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Choice Poetry.

THE LOST CITY.

BY ISAAC M'LELLAN.

["A large city once stood here; its name is lost, its history unknown. For centuries it has lain as completely buried as if covered with the lava of Vesuvius. Every traveller from Yrabal to Gualimala has passed within three hours of it, yet there it lay like the rock-built city of Edom, unvisited, unsought, and utterly unknown."—*Stephens' Researches in Central America.*]

A ruined city! In the heart
Of the deep wilderness of woods
It stands, immured where seldom foot
Of passing traveller intrudes.
The groves primeval, year by year,
Above the spot renew their bloom;
Year after year, cast down their wealth
Of faded foliage o'er its tomb.

Altar and idol here arise,
Inscribed with hieroglyphics strange;
Column and pyramid sublime,
Defaced by centuries of change.
Here, idols from their pedestals
Displaced by roots of mighty girth.
There, by a lone embracing branch
Half lifted in the air from earth;
Or, from their stations prostrate thrown,
Their huge proportions strew the ground,
With vines and brambles overgrown,
With interlacing creepers bound.

No sound of life! save when at eve
The Indian's machete cleves the wood,
Or stops the Indian damsel by,
Singing to cheer the solitude.
No sound save when the sobbing breeze
Sighs through the forest's dim arcades,
Or shrill call of the red macaw,
Or parrot's gabble in the glades;
Or when the monkey's chattering note
Glides o'er the tree-tops in their race,
Like wandering spirits of the dead,
Haunting the ruins of the place.

Egypt's colossal skeletons
Of temples and of wondrous shrines,
In the unwatered sands repose,
Where hot the tropic Summer shines:
But forces lonely and immense
Enshroud these ruins from the sight,
And with their tangled barriers guard
Those hidden secrets from the light.
Tradition hath no tale to tell,
And knowledge no record to give,
Of those who reared those ancient walls
Of the lost race that here did live.
No remnants of that race of old
Survive, its history to unfold.

All desolate those ruins rest,
Like barque that in mid ocean rolls
Her name effaced, her mastes o'erthrown
And none remaining of the souls
That once sailed in her, to relate
From what her distant port she came,
Whither she sailed, and what her fate,
And what her nation and her name.
But only may conjecture guess
The fancied story of the place,
And from these wasting ruins gain
Some knowledge of the vanished race.

Select Story.

VENGEANCE.

How the Hon. Mr. Tallboise was Revenged on His Landlady.

Mr. John Blades, of Clifford Cottage, Shepherd's Bush, and also of Lincoln's Inn, had amassed a little property as clerk to a well-known barrister, who afterward became one of Her Majesty's judges; and when the latter left the bench for another place, why, especially as criminals to be tried, Mr. John Blades invested his savings in a mansion in Pimlico, and took in gentleman lodgers. He was an honest, simple fellow, in spite of the legal society he had mingled with, and had once, on his own responsibility, lent a strange gentleman, who had called in his employer's absence, and represented himself as a friend from the country who had lost his railway ticket, thirty shillings.

Nor was Mrs. Blades, his wife, a woman by any means fitted to take in lodgers, but rather the reverse. She was of a nervous temperament, easily cajoled, and still more easily frightened; and as to abstracting other people's tea and sugar, not to speak of recall, her conscience was so tender that she would have described such practices as thieving. She was an excellent cook, and though now in fairly good circumstances, did not think it derogatory to her self-respect to assist in more delicate operations of the cuisine. Her dear eyes were blind to the faults of any hotel proprietor, and, to say truth, would have put to shame most of the clubs; the little delicacies she could serve up for breakfast were things to think of before you got up in the morning; while her suppers, though equally dainty, were forgotten when you went to bed. Her house was clean as soap could make it, and furnished, even to the linen, in a manner that astounded persons who, accustomed to lodgings elsewhere, could not understand why their feet did not obtrude beyond the upper sheet, or their pillows were so much thicker than a pancake.

She had her weaknesses, like the rest of the world (save you and me, reader), but they were all venial ones; the chief, perhaps, was a somewhat unreasonable respect for the aristocracy of her native land. This peculiarity, however, (which, moreover, was shared by her husband), had never led her to set herself up as an aristocrat, and as she was now five and fifty, it was not likely that it ever would, or, at all events, that any mischief should result from it.

The first gentleman who was so fortunate as to take apartments in the house of this worthy couple, was the Hon. Rollo Plantagenet Tallboise, the second son of Lord Cadogan, Earl Cancleopard, but who had inherited, to judge by his want of ready money, very little beyond a magnificent brogue and a noble spirit of independence. Accustomed, as without doubt he had been in the halls of his ancestors, to every delicacy and refinement, this young man (for he still looked young, thanks to a constitution that defied the efforts of a somewhat dissipated career) had yet not a fault to find with Mrs. Blades' domestic arrangements. That was one of the traits by which she recognized his birth and breeding; your ordinary lodger, she had been told, was picking holes in everything, and that, and hanging on the bell-rope. The Hon. Rollo gave very little trouble, and what he did give was accompanied with a smile so condescending, and a manner so urbane, that it was quite a pleasure to wait upon him. He was not easily put out, except by any application for money on the part of his landlady, or tradesmen; these were what he termed "disgusting details," and when they were forced upon his notice, he had a way of lifting his eyebrows which was very effective; Mrs. Blades, who had a strain of poetry in her nature, said it reminded her of a man pained by the weight of a coronet. The pain, however, did not last long, for almost everything was settled for him by herself, and put down in his monthly account.

Of course he inhabited the first floor, and lived on the best of everything that money—or rather Mrs. Blades' credit—could procure. His smoking in the drawing-room was a little bore to her, because of the new curtains, but Mr. Tallboise, she felt, was not a sort of a gentleman one could remonstrate with; it was some comfort to know that he smoked the very best of cigars, or at all events the most expensive, which she had an excellent reason for being convinced of, and that if he sometimes unintentionally disagreed with him, it was not the fault of the vintage. He paid Mrs. Blades the compliment of dining at home instead of at his club, because of her clear soups, which he pronounced to be as good as any he had tasted at the paternal table at Castle Macglickindy.

At the end of the first month, Mrs. Blades brought up with his breakfast things, neatly folded on a salver, his little account; he took it from her with a gracious expression of countenance, and carelessly looked at the total—which was in three figures, and not small ones.

"My dear Mrs. Blades," he said, "you and your husband must have been cheating yourselves; the amount is perfectly ridiculous."

"It is quite correct, sir," she answered modestly; "as we pay ready money for everything, the items perhaps are less than you may have expected."

"Less, my dear madam! I positively feel as if I was robbing you. Moreover, there is no commission. I must insist upon remunerating you for the loss of the interest of your money. Let us say 5 per cent. for the three months."

"But there is but one month, sir."

"True; but my custom is to settle all these little matters at the end of the quarter. Your coffee this morning is positively perfection;" and he took up the newspaper in his jewelled fingers, to intimate that the interview was closed.

Poor Mrs. Blades would much rather have had Mr. Tallboise's check, but her powers of resistance were unable to cope with such aristocratic manners. To repeat an application for money to an honorable in a flowered dressing gown, who had just praised her coffee, was beyond her strength; something told her that it would evoke that lifting of the eye-brows that had so often filled her soul with pity for the wretches who had produced it. The excellent woman was a snob to the backbone, and she retired.

"What?" inquired Mr. Blades, who was waiting in the back sitting-room to take Mr. Tallboise's check to the bank, and who could read countenances if he couldn't read character, "has he not paid?"

"No, he hasn't. He says he always settles at the end of the quarter, and begs you will put on 5 per cent. for the interest of the money."

"But that won't do, you know," exclaimed Mr. Blades; "it really won't. And he has given an undertaking to settle monthly."

"You had better speak to him yourself, then; but mind you are very civil, John; say it's nothing to him, of course, but that it's a good lump of money for such as you to be out of pocket in."

It was quite unnecessary to tell Mr. Blades to be civil. He was a small and gentle-mannered man, whose very aspect seemed to apologize for intruding his presence anywhere, much less on the privacy of an honorable. He went up-stairs and knocked timidly at the drawing-room door. Mr. Tallboise, who was in the tobacco stage of his repast, removed his cigar in astonishment, and suffered the smoke to wreathe itself above his well-brushed head like a halo.

"Mr.—Blades, is it not?"

"Yes, my lord—I mean, sir; it is about this little account. If you could find it convenient—not that I mean to be pressing—it is nothing to you, I know, but it's a good lump—"

"One moment, Mr. Blades," interrupted his lodger, with frigid dignity. "It's nothing to me, as you say; the sum to which you allude is a mere bagatelle; but I am not accustomed—" here his eyebrows went to work as usual—"to be pressed for money. My principle—and it is invariable—is to pay my bills quarterly. If you insist upon it, I will settle this matter at once"—here he produced a gigantic check-book, "but mark me, in that case I leave your apartment this evening. You would prefer my remaining? Very good. Be so good as to touch the bell. I have quite finished."

The last remark referred to the breakfast things, and its tone gave it a wider significance. Mr. Blades found himself in the back parlor without quite knowing how he got there.

"I could do nothing with him," he said; "he would have left the house if I'd pressed it. He is such a masterful sort of man."

"He's accustomed to command; that's where it's, I suppose, his wife, admiringly. "Well, we've got the money to go on with, and 5 per cent. for three months will pay us handsomely. He's open-handed, like all the quality, that I will say; I do believe I might have got 10 per cent. for the asking."

Here, at least, Mrs. Blades showed her sagacity; she might have got 10, or even 20 per cent. just as easily as 5.

On the day before the three months expired, the Honorable Rollo Plantagenet Tallboise left his apartments rather suddenly, thereby saving himself the annoyance (which his sensitive nature had always so much resented) of being asked for a sum of money, which on that occasion would have amounted to £900. I think, under the circumstances, that after a decent interval, during which they waited for a communication—with enclosure—from their aristocratic lodger, Mr. and Mrs. Blades were justified in writing to Lord Cameleopard, of Macglickindy Castle, (the only reference he had given them,) to inquire as to the whereabouts and solvency of his missing relative. The chagrin of the worthy couple may be conceived, on their receipt of a letter by return of post, to say that his lordship had no relative by the name of Rollo Plantagenet Tallboise, and knew of no such a person.

If the story had ended there, the case had been a common one of mere credulity and imposture, Mr. and Mrs. Blades would have paid £900 for their experience, and for the acquaintanceship of a person who, as they both agreed, had behaved (up to a certain point) as like a nobleman's son as could be; but they had not done with Mr. Tallboise yet.

Exactly a month from the date of their lodger's departure, some old friends came to dine with them, in consequence of an invitation which they had never sent. The next day some more friends, not so intimate, arrived, with the same object; and on the next about twenty of their acquaintances came quite as unexpectedly to enjoy the hospitality of luncheon. Later on, that day, there was another evening party at their house, of about half the people they had ever know, and of a good many whom they didn't know, not to mention "supper at twelve," was in the corner of the cards of invitation, and written in the same hand, evidently a feigned one, as the forged letters. Mr. and Mrs. Blades were hospitable folks, but as they only had a cold joint of beef in the house and a few eggs for their own consumption, there 120 persons or so had necessarily to be sent empty away.

This went on for weeks, till they found that life, with so much involuntary party-giving, was growing intolerable. Who could be playing them this cruel trick? and why? were the two questions the consideration of which wore this worthy pair almost to thread paper. The second question was soon answered, for the following note arrived, in the well-known handwriting: "If you do not insert the following advertisement, 'I will pay the fifty guineas all right, J. B.,' in the *Daily Trumpeter* of next Tuesday, you shall see what you shall see. The manner of paying the money can be afterward arranged. All I wish to be assured of for the present is that you have a willing mind. Vengeance."

That there should be a person who wanted fifty guineas of "J. B." or anybody else, if he could get it, was not beyond all human experience; but that he should also want "vengeance," was inexplicable.

Poor Mr. Blades reviewed the incidents of his blameless life for a single case in which he had incurred the resentment of a fellow creature, in vain; he could only conclude that he was the victim of some malevolent maniac. He consulted a legal friend (one Mr. Joshua Figgins) in this extremity, who recommended that the required advertisement should be inserted, and a trap laid for the apprehension of the offender; but here Mr. Blades exhibited a somewhat unlooked-for determination of character.

"I will never promise what I don't mean to perform," said he; "let the wicked creature do his worst." Nevertheless they looked forward to Tuesday, and afterward, with very melancholy foreboding.

On Wednesday morning at 11 o'clock, his quiet residence in Pimlico was besieged by a crowd of females—no less than eighty in all—who had all come for a cook's place which had been advertised that morning, on very advantageous terms, in the *Trumpeter*.

Great cooks, small cooks, lean cooks, tawny cooks, Brown cooks, black cooks, gray cooks, brawny cooks,

and an immense variety of plain cooks, throughout the thoroughfare, demanding compensation for their disappointment and their return hence by train and omnibus. Mrs. Blades, though a better cook than any of them, felt herself wholly unequal to the situation, and had to appeal to the police.

The new lodger on the first floor had heart disease, and protested that if such a thing occurred again he should be the death of him.

In the afternoon, another letter arrived: "Your next reception will take place on Tuesday, between 10 and 12. All the 'wanteds' in the *Trumpeter* are invited. Vengeance."

And they came—about 450 of them—during the entire street. The new lodger left (palpitating) at 2:30, for a less desirable apartment, however, in the rear, place of residence. By the evening post came another letter: "I hope you liked it. Your next grand reception is fixed for Sunday, from 8 to 12. There is only one way of avoiding it. Advertise to V., 'I will pay the £75. All right.' My terms are raised, you see. Vengeance."

Before the Sunday came round, however, another dispatch arrived: "I have invited 1,000 persons to wait upon you Wednesday. Vengeance."

It seemed as if the wretche's fury was so ungovernable, that he was obliged to relieve himself by constant correspondence; and Mr. Blades' theory of his being a malevolent maniac derived so far, some corroboration.

The grand reception, held in spite of themselves, by this unhappy couple, was on a scale of unprecedented magnitude, and transformed their quiet, quiet Sabbath into a saturnalia. "We shall certainly be indicted for a nuisance, under the Disorderly House Act, 17 and 18, Vict. c. 45, s. 12," muttered poor Mr. Blades, quoting a scrap of his old legal learning.

The worthy pair had each betaken themselves behind one of their drawing-room curtains, from which, unseen, they could watch the maddening crowd of place-seekers in the street below.

"There he is!" cried Mrs. Blades, with sudden vehemence; "I see his face. That's the man that has done it."

"Where, where?" cried her husband, leaving the shelter of the curtain in his excitement, and thereby evoking a yell of execration from the mob below.

But whatever poor Mrs. Blades had seen, it was too much for her. "Blind, blind!" she cried; "the Hon. Tallboise!" and went off in a dead faint.

The shock at first was set down to some sudden burst of regret at having been deceived by the aristocratic blandishments of her late lodger; but upon her resuscitation, it appeared that, while scanning the street, the poor woman's frightened glance had happened to fall on a window at no great distance, where, insufficiently hid by the blind, peered forth a face she knew, lit up with a certain fiendish exultation. That this gentleman had set a-going the proceedings which afforded so much amusement, was a conviction that flashed upon her at once, and from which she never swerved.

"She will take her affidavit," said Mr. Blades to Mr. Figgins, who was once more summoned for a consultation, "as that is Tallboise, and that he wrote the letters."

"Very good; we shall have to prove it, however. We have no proof on the fellow, except as to the money he owes you, and which you may take your oath you will never see. He ain't worth powder and shot in that way."

"Then is he to worry us to death, like this?" cried Mr. Blades, pointing to a neat little note which had just arrived from "Vengeance," giving notice of another "grand reception."

"Well, he can be prosecuted for an annoyance, of course; but where you'll have him best is, "for attempting to extort money by threatening letters."

"But that's transportation for life, isn't it?" exclaimed Mrs. Blades, pitifully. "I am sure neither John nor I could sleep comfortably in our bed if we had sent a fellow-creature, and such a nice, gentlemanly person as we used to think him, beyond the seas."

Mr. Blades, who, if not "an angel in top-boots," was a sort of early Christian in list slippers, nodded adhesion.

"It's not transportation," said Mr. Figgins, dryly. "Just leave the matter in my hands, and I'll see to it."

On Monday morning, a detective had taken the ground floor apartments of the house in which the enemy was located, and before noon the same day, had found an opportunity to sift the contents of his waste basket. He found a letter in fragments, which he pasted together, and in which the words "reception" and "vengeance" occupied prominent positions; and before the business of the day was concluded in the nearest police office, the (late) Hon. Rollo Plantagenet Tallboise made his appearance in the dock.

Miscellaneous.

THE MAPLE.

BY W. H. HOWELLS.

"The mute, inscrutable races of trees."
—*W. D. Howells.*

First thou to garnish April with thy ruby fringes,
Last to adorn the gray November days;
Spring's motive on thy crimson signal flinges,
And Winter tarries till thy leaf decays.

'Neath the broad splendor of thy verdant Summer branches,
Lies cool repose, and sun-forgetting ease,
And music, from the wind—that idly chances
To haunt thy boughs—and honey-cumbered bees.

Summer's violette, wanding the sinister approaches
Of winter, and of Winter covers his retreat,
Thy arms are proof against his rude encroaches,
And wild flowers blossom grateful at thy feet.

No mutiness thine, but rife with subtle eloquences,
That voice thy every change from snow to snow.
Not to the ear, but to the finer senses,
Thy pulsing messages of promise go.

If men were trees, and I the happy arbitrator
Was left to make my choice among the trees,
I should select thy race, abjure the greater,
And say to fate, "Let me be one of these."

Then should my Springs burst over with perennial sweet noes,
The Summer find me, glory of the plain,
And the old age of Autumn bring completeness,
With pomp and beauty I should end my reign.

SERVICES OF THE NAVY ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

At and Below Vicksburg—The Country Disappointed that More Was Not Done by the First Fleet after the Capture of New Orleans, but Without Good Cause—Farragut Accomplished All that Was Possible.

[From the Cincinnati Commercial.]

After the brilliant battle in which Farragut's wooden ships passed the forts below New Orleans, and the subsequent capture of the city, it was hastily assumed that the river navy would immediately reduce all the fortified places on the Mississippi, and the great river again free and safe for the peaceful commerce. The expectation was unreasonable. The country was ignorant of the actual state of the case, and because the navy did not perform impossible things, many came to regard it as an inactive, useless arm of the service, which was neglecting great opportunities for crippling the Confederacy and hastening the close of the war.

A brief statement of the facts will show how unjust such judgments were. Had the policy of the War Department been somewhat different, not censure, but praise would have been bestowed upon the officers of the navy. As it was, the praise was due, for their work was well performed. The case is well illustrated by the situation of Commodore Foote at Fort Pillow. With Gen. Pope's army on the land, the fort could have been taken in four days, but when the troops were withdrawn its capture by the fleet alone was impossible.

The same was true of the strongholds below. Farragut might pass and repass the batteries, firing for the same time the guns in every fort and shell could reach, and as there was no cooperating land force, so soon as the vessels withdrew, the guns, if dismounted, were replaced, and the works strengthened so as to become more formidable than before. In one sense, it is true, our fleet could and did control the river. Farragut could pass up and down at his pleasure, and though fired at from every spot where a battery could be planted, he could drive the enemy from his guns and pass on, to be fired upon in the same manner when he returned. He had no men wherewith to hold the forts, batteries, and in consequence was that he might spend the season in running the gauntlet of batteries from New Orleans to Vicksburg and back, only to find on each return that the enemy's works were stronger than when he passed them before, while his ships would, of course, receive some additional damage in every fresh encounter. Water batteries are easily repaired, and if a gun was dismounted or disabled, other guns were mounted so as to make them stronger than before. So far as the navy could do it, the fortified points on the river were captured more than a year before their final fall—but it, their batteries were not so formidable after the navy had passed them, and had the proper land force been provided, the Mississippi would have been opened to a peaceful commerce more than twelve months before it was actually clear. This is not stated with the intention of blaming any one, but to relieve Farragut and the Navy Department from any unjust censure.

It is an entire mistake to suppose that nothing of importance was accomplished by the navy on the Mississippi, between the capture of New Orleans and the fall of Vicksburg, because the other fortified points were not taken and held. The labor performed by the fleet, from May, 1862, till July, 1863, told heavily upon the resources of the Confederates. The operations of the squadron up and down the river, and all its navigable tributaries and bayous, and then along the coast to Galveston, intercepting supplies, and cutting off in all directions the sources from which the rebels drew the support of their armies, bore very heavily upon their cause. The work, it is true, was mostly a series of annoying skirmishes and expeditions, that, separately viewed, seemed small, but they cut off, far and wide, the important supplies through which the Confederate troops were fed and supplied with the munitions of war.

The destruction of saltworks, the intercepting of droves of cattle from Texas, the breaking up of little centres of trade in the secluded bayous, the capture of a small steamer or a blockade-runner—these were the small things that filled up, with a great battle, and yet these were often the very causes why a great victory was won; they provided the means by which the fruits of victory were secured. The aggregate of the work of the navy in the years following the capture of New Orleans was, in fact, a very important part of the operations of war. To these general statements some particulars must be added, in order to show the character of the fighting, in 1862, between the fleet under Farragut, and the fort and batteries on the river. As has already been stated, these fortifications there were not formidable when first they were attacked in the following year. Early in May, 1862, the fleet proceeded up the river. The Brooklyn and most of the gunboats steamed past Baton Rouge without communicating with the shore. On the 7th of May, the troqueis was ordered to go up the river, anchor abreast of Baton Rouge, and demand the surrender of the city. The place was surrendered and held only temporarily, because there was no land force by which it could be occupied. Natchez was also surrendered, but for the same reason could not be permanently held. Above and below Vicksburg the river was open to our fleets, but every day additional guns were mounted along the shores, not only with the intention of rendering the gunboats gradually unserviceable, but with the hope of disabling and capturing some, while at the same time they intercepted transports and passenger boats, and made the most energetic efforts to keep up the trade with the west side of the river, from whence they received their supplies. They wrought constantly also, in increasing and strengthening their more permanent fortifications, hoping thus to seal up the river. But the Government, and especially the Navy Department, pressed by the public sentiment, that the river with the west side of the river, from very anxious that another important blow should be struck on the Mississippi, and it was decided that a naval attack should be made on Vicksburg, hoping to supplement the victory at New Orleans by another nearly equal in importance. Because wooden ships had passed the forts at New Orleans without destruction, it was believed that they could demolish the fortifications at Vicksburg. The nature and position of these defenses were not well understood by those who had never seen them.

Farragut knew them too well to advise that they should be attacked. In his "report," he is careful to say that he did it "in obedience to the orders of the Department and the command of the President." He had had some experience already in fighting these hill batteries. After the first passage up the river in May, it was said that some earthworks were being constructed at Grand Gulf. Two gunboats, the Wissahickon and Itaska, were sent to examine. They found a formidable battery of rifled guns, defended by some five hundred men. Here, in a short action, these vessels were hulled forty-two times. Little or no damage could be inflicted in return, for the battery was located upon the bluff, where it could not be effectually reached, while a destructive plunging fire was poured down upon the gunboats, against which they had no defense. Commander Palmer, of the Iroquois, off Grand Gulf, on the 10th of June, 1862, wrote to Admiral Farragut: "I fear we can not injure the batteries on the hill, and we have no remedy against their plunging shot." This shows very clearly the nature of the work required of Farragut in attacking Vicksburg.

In order to judge of the prospects of success in the proposed attack, one must call to mind the situation of Vicksburg, and the extent and location of its fortifications. As is well known, the town is at what may be called the head of a sharp bend in the river. Its batteries extended for three miles along the river, and were so placed as to expose a vessel to a raking fire so soon as it came within range of the rifled guns; then a direct fire from water batteries when abreast of the city, and then to a raking fire again from other batteries, until out of range. The batteries were placed, some at the water level, or nearly so, some half way up the bluff, and some on the top of the hill, nearly 300 feet above the river. Farragut must have known that there was hardly a possibility of success, and yet he could not disobey his orders.

So little had he expected such an order, that he had taken the most of his fleet down the river. His coal boats and supply boats were also with him below. It was found also that an attack would be utterly useless without the aid of the mortar fleet, which was then at New Orleans. These mortar vessels, seventeen in number, had to be towed all the way from New Orleans against a current of about three miles per hour.

On the night of the 26th of June, the mortar vessels were placed in position, nine on the right hand side of the river going up, and eight on the left. The distance of the mortar schooners from the batteries was about a half to two miles. On the 27th, the mortars were engaged in firing upon the batteries and the town, for the purpose of determining accurately the range. On the morning of the 28th, the preparations for the attack having been completed, at 2 o'clock the signal was given to weigh anchor, and the whole squadron proceeded up the river. At 4 o'clock, the great mortars began their dull, heavy roar, that shook the land and water more like a slight earthquake than the discharge of guns, and lines of fire arched over the ships, marking the course of the immense shells, which burst in the air, or in additional