill pipings of the different boatswains' mates, each attending to separate duties, and the mingled clatter and noise of various kinds of work, all going on at the same time, gave something of the stir and animation of a dock-yard, to the usually quiet arsenal of Mahon. The boatswain and his crew were engaged in fitting a new gang of rigging; the gunner in repairing his breechings and gun-tackles; the fo'castle men in calking; the top-men in sending down the yards and upper spars; the holders and waisters in white-washing and holy-stoning; and even the poor marines were kept busy, like beasts of burden, in carrying breakers of water on their backs. On the quay, near the ship, the smoke of the armourer's forge, which had been hoisted out, and sent ashore, ascended in a thin column through the clear blue sky; from one of the neighbouring white stone warehouses, the sound of saw and hammer told that the carpenters were at work; near by, a livelier rattling drew attention to the

cooper, who, in the open air, was tightening the water-casks; and not far removed, under a temporary shed, formed of spare studding-sails and tarpaulings, sat the sail-maker and his assistants, repairing the sails which had been rent or injured by the many storms we had encountered.

Many hands made light work, and in a very few days all was accomplished: the stays and shrouds were set up, and new rattled down, the yards crossed, the running rigging rove, and sails bent; and the old craft, fresh painted, and all a-taunt-o, looked as fine as a midshipman on liberty. In place of the storm-stumps, which had been stowed away among the booms, and other spare spars, amidships, we had sent up cap to'gallant-masts, and royal poles, with a sheave for sky-sails, and hoist enough for sky-scrapers above them: so you ma judge the old frigate looked pretty taunt. There was a Dutch line-ship in the harbour; but though we only carried forty-four to her eighty, her main-truck would hardly have reached to our royal-mast-head. The side-boys, whose duty it was to lay aloft, and furl the sky-sails, looked no bigger on the yard than a good-sized duff for a midshipman's mess, and the main-truck seemed not half as large as the Turk's-head-knot on the man-ropes of the accommodation-ladder.

When we had got every thing ship-shape, and

man-of-war fashion, we hauled out again, and took our berth about half-way between the arsenal and Hospital Island; and a pleasant view it gave us of the town and harbour of old Mahon, one of the safest and most tranquil places of anchorage in the world. The water of this beautiful inlet, which, though it makes about four miles into the land, is not much over a quarter of a mile in width,—is scarcely ever ruffled by a storm; and on the delightful afternoon to which I now refer, it lay as still and motionless as a polished mirror, except when broken into momentary ripples by the paddles of some passing waterman. What little wind there had been in the forepart of the day, died away at noon, and, though the first dog-watch was almost out, and the sun near the horizon, not a breath of air had risen to disturb the deep serenity of the scene. The Dutch liner, which lay not far from us, was so clearly reflected in the glassy surface of the water, that there was not a rope about her, from her main-stay to her signal halliards, which the eye could not distinctly trace in her shadowy and inverted image. The buoy of our best bower floated abreast our larboard bow; and that, too, was so strongly imaged, that its entire bulk seemed to lie above the water, just resting on it, as if upborne on a sea of molten lead; except when now and then, the wringing of

a swab, or the dashing of a bucket overboard from the head, broke up the shadow for a moment, and showed the substance but half its former apparent size. A small polacca craft had got under-way from Mahon in the course of the forenoon, intending to stand over to Barcelona; but it fell dead calm just before she reached the chops of the harbour; and there she lay as motionless upon the blue surface, as if she were only part of a mimic scene, from the pencil of some accomplished painter. Her broad cotton lateen-sails, as they hung drooping from the slanting and taper yards, shone with a glistening whiteness, that contrasted beautifully with the dark flood in which they were reflected; and the distant sound of the guitar, which one of the sailors was listlessly playing on her deck, came sweetly over the water, and harmonized well with the quiet appearance of every thing around. The whitewashed walls of the lazaretto, on a verdant headland at the mouth of the bay, glittered like silver in the slant rays of the sun; and some of its windows were burnished so brightly by the level beams, that it seemed as if the whole interior of the edifice were in flames. On the opposite side, the romantic and picturesque ruins of fort St. Philip, faintly seen, acquired double beauty from being tipped with the declining light; and the clusters of ancient-looking wind-

mills, which dot the green eminences along the bank, added, by the motionless state of their wings, to the effect of the unbroken tranquillity.

Even on board our vessel, a degree of stillness, unusual for a man-of-war, prevailed among the crew. It was the hour of their evening meal; and the low murmur from the gun-deck had an indistinct and buzzing sound, which, like the dreamy hum of bees on a warm summer noon, rather heightened than diminished the charm of the surrounding quiet. The spar-deck was almost deserted. The quarter-master of the watch, with his spy-glass in his hand, and dressed in a frock and trousers of snowy whiteness, stood aft upon the taffrel, erect and motionless as a statue, keeping the usual look-out. A group of some half-dozen sailors had gathered together on the fo'castle, where they were supinely lying under the shade of the bulwarks; and here and there, upon the gun-slides along the gangway, sat three or four others, —one, with his clothes-bag beside him, overhauling his simple wardrobe; another working a set of clues for some favourite officer's hammock; and a third engaged, perhaps, in carving his name in rude letters, upon the handle of a jack-knife, or in knotting a laniard, with which to suspend it round his neck.

On the top of the boom-cover, in the full glare

of the level sun, lay black Jake, the jig-maker of the ship, and a striking specimen of African peculiarities, in whose single person they were all strongly developed. His flat nose was dilated to unusual width, and his ebony cheeks fairly glistened with delight, as he looked up at the gambols of a large monkey, which, clinging to the main-stay, just above Jake's woolly head, was chattering and grinning back at the negro, as if there existed some means of mutual intelligence between them. It was my watch on the deck, and I stood a while leaning on the main fife-rail, and amusing myself by observing the antics of the black and his congenial playmate; but at length, tiring of the rude mirth, I walked towards the taffrel, to gaze on the more agreeable features of the scene I have attempted to describe. Just at that moment a shout and a merry laugh burst upon my ear, and looking quickly round to ascertain the cause of the unusual sound on a frigate's deck, I saw little Bob Stay, as we called our commodore's son, standing halfway up the main-hatch ladder, clapping his hands, and looking aloft at some object which seemed to inspire him with a deal of glee. A single glance to the mainyard informed me of the occasion of his merriment. He had been coming up from the gun-deck, when Jacko, perceiving him on the ladder, dropped suddenly down from the main-

stay, and running along the boom-cover, leaped upon Bob's shoulder, seized his cap from his head, and immediately darted up the main-topsail-sheet, and thence to the bunt of the mainyard, where he now sat, picking threads from the tassel of his prize, and occasionally scratching his side, and chattering, as if with exultation at the success of his mischief. But Bob was a sprightly, active little fellow; and though he could not climb quite as nimbly as a monkey, yet he had no mind to lose his cap without an effort to regain it. Perhaps he was the more strongly incited to make chase after Jacko, by seeing me smile at his plight, or by the loud laugh of Jake, who seemed inexpressibly delighted at the occurrence, and endeavoured to evince, by tumbling about the boom-cloth, shaking his huge misshapen head, and sundry other grotesque actions, the pleasure for which he had no words.

"Ha, you rascal, Jacko, hab you no more respect for de young officer, den to steal his cab? We bring you to de gangway, you black nigger, and gib you a dozen on de bare back for a tief."

The monkey looked down from his perch as if he understood the threat of the negro, and chattered a sort of defiance in answer.

"Ha, ha! Massa Stay, he say you mus' ketch him 'fore you flog him; and it's no so easy for a

midshipman in boots to ketch a monkey barefoot."

A red spot mounted to little Bob's cheek, as he cast one glance of offended pride at Jake, and then sprang across the deck to the Jacob's ladder. In an instant he was half-way up the rigging, run-over the ratlines as lightly as if they were an easy flight of stairs, whilst the shrouds scarcely quivered beneath his elastic motion. In a second more, his hand was on the futtocks.

"Massa Stay," cried Jake, who sometimes—being a favourite—ventured to take liberties with the younger officers—"Massa Stay, you best crawl through de lubber's hole—it take a sailor to climb de futtock shroud."

But he had scarcely time to utter his pretended caution, before Bob was in the top. The monkey, in the meanwhile, had awaited his approach, until he got nearly up the rigging, when it suddenly put the cap on its own head, and running along the yard to the opposite side of the top, sprang up a rope, and thence to the topmast backstay, up which it ran to the topmast cross-trees, where it again quietly seated itself, and resumed its work of picking the tassel to pieces. For several minutes I stood watching my little messmate follow Jacko from one piece of rigging to another, the monkey, all the while, seeming to exert only so

much agility as was necessary to elude the pursuer, and pausing whenever the latter appeared to be growing weary of the chase. At last, by this kind of manœuvring, the mischievous animal succeeded in enticing Bob as high as the royal-mast-head, when springing suddenly on the royal stay, it run nimbly down to tho fore-top-gallant-mast-head, thence down the rigging to the foretop, and leaping on the foreyard, it ran out to the yard-arm, hung the cap on the end of the studding-sail boom, and there taking its seat, it raised a loud and exulting chattering. Bob by this time was completely tired out, and unwilling, perhaps, to return to the deck to be laughed at for his fruitless chase, sat down in the royal cross-trees, while those who had been attracted by the sport, returned to their usual avocations or amusements. The monkey, no longer the object of pursuit or attention, remained but a little while in the yard-arm, but soon taking up the cap, returned in toward the slings, and dropped it down upon the deck.

Some little piece of duty occurred at this moment to engage me for a few moments, and as soon as it was performed, I walked aft, and leaning my elbow on the taffrel, gave myself up to the recollection of scenes very different from the boyish pantomime I had just been witnessing. Soothed

by the low hum of the crew, and by the quiet loveliness of every thing around, my thoughts had travelled far away from the realities of my situation, when I was suddenly startled by a cry from Black Jake, which brought me on the instant back to consciousness.

"Look, look! Massa Scupper," cried he, "Massa Stay is on de main truck!"

A cold shudder ran through my veins at the word. I cast my eyes up—it was too true! The adventurous boy, after resting on the royal cross-trees, had been seized with a wish to go still higher, and moved by one of those impulses which sometimes instigate men to place themselves in situations of imminent peril, where no good can result from the exposure, he had climbed the sky-sail-pole, and, at the moment of my looking up, was actually standing on the main-truck! a small circular piece of wood on the very summit of the loftiest mast, and at a height so great from the deck, that my brain turned dizzy as I looked up at him. The reverse of Virgil's line was true in this instance. It was comparatively easy to ascend—but to descend—my head swam round, and my stomach felt sick, at the thought of the perils comprised in that one word. There was nothing above him or around him but empty air—and beneath him nothing but a point, a mere point—a

small unstable wheel, that seemed no bigger from the deck than the button on the end of a foil, and the taper skysail-pole itself scarcely larger than the blade. Dreadful temerity! If he should attempt to stoop, what could he take hold of to steady his descent! His feet quite covered up the small and fearful platform upon which he stood, and beneath that, a long, smooth, naked spar, which seemed to bend with his weight, was all that upheld him from destruction. An attempt to get down from that "bad eminence," would be almost certain death; he would inevitably lose his equilibrium, and be precipitated to the deck a crushed and shapeless mass. Such were the thoughts that crowded through my mind as I first raised my eyes, and saw the terrible truth of Jake's exclamation. What was to be done in the present fearful exigency? To hail him, and inform him of the danger, would be but to insure his ruin. Indeed I fancied that the rash boy already perceived the imminence of his peril; and I half thought I could see his limbs begin to quiver. Every moment I expected to see the dreadful catastrophe. I could not bear to look at him, and yet could not withdraw my gaze. A film came over my eyes, and a faintness over my heart. The atmosphere seemed to grow thick, and tremble and waver like the heated air round a furnace;

the mast appeared to totter, and the ship to pass from under my feet. I myself had the sensations of one about to fall from a great height, and in a sudden effort to recover myself, like that of a dreamer who fancies he is shoved from a precipice, I staggered up against the bulwarks.

When my eyes were once turned from the object to which they had been riveted, my sense and consciousness came back. I looked round—the deck was already crowded with people. The intelligence of poor Bob's temerity had spread through the ship like wildfire—and the officers and crew were all crowding to the deck. Every one, as he looked up, turned pale, and his eye became fastened on the truck—like that of a spectator of an execution on the gallows—with a steadfast and unblinking, yet abhorrent gaze, as if momently expecting a fatal termination to the suspense. No one made a suggestion—no one spoke. Every feeling, every faculty, seemed absorbed and swallowed up in one deep, intense emotion of agony.

At this moment there was a stir among the crew about the gangway, and directly after, another face was added to those on the quarter-deck—it was that of the commodore, Bob's father. He had come alongside in a shore-boat, without having been noticed by a single eye, so intense and universal was the interest that had fastened every

gaze upon the spot where poor Bob stood trembling on the awful verge of fate. The commodore asked not a question, uttered not a syllable. He was a dark-faced, austere man, and it was thought by some of the midshipmen that he entertained but little affection for his son. However that might have been, it was certain that he treated him with precisely the same strict discipline that he maintained towards the other young officers; or, if there was any difference at all, it was not in favour of Bob.

The arrival of the commodore changed the direction of several eyes, which turned on him, to trace what emotions the danger of his son would occasion. But their scrutiny was foiled. By no outward sign did he show what was passing within. His eye still retained its severe expression, his brow the slight frown which it usually wore, and his lip its haughty curl. Immediately on reaching the deck, he had ordered a marine to hand him a musket, and with this, stepping aft, and getting on the look-out block, he raised it to his shoulder, and took a deliberate aim at his son, at the same time hailing him, without a trumpet, in his voice of thunder—

"Robert!" cried he, "jump! jump overboard! or I'll fire at you."

The boy seemed to hesitate, and it was plain

that he was tottering, for his arms were thrown out like those of one scarcely able to retain his balance. The commodore raised his voice again, and, in a quicker and more energetic tone, cried—

"Jump! 'tis your only chance for life."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, before the boy was seen to leave the truck, and spring out into the air. A sound, between a shriek and a groan, burst from many lips. The father spoke not—sighed not—indeed he did not seem to breathe. For a moment of intense interest, a pin might have been heard to drop on deck. With a rush like that of a cannon-ball, the body descended to the water, and before the waves closed over it, twenty stout fellows, among them several officers, had dived from the bulwarks. Another short period of anxious suspense ensued. He rose—he was alive! his arms were seen to move!—he struck out towards the ship—and, despite the discipline of a man-of-war, three loud huzzas, an outburst of unfeigned and unrestrainable joy from the hearts of our crew of five hundred men, pealed through the air, and made the welkin ring.

Till this moment, the old commodore had stood unmoved.

The eyes that, glistening with joy, now sought his face, saw that it was ashy pale. He attempted

to descend the look-out block, but his knees bent under him; he seemed to gasp for breath, and put up his hand, as if to tear open his vest; but before he accomplished his object, he staggered forward, and would have fallen on the deck, had he not been caught by old Black Jake. He was borne into his cabin, where the surgeon attended him, whose utmost skill was required to restore his mind to its usual equability and self-command, in which he at last happily succeeded. As soon as he recovered from the dreadful shock, he sent for Bob, and had a long confidential conference with him; and it was noticed, when the little fellow left the cabin, that he was in tears.



THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

With what pain do we look back on this the greatest of England's naval victories, when we recollect, that it was purchased by the death of one—the object of our admiration and pride—one deeply and sincerely loved and reverenced—Lord Nelson.

We give an account of this brilliant victory from the admirable work of Southey:—

About half-past nine in the morning of the 19th of October, 1805, the Mars, being the nearest to the fleet of the ships which formed the line of communication with the frigates in-shore, repeated the signal, that the enemy were coming out of port. The wind was at this time very light, with partial breezes. Nelson ordered the signal to be made for a chase in the south-east quarter. About two, the repeating ships announced that the enemy were at sea. All night the British fleet continued under full sail, steering to the south-east. At daybreak they were in the entrance of the

Straits, but the enemy were not in sight. About seven, one of the frigates made signal that the enemy were bearing north. Upon this the Victory hove to, and shortly afterwards, the wind changing, Nelson made sail to the northward. In the afternoon the wind blew fresh from the south-west, and the English began to fear that the foe might be forced to return to port. A little before sunset, however, Blackwood, in the Euryalus, telegraphed, that they appeared determined to go to the westward,—"And that," said the admiral in his diary, "they shall not do, if it is in the power of Nelson and Bronté to prevent them." Nelson had signified to Blackwood, that he depended upon him to keep sight of the enemy. They were observed so well, that all their motions were made known to him; and, as they wore twice, he inferred that they were aiming to keep the port of Cadiz open, and would retreat there as soon as they saw the British fleet: for this reason he was very careful not to approach near enough to be seen by them during the night. At daybreak the combined fleets were distinctly seen ahead from the Victory's deck, formed in a close line of battle on the starboard tack, about twelve miles to leeward, and standing to the south. Our fleet consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line, and four frigates; theirs of thirty-three, and seven large

frigates. Their superiority was greater in size, and weight of metal, than in numbers. They had four thousand troops on board; and the best riflemen that could be procured.

Soon after daylight, Nelson came upon deck. The 21st of October was a festival in his family, because on that day his uncle, Captain Suckling, in the Dreadnought, with two other line of battleships, had beaten off a French squadron of four sail of the line, and three frigates. Nelson, with that sort of superstition from which few persons are entirely exempt, had more than once expressed his persuasion that this was to be the day of *his* battle also, and he was well pleased at seeing his prediction about to be verified. The wind was now from the west, light breezes, with a long heavy swell. Signal was made to bear down upon the enemy in two lines; and the fleet set all sail. Collingwood, in the Royal Sovereign, led the lee line of thirteen ships; the Victory led the weather line of fourteen. Having seen that all was as it should be, Nelson retired to his cabin, and wrote the following prayer:—

"May the great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory, and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may

humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet! For myself individually, I commit my life to Him that made me; and may his blessing alight on my endeavours for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself, and the just cause which is intrusted to me to defend. Amen, Amen, Amen."

Blackwood went on board the Victory about six. He found Nelson in good spirits, but very calm; not in that exhilaration which he had felt upon entering into battle at Aboukir and Copenhagen. His whole attention was fixed upon the enemy. They tacked to the northward, and formed their line on the larboard tack; thus bringing the shoals of Trafalgar and St. Pedro under the lee of the British, and keeping the port of Cadiz open for themselves. This was judiciously done; and Nelson, aware of all the advantages which it gave them, made signal to prepare to anchor.

Admiral Villeneuve, the French commander, was a skilful seaman. His plan of defence was original and well conceived. He formed his fleet in a double line; every alternate ship being about a cable's length to windward of her second, ahead and astern.

Nelson, certain of a triumphant issue to the day, asked Blackwood what he should consider as a

victory. That officer answered, that, considering the handsome way in which battle was offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the situation of the land, he thought it would be a glorious result if fourteen were captured. He replied, "I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty." Soon afterwards he asked him, if he did not think there was a signal wanting. Captain Blackwood made answer, that he thought the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about. These words were scarcely spoken before that signal was made, which will be remembered as long as the language, or even the memory of England, shall endure—Nelson's last signal:—"ENGLAND EXPECTS THAT EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY!" It was received throughout the fleet with a shout of answering acclamation, made sublime by the spirit which it breathed, and the feeling which it expressed. "Now," said Lord Nelson, "I can do no more. We must trust to the Great Disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty."

Ten minutes before twelve the fire commenced. He then ordered Blackwood and Prowse to go to their frigates, and inform the captains, as they passed, to adopt what mode they thought best to get alongside of the enemy. At parting, Black-

wood took him by the hand, saying he hoped soon to return and find him in possession of twenty prizes. The hero repeated, "God bless you, Blackwood, I shall never see you again."

He wore that day, as usual, his admiral's frock-coat, bearing on the left breast four stars, of the different orders with which he was invested. These ornaments, which rendered him so conspicuous a mark for the enemy, were beheld with ominous apprehensions by his officers. It was known that there were riflemen on board the French ships, and it could not be doubted but that his life would be particularly aimed at. They communicated their fears to each other; and the surgeon, Mr. Beatty, spoke to the chaplain, Dr. Scott, and to Mr. Scott, the public secretary, desiring that some person would entreat the admiral to change his dress, or cover the stars; but they knew that such a request would displease him. "In honour I gained them," he had said, when such a thing had been hinted to him formerly, "and in honour I will die with them." Mr. Beatty, however, would not have been deterred by any fear of exciting his displeasure, from speaking to him upon a subject in which the weal of England, as well as his own life, was concerned, but he was ordered from the deck before he could find an opportunity. This was a point upon which

Nelson's officers knew that it was hopeless to remonstrate or reason with him; but both Blackwood and his own captain, Hardy, represented to him how advantageous to the fleet it would be for him to keep out of action as long as possible; and he consented at last to let the Leviathan and the Téméraire, which were sailing abreast of the Victory, be ordered to pass ahead. Yet even here the last infirmity of this noble mind was indulged, for these ships could not pass ahead if the Victory continued to carry all her sail; and so far was Nelson from shortening sail, that it was evident he took pleasure in pressing on, and rendering it impossible for them to obey his own orders.

Nelson's column was steered about two points more to the north than Collingwood's, in order to cut off the enemy's escape into Cadiz; the lee line, therefore, was first engaged. "See," cried Nelson, pointing to the Royal Sovereign, as she steered right for the centre of the enemy's line, cut through it astern of the Santa Anna, three-decker, and engaged her at the muzzle of her guns on the starboard side, "See how that noble fellow, Collingwood, carries his ship into action!" Collingwood, delighted at being first in the heat of the fire, and knowing the feelings of his old friend and commander, turned to his captain, and exclaimed, "Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here!"

Captain Harvey, in the Téméraire, fell on board the Redoubtable on the other side. Another enemy was in like manner on board the Téméraire, so that these four ships formed as compact a tier as if they had been moored together, their heads lying all the same way. The lieutenants of the Victory, seeing this, depressed their guns of the middle and lower decks, and fired with a diminished charge, lest the shot should pass through and injure the Téméraire. And as there was danger that the Redoubtable might take fire from the lower deck guns, the muzzles of which touched her sides when they were run out, the fireman of each gun stood ready with a bucket of water, which, as soon as the gun was discharged, he dashed into the hole made by the shot. An incessant fire was kept up from the Victory from both sides; her larboard guns playing upon the Bucentaure and the huge Santissima Trinidad.

It had been part of Nelson's prayer, that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the Redoubtable, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his

death. A ball fired from her mizen top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. "I hope not," cried Hardy. "Yes," he replied, "my back bone is shot through." Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes which had been shot away were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately; then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men; over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all,

except Captain Hardy and the chaplain. He, himself, being certain from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momently within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful, "For," said he, "you can do nothing for me." All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the issue of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the Victory hurraed, and at every hurra, a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes, and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy: and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried, "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!" An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time that Nelson received his wound, before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence; Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?" "Very well," replied Hardy, "ten ships have struck, but

five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the Victory. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing." "I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?" Hardy answered, "There was no fear of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he; "I am going fast; it will be all over with me soon. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so." Captain Hardy, then, once more shook hands with him, and with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time, all feeling below the breast was gone; and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him, "You know I am gone: I know it. I feel something rising in my breast," putting his hand on his left side, "which tells me so." And upon Dr. Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied, so great, that he wished he was dead. "Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer too!" Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned, and again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken, he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly; but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's

well," cried Nelson; "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said, "Anchor, Hardy, anchor." Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed; "Do you anchor." Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard," and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. "Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek, and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God I have done my duty." Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again, and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy." And Hardy then left him—for ever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said, "I wish I had not left the deck, for I shall soon be gone." To the chaplain he said, "Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner." After a short pause, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton, and my daughter, Horatio, as a legacy to my country." His articulation now became difficult, but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God I have done my duty." These words he

repeatedly pronounced, and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four, three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

Within a quarter of an hour after Nelson was wounded, above fifty of the Victory's men fell by the enemy's musketry. They, however, on their part, were not idle; and it was not long before there were only two Frenchmen left alive in the mizen-top of the Redoubtable. One of them was the man who had given the fatal wound, but he did not live to boast of what he had done. An old quarter-master had seen him fire, and easily recognized him, because he wore a glazed cocket hat, and a white frock. This quartermaster and two midship-men, Mr. Collingwood and Mr. Pollard, were the only persons left in the Victory's poop; the two midshipmen kept firing at the top, and he supplied them with cartridges. One of the Frenchmen, attempting to make his escape down the rigging, was shot by Mr. Pollard, and fell on the poop. But the old quartermaster, as he cried out, "That's he, that's he," and pointed at the other, who was coming forward to fire again, received a shot in his mouth and fell dead. Both the midshipmen then fired at the same time, and the fellow dropped in the top.

The total loss of the British in the battle of

Trafalgar, amounted to 1,587. Twenty of the enemy struck; but it was not possible to anchor the fleet, as Nelson had enjoined. A gale came on from the south-west; some of the prizes went down; some went on shore; one effected its escape into Cadiz; others were destroyed; four only were saved, and these by the greatest exertions. The wounded Spaniards were sent ashore, an assurance being given that they should not serve till regularly exchanged; and the Spaniards, with a generous feeling, offered the use of their hospitals for our wounded, pledging the honour of Spain that they should be carefully attended to. When the storm after the action drove some of the prizes upon the coast, they declared that the English, who were thus thrown into their hands, should not be considered as prisoners of war; and the Spanish soldiers gave up their own beds to their shipwrecked enemies. The Spanish vice-admiral died of his wounds, Villeneuve was sent to England, but soon after permitted to return to France.



LOSS OF THE "HALSEWELL."

CAPTAIN PIERCE, JANUARY 6, 1786.

THE Halsewell, East Indiaman, of 758 tons burthen, and commanded by Captain Richard Pierce, having been taken up by the directors of the East India Company, to make her third voyage to Coast and Bay, dropped down to Gravesend on November 16th, 1785, and there completed her lading. Having taken a number of ladies and other passengers of great respectability on board at the Hope, she sailed through the Downs on Sunday, January 1, 1786.

The Halsewell was one of the finest ships in the service, and was supposed to be in the most perfect condition for her voyage. The commander was a man of distinguished ability, and exemplary character; who, to professional merit, added the higher distinction of moral excellence, in whatever view he was placed: his officers possessed unquestioned knowledge of their profession; and the crew, composed of the best seamen that could be



WRECK OF THE HALSEWELL.

collected, was as numerous as the establishment admits. The vessel likewise contained a considerable body of soldiers, which were destined to recruit the Company's forces in Asia.

On Monday, January 2, at three p.m., a breeze springing up from the south, they ran in shore to land the pilot; but the weather coming on very thick in the evening, at nine o'clock they were obliged to anchor in eighteen-fathom water.

On the following day, at four p.m., a violent gale came on from E.N.E., and the ship driving, they were obliged to cut their cables and run out to sea. At noon they spoke with a brig bound to Dublin, and having put their pilot on board of her, bore down the channel immediately. At eight in the evening, the wind freshening, and coming to the southward, they reefed such sails as were judged necessary; but at ten o'clock it blew a violent gale from the south, when they were obliged to carry a press of sail in order to keep the ship off shore. On sounding the well, they found that the vessel had sprung a leak, and had five feet water in the hold, upon which all hands were set to work at the pumps; they clued up the main-topsail, hauled up the mainsail, and immediately endeavoured to furl both, but failed in the attempt.

On Wednesday, January 4, at two in the morning, they endeavoured to wear the ship, but

without success; and judging it necessary to cut away the mizen-mast, this operation was immediately performed, and a second attempt made to wear, but they were again unsuccessful. The ship having now seven feet water in the hold, and the leak gaining fast upon the pumps, it was thought expedient, for the preservation of the ship, which appeared to be in imminent danger of foundering, to cut away the mainmast; which, in its fall, carried overboard the coxswain and four men, who were drowned. By eight o'clock the wreck was cleared, and the ship got before the wind; in which position she was kept about two hours, and the pumps reduced the water in the hold about two feet. At this period the ship's head was brought to the eastward with the foresail only.

About ten, the wind considerably abated, and as the ship laboured very much, the fore-topmast rolled over on the larboard side, and in the fall tore the topsail to pieces. At eleven in the forenoon, the wind veered round to the westward, and the weather clearing up, they could distinguish Berry Head, at about four or five leagues distance. They immediately bent another foresail, erected a jury mainmast, and set a top-gallantsail for a mainsail, under which they bore up for Portsmouth, and employed the remainder of the day in getting up a jury mizenmast.

Early in the morning of the 5th, the wind blew fresh from the south, and the weather was very thick. At noon Portland was seen, bearing north and by east, distant two or three leagues. In the evening a strong gale set in, when the Portland lights were seen bearing north-west, about four or five leagues, on which they wore ship, and got her head to the westward; but finding they lost ground on that tack, they wore her again, and kept stretching to the eastward, in the hope of weathering Peveril Point, in which case they intended to have anchored in Studland Bay.

At eleven at night it became clear, when they saw St. Alban's Head, about a mile and a-half to leeward, upon which they immediately took in sail, and let go the small bower anchor, which brought up the ship at a whole cable, and she rode for about an hour, but then drove. They now let go the sheet-anchor, and wore away a whole cable; the ship rode about two hours longer, when she drove again.

On Friday, the 6th, at about two o'clock in the morning, the ship struck with such violence, as to dash the heads of thoso who were standing in the cuddy, against the deck above them; and the fatal blow was accompanied by a shrick of horror, which burst at the same instant from every quarter of the ship. The ship continued to beat

on the rocks, and soon bulged, falling with her broadside towards the shore. When she struck, several of the men caught hold of the ensign-staff, under the apprehension of her going to pieces immediately.

At this critical juncture, Mr. Meriton offered to his unhappy companions the best advice that he could possibly give. He recommended that they should repair to that side of the ship which lay lowest on the rocks, and take the opportunity which might offer of escaping singly to the shore. Having thus attended to the safety of the desponding crew, he returned to the round-house, where all the passengers, and most of the officers, were at this time assembled; the latter employed in offering consolation to the unfortunate ladies, and with unparalleled magnanimity, suffering their compassion for the fair and amiable companions of their misfortunes to overcome the sense of their danger, and the dread of almost inevitable death.

The ship had struck on the rocks near Seacombe, on the island of Purbeck, between Peveril Point and St. Alban's Head, at a part of the shore where the cliff is of immense height, and rises almost perpendicularly. In this particular spot the cliff is excavated at the base, presenting a cavern of ten or twelve yards in depth, and equal in breadth to the length of a large ship, the sides of the cavern

so nearly upright as to be extremely difficult of access; the roof formed of the stupendous cliff, and the bottom strewed with sharp and uneven rocks, which appear to have been rent from above by some convulsion of nature.

It was at the mouth of this cavern that the unfortunate vessel lay stretched, almost from side to side, offering her broadside to the horrid chasm; but at the time the ship struck, it was too dark to discover the extent of their danger, and the extreme horror of their situation. Mr. Meriton, who scorned to flatter people in this dreadful situation, conceived a hope that she might keep together till daylight; he accordingly endeavoured to cheer his drooping friends, particularly the unhappy ladies, with this comfortable expectation, in answer to the captain's repeated inquiries, as to how they went on, or what he thought of their situation,

At this time, the number in the round-house was nearly fifty. Captain Pierce was seated on a chair, or some other moveable, between his two daughters, whom he pressed alternately to his bosom. The rest of the melancholy assembly were seated on the deck, which was strewed with musical instruments, and the wreck of furniture-boxes and packages.

Here Mr. Meriton, having lighted several wax candles, which he stuck up in various parts of the roundhouse, and all the glass lanterns he could

find, took his seat, intending to wait till daylight, in the hope that it would afford him an opportunity of effecting his own escape, and also of rendering assistance to the partners of his danger; but observing that the unhappy females appeared parched and exhausted, he fetched a basket of oranges from some part of the roundhouse, with which he prevailed on some of them to refresh themselves. At this time they were, in general, tolerably composed, trusting to the delusion of hope, which humanity had painted in brighter colours than reason could justify.

On Mr. Meriton's return to the company, he perceived the sides of the ship visibly giving way, the deck seemed to heave, and he discovered other evident symptoms that she could not hold together much longer. On attempting to go forward to look out, he instantly perceived that the ship had separated in the middle, and that the fore part had changed its position, and lay rather further out towards the sea. In this awful emergency, when the next moment might be charged with his fate, he determined to seize the present, and follow the example of the crew and soldiers, who were leaving the ship in numbers, and making their way to a shore, with the horrors of which they were as yet unacquainted.

By the light of a lantern, which a seaman

named Burmaster handed through the skylight of the round-house to the deck, Mr. Meriton discovered a spar, which appeared to be laid from the ship's side to the rock; and on this he attempted to effect his escape: he, however, soon found that the spar had no communication with the rock, for, on reaching the end, he slipped off, and received a violent contusion in his fall; and before he could recover his legs he was washed off by the surge, when the returning wave dashed him against the back of the cavern. Here he laid hold of a small projecting piece of the rock, but was so benumbed that he was on the point of quitting it, when a seaman, who had already gained a footing, extended his hand and assisted him till he could secure himself on a little shelf of the rock, from which he clambered still higher out of reach of the surf.

Mr. Rogers, the third mate, remained with the captain and the ladies nearly twenty minutes after Mr. Meriton had left the ship. The latter had not long quitted the roundhouse, before the captain inquired what was become of him, when Mr. Rogers replied that he had gone upon deck to see what could be done. A heavy sea soon afterwards broke over the ship, upon which the ladies expressed the most feeling concern at the apprehension of his loss. "O poor Meriton!" they

cried, "he is drowned. Had he stayed with us he would have been safe." Poor mistaken souls!

The sea now broke in at the fore part of the ship, and reached as far as the mainmast. Capt. Pierce and Mr. Rogers then went together, with a lamp, to the stern-gallery, where, after viewing the rocks, the captain asked Mr. Rogers if he thought there was any possibility of saving the ladies. He replied he feared not, for they could only discover the black face of the perpendicular rock, and not the cavern which afforded shelter to those who had escaped. They then returned to the roundhouse, where Capt. Pierce again seated himself between his two daughters, struggling to repress the parental tear which then started into his eye.

The sea continuing to break in very fast, Mr. Manns, a midshipman, and Mr. Schutz, asked Mr. Rogers what they could do to escape. He replied, "Follow me," which they did to the stern gallery, and from thence, by the weather upper-quarter-gallery, upon the poop. While they were there, a heavy sea fell on board, and the roundhouso giving way, they heard the ladies shriek at intervals, as if the water had reached them, the noise of the sea at other times drowning their voices.

Mr. Brimer, the fifth mate, had followed Mr.

Rogers to the poop, where they had remained together about five minutes, when, on the coming of the last-mentioned sea, they jointly seized a hencoop; and the same wave which they apprehended proved fatal to some of those who remained below, happily carried them to the rock, on which they were dashed with such violence as to be miserably bruised and hurt.

There were twenty-seven upon this rock, but it was low water; and being convinced that, upon the flowing of the tide, they must all be washed off, many endeavoured to get to the back or sides of the cavern, beyond the reach of the returning sea; but, excepting Mr. Rogers and Mr. Brimer, scarcely more than six succeeded in this attempt. Of the remainder, some experienced the fate which they sought to avoid, and others perished in their efforts to get into the cavern.

Mr. Rogers and Mr. Brimer, however, having reached the cavern, climbed up the rock, on the narrow shelves of which they fixed themselves. They soon found, that although many who had reached the rocks below, had perished in attempting to ascend, yet, that a considerable number of seamen and soldiers, and some of the inferior officers, were in the same situation as themselves. What that situation was they had still to learn.

Some part of the ship was still discernible; and

they solaced themselves in this dreary situation, with the hope that it would hold together till day-break. Amidst their own misfortunes, the sufferings of the females filled their minds with anguish; and every returning sea increased their apprehensions for the safety of their amiable and helpless companions.

But, too soon, alas! were these apprehensions realized! In a very few minutes after Mr. Rogers had gained the rock, a general shriek, in which the voice of female distress was lamentably distinguished, announced the dreadful catastrophe! In a few moments all was hushed, except the warring winds and the dashing of the waves! The wreck was buried in the remorseless deep, and not an atom of her was ever after seen.

What dreadful sensations must this tremendous blow have excited in the trembling and scarcely half-saved wretches who were hanging about the sides of the horrid cavern! They were themselves in the most imminent danger; but their dearest friends, the pleasing companions of their voyage, were now no more!

Nor were they less agonized by the subsequent events of this ill-fated night. Many of those who had gained precarious situations, exhausted with fatigue, weakened by bruises, and benumbed with cold, quitted their holds, and falling headlong,

either on the rocks below or into the surf, perished beneath the feet of their wretched associates; and by their dying groans and unavailing calls for help, awakened terrific apprehensions in the survivors of their own approaching fate.

At length, after the bitterest three hours which misery ever lengthened into ages, the day broke on them; but far from bringing with it the expected relief, it served only to discover to them all the horrors of their situation. They now found that, from the violence of the storm, the guns of distress which they had fired had been unheard. Neither could they be observed by the people above, as they were completely engulphed in the cavern; nor was there any part of the wreck remaining, to point out their probable place of refuge. Below, no boat could live to search them out; and had it been possible to acquaint those that were willing to assist them, with their exact situation, they were at a loss to conceive how any ropes could be conveyed into the cavern, to facilitate their escape.

The only method that offered any prospect of success, was to creep along the sides of the cavern to its outward extremity; and on a ledge, scarcely as broad as a man's hand, to turn the corner, and endeavour to clamber up the almost perpendicular precipice, whose summit was nearly

two hundred feet from the base. In this desperate effort did some succeed, while others, trembling with apprehension, and exhausted by fatigue, lost their footing, and perished in the attempt.

The first men who gained the summit of the cliff instantly hastened to the nearest house, to make known the situation of their fellow-sufferers. The house at which they first arrived was Eastington, the habitation of Mr. Garland, steward or agent to the proprietors of the Purbeck quarries, who immediately got together the men under his direction, and, with the most zealous humanity, exerted every effort for the preservation of the surviving crew of the unfortunate ship. Ropes were procured with all possible despatch, and every precaution taken that assistance should be speedily and effectually given to deliver them from their perilous situation.

Mr. Meriton made the attempt to gain the summit of the cliff, and almost reached the edge of the precipice. A soldier, who preceded him, stood upon a small projecting rock or stone, upon which Mr. Meriton had fastened his hands to assist his progress. Just at this moment the quarrymen arrived, and seeing the soldier so nearly within their reach, they dropped a rope, on which he immediately laid hold, and by a vigorous effort to avail himself of the advantage,

being assembled at the house of their benevolent deliverer, Mr. Garland, they were mustered, and found to amount to seventy-four, out of rather more than two hundred and forty, crew and passengers, that were in her when she sailed from the Downs. All those who reached the summit survived, with the exception of two or three who expired while being drawn up, and a black who died a few hours after he was brought to the house. Many, however, were so miserably bruised, that their lives were doubtful, and it was a considerable time before they perfectly recovered their strength.



CAPTURE OF THE CHESAPEAKE.

THE national vanity of the Americans never received a rebuke more severe or merited, than in the engagement between the Shannon and the Chesapeake. This action was fought off Boston, and was witnessed by thousands of the inhabitants; and so confident were those good citizens of the success of their countrymen, that a supper was ordered, to welcome them on their victory, to which the captured British officers were to be invited, no doubt to give additional grace to the triumph.

The commander of the Shannon, Captain Broke, had long been anxious to engage the Chesapeake, although she was superior in tonnage, number of guns, weight of metal, and compliment of men. Accordingly, while lying off Boston, in June 1813, Captain Broke sent a challenge to Captain Lawrence of the Chesapeake, to meet "ship to ship, to try the fortune of their respective flags." The letter was written in a very gentlemanly style, with



SHANNON AND CHESAPEAKE.

great candour and spirit; it concluded in the true spirit of a British sailor, anxious only for a battle, "Choose your terms, but let us meet."

Before the challenge reached the Chesapeake, she was observed to be under weigh. She came down upon the Shannon's quarters with three ensigns flying. She had also flying at the fore a large flag, inscribed with these words; "free trade and sailors' rights;" upon a supposition that this favourite American motto might paralyze the efforts, or damp the energy of the Shannon's men. The vessels were soon in action; the shot of the Shannon was very destructive. After ten minutes' fighting, Captain Broke perceived that the Chesapeake's quarter-deck division were deserting their guns: he instantly called "Board!" and, accompanied by the first lieutenant and twenty men, sprang upon the Chesapeake's quarter-deck. Here not an officer or man was to be seen: upon her gangways about twenty Americans made a slight resistance. These were instantly driven towards the forecastle, where a few endeavoured to get down the fore hatchway, but, in their eagerness, prevented each other; a few fled over the bows, and reached the main-deck, and the remainder laid down their arms. The Chesapeake's fore-top was now stormed by Midshipman Smith and his top men, about five in number, who either

destroyed or drove on deck all the Americans there stationed, This gallant young officer had deliberately passed along the Shannon's foreyard, which was braced up to the Chesapeake's, also braced up, and thence into her top.

After those on the forecastle had submitted, Captain Broke ordered one of his men to stand sentry over them, and sent most of the others aft, where the conflict was still going on. He was in the act of giving them orders to answer the fire from the Chesapeake's main-top, when three treacherous Americans, seeing they were superior to the British then near them, had armed themselves afresh. Captain Broke parried the middle fellow's pike, and wounded him in the face; but instantly received from the man on the pikeman's right, a blow with the butt-end of a musket, which bared his skull, and stunned him. Determined to finish the British commander, the third man cut him down with his broad sword, and at that very instant was himself cut down by one of the Shannon's seamen. Captain Broke and his treacherous foe now lay side by side, each, although nearly powerless, struggling to regain his sword, when a marine dispatched the American with his bayonet. Captain Broke was severely wounded by this affair, and while a seaman was tying a handkerchief round his commander's head, he called out, (point-

ing aft,) "There, Sir, there goes up the old ensign over the Yankee colours." The captain saw it hoisting, and was instantly led to the quarter-deck, where he seated himself upon one of the carronade slides.

Even after the British colours were flying on board the Chesapeake, some of her men kept firing up the main hatchway, and killed a British marine. It was then, and not till then, that Lieutenant Falkoner, who was sitting on the booms, very properly directed three or four muskets that were ready, to be fired down. Captain Broke told him to summon them to surrender, if they desired quarter. He did so, and they replied, "We surrender," and all hostility ceased. Between the discharge of the first gun, and the period of Captain Broke's boarding, eleven minutes only elapsed, and in four minutes more, the Chesapeake was completely his.



LOSS OF THE "LADY HOBART," PACKET,

On an Island of Ice,

Captain Fellowes, June 28, 1803.

The packet-ship, Lady Hobart, commanded by Captain William D. Fellowes, bound for England, sailed from Halifax, Nova Scotia, on June 23, 1803, and on the 24th hauled to the northward, intending to pass over the northern part of the great bank of Newfoundland, with a view to avoid the enemy's cruisers.

On Tuesday, June 28, it blew a hard gale from the westward, with a heavy sea, hazy weather, and intervals of thick fog. About one o'clock in the morning, when the ship was going at the rate of seven miles an hour by the log, she struck against an island of ice with such violence, that several of the crew were pitched out of their hammocks. The captain was roused from his sleep by the suddenness of the shock, and instantly ran upon deck, and ordered the helm to be put hard a-port, when the ship struck again upon the chesstree, and then swung round upon her heel, the stern-post



LOSS OF THE LADY HOBART.

being stove in, and the rudder carried away, before they could succeed in their attempts to haul her off. At this time, the ice appeared to hang quite over the ship, forming a high peak, which must have been at least twice the height of their topmast head. The length of the island, as near as they could judge, was from a quarter to half a-mile.

The sea was breaking over the ice in a frightful manner, and the water rushed in so fast, that in a very few minutes the hold was completely filled. Every exertion was made to lighten the ship; the guns were hove overboard, the anchors cut away from the bows, two sails were got under the ship's bottom, both pumps kept going, and they also baled with buckets from the main-hatchway, in the hope of preventing her from sinking; but notwithstanding all their efforts, she settled down in the water to her fore-chains in less than a quarter of an hour.

Their situation now became perilous in the extreme. The captain immediately consulted with Captain Thomas, of the royal navy, who was a passenger, and Mr. Bargus the master, as to the propriety of making any further efforts to save the ship. They agreed that no time ought to be lost in hoisting the boats out, and that, as the vessel was then settling fast, the preservation of the crew should be their first consideration.

Having fortunately succeeded in hoisting out the cutter and jolly-boat, the sea still running very high, they placed the ladies in the former. The few provisions which had been saved from the men's berths were then put into the boats, which were quickly veered astern. The main-deck forward was by this time under water, and nothing but the quarter-deck appeared. The men were theu ordered into the boats, and the mail, after being lashed to some iron pigs of ballast, was thrown overboard.

The ship was now rapidly sinking, when the captain, having used every exertion to save his men, called out to them to haul up and receive him, as, fearing the cutter might be stove under the counter, he intended to drop himself into her from the end of the trysail boom. He desired Mr. Bargus, who remained with him on the wreck, to go over first; but in this instance he replied, that he begged leave to disobey his orders, adding, that he must see the captain safely over before he attempted to go himself.

They had scarcely quitted the ship, when she suddenly gave a heavy lurch to port, and went down head foremost, the boats narrowly escaping being swallowed up in the vortex caused by the sinking of the vessel.

It is impossible to describe the feelings and

sensations of these unfortunate people, thus suddenly exposed in two open boats upon the vast Atlantic Ocean, and bereft of all assistance, but what their own exertions could, under Providence, afford them.

In the cutter, which was twenty feet long, six feet four inches broad, and two feet six inches deep, were embarked eighteen persons in all, three of whom were ladies; whose weight, together with that of the provisions, brought the gunwale of the boat within six or seven inches of the water. From this confined space, some idea may be formed of their crowded state; but it is scarcely possible for the imagination to conceive the extent of their sufferings in consequence of it.

In the jolly-boat, which was fourteen feet from stem to stern, five feet three inches broad, and two feet deep, were eleven persons in all.

The only provisions which they had time to save, consisted of about forty or fifty pounds of bread, one demi-jean, and a small jug of water, part of a small barrel of spruce beer, one demi-jean of rum, a few bottles of port wine, two compasses, a quadrant, a spyglass, a small tin mug, and a wine glass.

Scarcely an hour elapsed from the time the ship struck till she foundered; and the boats left the fatal spot just as the day dawned. As near as

they could estimate, they were about 350 miles from St. John's, Newfoundland; and had the wind have continued westerly, as there appeared every prospect of its doing, it would have been necessary to exercise the most rigid economy in the consumption of their provisions. For this purpose the captain addressed them on the propriety of at once submitting to privation, which must soon be inevitable, and concluded by ordering half a biscuit and a glass of wine to each individual, which was to be the whole allowance for the ensuing twenty-four hours, all of them agreeing to leave the water untouched as long as possible.

Soon after daylight, they made sail with the cutter, and took the jolly-boat in tow, standing close-hauled to the northward and westward, in the hope of reaching the coast of Newfoundland, or of being picked up by some vessel.

Wednesday, June the 29th, was ushered in with variable winds from the southward and eastward. They had passed a long and sleepless night, and at the dawn of day, the captain found himself with twenty-eight persons looking up to him with anxiety for the distribution of their scanty allowance, and also for the direction of their course. Upon examining their provisions, they found the bag of biscuit much damaged by salt water, which made it necessary for them to diminish their allow-

ance; and to this precaution they all cheerfully assented. It was at this moment that they became more sensible to the horrors of their situation; but grateful to Providence, they returned thanks for past mercies, and offered up prayers for their future safety.

Soon afterwards a thick fog came on, which continued the whole day, with heavy rain, but as they had no means of collecting it, it afforded them no relief; and their crowded and exposed situation was rendered still more distressing by their being thoroughly wet, as no person had been permitted to take more than a greatcoat or a blanket, besides the clothes on his back.

On Thursday, June 30th, at daybreak, they were all so benumbed with wet and cold, that a glass of rum and a mouthful of biscuit were served out to each person. They had kept at their oars all night, and continued to row during the whole of this day. The jolly-boat having unfortunately put off from the ship with only three oars, and having but a small sail, the cutter was obliged to keep her constantly in tow. The cutter had likewise lost two of her oars in hoisting out, and was now so deep in the water, that, with the least sea, she made so little way, that they were unable to profit much by the light winds.

On Friday, July 1st, it blew a hard gale from

the W.S.W. during the greater part of the day, with a heavy sea from the same quarter. The weather was excessively cold, and the spray of the sea freezing as it flew over the boats, rendered their situation truly deplorable. The want of nourishment, coupled with the cold and wet weather, had produced a most painful depression of spirits, and rendered them almost incapable of exertion; added to which, the very confined space in the boat would not allow them to stretch their limbs, so that several of the men whose feet were much swelled, called out repeatedly for water; but on being reminded of their former resolution, and the absolute necessity of strictly adhering to it, they acknowledged the propriety of its being refused to them, and the water remained untouched.

At the commencement of the gale they stood to the northward and westward; but the cutter was so low in the water, that they were obliged to cast off the jolly-boat's tow-rope, and very soon lost sight of her in the fog. This unfortunate circumstance caused all of them the utmost distress; as they were uncertain of ever again meeting their companions in misfortune.

In the course of this day there were repeated cries of a strange sail being in sight; and although the captain was aware that it was next to im-

possible to discern any thing, owing to the thickness of the fog; yet, being urged by many of the seamen with such apparent certainty, he was induced to put the boat before the wind, the rather to convince them of their error, than with any expectation of their hopes being realized.

They all joined in prayer, which tended greatly to calm their minds, and inspired them with the consolatory hope of an alleviation to their sufferings. On these solemn occasions they were all bareheaded, notwithstanding the showers that were incessantly falling.

On Saturday, July 2, having rained hard during the night, the cold became so intense that almost every person in the boat was unable to move. Their hands and feet were so swelled that many of them turned quite black, owing to their confined state and constant exposure to wet and cold. At daybreak each person was served with a quarter of a biscuit, and a third of a wine glassful of rum, and before noon, a small quantity of spruce-beer, from which they derived great benefit.

At half-past eleven, a.m., they discovered a sail to the eastward, standing to the north-west, the sight of which inspired them all with the hope of immediate deliverance, and animated them with new life. The captain immediately ordered the people to sit as close as possible, in order that

they might not appear too much like an armed boat; and, having tied one of the ladies' shawls to the boat-hook, he raised himself, as well as he could, and waved it from the bow as long as his strength would permit. Having hauled close to the wind, they neared each other fast, and in less than a quarter of an hour, to their joyful surprise, they perceived that it was their long-lost consort, the jolly-boat.

They now mutually inquired into the state of their respective crews, after the late dreadful gale; those in the jolly-boat had suffered from swelled hands and feet, the same as the others, and had experienced the greatest anxiety for the fate of the cutter, as they concluded she must have perished. The most singular circumstance was, that having steered for two nights, without any light, they should, after such tempestuous weather, meet again; which could only be attributed to the interposition of divine Providence.

The late occurrence had raised their hopes of deliverance to the highest pitch, but the excitement beginning gradually to subside, a corresponding despondency succeeded to such a state of artificial elevation, that no argument or entreaty could rouse some of the men to the ordinary exertions of making sail.

The captain now, for the first time, served out

a wine glassful of water to several of the people who appeared to have suffered most, and earnestly cautioned the crew not to taste the salt water; some of them, nevertheless, took large draughts, and became delirious, while others were seized with violent cramps in the stomach and bowels.

On Sunday, July 3d, the cold was intense; indeed, it is hardly possible for language to describe the sufferings and distress of this miserable crew from cold, wet, hunger, and thirst. At eight, p.m., having a strong breeze from the southward, the cutter stood under all the canvas they could spread, with the jolly-boat following in her wake, and pulling her oars to keep up with them.

The sea continued to break over the boats so much, that those who had strength enough were obliged to bale without intermission. Those in the stern of the cutter were so confined that it was difficult for any one to put his hand into his pocket, and most of the crew lay in water at the bottom of the boat.

The return of day brought them no relief but its light. The sun had only once cheered them during the whole of their perilous voyage, and those who obtained a few hours of uninterrupted sleep, awoke to all the consciousness of their misery.

A very heavy gale of wind came on from the southward, with a tremendous sea, so that the utmost vigilance was necessary in managing the helm, as the smallest deviation would have broached the boats to and hurried them to destruction. They scudded before it, expecting each returning wave to overwhelm them; but, through the providence of Almighty God, they weathered the storm, which, towards night, began to abate. They had now nearly run the whole distance they had supposed themselves from St. John's; but the thickness of the fog prevented them from seeing to any extent.

Towards evening they passed several pieces of rock-weed; and soon after, a beautiful white bird, web-footed, and not unlike a dove in size and plumage, hovered over the mast-head of the cutter, and, notwithstanding the pitching of the boat, frequently attempted to perch on it, and continued to flutter there till dark. This circumstance, trifling as it may appear, was considered by them all as a propitious omen, and awakened in them a superstition to which sailors are said to be at all times too much addicted.

As they had every reason to conclude that they were well in with the land, the few who were able to move, were called upon to make a last exertion to save their lives by rowing, and take advantage of the little breeze which they then had. It was

strongly urged, that should the wind come off the shore in the morning, and drive them to leeward, that all efforts to regain it might be too late; for, independent of their feeble state, the provisions could not, with the most rigid economy, last more than two days; nor could the water which had remained untouched, except in the instances before mentioned, hold out much longer. They had been six days and nights constantly wet and cold, without any other sustenance than a quarter of a biscuit and one wine-glass of liquid for twenty-four hours. But the men who had appeared totally indifferent to their fate, now summoned resolution, and as many as were able to move, applied themselves to the oars.

On the morning of Monday, July 4, the fog grew so thick that they could not see far from the boat. During the night the cutter had been under the necessity of casting off the jolly-boat's tow-rope; and having lost sight of her, this unlucky accident gave them some uneasiness. Several of them repeatedly declared that they heard breakers, and others the firing of guns, as of a ship in distress, but this afterwards proved to be the noise of the blowing of whales, of which they saw a great number.

Soon after daylight, the sun rose in view, for the second time since they quitted the wreck, and

at length the fog began to disperse, when they caught a glimpse of the land about a mile dsitant, between Kettle Cove and Island Cove, in Conception Bay, fourteen leagues from the harbour of St. John; and almost at the same moment they had the inexpressible satisfaction to discover the jolly-boat and a schooner standing off towards them from the shore.

It is almost impossible to describe their sensations at this interesting moment. Many burst into tears; some looked at each other with a stupid stare, as if doubtful of the reality of what they saw; while several remained in such a lethargic state, that no language, however animating and consolatory, could rouse them to exertion.

At this moment the captain, though overpowered by his own sensations, yet impressed with the recollection of their sufferings, and the sight of so many deplorable objects, proposed to offer up their thanks to heaven for their miraculous deliverance. To this they all cheerfully assented, and as soon as he had opened the prayer-book, which he had secured the last time he went down into the cabin, a universal silence prevailed: a spirit of devotion was manifested in such a striking manner on this occasion, that to a sense of religion in uncultivated minds, must be ascribed the

discipline, good order, and exertion, which even the sight of land could not produce.

Thus, by the merciful interposition of divine Providence, the crew of the Lady Hobart were rescued from dangers the most appalling, under circumstances the most disadvantageous; and of twenty-nine persons whose lives were committed to two open boats, only one perished, and that by his own act. Never had a body of men so much cause to be gratified for the blessings of Him who rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm.



LOSS OF THE "ALCESTE,"

Captain Murray Maxwell, February 18, 1817.

Early in the year 1816, in consequence of the difficulties thrown in the way of our commerce with China, by the authorities at Canton, it was resolved by the British government to send out an extraordinary embassy to the court of Pekin. On the 9th of February, Lord Amherst, who was appointed to conduct this difficult and delicate mission, embarked at Portsmouth, on board the Alceste, a frigate of forty-six guns, commanded by Captain, afterwards Sir, Murray Maxwell. This vessel was accompanied by the brig Lyra, commanded by Captain Basil Hall, and the General Hewitt, Indiaman, which carried out many very valuable presents for the Chinese emperor and his ministers.

On the 9th of August, the ambassador and his suite landed in great state at the entrance of the White River, on the north-eastern coast of China; and the ships then proceeded to examine the

coasts of Chinese Tartary, Corea, and the extensive group called the Loo Choo Islands, after which they shaped their course for Canton, where they re-embarked Lord Amherst and the embassy, and sailed for Manilla, the capital of the Phillipine Islands, on the 29th of January.

On the 9th of February, exactly twelve months after the expedition left the shores of Great Britain, the Alceste proceeded from Manilla on her voyage homeward: here parting company with the Lyra, which was ordered to India with despatches.

At daybreak on the 18th, after carefully avoiding the rocks and shoals which beset the Chinese sea to the westward of the Phillipine Islands, our voyagers entered the straits of Gaspar, through which they intended to sail. They continued to follow the track laid down in the charts, and every precaution was used which skill and seamanship could dictate; but about half-past seven in the morning, the ship struck with great violence on a reef of sunken rocks, which rose almost perpendicularly in nearly seventeen fathoms water. It was a providential circumstance that the ship remained fast on the reef, as had she been dislodged from her first position by the force of the shock, she must have almost immediately gone down with most of her hands. The event, however, was extremely fearful; but we are told by one of the

officers, that, notwithstanding the peril of their situation, not the slightest confusion or irregularity prevailed amongst the crew, every necessary order being as coolly given, and as steadily obeyed, as if nothing unusual had happened.



The ship lay about three miles and a-half from the uninhabited and desolate island of Pulo Leat, on which, Lord Amherst and his suite, with a part of the crew, safely landed by means of the boats. Captain Maxwell and the rest of the officers remained by the ship, and, after great exertion,

succeeded in saving a small quantity of provisions and stores, which occasionally floated up, all but the upper works being under water.

The island was found to be a perfect wilderness, so completely overgrown with wood and jungle, that it was necessary to clear away a small space, under the shade of the loftier trees at the foot of a hill, which rose in the midst of the narrow point where the landing was effected, in order to obtain shelter for the night. Lord Amherst, on the morning succeeding the wreck, desired every one to be called around him, when he took his share of the water which had been saved from the ship, consisting of a single gill for each individual, with the most perfect good humour, thus affording an example of calm fortitude, and cheerful readiness to share every privation without any distinction of rank, which in such cases is certain to be attended with the finest moral effect.

An increasing anxiety for water, however, naturally possessed every mind; but every exertion to obtain it proved fruitless. At last, after several days, to the great joy of all, a spring was struck upon, which, during the next twenty-four hours, afforded a pint of water to each individual. On the morning of the 20th, the captain ordered all hands to be mustered, and after explaining that, by the regulations of the navy, every man was

equally liable to answer for his conduct as if he had been afloat, declared that whilst he lived, the most rigorous discipline, which was so important to the welfare of all, should continue to be enforced.

At daybreak on the following morning, the party stationed on the wreck discovered that they were surrounded by a small fleet of Malay proas or boats filled with armed men. The most active exertions were immediately made to give them a warm reception; but only about a dozen cutlasses had been preserved, and, although the marines had nearly thirty muskets and bayonets, they had only seventy-five ball-cartridges amongst them. Orders were, however, given for every individual to arm himself in the best way he could; and small swords, dirks, knives, chisels, and even sharpened poles, soon supplied the place of regular weapons. The day having passed off quietly, in the evening the whole party was classed into separate divisions; and the noblest spirit animated all.

Observing that the pirates had diminished in number, it was resolved next day to regain possession of the ship; but the enemy, on perceiving the approach of the boats, instantly pushed off, and set fire to the ship, which became in a few minutes one burning mass from stem to stern.

She continued in flames throughout the day and night, during which some alarm was occasioned by the sentries mistaking for enemies some of the large baboons met with on the island.

Early on Sunday, the boats again proceeded to the wreck, and found that several barrels of flour, with some casks of wine and beer, had floated up. In the course of the two succeeding days, further supplies of flour, beer, and wine, were recovered by the boats, together with what was almost equally important in the situation in which the party were placed, about fifty boarding-pikes, eighteen muskets, and a small quantity of ammunition.

Early on the 26th, two armed proas, each towing a canoe, again made their appearance from behind a rock a few miles distant, whither the pirates had retreated, as was supposed, in expectation of receiving reinforcements. They prowled for some time unperceived about the entrance of the cove, but Lieutenant Hay, who commanded the guard during the night, no sooner discovered them, than he dashed out at once with the three boats under his command. The pirates instantly cut adrift their canoes and made all sail.

Soon afterwards, fourteen proas, and other small vessels, came in sight, and anchored under shelter of a distant point, on which many persons

were seen to land, when the real situation of our countrymen was unmasked by the discovery of the wreck, which the strangers immediately proceeded to plunder.

The Malays, who had been fully engaged on the wreck during the preceding day, on Saturday morning received a powerful accession of force by the arrival of fourteen more proas. The prospects of our countrymen were in the meanwhile daily becoming more gloomy; their stock of provisions, although the utmost economy was used in the distribution, was diminishing with fearful rapidity; nothing but a few oysters could be obtained on the island; and the time had now passed away, when, according to calculation, relief ought to have arrived from Java. The boats were therefore put into a good state of repair, and a strong raft was constructed, in order to give every facility for escape, in the event of the worst taking place. But notwithstanding these depressing circumstances, a feeling of cheerfulness and content seemed to pervade every mind, and the utmost order continued to prevail.

Having been joined by a large reinforcement during the night of Saturday, the pirates at last began to assume a threatening aspect. At daybreak on Sunday they advanced with the most hideous yells, with about twenty of their largest

vessels, close to the entrance of the landing-place, where they proceeded to anchor, amidst the din of gongs, after firing one of their swivels, at our party ashore. A smaller division was seen about the same time to proceed up a creek at the back of the British position, which rendered our countrymen apprehensive of a surprise in that quarter. This bold movement of the savages was, however, only a demonstration; and the two parties remained looking at each other for some time in a state of preparation, when, finding that the Malays held off from their attack, Captain Maxwell despatched an officer in a boat, a little beyond the mouth of the cove, who waved his hat in an amicable way, to endeavour to ascertain their disposition. An armed canoe, after a considerable pause, advanced to meet him, but nothing could be made out from the demeanour of the savages, who wished to possess themselves of the shirt and trousers belonging to one of the midshipmen in the boat. Near sunset, several of the Malays, who had a few days before been mistaken for friends, advanced towards the landing-place, and gave our countrymen to understand, that the whole of the blockading force, except their party, were exceedingly hostile; and that a general attack was resolved upon when it became dark: they then intimated their wish that a portion of their number

should proceed up the hill, for the purpose of protecting and aiding its defenders. On this treacherous offer being declined, they pulled back to their vessels, from which a wild war-whoop immediately proceeded.

When night set in, the whole of the force being assembled under arms, Captain Maxwell addressed the officers and men in an animating speech, which was received with three deafening cheers from every Briton on the island. It was indeed the anxious wish of every heart that the threatened attack should be made; sixteen hundred ball-cartridges, which had been progressively accumulated, were distributed amongst the various watches; and an alarm, which was purposely given during the night, showed the good effect of preparation, for all were like lightning at their posts, and every one returned growling and disappointed, because the alarm was false.

When the day dawned, it was found that the pirate-force had received a further accession of ten vessels. Their numbers now exceeded six hundred men; and they continued during the morning closely to invest the position as before. The general anxiety at the non-arrival of the looked-for relief, increased in strength each successive hour. "Awful as our situation was," says the historian of the voyage, "and every

instant becoming more so; starvation staring us in the face on one hand, and without hope of mercy from the savages on the other; yet were there no symptoms of depression, or gloomy despair; every mind seemed buoyant; and if any estimate of the general feeling could be collected from countenances, from the manner and expressions of all, there appeared to be formed in every breast a calm determination to dash at them, and be successful, or to fall as became men, in the attempt to become free."

About mid-day, whilst various plans for effecting a decisive night-attack on the pirates were in agitation, a powerful sensation was produced by the report of the officer on the look-out, that a ship was in sight at a great distance to the southward: a dark cloud for some time hid the object of anxiety from the sight, but when it cleared away, every doubt was dispelled by the announcement, that the vessel was standing towards the island, under all sail. The British colours were therefore run up at the top of the loftiest tree on the hill; and it was not long before a sudden movement among the savages denoted that they had also discovered the distant ship. On perceiving this, Captain Maxwell resolved not to hesitate, and instantly gave orders for a simultaneous attack to be made on the blockading force; the

pirates were, however, on the alert, for as soon as the marines emerged from beneath the shade of the mangrove-trees which fringed the harbour, the whole of their vessels made sail, the nearest firing her swivel—fortunately without effect—amongst a party of officers that had dashed after them into the sea; a smart fire was kept up without effeet, till they were out of gunshot, and they soon afterwards disappeared from sight altogether.

The vessel proved to be the "Ternate," one of the East India Company's cruisers. It turned out a providential circumstance that the attack had been made on the pirates; for in consequence of the opposition of the wind and current, the ship was unable to approach nearer than twelve miles of the British position, so that the pirates would have been enabled to have completely cut off all communication with her, had they remained. The island was finally abandoned by our countrymen early on the 7th of March, after a stay of nineteen days, during which, although they were alternately exposed to the influence of a burning sun, and torrents of rain, not a single individual was taken ill.

GLASGOW: PRINTED BY BELL AND BAIN.

STORIES

FROM THE

HISTORY OF ROME,

ADDRESSED TO A LITTLE BOY.

BY LADY SANDFORD.

"Old Rome from such a race derived her birth,
The seat of Empire."—*Dryden's Virgil.*

SECOND EDITION.

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PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

The pleasure I had seen derived by children, from that delightful little volume, entitled "Stories from the History of England,"—and the sorrow I had heard expressed by them, when all these stories were known by heart, first induced me to attempt, as a consolation, this short selection from the History of Rome.

I do not flatter myself that this little book will excite half as much interest among my young readers as its predecessor, but I do hope that it may, in some degree, direct their attention to that portion of ancient history, from which they will afterwards derive so much mental gratification and improvement.

H. C. S.

Glasgow College, *March*, 1832.

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STORIES FROM ROMAN HISTORY.

ROMULUS.

ROME WAS FOUNDED, B.C. 753.—DEATH OF ROMULUS, B.C. 716.

THE city of Rome, which you have so often heard about, was built by Romulus, and was at first nothing more than a village composed of mud cottages surrounded by a low wall.

I must tell you who this Romulus was, who had the honour of founding a city which has been so much talked of as Rome.

He and his twin brother Remus, were the grandsons of Numitor, king of the Latins in Italy.

A cruel uncle, whose name was Amulius, had seized upon their grandfather's crown; and fearing that Romulus and Remus might punish him for this if they were allowed to live, he ordered them to be thrown into the river Tiber.

They were very little babies at this time, and were exposed on the river in their cradle.

The poor little creatures were quite unconscious of their danger, but God protected them through it; for after floating some way down the stream, they were left by the water on the dry bank.

What next became of these children I cannot tell you for certain; some people say, that a she-wolf heard the babies cry, and came and suckled them till they were found by the king's shepherd Faustulus.

This seems a foolish story, but as it was always said that they were nursed by a wolf, other people account for it in a more likely way.

They say that this Faustulus, the shepherd, had a wife who was a passionate bad tempered woman, which made her neighbours call her Wolf, the wolf being a very fierce animal. Now as the shepherd took the children home to her, to be nursed, they think that *she* is the wolf that is meant, and this is much more likely to be the case, than the other story.

This happened a great many hundred years ago, and at that time, people were fond of very strange stories, and believed many things which were not true, so that it is not always easily to understand, what has been written of their history.

Romulus and Remus grew up as shepherds, but

when they were young men their grandfather was restored to his kingdom, and they were received by him with great kindness.

They were very anxious to build a town on the hills where they had lived as shepherds and obtained leave of the old king to do so. He told them what lands they might have, and allowed any of his subjects that chose, to go and help them to build the town, and to live in the new colony.

A colony means a body or number of people, who leave their home, and go together, and settle themselves in another place.

The two brothers went to the banks of the Tiber, that river in which their cruel uncle intended they should have been drowned! and here instead of loving one another, and being thankful for their escape, they very foolishly quarrelled about the exact spot on which their new town should be built.

They had been joined by a number of shepherds. Some of these men took the part of Romulus, and some of Remus, and it ended by the two parties fighting a battle, in which Remus was slain, and it is generally believed that it was his brother who killed him.

Romulus, who was only eighteen years old, now got the whole charge of the people, and immediately began the foundation of a city, which, small

as it was at first, and inhabited by ignorant shepherds, was one day to rule over the whole world.

This town, which was called Rome after Romulus, was then a mile round, and had about eight miles of land belonging to it.

The people all joined in choosing Romulus for their king, and he assisted them in forming laws for their government.

Very wisely seeing that his subjects could not be happy or fortunate, unless they were good, he made them attend to Religion, and taught them to expect other rewards and punishments than those of this world.

What their form of worship was, we cannot now tell, but in those days there were priests, who were called soothsayers, and who pretended to be very wise. They certainly knew more than the people did, but they made them believe that they knew much more than it was possible they could do; for they said that by some signs, which they pretended to see in the flight of birds, or in the insides of beasts, they could teach the people what it was right for them to do, and also tell them what would happen in future times.

We have now got the Bible, which tells us that no one but God, who knows all things, can see what will happen after the present time, but in those days men were ignorant of true religion, and

therefore they believed what the soothsayers told them; and before they went to battle, or began any work, instead of praying to God to bless what they were going about, they applied to the soothsayers to know whether they would be lucky or unlucky.

You must recollect what I now tell you about these priests, for you will hear a great deal about them by-and-by, and see how much often depended upon them, when Rome became a great and powerful city.

When the town was completed, there was found to be nothing but men to live in it, which made them think of looking about for wives.

There were some very brave warlike people who lived near them, called Sabines. Romulus sent messengers to them, to say that his young men wished to marry, and hoped that they would give them their daughters for wives.

So many bad people had however gone to live in Rome, and it was altogether such a new, unknown place, that the Sabines sent Romulus a very rude answer, and would not have any thing to do with his people.

The king and all the Romans were in a great rage at this, but Romulus was very cunning, he never showed how angry he was, but determined to succeed by a trick, as the Sabines would not listen to a civil message.

He ordered a great feast, and bestowed a great deal of trouble to make it very fine.

Just as he expected, the Sabines came with the rest of his neighbours, bringing their daughters with them to see the fine sight.

The people began to play all kinds of games, and in the midst of the sport, a number of young Romans rushed in with drawn swords, and each ran away with the prettiest young Sabine he could see, to make her his wife.

Nothing could be more angry than the Sabines were. They immediately went to war with the Romans, who gained all the battles at first, but after some time, a king of the Sabines came to Rome with a terrible large army, and they and the Romans were killing one another in great numbers, when the battle was stopped in a new and very curious way.

All the women who had been run away with by the Romans appeared in the field; their hair hanging about their shoulders, and in the greatest possible distress at seeing their fathers and brothers fighting with their husbands. They flew to them and entreated them rather to kill them, than their friends; and showed such signs of grief, that neither party could refuse them, and they were persuaded to forgive each other all that was past.

The Romans in this way got some very powerful

friends, and Romulus added a great deal of land to what already belonged to Rome.

All this good fortune however made Romulus very proud, and he would not submit to the laws he had formerly made.

The people therefore rose up against him, and after reigning thirty-seven years he was put to death. How he was killed is not known, for they hid his dead body, and it was never afterwards found.



FIGHT BETWEEN THE HORATII AND CURIATII.

B.C. 667.

TULLUS HOSTILIUS DIED, B.C. 640.

TULLUS HOSTILIUS, who was chosen by the Romans as their third king, was a very brave man, and as fond of leading his people to battle as Romulus had been.

The first war that took place in his reign, occasioned one of the most remarkable battles that ever was fought.

The Albans were amongst the nearest neighbours the Romans had, and there were many reasons why it was natural that they should be friendly towards each other:—but disputes arose between their shepherds in the first place, which led to a general quarrel—and war was at length declared between the states.

The armies met in a valley about five miles from Rome, where they were drawn out in battle array. They were anxiously waiting for the signal to attack each other, when the Alban general astonished both sides, by stepping out between the

armies, and proposing that their dispute should be decided by single combat.

The Romans and the Albans were so much related amongst each other, that this was a very happy thought—and it was received with joy by the Roman king and his people. Each Roman hoped to be chosen as the happy man who should decide his country's quarrel.

A number of valiant men offered themselves, but no one could be fixed on, in preference to another, when a curious discovery was made. It was found that in each army, there were three twin brothers—all remarkable for their courage, strength, and activity—the Roman brothers were called Horatii, and the Albans Curiatii.

When this was known, it was directly settled to commit the cause of the two countries to these six men; and both armies came under a solemn promise to submit, if their champions were vanquished. The combatants were then led out, encouraged by the prayers and shouts of their friends. They were reminded of their former victories, and that their fathers, their countrymen, and even their gods, beheld their conduct.

The people then expected to have seen them rush upon one another, but they first laid down their arms, and embraced each other, with every mark of friendship.

However, when the signal was given, both sides engaged with the most desperate courage, and quite forgot their own safety in the hope of serving their country.

The armies, in fear and silence, watched every blow, and would willingly have shared the danger. The victory was for a long time uncertain, when at length the Romans lost all hope: they saw two of their champions lying dead on the field, and the three Curiatii, though all wounded, slowly pursuing the last of the Horatii, who seemed by flight to be begging for mercy.

The Alban army, overjoyed at this sight, raised a loud shout; while the Romans, enraged at the cowardice of their champion, could only look on with shame. The triumph of the Albans did not, however, last long, for it was soon seen, that the Roman's flight was only a trick, to separate his enemies; as he had no chance of conquering, while they remained all together.

They pursued him as quickly as their wounds allowed them, and when he saw they were at some distance from each other he turned quickly round upon the one who was nearest, and laid him dead at his feet. The next brother who came up, shared the same fate, and then only one of the Curiatii remained to be conquered. He, poor man, was so fatigued and severely wounded, that he came

slowly on, and was killed almost without making any resistance.

The Romans were now the acknowledged victors, and were justly proud of their young hero; but I am sorry to tell you, that before night, he drew upon himself the anger of the senate, and the reproach of every good man.

When he returned in triumph from the field, surrounded by rejoicings, he found his sister in tears and lamenting the death of one of the Curiatii, to whom she was engaged to be married. He cruelly expected that even she would have rejoiced in her country's freedom, and when besides weeping, she upbraided him for the loss of her lover, he became so provoked, that in his passion he stabbed her to the heart.

The magistrates would have punished him for this wicked action, but he called upon the people, whom he had so lately saved, and he procured his pardon.

Tullus Hostilius now joined the territories of the Albans to Rome; but finding that they were making ready to revolt against his authority, he convicted their general Metius Suffetius of treason, and condemened him to a most dreadful death. He was barbarously torn to pieces by horses.

That he might have no more trouble with Alba, Tullus then caused that city to be completely destroyed, and sent all the inhabitants to live in Rome.

TULLIA.

B.C. 534.

TARQUIN EXPELLED, B.C 509.

Tullia, of whom I am now going to tell you, was one of the most cruel and unnatural women that ever lived.

She was a daughter of Servius Tullius, the sixth king of Rome, who was a very good man, and governed his people with great justice and attention to their happiness.

This Tullia and her sister were given in marriage by their father to the two grandsons of Tarquin, the last king.

It so happened that Tullia's husband was very good, and his brother was as bad as Tullia herself.

The two wicked people, therefore, liked one another much better than they did their own husband and wife, and ended by murdering them.

Instead of being shocked at what they had done, and hating one another for the crimes they had

committed, they married, and began to lay plans for getting rid of the good old king Servius.

Lucius Tarquin (this was the bad man's name,) tried to persuade the people that he ought to be king himself, because his grandfather had been, and that Tullia's father had no right to the crown.

But Servius had been so kind to them, and done so much good to Rome, that they were not at all anxious to change him for another.

The unnatural Tullia urged her husband to continue his wicked plans, and he was very willing to listen to her bad advice.

He told the old people how much his family had done for them, and to the young he gave a number of presents, promising many more if ever they made him king.

At length he saw, that by his cunning behaviour he had gained a good many friends, and hoping for their support, he went to the senate, dressed in royal robes, and there seated himself upon the throne.

He began a speech that he had prepared, but in the middle of it, the real king came in, and seeing his place so rudely taken, he tried to push the usurper from his seat.

But, alas! he was an old feeble man, and Tarquin, who was young and strong, easily threw him down the steps which led to the throne.

The poor old king, seeing his danger, tried to

get back to his own palace, but the followers of Tarquin killed him by the way, and threw his bleeding, disfigured body, into the middle of the street—for all the crowd to stare at.

Tullia knew what her husband meant to do, and hearing that the king was really dead, she was so impatient to be the first to wish Tarquin joy, that she ordered her chariot to drive her to the senate house, where all the people were shocked to see this wicked woman's delight.

This was not all; for, on her return, she came to the place where her poor old father was lying on the street, a bleeding corpse.

Her charioteer, surprised and grieved to see the dreadful sight, was going to turn another way, when this inhuman daughter, flying in a passion with the man, threw her footstool at his head, and made him drive over the dead body.

I have little more to tell you about this shocking Tullia; but you will not be surprised to hear, that the Romans did not escape unpunished, for preferring a murderer to the good old Servius, who had governed them so well for forty-four years.

Knowing that every good man must hate him, and that he could not govern the people by their love or their respect, Tarquin became at once a cruel tyrant.

He caused all the friends of the old king to be put to death; and, being in constant fear of being

murdered himself, he got a great many guards to watch his person.

Not to let the people have time to think what a bad man he was, he kept them as busy as possible. He occupied them away from home in making war with his neighbours, and in Rome in erecting public buildings.

One great work was finished in this reign, which was, building the capitol; a magnificent castle or fort, placed on a very steep hill in Rome.

It was begun by the first Tarquin, and was two hundred feet long, two hundred feet high, and nearly two hundred feet broad.

This shows what a change had taken place in Rome, since the days when Romulus' palace was only a cottage made of mud.

The time at last came when the Romans were to get rid of Tarquin and his wicked family.

His cruel conduct had made him many enemies: so once, when he was absent from Rome with the army, Junius Brutus got all the gates of the city shut; and collecting the people together, repeated to them all the crimes that Tarquin had committed.

Some of these they did not know before, and when they heard of them, they were so furious that Brutus easily got the senate to pass a law, that Tarquin and his whole family should be banished from Rome for ever.

What made the people listen with much attention to Brutus was their surprise to hear him speak like other men, for they had always believed him mad.

Tarquin had murdered his father and brother, and Brutus, being afraid that he would be put to death too, pretended to be an idiot.

As he was considered quite harmless, he was kept about the king's palace, to make sport for his sons.

But Brutus only waited for a right time to be revenged, and that was now come.

Tarquin, when he heard what was going on in Rome against him, hurried home, in hopes of keeping the people in order.

But he found the gates shut, and nothing but armed men on the walls.

He then returned to the camp; but the soldiers having heard from Brutus that he was banished from Rome, they refused to receive him.

So he was obliged to go with his family and live in a small town a long way off.

This Tarquin the proud was the seventh and last king of Rome.

He had been so wicked and cruel, that the Romans were afraid of having any more kings, and they were governed, for some time afterwards, by Consuls and other magistrates.

All this happened two hundred and forty-four years after Romulus had founded Rome.

PORSENNA.

B.C. 508.

When the wicked Tarquin was banished from Rome for his crimes, he did not at all despair of getting back the crown, but immediately set about making new friends, that they might assist him in regaining it.

The most powerful of these, was Porsenna, king of Etruria; who undertook his quarrel, and succeeded in distressing the Romans for a long time, though Tarquin did not gain any thing by it.

Porsenna arrived before Rome with a large army, which filled the city with terror, for he was famous as a warrior, and the Romans, though brave soldiers themselves, had not at that time any great general to command them.

The senate saw their danger, and felt that they must do something to procure the love of the people, or else they could not depend upon their obedience. They therefore began by excusing the citizens paying any taxes, and afterwards they bought up

a quantity of corn, which they sold to them at a very low price, and this kindness pleased them so much, that every man declared he would defend Rome to the last, or die upon its ruins.

Porsenna urged on the siege with great vigour, and soon made a furious attack upon the city, which he must have taken, had it not been for the remarkable courage of a young soldier, called Horatius Cocles.

The Consuls,—as the chief magistrates of Rome, after the expulsion of the king, were named,—had been wounded while leading out their troops, and the besiegers, having put the Romans to flight, were pursuing them into the town, when they were stopped in a very unexpected manner. Just as they were rushing onwards, and all appeared lost for the Romans, Cocles, who had been placed as sentinel at the bridge, boldly resolved to oppose their passage.

He placed himself in an attitude of defence, and, assisted by two other men only, he succeeded in beating off the assailants, till the bridge was broken down behind him.

When he found that there was no longer a way for the enemy to pass, he threw himself into the Tiber, and, though he was loaded with arms, he swam in safety to the shore, where he was received by his fellow soldiers, with shouts of applause.

Still Porsenna was determined to make himself master of Rome, and though he soon afterwards lost five hundred of his men in another skirmish, he



did not despair, but laid a plan to starve the inhabitants, and so oblige them to give up their town.

The distress and misery of the Romans was very great, and soon became more than they could bear. There appeared no hope left for them, but quickly to give themselves up to Porsenna, when another act of courage, even greater than that of Coeles, again saved Rome.

Mutius, a youth of fearless bravery, seeing hundreds starving around him, and that Porsenna was intent upon their destruction, resolved upon giving up his own life, to rid his countrymen of so powerful an enemy.

For this purpose, he dressed himself like an Etrurian peasant, and, so disguised, mixed with the army of the besiegers, intending to kill their king, or die in the attempt.

He found his way to the place where Porsenna was paying his troops, with a secretary at his side, but mistaking this officer for his master, he stabbed him to the heart. Mutius was of course immediately seized, and detained before the king, who demanded to know who he was, and what could lead him to commit so dreadful an action.

Mutius, without any concealment, told Porsenna that he was a Roman, and that his intention had been to kill him, and not the secretary; at the same time he thrust his right hand into a fire, that burnt upon an altar before him, and exclaimed, "You see how little I regard the severest punishments your cruelty could inflict upon me; a Roman knows how to act, and how to suffer. I am not the only one you have to fear; three hundred of the Roman youth have, like me, conspired to destroy you, therefore be prepared."

Porsenna was quite amazed at so much heroism,

and being himself of a noble and generous mind, he delighted in rewarding this young man's valour, and sent him safely back to Rome. He also offered the Romans conditions of peace, and as the terms were neither severe nor disgraceful, they were accepted with joy.

Many noble families, however, had cause to remember with sorrow the war that was passed, for twenty young Romans of both sexes, were torn from their happy homes, and sent as hostages to a strange land, to secure the faith of their countrymen.



CORIOLANUS.

MURDERED BY THE VOLSCIANS, B.C. 488.

THERE was once a young Roman named Coriolanus, who was kind and generous in his disposition by nature, but his father died when he was in his infancy, and his mother Veturia, by not correcting him soon enough of his faults, allowed him to grow up proud, passionate and obstinate.

This story is a lesson to all little children to be grateful for the early instructions of their friends, and to remember the words of the Bible, which teaches to return good for evil.

It frequently happened in Rome that there were violent quarrels going on between the nobles and the common people, who were distinguished by the names of Patricians and Plebeians. Coriolanus was a patrician, and though he was a brave and good soldier, and often showed the generosity of his nature, he behaved so haughtily to the plebeians, that he was generally hated by them.

At one time, so much disorder had been occa-

sioned by constant disturbances, that the people had neglected to cultivate their lands, which brought on an alarming famine. The senators were obliged to send to many different countries for food, and at last they got plenty of corn; but this was only a fresh cause of dispute, for they could not agree among themselves, at what price it was to be sold to the people. There were many different opinions. Coriolanus was the most violent in insisting, that no corn should be sold to the people at all till they consented to give up certain privileges, which they had lately forced from the senate. This advice, though given for the safety of the state, enraged the starving plebeians so much, that they wished to attack the whole body of the senators. Their leaders restrained this violence, but pointed out Coriolanus as a fit object for their fury.

They immediately demanded that he should be thrown headlong from the Tarpeian Rock, which was a dreadful punishment at that time in Rome. The senate absolutely refused to allow this, but the people continued so determined, accusing Coriolanus of wishing to make himself a tyrant, that at last they were obliged to consent to his being tried.

When the day arrived, the greatest anxiety was felt in Rome, and crowds came from all the country round about, to attend the trial. Coriolanus felt quite secure in his innocence, and made a most

bold and noble defence. He reminded his countrymen of all the battles he had fought for Rome, showed them the many crowns which had been given to him by his general, as rewards of his valour, and ended by exhibiting the wounds which covered his body.

Many citizens were present, whose lives Coriolanus had saved, and these called loudly that so brave a man deserved a triumph rather than a trial. The crowd were on the point of declaring him innocent, when one of their tribunes or magistrates rose, and by his speech turned all their fury once more against Coriolanus. Their votes were then taken, and he was most unjustly condemned to be banished from Rome for life.

The plebeians thought this such a victory over the patricians, that they were quite overjoyed; while the senate was in the deepest sorrow at the sentence passed upon their bravest defender. Coriolanus was the only one who showed in his behaviour neither joy nor sorrow; he returned with composure to his house, followed by hundreds of the citizens, who were loudly lamenting his fate. Here he bid a tender farewell to his wife, his children, and his mother Veturia; he recommended them all to the care of heaven, and left his ungrateful country in silence and without a friend.

I wish the story ended here, or that I could tell

you that Coriolanus had borne his injuries with meekness: but, alas! while he appeared so calm, the dreadful passion of revenge was working at his heart, and he determined, if possible, to punish his enemies, even at the risk of causing his country's ruin.

As he wandered from Rome, he formed the plan of joining her enemies, the Volscians, and directed his steps to a city called Antium, where their great leader Tullus Attius, commanded. He entered the the town by night, and went straight to the house of Tullus, where he seated himself near the hearth by the household gods; which was a place the heathens considered sacred, and where their greatest enemy was safe.

Tullus, who was told that a very noble looking stranger had taken refuge in his house, came to ask him his name and business. Coriolanus told him who he was, and added, "I am banished from Rome for being a friend to it, I am come to take refuge here, where I have ever been an enemy. If you are willing to make use of my services you shall find me grateful. If you are willing to revenge the injuries I have done, behold me prepared."

Tullus immediately took up Coriolanus' quarrel, and soon afterwards they were both made generals of the Volscians in a war against Rome. Victory followed Coriolanus wherever he went, he took one

town belonging to the Romans after another, and the Volscians were so fond of him as a leader, that they left their cities without defenders, to follow him to battle. He gave them up the lands of the plebeians to be ravaged without mercy, but allowed none of those belonging to the senate to be touched.

At last when he found every thing yield to him, Coriolanus brought his whole great army under the walls of Rome: his injuries had hardened his heart, and forgetting all love to his native city, and the home of his wife and children, he resolved to besiege the town.

Nothing but terror and confusion was in Rome; the people looked from the walls, and beheld the enemy destroying their fields, and thought that in a short time they would force their way within the gates. Overcome with fear they sent a deputation to Coriolanus, offering to recall the sentence of banishment against him, if he would draw his army away from Rome. But he told them sternly that he was now general of the Volscians, with only their good to care for, and that if the Romans desired to have peace, they must immediately give back all the cities they had taken from them.

These terms were thought dishonourable, and occasioned so much more distress than there had ever been before, that it appeared, as if the whole

wisdom and courage of Rome had been banished from it with Coriolanus.

Several other deputations were sent from the city with as little success as the first, when at length it was thought that the tears of his wife, and the commands of his mother, might soften the heart of Coriolanus. Veturia, who knew her son's temper, was very unwilling to undertake the embassy; but she was persuaded to go, and left the city with Volumnia his wife, his two children, and many of the prineipal matrons of Rome.

Coriolanus, who saw the mournful train approach, resolved to be as firm as ever, in denying their entreaties, and called all his officers round him that they might see his resolution. But when he heard that his wife and mother were in the procession, he instantly came down from his seat and advanced to embrace them.

The meeting you may believe was a most affecting one. Volumnia and his children hung about him, weeping and imploring his pity, and his mother spoke to him both with entreaty and reproaches.

This was more than the fortitude even of Coriolanus could stand; he began to waver, and when at last he saw Veturia on her kness before him, he flew to raise her up, erying aloud, "Oh! my mother, you have saved Rome, but you have lost your son."

He immediately gave orders for the army to withdraw from Rome, and pretended to his officers, that the city was too strong to be taken; but Tullus would not allow this to be believed. This general had long been jealous of his victories, and accused him of treachery to the Volscians.

It is generally thought that they rose up in a tumult against Coriolanus, and put him to death.



SICCIUS DENTATUS.

MURDERED, B.C. 450.

THE story of Siccius Dentatus is a short one, but it will show you a striking instance of Roman valour, and of unrewarded merit.

At one time, when there were great complaints made in Rome, about the soldiers being very badly paid, Dentatus, who had grown grey in the service of his country, was brought forward, that he might relate all he had done and suffered for Rome, while he was allowed to remain a poor and destitute old man.

He told the people that he had been in the wars for forty years, and that he had fought in one hundred and twenty battles.

He had received innumerable prizes for his valour; among which were nine, for killing his enemy in single combat.

Besides this, he had received forty-five wounds,

all in front: which showed that he had always bravely faced his enemies.

With all these claims to reward, he was allowed to grow old, in poverty and want.

This story made the people more angry than ever with the patricians, who had kept all the spoils won by the soldiers with their blood.

But an enemy coming towards the walls of Rome, took away their attention, at that time, from their grievances, and they prepared to go to battle.

In this war Dentatus gained more honour than the Consul who commanded.

He was, however, as little afraid of telling the magistrates when they did wrong, as he was of going into battle, and this boldness was at last the cause of his death.

Appius, an exceedingly wicked tyrant, who was one of the Decemvirs, or governors of Rome at that time, particularly disliked Dentatus, as he was afraid of his influence with the people.

At one time when they were at war, he pretended to do the old soldier a great favour, and sent him to the army on a very honourable office.

But Appius knew that he was sending him into great danger, for the generals hated Dentatus as much as he did, and had determined to get rid of him, on the first possible opportunity.

Accordingly, when he reached the army, they

pretended to ask his advice, and sent him, with a guard of soldiers, to look for a good place where they might encamp.

But these men, who they pretended should protect him, were murderers; and they led poor Dentatus away to a lonely mountain.

When they got him to this retired place, away from all his friends, like cowards they began to attack him from behind.



He now saw the treachery of the generals, and determined to sell his life as dearly as he could.

He put his back to a rock, and, although he was

now an old man, he defended himself in a most wonderful manner.

He killed no less than fifteen of the soldiers, and wounded thirty, with his own hand.

The assassins looked at him with fear and surprise to see his great courage and activity.

Being afraid to go near him any more, they threw their spears at him from a distance.

This had no better success, for he caught them all on his shield, and remained safe.

At last they took a new way of attacking him: they got up on the top of the rock he was leaning against, and threw down large stones upon him.

Such cowardly treatment, the poor old soldier could not guard himself against, and this was the way in which they succeeded in killing him.



FURIUS CAMILLUS.

VEII TAKEN, B C. 395.—ROME TAKEN BY THE GAULS, B.C. 389 — DEATH OF CAMILLUS, B C. 365.

CAMILLUS was a brave Roman and a very skilful man in battle.

I am going to tell you some parts of his history, which will show how great a general he was, and others which will make you say that he was a very good man.

The Romans had been at one time nine years in trying to take a strong city in Italy, called Veii. And as in so long a siege, you may believe there were many men killed, and much money spent; they were at last very unhappy at this useless war.

Before they gave up all thoughts of succeeding, they determined to try what Camillus could do for them, for they knew his courage and abilities.

He was therefore made their commander, and the people flocked to him in great numbers, that they might fight under him.

He began by taking several other towns, and then went with all his soldiers to Veii.

When he arrived there he was not surprised that the Romans had not been able to take it, as he found it a very strong place indeed, and did not know at first how he could manage to get possession of it.

At last he thought of a plan, which, though it caused a great deal of dreadfully hard work for his men, succeeded in the end.

This was nothing less than cutting a road under ground, which passed below the houses, and came out in the very middle of the fortress, the strongest part of the town.

When he had finished this great work he sent to Rome to tell the senate, that all who wished to have part of the plunder of Veii, must come immediately to the army.

He directed his men how to get into the secret passage, and to the wonder and confusion of the people of Veii, who thought themselves quite safe, they saw their town filled with armed Romans.

When Camillus returned home after this victory over a town, which had been the great rival of Rome, he made himself many enemies, by going through the city in triumph, in the same way the kings had formerly done.

He had his chariot drawn by four milk-white horses, which were considered by the superstitious people to be sacred to their gods.

Several other things made them very angry with him, but still, two years afterwards, when a neighbouring nation, the Falisci, came, as they often did, to make war against Rome, they were very glad to get Camillus, to take the command of their armies again.

He was as fortunate as usual, but the reason I tell you this part of his story is, because he has, with justice, been more praised for his noble conduct on this occasion, than for all his victories.

While he was besieging Falerii, the chief city of the enemy, a schoolmaster, who had the care of the children of many of the great men of the place, contrived to decoy them all into the Roman camp.

This wretch, expecting a reward from Camillus for his treachery, told him that he had brought these children to him, as by keeping them or threatening to kill them, he would be sure of making the inhabitants give up their city.

Camillus, who I told you was kind and generous, was quite surprised and indignant at this man's wickness.

He was not only offering to betray his fellow-citizens, but was giving up the innocent little children, whom it was his duty to have protected!

After telling the schoolmaster what a wicked, base man he was, Camillus ordered him to be stripped, his hands tied behind his back, and to be whipped back into the town by his own scholars.

This noble conduct on the part of Camillus delighted the inhabitants of Falerii so much, that they opened their gates to him, leaving him to make his own terms.

He merely asked for a sum of money, which he gave to his soldiers, and took the Falisci into friendship with Rome.

Instead of rewarding Camillus for what he had done for them, his enemies in Rome no sooner saw the danger over, than they began to accuse him of new faults.

He was quite tired of their ingratitude, and hearing that he was going to be tried, he was resolved to banish himself.

He embraced his wife and children, and only praying that his country might one day be sensible of how ill it had used him, he went away to a small town, not very far from Rome.

The people were quite delighted with what they had done to Camillus, but they very soon repented of it; for they had driven away their general, who had fought so well for them, and now the worst enemy they ever had was coming against them.

This was the Gauls, a set of barbarians, who inhabited the country now called France.

They were nothing better than wild men, very tall and strong, and most fierce, ugly looking creatures.

They were terrible in battle; but their fierce looks, with their half naked bodies, frightened their enemies almost as much as their savage strength and courage.

Two hundred years before the time of this story, a great many of these Gauls had come over the mountains, to settle in the north of Italy, and the delightful warm climate, and fine wines, had induced them to remain there.

They not only themselves took away the fruitful lands from the inhabitants, but they were always sending to invite more of their fierce countrymen, to come and follow their example.

A whole body of these wild men, newly arrived from their own country, were now hastening to attack Rome, headed by their king, Brennus.

The Romans did not know what to do, and they would have given any thing to have got back Camillus.

They were obliged to collect their army the best way they could, and went out to meet the Gauls.

A bloody battle was fought, and the Romans were entirely defeated.

Very few returned to Rome to tell the sad tale, which spread terror through the city.

All the soldiers that were left, shut themselves up in the Capitol, that strong fortress, built by Tarquin, which I told you of before.

The old men, women, and poor little children, either fled to the towns in the neighbourhood, or remained in despair, to be murdered by the enemy.

The most remarkable sight was the priests and old senators, who resolved to die for the crime of the people.

They dressed themselves in their beautiful robes of state, and seating themselves on their ivory chairs, which were placed in one of the streets, they thus waited for the enemy's approach.

Had the Gauls come straight to Rome after the battle, they would easily have got the Capitol and every thing else into their possession, but they remained rioting, and feasting like savages among their dead enemies, and so gave the Romans time to get a little the better of their fright.

On the third day, king Brennus entered Rome with his army.

He found the gates open, the streets empty, and the old priests and senators sitting like statues, on their ivory chairs.

Their splendid dresses and venerable looks, made Brennus at first think that they were the images which the Romans worshipped as their gods.

But a soldier going to stroke the beard of one of the senators—the old man lifted up his ivory sceptre, and struck the savage to the ground.

Upon this, the Gauls flew upon them and killed

them all, with every one else who came in their way.

For three days, these fierce creatures went on murdering old and young; after that, they set fire to the town, and burned every house to the ground.

Nothing was now left of Rome, but the Capitol on its high rock.

All the beautiful buildings, which had made the Romans so proud of their city, were gone; and not only these, but many neighbouring towns also, were burned down by these terrible people.

King Brennus now set his heart upon taking the Capitol, and surrounded it with his army,

For six months the poor Romans were shut up in this place.

The food they had taken up with them was almost all done, and they saw nothing before them but speedy death.

While they were in this sad way, they were surprised one day, by seeing a man climbing up the rock to them. You may imagine how rejoiced they were to find that this was a messenger from their friends.

He told them he came from Camillus, whom they had used so cruelly, and that this generous man, forgiving all their injuries, had got an army together, and was ready to come to relieve them, if they would desire him to do so.

The Romans were at once delighted and confounded by this noble conduct, and they could hardly believe that Camillus, whom they had turned out of their city, was now willing to come to save them from death.

In the mean time the Gauls knew nothing of all this and thought the people must soon give up the Capitol from starvation. The Romans, to deceive them, for they had very little food left, threw several loaves into the enemy's camp, pretending to have plenty to spare.

This vexed the king of the Gauls extremely, and he began to think what he could do next, when some of his men came to tell him that they had found a way, by which they could climb up the Tarpeian rock, on which the Capitol was built, and get into the fortress. Brennus was very glad to hear this, but said, that nothing must be done till it was dark.

Accordingly, when it was night, he chose the bravest and most active of his people, and sent them upon this dangerous expedition. They found it great labour, and very difficult indeed, to climb up the rock, but at last they got to the top.

All was quiet: the foolish sentinel, who ought to have been watching, was fast asleep, and so were the dogs too, I suppose, for they did not bark, to tell that danger was near.

The Gauls now felt sure of victory; they were climbing on the top of the very wall, and in a few moments more would have been within the fortress, when the Romans were awoke by——what do you think? the gabbling of a flock of geese. The soldiers flew to their swords, and one of them, called Manlius, gave the rest courage by his example. He ran to the wall, and seizing hold of a Gaul with each hand, hurled them both headlong down the rock.

A very short time now served to clear the walls, and thanks to the geese, the Roman Capitol was saved.

Soon after this, Camillus arrived with his army and gained a complete victory over the Gauls, who fled before him. The Romans, disheartened by the burning of Rome, wished to desert the place, and go and live at Veii; but Camillus entreated them not to forsake the home of their fathers, and by kind language, he persuaded them to set about rebuilding the town. From this he has been called the second founder of Rome.

I must now finish this long story: when you are older you will read more about Camillus, and see that he went on fighting for the Romans, and being very ill treated by them, till he was a very old man.

When he was eighty years of age, he died of the plague.

TITUS MANLIUS.

B.C. 339.

THE Romans prided themselves so much on their strict and impartial justice, that they were sometimes guilty of great severity in their punishments. The sad story of young Titus Manlius, is a striking proof of this.

He was the son of Torquatus Manlius, and remarkable for the love he bore his father, and for his great bravery.

While Torquatus was Consul, an engagement took place with the Latins, in which he and the other Consul commanded. As the Latins were near neighbours of the Romans, and their habits, dress, and language were nearly the same, there was great danger that confusion would take place in the battle, unless very strict order was kept.

Torquatus therefore commanded that no soldier should leave his place in the ranks, for any reason whatever, and declared at the same time, that if any man did so, he should surely be put to death.

Both armies were drawn out, and ready to begin the battle, when Metius, the general of the Latins, rode forward and offered to fight with any Roman Knight in single combat.

For a long time there was no notice taken of this challenge, as no soldier dared to disobey orders by leaving his place, but in an unlucky moment young Manlius, ashamed to see the whole army of the Romans appear as if they were cowards, boldly went out to fight with Metius.

The soldiers, on both sides, anxiously gazed at the fierce battle which followed. The champions drove their horses furiously together, and both fought with great valour; but Manlius having the good fortune to kill his enemy's horse, succeeded in laying Metius dead at his feet.

He immediately took off the armour of the Latin, and returned in triumph to his father's tents.

The whole army hailed him with applause, but not knowing how he should be received by his father, he approached him with fear, and modestly laid the enemy's spoils at his feet.

But the Consul soon made him fearfully aware of his fault, he turned his head away from him, and desired him to be led out in the sight of the whole army.

Torquatus Manlius then spoke aloud to his unhappy son, in a severe voice, but still with tears

in his eyes. He told him that he had neither regarded the dignity of the consulship, nor the commands of his father, and that as he had set an example of disobedience to his countrymen, he must die as a warning to them.

The cruel man then ordered his poor son to be bound and put to death.

The Roman army were struck with horror at this dreadful sentence, fear kept them silent for a time, but when they saw their young hero's head struck off, and his blood streaming on the ground, they filled the air with their angry cries and lamentations.

His dead body was carried through the camp, along with the spoils of his conquered enemy, and he was afterwards buried with tears of affection, and every mark of military honour.

The battle was in the meantime begun, and Torquatus gained a complete victory, but when he returned in triumph to Rome, he was met only by old people, the young citizens refusing to show him any honour, after the cruel way in which he had treated his gallant son Titus.



REGULUS.

FIRST PUNIC WAR.

THE FIRST PUNIC WAR LASTED FROM 264 TO 241 YEARS B.C.

REGULUS was the greatest Roman warrior of his time, and was most remarkable for the extreme love he bore to his country. When I have told his history, you will see that he not only fought most bravely for it, but willingly suffered and died for its good cause.

Before you can understand this story, however, I must tell you the cause of the first great war with Carthage, in which Regulus was of so much service to Rome, both as a soldier and a friend.

The Romans had, at this time, overcome all their rivals in Italy, and never being so happy as when they were at war, they began to think of going forth to conquer foreign countries.

The Island of Sicily was, then, the place which chiefly supplied them with corn, and they thought it would be a very good thing to get the entire

possession of a country which would be so useful to them; the greater part of the island, however, belonged to Carthage, a powerful city on the coast of Africa, and there was one very great difficulty in the way of their going to war with that state.

This was, that they were obliged to cross the sea, and the Carthaginians were complete masters of it; they had a large fleet of ships, which they knew how to manage, while the Romans had not one single vessel, or any sailors. They boldly, however, declared war against Carthage, and contrived to send an army over to Sicily, some people think, upon rafts of wood. In whatever way they got over, they were very successful when they arrived there, and all greatly owing to the conduct and courage of Regulus.

The Romans, however, saw that they would have to fight a long time for Sicily, while Carthage was so powerful at home; they therefore determined to carry the war into Africa.

Sicily was so near to Italy, that there was little danger in crossing over to it in their rude vessels; but to go to Africa, they had a great deal of water to pass; and therefore it was quite necessary to have a number of large ships; besides this, they were obliged to be prepared to fight their enemies by sea, as well as upon land.

Most luckily for the Romans, who did not know

how to set about building a ship, a vessel belonging to Carthage was, at this time, driven on the Italian shore by a storm; these clever people immediately took it for a model, and built three hundred like it. In this fleet they sent their two Consuls, Regulus and Manlius, to Africa, accompanied by one hundred and forty thousand men.

The Carthaginians came out to meet them, upon the sea, with as many ships, and with better sailors, and must have vanquished the Romans, had it not been for a very clever contrivance of theirs. This was grappling irons, things which fastened two ships together, and enabled the Roman soldiers to get at their enemies, and fight with them as if they had been upon dry land.

The Carthaginians, who were not accustomed to this way of fighting at sea, lost fifty-four of their ships, and were quite defeated. The Romans then went straight to Africa, where they landed, and took a town with twenty thousand prisoners.

Regulus was not long arrived in this new country, before he met with a very extraordinary and unexpected enemy; this was an enormous serpent, which lay on the bank of a river, near which he was encamped, and attacked his men when they went down to draw water. The frightful animal was one hundred and twenty feet long, covered with great thick scales which no swords could get through,

and what was still worse, it sent out a dreadful poisonous air from its mouth.

The boldest of the troops were sent to attack it, as it lay watching by the side of the river, but it either devoured them with its great jaws, or wound its tail round them, and crushed them to death. The soldiers were quite disheartened, and said they would rather meet the whole Carthaginian army, than fight with this huge monster.

For a long time it seemed quite uncertain who would get the victory, the Romans or the serpent; when Regulus determined to try a machine against it, which was used for breaking down the walls of cities. The serpent still went on killing numbers of men, when at last a large stone, thrown from the engine, broke its back, and then it could not move any more. The soldiers now soon killed it, and Regulus was as happy as if he had gained a battle; he sent the serpent's skin to Rome, where it was preserved for many hundred years afterwards.

The Carthaginians were now much alarmed at the Romans coming so near to the town of Carthage, their capital, and sent out an army against Regulus; this he not only defeated, but took eighty of their towns besides, so that they were quite in despair. Being without any commander of their own, who could defend them against Regulus, they sent to

Greece to beg for assistance of a great general there, called Xantippus. They also proposed to make peace with Rome, but Regulus required them to give up so many cities and prisoners, before he would consent to go away, that they determined rather to fight a little longer, than let him have so much. They were very glad indeed afterwards that they had decided so; for while they were making ready once more for war, Xantippus arrived from Greece, and filled them again with courage. He led them out against the Romans, who were this time completely beaten, and Regulus himself was taken prisoner.

All was now joy and delight at Carthage; the victory was quite unexpected, and they could not stare enough at Xantippus, who had come so far to show them how to defeat their great enemy Regulus. Their gratitude did not, however, last long; after their first joy was over, they were so wicked as to hate Xantippus for the very good he had done them, and to be angry that they owed so great a victory to a stranger. Xantippus, who saw their ingratitude, asked them for a ship that he might return home; this they gave him, but some historians say, that they were so very envious and treacherous, that they desired the sailors to throw him and his companions over board: this, however, was not done.

The Romans suffered a great many losses about this time; although they now knew how to build ships, their sailors had little experience, and they were quite unacquainted with all the rocks and dangerous places along the coasts where they sailed. They first lost a whole fleet in a storm, and after they had the patience to build a second one, that was lost too by their running upon quicksands.

As for the Carthaginians, though they had gained the battle under Xantippus, they had suffered so much before, that they still wished for peace; and thinking that the Romans, after their losses, would give them easier terms than formerly, they resolved to send ambassadors to Rome.

Poor Regulus had now been a prisoner for four years, during which time he had been kept chained in a dungeon. The Carthaginians naturally supposed that he would therefore be more anxious for peace than any one else, and determined, as a sure and cunning way of obtaining their own terms, to send him with the ambassadors to Rome, that he might recommend his countrymen not to continue the war. They released him from his prison; and before he set out, told him, that if he succeeded in procuring peace, they would give him his liberty, but that if he could not prevail upon the Romans to do what the people of Carthage wanted, he should lose his life; and they made him promise to

come back, unless peace was settled between them.

When the Romans heard that their old general was approaching Rome with the ambassadors, the whole town rejoieed, and numbers of his friends went out to meet him and wished him joy on his return; they also wanted to lead him to his house, to share the happiness of his family; but this Regulus refused. With melaneholy in his looks he told them that he was no longer a free Roman, but a slave belonging to Carthage, and that he could not even go within their gates.

It was the eustom to receive ambassadors outside of the walls, and there the senators met the Carthaginians. Regulus, as had been agreed upon, spoke first, and delivered the message from Carthage, whieh was eonfirmed by the ambassadors.

The Romans, I must tell you, were as tired of war as the Carthaginians, and were very glad to hear them talk of peace: they all thought that the two states had fought long enough; and that they should aceept any offer whieh would give them rest, and restore to them their brave old general, who was so mueh loved by the people. The senators all gave this opinion, and it only remained for Regulus to speak.

To their great surprise, instead of desiring peaee, and being too happy to get rid of his chains, he

advised the Romans to continue the war. He assured them that the Carthaginians were in much distress; that their money was nearly spent; their soldiers worn out with fatigue; and that their nobles were all quarrelling with one another. He told them further, that they had themselves taken prisoners all the best Carthaginian generals, and that it was as much for the interest as the honour of Rome, that they should continue the war: he ended by reminding them, that their ancestors never made peace till they were victorious.

The senators were struck with the truth of what Regulus said; but they knew that torture and death awaited him if he returned to Carthage, and they could not resolve to give up a man, who loved his country so truly, and was so willing to die for it. Regulus, when he saw them hesitate on his account, broke up the treaty, and prepared to return to his prison at Carthage. His friends surrounded him, and implored him to stay, but he reminded them of his promise, and would not trust himself even to see his unhappy wife and children, who filled the streets with their cries.

When the ambassadors returned with Regulus, and told the Carthaginians that he had made the Romans choose war instead of peace, they were enraged with disappointment, and resolved, in their savage minds, to punish him and gratify their

own revenge, by making him suffer the severest tortures.

They first cut off his eyelids, and sent him back to his prison: in a few days they brought him out again, and exposed the unhappy man to a burning sun: the lids being gone, his poor eyes had no protection from the agony this gave him. Not satisfied with such tortures, these cruel people next put him into a barrel stuck full of sharp nails in the inside, and in this dreadful situation they kept him till death put an end to his sufferings.

The Romans and Carthaginians now hated one another more than ever, and went to war with fresh spirit. For some years the Romans were unfortunate at sea, but at last their perseverance was rewarded: one victory followed another, and they completely destroyed the fleet of their enemy.

The Carthaginians again sued for peace, and now accepted the hard terms which had before been offered to them by Regulus, at the gates of Carthage. Amongst other things, they were obliged to give up the whole of Sicily, which I told you, at the beginning of this story, was the cause of the war.

The first great Punic or Carthaginian war was thus ended; it had lasted for twenty-four years, and left both nations much poorer than when it was begun.

HANNIBAL.

SECOND PUNIC WAR.

THE SECOND PUNIC WAR LASTED FROM 218 TO 201 YEARS B.C.

In the story of Regulus you heard something of the first Punic war—for so the wars between Rome and Carthage are called: I am now going to tell you about Hannibal, a Carthaginian, the greatest general of ancient times, who commanded his countrymen in the second Punic war.

A good many years had passed since peace was made between the two nations; but as they had only desired it because neither of them had men, ships, or money left to continue fighting, it is not surprising that they should once more quarrel, when they felt themselves strong, and able to go to war again. The Carthaginians first broke the treaty, by attacking a city in Spain, which was in friendship with Rome. The Romans demanded, therefore, that Hannibal, their general, should be given up to them, as he had advised what had been done: this was refused, and Rome declared a second war against Carthage.

On this occasion the attack came from the Carthaginians: they had suffered so much the last time by the Romans coming over into Africa, that they took advantage of the lesson, and Hannibal, who with his army had overrun all Spain, prepared to carry the war into Italy.

This great man had been brought up from his infancy in hatred towards Rome. When he was



quite a little boy, his father had made him solemnly promise never to be a friend of the Romans, and never to lose an opportunity of fighting with them as long as he lived. Besides his great knowledge as a general, he was cool and courageous in battle. He could stand the greatest fatigues; and never lost either his temper or his spirits when unfortu-

nate. He was patient while suffering under the extremes of cold, as of heat, and eat and drank merely what was proper to support life, not to please his appetite. He was never regular in taking his rest, but always alert when danger was near, and he was often found stretched on the ground beside his sentinels, covered only with a watch coat. His dress was just like that of the commonest man in his army, but he took great pleasure in having beautiful horses, and very fine armour. He was, besides, the best horseman and the quickest runner of his day.

As a soldier, and a great general, he appears to have possessed every quality to be wished for; but, as a man, we are told that he had many vices:—he is said to have been without religion and without honour, cruel and faithless. This account of him, however, was left by his enemies, so we must hope that it was not entirely true; and at any rate, he was so much beloved by his soldiers, that it does not seem likely, that he could have been so very bad as they say.

When Hannibal left Spain on his way to Italy, he had to pass through the country of the Gauls, his enemies, and overcame difficulties in the land of these wild people, which would have disheartened most other men.

It was in the middle of winter when this won-

derful march was begun, but though the army had to cross forests and rivers, their labours seemed only to begin, after ten days of such toil, when they found themselves at the foot of the Alps. The Alps are immensely high hills, which separate France—formerly called Gaul—from Italy

These high rocky mountains were covered with snow, and every thing was united to make the attempt to pass them as frightful and dangerous as possible. The people who lived among the Alps, were fierce barbarous men, dressed in skins of beasts, with long shaggy hair, which made them look quite dreadful:—the cattle on the hills were found frozen to death, and even the wild beasts were stiff with cold, or ranging about furious with hunger.

Not all these terrors together had the power of moving Hannibal's firmness: he encouraged his army in a speech, and then undertook to lead them up the mountains; assuring them that they were certain of gaining possession of Rome, if once they got into Italy.

I can give you very little idea of how much the soldiers suffered during this fatiguing march. The cold was dreadful, and the ice so smooth, that it was with the utmost danger that they ascended the precipices. Their greatest difficulties, however, were occasioned by the natives, who, from the top of the hills, rolled down great masses of rock upon them.

The soldiers were terrified and dispirited, but, after nine days' painful march, Hannibal brought them to the top of the mountains. Here he showed them a joyful sight—the beautiful and fruitful valleys of Italy lying below.

This lovely country promised to reward them for all their sufferings, but very many of these poor men were doomed to perish in the snow, before their companions reached the sunny plains.

After resting for two days, they prepared to descend the mountains, but bad as their former labour had been, this was even more dangerous. —Great quantities of snow had lately fallen, and as many men were buried in that as had before been killed by the enemy: the further they went, the worse the passage became, and at last on arriving at a high rocky precipice, which they could neither mount nor get round, every man, except Hannibal, gave himself up to despair. He had a remedy for every difficulty, and finding that nothing else would do, he resolved upon the labour of cutting a passage through the rock. This he not only undertook, but succeeded in; the army passed safely through it; and at the end of fifteen days, found themselves among the green valleys of Italy, where the hungry cattle obtained food, and the wearied soldiers rest.

Hannibal had the glory of conducting this peril-

ous march, but he saved only the half of his army:—the rest died from severe cold and fatigue, or were killed by the wild people of the hills.

As soon as the Romans heard that Hannibal was crossing the Alps, they sent out an army against him. This he beat, as well as a second, which endeavoured to drive him back.

The Romans fought wildly and without patience—Hannibal with coolness and prudence, which defeated them at that time, but taught them a useful lesson for the future.

After these victories, Hannibal resolved to go nearer to Rome—but the Alps themselves did not inflict such sufferings on his army, as it endured now. To avoid going a long way round, he directed their course through a country full of marshes, which were occasioned by the overflowing of a river called the Arno.

There, with the water up to their knees, they were obliged to march three long days and nights, without it being possible for them to sleep, or to take any rest. The hoofs of the poor horses came off on the passage; and the beasts of burden, that carried the baggage, not able to support the dreadful fatigue, lay down and died in the mud.

There was only one elephant left alive, which Hannibal himself rode upon, greatly distressed both in body and mind.—He saw the shocking

sufferings of his army, and his own health was very bad.—His eyes were much affected, and in consequence of the fatigues he now met with, he lost the sight of one of them entirely.

He had hardly got upon firm ground before he found that the Romans were coming to meet him. —Upon this news, he began to lay waste the country by fire and sword, and when he engaged the enemy he was again victorious.

It would not amuse you, were I to give you an account of all the battles, which were fought between the Romans and the Carthaginians, during the years that Hannibal remained in Italy. His successes were very great, and at one time the Romans were in a dreadful alarm lest he should come and take possession of the city. This he did not do, but he performed much greater wonders, in supporting so large an army in an enemy's country, and keeping his soldiers faithful and obedient there, for so many years. What increased his merit was, that the army was made up of men from various nations;—Spaniards, Africans, and Gauls were all under his command; and though their sufferings were sometimes dreadful, as I have told you, and they often had not a morsel of bread to eat, Hannibal had the power of making them submit, and of fighting with success against the brave and persevering Romans, in their own country.

At last his good fortune quite deserted him:—he had enemies in Carthage, who were jealous of him, and who prevented necessary assistance being sent to him. When at last his brother Asdrubal was despatched, with men and money for him, his march was discovered by the Roman Consuls, and, being deceived by his treacherous guides, he was led into the midst of the enemy, and his whole army cut to pieces. On the very evening on which Hannibal expected the arrival of his friends, his brother's head was thrown into his camp.

He now began to despair for the first time; for he saw difficulties, which no power or ability on his part could overcome. He had been fourteen years in Italy, and his old soldiers were either dead, or had become more fond of pleasure than of fighting; his jealous countrymen would send him no help, and he had now nothing left but his name, to make him formidable to the Romans.

At length the senate of Rome, having been prevailed upon by Scipio, their general, to let him go over with an army to Africa, the Carthaginians were alarmed for their capital, and desired Hannibal to return immediately to defend them. He saw how wrong they were, to take him away from Italy, where his people harassed the Romans so much, —but he was as obedient to his country, as he expected his soldiers to be to him. He wept as he

departed from Italy, which he had entered with so much difficulty, and where he had for fifteen years kept possession of the most beautiful parts of the country.

Soon after his arrival in Africa, he met Scipio in battle.

Upon this occasion, Hannibal is said to have shown more ability in placing his army than at any former time; but fortune was now turned against him, and all his great talents were of no avail.

The Roman army was composed of their best soldiers, while his was made up of worn out men, of all different nations. Scipio gained a complete victory, and Carthage, being entirely in the power of Rome, was obliged to submit to what terms the conquerors chose.

This was the conclusion of the second Punic war, which had lasted seventeen years, and which left Carthage only the name of being a free state. It gave up all its foreign conquests, and agreed not even to make war with its neighours, without the permission of Rome.

When the war ended so unhappily for Carthage, Hannibal still continued to exert himself for it; and advised many wise measures for its good at home. His enemies, however, made the Romans believe that he was recommending war again—so

that they once more demanded that he should be given up to them. On hearing this, Hannibal resolved to leave Carthage. He departed from it in the very robe he had worn in council, and became a solitary wanderer, far from his ungrateful country.

This brave and unfortunate man visited the courts of various kings; but he was obliged to fly from each by the enmity of the Romans, who cruelly persecuted him in his misfortunes.

After wandering about among a number of small states, he took refuge in the court of the king of Bithynia, a country of Asia. Here again the Romans demanded him; and the poor old general, hunted from one place to another in his old age, saw no means of saving himself from his enemies, and resolved to die.

When he found that the king had agreed to give him up, he took a dose of poison, which he always carried about with him in a ring on his finger, and immediately expired.

This was considered by the people of that period, to be the death of a hero—but our religion teaches us that true heroism shows itself in bearing misfortunes well—and not in flying from them.

THE FALL OF CARTHAGE.

THIRD PUNIC WAR.

CARTHAGE WAS DESTROYED 146 YEARS B.C.

As you have heard something about the first two Punic wars, I think you will like to know the story of the third.

It ended most unhappily for the Carthaginians, and in the complete ruin of their renowned city. in the first war, you remember how cruelly they treated Regulus; in the second, how ungrateful they were to Hannibal; and now you will hear what was their own sad fate.

After the second long war with Carthage was ended, the Romans were so changed, that they were not like the same nation.

Formerly, they were the most simple people possible; they used to dig and cultivate their own grounds, and in the time of peace, the bravest general was not ashamed to be found labouring in his garden.

The only distinctions they then valued, were those of being virtuous, clever, of old family, or holding offices in the city or army.

Now every thing was altered; they had gained so many victories, and brought home so many treasures of gold and silver, that they began to indulge in pleasures they did not even know of before: and all those works which had formerly occupied the citizens, were now made over to their numerous slaves.

In short, idleness and luxury had been introduced with riches; simple food and plain dresses were laid aside for splendid feasts and rich apparel; and all those occupations were neglected, which had made their warriors hardy in body, and the Roman character so remarkable for its simplicity.

The peace with Carthage lasted nearly fifty years, during which time the Romans carried on many profitable wars with other countries, and were become richer than they had ever been before.

The Carthaginians were also rich; but they had sent away Hannibal, their best friend, and had neglected his good advice; so that their gold and silver only made them enemies, without giving their nation the power to defend its own treasures.

In this state of things, the Carthaginians found themselves obliged to take up arms against Masinissa, King of Numidia, who had seized a province

on the sea, which was the richest part of the Carthaginian territory.

As he was a friend of the Romans, constant complaints had been sent to them from Carthage, on account of this usurpation; but they took no notice of them; indeed, they rather encouraged the King of Numidia in what he had done.

The Carthaginians were in a very difficult situation.

By their last treaty, they had agreed not to make war with any ally or friend of Rome; and still it was very hard to have their lands taken from them without the power of striking a blow to save them.

Having tried every means to induce the Romans to interfere for their protection, the Carthaginians at last determined to take up arms, and endeavour to regain their territory.

Accordingly, they went to battle, but were unhappily defeated by Masinissa, who commanded his army himself, though he was ninety years of age.

They were now in a worse state than ever; they had exposed themselves to the anger of Rome, without getting back their lands, and they soon felt the terrible force of its power.

Carthage was a most magnificent city, full of beautiful temples and buildings, and altogether one of the richest places in the world, at that time.

Rome had long been jealous of it, and would have gone to war with it again before this, but that the senators could not agree about it. Now, however, they resolved to destroy the town altogether, and to make the people remove to a greater distance from the sea.

Much caution was necessary to bring this about; so they agreed to weaken Carthage by degrees, and when it was quite helpless, to make the poor people leave their comfortable homes, and go and build themselves a new town.

After losing the battle, the Carthaginians were much alarmed, and sent deputies with a most humble message to Rome, confessing how wrong they had been in making war, and begging to be pardoned for their fault.

This shows how useless riches are when they are not made a right use of: for if the Carthaginians had spent the public money for the good of their country, by rendering it strong and able to defend itself, they would not have been obliged to humble themselves as a nation, but might have kept their foes at defiance.

The Romans at first expressed no violent anger, but required to have three hundred hostages sent to Rome, who should be the children of the senators and principal families of Carthage.

When this was made known, the greatest grief

was spread through the town, but the deputies had promised to submit to this demand, and three hundred children were torn from their unhappy parents, and sent away in ships to Sicily: there they were given to the Roman Consuls.

The next thing that was heard was, that a Roman fleet was coming towards the shores of Africa.

Messengers were again sent to Utica, a place in Africa, not very far from Carthage, and then they were told, that they must give up all their arms, their ships, and every thing that had been useful to them in war.

This terrible order they implored to be excused from; but at last, thinking that nothing more would be asked for, they agreed to submit even to this.

Commissioners were accordingly sent to Carthage, who received forty thousand suits of armour, twenty thousand large engines of war, and quantities of arrows, darts, and other weapons.

When all these means of defence were taken away, the Romans thought they might safely declare their cruel intentions. They then told the deputies, that it was their determination, that the Carthaginians should leave their town, which should be destroyed, but that they might go and build on any other part of their lands, provided the place was ten miles away from the sea.

Nothing could exceed the surprise and grief

of the deputies on hearing such a harsh sentence.

They threw themselves on the ground, and tried, both by pity and by reason, to move the tyrants. They bade them remember the submission of Carthage, its weakness, and how unable it was ever again to offend, or be dangerous to Rome, having given up three hundred children, the most precious blood of the country: they claimed the protection which had been promised to them, spoke of the love which all nations bore to their homes, and to the temples of their gods; and, in short, used every endeavour to soften the hearts of their masters.

All was in vain; the Romans despised them for not defending themselves at first, when they had arms to do so; and now that they had given up these, they were resolved to drive them from their city. They desired them to go back to Carthage, and say that the inhabitants must leave the shores of the sea, which only induced them to attack other countries, that their ships had enabled them to carry war into Sicily, to Spain, to Italy, and even to the gates of Rome itself, and that now they must submit to go where they would not again disturb the peace of the world.

When the messengers returned home, they were received by crowds of their countrymen on the

beach: but I suppose they were afraid of being torn to pieces, for bringing such bad news, for they would not speak a word on landing, and walked all through the streets in perfect silence, till they reached the senate house, where their message was received with cries of despair.

The horror and surprise which the people displayed, on hearing the unexpected order sent to them, showed the Romans how right they had been, in taking away their arms from them.

The mob burst in upon the senators, to take vengeance on them for putting them in the power of Rome, and rage and madness took possession of every one. The cowardly spirit which had cost them their liberty was now at an end, and they determined to defend themselves as they best could.

They recalled their General, Asdrubal, and his troops, whom they had banished, in hopes of pleasing the Romans, and entreated them to hasten to fight for Carthage.

Every exertion was made to replace the arms they had so shamefully given up; and not men only, but even women and children, joined in the labour of making ready for defence.

They pulled down their houses to give the wood to repair the docks, brought all their brass and iron domestic utensils to make armour and wea-

pons, and even gave up gold and silver, to make up for the want of other metals.

We are also told, that where materials for ropes were wanting, the women cut off their hair, that it might be spun into cordage for their shipping.

When the Romans found that they were not to be obeyed any longer, they tried to get possession of the gates of the town; but these were already strongly defended, and they were obliged to begin a regular siege.

This lasted for two years, and still Carthage was not taken. So the Romans thought their generals had not done their duty, and they sent out Scipio to carry on the war.

This Scipio was the adopted grandson of Scipio Africanus, who fought against Hanibal in the last battle he commanded for his country.

Scipio besieged Carthage another year, and at last forced a way into the town. Even then the inhabitants would not yield, but defended every house and passage for six days, with the fury of despair, setting fire to the buildings as they left them.

After the citadel surrendered, the temple still remained to be taken. This was defended by nine hundred deserters from the Roman army, who knew they had no mercy to hope for; therefore, when they found they could hold out no longer, they

set fire to the building, and all perished in the flames.

A dreadful story is told about the family of Asdrubal, who joined the deserters with his wife and children.

When the temple was going to be burnt, he gave himself up a prisoner: but his wife would not submit, and carried her courage to such a barbarous length, that she killed her children with her own hand, and then flung herself into the burning ruin along with their dead bodies.

This was thought a very noble action in those days, when there were no Christians, and when the people of Europe were as fierce and cruel as the heathen are now. But when we read of such stories, we ought to be the more grateful that we live in a christian country, and during quiet times.

All that remained of the once magnificent city of Carthage was then set on fire by the merciless conquerors, and the soldiers were allowed to plunder whatever they could find, or take away from the wretched inhabitants.

The town, which measured twenty miles round, burned for seventeen days, and was so entirely destroyed, that not a stone now remains to show where the great Carthage stood. We know, however, from a description of its situation, that it was within a few miles of where Tunis is now built.

The Romans ended by being much more cruel and ungenerous to Carthage than they at first intended; but they had been rivals for a hundred years, and all their bad passions were roused against it.

They remembered, too, the alarms that Hannibal had given them; and when they heard that Carthage was taken, Rome was filled with rejoicing.

This was the end of the third and last Punic war.



CAIUS MARIUS.

JUGURTHA CONQUERED BY MARIUS, B.C. 106. DEATH OF MARIUS, B.C. 86.

No Roman ever made himself more remarkable for his victories and his cruelties, than Caius Marius; he defended his country from her worst enemies by his valour, and deluged Rome with her best blood by his ambition.

He was born in a country village, of poor parents, whom he assisted in labouring for their daily bread, and was brought up in poverty, to endure all kinds of hardship and toil.

By nature, he was of a bad disposition, and receiving no kind of education, he was extremely rude and disagreeable in his manners, and so very ugly, that, with his gigantic height, we are told, he was altogether frightful. You need not, however, pity him on this account, as you will presently find that his looks, such as they were, were once the means of saving him from death.

Marius, at an early age, becoming tired of his peasant's life, joined the army, then commanded

by Scipio Africanus, the younger, the same who took Carthage, and fought under him with so much bravery, that he was highly praised by that general. He soon passed from one office to another, each being given to him as a reward for some great action done in battle; in this way he became known, and having made himself of great use on many occasions, he at last succeeded in becoming one of the tribunes of the people.

These tribunes were magistrates, who were chosen from among the plebeians, and then possessed so much power that they were the terror of the patricians. In this situation, Marius first betrayed his restless ambition, and his hatred of the Senate, which was composed at that time of such wicked men, that they deserved every thing bad that he said of them; but it was not only their vices, but their power, that made Marius detest them.

The government of Rome was indeed in a most dreadful state; for the senators, instead of acting for the good of the people, thought of nothing but pleasure, and making themselves great. It was not only that they were given up to feasting and luxury, but they were so greedy of riches, that they would do any thing for money, however wrong they knew it to be; and this vice, detestable in any one, but particularly in a magistrate, was so general among the patricians, that the

poor did not look up to them in danger, and the enemies of Rome often bought with their riches what they could not obtain by their arms.

You see how dreadfully things were changed, since the day when the senate was a venerable body, giving an example of virtue to the whole world. These wicked men whom Marius opposed, would not have sat in their ivory chairs, waiting for an enemy, like those I told you of in the story of Camillus; for they had not done their duty: they had not been the fathers of the people.

You will now understand why the plebeians, and amongst them, Caius Marius, hated the senate. But although Rome was ruled so ill at home, she was every day gaining new countries abroad. I will give you an account of one war in particular, which was concluded by Marius, soon after he came into power, and was the most glorious of the time.

This was against Jugurtha, an African prince, who was a very bad, cruel man; but he lived in such barbarous times, and his enemies were so much worse than himself, that when I think of all he suffered, I am more inclined to tell you of his misfortunes, than of his crimes. Ambition was his ruin, and the cause of all his vices.

Numidia, which was the former name of part of that kingdom now called Algiers, in the north of Africa, belonged to Micipsa, Jugurtha's uncle,

and son to the celebrated Masinissa, who occasioned the third Punic war.

Micipsa had two sons, Adherbal and Hiempsal, and he educated Jugurtha with the young princes, his cousins, as if he had been their brother. As he grew up, Micipsa observed his character, and seeing that he was very ambitious, and much more clever than his own sons, he was afraid, that when he himself was dead, Jugurtha might be troublesome to them, and not allow them to reign in peace.

This king, like all his countrymen, was very cunning, and having become anxious to get rid of Jugurtha, he gave him the command of some of his troops, and sent him into Spain, to assist Scipio, the Roman general, who was besieging a town there. But instead of his being killed, as his uncle hoped he might be, he behaved with so much bravery, that he was a great favourite with the Romans, and much honoured by Scipio.

But here he listened to the dangerous flattery of bad men, who preferred riches to virtue, and delighted in causing quarrels; they told him that he was worthy of being a king himself, and advised him, when Micipsa was dead, to seize upon his crown, and then he would have plenty of gold, and the Romans would all be his friends.

Such advice as this, coming from men who were powerful in Rome, gave Jugurtha a very bad

opinion of the place, and made him think, that if he could only pay them well, he should always be able to get the assistance of the Romans, however wicked he was.

When Micipsa died, he left his kingdom to be governed by his two sons and Jugurtha. He hoped in this way to satisfy his ambitious nephew; but he was mistaken. Jugurtha forgot all his kindness to him in his youth, and only remembered that he had sent him to Spain to be killed, and the bad advice of the Romans.

He determined to reign alone; and that he might do so, he wickedly murdered Hiempsal, and then tried to destroy his other cousin. Adherbal, however, escaped to Rome, where he claimed the protection of his father's friends, but they had already received large presents from Jugurtha, which made them deaf to justice, and they settled that the two princes should divide the kingdom betwixt them.

When Adherbal returned to Africa, Jugurtha was still resolved to have the crown all to himself. He tried in many ways to begin a quarrel; but his cousin was of so mild and timid a disposition, that he was anxious to live in peace. At last Jugurtha made no more pretences, but went openly to war.

Adherbal took refuge in the town of Cirta, his capital, where he was besieged and overcome.

Jugurtha solemnly agreed to protect him, if he gave up the town; but instead of doing this, he not only broke his promise, but caused him to be tortured before he was put to death.

Bad as the Romans were, they were still horrified at such treachery as this, and demanded that Jugurtha should be made to suffer for it. The Senate for a time did not know what to do, for they had accepted gold, and were tempted by still more; but at last they sent a Consul over, with a great army, into Africa.

Here again Jugurtha conquered by his treasures; he bribed the Consul, who remained some time in the country, and then made offers of peace.

In this way matters went on for a long time; and a second army which was sent over into Numidia was conquered and disgraced.

At last a general was chosen, who had kept himself pure from the vices of his countrymen, and who, though he found the army in terrible disorder, soon made the Roman soldiers as victorious as ever.

This was Metellus; and he carried with him Caius Marius, whom he had assisted to rise in the state, and who was now his lieutenant.

For two years Metellus was successful in every thing. He gained various battles against Jugurtha, and obliged him to fly to the deserts, there to

beg for help from his savage neighbours. His riches were all spent, and he had lost all his strongest cities. Metellus was proud of his past victories, and hoped that a short time more would complete his glory; but a great and unexpected disappointment awaited him.

He applied to Rome to be chosen Consul again, that he might end what he had so gallantly begun. This was refused.

Marius, whom he had befriended, and made what he was, had become his secret enemy, and he succeeded in making the Romans believe all the falsehoods he told them about him.

You will be surprised that they did not judge for themselves, and that, when Metellus had been so victorious, they were not ready to trust him again; but I am afraid you will understand this better when you are a little older. The world is much changed since those days, but in some things it remains the same, and men still continue to believe, much more eagerly, the evil things they hear of their neighbours, than the good.

Marius, till this period, had shown himself worthy of praise alone. From the time he could bear arms, he had devoted himself to the study of war, of which he gained a great knowledge; but ambition sprung up with it, which at last destroyed his fame in the multitude of his crimes.

I do not wish you to understand that ambition, or the wish of distinetion, is always a wieked feeling; it is only so when it is earried too far, or when it leads men to do evil, in order to get what they want. In this way it aeted upon Marius; he wished to be Consul himself, and therefore he took away his friend's charaeter, that it might not stand in his way.

He began by giving his soldiers a great deal of liberty, to make himself a favourite; and he told the merehants that Metellus was eondueting the war extremely ill, and eontinuing it much longer than was neeessary, beeause he was a vain man, and liked to have the command. He always ended by saying, that if he had half the number of men, he would soon show them Jugurtha in ehains.

These merehants listened very readily to Marius, because the long war had done them mueh harm, and they were very anxious to have peaee, for the sake of their trade. They therefore wrote continually to their friends in Rome, telling them all they heard of Metellus, and wishing heartily that Marius had the command.

Hitherto, the Consuls had always been patrieians; but now a ehange had taken plaee in the law, and they had begun to raise plebeians to this high station. This was all in Marius's favour; and when he appeared in Rome to solieit that

office, his arts had been so successful, that he was elected, and sent to finish the war against Jugurtha.

Metellus was much grieved by this injustice He returned to Italy, and was there tried before the tribunal of Roman knights, who honourably acquitted him of all the crimes laid to his charge.

Metellus was a great general; but Marius was quite worthy to succeed him. I told you he had delighted in war from his youth; and as he had been brought up to labour, and in poverty, the fatigues which were dreadful to others, were easily borne by him. Like Hannibal, he delighted in danger; like him, too, he had no pleasure in luxury. But, while he did not value riches, he was never to be satisfied with glory.

Marius found little difficulty in finishing a war, where so much had already been gained for him. He soon made himself master of the cities that were still Jugurtha's, and obliged the usurper to throw himself on the protection of Bocchus, his father-in-law. This prince acted with Jugurtha for a time; but, when he found that he was likely to be conquered, he began to tremble for his own kingdom, and basely betrayed him to the Romans. He was loaded with fetters, and carried to Italy.

Marius was received with unbounded joy, and was drawn in triumph through Rome. At the

wheels of his ivory chariot, the conquered Jugurtha walked in his chains. This sight was delightful to the Romans, for they had never hoped to see the war end so soon; but the humiliation was too great for the pride of the fallen prince; before the procession was ended, his senses had left him. He was then led to a frightful prison under ground, where the servants of the senate rudely stript him of all his splendid ornaments; they rent his dress in pieces, and tore the tips of his ears away, in their haste to possess the jewels which hung in them. The defenceless king was then cast to the bottom of a wretched vault, where it was the custom to throw criminals. For six days he suffered extreme pains from cold and hunger, and then he met a death, which some have said, was worthy of his crimes, but which it was most barbarous and ungenerous in the Romans to inflict on a fallen and unresisting enemy.

Marius was still exulting in his late victory, when news was brought to Rome, that an uncountable number of Barbarians were coming towards it from the North. These were the Teutones and the Cimbrians, two tribes of a people who lived in the northern parts of Germany, and who were now coming, with their wives and children, to seek a new home under the soft blue sky, and in the fertile valleys of Italy.

The approach of these fierce invaders produced the most dreadful alarm; for they had already made themselves terrible in Gaul, and had cut to pieces two Roman armies that were sent against them. In their terror, the people looked up to Marius to save them; he was again elected Consul, and sent against the enemy.

He first harassed their army by delay, and then attacked the Teutones as they were crossing the Alps. After a very bloody battle, which lasted for two days, the Romans were completely victorious, and the king of the Teutones was taken prisoner.

The Cimbrians, however, still remained to be conquered, and having actually passed over the mountains, were in Italy. Marius, with his fellow Consul, Catulus, fought against them the following year, and gave them a dreadful overthrow; one hundred and forty thousand of the barbarians were killed, and sixty thousand were made prisoners.

The most remarkable part of this last battle was, that the Cimbrian women, in their war chariots, fought fiercely at their husbands' sides. When they saw that the day was lost, they first put their children to death, and then with savage boldness killed each other.

Marius, on returning to Rome, entered it in triumph with Catulus, and every honour was bestowed upon him as a reward for his great services.

You have seen how formidable Marius was to his enemies in war, but he, too, soon became still more dangerous to his country in peace. His restless spirit knew no repose, and the quarrels he occasioned at home, brought on a train of civil wars, which carried away three hundred thousand lives, the flower of Italy.

Marius could submit to no rival in power, and he had a very dangerous one at this time in Sylla, a Roman now rising into consequence, and afterwards as celebrated as Marius himself, for his talents and his cruelty. I will tell you how the first qaurrel arose between these two ambitious men.

War had been declared by the Romans against Mithridates, king of Pontus, who was then the most warlike and powerful sovereign in the east. Sylla received the command of the armies against him, and was just going to set off for Asia Minor, when Marius, enraged that he had not been appointed himself, tried to get the generalship taken from his rival.

This roused Sylla's fierce temper; he determined to punish Marius, while he had the power to do so, and led his whole great army straight back to Rome, which he entered sword in hand. So unlooked for an attack could not be resisted: Marius was obliged to fly, and it was immediately declared

that he was an enemy to the state, and that it was lawful for any one to kill him.

He tried to escape into Africa, but a contrary wind drove him back upon the coast of Italy; here he wandered about on foot and in great misery for many days. When he found his pursuers drawing near, he plunged himself into a marsh for concealment, and was discovered by them in this wretched place, with nothing above ground but his mouth.

They fastened a rope about his neck to drag him out of his hiding place, and carried him, all covered with mud, to a neighbouring town. The magistrates sent him straight to prison; and hoping to please Sylla, they commanded a Gaul to go into his dungeon, and cut off his head.

I have already told you what a tall, fierce looking man Marius was; and from the dreadful situation he had lately been in, he must now have appeared more terrifying than ever.

He set himself down in his cell. Presently the Gaul came in with his sword in his hand ready to kill him—he came close up to him—but when he beheld his stately figure, and stern countenance, he stopt and trembled. The Roman saw this, and exclaimed, in his rough and commanding voice,—"Fellow, dost thou dare to kill Caius Marius?"—At these words all remaining courage

forsook the Gaul—he threw down his sword, and rushed out of the dungeon.

This uncommon adventure gave great surprise to the people of the town; they wondered what kind of man this could be, whose appearance had such an effect upon an executioner. The governor thought it was a sign that the gods protected him; so he let him go, and gave him a ship in which he sailed over to Africa.

He landed near Carthage, and we are told that in his sorrow he seated himself amongst its ruins. He thought of his past glory, and the former greatness of that now desolate place. But we cannot pity Marius; for he was cruel in his power, and in his adversity he did not repent.

He remained in Africa some time, and was joined by his son, who tried to get some of the princes there to arm themselves in his father's cause.

Changes were, however, going on in Rome, and Marius was shortly after invited to return there, by a powerful Roman, called Cinna, who had lately been disgraced by Sylla, and was now his bitter enemy.

This delighted Marius; he hastened to his new friend; but he refused all the honours offered him on landing. He thought of nothing but revenge —and went from one town to another, dressed in

the miserable clothes he had worn in his exile, the hair of his head and his long beard hanging in disorder about him. He spoke to the people of Jugurtha, and the barbarians, and contrived to make them think that they themselves were injured as well as he.

They followed him in numbers; and when he reached Rome, he entered it like a conqueror at the head of a large army.

The most frightful scenes followed: he butchered his enemies in cold blood; and he who was once called by the endearing name of "father of his country," now hurried through Rome with his band of murderers, and filled the streets with dead.

When Marius and Cinna had satisfied their wicked vengeance in this savage way, they made themselves Consuls; but to Marius the hour of death was near at hand; he was seventy years of age, and infirm, as well as old. In sixteen days after he became Consul for the seventh time, he died; and Rome rejoiced, as his troubled spirit fled—for he had washed his victories from her memory in the blood of her people.

You will find in history few better generals, or worse men, than Caius Marius.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

CÆSAR CONQUERED GAUL, AND INVADED BRITAIN, B.C. 58—51; WAS KILLED, B.C. 44.

JULIUS CÆSAR was one of the ablest men, and greatest generals, that ever lived; but he was also a most ambitious man, and fortune gave him so much, that at last he became the tyrant of his country.

His first great victories were over the Helvetians, a people who lived in the country now called Switzerland, and afterwards he made himself master of a great part of Gaul.

His next conquest was over Britain, and this was the boldest of all his undertakings; for he was obliged to bring his army across a stormy sea, and to attack a people who were quite unknown to the world.

You will be surprised to hear that England, which you now see such a beautiful country—covered with corn fields and gardens—and inhabited by the most civilized people in the world—was then little better than a complete wilderness.

The land was overrun with great forests, filled with

wild beasts; and the people were a set of barbarians, who wore no covering but the skins of animals.

Cæsar wrote an account of all his conquests; and he describes the Britons as a most terrible looking people. Their heads were covered with long bushy hair, their bodies all carved over with figures; and a blue dye, with which they had stained their skin, gave additional wildness to their appearance.

When Cæsar came near the coast, he found the whole shores and rocks covered with these savages; some were on foot, and some on horseback, and some in wheeled carriages.

Whenever they saw the strangers attempt to land, they rushed into the water to defend their shore; but the Romans fought their way to the beach; and then the inhabitants fled.

The poor islanders were so alarmed, that they resolved to submit to the invaders; but before any thing was settled, a great storm came on, which destroyed a number of the Roman ships, and then the Britons took courage again.

They hastily assembled an army, and by driving away the cattle, and laying waste the land near Cæsar's camp, they hoped to force him from their island, or that if he staid, his army would die of hunger during the winter.

The Romans, however, were old warriors, and

not so easily disheartened; they made all haste to repair their fleet, and then returned to give the enemy battle.

The fieree but naked Britons were quite unaceustomed to regular war, so that they were no mateh for the armed soldiers, who had already conquered the half of the world. They were entirely overthrown, and obliged to beg for merey.

Cæsar had no mind to remain in this savage eountry all winter; so he made peaee with the natives, and went away, upon condition that they should pay a certain tribute every year, as subjeets of Rome.

Soon after, the Britons found themselves again free; they forgot the danger they had been in, and refused to aeknowledge themselves conquered. This brought Cæsar back a seeond time.

The year after his first invasion of Britain, he returned, bringing with him eight hundred ships. He found the Britons again ready to defend their shore; but when they saw so large a fleet, they fled into the woods, where they put themselves under the eommand of a great chieftain, called Cassivelaunus.

The Britons defended themselves most bravely; and as long as they remained in their forests, they distressed the Romans very much—for they threw darts and other missiles at them from behind the

thickets—and the soldiers, in their heavy armour, were quite unable to overtake the nimble barbarians. At length, however, Cassivelaunus ventured to attack Cæsar, who defeated him so completely, that he never faced the Romans again.

In this way Britain was conquered—but glory was all that Cæsar gained, for he carried nothing away from the island, except a few prisoners.

It would make my story too long, if I were to tell you all that befell Cæsar after this period; for his conquests abroad, and his strifes at home, were unceasing. I shall, perhaps, some other time, give you a little account of the Roman Emperors —the foundation of whose power was laid by Cæsar. You will then hear of Pompey, his great rival in his struggle for dominion—of his nephew, Augustus, the first Emperor of Rome—and of many other princes; some of whom were famous for their virtues and successes; but many more for their misfortunes and their crimes.

I shall at present merely tell you how Cæsar was cut off in the height of his glory.

I have already said, that Cæsar was a most ambitious man. He was never content with what he had, but the more glory and honour he gained, the more he wished to have. As long as he was away from Rome, and making new conquests for her, his friends were proud of him; but when he tried

to rule his countrymen, as he had done their enemies, they saw that he was become a tyrant, and desired his death, for the safety of the state.

Brutus, his most intimate friend, and a number of senators, accordingly laid a plot to kill him. Brutus owed his life, and every thing he had, to Cæsar, whom he loved as a man; but he hated tyranny, and determined to destroy his benefactor, for the sake of liberty.

The Ides, or 15th day of March—the time fixed for putting Cæsar to death—arrived, without his suspecting the plot; but the conspirators were in dreadful alarm, for they knew that they should all be ruined, if their secret was discovered. On his way through the city that day, several unsuccessful attempts were made to warn Cæsar of his danger, and a paper was even put into his hand, telling him of the whole conspiracy—but he had not time to read it.

When he arrived at the senate, all the conspirators were assembled before him. They crowded round his seat; and on a signal being given, several wounded him with their daggers. Though taken by surprise, Cæsar defended himself with great bravery, rushing amongst his murderers, and throwing down those who attacked him.

At last, Brutus pressed upon him, and wounded him; and then Cæsar knew that he must indeed have

lost all his friends. He exclaimed, "And thou, too, my son,"—and from that moment gave up defending himself. He covered his head with his robe, and fell at the feet of Pompey's statue, pierced with more than twenty wounds.

The story of Julius Cæsar shows us the value of content, and the danger of ambition; for had Cæsar been satisfied with limited power, he would have been remembered only as the greatest man of his time, and would have escaped the character and the death of a tyrant.



THE DEATH OF CICERO.

CICERO WAS KILLED, 43 YEARS B.C.

After Cæsar was put to death, the Romans thought they had regained their liberties; but they soon found that they were to be ruled by three tyrants instead of one.

The state was full of ambitious men at that time, all anxious to gain for themselves the power which Cæsar had died for usurping. The principal of these were Augustus, Mark Antony, and Lepidus. The two last were Consuls when Cæsar was killed, and Augustus was his nephew and heir.

Each of these men raised armies to force their way to power; but finding that no one of them was strong enough while they remained separate, they at last joined with one another, and reigned together, under the title of the Triumvirate.

This was a most frighful union, and brought all kinds of misery upon Rome.

One dreadful part of their agreement was, that all the enemies of Augustus, and all the enemies of Antony, and all the enemies of Lepidus, should be

put to death. Each gave up his relations and friends, to get rid of his foes in return; and there was soon nothing heard in Rome but cries and lamentations.

Three hundred senators, and more than two thousand knights were condemned to die.

Scarcely a house escaped without a murder being committed in it, and this city—still the beauty of the world—was now deluged with blood, to satisfy the cruelty of these barbarous men.

Of all the murders which were committed at this time, none was more regretted by the friends of liberty than that of Cicero.

This great and good man was the first orator, and one of the first statesmen of his time; and history tells us that he had all the wisdom and all the virtues which a man could possess. He had always watched over the liberties of Rome, and, in doing so, had made the ambitious Mark Antony his enemy, who now eagerly sought after him to put him to death.

For a long time Cicero kept out of his way; but when he heard of the frightful murders that were every day taking place in Rome, he left his home, and escaped to the sea-shore, where he embarked in a vessel that he found ready. Most unluckily the winds proved contrary, and Cicero had sailed a very short way along the coast, before he was obliged to land and spend the night on shore.

His servants, who dearly loved him, prevailed upon him again to enter the ship; but once more he was forced to land, and this time found shelter in a country house of his own. Here, worn out with his sorrows and fatigue, he declared he would remain and die in that beloved country which he had so often saved from ruin. He slept here soundly for some time; but his servants, having heard that he was pursued, placed him in a litter, and again forced him towards the shore.

They had scarcely left the house, before the assassins, employed by the wicked Antony, arrived. Finding that Cicero was fled, they hurried after him towards the sea, and overtook him in a wood, close to the beach. Whenever the soldiers came in sight, the faithful servants prepared to defend their master's life at the risk of their own. But Cicero would not allow this; he commanded them to set down the litter, and to leave him to his fate.

The leader of these ruffians was a man whose life Cicero had once saved; but this base creature pursued his benefactor, in obedience to Antony, and now fell upon him in his defenceless state, and put him to death.

Cicero's head and right hand were cut off by the murderers, who returned to Rome to offer them as a present to their savage master.

This was no uncommon thing in those barbarous

times. Antony had the heads of his enemies brought to him in great numbers, even as he lay on his couch at meals; and he received that of Cicero with as much joy as if he had gained a battle. He ordered it and the hand to be placed on the rostrum,—the very place from which the Romans had so often listened to his eloquence; and the murderer he rewarded with a large sum of money.

Even Fulvia, Antony's wife, joined in her husband's cruel triumph. The head was presented to her while she was employed at her toilette; and not satisfied with the death of her enemy, she took a bodkin from her hair, and, with barbarous revenge, wounded the lifeless tongue, which had formerly so justly spoken against her and her husband.

Cicero was sixty-three years of age, when he was put to death. He had lived long enough to see the ruin of his beloved Rome.



MARK ANTONY.

ANTONY DIED IN EGYPT, 30 YEARS B.C.

I HAVE told you that the government of Rome was divided between Antony, Augustus, and Lepidus, and what wicked use they made of their power.

Antony was a very great warrior, but he had no other talent, and he gave himself up so entirely to pleasure, that he is now chiefly remembered as a vain, weak, and luxurious man. You will not wonder at this, when you have heard a little more of his story.

When he thought his power at home was quite secured, he went to travel in Greece and Asia, where so many monarchs paid their court to him, that his head was quite turned with vanity.

Rome governed nearly the whole world at that time, and was so greatly feared and admired by other nations, that when Antony appeared in Asia, he was followed, from kingdom to kingdom, by a train of princes, who loaded him with presents, and took every way of showing him honour. None of the sovereigns, however, were so favoured by him, as Cleopatra, the beautiful Queen of Egypt.

This was a very vain, as well as a very lovely

woman, who, when she heard how much Antony was flattered in Asia, was ambitious of having the attentions of so great a man all to herself. That she might produce the greater effect at first sight, Cleopatra resolved to attend his court, and spared no expense to make her entry as splendid as possible.

The town of Tarsus, where Antony then was, lay near the mouth of a river, on which she sailed, in the most sumptuous manner. Her galley was covered with gold; its large sails were made of the richest purple; and the silver oars kept time to the music of flutes and cymbals.



The Queen lay in this superb barge, on a couch spangled with gold, and surrounded with beautiful nymphs, while two boys attended her, who were dressed like Cupid, and fanned her by turns.

The finest perfumes burned on the sides of the river as she passed along, and multitudes of people crowded to its banks, to gaze at so new and beautiful a sight.

Antony was charmed with Cleopatra, and forsook all his duty, to follow her to Egypt. I cannot tell you how foolishly and wickedly these two people behaved, or what quantities of money they wasted on their frivolous amusements. Among some of the ridiculous things which they did, they dressed themselves like the gods of the heathen, and sat upon thrones of gold, before the people. At one of their feasts, also, Cleopatra melted a pearl of great value in vinegar, and drank it off, just to show her wanton extravagance.

And this was not worse than what Antony had done before. One of his cooks having pleased him in the dressing of a supper, he made him the present of a large estate. In short, their whole proceedings showed them to be given up to folly.

With all the pains that were taken to amuse him, however, Antony was not happy; for he distrusted Cleopatra, and was continually afraid of treachery. At all their great feasts, therefore, he caused every

thing of which he eat, to be first tasted, in case of its being poisoned.

At last, Antony's folly went so far that he gave to Cleopatra whole countries belonging to Rome; and then his countrymen, enraged at his weakness, declared war against him. He went over to Greece with the Queen, where they were joined by all the neighbouring princes, who supplied them with men and arms. But even at this important time, Antony did not give up his idle pleasures, but ordered all the musicians, actors, and dancers, of Greece to attend his court to amuse him.

The great sea battle which was fought soon after this, decided Antony's fate. Augustus commanded the Romans, and gave him battle near Actium, a town on the coast of Greece.

Antony's was the larger fleet of the two, and it was for a long time uncertain which side would gain the day, till Cleopatra, overcome by fear, fled from the battle with sixty ships. This gave Augustus the victory; for, to the astonishment of both armies, Antony shamefully deserted his friends, and followed the Queen in her flight.

When Cleopatra heard that their troops had all yielded to Augustus, she was in despair, and only thought of how to save herself and her riches. She formed the extraordinary plan of having her ships drawn across a neck of land, into the Red

Sea; and some were really taken there, but they were soon burned by the Arabians.

The news quickly spread that Augustus was coming to attack Egypt, and Antony prepared to defend it, but he was deserted by the troops, and found himself in a most unhappy state, in this strange land.

The Queen had only loved him in his good fortune, and would readily have given him up to his enemies, if she could have served herself by doing so. The two lovers now expected nothing but treachery from each other; and Cleopatra, that she might be out of Antony's power, shut herself up in a strong tower, with all her treasures, ordering it to be said that she was dead.

Antony's mind was now as weak as a child's; when he was told that the Queen was dead, he forgot all their quarrels, and gave himself up to such unmanly sorrow, that he stabbed himself.

He did not die immediately, but lingered in great pain, earnestly begging his attendants to put an end to his life. While he was in this state, he was informed that the Queen was not really dead; upon which he entreated to be taken to her.

They carried him to the tower, but Cleopatra would not allow the gate to be opened. She came herself to a window, and threw down cords, with which she and her attendants succeeded in draw-

ing up the wounded man. They laid him on a couch; and Cleopatra, on witnessing his sufferings, tore her hair and her clothes, and showed her grief in the most violent way. Antony tried to console her, by telling her that he died by the hand of a Roman, and expired while speaking to her.

Cleopatra was now inconsolable for the loss of Antony; and when she heard soon afterwards that she was to be carried a prisoner to Rome, she resolved to die as he had done. In those days, as I have already told you, it was not thought a crime for people to put themselves to death; on the contrary, it was considered by the Romans as a proof of courage and virtue.

Augustus had ordered every sharp instrument to be removed from Cleopatra, in case of her killing herself; but she contrived to deceive him by other means.

She caused a sumptuous banquet to be prepared, for which she dressed herself in a most splendid manner, and after having eaten and drunk as usual, she took a small poisonous serpent, called an asp —which was hid in a basket of fruit—and allowed it to bite her.

She then despatched a letter to Augustus, telling him what she had done, and desiring to be buried in the same tomb with Antony.

Augustus immediatcly sent off messengers to her, but the Queen had expired before they arrived.

They found her lying on a gilded couch, dressed in her royal robes, with her two faithful attendants near her. One of these was already dead, the other, while just dying, was setting the crown on her beloved mistress's head.

Egypt now belonged to Rome, and it has never since had a king or queen of its own.

Augustus was greatly grieved when he heard that Cleopatra was dead; for he intended that this beautiful woman should have adorned his triumph when he returned to Rome.

A triumph was the greatest honour a Roman general could receive. I shall therefore give you a little description of it, to finish this story.

It was a grand procession of the conquering army, on its return home, through the principal streets of Rome, which were strewed with flowers for the occasion. The general, with a crown of laurel on his head, was dressed in a robe of purple and gold, and drawn in a magnificent chariot, usually by four milk-white horses: sometimes, however, by other animals, for Pompey was drawn by elephants—Antony by lions—and one of the Emperors by tigers.

The musicians were first in the procession, followed by young men, leading the oxen to be sacrificed, whose horns were gilded, and their heads covered with ribbands.

Waggons, bearing the spoils taken from the enemy, came next, followed by the kings, princes, and generals, who had been made prisoners, all loaded with chains.

Then came the general in his chariot, covered with gold and ivory; his children were at his feet, or else riding on the horses. Behind him was placed a slave, whose duty it was, in the midst of the triumphant scene, to whisper to the general, "Remember thou art a man!" The senators followed the chariot, and the procession was closed by the priests and their officers, who led a pure white ox for the principal victim.

In this order they passed through the triumphal arch, and proceeded till they reached the capitol, where the oxen were killed as sacrifices to their false gods, and the captive kings—being at the same time led to prison—were, in too many cases, barbarously put to death.



TITUS.

TOOK JERUSALEM IN THE YEAR 70 AFTER CHRIST.

WHILE Vespasian, the tenth Emperor, reigned over Rome, he sent his son, Titus, with a great army, against Jerusalem, to punish the Jews for attempting to free themselves from the Romans, who had conquered Judea some time before.

This young prince accomplished the total destruction of that celebrated city, which had been foretold by the prophets, and by our Saviour Jesus Christ.

Titus, who was very humane, was most anxious to save Jerusalem, and to spare the people the misery which always attends a siege. Whenever he came near the city, therefore, he sent to offer the Jews pardon and peace, if they would quietly submit; but they refused his terms with insult, and shut themselves up in their strongholds, which they prepared to defend.

Finding that nothing but force would do, Titus

ordered his army to attack the city, and the scenes of misery and cruelty which followed, were more shocking than any thing you ever heard of. Josephus, a famous historian of the Jews, says, that no city ever suffered such calamities, or abounded more with wicked men.

The inhabitants were all at enmity with each other,—the strong oppressing the weak; and to add to the general distress, famine and a pestilence raged among them.

Titus again offered peace, when he learned the state the Jews were in; but they would not hear of submission, and even tried to kill Josephus, their countryman, who was sent to persuade them to it.

The government was in the hands of a set of wicked men, who secured food for themselves, and had no pity for the thousands of poor people, who were dying of hunger in the streets. These suffered so dreadfully, that they were driven to eat the flesh of any dead animals they could find; and one woman was in such agony from starvation, that she actually killed her own child to feed upon it.

On hearing this frightful account, Titus was greatly enraged at the obstinate and wicked Jews who governed; and made a vow utterly to destroy Jerusalem.

He attacked the walls with machines which threw out immense stones, and succeeded at length in bat-

tering them down; but the place was so strong, that the siege lasted for several months.

During this time, Titus did all that he could to restrain the cruelty of the Roman soldiers; but many dreadful actions were committed before he could prevent them. One story I will tell you, to show you what barbarous people he had to control.

A great number of Jews contrived to escape from the besieged city, and took refuge in the Roman camp, where they knew they would be well received by Titus; but the soldiers, having taken it into their heads that these unhappy men had swallowed quantities of gold before they left Jerusalem, made a practice of putting them to death whenever they joined the camp; and in one night alone, they cut open two thousand of these poor creatures, for the sake of the supposed treasure.

Titus was much distressed when he heard of these barbarous murders, and resolved to punish the offenders with instant death. But he found that so great a number had been guilty of the crime, that it was impossible to execute them all. He therefore declared, that if any one was ever known to commit such a wicked act for the future, he should assuredly suffer death.

When at last Jerusalem was taken, the soldiers set fire to it, and massacred the inhabitants without mercy.

Titus tried in vain to quiet their fury, but his men continued to burn, and to murder, till they had entirely destroyed the city.

He was particularly anxious to save the beautiful temple, but a soldier set fire to a building which communicated with it, and the whole of this magnificent edifice, the pride and glory of the Jews, was burnt to the ground.

More than a million of Jews perished in this bloody war, which entirely destroyed them as a nation. They have never since been able to regain any part of Judea, or to secure a home for their people in any country of the earth, though there is no part of it, where these wandering beings are not to be found.

When Titus returned to Rome, he was received with every mark of affection and of honour, and a beautiful triumphal arch was built on the occasion, which continues almost perfect to this day.

His triumph, also, was a very splendid one. A quantity of gold from the temple of Jerusalem was amongst the spoils, and also the book of the law, which Titus had saved with his own hand.

On the death of Vespasian, he was succeeded by this young prince, who turned out a most excellent Emperor, and was so beloved by the Romans, that they named him, "The delight of mankind."

His reign was, however, short, for he only lived two years after coming to the throne. But many remarkable events happened during that time.

First, a fire took place in Rome, which burned for three days and nights; and after that, a plague came on, which carried off many thousands of people. Ten thousand were sometimes buried in one day.

But there was one calamity which happened in this reign, the effects of which are to be seen at the present day. This was a dreadful eruption of Vesuvius, the burning mountain near Naples, which you have heard of. A frightful rumbling noise was the first thing which gave alarm to the neighbourhood; immediately after which, flames and smoke burst from the top of the mountain, while, at the same time, it threw out immense quantities of fire, red-hot stones, and burning lava.

Terror and desolation were spread over the country for many miles around, and the lava was sent in such torrents from the volcano, that two towns, called Herculaneum and Pompeii, were completely buried under it.

The terrified inhabitants tried to fly beyond the reach of the fire; but few of them escaped; they were either choked by the bad air and ashes from the mountain, or were killed by the falling of the houses; and the towns were soon so entirely buried,

that there were no signs left to mark where they had stood.

They remained covered up in this way for sixteen hundred years, when Herculaneum was accidentally discovered in 1713, by some labourers, who, when they were digging a well, struck upon a statue which was in the theatre.

Pompeii was found forty years afterwards.

Great labour, and large sums of money, have since been spent upon digging out the ruins of these towns, and Pompeii has been cleared in a wonderful manner. Herculaneum was twice as deep under the lava—which becomes harder than any marble when it is cold—so that only a small part of it has yet been opened up.

Many of the houses were found in a perfect state; the names of the people could be read over their doors; and in one of the baker's shops, a loaf of well baked bread was found in the oven.

Numbers of curiosities have been brought away from these towns, such as statues, vases, and coins; some of which are to be seen in every great museum.

To go to Pompeii is now a favourite excursion from Naples, and few travellers would willingly leave its neighbourhood, without visiting the ruins of that unfortunate city.

GLADIATORS.

FIRST INTRODUCED AT ROME, 266 YEARS B.C. ABOLISHED BY CONSTANTINE THE GREAT, 600 YEARS AFTER THEY WERE INTRODUCED.

THE punishments which were inflicted among the Romans were often exceedingly savage and cruel; such as burning criminals alive, giving them over to wild beasts, throwing them from the Tarpeian rock, and crucifying them. But nothing shows what a bloody people they were, so much as some of their amusements.

Their favourite diversion was seeing men called Gladiators fight, either with each other, or with wild beasts, till one of the party was killed; and women, as well as men, went in thousands to see this shocking sight. These gladiators were generally poor slaves, or criminals, who were obliged to fight; and the former were bought, when quite young, by masters, who trained them in schools for this dreadful trade. They fed them in a particular manner, which made them very strong; and when they were fit for fighting in public, they sold

them to any of the great men, who wished to indulge the people with one of these horrible shows.

At last, the Romans became so passionately fond of this amusement, that freemen made a profession of fighting; and even Knights and Senators exhibited themselves as gladiators.

In early times, three pair only fought at once; but Julius Cæsar diverted the people with one hundred and twenty couple; and during the time of the emperors, the numbers had so frightfully increased, that we are told of Titus exhibiting a show of gladiators and wild beasts, which lasted one hundred days; and after a triumph of Trajan over some of his enemies, he gave one hundred and twenty-three days' entertainment, at which eleven thousand animals, of different kinds, were put to death, and ten thousand gladiators fought.

Immense numbers of men were destroyed in this way; but shocking as this was, the worst effect these exhibitions had, was to make the Romans hardened and cruel. As long as they could go with their wives and daughters, to see their fellow-creatures murder each other in this way, they were not likely to be kind and humane in their own conduct. The Emperor Claudius was an example of this; for he was by nature of an amiable and gentle disposition, but by attending these savage spectacles, he became a cruel hard-hearted monster.

The greatest exhibitions of gladiators were given by the Emperors; but magistrates, and even private citizens, used to indulge the people with them, as the best way to procure their affection. Before they took place, notice was given in bills, of the names of the principal gladiators, and how many were to fight. Sometimes this was exhibited in a picture, just as is now done at fairs, by people who have any thing to show.

Before they fought, the master of the gladiators made them swear that they would fight to death, and if they did not keep their vow, they were killed in some cruel way. It was reckoned a crime for these poor wretches to complain when they were wounded, or either to ask for speedy death, or try to avoid it when they were vanquished. It was usual, however, for the Emperor, or the people, to give the conquered man his life, if he showed no signs of fear, and waited for his death-blow with courage.

The gladiators fought in many different ways; but they were always naked. Some were armed with helmets, shields, and swords; while others fought from chariots, like the ancient Britons and Gauls; but what you will think the most curious of all, was that some of them attacked each other on horseback, with their eyes shut.

What first gave rise to these horrid games, was an ancient funeral ceremony. It had long ago

been the custom to put prisoners of war to death, at the tombs of heroes who fell in battle. And at a later period, slaves were sacrified at the funerals of all rich people; but that these might not be put to death like beasts, they were allowed to fight with each other, and try to save themselves.

The people crowded to these combats, which they became so fond of, that after some time, instead of their taking place at the tomb of a dead person, they were fought in a public circus, and became a regular amusement.

An immensely large building, called the Coliseum, was begun for this purpose by the Emperor Vespasian, and finished by Titus. It was oval, or like the shape of an egg, with a number of rows of seats all round it, raised one above another; and it is said to have held eighty-seven thousand spectators.

The ruins of this beautiful building are still to be seen, and if God prolongs our lives, I hope, when you are a little older, to have the happiness of showing you this, and many other interesting sights in the once imperial and still magnificent city of Rome.

THE END.