

The Native American.

WASHINGTON CITY, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1838.

VOL. I.

NO. 22.

Printed by J. C. DUNN for the N. A. Association.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

TERMS.—Subscriptions for one year, \$2 50 in advance, or \$3 00 if paid at the end of three months. For six months, \$1 50 in advance. Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

All letters relative to the Paper to be directed, postage paid, to H. J. BRENT, Editor.

Those subscribers for a year, who do not give notice of their wish to have the paper discontinued at the end of their year, will be presumed as desiring its continuance until countermanded, and it will accordingly be continued at the option of the publisher.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE WAR OF SPARTACUS. A HISTORICAL EPISODE.

We have extracted the following episodic fragment of history chiefly from the works of Plutarch, Livy, and Sallust. The hero of it is perhaps less known than any character really so distinguished of Pagan times. He was one of those who, failing of final success, lose the major part of the glory of their separate and astonishing advances towards it. As an escaped rebel slave, gathering around himself other slaves and objects of the most despised condition, and daring to brave the majesty of the republic of Rome, he was regarded by the Roman authorities, people, and historians, with the utmost contempt. His successes, arising partly therefrom, but principally from the great qualities he possessed and displayed of perfect prudence and hardihood, extorted, it is true, for a while, admiration from terror. But the interval during which this lasted was so short to insure its fair transmission to the page of history. The exploits of Spartacus are consequently smothered up in the Roman annals; and it is only here and there that we get glimpses, unwillingly imparted, of his real greatness. Except to a student of history, his name, as a hero, is hardly familiar. We think, therefore, that a brief notice of his life and career will be acceptable to our readers. Certainly the bare and meagre recital of his achievements, all that the historians above named enable us to furnish, shows him to have been a very great man. From a gladiator and runaway slave, he started at once into a consummate general. We see in every one of his great deeds that it was not to fortune but to conduct he owed his successes. All his actions seemed to belie his origin. Instead of becoming a renowned robber, as might have been expected from his previous condition, he erected himself from the very commencement of his enterprises, and with means the most ridiculously insignificant, into the antagonist of the power of Rome. What he designed gives us even a nobler conception of his vaulting mind than what he accomplished; and he exhibited particularly this mark of heroic superiority, viz: that victory the most dazzling never disturbed the sobriety of his judgment, or made him relinquish, for transient triumphs, projects more difficult, in which lasting results could alone have been established. We may almost say, that in the following sketch we have disinterred a most remarkable character. There is displayed in it, we imagine, something of Wat Tyler and something of Napoleon, but the traits which most offend and revolt us in the two last named worthies, are not apparent in the Greek hero. We regret only that we have been able to do little more than follow the mere series of events of which he was the grand evoker. The picturesque and romance of his life are left nearly, if not altogether, to the imagination. We give, however, the crude materials for high-wrought fancy to deal with, and to mould and to build up into splendid historic fiction.

Spartacus, the hero of one of the most stirring episodes in Roman history, was a man of low origin; he belonged to a family of shepherds; he was born in Sparta, a little bourg of Thrace, from which place he has taken his name. The qualities he possessed were so heroic, that Plutarch declares he should be regarded rather as a true Greek than as a barbarian. According to the account of Cæcilius, in his history of the servile war, Spartacus was taken prisoner, brought to Rome, and sold for a slave in the year of the city 670. He remained, not, however, long in this condition; he undertook not only to set himself free, but to break the chains of the slaves, his companions. And he succeeded. As an incentive to his difficult enterprise, it is said, that he recollected a circumstance which had happened him in his boyhood in his own country, from which his wife, who was skilled in divination, had prophesied to him success in all his undertakings. Whilst sleeping one day in the sun, a serpent had twined itself about his neck, and, waving its flaunting crest over his head, had glided away without doing him any harm. Being free, he became a soldier, but was afterwards retaken and sold for a gladiator. He now became perfect in athletic exercises, and in fierceness, in magnanimity, and in wily courage. Escaping a second time, he took with him seventy of his companions, and was by the consent of all made their captain. This band first armed themselves from a public cook-shop with spits and other culinary weapons; they afterwards fell in with some wagon loads of gladiators, which they took, and thus provided themselves with swords and shields; finally they overcame a small body of military, so became more perfectly equipped. They were soon joined by other fugitives and adventurous mountaineers, and amounted in number to more than two hundred. The Prætor, Claudius Pulcher, was sent with three thousand men to extirpate this horde, as it was thought, of robbers. But Spartacus had never, even from the beginning, entertained an idea of assuming a brigand character. His views were more loftily ambitious. Instead of fleeing from the formidable armed force sent against him, he prepared to resist and overcome it. He took post for this purpose on the precipitous steep of Mount Vesuvius, of which the fires were then thought to be burnt out, where he could not be attacked but with great disadvantage. Claudius Pulcher, on arriving before this strong position, resolved to risk no action till the enemy—driven down by hunger—should descend to the plain—and he pitched his camp at the foot of the mountain. Spartacus watched his adversary's movements; and, knowing the impossibility of long holding out where he was, he resolved to take advantage of the Roman general's manifest contempt of himself and his followers. For this purpose he had a quantity of the supplest vine branches cut, and by twisting and uniting

these together, a species of rope was formed, by which, in the dead of the night, he and his men let themselves, without noise, down into one of the amplest hollows at the mountain's base. The camp of Claudius Pulcher was sleeping in security when this bold band fell upon it, destroyed and dispersed it utterly, and got possession of all its arms and baggage. Three thousand men were thus scattered or perished, by the nocturnal onset of a little more than two hundred escaped slaves. From this moment the name of Spartacus spread through Italy. The discontented and the oppressed crowded from all quarters to his standard. He hesitated then not a moment in assuming the character of the champion of liberty, and issued a proclamation,* of which the following are some of the kindling sentiments:

"What is easier," it said, "than to surprise and crush cowards, enervated by opulence and by pleasure, wretches, who know nothing but to quarrel and strive among themselves about their luxuries. Feasters and sacrilegious! the golden cups of their drunken revels belong rightly and solely to the altars of the gods. In our blind and shameful submission is all their strength. Let us resume this day the superiority which is ours. Consider the multitudes who groan in chains, as we have groaned; despise the riches which are the glory of our tyrants, and which alone make them look dreadful whilst they are contemptible. Rise up! brave comrades, without delay or deliberation. The courage which hesitates is cowardice. It depends upon you to deliver your country from its oppressors; and the land belongs, by right, to the most fearless."

Such words possessed an illusive spell which they have not yet lost. The effect of the proclamation was, that ten thousand combatants, in the space of one month, were added to the force of Spartacus. When this army, for it deserved at that period the name, had been furnished with arms and horses, Spartacus exercised it long in military discipline; divided it into companies and cohorts; into light and heavy troops and rifle corps; and placed it under the command of the seventy gladiators who had accompanied him in his second escape. The force being composed chiefly of Gauls and Thracians, the two principal generals immediately under himself were, the one a Gaul, and the other a Thracian, and national jealousies were thus avoided. Many small towns were, in the course of the first march, taken; the slaves every where liberated, who in a short time swelled the army to the number of forty thousand; and horrible retaliations were perpetrated on the noble and the rich. Outrages and atrocities of this kind, however, Spartacus did all in his power to check, but in vain.

The Roman Senate now sent another army against this formidable band of insurgents. Ten thousand men were put under the command of Varinius, for the purpose of extirpating them. The smallness of this body shows in what contempt the Romans held the slave army. Spartacus, though so superior in numbers, resolved, like a great general, not to attack the disciplined and compact force sent against him in regular battle, if he could avoid it, knowing that mere wild and tumultuous courage, little amenable to command, is no match for skill and obedience, though numerically in vast inferiority. He ordered a retreat behind the mountains of Lucania; but the Gauls especially, with Crixus, their commander, at their head, looked upon this as pusillanimity. They were determined, separating themselves on the occasion from Spartacus, to fight, and were completely defeated. The retreat took place. The rebel army arrived in Lucania without being attacked or incommoded. On the contrary, Spartacus found an opportunity during his march to fall upon a Roman division commanded by Furius, and completely routed the two thousand men of which it was composed. Varinius had nearly, a few days after, by skillful manoeuvring, shut up his enemy in a sterile spot, enclosed on the one side by mountains almost impassable, and on the other by the swollen and rushing water courses which fall into the Gulf of Tarentum.

The way in which Spartacus extricated himself from this difficult position is striking. His camp was regularly formed. Soldiers mounted guard continually at its gates; sentinels relieved each other, and military order and precision seemed to prevail throughout. But one night at the second watch, just at the time of relieving guard, Spartacus and his whole army marched out, keeping the deepest silence. A trumpeter was left in the camp; and at proper distances a number of bodies, lately dead, were stuck up, armed and dressed in imitation of the sentinels of the advanced posts. From time to time the trumpeter sounded the accustomed signals. Great fires were also lighted to complete the deception. The Romans conceived no suspicion. In the morning they found the camp void, and were struck with stupefaction at being so completely duped.

From this time the offensive war of Varinius was turned into a defensive one. He felt the superiority of his adversary. He was also obliged to divide his army into two corps. He detached Cossinius to the south, and marched himself in the northward direction. Spartacus learning this disposition from volunteer spies he had all over the country, resolved to profit by it. He left the main body of his force under Crixus, and marched with his light troops with incredible speed upon Cossinius. By sunset he had crossed the Aufidus. He found his adversary encamped by the salt marshes, at present called the *Lago salso*. Cossinius heard at the same moment of the approach and attack of Spartacus. Just as the night came on, the slave general fell with the suddenness of a thunderbolt upon the Roman Legions. Cossinius was at the moment bathing in a neighboring fountain. He had hardly time to flee away, naked as he was. Baggage, camp, and all which it contained, fell into the hands of Spartacus; but brilliant as this success was, he stopped not to enjoy it. He pursued the enemy, and forced him to action. The battle was to the insurgent army a victory; the Romans were beaten and dispersed, and Cossinius himself remained among the dead upon the field.

Spartacus now felt himself strong enough to meet Varinius in a pitched and regular action. The Prætor offered him battle, and he accepted it, though his men were still badly armed. The greater part of them had for weapons, pitchforks, rakes, flails, and other agricultural instruments; or pointed stakes hardened into an iron

strength by fire. Before the action, Spartacus harangued his troops: "Comrades," said he, "we are entering into not merely a single battle, but a long war. We must behave ourselves as true soldiers. A first success will be the sure promise of a train of other successes which will follow it. We must live upon continual victories, or become the victims of an infamous and torturing death," &c.

The Roman Legions were routed, Varinius, thrown from his horse, hardly escaped; his war-horse, his arms, his purple *loga*, his lictors, and *fascæ*, all the emblems of his dignity, fell into the hands of the victor. With these ensigns of authority, Spartacus, the slave, the champion of liberty, and the hero, was afterwards, not very consistently, accustomed to robe himself. By his victory all the lower part of Lucania was open to him. He first established his quarters at Metopontum, a city said to have been built by Nestor, at the time of the Trojan war, and subsequently at Thurium, built originally by a colony of Athenians, and of which the ruins even yet may be seen on the Gulf of Tarentum; Torrana is its present name. In this latter place he endeavored, with some success, to make his army amenable to discipline; and as they were now living not only in abundance but superabundance of all necessary provisions, lest his hardy warriors should become effeminated by luxury, he enforced a regulation by which money of every kind was excluded from the camp. It was made a high crime to be in possession of the circulating coin. He himself gave away all the gold and silver he possessed to the poor and to those who had suffered by the war, and many of his generals followed his example.

Varinius had now got another army on foot. Despairing of dislodging his enemy from Thurium, he contented himself at first with watching his movements from his fortified camp, and engaging from time to time in partial encounters. But the snows beginning to fall upon the mountains, he perceived that he could no longer keep the open field, and was obliged to come to a decisive action.

Spartacus, desiring not to attack, but to be attacked, made a movement in retreat. This had the effect aimed at. The Roman army advanced with confidence. Somewhat disappointed they were, however, when they saw those whom they had regarded as fugitives drawn up in battle array, and a moment afterwards moving forward with shouts, as if victory were already theirs. The first attack on the Romans was by Crixus who had been placed at the head of his Gauls in ambush, in the deep bed of a dried-up torrent. Issuing therefrom suddenly, he fell upon a Roman division with boldness and with success. Varinius coming to the support of this division, the action became general, and the defeat of the legions complete. Thus ended the first campaign of the war of Spartacus.

Its results to the insurgents had been immense and advantageous. In the course of a few months, from seventy gladiators, they had become seventy thousand experienced warriors. And this was altogether owing to the merit of the extraordinary man at their head. He had been victorious in three pitched battles, in two obstinate and bloody engagements, and in several smaller combats, without being once defeated. None of his plans had failed. He was now master of nearly all the south of Italy; his resources were great; his army in fine condition; and he was ready for a second campaign with every hope of success. Yet was he well aware, that one battle lost would make twenty victories useless. It was his design, therefore, to retreat with his army to Sicily, or to get into the Alps. From the difficulty of finding conveyance by water, he was obliged to determine on the latter project. In this, however, he was opposed by Crixus and his Gauls, who were, like wild bravos, for marching straight upon Rome. They separated with their leader, to the number of thirty thousand, from Spartacus, encountered the Roman army, under the Prætor Arrius, on the frontiers of the Samnite country, and gained a great victory. In a few days afterwards, Crixus and his Gauls were attacked by the Consul Gellius. At the moment of the attack, the insurgent leader was plunged in a deep debauch, and all his faculties lost in drunkenness. His army was utterly destroyed, and himself slain. It was in this action that Cato, afterwards so famous, but then a young volunteer, first distinguished himself.

Rome was at present fully roused out of her contempt for the power of Spartacus. She sent her two consuls, Lentulus and Gellius, with two separate armies to oppose him, and made preparations for sustaining the war, as if a Pyrrhus or a Hannibal had been her enemy.

Meantime the hero against whom all these preparations were directed, had, by forced marches, advanced as far as that part of the Apennines which traverses Etruria, not far from the Arno. The Consul Lentulus first came up with him, and his object was to bring that general into action before he could be joined by Gellius. Lentulus, however, would not be drawn into an engagement. A junction of the two Roman armies became inevitable; separately, however, Spartacus was resolved to attack them. For this purpose he detached a corps of Thracians from his main body to cut down trees, and thus block up the road over which Gellius must pass. The arriving army had also in charge to attack the arriving army, yet not so as to get seriously engaged, but sufficiently only to amuse and detain the enemy. These dispositions being made, Spartacus again offered battle to Lentulus, and the latter knowing that his colleague was in the immediate neighborhood, no longer declined the provocation. An action ensued, in which the Romans were thoroughly beaten, while expecting and relying upon aid from an army of their countrymen, almost within sight of their defeat. Hastening from this scene of triumph, Spartacus joined his Thracians, and convinced the astonished Gellius of the overthrow of his brother Consul, by inflicting, within the space of half an hour, the same humiliation on himself. Here were two great victories gained, not only the same day, but within a few hours of each other, over the picked troops of Rome, headed by distinguished generals. Neither the taking of three enemy's camps by Cæsar thirty years later, nor the double victory by sea and by land of Cimón, were more brilliant than this achievement. Throughout Italy Spartacus got, from henceforward, the name of the Second Hannibal.

Between this new Hannibal, as he was called, and the Alps, there were only now the two Roman armies, ten thousand strong each, under the command of Cn. Manlius, the Prætor, and E. Cassius, Proconsul. This force occupied the road to the Alps which traverses Modena. The obstacle it opposed to the march of Spartacus was overcome by another victory. Master now of all the open country of Italy, and having subdued so many formidable armies, he changed his plan and decided to march upon Rome. The road was free to him. His own force had increased to more than a hundred and twenty thousand picked soldiers. Multitudes who offered to enlist themselves under his banners were sent away. None but chosen men, robust, courageous, and intelligent, were suffered to follow his standard. In order to accelerate his advance, all superfluous baggage was burnt, the prisoners massacred, and all the beasts of burden that could be dispensed with, killed.

The Senate and people of Rome, in the utmost consternation, sent Arrius, who had commanded the rear guard of Gellius' army, to arrest the progress of Spartacus. Arrius had under him a force at least sixty thousand strong, besides what remained of the legions of the two consuls. He was encountered by Spartacus at Picenum, not far from Ancona. And here another battle took place, of the details of which Roman historians give no information; but its result was the utter destruction of the Roman army.

It is surprising that after this victory Spartacus abandoned his project upon Rome, though he might, at the moment of panic, have executed it almost without impediment. It had, however, never been one from which he had hoped the realization of a complete success, and a transient triumph, however brilliant, was not what he aimed at. Just at this juncture, he received intelligence that he might effect his passage into Sicily by engaging the pirates who infest the Italian and Sicilian coasts, to furnish him with boats. That island was then governed by Verres, rendered immortally infamous by the eloquence of Cicero; its inhabitants were all ripe for insurrection; Spartacus foresaw that if he could once reach this refuge, he might be able to establish there a permanent government, and place himself at its head. He would have the means too of organizing a powerful fleet, and thus have become a thousand times more formidable to Rome, and more independent, secure, great, and free for the execution of whatever ambitious designs he might contemplate, than he ever could be at the head of wild, unmanageable multitudes, who depended upon daily victories for existence, and whose defeat, in a single instance, would have been utter destruction, nothing being realizable between the two alternatives.

The change of the enemy's plans gave the Senate of Rome time to recover from their consternation. Crassus, then the richest and most powerful man of the republic, was sent with an army about two hundred thousand strong against the terrible foe. He began his expedition by a shocking act of severity. Attributing the repeated discomfitures of the Roman legions to the luxurious habits and effeminacy introduced among them by Sylla, he revived an old law of the sternest cruelty, by which every man who showed the least vacillation of courage in action was condemned to be beaten to death with bludgeons; and his lieutenant having a few days previously been routed with all his division, by Spartacus, four thousand of his men perished by the sentence of a court martial in this way, and the rest, deprived of their arms and uniforms, were made the scavengers of the camp.

Meantime, Spartacus had advanced within sight of the coast of Sicily, but he found himself deceived by the pirates; they had taken his money, and thought not of fulfilling their engagements. His army was encamped by the forest of Sila; and here Crassus found him. The hostile forces were in sight of each other, but neither was inclined to risk an action. During the long suspense of fortune which took place, Crassus determined to employ his vast army, whom he feared to leave idle, in one of those gigantic works, which are peculiar to Roman genius. He resolved to surround the enemy's position on the land side by profound ditches, walls, and pit-holes, so that he should be completely shut in; whilst by sea the Roman fleet would shortly cut him off from all resources. The stupendous work, occupying an extensive circuit, and employing daily near an hundred thousand hands, was nearly completed before its design was discovered. Spartacus became aware of his danger only when he found himself in the net, and his extrication most difficult. By dint, however, of constantly harassing the Roman troops, and drawing their attention towards a point the farthest from that through which he was bent upon opening a passage for his army, he at last succeeded. He marched one night with the greater part of his force out of the camp, and reached the Roman works at a spot where they were not finished. So impassable were the ditches which had been dug, from their depth and breadth, that it appeared vain to attempt to advance further. Fortunately, the night was stormy, and a heavy fall of snow prevented the tread of feet being heard. The movements of Spartacus and his men were consequently undiscovered. They began by endeavoring to fill the ditches with earth and snow, and heavy bundles of wood; but of these, not having enough, they flung in all the dead bodies that could be found, and killed beasts of burden to throw in likewise. By this means they at last marched over carcasses into the free country; those whom they had left behind them in the camp, followed them gradually, and Crassus, when in the morning he found the enemy gone, was so alarmed, that he sent despatches to the Senate, informing them of the fact, and telling them to prepare for the advance of Spartacus on Rome, the high-road to the capital being again open to him.

That hero had not yet, however, given up his project on Sicily; he therefore remained in Lucania. Besides, divisions had broken out among his generals, which greatly weakened him. The Gauls had again separated from him, and were shortly after discomfited, in a most bloody battle, by Crassus. This disaster, it is true, was subsequently repaired, by a victory of Spartacus over Crassus himself, near Cibanum; yet he became aware, that as the whole power of Rome was now roused, and all her resources would be brought into play against him, he had no time to lose, but must strike a decided blow to renew and increase his superiority, or must daily diminish

in the estimation of his army and of Italy, in which his great strength resided. He was anxious, therefore, for a crowning battle. Crassus also wished to draw one on. Pompey had been sent for from Spain to supersede him in his command, and he was not willing that the laurels of the campaign should be snatched from him by a rival.

In these dispositions of their chiefs, the armies met on the banks of the river Silanus, not far from the bay of Pestum. Spartacus, when he had drawn up his men in order of battle, addressed them in a brief and spirit-stirring harangue. In order to impress them deeply with the fate that awaited them, should they be vanquished, he had a prisoner of war nailed to a cross on a height, so that his agonies might be conspicuously seen by the whole force; he then had his horse led out, and killed it in presence of the assembled troops. "It is my resolve," said he, "to share in all your perils. I will have no advantage over you. If we are conquered, I shall need a horse no more—if I conquer, I shall get horses in abundance from the enemy."

The signal for the attack immediately followed these words. He was himself the first, at the head of his most chosen corps, engaged hand to hand with the enemy. The battle instantly became general on all points. The shock and the carnage were terrific; but victory was evidently inclining towards the insurgents, when Spartacus received a deep wound on the thigh. Supported on one knee, he still, however, with his buckler and his sword, defended himself, and dealt fiercely on his assailants, cheering on his men all the while. In this situation he was slain. His men, notwithstanding, maintained the fight, not with the hope of victory, but to sell their lives dear. They were at last overcome. Thirty thousand of their bodies were found dead on the field, and not one of them, as Sallust observes, had a wound behind. The Romans lost 20,000 men, and had as many wounded. Three thousand Roman prisoners were found in the insurgent camp, which argues humanity on the part of Spartacus; for he and his followers had been put by the Senate out of the pale of quarter. Every man of the six thousand taken by Crassus on this occasion were nailed to crosses, at certain distances from each other, along the highway on either side of it, and the Roman legions then marched between them, to gaze upon them whilst agonizing in their long tortures.

A Lithographer in Trouble.—Mr. Robinson, well known for his humor and enterprise in the publication of caricatures, has been held to bail by Monsier Le Comte, the husband of the celebrated *danseuse* at the Park, for publishing what he conceives to be an indecent print of the lady. The artist, it appears, published two Lithographs. The first one, which was rather broad, he says Monsier was very much pleased with, but the second he deems very objectionable. It is impossible in these matters to regulate public taste, but the second one, which is uncommonly spirited and elegantly executed, we consider less objectionable than the first. The whole proceedings may have been a friendly and ingenious device to enable Robinson to sell his pictures, which he now will do rapidly.—*Vive la bagatelle.*—*New York Star.*

Remarkable Fact.—As Jerseymen, we feel proud of having the satisfaction to say of New Jersey, what perhaps can scarcely be said of any other State in the Union, viz: that not the life of an Indian was destroyed in taking possession of this State, nor an acre of theirs possessed except by regular purchase. Would that the same could truly be said of all the other States of the Union!—and yet the above fact the Indians still retain, and confirm by their traditions.—*Princeton Whig.*

A pamphlet has lately been published in London, and has circulated very extensively, which proves to demonstration, that "the young Queen" has four fingers and a thumb on each hand, and that the circumference of her right arm, about two inches below the elbow, is greater than that of her left wrist. We understand that one of our most eminent publishing houses has secured a copy right, and that the pamphlet will be republished here in a few months, with a preface by Captain Marryat.—*Ledger.*

ANECDOTE.—During the winter campaign of 1777, our soldiers suffered extremely for the want of provision. A penurious old Dutchman, living in the vicinity of the quarters of the army, was known to possess great quantities of beef, pork, &c.; but the object of the most particular regard among the soldiers, was his well filled smoke-house. It was a small building, situated a short distance from his house, and contained, as the soldiers well knew, a goodly number of delicious hams. Arrangements were made for carrying off both smoke-house and hams. Eight muscular men, provided with long poles, repaired to the scene of action, and with little noise and less ceremony, transported the house and its contents to their camp. Immediately on discovering his loss, the old Dutchman waited on Lafayette, the commanding officer, with a doleful complaint.

"Shencral," said he, "your tam sogers, hab carry off my smoke hoos."

"De diable," exclaimed the Marquis, "his English was not remarkable for its purity; 'tis no possible."

"Dunder and bluzum, dis druc."

"Vell den," replied the Marquis, "if dey have got your smoke-house, you may be thankful dat dey did not take your meat too."

OUR LIBERTY TREE.—Among the "Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick, the following is recorded as coming from Governor Everett: "Mr. Slick, our tree of liberty was a beautiful tree—a splendid tree—it was a sight to look at; it was well fenced and well protected, and it grew so stately and so handsome, that strangers came from all parts of the globe to see it. They all allowed it was the most splendid thing in the world. Well, the mobs have broken in, and tore down their fences, and snapped off the branches, and scattered all the leaves about, and it looks no better than a gallow tree. I am afraid, said he, I tremble to think on it, but I am afraid our ways will no longer be ways of pleasantness, nor our path: paths of peace; I am, indeed, Mr. Slick."

* Sallust. Frag.—352

† Sallust. Frag.