

STORIES
FROM THE
HISTORY OF ROME.

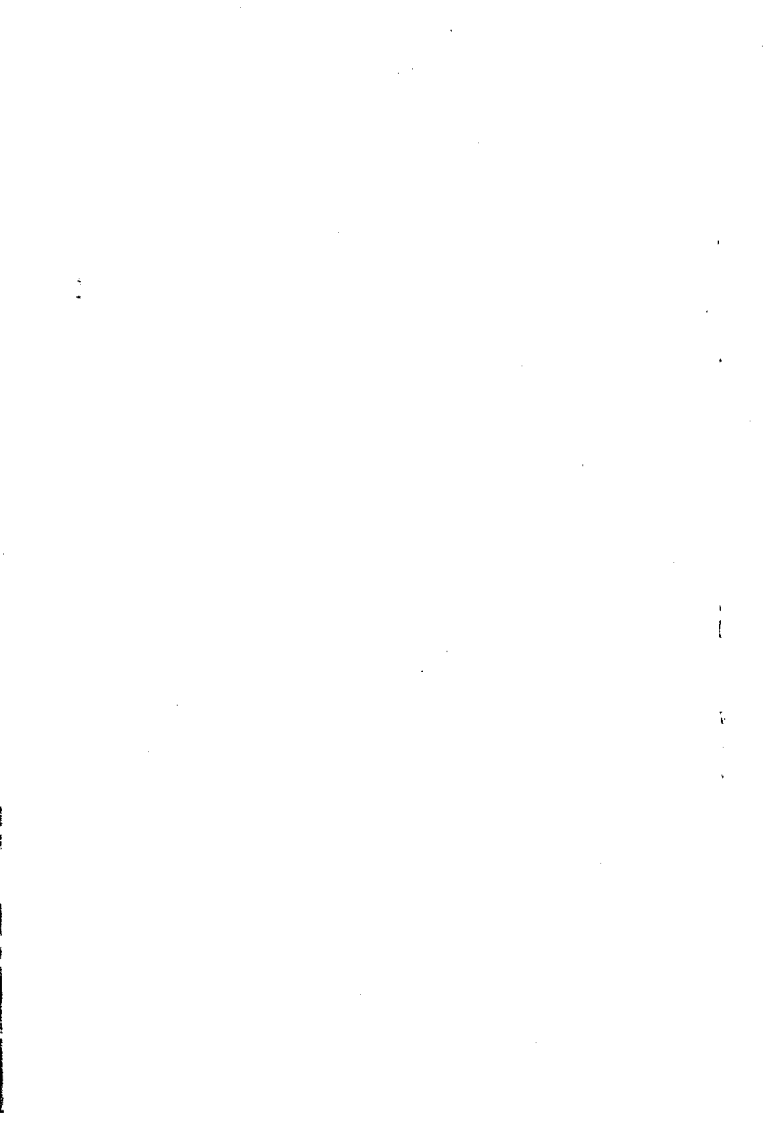


Varro receiving the thanks of the Senate.

BY ROBERT RAMBLE.

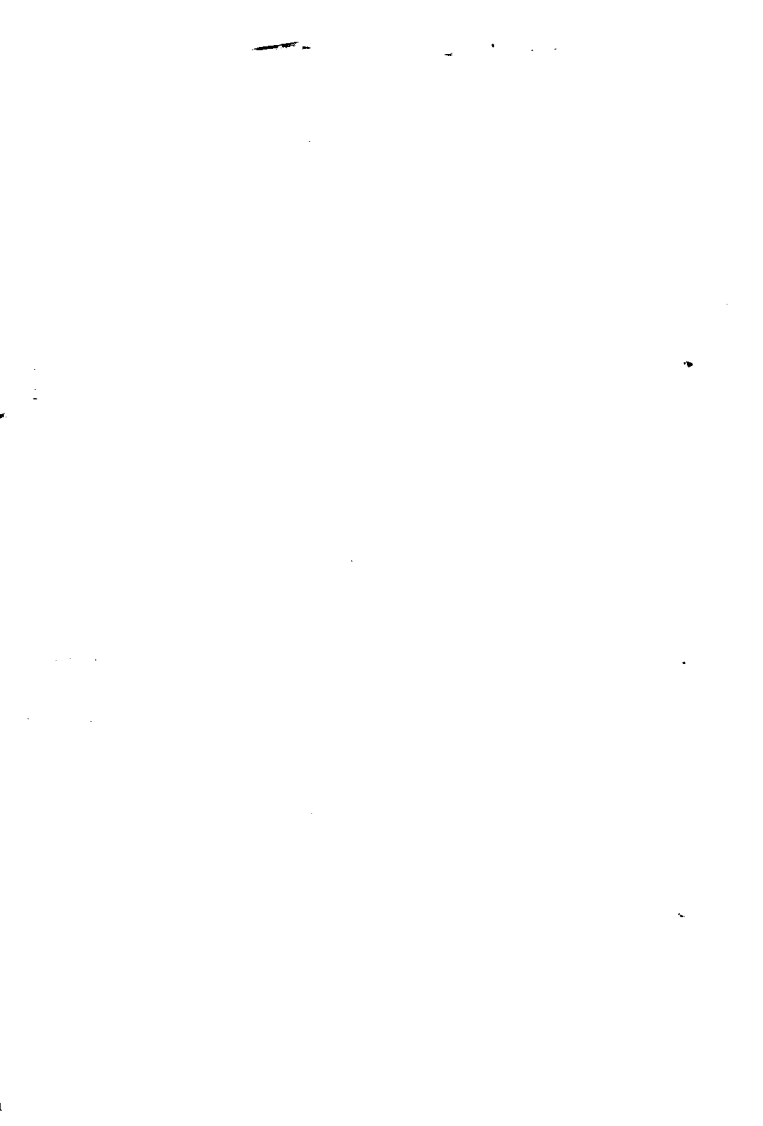


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P R E F A C E.

“**THERE is,**” says a living writer of great ability, “no portion of profane history more pregnant with important instruction, than that which relates to the rise, the growth, the fluctuations, and the fall of Rome. It equally demands the studious attention of the scholar, the statesman, the philosopher, and the Christian.” He might have added, that its lessons were equally intelligible and useful to old and young. Convinced of this truth, I have endeavoured in the following pages to place the most remarkable and celebrated events and characters of the Roman history in a striking point of view; and to elicit such moral instruction from the narrative, as might suit the wants and capacities of juvenile readers. For their especial benefit, this volume, as well as the true stories from the several histories of Greece, England, and Spain, which have preceded it, was especially intended. That they may be found useful and acceptable, is the writer’s most fervent wish.



ROMAN STORIES.

THE FOUNDATION OF ROME.

B. C. 753.



HERE are many different accounts of the events attending the foundation of Rome, the city which was once to be "mistress of the world." But such statements as appear most probable are here selected to make up a story, which, while it pleases, shall also convey instruction. The Romans generally believed that they were descended from Æneas and his followers who, after the sacking of Troy by the Greeks, in the year B. C. 1184, fled from thence in ships, and ended their voyage in Latium. Here Latinus was king, and when he saw that Æneas was peaceably disposed, and only wished a place of refuge, he admitted him into his favour, and gave him his daughter Lavinia in marriage. He engaged in the affairs of his father-in-law, who was much pleased with him and his followers. When Latinus died, Æneas ascended the throne, and was, after his death, succeeded by his descendants, down to the time of Numitor, who was dethroned by his brother Amulius. Amulius murdered his son, and his daughter was com-

pelled to become a vestal, so that she might have no children to revenge themselves on the tyrant. But his measures were vain; for Rhea Silvia, the vestal, had twin sons, who were thrown into the river Tiber, and she was condemned to be buried alive.

The place where the children were thrown being shallow, they soon grounded, and, the waters retiring, were, according to the account, suckled by a she-wolf, until Faustulus, the king's shepherd, struck with the strange sight, took them up and treated them as his own children. They increased in strength, and became shepherds. But not liking this occupation they went to the chase, and there obtained a superiority over their fellows by the exhibition of a little daring and valour. They seemed born to command, and discovered abilities above the meanness of their supposed origin. The companions of Romulus and Remus (the two twins), increased in numbers daily, and were strong enough to attack the robbers who infested that neighbourhood. Some persons who envied Remus, resolved to rid themselves of his rivalship, by taking him before Numitor, who dared do nothing till the sanction of his brother was received. Compassion made Numitor defer the sentence. He asked Remus concerning his birth. The young man replied that he was ignorant of the place of his nativity, but only knew that Faustulus had said that Romulus and he were twins, and were found exposed on the brink of the river. Numitor immediately perceived in Remus and his brother, the twins exposed by Amulius.

Meantime, Faustulus disclosed to Romulus his noble birth, and immediately nothing was thought of but the destruction of the tyrant. He was beset on all

sides; Romulus marched through the avenues of the palace, and restored his grandfather to the throne.

Not long after, Romulus and Remus formed a settlement. A fatal desire of reigning seized them both. Numitor advised them to let the decision of their quarrels rest with the gods. Accordingly, each stationed himself on a hill, and waited for the appearance of vultures, which was then the foolish method used for finding the will of the gods. Romulus sent to Remus a message, saying that he had seen some of these birds. Just then, Remus saw six, and, running to Romulus to discover the truth of what he had heard, he found that he was deceived. But Romulus at that instant saw twelve vultures. Remus said he was victorious, because the birds first appeared to him; and Romulus insisted that as he had seen the greatest number he was conqueror. From the dispute they came to blows, and Remus was slain by his brother; who, being provoked at his leaping contemptuously over the walls, struck him dead at his feet.

Romulus was, therefore, the sole commander of the city. Soon after he was elected their king: and thus we see that, in the infancy of society, men were chosen as rulers, who had distinguished themselves in the service and protection of their country. He established a senate of one hundred men, and divided the people into Patricians and Plebeians. At first the city was nearly square, built of mud, and governed the country only for eight miles round; yet this city was one day to give laws to all the world.

THE SABINES.

B. C. 750.



IT is a curious fact in the Roman history, that, for some time after the founding of Rome, the citizens were almost destitute of *homes*. Romulus, to remedy this, sent to the Sabines a proposition of a matrimonial alliance with them. The Sabines not only refused, but added insult to the refusal. They advised the Romans to take vagrant women for wives, and then they would be well matched; "a pack of vagabond and loose women," said they, "will make the fittest wives for a crew of fugitives, loaded with crimes or debts." Upon this refusal, Romulus resolved to obtain by force what he could not effect by fair and honourable means. He therefore proclaimed a feast in honour of Neptune, at which games, shows, and feasts, were to take place, and invited all strangers to come and witness the spectacle, and partake of the festivities. The Sabines were foremost in complying with his request, and nearly all of them went to Rome. While they were looking attentively upon the spectacle, the youth, upon a signal from Romulus, rushed upon them with drawn swords, snatched the daughters from their parents, and carried them away, each choosing the one he liked best. The parents were in great consternation, and left the city, vowing vengeance against the perfidious Romans, who had, indeed, committed a breach of hospitality, for which no necessity could justify them. The women were all married to the

THE SABINES.

Romans, and from their kind treatment soon became fond of their husbands, and forgot their parents and relations. Notwithstanding, many cities of the Sabines took the field against Rome, but were all soon subdued. Tatius, king of Cures, was the most formidable: he encamped at the foot of the hill Saturnius, and would not have succeeded in his attempt, had it not been for the perfidy of a Roman lady, who promised to admit them into the citadel, if all that the soldiers wore on their left arms were given to her as a reward. She meant the bracelets. They obtained an entrance into the citadel, and the soldiers crushed Tarpeia to death by their bucklers, which they threw upon her, thus fulfilling their promises, giving what they wore on their left arms. From this circumstance the steepest part of the hill was called the Tarpeian Rock, down which criminals were precipitated.

At length both armies came to a general engagement. The slaughter was prodigious, and little advantage was gained by either party. Each now prepared for another engagement, resolved to conquer or die. Before the battle commenced, the women, who were the innocent cause of so much bloodshed, rushed in between the combatants, in garments of mourning, with hair dishevelled, and Hersilia, in the name of the women, addressed their fathers and husbands thus:

“If it be for love of us that you are warring with each other, the same love should now induce you to end the strife. We are engaged, by the strictest ties of affection, to those whom we at first hated: we are full of anxiety for them while they are fighting, and we lament their deaths when they fall in battle. You come not to vindicate the honour of virgins, but to

tear away wives from their husbands, and mothers from their children; this is not to rescue us, it is to make us a second time captives." They all prayed that peace might be restored between relatives so near and dear. Their prayers were granted, and the Sabines consented to forgive the Romans; from that time the Sabines and Romans became friends; peace and confidence were restored, and they lived in mutual love and harmony for many years.

Successes like these made Romulus very proud of himself, and he became tyrannical over the people who were under his government. The senate, determined to uphold the rights of the people, but unwilling to give offence to the friends of Romulus, murdered him, and privately removed his body. It was given out that he had been translated to Heaven for his piety, and the Romans afterwards regarded him as a god. They were willing to worship him when dead, but not to obey him while in existence.

Numa Pompilius succeeded him. He was chosen from among the Sabines, and at first refused the office, but finally accepted it. Never was a king better calculated to rule such a kingdom. He strengthened the government by joining their religion with it, and reigned forty-three years in profound peace.



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HISTORY FROM E.



The victorious Horatius slaying his Sister

COMBAT BETWEEN THE HORATHI AND CURIATHI.

B. C. 667.



VERY opportunity of extending their dominion was eagerly seized by the Romans. Tullus Hostilius, the third king, was one who delighted in war and strife, and in this he resembled his subjects, who were all fond of military achievements. He only sought a pretext for leading them to battle. Some peasants of the nation of Alba had plundered his subjects, and Tullus Hostilius immediately sent ambassadors to demand restitution of the stolen goods. But the Romans had likewise robbed them, and the Albans, as he expected, refused. War was therefore declared between the two nations.

Both armies at length took the field; the Albans encamped within five miles of Rome. No sooner were the armies in sight of each other, than their ardour for fighting cooled, and the Alban general was found dead in his camp, without any sign of violence. Mitius was chosen in his stead. The generals of each army came to a parley, and agreed that one of the cities should rule the other; but this started another difficulty; which city should have the preference; Tullus proposed to decide this by single combat with

Mitius; but the latter refused, and agreed that three champions should be chosen out of each camp, and that nation, whose champions were victorious, was to rule the other.

An illustrious Roman had two daughters; one he gave in marriage to a Roman, and the other to an Alban. Each daughter had three sons at a birth. The Romans were called the Horatii, and the Albans the Curiatii; all six were remarkable for their strength and dexterity in fighting, and to their swords was left the decision of the question.

The armies were placed in due order; the brothers took their arms; their hearts, no doubt, beating high with the hope of victory, and happy in the assurance that, at all events, their prowess would save the lives of hundreds of their fellow-creatures.

Boldly these gallant young heroes stood before their own armies, and heard the prayers of their fellow-soldiers for their success.

The signal was given. The youths moved forward to the encounter. Presently they were engaged hand to hand, and in the desperate conflict felt not the wounds they received, although the spectators, with aching hearts, saw them soon covered with blood. But the glorious spirit of patriotism prevented the heroes from feeling pain; they were insensible to everything but honour.

The three Albans were desperately wounded, and loud shouts ran along the line of the Roman army. In a few seconds two of the Romans fell and expired. The acclamations were now heard among the Albans; such is the fate of war.

The surviving Roman saw that all depended upon

him; it was an awful moment, but he did not despair; he manfully roused his spirits to meet the exigency of the hour. He saw that force would not avail, for three to one were fearful odds; but he had presence of mind enough to think upon what was best to be done. How valuable is presence of mind!

Horatius drew back, as if fleeing from his foes. I suppose you will cry out, as the Roman army did, "Shame! Shame!" But Horatius was too brave to trouble himself about what was said; he was only thinking of what was to be done.

The Curiatii pursued the retreating hero, and, as Horatius expected, one came up before the others: this was what he wanted. When the Roman hero found one of the Albans near him, he turned about, and, exerting all his skill and bravery, soon laid him dead at his feet. By this time another of the brothers had arrived; him, too, Horatius quickly despatched. Only one remained on each side; the hisses of the Romans were turned into cheerings. But what was their joy when they saw the last of the Curiatii stretched upon the ground! Can you not imagine the joy of the victor when he returned triumphant to his friends?

What followed, it is painful to relate. When Horatius reached Rome, he saw his sister bitterly lamenting the death of the Curiatii, one of whom she was engaged to marry; and, in the dreadful moment of ungoverned rage, he stabbed her to the heart. Alas! to what crimes does not passion lead! Horatius was condemned to die. His aged father implored the judges to show some mercy to his son; that son, whose valour had lately obtained for Rome the dominion

of a new state, whose valour had saved the lives of many Romans, that son, whom he himself would have punished, had he overlooked the conduct of his weak complaining sister. The people could not withstand the tears of the old father. The life of Horatius was spared. But, no doubt, he deeply lamented that his rash anger had made him tarnish the honour he had so dearly purchased!



TARQUINIUS SUPERBUS,

THE LAST KING OF ROME.

B. C. 509.



FROM Tullus Hostilius we pass over the lives of Ancus Martius, Tarquinius Priscus, Servius Tullius, and proceed to Tarquinius Superbus, who by his profligacy forced the people to alter the government. Tullia, the daughter of the late king, upon hearing of the usurper's success, rode over the mangled and bloody corpse of her own father; the wheels of the chariot, and even the clothes of the inhuman daughter, were stained with his blood. She was the present king's wife.

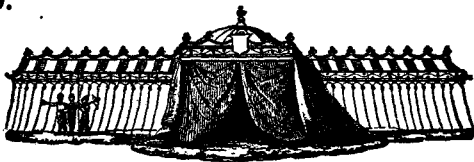
He made his children as wicked as himself, by teaching them all the crimes to which he was accustomed. He sent one of his sons to Gabii, to make the people believe that he was ill-treated, and that he sought refuge there. The son was kindly treated, and, after obtaining their confidence, was chosen general against the Romans. He had previously supposed this, and had schemed with his father, that, as soon as he should lead the Gabian army to battle, he would turn the victory in favour of the Romans. Such were his father's instructions!

On another occasion, while the Roman army had

invested Ardea, some of the officers were drinking and boasting of their excellent wives. Collatinus, the husband of Lucretia, offered to decide the dispute by an immediate trial. They rode to Rome, and found them engaged in amusement, till they came to Lucretia, whom they discovered sitting among her maids busily engaged in spinning wool.

Sextus, the son of Tarquin, was so charmed with her conduct, that he was seized with a violent passion. He offered the grossest insult and injury to the virtuous Lucretia, who resolved to destroy herself, and not survive her dishonour. She called her husband and her father, and after relating to them the affair instantly plunged a poinard into her bosom, and died without a groan. Brutus seized the dagger, still reeking with her blood, and lifting it up towards heaven, "Be witness, ye gods," he cried, "that from this moment I profess myself the enemy of Tarquin, and the avenger of the chaste Lucretia's cause; from henceforth, this life, while life continues, shall be employed in opposition to tyranny, and for the happiness and freedom of my much loved country."

Lucretia's body was exposed in the forum. The minds of the people were inflamed by the horrid display. Tarquin and his family were banished, and with this ended the regal form of government, after a continuance of two hundred and forty-five years. B C. 509.



CORIOLANUS.

B. C. 490.



UPON the fall of Tarquin, the Proud, the magistrates, called consuls, were appointed to govern Rome, and to this office, Collatinus, Lucretia's husband, and Junius Brutus, her avenger, were elected. Notwithstanding Tarquin's banishment, the tyrant still sought to regain his power. The sons of Brutus and many others joined in the conspiracy. They were discovered, and Brutus was placed in a most trying situation. He was one of his sons' judges. He demanded of them whether they could answer the charge, and, receiving no answer, he turned to the executioner, "Now," cried he, "it is your part to perform the rest." Brutus was obliged to see the sentence of death executed. What must have been the sufferings of Brutus to behold his two sons, first bleeding with stripes, and then killed before his eyes! But his sense of justice compelled him to give this awful example of the punishment due to crime. He dearly loved them, but he loved justice and his country still more dearly. Although he could not stifle the sentiments of nature, yet he performed his duty as a judge.

Tarquin still attempted to recover his power. After many losses on each side, the Romans found the authority of the consuls insufficient, and therefore created a dictator, who had greater power than a king, but wanted that odious name. A part of the

people resolving not to live under such a government, left the city, and would not return till five "Tribunes of the People" were appointed. They had power to veto any bill passed in the senate by crying out *Veto*, I forbid, or they could confirm it by signing the letter *I*, which gave it validity.

The neglect of agriculture during the separation created great want. A season of plenty, however, soon came. Corn was brought from Sicily. Coriolanus opposed the distribution of this until the removal of the grievances of the senate. The tribunes summoned him before them, and it was decided that the people should try his cause. The people, on this occasion, voted by tribes, and not by centuries, as was formerly done. Coriolanus unfortunately appeared guilty of embezzlement at the trial, and the votes being instantly collected, he was banished (B. C. 490). He was conducted to the gates of the city by a large crowd of senators and people, who regretted his departure. He alone displayed great firmness on the occasion; he said not one word on the way, and parted from them in the same reproachful silence.

Coriolanus privately retired to Actium, one of the principal cities of the Volsci, the enemies of Rome; presented himself to Attius Tullus, a general of that nation, and was cordially received by him. The Volscians resolved upon a war; and Tullus and Coriolanus became their leaders. They besieged and took many Roman towns, and came to proud Rome herself.

Coriolanus had placed himself in a trying situation: he must either betray the Volsci, who trusted in him, or destroy the city in which he was born. In Rome the people wanted the sentence of banishment re-

HISTORY OF ROME.



Coriolanus banished.



versed, but could not do it. Now the senate determined to sue for peace.

Five senators, who had been his former friends, were chosen to conduct this important negotiation. The deputies were obliged to pass through two ranks of soldiers, bearing arms, and Coriolanus received them. He was told that he had carried his resentment to a sufficient height already, and was invited to return into the bosom of his native city, which now, as a tender mother, stretched out her arms to receive him. Coriolanus replied, "The remorse is for Rome herself to feel; let her dread the rage of those avenging furies which torment the guilty. As for me, the gods have sufficiently shown that they approve of my resentments; and victory proclaims aloud whose cause it is that they espouse."

He allowed them thirty days to decide concerning the Volscians. Ten other senators, who had all been consuls, were now sent, but all in vain. Coriolanus said they must either submit, or give the Volscians their former possessions, and sent them home with this answer. Another deputation was now sent. "As if the republic," says Plutarch, "had been beaten by a tempest, and was just ready to perish, they (according to the proverb) 'threw out the holy anchor.'" They ordered that the priests and all religious persons should, in solemn procession, proceed to his camp, and conjure him to comply with proposals for terminating hostilities. But this was all in vain.

All was now given up for lost in the city. Nothing but lamentation was heard. Distress and affright were painted on every countenance. But one resource yet remained. Valeria, a lady, proposed that his mother

and wife should be sent to him as a last hope. She ran to Veturia, his mother, and, after mentioning their resolution, said, "Oh, Veturia, conjure him to grant peace to his fellow-citizens; cease not to beg till you have obtained; so good a man can never withstand your tears; our only hope is in you. Come, then, Veturia; the danger presses: you have no time for deliberation; the enterprise is worthy of your virtue; the gods will crown it with success; Rome shall once more owe her preservation to our sex."

His mother went, and addressed him in a most pathetic manner, and Coriolanus appeared staggered in his resolution. Upon this, she redoubled her entreaties, and threw herself prostrate at his feet, crying, "If it be resolved to destroy my country, to what purpose should I longer endure a wretched life?" All followed her example, with the most heart-rending appeals and filled the place with their doleful voices.

They triumphed. The other officers, unable to behold the sight, turned away their eyes; Coriolanus cried out, "Ah! mother, what is it you do? Rome is saved, but your son is lost!" He had judged correctly in this respect; for the Volscians were so irritated that they assassinated him. B. C. 488.

The tribunes were created B. C. 493, just before his banishment.



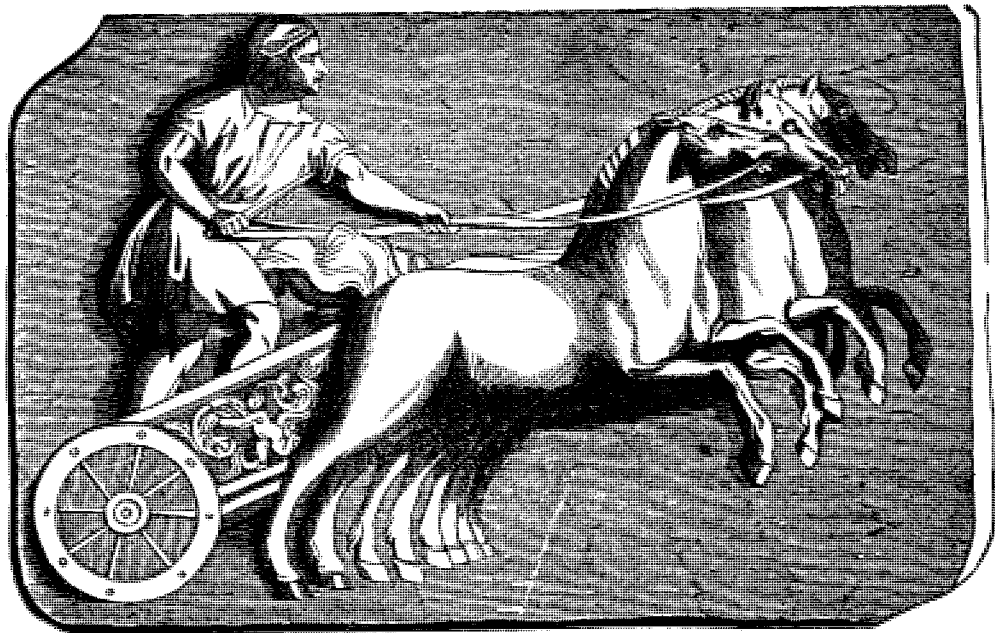
HISTORY

FROM E.



Coriolanus and his Mother.





Roman War Chariot.

HISTORY OF ROME.



Cincinnatus informed of his appointment to the Dictatorship.

CINCINNATUS

B. C. 458.



GREAT public rejoicings took place at Rome upon the death of Coriolanus; but disorder was soon produced by Sp. Cassius, who endeavoured to make a law for the equal distribution of conquered lands. But this man was hurled headlong from the Tarpeian Rock for crimes which overbalanced the good in his character. Whenever this proposed law, called the Agrarian law, was brought before the senate, great dissensions and commotions arose; and on one of these occasions, when Rome was in danger from a foreign foe, they found it necessary to choose a dictator. The Romans had sent ambassadors to the general of the Æquii, who was encamped with his whole army, twelve miles from Rome. The general's tent was pitched under an oak tree, and when the ambassadors had addressed him, he said, "There, deliver your message to that tree! I have other business to mind." They returned to their city and then it was decided that Cincinnatus should be created Dictator.

A deputation was sent to the field in which Cincinnatus was engaged. They found him employed in digging a ditch, and he, being informed that they had a commission from the senate, asked in surprise, "What is the business? Is all well?" He then said

to his wife, "Racilia, go fetch my gown. Make haste!" She brought it from the cottage, and, after having wiped off the dust and dirt with which it was covered, he put on his robe. The deputies saluted him as Dictator, and bade him hasten to the city, which was in the greatest peril (B. C. 458).

His farm being situated on the side of the Tiber opposite to Rōme, a handsome barge, belonging to the city, was ready to carry Cincinnatus over the river. His three sons, his other relations and friends, and the greatest part of the senate, were ready to receive him when he landed at Rome. He was preceded by twenty-four lictors, and went in a pompous procession to the house prepared for his reception. Watch was kept all night round his house for fear he might suffer violence. Such was the esteem with which they honoured him! They guarded him without any commands, but only from their own good-will. How much better is such protection than that of a body of hirelings!

His first care was to strengthen the city; and he soon obtained a complete victory over his country's enemies. But he did not retain his power for a longer time than was required to restore peace to his country. He only held his station for sixteen days, and then retired to his farm, preferring the tranquillity of the country to the cares and honours of public life. He only wished to remain in office while he was useful.



HISTORY FROME.



Death of Dentatus.

DENTATUS.

B. C. 451.



THE Agrarian law was again proposed before an assembly of the people, and Icilius, after having made a long harangue in favour of it, gave notice that any plebeian might freely express his views upon the subject. Siccius Dentatus addressed them thus: "It is now forty years that I have borne arms; I have been in a hundred and twenty engagements, I have received forty-five wounds, twelve of them in a single action. Fourteen civic crowns I obtained for having saved the lives of so many citizens in battle; three mural crowns for having been the first that mounted the breach in towns taken by assault, eight other crowns for different exploits.—And now, Romans, you know my services, and you have heard what have been the rewards of them—rewards that sufficiently prove my courage, but make little addition to my fortune. No land, no share in conquered countries! The patricians, it seems, by their noble birth, have an inherent right to them all. No matter whether they have any merit or not. But is this to be endured? Shall they alone enjoy the fruits of our conquests? The purchase of our blood? No, plebeians, let us delay no longer to do ourselves justice; let us this very day pass the law proposed by Icilius."

During the night the consuls resolved to frustrate

the seizure of the tribunes by preventing the people from voting. The next day a scene of riot took place. The patricians, by main force, separated the plebeians. The tribunes exclaimed, "Break through the press, hasten to assist the plebeians, and rectify the disorder." Vain were their efforts; their own sacred persons were not molested; but all of them were forced to retire.

Soon afterwards, the *Æquii* again invaded their territory. Dentatus and eight hundred volunteers presented themselves, and marched with the army to the attack. Romilius, who commanded, ordered Dentatus to undertake a very perilous enterprise, and the veteran, seeing no probability of success attended the undertaking, refused. But, after much altercation on both sides, he agreed to go with his eight hundred chosen troops to a hill overlooking the enemy, while the two armies should be engaged with each other. He succeeded. While all were from the camp, he hastily entered it in the rear, and took the camp by surprise. Confusion and terror spread through the ranks of the *Æquii*, and the Romans were victorious. Dentatus wished to have the honour of a triumph which he had so well deserved, and therefore hastily marched to Rome, and related the inhumanity of exposing eight hundred veterans to death, in all likelihood unavoidable. The consuls were refused a triumph.

Appius was chosen a decemvir, and had nine others appointed, all of whom were his creatures. They resolved to make their authority perpetual, and continued for another year in office. They marched against the *Æquii* and the Sabines, but accomplished nothing.

Hereupon, Dentatus publicly announced that this was owing to the incapacity of the generals, and thus made the decemvirs his enemies. They resolved, if possible, to have him murdered.

The treacherous Appius flattered the old hero, and induced him, as legate, to go and join the army. His advice was followed by the generals on all occasions; but this was only to conceal their real purpose.

Once Dentatus advised that the camp might be moved into the enemy's country. They apparently acquiesced in this measure. Dentatus was appointed to mark out a suitable place, and for this purpose, one hundred chosen men were to be his guard. But these had secret orders to murder the old hero, and we shall soon see how they accomplished their perfidious design. They came to a narrow pass, and then fell upon Dentatus from behind. Long and bravely did he defend himself; he slew numbers of the traitors, and not one dared now approach him. But this day was to be his last. He was beset on all sides. The foe stood aloof, and hurled their darts at him, but he, as yet, remained unhurt. Seeing no other method of obtaining their end, they climbed up to the top of a rock, and from thence rolled down huge masses of stone, one of which fell upon him, and he died amidst numbers whom he had slain.

The authors of the crime escaped from the suspicion of the people, and his very murderers were first in providing for his funeral.

VIRGINIA

B. C. 449.



COME now to the last act of tyranny committed by the decemviri, and one which caused the abolishment of that office, and the restoration of the consulship.

Appius one day saw a young Roman maiden at a public school, and felt such a violent passion for her, that he determined to possess her at all hazards. He discovered that she was of plebeian origin, and engaged to Icilius. All hope of marrying her being now lost, he resolved to obtain her by violence. He in vain attempted to bribe her nurse. And now only one method remained for him. He employed M. Claudius to execute his base purpose; who, taking with him a band of ruffians, entered the school where Virginia was, and seizing her by the arm would force her away as one of his slaves. He was already dragging her, all in tears, through the forum, when the people obliged him to let go his hold. The villain now cited her to appear before the decemviri, where Appius was designedly sole judge. Virginia's relations speedily came to the tribunal.

Numitorus, her uncle, soon saw the state of the case; but very prudently concealed his suspicions. He urged that Virginius, her father, should be allowed time to come to the trial. The whole assembly

HISTORY OF ROME.



Death of Virginia.

appeared satisfied of the justice of allowing her to be given over to her friends, but Appius wished to assign the poor trembling maiden to the care of Claudius. You may easily conceive the terrible anxiety under which she laboured while hearing that she was a slave, and had been stolen from Claudius by Virginius! Horrible indeed must have been her condition when the cruel and relentless Appius ordered her to be delivered to Claudius!

All of a sudden, Icilius, her lover, ran into the assembly, loudly demanding "who he was that durst lay hands upon a free woman, and what were his pretensions." Nothing could stop him, and he, taking the trembling Virginia in his arms, cried, "No, Appius, nothing but death shall separate me from her. If thou wouldst have thy vile artifice concealed, thou must murder me. Assemble all thy lictors; bid them prepare their rods and axes, but to my last breath I will defend her honour. Have you deprived the Romans of their tribunes, that you may subject their wives and daughters to your lewdness? Go on to exercise your rage in slaughtering and scourging the Roman citizens, but let modesty and chastity escape your tyranny. Virginia is mine, she is promised me, and I expect to marry a virgin pure and unspotted. I will receive her from no hands but her father's. If in his absence any attempt be made to do her violence, I will implore the aid of the Roman people for my wife; Virginius will demand the assistance of his fellow-soldiers for his daughter; and both gods and men will be on our side."

Claudius demanded who would be his security. All the people held up their hands, and Icilius, in tears,

exclaimed, "To-morrow, if there be occasion, we will make use of your assistance. To-day, I hope, they will be satisfied with my security, and that of all Virginia's relations."

Appius now sent orders that Virginius should be detained in the camp; but Icilius was beforehand with him, for Virginius had already heard of the affair, and the unfortunate father was on his way to Rome. The next morning Appius was surprised by the appearance of Virginius in the forum. The father's tale was soon told, but to no purpose. She was ordered to go to Claudius. Think of the despair of the poor girl, of the agony of her lover, of the distraction of the father! The guards approached; Virginius obtained permission to give her his parting embrace. Favoured by this permission, he insensibly led her towards a butcher's stall, and, snatching from it a large knife, exclaimed, "My dear daughter, by this means only can I purchase thy honour and freedom!" As he said this, he suddenly plunged the weapon into her heart, and then holding it up, all reeking with her blood, exclaimed, "By this innocent blood, Appius, I devote thy head to the infernal gods!"

All was now horror and confusion. The fury of the people was aroused. Virginius flew to the camp with the bloody knife; and instantly the army was in an uproar. A revolution followed; the indignant citizens deposed the decemviri, and Appius paid the forfeit of his life for his crimes.

The senate restored the consuls, and the commonwealth once more enjoyed tranquillity (B. C. 449.)

(187)

HISTORY OF ROME.



Manus repelling the Gauls from the Capitol.

THE INVASION OF THE GAULS.

B. C. 385.



GRANCE was anciently called Gallia, and was inhabited by a barbarous people, rough in their manners, rude in dress, fierce, brave, and hardy. These were so charmed with the Roman territory, on the other side of the Alps, that they gradually encroached upon it, and at last took possession by force of arms. Under Brennus as a leader they marched to Clusium, and laid siege to that town. The terrified inhabitants sent to Rome, and obtained a temporary relief. Three ambassadors went to the place, and one of them having violated the law of nations, the Gauls proceeded on their way towards Rome. No satisfaction would be given to them by the haughty Romans, although the demand was by no means unreasonable. Both parties now commenced hostile operations; the Romans sent six inexperienced generals to oppose Brennus, and the two armies met, eleven miles from Rome, at the junction of the Allia with the Tiber.

The Roman army was soon defeated by these bold barbarians, who were so numerous as almost to surround them. It appears that they lost all confidence in themselves. Entire, unattacked, and without strik

ing a blow, they turned their backs and fled; not one soldier fell in battle, but many in the rout. They fled for refuge to the citadel at once, even without securing the city gates. The young and brave shut themselves up in the Capitol, resolved to hold out to the last extremity. The old and infirm awaited their fate in the senate-house.

The Gauls quietly entered Rome. Moving on, they with amazement beheld the place unpeopled as a desert, and saw no show of resistance but in the citadel. One of the Gauls approached an old hero to take hold of his beard, but the latter indignantly laid the Gaul at his feet. He was instantly killed. Massacre and rapine followed, and all the defenceless were cruelly slain. The enemy then plundered the city and set many of the houses on fire.

Soon the whole city was a mass of ruins. All was levelled with the ground. Brennus encamped among the ruins, and invested the citadel. On one occasion, the men in the citadel easily repulsed a body of Gauls who attempted to scale the hill on which it stood. The Gauls found it impossible to take the place by assault.

Meanwhile, Camillus lived at Ardea, an exile from the city for which he had obtained so many victories. One part of the Gauls remained at the siege, while the remainder made incursions into the neighbourhood for provisions. These were very careless, and, relying too much on the terror of their arms, were deceived by their own imagined security. Camillus hastily collected a number of men, and defeated the Gauls, who were on the excursion. Camillus now appeared the last resource of Rome. "He is no longer an exile,"

said they, "Rome is no more; we have now no country."

Camillus wished to obtain the consent of the senate in the Capitol, and for this purpose a young man, named Pontius Cominus, undertook to convey the news to the place. He provided himself with a light dress and a cork, and threw himself into the Tiber, above Rome. The current carried him down to a very steep part of the hill which was unguarded by the Gauls. Permission being obtained, Camillus was made general, and repairing to Veii, saw himself at the head of 40,000 men.

While this was going on, the Roman citadel was once nearly taken by surprise. Under cover of the night, a party of expert men accustomed to climb precipices ascended from rock to rock. No dog heard the sounds; but some sacred geese, naturally quick of hearing, were alarmed by the Gauls. They ran up and down, cackling loudly, while they made much noise by the fluttering of their wings. Manlius first ran to the ramparts. He cut off the hand of one, and with his buckler pushed the other off the rampart, who in his fall overthrew all behind him. Thus they were all hurled headlong down the precipice.

Camillus now approached the Gauls. The latter were in much distress, and a conference took place in which Rome agreed to give a certain ransom if the Gauls would retire. The Gauls brought false weights, which being objected to, Brennus, the king, insultingly added his sword, which he threw into the scale, crying, "Woe to the vanquished." The Romans were just on the point of submitting, when Camillus suddenly appeared, and instantly commanded the gold to

be taken away, and the Gauls to depart. "It is with iron, not with gold," said Camillus, "that the Romans are wont to defend their liberty."

Brennus prepared for battle, but was routed; and, in a second engagement, was so totally vanquished, that not a man remained to carry the news of the disaster to Gaul. Camillus returned in triumph to Rome, and the soldiers in their songs styled him — 'Camillus, the Father of his Country, and the second Founder of Rome.'



FIRST PUNIC WAR — REGULUS.

B. C. 264.



BEING free from all danger at home, the Romans became anxious to extend their territory. The first war between the Romans and Carthaginians was caused by dissensions among the Sicilians, part of whose island belonged to Carthage. The Romans boldly declared war against Carthage, whose prosperity they envied.

The first expedition which the Romans made out of Italy, was when they crossed over to Sicily and Messina. Now, they thought of subduing the Carthaginians at sea. A vessel driven on shore served as a model, and Rome soon found herself in possession of no inconsiderable fleet. But ships, in those days, were not much better than large open vessels, propelled by oars. Duillius, the consul, ventured to attack the Carthaginian fleet, and soon gained a naval victory over them. Thus were the "rulers of the sea" defeated on their own territory, for, until this action, Carthage held undisputed dominion at sea.

Regulus and Manlius set sail from Italy to attempt the invasion of Africa. They carried 140,000 men in their fleet. The fleet of Carthage was again defeated, and Clypea was taken, together with 20,000 men. Manlius was recalled to Rome, and Regulus continued in command.

The Carthaginians had procured forces from Sparta, under Xanthippus; and, thus supported, defeated the Romans, and took Regulus prisoner. It is painful to add, that the Carthaginians were so vexed at owing this victory to the presence and spirit of their warlike allies, that, when they sent home Xanthippus in their own vessels, they gave orders that he and his attendants should be massacred. What perfidious cruelty! What ingratitude!—Regulus was kept in prison many years; and was then sent to Rome to propose peace, and an exchange of prisoners; having been first made to take an oath that he would return to Carthage, if he did not succeed in his proposals. When this noble Roman made his appearance among his countrymen, they were all touched by his misfortunes, and were willing to purchase his freedom by granting the request of his enemies. The generous Regulus would not allow his country to suffer for his sake; and, though he knew that torture and death awaited him at Carthage, he begged that the Romans would send him back, and refuse the Carthaginians their prisoners; for among these prisoners were many skilful and vigorous young men, who would thus be set at liberty fight against Rome.

The Roman senate allowed Regulus to have his choice. He quitted his native country with as much serenity as though he were going to an entertainment. The Carthaginians, seeing him return unsuccessful, were so enraged that they employed every kind of torture they could invent. They cut off or sewed back his eyelids, and then, bringing him out of a dark dungeon, exposed him to the sun at noon-day. After this they put him in a barrel, stuck full, on the inside.

with sharp iron spikes. He bore all in patient silence, and died as heroically as he had lived.

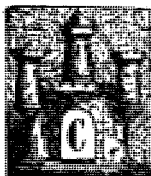
War was now renewed. The perseverance of the Romans at length caused the enemy to propose a peace. Sicily was left by the Carthaginians, who agreed never more to make war with Rome or her allies. Three thousand two hundred talents were also stipulated to be paid.

The first Punic war lasted twenty-four years and ended, B. C. 241.



THE WAR OF HANNIBAL.

B. C. 218.



CARTHAGE soon violated the treaty they had made, and laid siege to the city of Saguntum, in Spain, which was then allied with Rome. Hannibal was the leader of the Carthaginians; he had taken an oath of eternal enmity to the Romans. Rome resolved to defend her allies, and thus commenced the second Punic war, or the war of Hannibal.

This proud general soon overran all Spain. He left Hanno with 11,000 men to maintain his conquests, and he, with 60,000 men, marched towards the Alps. Here he crossed with extreme difficulty, and found himself on the plains of Italy with only one half of his soldiers, the others having perished among the snowy-peaked Alps. Scipio was appointed to march against him, and having met him on the river Ticinus, after an inspiring speech to his soldiers, ordered them to commence the battle. But they were defeated. A second battle was fought on the banks of the Trebia, in which the Romans were totally routed.

At Cannæ was fought a celebrated battle, B. C. 216, and the Romans were again signally overthrown, under the command of their consuls. Varro, one of them, gave orders for battle against the wishes of his colleague, Paulus Æmilius; but, the encounter once



HISTORY FROM E.



Varro receiving the thanks of the Senate.

begun, Æmilius fought with his utmost skill and bravery, and died covered with wounds. Just before his death, he was found sitting on a stone, faint and streaming with blood. The soldier who discovered him, besought him to mount his horse, and put himself under his protection. "No," said Æmilius, "I thank you heartily, but I will not clog you with my sinking frame; go—haste to Rome; tell the senate of this day's disaster, and bid them fortify the city, for the enemy are approaching it. I will die with my slaughtered soldiers, that I may neither suffer the indignation of Rome myself, nor be called upon to give any testimony against my colleague to prove my own innocence." With this noble sentiment on his lips, the intrepid consul expired.

Varro, on his return to Rome, was treated with every mark of respect by the citizens, and was publicly thanked by the senate, for not having despaired of the commonwealth.

Scipio, soon after this defeat, rallied around him a few spirited youths, and made a vow to fight for his country, whilst a drop of blood remained in his veins; then, drawing his sword fiercely, he exclaimed, "Whoever is against Rome, this sword is against him!"

It was this hero that induced the Romans to force the Carthaginians to quit Italy, and defend their own territory. He proposed to carry the war to Carthage, and succeeded in having his plan carried into execution. Hannibal was hastily called to protect his native city from the very foe whom he had nearly annihilated. Rome was thus freed from the presence of the enemies whom they so much dreaded, and who were now obliged to defend themselves. Hannibal

obeyed the summons. He met Scipio, but in vain tried to procure an honourable peace. Scipio proudly and disdainfully rejected all his proposals, and the armies prepared for battle.

The decisive contest took place at Zama, a town not far from Carthage, and the troops of that wealthy city were entirely defeated, B. C. 202. The terms of peace, granted by the Romans in the next year, were sufficiently hard, and their hatred of Hannibal was bitter and constant. Hannibal did not lose his life at Zama, but he lived to lament that he had not lost it honourably there; for the Romans hunted him from place to place, till at last the brave, unfortunate, and venerable fugitive took poison. "Let us relieve the Romans of their fears," said he, "by closing the existence of a feeble old man." He died, B. C. 183.

The second Punic war ended, B. C. 201.



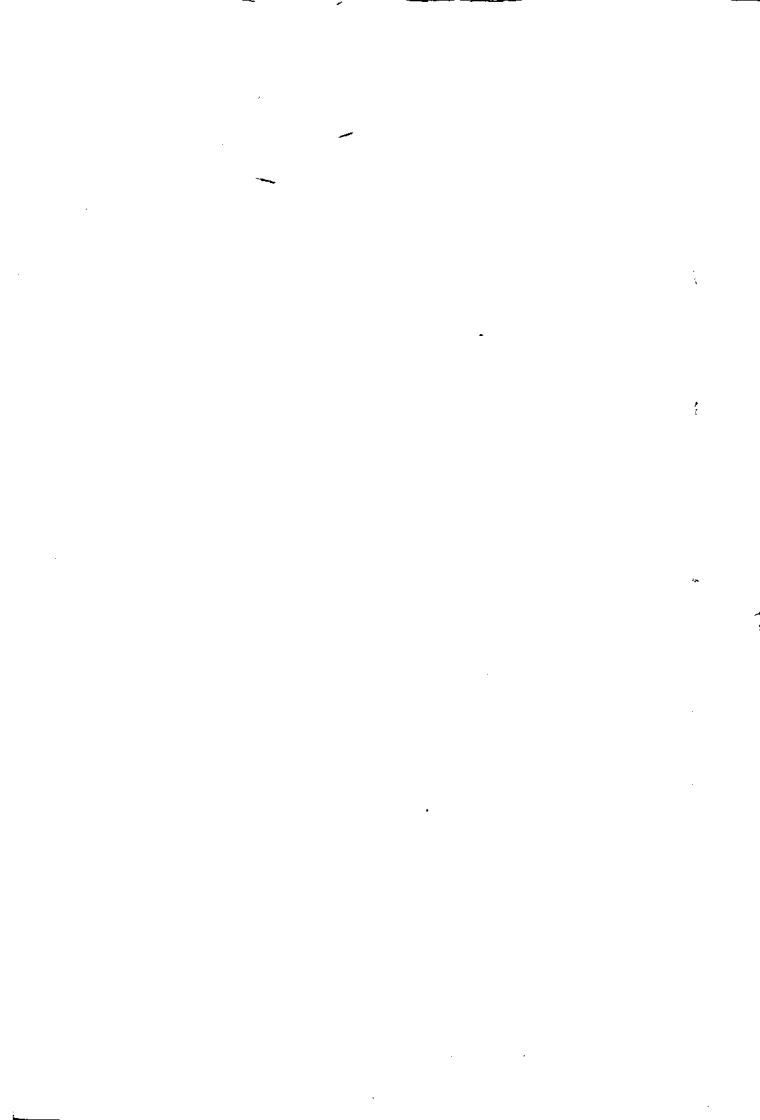


HISTORY

FROM E.

Death of Hannibal.

(89)



THIRD PUNIC WAR — DESTRUCTION OF CARTHAGE.

B. C. 148.



FTER peace had been kept for nearly half a century between Rome and Carthage, the two rivals were again engaged in war. The latter were reduced very low in a war with Masinissa, and Rome resolved to seize the opportunity of their distress, to crush them entirely.

The Carthaginians sent ambassadors to inquire "Upon what terms Carthage, if judged faulty, might be forgiven?" The fathers, or senators, replied, "She must satisfy the Romans; and that the Carthaginians knew the means very well." Rome soon declared war in form, and it is thought that jealousy alone prompted her to do so. Carthage was doomed to destruction by the cruel Romans. After extraordinary submissions, vainly employed to divert the war, the Carthaginians resolved to defend themselves. They had first promised implicit obedience, and yielded up three hundred of their children as hostages or security for their future conduct. They were next ordered to give up their arms, and even this was obeyed. Next, the Roman consul said:

"I cannot but praise, Carthaginians, the ready obedience you have shown in sending us the hostages

required, and in giving up your arms. Many words are useless, when necessity urges. You will have fortitude to bear what the senate farther demands yield up your city to us; transplant yourselves to whatever part of your territory you like best, provided it be ten miles from the sea; for we are determined to level Carthage with the ground."

The ambassadors knew not what to do, for they knew the dire punishment which would be inflicted on their unsuccessful negotiation. They became frantic with grief, rage, and despair; they prostrated themselves on the earth, and tore the very flesh from their bodies. This passion, however, soon ceased, and the supplicants said:

"We are sensible of the necessity of obeying. On our return we shall be torn to pieces before we have half delivered our message. We beg you to send your fleet there, so that our countrymen, seeing you ready to force submission, may submit without resistance." A fleet was sent; the tale of woe was told, and dismay spread from breast to breast. All was terror and confusion. In this calamity, the senate decreed war; proclaimed liberty, by a public herald, to all slaves; enrolled them in the militia; and begged Asdrubal, whom they had condemned, and who was not far off with 20,000 men, that he would protect them in this extreme danger. The noise of preparation resounded in every street, and even the temples were, for a time, converted into workshops to make arms. The women made bowstrings of their hair: gold and silver were converted into arms, for no iron was left. How gladly would they have purchased iron for its weight in gold!

Astonishment seized the Romans when they met with such unexpected resistance from a foe whom they had considered as prostrate; but their present courage was the effect of desperation! Often were the cruel Romans repulsed from the walls, and many were they who fell in the contest. Had not Carthage been deserted by one of her officers, it is more than probable, she would never have been taken. We will not stain our paper with the name of the base wretch who betrayed his persecuted countrymen, and forsook them in the hour of peril.

Scipio Æmilianus intercepted their supplies of food, and blocked up the haven. The citizens cut out a new passage to the sea. He next destroyed the army, stationed without the walls, killing 70,000 men, and taking 10,000 prisoners. After this, he broke through the walls, and entered the city, pulling, or burning down houses, temples, and public buildings with indiscriminate fury. The air rang with shrieks and lamentations. Scipio for several days took no sleep, and once, with tears in his eyes, he repeated those lines from Homer, where Agamemnon foretells the destruction of Troy :

“The day shall come, the great avenging day,
When Troy’s proud glories in the dust shall lay;
When Priam’s power, and Priam’s self shall fall,
And one prodigious ruin swallow all.”

Also, the lines where Hector predicts the same :

“Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates :
(How my heart trembles, while my tongue relates !)
The day when thou, imperial Troy, must bend,
And in thy warriors’ fall, thy glories end.”

Carthage, that once mighty city, in flames, brought to his mind, not only the fall of Troy, but the instability of human things; he feared that Rome, the proud mistress of the world, would one day undergo the same fate which now overwhelmed Carthage. The city, being taken, was first plundered, and then levelled to the ground. Asdrubal delivered himself up a prisoner; but his wife, while the fire was kindling, having decked herself in her best apparel, is said to have appeared with her two children on the top of the temple; whence, calling out to Scipio, she begged him to punish her husband, according to his desert, that traitor to his God, his country, and his family. Then, directing her speech to Asdrubal, she said, 'Thou wicked, perfidious wretch! the most cowardly of men! this fire will quickly consume me and my children; but thou, ruler of mighty Carthage! what a triumph shalt thou adorn! and what punishment shalt thou not suffer from him at whose feet thou art now sitting.' This said, she cut the throats of her children, threw them into the flames, and herself after them:—choosing rather to perish thus, than experience the vengeance of the victor.

Thus fell Carthage, and, with her fall, the third Punic war was concluded (B. C. 146). The conduct of the Romans in this unhallowed transaction, is a black and lasting stain upon the character of that nation.

HISTORY OF ROME.



Marius sitting among the ruins of Carthage

MARIUS.—CIVIL WAR

B. C. 88.



ROMAN history, at this period, is the history of the world. Carthage and Corinth were destroyed; Macedonia was under her dominion; all Greece was reduced to a Roman province. Syria, in Asia, was compelled to make concessions, and Rome had extensive influence in Egypt. Many battles were gained over the rude inhabitants of Spain, and Gallia more than once had felt her power. So that almost the whole known world was under the control of Rome. Hence she derives the name of "mistress of the world."

Caius Marius, the conqueror of Jugurtha, is well worthy of occupying a conspicuous place in the history of this period. He was born of humble parents, but by perseverance he rose to be a commander of Roman armies. He sustained a war with the Cimbri, and totally defeated them in several engagements; he was elected consul several times. He was a leader at the destruction of Carthage. After all this service for his country, he at last became one of her greatest enemies. He and Sylla were rivals, and in a war between Rome and Mithridates, king of Pontus, Sylla and Marius both anxiously desired to obtain the com-

mand. Marius joined himself with Sulpicius, in whose character were united cruelty, impudence, avarice, and all sorts of vice. A tumult was occasioned by Sylla, who proclaimed holidays, in order to defeat the projects of his rival. Sylla was obliged to escape from the city, and join the army. All things were in confusion at Rome; Sylla was marching with 35,000 men towards that city. The senate sided with Marius, and sent orders to Sylla to advance no farther; but the magistrates who directed this were insulted, and had their clothes torn from their bodies. The Roman army then advanced, and, Sylla setting the example, several houses were soon involved in flames. Resistance from within was useless; Sylla became master of the Capitol, and proposed the banishment of Marius.

One senator alone refused his consent: he said, "Although you should threaten me with death, and give me up to those soldiers with whom you have surrounded the senate-house, you shall never persuade me for the sake of a life, now almost exhausted, to pronounce Marius an enemy, who has saved Italy and Rome." But there were enough who favoured his banishment; the decree was passed, and Marius became an exile. He fled from the city, and wandered among some marshes, in which he had time, to reflect on the consequences of ambition.

' Oh, dire ambition ! what infernal power
 Unchained thee from thy native depths of hell,
 To stalk the earth with thy destructive train,
 Murder and lust ! to waste domestic peace,
 And every heart-felt joy !



“ Oh, false ambition,
 Thou lying phantom ! whither hast thou led me !
 Ev'n to this giddy height where now I stand
 Forsaken, comfortless, with not a friend
 In whom my soul can trust.”

BROWN.

Or he might have said, with Pope,

“ Oh, sons of earth ! attempt ye still to rise,
 By mountains piled on mountains, to the skies ?
 Heaven still with laughter thy vain toil surveys,
 And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.”

Such was now the condition of Marius. He, for a long, miserable night, was buried up to his chin in a marsh. In the morning he was discovered all dirty and naked, and was thrown into prison. A Cimbrial slave was sent to despatch him in his place of confinement ; but the fierce looks and savage appearance of Marius, so terrified the poor wretch, that he dared not approach him to take his life ; and the foolish governor, thinking this an omen that the prisoner should not die, restored him to liberty.

He fled from Italy into Africa in a ship furnished by those who dared not injure him. After landing, he was seen sitting among the ruins of Carthage. He had been forbidden to set his foot on land, but, on the arrival of a messenger with this sad interdict Marius said, “ Go tell the prætor, that you have seen Marius an exile from his country, and sitting among the ruins of Carthage ;” meaning (says Plutarch) to propose the fate of that city, and his own adversity, as an instructive lesson to the prætor. He went on board of his ship, and sailed about in those seas for the greater part of the winter.

Cinna joined him; an army was soon raised, and, after reducing many towns near Rome, he entered that famous city by force. Sylla was in Asia, and Marius, pausing at the gate, said angrily, "I am an exile, and forbidden by the laws to enter the city; and I require you to reverse the decree." Great numbers of people flocked to do this; but scarcely had one half voted, when he, throwing off the mask of deception, entered the city with four thousand men. The gates were instantly closed, and the band rushed through the streets of Rome, slaughtering all whom Marius feared or hated. The soldiers murdered all whose salutations were not returned by Marius.

Marius himself was carried off by the unsparing hand of death in the midst of these cruelties. He seems to have fallen a victim to his ungoverned passions. He died, B. C. 86

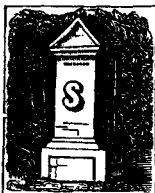




Sylla expostulating with the image of Apollo.

SYLLA — MASSACRE AT ROME.

B. C. 82.



SYLLA, after his victories in Greece and Asia, returned to chastise his own fellow-citizens at Rome, who had opposed his horrid cruelties. This tyrant, with Pompey, appeared before Rome. Although his troops were much fatigued, he ordered the trumpets to sound a charge. An officer, the implacable enemy of Rome, went from rank to rank, crying, "The last day of Rome is come! The city must be razed to the ground!" The battle continued through a whole night, and his part of the army being defeated, Sylla pulled out a little image of Apollo from his bosom, and kissing it with great devotion, he expostulated with the god for having caused his defeat. All was to no purpose, for he was routed. Crassus, however, in turn, compelled the Romans to fly.

The tyrant was now master of Rome. No man ever made a more cruel use of victory. From six to eight thousand wretches were shut up in a public place, and an indiscriminate massacre took place. Sylla was in the senate-house, and the cries and lamentations being heard there, he coolly said, "It is nothing but a few seditious persons whom I have ordered to be punished."

“So spake the fiend, and with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.”

MILTON.

After this bloody commencement, not a day passed without the perpetration of the most shocking murders; and Sylla's horrible proscription, as it is called, is never thought of without shuddering. Husbands were massacred in the arms of their wives, and sons in the bosoms of their devoted mothers! and all that Sylla might reign with unlimited power, and in undisturbed security!

Some years after, he retired to the country, and, by indulging to a great excess in luxury, brought on a horrible distemper. His entrails were corrupted and his flesh was full of vermin. No method of exterminating the vermin proved effectual, and the tyrant died in this horrible condition, writing his own epitaph. He said no man had ever outdone him, either in obliging his friends, or in avenging himself on his enemies. How little consolation could this afford him in the moment of his dissolution!



HISTORY OF ROME.



Q. Curius disclosing Catiline's Conspiracy to Fulvia.

CATILINE'S CONSPIRACY

B. C. 73.



IN the death of Sylla, another Roman was commencing a career of greatness: this was no other than Julius Cæsar. Debauchery, luxury, and their natural consequence, poverty, had occasioned great commotions among the citizens of Rome. Whilst Pompey was making extensive conquests abroad, Rome had nearly fallen into the power of a daring individual, who, for mere revenge, resolved to try all means in his power to enslave his country and displace Cicero, who was then consul, and whom he envied and hated as his greatest enemy. Cicero had denounced Catiline for a traitorous conspiracy, of which he was undoubtedly guilty. Catiline upon this resolved to have revenge upon one whom he dared not allow to inform the people of his real character. Catiline was indolent, luxurious, and extremely profligate. He had connected with himself, in the plot, Cethegus, a man of a fierce and impetuous temper, capable of the most desperate deeds.

Among the conspirators was Q. Curius. He disclosed whatever he heard without regarding the consequences, and it was he who discovered the plot to Fulvia, when boasting of the great wealth he would become master of, by the success of the plot; and

through her the senate were informed that a daring insurrection was about to break out in the city.

The conspirators had resolved that Catiline should put himself at the head of the troops in Etruria; that Rome should be fired in many places at once, and a massacre begin at the same time; so that, in the consternation of the fire and massacre, Catiline should enter the city with his army. Two Roman knights engaged to murder Cicero. No sooner was this agreed upon, than Cicero received information of it through Fulvia. Catiline fled, and the other conspirators were seized and confined in prison.

Cicero, in a speech pronounced on this occasion, said, "A domestic war remains for us to encounter; the treason, the danger, the enemy is within; we are to combat with luxury, with madness, and with villany." Cæsar spoke in favour of mild measures, and proposed perpetual imprisonment as a punishment for the conspirators.

Portius Cato, another celebrated Roman orator, stern, severe, and haughty, warmly and forcibly counselled that the rebels should suffer death. Cicero agreeing in this opinion, the prisoners were immediately strangled. It has been well said, "that Cicero loved his country, in hopes one day to govern it; but that Cato loved it more than other countries, only because he thought it more free."

Catiline was at this time about to cross the Apennines into Gaul. He heard of the seizure and execution of his fellow-conspirators, and was, for some time, doubtful what course to pursue. He resolved at Corinth to encounter the Roman army, after being pursued by Metellus for a considerable distance. The

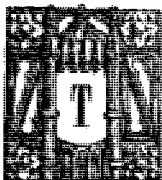
battle was desperate and bloody; Catiline and his troops were cut to pieces. When Catiline's body was found, he was not quite breathless, but retained, in the agonies of death, that fierceness of countenance which had always been natural to him. The victory proved bloody and mournful to Rome; the bravest men of the legions being either killed or wounded.

Thus died Catiline, and thus Rome once more found herself free from all apprehensions of impending danger.



JULIUS CÆSAR.—INVASION OF BRITAIN.

B. C. 55.



HIS general was perhaps the greatest ever possessed by Rome. He first conquered the Helvetians, who lost two hundred thousand men in their various encounters with him. Eighty thousand Germans were next cut off, and their monarch was compelled to seek safety by flight in a fishing-boat. The Gauls were next conquered, and the dominion of Rome now extended from Italy to the British Channel.

In Gaul, Julius Cæsar heard a great deal about Britain: he learned that it was a fine country, and he felt a great desire to conquer it. Stimulated by this wish, he crossed over into Britain, with several vessels filled with Roman soldiers. The Britons had information of this, and approached the shore with a brave determination of opposing the invader. Although nearly naked and badly armed, they fought so bravely that Cæsar could scarcely land. At last, a Roman standard-bearer leapt out of one of the vessels, and calling on his fellow-soldiers to protect their standard, moved on to the shore. The poor Britons, having no armour to resist the swords and spears of their enemies, were soon routed, and Cæsar effected a landing.

Cæsar staid only a few weeks in the island. So many of his followers were killed by the repeated and

HISTORY OF ROME.



Cæsar's Invasion of Britain.

often successful assaults of the Britons, that he thought it better to return to the continent. Many of his ships were destroyed in a storm, and the great conqueror gained nothing in Britain of which to boast.

Next year he again visited Britain, but just as he was on the point of pursuing the routed inhabitants near Canterbury, he heard that a dreadful storm had destroyed the greater part of his fleet. Instead of pursuing and slaughtering the defenceless people, he hastily marched to the coast to behold his loss. Most of his vessels were driven on the shore, and many of them much damaged. He again fought the inhabitants, but he found them so brave, and so difficult to subdue, and the country so unfavourable to his designs, that he gave up the enterprise, and returned to Gaul. He has left an account of the expedition, which is very interesting. The description he gives of the rude manners of the natives is also very curious and entertaining.



CROSSING OF THE RUBICON.

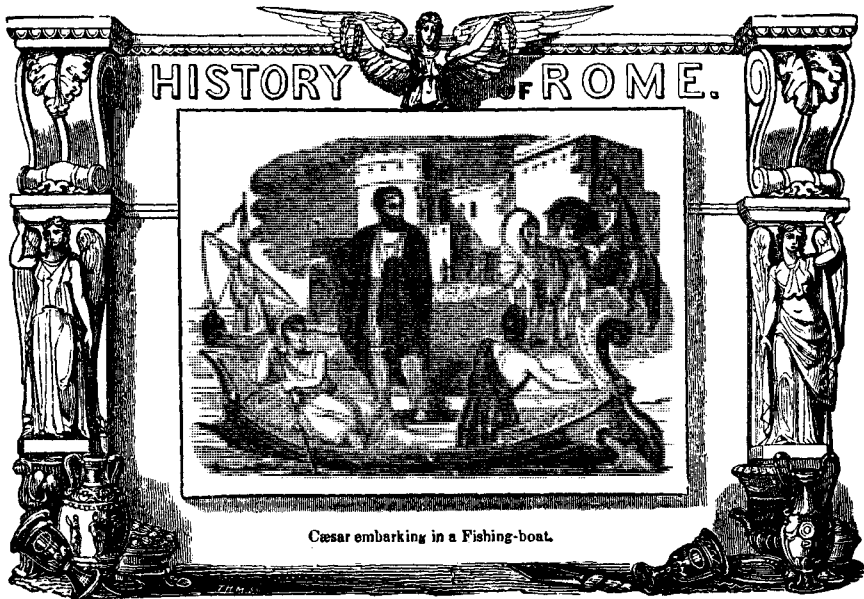
B. C. 48.



YOU have, no doubt, often heard the expression, "I have passed the Rubicon, and must now go on." The origin of this saying is the crossing of the river, called the Rubicon, by Cæsar, whose ambition led him at last to fight against his own country, and overthrow her liberties.

On discovering that Cæsar was approaching Rome from Gaul, in order to increase his power in the government by force, the senate declared that he should resign his command, and disband his forces, within a specified time; and, if he refused obedience, he should be considered an enemy to the republic. Cæsar, by no means intimidated, advanced to the Rubicon, which separated Gaul from Italy, and paused on the brink of that river. "If I pass this river," said he to one of his generals, "what miseries shall I bring upon my country! and if I now stop, I am undone."

No wonder that he paused—no wonder if, his imagination wrought upon by his conscience, he had beheld blood instead of water, and heard groans instead of murmurs! But, "No!"—he cried, "The die is cast!" He plunged—he crossed! and Rome was free no more!



Cæsar embarking in a Fishing-boat.

His hostile movement spread consternation in the capital. Pompey was now to oppose him. Well aware of his inability to meet Cæsar, the conqueror of Gaul and Britain, and who had been so often victorious, he retreated from place to place, till at last he engaged the army of Cæsar on the plains of Pharsalia.

It was during the flight of Pompey, that Cæsar, who was pursuing him in a light vessel, was overtaken by a dreadful storm, and the boatman, wearied with struggling against the winds and waves, in despair threw aside his oars, and would have consigned himself and his charge to the waves. Cæsar, who had kept the boatman ignorant of his rank, at this awful crisis discovered to him his real name, and, bidding him row on boldly, exclaimed, "Fear nothing, for you have Cæsar and his fortunes on board." The man renewed his efforts, and landed Cæsar safely on the shore.

The confidence evinced by this celebrated expression of Cæsar was fully justified by the result. When the armies finally met at Pharsalia, the superior discipline of his troops, and the good fortune which appears to have attended till his arrival at the summit of power, enabled him to give his famous rival a complete overthrow. The army of Pompey was entirely routed and his fortunes completely wrecked. He was compelled to seek safety for his person by abandoning his army and betaking himself to flight.

DEATH OF POMPEY.



POMPEY, after the battle of Pharsalia, sailed first to Amphipolis. Here he commanded all, whether Romans or Grecians, to assist him in reducing Cæsar to submission; but he soon found it best to fly from thence without opposing the conqueror, who was approaching him. He determined to go to Lesbos, an island on which his wife Cornelia resided. But here he found no more rest than elsewhere, and accordingly he proceeded to Egypt.

Ptolemy then king of Egypt was very young; and his ministers pursued an infamous course, in their treatment of the fugitive Pompey, whose misfortunes certainly entitled him to respect. But these men regardless of all the feelings of humanity, treated him with the basest treachery. They sent a boat for him, to carry him to the shore, and Cornelia beheld her husband enter it with a heart full of grief. Achilles, captain of the king's guard, had been commanded to murder Pompey, before he should appear in the presence of the young king, who, the cruel ministers feared, might have compassion on the unfortunate general.

After taking an affectionate leave of Cornelia, he



HISTORY FROM E.



Death of Pompey

had entered the little bark, and Cornelia eagerly watched his course with straining eyes. During the passage from the ship to land, no one spoke a single word, or showed the least mark of affection or kindness to Pompey, who felt this neglect to be the evidence of some base design. Nor was he deceived. He determined to break the silence of the company, by saying to Septimus, "Methinks I remember you have formerly served me." Septimus answered only by a slight inclination of his head, without uttering a single word, or showing the least civility to his former master. Hereupon, Pompey produced a speech, intended to be used in his audience with Ptolemy, the Egyptian king, and read it aloud to them.

In this manner they came to the shore, and Cornelia, who still beheld him from the ship, was almost disposed to believe that he was about to meet a welcome reception, for she saw the shore crowded with people. But alas! these hopes only deceived her, to make the scene, which she was about to behold, the more shocking to her feelings. When Pompey rose to go from the boat to the shore, he was stabbed in the back by Septimus, who was seconded by Achilles. Cornelia, with a piercing shriek, testified that she beheld the horrid spectacle. Pompey, as soon as he felt the wounds, wrapped his head in his robe, and quietly resigned himself to his fate.

His murderers then cut off his head, and threw his body away. His companion, Philip, stayed by it and, while collecting fuel for the funeral pile, was accosted by an old soldier, who had been in many battles under Pompey: "Who art thou that art making these sad preparations for the funeral of

Pompey the Great?" Philip answered him, "I am one of his freedmen."

"Thou shalt not," replied the other, "have all this honour to thyself: let me participate in an action so just and sacred. It will please me amidst the miseries of my exile, to have touched the body, and assisted at the funeral of the greatest and noblest soldier Rome ever produced." Thus, according to Plutarch, were the last rites performed. An inscription was placed over the spot: "How poor is the tomb which covers the man who had so many temples erected to his honour!" It is asserted that Cornelia, some years after, carried away the ashes of her husband but Lucan supposes them to have remained in Egypt.

"And thou, oh, Rome! by whose forgetful hand
Altars and temples, reared to tyrants, stand,
Canst thou neglect to call thy hero home,
And leave his ghost in banishment to roam?
What though the victor's frown, and thy base fear,
Bade thee at first the pious task forbear,
Yet now, at least, oh! let him now return,
And rest with honour in a Roman urn.
Nor let mistaken superstition dread,
On such occasions, to disturb the dead.
Oh! would commanding Rome my hand employ,
This pious task should be performed with joy,
How would I fly to tear him from the tomb,
And bear his ashes in my besom home!"

CATO DESTROYS HIMSELF.

B. C. 46.



BRUTUS, when very young, served as an officer under Cato. When Cæsar and Pompey began to strive for power, though Pompey had injured Brutus by causing the death of his father, yet did Brutus silence his wounded feelings, and, considering Cæsar the greatest enemy to the freedom of Rome, he joined Pompey. Brutus was, nevertheless, befriended by Cæsar, after the battle of Pharsalia, as was also Cassius.

When Cato was once offered a choice of military appointments, he declined them all, saying, "I have yet done nothing to deserve such honours." And once when a friend said, "Cato, the world finds fault with your silence," he replied, "No matter, as long as it does not find fault with my life. I shall speak, when I can speak worthily." Cato thought that his countrymen were too luxurious in their manners, and too loose in their morals. He dressed plainly, and ate abstemiously; and was so strict an observer of truth, that it became a proverb in Rome: "It must be true, for Cato said it; or, "I would not believe it unless Cato said it."

No virtue bestows so much honour as truth, and no virtue can be so easily practised. Who could not speak truth precisely? Then why is it not always

spoken? Informed of the death of Pompey, Cato fixed himself at Utica, not far from Carthage, and there awaited the approach of Cæsar. In vain his friends urged him to remove farther from danger; he heard their request unmoved, and in silence saw them depart. He seemed to consider the liberty of Rome as extinct, and desired not to survive it.

When he heard that Cæsar was on his way to Utica, he invited a large party to supper, at which he conversed freely and cheerfully with his guests. When they left him, he retired to his chamber, embracing his son with more than usual tenderness. He then lay down and began to read; but observing that his sword did not hang in its usual place, he called to his servants, and desired them to bring it to him.

His son, fearing from his looks and conduct that he meant to destroy himself, had taken away his sword, and he now hastened to his father, to beseech him to be composed, and not insist upon having his sword. Cato sternly replied, that he could do without his sword, since there were other modes of dying. The young man retired in an agony of grief; and, soon afterwards, a little child took in the sword. Cato drew it from the sheath, and, seeing that the edge was bright and sharp, "Now," said he, "I am master of myself." The Heathens thought self-murder or suicide a noble virtue: Christians know it to be other wise.

"Our time is fixed, and all our days are numbered;
How long, how short, we know not: this we know,
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till Heaven shall give permission,

Like sentries that must keep their destined stand,
 And wait th' appointed hour, till they 're relieved.
 Those only are the brave who keep the ground,
 And keep it to the last. To run away
 Is but a coward's trick: to run away
 From this world's ills, that, at the very worst,
 Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves
 By boldly venturing on a world unknown,
 And plunging headlong in the dark! 't is mad
 No frenzy half so desperate as this.

* * * * *

It must be an awful thing to die;
 More horrid still to die by one's own hand."

But Cato was unacquainted with these noble sentiments, and hastened his appearance before the dread tribunal of God. This is an awful instance of the crimes into which a false religion leads its followers.



ESTABLISHMENT OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.



ON the death of Cato, Cæsar returned to Rome in a most splendid triumph, such as had, perhaps, never before been seen. It lasted four days: one for Gaul, of which he was conqueror, another for Egypt, a third for his victories in Asia, and a fourth for the victory over Juba, in Africa. Every one of his veteran troops, scarred with wounds, was crowned with laurels, and marched in the triumphal procession to the Capitol. All his soldiers, and many of the citizens, shared largely in his bounty, so that the whole people were amazed at the almost inexhaustible treasure which he had amassed in his campaigns.

Intoxicated with admiration, the citizens made him "Master of the morals of the People;" and he, soon after, received the name of Emperor. He governed the state, now an empire, with great clemency and moderation. He made many salutary laws for the prosperity of his country, and now once more Rome was in a flourishing condition. He also reformed the calendar,—a work which was of very general benefit to mankind; and Cæsar, by so many noble acts, gained the affections of most of his people; but, alas! the jealousy of a few crushed at a blow all his hopes.

The sons of Pompey, in Spain, resolved to dispute



HISTORY OF ROME.

Brutus and Cassius conspiring against Caesar.

Cæsar's power, and met him on the plain of Munda; and, after one of the most obstinate struggles ever experienced, Cæsar was again victorious. By this decisive blow, he completely overthrew the power of his open enemies; but still a secret conspiracy was formed against him by Brutus and Cassius.

His friends tried to persuade him to have a guard about his person, but, "It is better to die at once," said he, "than always live in fear." The conspirators, in order to give a colour of justice to their design, resolved to wait till the day on which Cæsar was to be offered the crown, for as yet he had only the power, and not the name, of emperor. When the day, which the augurs foretold was to be fatal to him, and on which he was to be offered the crown, arrived, Cæsar refused to accept it, and the shout that was then given by the admiring people, was loud and universal.

Sixty persons were now engaged in the plot. They deliberated, and it was soon resolved that Cæsar should be assassinated in the senate-house. They were not fighting so much to free the city, as to revenge themselves upon their enemies, and get dominion into their own hands. In the morning of the fatal day, Cæsar was almost persuaded to remain at home by a slight indisposition, and perhaps by the dream of his wife, in which she thought him stabbed to the heart. But Brutus easily prevailed on him to go.

Many circumstances transpired, which came near discovering the plot. A slave tried to reach Cæsar in the crowd to inform him of his danger, but could not see him. He also received a letter, and the bearer said, "Read this, and lose no time, for it much concerns you." But in the crowd he was unable to do as he was bid,

and entered the senate-house with the paper in his hands. The conspirators were in the greatest alarm, and every moment feared the plot might be revealed. The wife of Brutus was at the point of death; for, as the moment of her husband's hazardous enterprise drew near, she was seized with a dreadful panic. They had already agreed by signs to stab themselves rather than be seized and led to an ignominious death; universal consternation prevailed among the assassins; some had already laid their hands on their poniards, but Brutus soon assured them they had nothing to fear.

The conspirators surrounded Cæsar, and one of them, advancing to him, immediately seized his gown and drew it over his shoulders, which was the sign that the attack was commenced. He was wounded slightly in the throat by one of them, and, when attempting to run to his seat, was met by another, who gave him a mortal wound. Finding himself surrounded by assassins with drawn daggers, he quietly resigned himself to his fate, and received twenty-three wounds. It is remarkable that he fell at the feet of Pompey's statue, which was one of the ornaments of the senate-house.



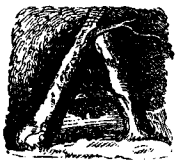
HISTORY OF ROME.



Death of Cæsar.

DEATH OF BRUTUS.

B. C. 42.



ANTONY, who was the instigator of the general cry of revenge for the death of Cæsar, was resolved to push the matter to the utmost extremity, and make the most of the occasion. But another competitor soon appeared in Augustus, the adopted son of Cæsar. Lepidus also sighed for supremacy. From the ambition of these three, it appeared extremely probable that some fatal event would follow. But the three united in a common cause; they resolved to revenge the death of Cæsar. They formed what was called the Second Triumvirate.

In order to carry out their plans, they met on a small island in the river Rheno, and expressed their thanks to Antony and his soldiers for beheading Decimus Brutus. Five days were employed by them in arranging their concerns. The empire was to be divided between them, and thus was the fate of millions of human beings determined by three usurpers, prompted by an inordinate ambition. Gaul was to be placed under Antony; Spain, under the dominion of Lepidus; and Augustus was to govern Africa.

Cassius and Brutus, however, were not willing quietly to give up their intentions, and both parties

met on the plains of Philippi. A very curious anecdote is related of Brutus, while encamped at this place, in which it is said he was warned of his approaching death by an apparition.

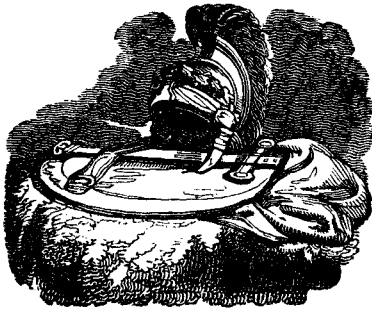
One evening, while engaged in reading in his tent, he heard an unusual noise near the entrance. Upon turning in the direction of the sound, he beheld the most hideous spectre imaginable. The frightful apparition approached, and Brutus, by no means daunted, asked him, "Art thou a god, or art thou a man? and for what purpose comest thou hither?" The spectre replied, "I am thy evil genius, and shall again see thee at Philippi." "Well," said Brutus, "I will there see thee," and the spectre disappeared immediately. Brutus maintained the most perfect coolness during the whole transaction, and as soon as the spectre vanished, he addressed his guards. Not one had seen the appalling apparition; Brutus said that it was, perhaps, his imagination that had created the spectre, and added, that, although he did not believe in spectres, yet he wished there were such things, "for," said he, "they could not but favour such a cause as ours."

At the battle of Philippi, he conducted himself like a brave man. Everything gave way before his powerful arms; he reached his opponent's camp, and destroyed it, and already thought himself victorious. But, looking for Cassius, he saw that his division had been defeated. Cassius was so grieved at his defeat, that he immediately retired to his tent, and commanded his slaves to cut off his head. The fatal order was executed, and Brutus now found only the corpse of his friend. Brutus again exerted himself

to retrieve his fortune, but was again routed. He disdained to live while his country was enslaved.

When, in the morning, he saw that no hope of success remained to him, he desired Strato, one of his friends, to do the last office for him. Seeing the other unwilling, Brutus called to a slave, but Strato cried out, "Ah! then, it shall never be said that the great Brutus stood in need of a slave, for want of a friend." Strato then presented his sword, on which Brutus threw himself with such violence as to make the blade pass through his body, and he instantly expired.

Such were the heathen ideas of heroic virtue. A belief in the Christian religion would have taught this brave Roman that it was his duty to await God's will with patience, and not to rush into the presence of his Maker, uncalled.



ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.



FROM the moment of the death of Brutus, the triumvirate exercised undisputed power. Under their auspices, Antony went to Athens, in Greece, to receive the flattery of that people. From thence he went into Asia, and, proceeding from kingdom to kingdom, made all the sovereigns of the east dependent on him. But among them all, Cleopatra was the most celebrated.

He went over to Egypt, the country of which she was queen, in order to meet her. He cited her to appear before him to answer a charge of having assisted Cassius. She easily saw how she might conquer a man of his character, and therefore, without hesitation, went to meet him in the most imposing style she could possibly contrive.

Never did a princess appear in a manner so singular and magnificent. She departed to meet him in a splendid galley (*See Frontispiece*), whose stern was of gold, the sails of purple silk, and the oars plated with silver, which gently kept time to a concert of music. The queen was lying under a canopy of rich cloth of gold, adorned like Venus rising out of the sea, with lovely children about her, as Cupids, fanning her, and her women were dressed like Nereids, leaning negligently

HISTORY FROM E.



Antony and Cleopatra.

on the sides and shrouds of the vessel. The odours of the perfumes that were burning, reached the banks of the river, which were crowded with an immense number of people. Antony, who was mounted on a throne, to make a show of majesty, found himself deserted by all his attendants: all ran to see such extraordinary sight. She desired him to visit He was exceedingly surprised at the neatness and magnificence of the entertainment, with the ingenious disposition of the lights, and many other curious contrivances.

Next day Antony endeavoured to equal her magnificence in the entertainment, but soon found his deficiency in this respect. He, however, turned it all into a jest, in which Cleopatra heartily joined. Thus was the time spent in mirth and gaiety. At length, Cleopatra informed Antony that she came not to exculpate herself, but to receive a recompense for the signal services she had rendered to Rome. She related all these with so much artifice, that Antony forgot for what purpose he had visited Egypt, and from that moment conceived a violent passion for Cleopatra, which was the cause of all his misfortunes. He seemed to forget that Fulvia, his wife in Rome, yet lived; and now his utmost wish was to aspire to the hand of Cleopatra.

Fulvia felt for some time all the rage of jealousy, and resolved to try every method of bringing back her husband from Cleopatra. She considered a breach with Augustus as the only probable means of rousing him from his lethargy; and, accordingly, with the assistance of Lucina, her brother-in-law, she began to sow the seeds of dissension. The pretext was, that

ROMAN STORIES.

Antony should have a share in the distribution of lands as well as Augustus. This produced negotiations between them, and Augustus offered to make the veterans themselves umpires in this dispute. Lucius refused to acquiesce; and, being at the head of more than six legions, mostly composed of such as were dispossessed of their lands, he resolved to compel Augustus to accept of whatever terms he should offer. Thus a new war was excited between Augustus and Antony; or, at least, the generals of Antony assumed the sanction of his name. Augustus was victorious; Lucius was hemmed in between two armies, and constrained to retreat to Perugia, where he was closely besieged by the opposite party. He made many desperate sallies, and Fulvia did all in her power to relieve him, but without success, so that, being at last reduced to extremity by famine, he delivered himself up to the mercy of the conqueror. Augustus received him honourably, and generously pardoned him and all his followers.

Antony having heard of his brother's overthrow, and of his wife being compelled to leave Italy, was resolved to oppose Augustus. He accordingly sailed at the head of a considerable fleet, and had an interview with Fulvia at Athens. He much blamed her for occasioning the late disorders, testified the utmost contempt for her person, and, leaving her upon her death-bed, hastened into Italy to fight Augustus. They met at Brundisium, and it was now thought that the flames of civil war were going to blaze out once more. The forces of Antony were numerous, but mostly newly raised; however, he was assisted by Sextus Pompeius, who, in those oppositions of interest,

was daily coming into power. Augustus was at the head of those veterans who had always been irresistible, but who seemed no way disposed to fight against Antony, their former general. A negotiation was therefore proposed, and a reconciliation was effected: all offences and affronts were mutually forgiven; and, to cement the union, a marriage was concluded between Antony and Octavia, the sister of Augustus. A new division of the Roman empire was made between them: Augustus was to have command of the West—Antony of the East; while Lepidus had to content himself with the provinces in Africa. Sextus Pompeius retained all the islands he already possessed, together with Peloponnesus. It was stipulated to leave the sea open, and to pay the people what corn was due, out of Sicily. Thus, a general peace was concluded to the great satisfaction of the people, who now expected an end to all their calamities.



THE SEA-FIGHT NEAR ACTIUM.

B. C. 31.



UGUSTUS found a great obstacle to his ambitious prospects in Antony, and in order to get rid of such a rival he willingly seized every opportunity of retarding his career. In the expedition of Rome against the Parthians, Antony had incurred much reproach by his conduct, but he disregarded all contempt, and only wished to admire the charms of Cleopatra, who was dearer to him than all other objects. Augustus readily joined with Octavius, and sent Antony's wife to him, merely to furnish a pretext for war. Antony and Cleopatra were enjoying all the pleasures which luxury and splendour could bestow; but even these were attended with misfortune. Cleopatra appeared more and more lovely, in proportion as difficulties increased, and Antony often found her bathed in tears at the thought of their separation. This was enough to make Antony determine never to forego the pleasure of her company. He would not acknowledge Octavia as his wife, and married Cleopatra with the approbation of all Egypt. He absurdly affected to bestow on her some of the countries which belonged to Rome, and on this account the Romans took arms against him.

Antony was supported in his pretensions by most of the forces of the East; Augustus drew after him



HISTORY

OF ROME.

The Sea-Fight near Actium.

the strength of the West. Antony had 100,000 foot, and 12,000 horse; with a fleet of five hundred ships. Augustus had to oppose these, only 80,000 foot, and 12,000 horse; and, to increase the disproportion, he had only half as many ships, though these were superior in construction. The engagement which decided the fate of Rome was fought near Actium, at sea. The fleet of Antony was drawn up before the mouth of the gulf of Ambracia, and the other fleet opposed this, while the land armies were drawn up on the shore to witness the battle. Both sides acquitted themselves with great bravery. For some time it was uncertain in whose favour the battle would turn. All on shore was expectation, and the minds of the spectators were roused to the utmost pitch. Upon a sudden, Cleopatra became terrified at meeting such opposition, and fled with her sixty ships. Antony, struck with dismay, followed her, and thus the victory was decided against him. The army on land submitted, on seeing this, and Antony's power was now for ever extinguished.

Antony, hearing that Cleopatra was dead, exclaimed, "Miserable man! what is there now worth living for? since all that could soothe or soften my cares is departed! Oh, Cleopatra! our separation does not so much afflict me, as the disgrace I suffer in permitting a woman to instruct me in the ways of dying." He now called to one of his freedmen, named Eros, whom he had engaged by oath to kill him, whenever fortune should drive him to this last resource, and commanded him to perform his promise. This faithful follower drew his sword, as if going instantly to strike the blow, when, turning his face, he plunged it into his own



HISTORY OF ROME.

Death of Eros.

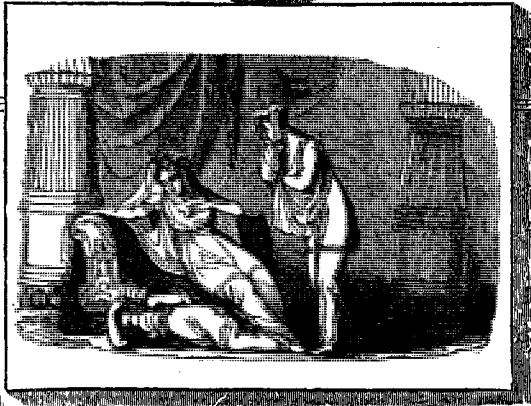
bosom, and dropped at his master's feet. Antony, for a while, hung over his faithful servant, charmed with his fidelity. Then, snatching up the sword he stabbed himself, and fell backward upon a couch. The wound was mortal; yet, the blood stopping, he recovered his spirits, and earnestly conjured those who were come into the room to put an end to his life; but they all fled, seized with fright and horror. He continued in this miserable condition till he was informed, by one of the queen's secretaries, that his mistress was still alive, and begged that he would suffer himself to be transported to a monument where she was concealed.

Antony desired to be carried to her, and, on arriving before the monument he found all the entrances closed, and he was pulled up by Cleopatra and her women into one of the windows. Having gained her chamber, he expired in her presence. The queen survived him long enough to baffle and deceive the victorious Augustus; but finally, seeing that it was his determination to have her exposed to the humiliation of walking in his triumphal procession at Rome, she resolved to disappoint him, and accordingly put an end to her own life, by applying to herself poisonous serpents, called asps.

Thus ended the criminal passion of Antony, and from this we may derive a very useful lesson on the importance of being governed by a principle of rectitude in all our actions. Punishment, though tardy overtakes the guilty at last.



HISTORY OF ROME.



Death of Cleopatra.

AUGUSTUS.



HE fate of the Roman republic was decided at the battle of Actium, and Augustus was now master of the Roman Empire. He was more careful to obtain and preserve the friendship of his subjects than his predecessor, Cæsar, had been. He was much honoured and respected at Rome: the title of Imperator was conferred on him for life; and the people degraded themselves by erecting temples and altars, at which they might worship "the divine Augustus," as they styled him. He did all in his power to keep up the delusion, and made many concessions to his people, thus concealing his design of forming an absolute monarchy. After having corrected some of the laws, and established the various departments of the state to his satisfaction, he attempted to make the people believe that he wished to resign his power, and return to his former rank. But before doing so, he requested the advice of Marcus Agrippa and Mecænas. The latter frankly advised him to follow his inclination; but Agrippa, better acquainted with the true character of Augustus, and rightly conjecturing that he only affected to be desirous of resigning his power, assured him that the prosperity and happiness of the state depended on his continuing to direct its affairs. Augustus had only pretended to be fatigued with the cares of office, and

therefore readily concurred with Agrippa, and he continued to hold the reins of government.

This pretended moderation increased the popularity of Augustus. He was appointed to the office of censor, and, under that character, made many laws and improvements, which contributed much to the extension of his powers. By the advice of Mecænas, he gave liberal encouragement to learning. Virgil is said to have written his *Æneid* at the desire of Augustus whom he represents under the amiable and perfect character of *Æneas*. He also established new laws for the punishment of crimes, which the recent disorders had tended to multiply. During his reign he restored peace to the whole world, and the temple of Janus, which was always open in time of war, was now shut. The temple had not been closed for one hundred and eighty years, and this event occasioned universal joy. He conducted himself so well, that the infatuated Romans now believed themselves a free people, since they had no longer to fight in defence of their liberty. When we compare the previous conduct of Augustus, with his moderation and justice as emperor of Rome, we are astonished at the difference. It was said of him, in the early part of his history, that, "it were better he had never been born," and yet he conferred many blessings upon the Romans. He was a great friend of learning, and was himself much distinguished for his wisdom; he wrote several poetical pieces, besides memoirs of his life, and other works now lost. Our Saviour was born during this reign. Augustus died in A. D. 9, at Nola, in the 76th year of his age, and the 41st of his reign.

HISTORY FROM E.



Virgil reading the *Aeneid* to Augustus.

TIBERIUS. — CALIGULA. — CLAUDIUS.



ON the death of Augustus, Tiberius became emperor of Rome. His reign is distinguished by the crucifixion, resurrection, and ascension of our Saviour. (A. D. 29). The history of Christ may be found explained in the New Testament.

This Tiberius was a cruel tyrant, and rendered himself odious to the Romans by his numberless crimes. Sejanus was his favourite, but the emperor, finding he aimed at the supreme power, soon made away with him. He was strangled, and all his family were executed. Such was the end of this miserable man. But his crimes well deserved all the punishment he received. Tiberius, freed from all apprehensions, abandoned the cares of office, and, retiring to the delightful island of Capreæ, gave himself up to voluptuousness, regardless of the miseries of his subjects. He spent a hundred pounds for a single dish, and thus lavished the public money to gratify his intemperance. Such was the luxury of the emperors! Surely, Rome was sadly fallen from her greatness in those days of moderation and simplicity, when Cincinnatus left his plough to govern her councils, and Regulus quitted his farm to fight her battles!

At length, Tiberius was taken ill, and, surviving longer than Caligula expected, was smothered. Thus



Tiberius revelling at Capreae.

died this cruel tyrant, who had often been heard to say that "he wished Heaven and earth might perish with him when he died." He was the third emperor from Julius Cæsar.

Caligula succeeded him. For some time, the emperor conducted himself very properly; but who knows how man may abuse power when unlimited by human laws? At first, said he, "I have done nothing wrong to cause men to hate me, and therefore I do not fear their enmity." But soon he became odious: he pretended to be a god, sometimes styling himself Jupiter, and sometimes Mars. He built temples and appointed priests, who made sacrifices to him. He even appointed his horse to the priestly office; though, indeed, such a priest was very appropriate for such a divinity. He was at last murdered, and the assassin, when giving the blow, cried, "Tyrant, think upon this!" He was only twenty-nine years old! How short his life! how long the catalogue of his follies and crimes!

Caligula was murdered, A. D. 41.

He was succeeded by his uncle Claudius, who was proclaimed emperor by the army. He commenced his reign by an act of pardon for all former words and actions, and by annulling the cruel edicts of Caligula. This and other acts of clemency rendered the commencement of his reign promising. He even undertook to gratify the people by foreign conquest. He first sent his generals to Britain, the people of which island, having been nearly a century left to themselves, were now asking the intervention of Rome to quiet their intestine commotions. The Roman armies easily overthrew the British forces in several engagements. These successes induced Claudius to



Triumph of Claudius.

go to Britain in person, under pretence that the natives were still seditious. He staid but sixteen days, and, during that time, was more engaged in receiving homage than in extending his conquests. Great rejoicings were made on his return. The senate decreed him a splendid triumph. Triumphal arches were erected in his honour, and annual games instituted to commemorate his victories. The Britons meanwhile were really reduced to subjection by the generals Plautius and Vespasian.

Claudius was particularly unfortunate in his wives. His first wife, Messalina, was the most abandoned of women, and his second, Agrippina, destroyed him by poison.



NERO.—THE BURNING OF ROME.

A. D. 55.



NERO was the adopted son of Claudius, and, on his death, succeeded him in place of Britannicus, his natural son. He inherited all the evil dispositions of his adopted father, and all the cruelty of his mother, but at first did not allow his real character to become apparent by his actions. Once, when required to sign a death-warrant for the execution of a criminal, he cried, "Would to heaven I had never learned to write!" But his real disposition soon showed itself.

The execution of his mother, Agrippina, was among the first of his great crimes. Not succeeding in his horrid attempt of drowning her, he procured some assassins who killed her in her own palace; and Nero, on beholding her corpse, said, "He never thought his mother so handsome a woman," thus showing how little he was affected by the spectacle. Who but a most hardened wretch could behold his own mother a victim of his own hands without relenting? He also caused his brother to be poisoned. Such a monster was Nero!

He, it is said, set Rome on fire, merely to witness the distress it would occasion among the citizens. All the time that the flames were raging in the city, he sat quietly on a tower, enjoying the scene, and playing upon a harp, while he sang verses from the descrip-

HISTORY OF ROME.



Rome set on fire by order of Nero.

tion of the burning of Troy. He permitted none to extinguish the flames; and commanded many of his creatures to set the houses on fire in various parts of the city—and when all was done, he threw the blame upon the Christians, the followers of Christ. A most horrible persecution of these innocent people now commenced. Some were clothed in the skins of wild beasts, and thus devoured by dogs. Some were crucified, and others burnt alive—and all this at the instigation of Nero—of a wretch who delighted in the sacrifice of human blood—one who compelled the knights to fight as gladiators for his amusement.

The tyranny of this monster at length found an end. Vindex, an illustrious Gaul, excited his countrymen to revolt. He offered the empire to Galba, then governor of Spain, who took upon himself the title of Lieutenant of the Senate and the Roman People. The provinces declared in his favour. Rome was divided, and at length the party of Vindex prevailed. Nero, abandoned by his guards, was obliged to conceal himself in the house of one of his freedmen. He was proclaimed an enemy to his country by the senate, and was condemned to die as such. He was to be scourged, thrown from the Tarpeian Rock, and then flung headlong into the Tiber. Unable to bear the thoughts of such a death, Nero tried the points of two daggers, but wanted courage to die by his own hand. He entreated the aid of one of his slaves, who was not slow in the performance of that friendly office, and the tyrant was in this manner put to death in the thirtieth year of his age. Could any punishment be too severe for such a wretch? His cruelties have scarcely any parallel in the annals of history.

VESPASIAN. — TITUS. — DOMITIAN

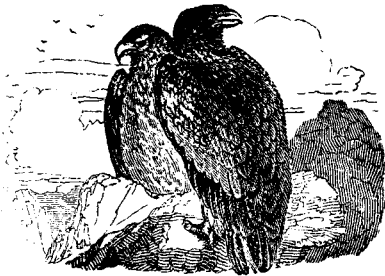


VESPASIAN was the tenth emperor of the Romans. He lived usefully and virtuously, and died calmly, standing on his feet; “for,” said he, “an emperor ought so to die.”

Titus, his son, succeeded him. This emperor was worthy of being called his son. Having passed a day without performing any service for his fellow-creatures, he was heard to exclaim, “I have lost a day!” This lamentation was worthy of a virtuous and conscientious man. Every day is truly lost, and lost for ever, in which we do no good to mankind. God, in giving us such various talents as we are endowed with, meant that we should employ them for the benefit of mankind. We shall one day have to give an account of the manner in which we have employed our talents. How carefully, and with what circumspection, ought we to watch ourselves!

Upon the death of Titus, Domitian succeeded to the throne. Agricola, who was making progress in Britain, was recalled, and it is said was assassinated by the emperor’s command. It is also recorded that he caused the death of Titus, his brother. The character of Domitian differed essentially from that of Titus: he persecuted the Christians, and was cruel, hypocritical, and perfidious. He once invited a large

party as for an entertainment, and had them ushered into a room hung with black, with light just sufficient to disclose the horrors of the scene. Black coffins, each having the names of one of the guests inscribed on it, were arranged around; and hideous-looking men, bearing torches and naked swords, rushed into the apartment. The guests, well knowing the cruel disposition of the emperor, of course expected instant death, and were struck with horror and dismay. Domitian having enjoyed their terror, and satisfied with the wicked pleasure of beholding his fellow-creatures in misery, dismissed his terrified guests. How severe must have been their mental suffering! Domitian's name is recorded in history, not for his virtues, but for being an emperor. For what else is he noted? — For his vices! How is he remembered? — With detestation!



THE FIVE GOOD EMPERORS, NERVA, TRAJAN, ADRIAN, ANTONINUS AND AURELIUS.



AFTER the death of Domitian, the senate elected Nerva emperor. He was a man well calculated for the empire at this juncture of affairs; and, during his short but happy and useful reign, he succeeded in rendering the Romans a prosperous people. No opportunities were presented to him of performing brilliant military services, but what he did was done well. He only survived his election twelve months, and then died of a fever.

Nerva, before his death, chose Trajan to succeed him; and this choice was perhaps one of the greatest benefits he conferred upon Rome. Trajan was great as a general, wise as a sovereign, and good as a man. His good character was manifested in all his actions: once, when presenting a sword to an officer, he said, "If I do well, use this sword for me; if I do ill, use this sword against me." He also stopped the persecution of the Christians, when he learned how peacefully they conducted themselves. Trajan was much honoured by the Romans, and when he died was regretted by all. (A. D. 117.)

Adrian, the next emperor, was of Spanish descent.

The Roman Empire was now at its greatest height. Adrian visited Germany, Gaul, Holland, Spain, and Britain, making wise laws wherever he went, so that all felt well satisfied with him as their ruler. He erected the wall between England and Scotland, to prevent the Picts and other northern barbarians from molesting the Britons—parts of this wall may be seen at the present day. Having effected many similar improvements, he died, after a painful illness, A. D. 138. Being ignorant of the blessed hopes inspired by the Christian religion, he knew nothing of a future state of rewards and punishments; and when on the point of expiring, uttered some lines expressive of the utter uncertainty and hopelessness of the dying heathen, as to the future destiny of his soul.

Antoninus Pius succeeded him. It was a favourite saying with this emperor, that “he had more pleasure in saving the life of one citizen, than in destroying the lives of a thousand enemies.” He proved by his conduct that nations possess more happiness and virtue in a period of tranquillity, than in war. Defensive war is necessary and honourable; we ought to fight to protect our rights and our liberty; but to fight merely for glory and renown is never necessary, and seldom honourable. This good emperor died, A. D. 161.

His son-in-law, Marcus Aurelius, became emperor. This man was so learned that he is called the Philosopher, and he wrote an excellent work, entitled, “Meditations,” which reflects great credit upon him, for his wisdom and intelligence. Rather than burden his subjects by new and heavy taxes for a warlike expedition, he sold all his plate and jewels. He died at Vienna, A. D. 180, after a most glorious reign of nineteen years.

DECLINE AND FALL OF THE EMPIRE.



YOU have already been told that in the reign of Antoninus the empire was in its most flourishing condition. From that period the Romans began to decline in power and prosperity. Commodus, who was a worthless emperor, was followed by many others equally so. The history of Pertinax, his successor, has some interest to excite our attention. He was the son of a slave, and kept first a small shop, and then a school; next he studied the law, and finally became a soldier. Having rendered many services to his country in that capacity, he was made consul, but was soon banished by Commodus. Being recalled and sent to Britain, he was wounded in a battle, and was left for dead on the field. Again his life was in extreme peril in Africa. On returning to Rome, he was fixed upon by the soldiers as their sovereign. This history, although here given in a few words, might furnish materials for a long and interesting story. In three months he was killed by the people who elected him, and thus terminated his career. (A. D. 192.)

About this time the Goths came into notice. Fourteen hundred years before Christ, a barbarous people, called Goths or Scythians, came from the north, and overran many countries in Europe. These must be carefully distinguished from the Celts. The latter are

said to have come from the neighbourhood of the Pyrenees, which, you know, separate Spain from Gaul. About the year B. C. 500, the Goths drove the Celts into Gaul, where Cæsar found them. The Celts are the original inhabitants of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales; and are remarkable for their Druids, who were both priests and governors, while the Goths had no Druids. The two languages also differed; and, in short, they were two distinct nations; and the Huns, another barbarous people of that period, came originally from Tartary.

As Rome became weakened, the barbarians began to assert their rights, and to throw off the Roman yoke. The German tribes frequently revolted, as did also the Goths and Britons. Above all, the Goths were perpetually rushing down in vast swarms upon some province or other of this extended empire.

We pass now to the reign of Diocletian, A. D. 284. The Christian religion, in spite of persecution, was rapidly gaining ground; and the Roman empire, having become too large to exist as one government, was gradually getting weaker, and tottering to its fall.

Diocletian, finding the government of such an unwieldy fabric as the Roman empire becoming too burdensome for him, selected Maximian for his associate. Rome was now encompassed on all sides by enemies, and it required all their efforts to oppose them successfully. And here we come to notice an act which seldom occurs in history. Both Diocletian and his partner in the empire, Maximian, resigned all their dignities, and Diocletian thenceforth lived in peaceful retirement, cultivating his garden, and finding more happi-

ness in this humble occupation, than in the elevated office of emperor. His associate endeavoured to regain his authority, but could not succeed. Who does not admire the conduct of Diocletian? He resigned all the honours this world could confer upon him, that he might live in solitude and retirement.

We have another and nobler instance of this voluntary relinquishment of power, in the immortal Washington, the "Father of our Country!"

Upon the resignation of Diocletian, Constantius and Galerius became joint emperors. Constantius, however, soon died, and appointed Constantine, his son, as his successor. (A. D. 306.) The other emperor tried to prevent Constantine from ascending the throne, but he was taken ill, and the disease proved fatal. Thus, death blasted all his hopes of future greatness. Constantine became sole emperor; and, by his good qualities and heroic actions, has merited the title of "The Great," perhaps, more than Alexander of Macedon; for that king disgraced himself on several occasions by very cruel and wicked acts. But you should read his history and judge for yourself.

Constantine manifested great regard for the Christian religion. He raised the insulted Christians from their persecuted condition, and professed Christianity himself. But he did not become so bigoted as to massacre all who were unfavourable to his opinion, but rather chose to impress a belief in the Gospel by his own example, and by employing reason and argument to convince them of the absurdity of worshipping idols and heathen gods, such as Jupiter, Juno and Mars. By doing this, he effectually promoted the interests of Christianity.

Having conquered his foreign foes, he applied himself to the reformation of the government, which had then become so weak as scarcely to hold the empire together any longer. He translated the seat of the imperial power from Rome to Constantinople. The seeds of corruption and dissolution were too deeply implanted, and it was only by the exercise of despotic power that the union of this immense mass was preserved.

The removal of the court to Constantinople is thought to have been the finishing stroke to the downfall of Rome. The empire, from that time, began to shake to its very foundation. Having defeated the Goths in their first feeble invasions, Constantine divided the empire into three parts, giving one to each of his sons. Thus, division was added to their other misfortunes, and Rome was now on the brink of ruin. Constantine died, after being baptized, A. D. 337.

The decline and fall of the Roman Empire have been ably described in the glowing pages of Gibbon and Sismondi. The history of the various conflicts and revolutions which followed the death of Constantine forms one of the most instructive lessons in the annals of human affairs. The rapacity and injustice of the Romans, through the successive ages of their previous history, were punished with terrible retribution by Alaric the Goth, Genseric the Vandal, and Attila the Hun, surnamed "THE SCOURGE OF GOD." Their ravages desolated Italy, nearly exterminated the people, and even obliterated their language as a

living medium of communication. Successive emperors struggled in vain against almost innumerable armies from the "Northern Hive," until in the year 475, twelve hundred and twenty-eight years after the foundation of Rome, the last of the Western emperors, Romulus Augustulus, voluntarily abandoned the imperial insignia, and thus terminated the Roman Empire of the West.

The Empire of the East survived a thousand year longer, notwithstanding its fierce internal dissensions, which alone would have sufficed to destroy any other and the hosts of barbarians by which it was assailed. At length, on the 29th of May, 1453, Constantinople was taken by Mohammed II., and the government and religion established by the great Constantine were trampled in the dust by the Moslem conquerors.



T H E E N D