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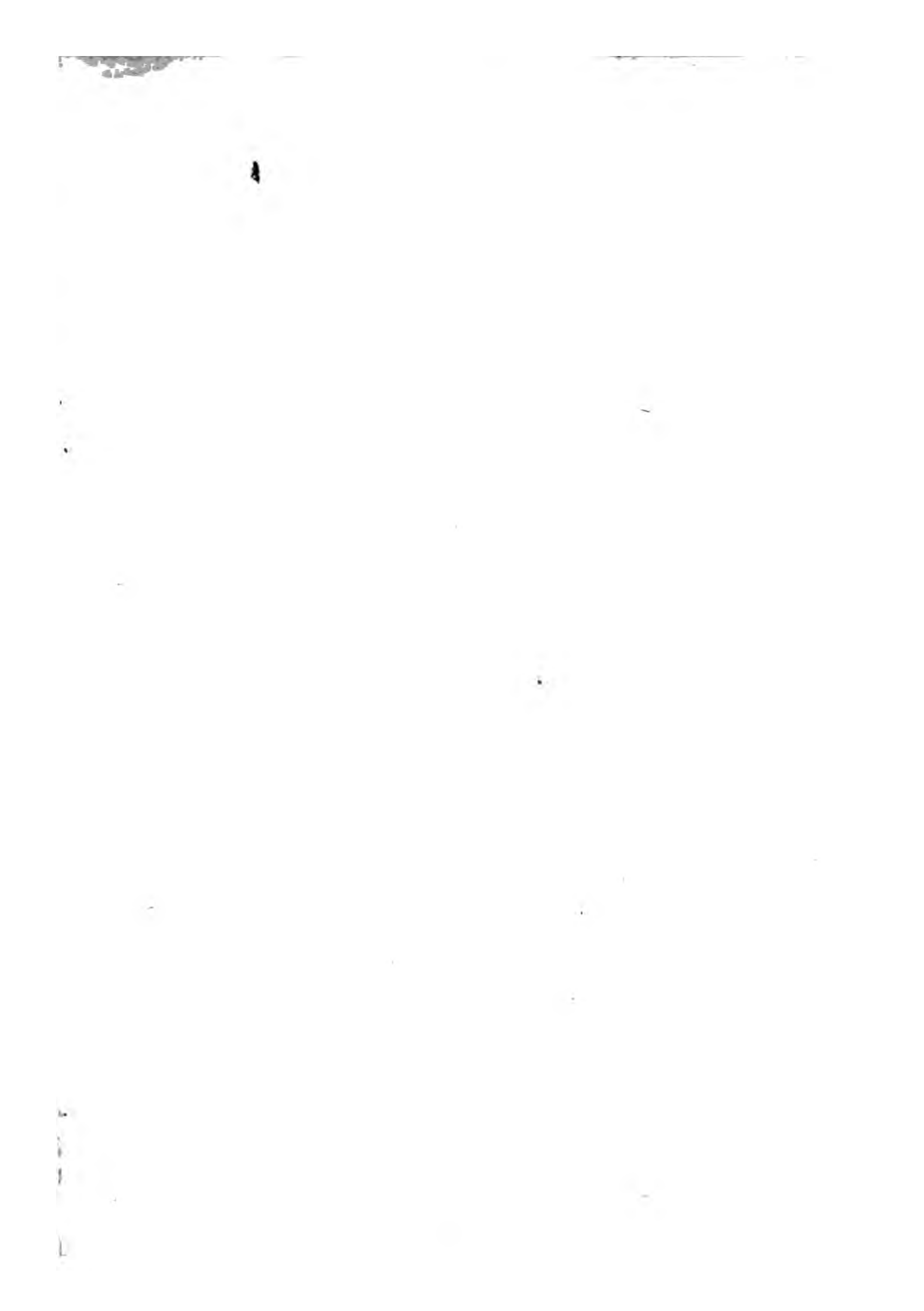
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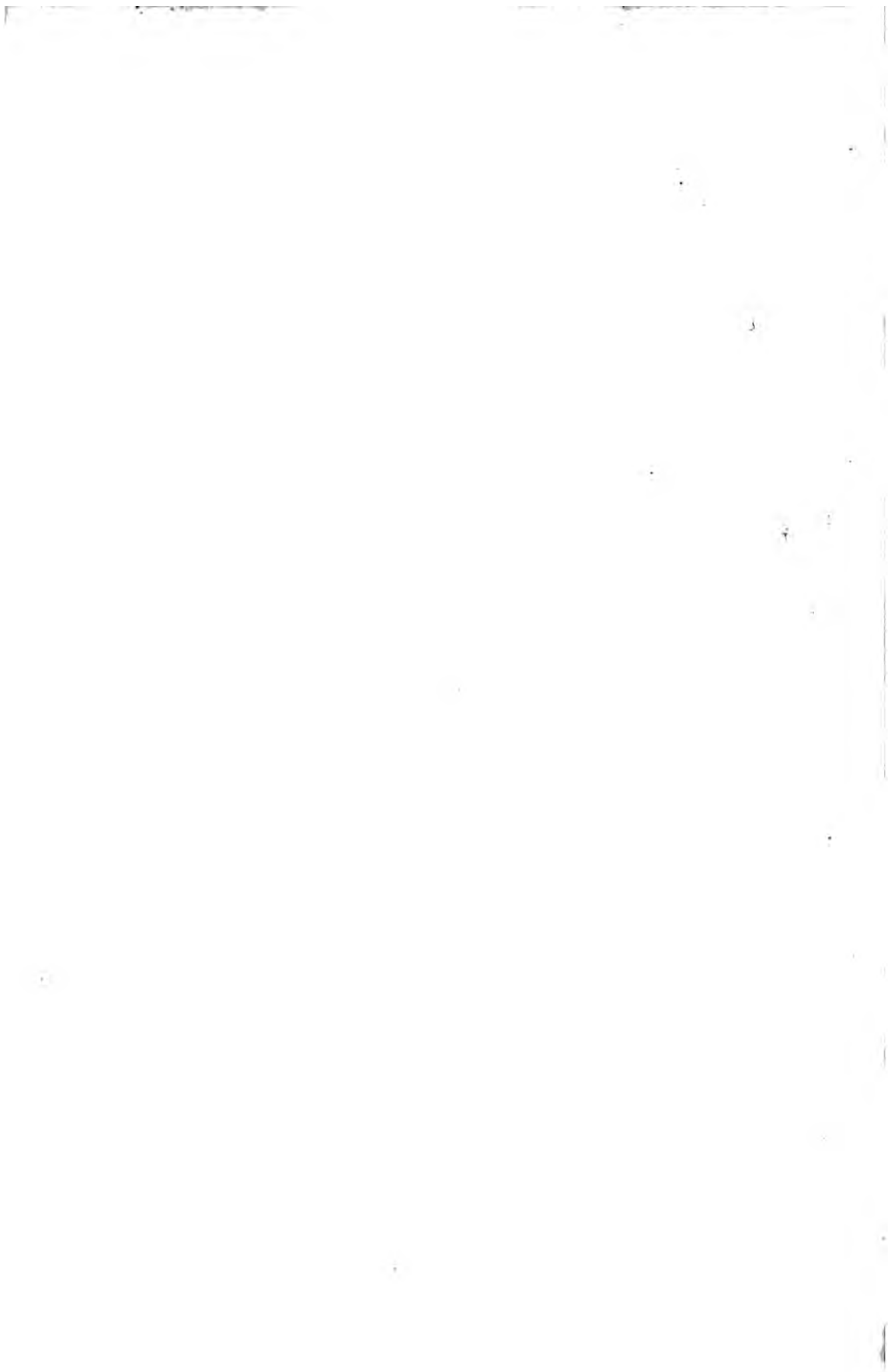
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T A C I T U S.

TRANSLATED BY

ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

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THE FOURTH VOLUME.

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'This is an excellent work, and supersedes all that has been done on this author. The lost portions of Tacitus are supplied by original compositions [by Brotier], and interstitial books are added to connect and complete the whole.'—

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL MISCELLANY.

HISTORY OF TACITUS.

ARGUMENTS.

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These transactions passed in a few months after the death of Galba, and Vinius his colleague in the consulship.

Year of Rome	Of Christ	Consuls.
822	69	M. Salvius Otho, Salvius Otho Titianus.
		L. Verginius Rufus, Pompeius Vopiscus.
		Cælius Sabinus, T. Flavius Sabinus.
		T. Arrius Antoninus, P. Marius Celsus.

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These transactions passed in a few months.

Year of Rome	Of Christ	Consuls for a short time.
822	69	Fabius Valens, Alienus Cæcina. Rosius Regulus, Cæcilius Sim- plex, Quintius Atticus.

BOOK IV.

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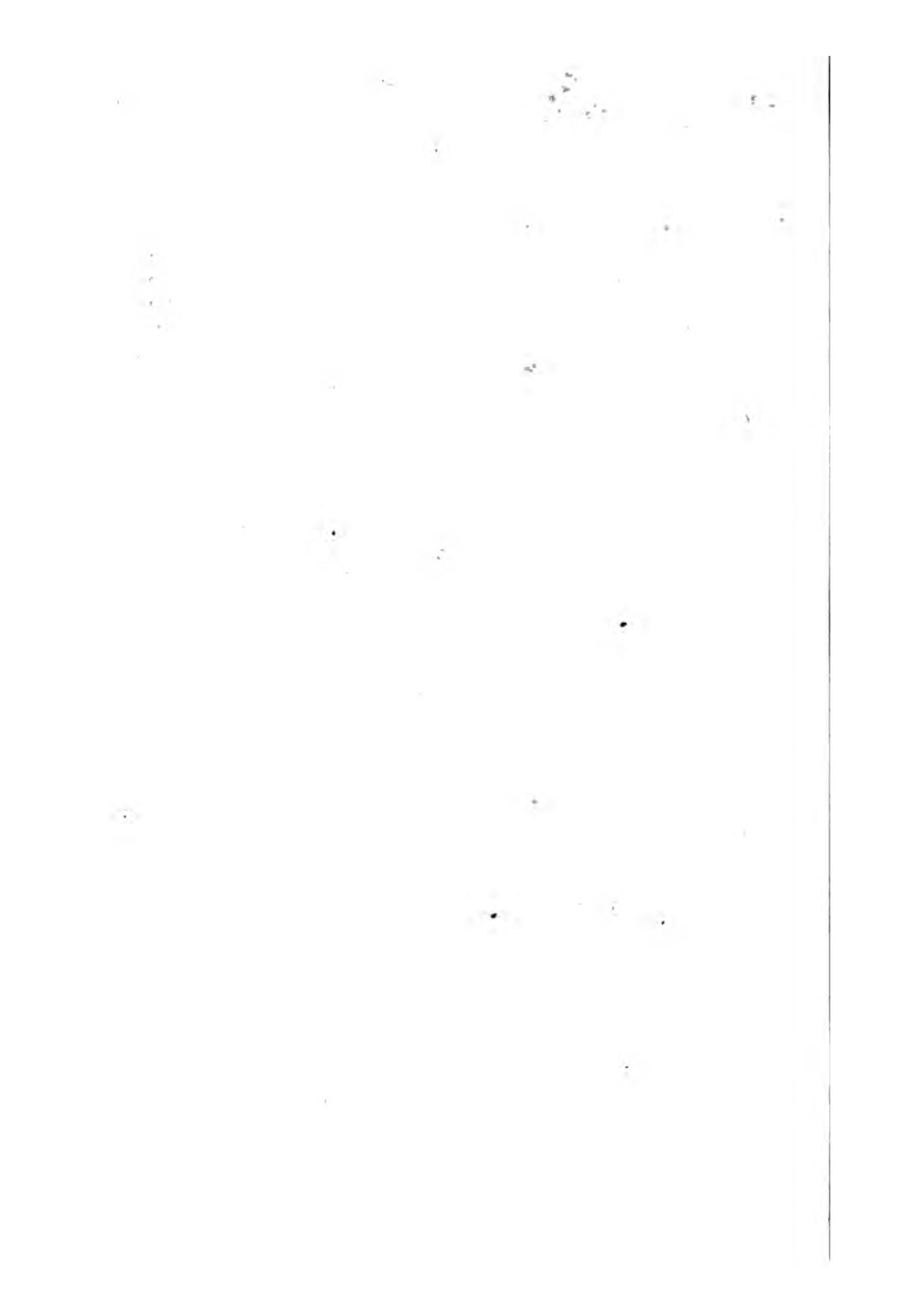
guise of a slave makes his escape—XXXVII. Vocula resumes the command, and marches to raise the siege of Magontiacum; the Treverians revolt to Civilis—XXXVIII. Transactions at Rome; Vespasian and Titus declared consuls in their absence; a famine dreaded at Rome, and Africa supposed to be in arms—XXXIX. Domitian pretor; Mucianus jealous of Antonius Primus and Arrius Varus; he lessens the power of both; part of the army ordered back to Germany, and tranquillity thereby restored at Rome—XL. Honor done to the memory of Galba; Musonius Rufus renews his accusation against Publius Celer; Celer condemned—XLII. Messala intercedes for his brother Aquilius Regulus, a notorious informer; Curtius Montanus makes a vehement speech against Regulus—XLIII. Eprius Marcellus is again attacked by Helvidius Priscus; Domitian proposes a general oblivion of all past grievances; a few offenders ordered to return to their place of exile—XLV. A senator complains of having been beat by the inhabitants of Sienna; the guilty brought to Rome, and punished—XLVI. A violent sedition among the pretorian bands quelled by Mucianus; the order of succession to the consulship established by Vitellius declared void; the funeral of Flavius Sabinus performed with the honors usually paid to the rank of censor—XLVIII. Assassination of Lucius Piso in Africa—L. War between the Æensians and the people of Leptis prevented by Festus, the commander of the legions; the Garamantes put to flight—LI. Vespasian informed of the death of Vitellius; succors offered by the Parthian king, but refused—LII. Vespasian exasperated by the accounts of Domitian's conduct at Rome; Titus endeavors to mitigate the anger of his father, and sets out to conduct the war against the Jews—LIII. The rebuilding of the capitol intrusted to Lucius Vestinus—LIV. Two wars at once in Germany and Gaul, occasioned by the death of Vitellius; Civilis avows his hostile intentions; the Treverians and Lingones revolt from the Romans, under the influence of Classicus, Tutor, and Julius Sabinus; the other states of Gaul on the point of revolting—LVIII. Vocula harangues his soldiers; he is slain by an emissary sent by Classicus; the soldiers declare for the empire of the Gauls—LX. The legions, besieged in

the old camp, submit in like manner to the Gauls—LXI. Vow of Civilis to let his beard grow; after the defeat of the legions, he thinks his vow complete; he is said to have given certain Roman prisoners to his infant son, to divert himself with shooting arrows at them; he sends presents to Veleda, the German prophetess; Marcus Lupercus sent to her as a present; he is killed on the road; Veleda had foretold the destruction of the legions, and her authority increases throughout Germany—LXII. The captive legions march in a dismal procession from Novesium to the Treverian territories; magnanimous behavior of the Picentinian squadron of horse—LXIII. The Agrippinian colony in danger from the nations beyond the Rhine—LXVI. Civilis gives battle to Claudius Labeo; and having routed him, receives the Batavians and Tungrians under his protection—LXVII. The Lingones defeated by the Sequanians; Julius Sabinus, the Lingonian chief, escapes, and lives in subterraneous caves for nine years afterwards; the memorable constancy of his wife Eponina—LXVIII. At Rome the empire thought to be in danger; Mucianus and Domitian prepare to set out for Gaul; the Gauls call a general assembly of the states; they prefer peace to the dangers of war—LXX. Civilis and Tutor differ in their opinions about the conduct of the war; Classicus agrees with Tutor, and they resolve to hazard a battle—LXXI. Petilius Cerealis arrives at Magontiacum; he gains a complete victory over the Treverians at Rigodulum, on the banks of the Moselle; Valentinus, the Treverian chief, taken prisoner—LXXII. The legions that had revolted return to their duty, and are received into the Roman camp—LXXIII. Cerealis receives the Treverians and Lingones under his protection—LXXV. Cerealis gives battle to Civilis and Classicus; the beginning of the conflict doubtful, but the issue favorable to the Romans—LXXIX. The Agrippinians desert the cause of the Germans—LXXX. Mucianus orders the son of Vitellius to be put to death; Antonius Primus, resenting the behavior of Mucianus, proceeds to Vespasian, but is not well received—LXXXI. Miracles performed by Vespasian at Alexandria; he visits the temple of Serapis—LXXXIII. An account of the origin and superstitious worship paid by the Egyptians to

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These transactions passed partly during the civil war between Vespasian and Vitellius, in the year of Rome 822, and partly after the elevation of Vespasian, in the

Year of Rome	Of Christ	Consuls.
823	79	Flavius Vespasianus, Titus, his son.



HISTORY OF TACITUS.

BOOK II.

SECT. I. FORTUNE was already preparing, in another quarter of the world, to open an important scene, and to produce to mankind a new imperial family, destined at first¹ to flourish in prosperity, and in the end, after a disastrous reign, to fall by a dreadful catastrophe. While Galba still possessed the sovereign power, Titus, by order of Vespasian, his father, set out from Judea, with congratulations to that emperor, and as was natural, with the ambition of a young man eager to begin the career² of public honors. The common people, according to their custom, found deeper reasons for the journey. Titus, they believed, was to be adopted heir to the empire, and what they believed they

1 Tacitus says that fortune was then laying the foundation of a new imperial house, which proved to be beneficial and disastrous to the people, and also to the very family that was raised to that pre-eminence. This is perfectly clear, when we consider that Rome was happy under Vespasian and Titus, but groaned under Domitian, till the tyrant was destroyed, and the Flavian line was extinguished.

2 Titus at this time was in his twenty-eighth year. By the favor of Narcissus, to whom Vespasian paid his court, Titus was educated in the palace with Britannicus, the son of Claudius. The prince, then destined by his father to succeed to the empire, was cut off by the villany of Nero; and Titus, whose elevation was not then foreseen, lived to be the delight of the Roman people.

took care to circulate. The advanced age of Galba, and his want of issue, gave color to the story; and the busy spirit of the populace relied on vain conjecture, impatient to decide what still remained in suspense. The character and personal accomplishments of Titus added weight to the report. He had talents for the highest station, and to the dignity of his stature united a graceful mien and amiable countenance. The success that attended the exploits of the father threw a lustre round the son: oracular responses¹ foretold the grandeur of the family; and while the minds of men stood ready for the reception of every rumor, even trifling incidents, the mere result of chance, confirmed the popular opinion. At Corinth in Achaia Titus received intelligence of the death of Galba, and at the same time undoubted assurances that Vitellius, at the head of powerful armies, was in motion to claim the empire. In this posture of affairs, he called a council of select friends. The conjuncture was alarming, and to choose among difficulties was all that was left. 'If he proceeded on his way to Rome, the homage intended for a prince now no more would have no merit with his successor; and to remain a hostage in the custody of Otho, or Vitellius, would most probably be his lot. On the other hand, if he returned to Judea, that cold indifference would give umbrage to the conqueror; and yet, while the issue of the war was still uncertain, the conduct of a young man would admit of alleviating circumstances in the opinion of the prince whom Vespasian should think proper to join. Above all, it was

¹ Suetonius tells us that Narcissus, the favorite freedman, consulted a fortune-teller about the destiny of Britannicus: the answer was unfavorable to the young prince, but assured Titus that he was born to the imperial dignity; Suet. in Tito, § 2.

possible that Vespasian might declare himself a candidate: in that case, petty offences would be of little consequence, when all were to be involved in a general war.'

II. After balancing the motives on every side, and fluctuating for some time between opposite passions, hope at length prevailed, and Titus returned to Judea. A change so sudden was by some imputed to his love of queen Berenice. It is true that princess had engaged his affections; but the business of his heart never interfered with the duties of his station. Youth being the season of pleasure, Titus gave a loose to those desires, which he afterwards so well knew how to regulate. In his own reign he was remarkable for that self-control, which he never practised under his father. He set sail from Corinth, and after steering along the coast of Achaia and Asia, which lay to the left, he directed his course towards Rhodes and Cyprus. From those islands he went, by a more bold navigation,¹ across the open sea to the coast of Syria. At Cyprus curiosity led him to visit the temple of the Paphian Venus, famous for the worship paid by the inhabitants, and the conflux of strangers who resorted thither from all parts. If we take this opportunity to trace the origin of that singular worship,² and to describe the situation

1 When Titus no longer sails along the coast, but puts off to sea, Tacitus calls it a bolder voyage; an expression which, in the present state of navigation, may provoke the smile of a mariner. The compass was not invented, and men did not like to lose sight of the shore.

2 At the town of Paphos, which stood on the western side of the isle of Cyprus, a temple was dedicated to Venus, thence called the Paphian Venus. The account of the rites and ceremonies, which Tacitus gives us, has been condemned by some critics as an idle digression; but when it is considered that the history of superstition was not uninteresting to the Romans, this passage will not be thought improper.

of the temple, and the form of the goddess, differing intirely from what is seen in any other place, the digression will perhaps be neither tedious, nor unacceptable to the reader.

III. The founder of the temple, if we believe ancient tradition, was king Aerias; a name ascribed by some writers to the goddess herself. According to a more recent opinion, the temple was built and dedicated by king Cinyras,¹ on the spot where the goddess, after emerging from her native waves, was gently wafted to the shore. The science of divination, we are told, was of foreign growth, imported by Thamiras,² the Cilician, and by him established with mysterious rites and ceremonies. In consequence of this institution, it was settled by mutual compact, between the priest and Cinyras, the king of the island, that the sacerdotal function should be hereditary in the descendants of their respective families. In process of time, the race of Thamiras, willing that the sovereign should be distinguished by a superior prerogative, resigned into the hands of Cinyras the whole conduct of the mysteries, of which their ancestors were the original founders. A priest of the royal line is, at present, the only person consulted. For victims to be offered as a sacrifice, animals of every species are allowed, at the option of the votarist, provided he chooses from the male kind only. Discoveries made in the fibres of kids are

The great historian has been charged with irreligion; but the attention shown on this occasion, and many others, to the various modes of worship, may serve to vindicate his character.

¹ Cinyras is said by Apollodorus to have been one of the kings of Assyria.

² Thamiras introduced the science of augury, which was founded altogether in deceit and fraud. Accordingly, we find that care was taken to keep it in the hands of two families, that the secret of the art might not transpire.

deemed the best prognostics. The altar is never stained with blood; and though exposed to the open air, never moistened by a drop of rain. Supplications and the pure flame of fire are the only offerings. The statue of the goddess bears no resemblance to the human form. You see a round figure, broad at the base, but growing fine by degrees, till, like a cone, it lessens to a point. The reason,¹ whatever it be, is not explained.

IV. Titus viewed the wealth of the temple, the presents of eastern kings, and the collection of rarities, which the genius of the Greeks, fond of tradition and the decorations of fabulous narrative, affected to trace from remote antiquity. He then consulted the oracle about his future voyage. A calm sea and a safe passage were promised. He slew a number of victims, and in terms properly guarded attempted to pry into his own destiny. The priest, whose name was Sostratus, explored the entrails of various animals, and finding that the goddess was propitious, answered, for the present, in the usual style, but afterwards, at a secret interview, laid open a scene of glory. Titus, with a mind enlarged, and swelling with vast ideas, proceeded on his voyage, and joined his father. The armies and provinces of the east were at that time wavering; but the presence of Titus inspired them with vigor and alacrity. Vespasian had almost brought the Jewish war to a conclusion. Nothing remained but the siege

1 The worship paid to Venus, as the parent of the whole animal creation, was of ancient date, and known for ages to the Assyrians. The rude state of sculpture may perhaps account for the representation of the goddess, as described by Tacitus. Clemens of Alexandria makes that observation. 'The statuary,' he says, 'had not the skill to give the elegance of symmetry and proportion; he therefore left the form and delicacy of Venus to the imagination.'

of Jerusalem; an arduous enterprise, which threatened great toil and difficulty, not on account of the strength or resources of the enemy, but by reason of a hill almost inaccessible, and, what was still more hard to conquer, the stubborn genius of superstition. Vespasian, as already mentioned, had three legions under his command, all inured to the service, and eager against the enemy. Mucianus, in a province where profound tranquillity was established, was at the head of four legions, not, as usual in time of peace, relaxed in indolence, but animated by the gallant exertions of the army under Vespasian, and fired with a spirit of emulation. Having no enemy to oppose, they were not made soldiers in the field; but their spirit was roused, and being unimpaired by fatigue, they were ready for a vigorous campaign. The two commanders had an additional force of auxiliary horse and foot, besides a naval armament on the coast, and the support of all the neighboring kings. Add to this, their own military character was a tower of strength. Both stood high in reputation, but for different reasons, and for qualities peculiar to each.

V. Vespasian possessed all the requisites that form a soldier and an officer. Prompt and zealous in the service, he was often seen at the head of a march: he went in person to mark out the ground of his camp, and by night as well as day, he kept the enemy in a constant alarm; planning his measures with judgment, and executing with vigor. To his diet he paid no regard, content with whatever came before him. In his apparel, plain and simple, he was scarce distinguished from the common men. With all this he had a leaven of avarice. Forgive that vice, and he was equal to the best generals of antiquity.

Mucianus was of a different cast. Rich and mag-

nificent, he appeared with an air of elevation above the rank of a private citizen. An able orator, and versed in civil business, he laid his schemes with judgment: the politician appeared in all his measures. In the two men was seen a rare assemblage of extraordinary qualities. By weeding out the vices of each, and uniting their virtues, the commonwealth would have had an accomplished prince. Situated as they were in contiguous provinces, Vespasian in Judea, and Mucianus in Syria, they beheld each other for some time with the jealousy of rivals. The death of Nero put an end to their dissensions. From that time they began to act in concert. Their mutual friends made the first advances towards a reconciliation, and by the address of Titus, a mere cessation of animosities was turned into a lasting peace. The power of winning the affections of men was in an eminent degree the talent of that young officer. Nature and art conspired to render him acceptable to all; and even Mucianus could not resist his influence. The tribunes, the centurions, and the common men were, by various artifices, fixed in the interest of the two commanders. The diligent met with encouragement, the licentious with indulgence, and according to the bent of each man's disposition, all were secured by their virtues or their vices.

VI. Before the arrival of Titus both armies had sworn fidelity to Otho, with the precipitation of men who had quick intelligence of all that passed at Rome. They were not in that juncture ripe for a revolt. Preparations for a civil war are in their nature slow and difficult. The east had been composed by a long peace, and now, for the first time, began to think of mixing in the feuds that shook the empire. They had hitherto seen the convulsions of the state at a distance only. The quarrel always broke out in Gaul or Italy,

and was there decided by the forces of the west. It is true that Pompey, Cassius, Brutus, and Antony, carried the war across the Mediterranean, and had reason to repent. Syria and Judea heard of the Cæsars, but seldom saw them. The legions, undisturbed by sedition, had no war on their hands. Embroiled at different times with the Parthians,¹ they had a few slight conflicts, with doubtful success, and passed the rest of the year in profound tranquillity. In the late civil war, when every part of the empire was in motion, the east was perfectly quiet. Galba obtained the sovereignty, and the oriental legions acquiesced: but it was no sooner known that Otho and Vitellius were engaged in an impious war against their country than they began to shake off their pacific temper. They saw the supreme authority in the hands of other armies, who granted it away at their own pleasure, and reaped the profits of every revolution, while the soldiers of the east had nothing but a change of servitude, condemned, at the will of others, to submit to new masters.

Discontent and loud complaints were heard throughout the army. The common men began to survey their strength and numbers. They reckoned seven legions,²

1 The Parthians were originally a people from Scythia: in process of time, when their empire grew in strength, they became the grand rivals of the Romans. The overthrow of Crassus is well known. Both nations experienced alternate disasters in the course of their various wars. See *Annals*, xv. 24. 27.

2 It will be proper in this place to state the names of the Roman legions, and the places where they were stationed. A short but clear account of this matter will help to remove the difficulties which might otherwise occur in the sequel of the History. Brotier has performed this useful task with his usual accuracy. See quarto edition, iii. 408. A compendious view of what he has said on the subject will perhaps be

besides a large body of auxiliaries. Syria and Judea were in their possession. Egypt had two legions at

acceptable ; as it will show the whole strength of the empire in the important crisis now before us.

The names of the several legions were as follows :

Legio prima, the first legion. *Legio prima Italica*, the first Italic legion, raised by Nero, as appears in Dio, iv. *Legio prima adjutrix*, an additional legion, according to Dio raised by Nero from the marines, and for that reason called *Legio prima adjutrix classicorum*. *Legio secunda*, the second legion. *Legio secunda adjutrix*, raised by Vespasian during the war with Vitellius. *Legio tertia*, the third legion ; stationed in Syria. *Legio tertia* ; another, called also the third, in Egypt. *Legio tertia* ; another, stationed in Africa. *Legio quarta*, the fourth legion, called, to distinguish it from another fourth legion, *Legio quarta Macedonica*. *Legio quarta*, another fourth legion, called, for the sake of distinction, *Legio quarta Scythica*. *Legio quinta*, the fifth legion. *Legio quinta Macedonica*, the fifth legion, called the Macedonian. *Legio sexta*, the sixth legion, sometimes called *Legio sexta victrix*. *Legio sexta ferrata* ; another sixth legion, with the addition of *ferrata*, to distinguish it from the former. *Legio septima Claudiana*, the seventh, called also the Claudian. *Legio septima Galbiana*, the seventh, called the Galbian. *Legio octava*, the eighth legion, sometimes called *Invicta*. *Legio nona*, the ninth legion, sometimes called *Gemina*, because it was one legion formed out of two. *Legio decima*, the tenth legion, quartered in Spain. *Legio decima*, another tenth legion, quartered in Judea. *Legio undecima*, the eleventh legion, sometimes with the additional title of *Claudiana*. *Legio duodecima*, the twelfth legion, sometimes called *Legio duodecima fulminea*. *Legio tertia decima*, the thirteenth legion, called also *Gemina*, because composed of two united into one. *Legio quarta decima*, the fourteenth legion. *Legio quinta decima*, the fifteenth legion, stationed in the Lower Germany. *Legio quinta decima*, another fifteenth legion, quartered in Judea, sometimes called *Legio quinta decima Apollinaris*. *Legio sexta decima*, the sixteenth legion. *Legio septima decima*, the seventeenth legion, thought to be one of those that suffered in the slaughter of Varus. *Legio duodevicesima*, the eighteenth legion, another of the legions under Varus. *Legio undevicesima*, the nineteenth legion, another legion under Varus. *Legio vicesima*, the twentieth legion, called by Dio *Valeria victrix*. *Legio una et vicesima*, the twenty-first legion, sometimes with the addition of *rapax*. *Legio duo et vicesima*, the twenty-second legion, stationed in Germany. *Legio duo et vicesima*, another twenty-second le-

their service. Cappadocia and Pontus afforded ample resources; and the forces that lined the frontier of Armenia stood ready at their beck. Asia, and the rest of the provinces, were provided with men and money. In a word, the islands, and the sea that surrounds them, were under their command; and the Mediterranean, while it separated them from the rest of the empire, left them at leisure to prepare for war.

VII. The zeal of the soldiers was no secret to the commanders-in-chief; but they judged it best to wait the issue of the war in Europe; aware that, between

gion, quartered in Egypt. *Legio e classicis*, a legion formed out of the marine soldiers by Vitellius in his last distress, but soon received into Vespasian's party, and never more distinguished.

Such were the names of the legions that occur in Tacitus. If from the whole number we deduct the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth, which were all cut off under Varus, and also the last, formed out of the marines by Vitellius, and heard of no more, it will appear that, in the beginning of the ensuing wars, the military establishment, exclusive of the forces in Italy, consisted of thirty legions. Their stations were as follows:

In Britain. The second, ninth, twentieth.—In Spain. The first adjutrix, the sixth, the tenth.—In Gaul. The first Italic.—In Lower Germany. The first, fifth, fifteenth, sixteenth.—In Upper Germany. The fourth, twenty-first, twenty-second.—In Pannonia. The seventh Galbian, the thirteenth.—In Dalmatia. The eleventh, the fourteenth.—In Mœsia. The seventh Claudian, the eighth.—In Syria. The third, fourth, sixth, twelfth.—In Judea. The fifth, tenth, fifteenth.—In Egypt. The third, the twenty-second.—In Africa. The third.

That so small a number of legions should be able not only to conquer but to keep in subjection the wide extent of the Roman world, might be matter of wonder, if we did not know the wisdom with which the legions were established, and the military discipline that was, for a number of ages, strictly maintained throughout the Roman armies. Brotier observes that Marshal Saxe, whose extraordinary genius and great experience are universally known, was of opinion that France would do well to adopt the system of the Roman legions, and new model her armies on that admirable plan of discipline.

the victor and the vanquished, a sincere coalition never can succeed, and whether fortune favored the arms of Otho or Vitellius, the consequence in either event would be the same. And if the pride of victory is apt to corrupt the ablest generals, from the present chiefs what was to be expected? Their own vices would destroy them. Discord, sloth, and luxury would be the ruin of both: one would be undone by the fate of war, and the other by success. For these reasons it was agreed to suspend all military operations. Vespasian and Mucianus, lately reconciled to each other, concurred in this opinion, which had been beforehand adopted by their friends. Men of principle gave their advice with a view to the public good; others looked for their own private advantage; and public confusion was the only resource of such as, in their domestic affairs, saw nothing but distress and ruin. One mind, one spirit pervaded the whole army. Good and evil motives conspired, and for different reasons, war became the passion of all.

VIII. About this period of time a report that Nero was still alive, and actually on his way to the provinces of the east, excited a general alarm through Achaia and Asia. The accounts of that emperor's death¹ had been so various, that conjecture had ample materials. Hence numbers asserted that Nero survived the fury of his enemies, and they found credulity ready to believe them. In the course of this work the reader will hear of various pretenders, and the fate that attended them. The impostor who took on him to personate that emperor was a slave from Pontus; or, according to some writers, a freedman from Italy, who played with skill on the harp, and had a musical voice. With

¹ A number of impostors at different times assumed the name of Nero.

those talents, and a countenance that resembled Nero, he was able to impose on vulgar minds. By the force of promises he drew to his party a number of deserters, whom their poverty induced to lead a vagrant life. With this crew he put to sea, but was thrown by adverse winds on the isle of Cythnus. At that place he fell in with a party of soldiers on their return from the east. Some of these he enlisted; and such as refused he ordered to be put to death. Having plundered the merchants, and armed the stoutest of their slaves, he endeavored to seduce Sisenna, a centurion from Syria, who happened to land on the island of Cythnus on his way to greet the pretorian bands in the name of the Syrian army, and, in token of friendship, to present two right hands clasping each other. Apprehending danger from so bold an adventurer, Sisenna made his escape from the island. A general panic seized the inhabitants. Numbers rejoiced to find the name of Nero once more revived, and hating the new system, wished for nothing so much as another revolution.

IX. The fame of this pretended Nero gained credit every day, when by a sudden accident the illusion vanished. It happened that Calpurnius Asprenas, whom Galba had appointed governor of Galatia and Pamphylia, arrived, on his way to those provinces, at the isle of Cythnus, with two galleys from the fleet that lay at Misenum. The commanders of the ships were summoned in the name of Nero to attend their lawful prince. The impostor continued to act his part. He received the naval officers with an air of dejection, and, by the duty which they owed him, implored their assistance, and safe conduct either to Syria, or to Egypt. The masters of the galleys, alarmed at the proposal, or intending to deceive, desired time to pre-

pare the minds of their sailors, faithfully promising to return without delay. Asprenas, duly informed of all that passed, gave orders to attack the impostor and his crew of adherents. The ship was seized, and the pretended emperor, whoever he was, suffered death. The air of the man, his eyes, his hair, and the ferocity of his countenance,¹ bore a strong resemblance to Nero. His body was conveyed to Asia, and afterwards sent to Rome.

X. In a city distracted by internal discord, and after so many revolutions, fierce with a spirit of liberty that led to the wildest anarchy, no transaction, however trifling in itself, could pass without exciting violent commotions. Vibius Crispus, a man, for his wealth, his power, and his talents, always ranked among the most eminent citizens, but never for his virtues numbered with the good, cited to the bar of the senate Annus Faustus, a Roman knight, and in the reign of Nero an informer by profession. In the beginning of Galba's reign it was ordained by a decree, that all causes against the race of public accusers should be fairly heard. This law, however salutary, was forced to yield to the temper of the times: it was enforced, or relaxed, as the person accused happened to be of weight and consequence, or poor and friendless: it was, notwithstanding, still in force; and Crispus, availing himself of it, exerted all his influence to ruin the man who had been the prosecutor of his brother.² In the senate his party was strong and powerful. Without hearing the criminal, the fathers were for condemning him to immediate execution. The vio-

1 The same ferocity appeared in Nero's countenance after he was dead.

2 His brother was Vibius Secundus; a man convicted of extortion.

lence of this proceeding stirred up an opposition. A party was formed against the overgrown power of the prosecutor. They insisted that the specific charge should be exhibited, and a day fixed, when the delinquent, however guilty, should be allowed the common right of being heard in his defence. This motion was carried, and the hearing of the cause was adjourned for a few days. The trial at length came on, and Faustus was condemned, but not with that universal assent of the people which a life of iniquity might have warranted. The accuser, it was well known, had been concerned in the conduct of prosecutions, and received the profits of his trade. Men rejoiced to see the punishment of a crime so dangerous and detestable ; but the triumph of a notorious offender gave disgust.

XI. Meanwhile the affairs of Otho wore a favorable aspect. The armies in Dalmatia and Pannonia were on their march to join him. A detachment of two thousand advanced by rapid marches, while the main body followed at moderate distances. The legions that composed this force were the seventh, which had been raised by Galba ; the eleventh, the thirteenth, and fourteenth, all veterans in the service, and the last in great renown for the vigor with which they quelled the insurrection in Britain, and still more famous for the choice made by Nero, who had selected that corps as the best in the empire. They remained to the last faithful to that emperor, and after his death declared with equal zeal in favor of Otho. Knowing their own strength, they were inspired with confidence, but a confidence that made them judge for themselves, and proceed on their march by slow journeys, as their humor prompted. The cavalry and auxiliary cohorts came forward with more alacrity.

The troops that marched from Rome were a formidable body. They consisted of five pretorian cohorts, several squadrons of horse, and the first legion. To these were added two thousand gladiators; a resource altogether ignoble, but in civil commotions often employed by generals of the first reputation. Annius Gallus and Vestricius Spurinna were sent at the head of this whole force, with orders to take post on the banks of the Po. The first intention was to keep the enemy locked up in Gaul; but that project proved abortive, Cæcina having already passed the Alps. Otho followed with a select body of the pretorian guards, and all the veterans of that corps, with the city cohorts, and a prodigious number draughted from the marines. On the march he betrayed no symptom of sloth,¹ no passion for luxury: he advanced on foot, at the head of the colors, covered with an iron breast-plate, rough and soldier-like, exhibiting a striking contrast to his former character.

XII. In this posture of affairs fortune seemed to open a flattering prospect. Otho was master of the greatest part of Italy, and his fleets had the command of the sea. To the foot of the maritime Alps the country was in his possession. To pass over those mountains, and make a descent on Narbon Gaul, was the measure which he had projected. To conduct that expedition he appointed Suedius Clemens, Antonius Novellus, and Æmilius Pacensis. The last was loaded with irons by his own soldiers. Antonius Novellus lost all authority; and Suedius Clemens, proud of his rank, but not knowing how to maintain it, yielded too much to the humors of the men. He preserved no discipline,

¹ Juvenal has given a different description of Otho on his march, sat. ii. 99. But poetic license cannot weigh against the truth of history.

and yet was eager for action. His army presented no appearance of men marching through their own country. They forgot that Italy was their native soil, and that the lands and houses belonged to their fellow-citizens. Regardless of the Roman name, they laid waste the country with fire and sword; they pillaged, destroyed and plundered, as if the war had been in a foreign realm, against the enemies of their country. The wretched inhabitants were oppressed by men against whom, having entertained no fear, they had prepared no defence. The fields were covered with grain and cattle; the houses were open; and the owners, with their wives and children, went forth in the simplicity of their hearts to meet the army. In the midst of peace they were surrounded with all the horrors of war. Marius Maturus was, at that time, governor of the maritime Alps. He resolved to dispute the passage with Otho's troops, and for that purpose armed the youth of the country. In the first encounter the mountaineers were either cut to pieces or put to the rout. A band of rustics, suddenly levied, and ignorant of military discipline, could not make head against a regular army. Expecting no fame from victory, they feared no disgrace from an ignominious flight.

XIII. An opposition so rash and feeble served only to exasperate the Othonian soldiers. They fell with fury on *Albium Intemelium*, a municipal town. The late victory was a fruitless advantage, affording neither spoil nor plunder. The peasants had no property, and their arms were of no value. Even prisoners of war could not be made. The fugitives knew the course of the country, and were too swift of foot. Enraged at the disappointment, the soldiers wreaked their vengeance on the innocent inhabitants of *Intemelium*, and glutted

their avarice with the effects of innocent men. Amidst the barbarities committed on this occasion, a Ligurian woman gave a noble example of courage and maternal affection. She had concealed her child from the fury of the slaughtering sword. The soldiers, fully persuaded that she had deposited her treasure in the same place, stretched her on the rack, and pressed the unhappy mother to tell where she had secured her son. She laid her hand on her body, and, 'Here,' she said, 'here my child is sheltered.' From that moment, unmoved by menaces, and unsubdued by torture, she never changed her tone. Nothing could conquer that generous obstinacy. She died a bright example of undaunted virtue.

XIV. Meanwhile, Fabius Valens received intelligence that Otho's fleet was hovering on the coast of Narbon Gaul, with intent to invade that province, which had already embraced the interest of Vitellius. The adjacent colonies, by their deputies, sued for protection. Valens despatched two Tungrian cohorts, four squadrons of horse, with the whole cavalry of the Treveri, under the command of Julius Classicus; reserving, however, a sufficient detachment from those forces to garrison the port of Forojulium, that the colony might not, while the troops marched up the country, lie exposed to sudden incursions from the fleet. This arrangement being made, Classicus marched in quest of the enemy, at the head of twelve troops of horse, and a select body from the cohorts. To these were added the Ligurian cohort, which had been usually quartered at Forojulium, and five hundred men from Pannonia, not yet ranged in companies under distinct and regular colors. Neither side declined an engagement. The disposition made by Otho's officers was as follows: a body of marines intermixed with the pea-

santry, took post on the heights near the sea. The level space between the hills and the coast was occupied by the pretorian soldiers; and, to support them, the fleet stood in close to the shore, drawn up in order of battle, and presenting a formidable line. The strength of the Vitellians, consisting in cavalry, was stationed in front; the infantry close embodied in their rear, and their Alpine mountaineers on the ridge of the neighboring hills. The Treverian squadrons began the attack with less skill than courage. The veterans of Otho's army received the attack in front, while their peasants, from the high grounds, discharged a volley of stones, and being expert slingers, annoyed the enemy in flank. They mixed in the lines with the regular soldiers, and performed feats of valor. In the moment of victory, there was no distinction between the coward and the brave; all pursued their advantage with equal ardor. The Vitellians were thrown into disorder; and, being driven towards the margin of the sea, they were there attacked in the rear by the soldiers belonging to the fleet. This was a danger unforeseen. Hemmed in on every side, they must have been to a man cut off, if the night had not come on in time to favor their retreat, and restrain the victorious army from pursuing them in their flight.

XV. The Vitellians, though defeated, still retained their warlike spirit. With a reinforcement drawn together in haste, they returned to the charge; and, finding the enemy elate with joy, and by success lulled into security, they assaulted the outposts, put the advanced guard to the sword, and forced their way into the camp. The Othonians were struck with terror, and near the fleet all was tumult and disorder. The surprise, however, soon began to subside. The Othonians betook themselves to an adjacent hill, and having

there collected their strength, rushed down with impetuous fury. A dreadful slaughter followed. The Tungrian cohorts stood the brunt of the action, till their commanding officers fell under a shower of darts. The Othonians conquered, but their victory was dearly bought. They pursued the flying enemy with more rage than prudence, when the Treverian cavalry, wheeling round, attacked them in the rear, and put a large party to the sword. From this time the two armies remained inactive. As if a truce had taken place, and both sides had agreed by compact to suspend hostilities, and no more molest each other by sudden incursions, the Vitellians retired to Antipolis, a municipal town of Narbon Gaul, and the Othonians to Albingaunum, in the inland part of Liguria.

XVI. Corsica, Sardinia, and the rest of the islands in those seas, were overawed by the victorious fleet, and kept in subjection to Otho. Corsica indeed suffered a sudden convulsion from the temerity of the governor. The name of this officer was Decimus Pacarius. Though the island, in a war carried on by such powerful adversaries, was of no importance, he endeavored to seduce the inhabitants to the interest of Vitellius. The project, which would have decided nothing, ended in his own ruin. He summoned a council of the leading men, and communicated his design. Claudius Phirricus, who commanded the galleys on that station, and Quintius Certus, a Roman knight, objected to the measure, and were put to instant death. The rest of the assembly, terrified by this act of violence, swore fidelity to Vitellius. The populace, as usual, blind and ignorant, but by contagion catching the fears of others, followed the example of the leading chiefs. Pacarius began to muster his men, and train them to the use of arms. A race of rude and vulgar

peasants, who had no relish for the fatigue of military discipline, began to consider the nature of their situation, and their inability to support a war. 'They were islanders, remote from Germany, and out of the reach of the legions. The fleets of Otho commanded the seas, and had lately ravaged the maritime countries, though defended by the cohorts and cavalry of Vitellius.' This reflection produced a sudden change in every mind. They resolved to assert their independence, not with open force, but by covert stratagem; and, for that purpose, to lay in wait for their opportunity. Pacarius, as soon as his train of visitors left him, retired to his bath. In that moment the conspirators fell on him naked and disarmed. He was put to instant death, and his attendants suffered the same fate. Their heads, like those of traitors, were conveyed to Otho. And yet the assassins were neither rewarded by that prince, nor punished by Vitellius. In the mass of atrocious deeds that disgraced the times, petty villanies were suffered to pass with impunity.

XVII. The cavalry called the Syllanian squadron had, as already mentioned, forced their way into Italy, and there fixed the seat of war. In the conduct of these men nothing proceeded from principle. They had no regard for Otho, nor so much as a wish to serve Vitellius; but their vigor being relaxed by a long peace, and their minds debased and prepared for slavery, they stood ready to stretch their necks to the yoke, whatever hand imposed it, in their choice of a master wholly indifferent. The fairest portion of Italy,¹ extending from the Po to the Alps, with all its fertile plains and flourishing cities, was in the possession of

¹ The country between the Po and the Alps, comprising Piedmont, Mont-ferrat, the Milanese; the principal cities were, Mediolanum, Novaria, Eporodia, Vercellæ.

Vitellius; the forces sent forward by Cæcina having already penetrated into that quarter. At Cremona a Pannonian cohort laid down their arms; and between Placentia and Ticinum a party of a hundred horse, with a thousand marines, were made prisoners. In this tide of success nothing could withstand the vigor of the Vitellians. The Po opposed its stream and its banks in vain. To the Batavians, and the troops from beyond the Rhine, the river was no more than a new motive to inflame their ardor. They passed over with their usual rapidity under the walls of Placentia, and in sight of the enemy. Having gained a footing on the land, they intercepted the enemy's scouts, and spread such a general panic, that all who escaped their fury fled with precipitation, announcing the arrival of Cæcina and his whole army.

XVIII. Spurrinna, who commanded at Placentia, was well informed of Cæcina's motions. He knew him to be still at a distance; and if at any time he should show himself before the place, he had taken his measures. Three pretorian cohorts, and no more than a thousand auxiliaries, with a small body of horse, would be ill-opposed to a veteran army. He resolved therefore to remain within his fortifications. But an unruly soldiery, fierce and unskilled in military operations, was not to be restrained. They seized the colors, and sallied forth in a body. The general endeavored in vain to check their violence; the men pointed their weapons at his breast; they spurned at the tribunes and centurions, who extolled the wisdom of their superior officer; they rejected all advice, declaring aloud that treason was at work; they were betrayed; and Cæcina was invited to take possession of the place. Spurrinna was obliged to yield to this sudden frenzy, and even to proceed on the march. He went forth against his will, but with

a show of approbation, in hopes, if the sedition died away, that he might then resume his former authority.

XIX. The soldiers pushed on with spirit, till the Po appearing in sight, and night coming on, they halted for the first time. It was now judged necessary to fortify a camp. Labor and castrametation were new to men who had only served within the walls of Rome. Their ferocity abated, and they began to see their error. The veterans in the service condemned their own credulity, and pointed out to their comrades the common danger of all, if Cæcina with a numerous army had come up in time to surround them in a wide champaign country. Throughout the ranks nothing was heard but penitence and submission. The tribunes and centurions regained their influence, and all were loud in praise of their general, who had with judgment chosen a strong and powerful colony for the seat of war. Spurrina seized the opportunity, choosing rather to convince by reason, than to irritate by reproof. Having quelled the sedition, he left some flying parties to watch the motions of the enemy, and with an army now disposed to obey his orders, marched back to Placentia. The fortifications of the place were repaired; new works were added; towers were constructed; the soldiers were provided with arms; and, what was of greater moment, a spirit of discipline and prompt obedience was diffused through the army. This was no doubt an essential service. Want of courage could not be imputed to Otho's party. Inattention to their superior officers was the disadvantage under which they labored.

XX. Cæcina advanced into Italy with a well-conducted army, observing in his march the strictest discipline, as if on the other side of the Alps he had left

his cruelty and love of plunder. His dress gave offence to the colonies through which he passed. His mantle, decorated with various colors, passed for a mark of arrogance; and his drawers,¹ used only by savage nations, did not agree with the ideas of a Roman citizen. Besides this, the splendid appearance of his wife Salonina, mounted on a superb horse, adorned with purple ornaments, though in itself a matter of no importance, and certainly injurious to no person whatever, was held to be a public insult. Such is the nature of the human mind, disposed at all times to behold with jealousy the sudden elevation of new men, and to demand that he who has been known in an humble station should know how to rise in the world with temper and modest dignity. Cæcina passed the Po, and by negotiation and artful promises endeavored to seduce the leaders of Otho's party. The like insidious game was played against himself. Both sides talked of peace and concord, but they amused each other with words of specious sound, importing nothing. Tired of fruitless artifices, Cæcina began to concert his measures for the reduction of Placentia. He determined to invest the place; and knowing how much the fame of the general, and by consequence, the events of war, depend on the first exploit, he made every preparation to carry on the siege with vigor.

XXI. The first approach to the town displayed the bravery, but nothing of the skill, which might be expected from a veteran army. The soldiers, intoxicated with liquor, advanced to the foot of the walls, without shelter, or due precaution. In this attack a magnifi-

¹ Cæcina wore the *sagum*, which was the German dress (see the Manners of the Germans, § 17), and the *braccæ*, or breeches, which distinguished the Gauls. The southern part of Gaul was called Gallia Narbonensis, and also Braccata.

cent amphitheatre which stood on the outside of the fortifications was set on fire, and levelled to the ground. Whether this was occasioned by the flaming brands and other combustibles thrown in by the besiegers, or by the like missive weapons discharged from the works, cannot now be ascertained. The vulgar herd of the city, apt and willing, like the populace in every quarter, to believe whatever malignity can invent, imputed the disaster to the neighboring colonists, who saw with envy a spacious and magnificent structure, that surpassed every monument of art and labor throughout Italy. The sense of this misfortune, however begun, was lost in the pressure of immediate danger; but the enemy was no sooner withdrawn from the walls than the inhabitants, in the moment of security, lamented the loss of their amphitheatre, as the worst calamity that could befall them. Cæcina was repulsed with considerable loss. The night, on both sides, was employed in necessary preparations. The Vitellians provided themselves with moving penthouses, and other warlike machines, under which the men might advance to sap the foundation of the walls. The besieged were busy in preparing stakes and rafts of timber, with huge heaps of stone and lead and brass, in order to crush the assailants under their own works. Both armies felt every motive that could rouse their valor. The love of glory, and the fear of shame, throbbed in every breast. In the camp of the Vitellians nothing was heard but the vigor of the legions, and the fame of the German armies; within the town, the honor of the city cohorts, and the dignity of the pretorian bands, were the topics that inflamed their minds with heroic ardor. They considered the Vitellians as a set of desperate adventurers, and despised them as barbarians, foreigners, and aliens in Italy;

while, in their turn, they were held in contempt by the besiegers, as a weak enervated band, who had lost every warlike principle in the circus and the theatres of Rome. Otho and Vitellius were the subject of alternate praise and calumny; but praise was soon exhausted, and for abuse each party found abundant materials.

XXII. At the return of day, the city and the country round displayed a scene of warlike preparation: the walls and ramparts were covered with Othonian soldiers, and the fields glittered with the blaze of hostile arms. The legions in close array advanced to the assault, and the auxiliaries in separate divisions. The attack began with a volley of stones and darts aimed at the highest part of the fortifications; and where the works were either impaired by time, or thinly manned, the Vitellians attempted a scalade. The German auxiliaries, rending the air with their savage war-songs, and, according to the custom of their country, waving their shields over their shoulders, advanced with impetuous fury; while the garrison, with deliberate aim, discharged a volley of stones and darts. In the mean time, the legionary soldiers, under their covered way, battered the foundation of the walls, and having thrown up mounds of earth, attempted to force the gates. A pile of massy stones which had been prepared by the besieged was instantly rolled down with prodigious ruin: the Vitellians, crushed under the weight, or transfixed with darts, lay wounded, maimed, and mangled, at the foot of the ramparts. Horror and confusion followed. The Othonians were inspired with fresh courage. The slaughter increased; and the assailants, finding all their efforts defeated, with great precipitation, and no less dishonor, sounded a retreat. Cæcina saw the folly of an enterprise rashly under-

taken. To avoid farther disgrace, he resolved to raise the siege, and leave a camp, where he had nothing to expect but reproach and shame. He repassed the Po, and bent his march towards Cremona. He had not proceeded far when he was joined by Turullius Cerealis, a centurion of principal rank, who had served under him in Germany, and also by Julius Briganticus, a Batavian by birth: the former deserted with a strong body of marine soldiers, and the latter with a small party of horse.

XXIII. Spurrinna, as soon as he was informed of the movements of the enemy, sent dispatches to Annius Gallus, with the particulars of the siege, the gallant defence of Placentia, and the measures concerted by Cæcina. Gallus was then on his march at the head of the first legion, to the relief of the place, little imagining that a few cohorts would be able to hold out against the strength and valor of the German army. It was however no sooner known that Cæcina had abandoned his enterprise, and was then proceeding to Cremona, than the spirit of the legion blazed out at once. They desired to be led against the enemy. Their impatience rose to a pitch little short of sedition. It was with difficulty that Gallus appeased the tumult. He made halt at Bedriacum,¹ a village situated between Verona and Cremona, and unhappily famous for the slaughter of two Roman armies. About the same time the Othonians gained a second advantage over the enemy. Martius Macer fought with success near Cremona. That officer, with the spirit of enterprise that dis-

¹ This village, which according to Cluverius, stood at the distance of twenty miles from Cremona, and is now called Caneto, has been rendered famous by the defeat of Otho, and afterwards, as will be seen in the third book of this History, by that of Vitellius.

tinguished him, embarked the gladiators on the Po, and making a sudden descent on the opposite bank, fell with fury on the auxiliaries of Vitellius. All who attempted to make head against him were put to the sword; the rest fled with precipitation to Cremona. Macer was not willing to lose by rashness the fruit of his victory. He knew that by the arrival of fresh forces the fortune of the day might be changed, and for that reason recalled his men from the pursuit. This measure spread a general discontent amongst the soldiers. It was the misfortune of Otho's party to be on all occasions infected with suspicion, and, with a strange perversity, to put the worst construction on the conduct of their officers. The base of heart and petulant of tongue combined together, and with virulent invective defamed and blackened every character without distinction. Even Annius Gallus, Suetonius Paulinus, and Marius Celsus, three eminent generals, did not escape the shafts of calumny. They were charged with various crimes. But the murderers of Galba were the worst incendiaries. Conscious of their guilt, and finding no respite from remorse and fear, these miscreants made it their business to embroil, to distract, and throw every thing into confusion. They gave vent to their seditious designs with open insolence, and by clandestine letters infused their venom into the mind of Otho; a mind too susceptible; always hearkening to every malignant whisper, and only guarded against men of worth and honor: in prosperity weak and irresolute; in distress collected, firm, determined: misfortune made him a better man. In his present situation, easily alarmed, and suspecting all his officers, he sent to Rome for his brother Titianus, and committed to him the whole conduct of the war.

The interval was filled by Celsus and Paulinus with active enterprise and brilliant success.

XXIV. Cæcina felt the disgrace of his late defeat, and saw with anxiety the fame of his army mouldering away. He had been roughly handled at Placentia, his auxiliaries were cut to pieces, and in every skirmish, not worthy of a particular detail, the enemy had the advantage. He likewise knew by sure intelligence that Valens was advancing with his army, and that commander might reap the laurels of the war. To prevent a circumstance so humiliating, he resolved, with more courage than judgment, to redeem his glory. With this intent he marched to a village called *Castorum*,¹ distant about twelve miles from Cremona. At that place, in a wood that overhangs the road, he stationed the flower of his auxiliaries in ambuscade. His cavalry had orders to take an advanced post, and after provoking an engagement, to give ground at once, and draw the enemy forward, till an unexpected sally could be made from the woods. The stratagem was betrayed to the generals of Otho's army. Paulinus took the command of the infantry, while Celsus led on the cavalry. Their men were ranged in order of battle. In the left wing were placed the vexillaries of the thirteenth legion, four auxiliary cohorts, and five hundred horse. The high road was occupied by three pretorian cohorts, who formed the centre. The left wing consisted of the first legion, two auxiliary cohorts, and five hundred horse. Besides these, a thousand of the cavalry, selected from the pretorian and auxiliary

¹ It appears in Suetonius that the place which is called *Castorum* by Tacitus was a spot where the temple of Castor was built. It was about twelve miles from Cremona, between the Po and the Addua (now Adda.)

bands, were kept as a body of reserve to support the broken ranks, or if the enemy gave way, to rush on at once and complete the victory.

XXV. Before the two armies came to action the Vitellians feigned a flight. Aware of the stratagem, Celsus checked the ardor of his men, and in his turn pretended to give ground. The adverse party, as they lay in ambush, thought they saw their opportunity, and rushing forward inconsiderately, fell into a snare. The legions flanked them from both wings; the cohorts attacked in front; and the cavalry, wheeling round with rapidity, charged in the rear. Suetonius Paulinus still kept his infantry out of the engagement. By his natural temper slow and deliberate, he chose to take his measures with precaution, rather than hazard a sudden conflict, and owe his success to the chance of war. He ordered the hollows to be filled up, the ground to be cleared, and his ranks to be extended; wisely judging that it would then be time to think of victory when he had taken care not to be conquered. During this delay the Vitellians seized the opportunity to shift their ground. They betook themselves to the adjacent vineyards, thick with interwoven branches, and by consequence difficult of access. Having there, and in a wood that lay contiguous, found a safe retreat, they recovered their courage, and sallied out to attack the pretorian cavalry. The best and bravest officers of that corps were cut to pieces. Epiphanes, the eastern king, who in support of Otho's cause faced every danger, was wounded in the engagement.

XXVI. At length the infantry, under the command of Paulinus, entered into the action. The front line of the enemy gave way at once, and the parties that came to support them were in like manner put to the rout. Cæcina had not the judgment to act with his

whole strength at once. He brought up his men in detachments; and the consequence was, that coming forward in succession, and nowhere strong enough, they soon gave way, and fled with the ranks already broken. During the confusion a violent tumult broke out in Cæcina's camp. The soldiers were enraged that the whole army was not drawn out. They seized Julius Gratus, the prefect of the camp, and loaded him with irons, on a suspicion that he held secret intelligence with his brother Julius Fronto, at that time a tribune in Otho's army, and, under a similar accusation, then confined in prison by the adverse party. Nothing now could equal the disorder and consternation that covered the whole Vitellian army. In the camp, in the field of battle, in the flight, and amongst the parties that came to support the fugitives, the confusion was such, that if Paulinus had not sounded a retreat, it was the general opinion that Cæcina, with his whole army, might have been cut to pieces. In defence of his conduct, Paulinus answered that, seeing how much toil and labor still remained, he was not willing to expose his men, already spent with the fatigue of the day, to fresh forces kept in reserve, and ready to issue from the adverse camp. An exhausted soldiery might in that case be overpowered; and, if once broken, no post, no station remained behind. With this reasoning the judicious few were satisfied, but in the lower ranks of the army discontent and murmuring still prevailed.

XXVII. The loss sustained in this engagement had no other effect on the vanquished Vitellians, than to reduce their turbulent spirit to a sense of military duty. Cæcina threw the whole blame of his defeat on the ungovernable temper of the army, at all times more disposed to mutiny than to face the enemy. The men

now saw their error, and began to submit to authority. Nor was this the case with regard to Cæcina only: the same reformation showed itself in the camp of Fabius Valens, who was now advanced as far as Ticinum. The soldiers under his command were taught by the late event no longer to despise the enemy. To retrieve the honor of the army, they now were willing to behave with due submission to their general. They had been not long before guilty of a bold and dangerous tumult, of which, at the exact point of time, no notice could be taken without breaking the thread of the narrative, and departing too much from the transactions under Cæcina.

It may now be proper to give an account of that insurrection. The reader will remember that in the war between Nero and Vindex the cohorts of the Batavian nation separated from the fourteenth legion, then on its way to Britain; and having heard in the city of the Lingones of commotions in favor of Vitellius, went over to the standard of Fabius Valens. Their arrogance from that time knew no bounds. They paraded the camp in every quarter, and in the tents of the legions, making it their boast, 'that by them the fourteenth legion had been overawed: by them Italy was wrested out of the hands of Nero; and on their swords the issue of the war depended.' The Roman soldiers heard these speeches with indignation; disputes and quarrels filled the camp, and discipline was at an end. Valens saw his authority lessened, and knew too well that from clamor to actual mutiny the transition is short and sudden.

XXVIII. In this posture of affairs Valens received advice that the Tungrians and Treverians had met with a defeat, and that Otho's fleet was hovering on the coast of Narbon Gaul. He took that opportunity to

order a detachment of Batavians to march to the relief of the province ; intending, at the same time, by a stroke of policy to divide the mutinous troops, whom, in their collective body, he found impatient of control. This measure gave umbrage to the rest of his army. The auxiliaries murmured, and the legions complained aloud, ‘ that they were now to lose the bravest troops in the service. The enemy was near at hand, and was that a time to withdraw a body of gallant soldiers, who had so often fought with undaunted courage, and so often returned crowned with victory ? If a single province is of more moment than the city of Rome, and the empire is but a secondary consideration, why not march with the united strength of the whole army ? On the other hand, if Italy must be the theatre of war ; if there, and there only, a decisive victory can be obtained ; why separate from the army those gallant veterans, like the soundest limbs cut off from the body ?’

XXIX. To allay this ferment Valens went forth, preceded by his lictors. The men paid no regard to their general ; they pelted him with stones ; they forced him to fly before them ; they pursued him with opprobrious language, accusing him of having embezzled to his own private use the spoils of Gaul, the gold of Vienne, and the recompense due to the soldiers for all their toil and labor. They rushed to his pavilion, pillaged his camp-equipage, and, in hopes of finding hidden treasure, pierced the ground with their spears and javelins. Varus, in the mean time, disguised like a slave, lay concealed in the tent of an officer of the cavalry. Alphenus Valens, the prefect of the camp, saw the frenzy subsiding, and, in the ebb of their passions, thought it best to let repentance take possession of them by degrees. With that intent he gave orders

to the centurions neither to visit the night watch, nor suffer the usual signals to be given by sound of trumpet. A dead silence followed. The mutineers stood covered with astonishment, wondering that no one assumed the command: they gazed at each other, and trembled at being left to themselves. By silence and resignation they hoped to give a proof of returning virtue. In the end they burst into tears, and with humble supplications implored forgiveness. Valens ventured to appear. As soon as the soldiers saw him beyond expectation safe, unhurt, in a sordid dress, with tears starting from his eye, a mingled tumult of joy and sorrow and affection swelled in every breast. With the quick transition of passions common with the multitude, they poured forth their congratulations; and with shouts of applause placed their general, amidst the eagles and standards, on his tribunal. Valens acted with well-timed moderation. No man was singled out for punishment. Afraid, however, that by too much coolness he might make them suspect some deep design, he thought fit to reprimand a few by name, and his resentment went no farther. In the distractions of a civil war, he knew that the power of the general is never equal to the liberty claimed by his soldiers.¹

XXX. While Valens employed his army in throwing up intrenchments at Ticinum an account of Cæcina's defeat reached the camp. The flame of sedition was ready to break out a second time. All agreed that by the treachery of Valens they were detained from the field of battle. They resolved to linger no

¹ In an army, where all alike from the highest to the lowest committed the most violent outrages, the soldiers knew no subordination. Guilt when widely spread levels all distinction.

longer : they scorned to wait the motions of an inactive commander : they marched before the colors ; and, ordering the standard-bearers to push on with alacrity, never halted till by a rapid march they joined Cæcina's army. In that camp Valens was in no kind of credit. The vanquished soldiers complained, that with an inferior force they were left exposed to the enemy ; and, by extolling the strength and valor of their new friends, they hoped to conciliate esteem, and throw from themselves the imputation of cowardice. Valens was at the head of an army which exceeded that of Cæcina by almost double the number, and yet the latter was the favorite of the men. His liberal spirit gained him friends, and his generosity was praised by all. To the vigor of youth he united a graceful figure, and he possessed those nameless qualities¹ which, though of no solid value, conciliate favor, men know not why. Hence a spirit of emulation between the two commanders. Cæcina objected to his rival the sordid vices that disgraced his character ; and, in return, Valens laughed at a man elate with pride and vain ostentation. And yet the two chiefs acted towards each other with disguised hostility. In their zeal for the common cause their mutual animosities were suppressed, though not extinguished. In their letters they treated Otho and his licentious practices in a style that showed they scorned all terms of future reconciliation. The conduct of the officers in the opposite army was very different. They spoke of Vitellius with reserve ; and though his manners

¹ Cæcina was admired by his soldiers for those agreeable secondary qualities, which often gain the affections of the multitude. Corbulo, the great commander, who is so much extolled by Tacitus, united to his superior talents the specious trifles that conciliate favor.

afforded ample materials for invective, they chose to contain themselves within the bounds of prudence.

XXXI. It may here be observed that, whatever were the shades of vice in the opposite characters of the contending chiefs, death, in the end, made the true distinction between them: Otho fell with glory, and Vitellius with disgrace and infamy. During their lives, men dreaded greater mischief from the unbridled passions of Otho than from the sluggish debauchery of Vitellius. The murder of Galba made the former an object of detestation; while the latter was never charged with being the author of the war.¹ Vitellius, by his gluttony and sensual appetites, was his own enemy: Otho, by his profusion, his cruelty, and his daring spirit, was the enemy of his country. As soon as the forces under Cæcina and Valens had formed a junction, the Vitellian party wished for nothing so much as a decisive action. Otho was not determined which was most for his interest, a speedy engagement or a lingering war. In this state of irresolution he called a council, when Suetonius Paulinus, an officer surpassed by no man of that age, judged it consistent with his high military character to weigh all circumstances, and on the whole to give a decided opinion. He contended, that to bring the dispute to an immediate issue, was the business of Vitellius; and, on the contrary, to draw the war into length was the game that Otho ought to play. He argued as follows:

XXXII. ‘The whole collected force of Vitellius is now in Italy: the resources which he has left behind him are inconsiderable. From Gaul he has nothing to expect. The spirit of that fierce and turbulent people

¹ Vitellius was of so sluggish a disposition, that he seemed to act under the direction of others, not from the impulse of his own mind.

is still in agitation ; and while Germany, with hostile numbers, is ever ready to invade the Roman provinces, the banks of the Rhine cannot be left naked and defenceless. The legions in Britain have the natives on their hands, and they are divided by the sea. Spain cannot boast of resources. The province of Narbon Gaul has been harassed by Otho's fleet, and is still covered with consternation. The part of Italy which lies beyond the Po is shut in by the Alps, deprived of all relief by sea, and the armies that passed that way have made the whole country a scene of desolation. There is no place from which Vitellius can hope to be supplied with grain ; and he who wants provisions, in a short time will want an army. The Germans, a brave and warlike people, constitute the strength and bulwark of the Vitellian party : protract the war, and will they be able to go through a summer campaign ? The change of soil, and the heat of the climate, will relax their vigor. The war, that by strenuous efforts may be pushed to a prosperous issue, grows languid when drawn into length, and in a state of tedious suspense whole armies have mouldered away.

‘ On the other hand, Otho's party is in no want of supplies ; their friends are firm, and great resources are still in reserve. Pannonia, Mœsia, Dalmatia, and the eastern provinces, are able to send numerous armies into the field. All Italy declares for Otho : Rome, the capital of the empire, is still in his possession ; and, above all, he has on his side the senate and the Roman people : illustrious names, and always of the first importance, though their glory in some conjunctures has been eclipsed. There is still in reserve a store of wealth, both public and private ; and riches at all times are the sinews of war, in public dissensions more powerful than the sword. The soldiers

in the service of Otho are in good condition, inured to Italy, or seasoned to the heat in warmer climates. In their front the river Po is a barrier, and there are fortified cities, strongly garrisoned, all determined to hold out to the last. Of this the gallant defence of Placentia is a sufficient proof. For these reasons, a slow and lingering war is the best expedient. Pass but a few days, and the fourteenth legion, famous for its bravery, will arrive with a strong reinforcement of auxiliaries from Mœsia. A council of war may then be called; and should it be thought advisable to hazard a battle, Otho in that event may take the field with a superior army.'

XXXIII. Marius Celsus concurred in this opinion. Annius Gallus was not present. He had been hurt by a fall from his horse a few days before, and was not yet recovered; but being consulted by persons sent for the purpose, he acceded to the counsels of Paulinus. Otho was for trying the issue of a battle. His brother Titianus, and Proculus, the prefect of the pretorian guards, though neither of them had any military experience, did what in them lay to incite a temper of itself rash and precipitate. The gods, they said, and the tutelar genius of Otho, were present in council, and would not fail to guide and animate the battle. Such was the language of flattery. They made their poison palatable, and no man presumed to administer an antidote.

To offer battle was the result of the debate; but whether the emperor should command in person, or withdraw to a place of safety, was a question still to be discussed. Celsus and Paulinus gave no opinion. To expose the prince to the dangers of the field was more than they chose to hazard. That point was left to the authors of the pernicious counsel already given,

By their advice Otho retired to Brixellum, there to reserve himself for the good of the people and the majesty of the empire. From this day the ruin of Otho may be dated. He took with him a considerable detachment of the pretorian cohorts, the body-guard, and a strong party of horse. After their departure the spirit of the army began to droop. They suspected their officers. The prince, to whom the soldiers were faithfully attached, and who in return confided in them, and them only, abandoned his cause, without leaving a head to direct, or a general to whose authority the men were willing to submit.

XXXIV. During these transactions nothing of all that passed was a secret in the camp of Vitellius. From the deserters, who in civil wars are always numerous, and also from the spies, whose genius it is, while they pry into the secrets of others, to betray their own, every thing transpired. Cæcina and Valens lay in wait for the motions of an enemy, whom they saw contriving their own destruction. To plan an enterprise was unnecessary, where the best wisdom was to succeed by the folly of others. In order however to give jealousy to the gladiators¹ on the opposite bank of the Po, and at the same time to keep their own soldiers employed, they began to throw a bridge over the river. As a foundation for the work they ranged in proper order a number of boats, made fast at equal distances by strong timbers, with their prows turned against the current, and by their anchors secured from driving from the spot. The cables were of a length to play in the water, in order, when the stream increased, that the vessels might be gently

¹ It has been already mentioned that Otho had in his army two thousand gladiators; a disgraceful expedient, says Tacitus, but in civil wars adopted by the ablest generals.

lifted up and down without danger or confusion. In the boat at the farther extremity of the bridge they caused a tower to be erected, which served at once to close the passage and give the men a station, where they might with their battering engines prevent the approach of the enemy.

XXXV. The Othonians also raised a tower on the opposite bank, and thence were able to annoy the enemy with massy stones and flaming brands. A small island stood in the middle of the river. The gladiators attempted to pass over in boats; but the Germans, expert in swimming, dashed into the stream, and took possession of the place. In order to dislodge them Macer put off with a strong party of gladiators on board his galleys: but the gladiators were not able to cope with regular soldiers; and the motion of the vessels not allowing them a firm footing, they fought at a disadvantage with men, who from the land were able to discharge their missive weapons with surer aim and more certain effect. On board the vessels all was hurry and confusion. The rowers and combatants obstructed each other. The Germans plunged into the river; and, seizing hold of the boats, boarded several, and sunk others to the bottom. The whole passed under the eye of both armies. The Vitellians looked on with joy; while the adverse party, stung with indignation, railed at Macer, whom they called the author of their disgrace.

XXXVI. The gladiators, in such vessels as they could save, retreated from the island, and by their flight put an end to the engagement. Macer was devoted to destruction. The soldiers clamored for his blood. One of them darted his lance, and actually wounded him; while the rest rushed on sword in hand, and would have killed him on the spot, if the

tribunes and centurions had not interposed to save him from their fury. In a short time after Vestricius Spurinna, having by order of Otho left a moderate garrison at Placentia, came up to the main body with the cohorts under his command. Macer was superseded; and in his place Flavius Sabinus, consul elect, was appointed; to the great joy of the common men, who saw with pleasure every change of their officers. The commanders, in their turn, saw the unruly spirit of the army, and with reluctance accepted a service so often disturbed by tumult and sedition.

XXXVII. I find it asserted as a fact, and by authors of credit, that the two armies, dreading the calamities of war, and at the same time detesting the two rival princes, whose flagitious deeds grew every day more notorious, were disposed to lay down their arms, and either to name a person worthy of the succession, or to refer that matter to the choice of the senate. This, we are told, was the consideration that weighed with Otho's generals, when they proposed to draw the war into length, and, in particular, that Paulinus acted with that motive. He was the first and most distinguished of the consular rank; the highest in military reputation; and his conduct in Britain had given superior lustre to his name. But though it may be reasonable to admit that a few, in that juncture, had the public good at heart, and wished to see two vile competitors, the most abandoned of mankind, postponed to a virtuous prince, it is notwithstanding highly improbable that Paulinus, a man of experience and consummate understanding, should, in an age so corrupt and profligate, amuse himself with hopes of finding one spark of virtue. He knew the madness of the times; and could he expect that the same infatuated multitude, whose wickedness had kindled the flame of

war, would on a sudden prefer the blessings of peace, and consent, for the repose of the world, to sheath the destructive sword? Can it be imagined that the armies then in the field, dissonant in language, and in their manners still more discordant, could ever be brought to coalesce in one opinion? Above all, can it be supposed that the leading chiefs, a set of men immersed in luxury, overwhelmed with debts, and conscious of their crimes, would submit to any master who was not, like themselves, plunged in vice, and by gratitude for his elevation obliged to be the patron of the most pernicious citizens?

XXXVIII. The love of power and domination seems to be an instinct of the human heart, implanted by the hand of nature. Coeval with the foundation of Rome, it grew with the growth of the empire, and in the hour of pride and grandeur broke out with resistless violence. Before that period, while the republic was in its infancy, the equality of conditions was easily preserved. In process of time, when the pride of foreign kings was humbled, and rival nations submitted to the Roman arms, avarice began to accumulate riches, and contentions arose between the senate and the people. Factious tribunes prevailed at one time, and ambitious consuls at another. In the heart of the city, and even in the forum, the sword of discord was drawn, and those dissensions were a prelude to the rage of civil war. Caius Marius, a man sprung from the dregs of the populace, and Lucius Sylla, fierce and cruel beyond the rest of the nobility, overturned the constitution of their country, and on the ruins of public liberty established a system of tyranny and lawless power. Pompey came soon after, with passions more disguised, but no way better. From that time the struggle has been for supreme dominion. The legions

that filled the plains of Pharsalia, and afterwards met at Philippi, though composed of Roman citizens, never once thought of laying down their arms. And are we to believe that the armies of Otho and Vitellius were of a more pacific temper? They had instigations equally powerful: the same wrath of the gods pursued them: the same popular frenzy kindled the flame of discord; and the same vices conspired to urge them on to mutual slaughter. Their war, it is true, was ended by a single battle; but for that speedy issue the world was indebted, not to the virtue of the armies, but to the abject spirit of the contending princes. But these reflections on the spirit of ancient and modern times have betrayed me into a long digression. I resume the thread of my narrative.

XXXIX. From the time when Otho withdrew to Brixellum his brother Titianus assumed all the pride and pomp of commander-in-chief; but the power and real authority remained in the hands of Proculus. Celsus and Paulinus were no more than mere nominal generals. No man sought their advice. They were in fact superseded; serving no purpose but that of screening the folly of others, and bearing the blame of blunders not their own. The tribunes and centurions could render no effectual service, while ignorance and insufficiency were preferred, and real talents lay neglected. The common men appeared with an air of alacrity, but more disposed to cavil with their generals than to execute their orders. A sudden resolution was taken to shift their ground, and encamp within four miles of Bedriacum. They conducted their march, and chose their station, with such want of skill, that, though it was then the spring of the year, and the country round abounded with rivers, the army was distressed for want of water. The expediency of ha-

zarding a battle became again the subject of debate. Otho, by frequent dispatches, insisted on the most vigorous measures: the soldiers called for their emperor, and with clamor demanded his presence on the day of battle. Many were of opinion that the forces beyond the Po should be called in to reinforce the army. History has not materials to decide what would have been the most prudent measure; but it is certain, that of all possible evils they chose the worst.

XL. They resolved to march to the conflux of the Po and the Addua,¹ at the distance of sixteen miles. In this movement the soldiers presented no appearance of an army going to offer battle. They marched as if going to open a campaign, not to decide it. The measure was in direct opposition to the advice of Celsus and Paulinus. Those officers represented the danger of exposing the soldiers, fatigued by their march, and bending under the weight of their baggage, to the attack of an enemy unincumbered, and fresh from a march of four miles only. An army in that condition would seize their opportunity, and begin a general assault before Otho's men could form the line of battle; perhaps they were dispersed in small parties, or employed at the intrenchments. Titianus and Proculus were not to be convinced. When overcome by argument they resorted to their orders, and the will of the prince was a decisive answer. About the same time a Numidian horseman,² posting at full speed,

¹ The Addua (now Adda) falls into the Po, about six miles to the west of Cremona.

² The taste for show and splendor was so great, that none, who in that age were what we now call people of fashion, chose to appear on the Appian or Flaminian road, or to make an excursion to their villas, without a train of Numidians mounted on the swift horses of their country, to ride before the carriages, and give notice by a cloud of dust that a great

arrived with letters from Otho, in a style of sharp reproof condemning the tedious operations of the army, and in a peremptory tone commanding his generals to bring on a decisive action. To a mind like his the interval of suspense was dreadful. Delay kept him in restless anxiety, and hope and fear distracted him.

XLI. On the same day, while Cæcina was employed in throwing a bridge over the Po, two pretorian tribunes arrived to demand an interview. They were admitted to an audience, when a sudden alarm from the scouts announced the enemy at hand. The business broke off abruptly, and the intention of the tribunes was left in the dark. What their design was, whether to betray their own party, to lay a snare for the Vitellians, or to make a fair and honorable proposal, cannot now be known. Cæcina dismissed the tribunes, and made the best of his way to the camp. He found that Valens had lost no time: the signal for battle was already given, and the men were drawn out under arms. While the legions were eagerly employed in settling by lot the order in which they were to take their stations in the field, the cavalry advanced to charge the enemy; and, contrary to all expectation, were put to the rout by an inferior number. The Othonians pursued with vigor, and would have forced them to fly for shelter to their intrenchments, had not the Italic legion opposed the runaways, and sword in hand compelled them to return to the charge. Meanwhile the rest of the army, without hurry or confusion, drew up in order of battle, unmolested by the enemy, and, in fact, without being seen; as a thick coppice that stood between both parties intercepted their view.

In Otho's army nothing was seen but tumult and man was on the road. For this fact we are indebted to Seneca.

distraction : the chiefs without courage or authority ; the men mistrusting the officers ; the ground not cleared of the baggage, and the followers of the camp mixing in the ranks. The road which they occupied was rendered so narrow by a ditch on each side that, even though no enemy were at hand, a march over the causeway would have been performed with difficulty. Their whole army was in confusion : some crowding about their colors ; others at a loss, and running to and fro to find their proper post ; all in a confused clamor, roaring for their comrades, answering to their names, and confounding one another with noise and uproar. Some, still shifting their ground, advanced to the front line ; others fell into the rear ; none remaining in one spot, but shifting their ground, as fear or courage happened to prompt them.

XLII. The Othonians had scarce recovered from their surprise when a sudden incident diffused a general joy ; but a joy that tended to lull them into security, and relax their courage into languor and stupid amazement. A report was spread that the forces of Vitellius had abandoned his cause : but from what quarter it took its origin ; whether by design or chance ;¹ from the emissaries of the Vitellians, or the adverse party, has never been explained. The effect on the minds of the Othonians was altogether extraordinary. Laying aside all thoughts of coming to action, they saluted the opposite army, who stood astonished, and returned a deep and hollow murmur. Those in Otho's ranks who did not know the cause of the civility shown

¹ Suetonius expressly says that Otho, in the last engagement at Bedriacum, was defeated by a stratagem. His soldiers were called out to be present at a general pacification, and, in the very act of saluting the Vitellian army, were suddenly attacked.

by their friends thought themselves betrayed. In that moment the Vitellians began the attack. Their army was in regular order, and their numbers were superior. The Othonians, still in disorder, and fatigued by their march, received the first impression with undaunted firmness. The place where the action grew warm being thick with trees and interwoven vine-branches, the combat varied according to the nature of the ground. They fought man to man; they engaged at a distance; they discharged their darts and missive weapons; they brought forward separate battalions, or advanced in the form of a wedge. On the high road the engagement was close and obstinate. Darts and lances were of no use. They fought hand to hand, foot to foot, and buckler against buckler. With their swords and axes they cut through helmets and breastplates. They knew one another; each individual was conspicuous to his friends and enemies; his exploits were seen by all; and every man fought as if the issue of the war depended on his single arm.

XLIII. On an open plain of considerable extent, that lay between the Po and the high road, two legions met in fierce encounter: on the part of Vitellius, the one-and-twentieth, famed for its valor, and commonly known by the name of Rapax: on the side of Otho, the first legion, intitled Adjutrix, which had never been in action, and now panted for an opportunity to flesh their maiden swords. Their first attack was not to be resisted. They broke through the ranks of the one-and-twentieth, and carried off their eagle. Roused by this disgrace, the Vitellians added rage to bravery, and bore down all before them. Orphidius Benignus, who commanded Otho's legion, fell in the conflict. His men were driven back with great slaughter, and the loss of several standards. In another part of the

field the thirteenth legion was routed by the fifth, and the fourteenth was hemmed in by superior numbers. Otho's generals had long since fled the field, while Cæcina and Valens continued to exert themselves, watching every turn of the battle, and supporting the ranks in every quarter. Fresh forces came to their assistance. The Batavians, under Varus Alphenus, having cut to pieces the gladiators attempting in boats to cross the Po, came into the field, flushed with success, and charged the enemy in flank.

XLIV. The centre of Otho's army gave way, and fled with precipitation towards Bedriacum. A long space lay before them; the road was obstructed with heaps of slain, and the enemy hung on their rear. In civil wars no prisoners are reserved for sale: the slaughter, for that reason, was the more dreadful.¹ Suetonius Paulinus and Licinius Proculus fled different ways, both resolved not to return to the camp. Vedius Aquila, who commanded the thirteenth legion, by his own indiscretion exposed himself to the fury of the soldiers. He entered the camp while it was yet broad daylight; and the very men who were the first to turn their backs on the enemy were now the foremost in sedition. They crowded round their superior officer with a torrent of abusive language, and offered violence to his person. They charged him with treachery and desertion, in the true spirit of vulgar minds, transferring to others their own guilt and infamy. Titianus and Celsus owed their safety to the darkness of the night. They did not venture into the camp till the sentinels were stationed at their posts, and the

¹ In the civil wars no prisoners were made to be afterwards sold to slavery; and by consequence no quarter was given. Plutarch in his account of this battle describes a most dreadful carnage.

tumult was appeased by the intreaties, the advice, and authority of Annius Gallus, who had the address to make the men sensible of the folly and madness of adding to the havoc of the field by their own destructive fury. Whether the war was at an end, or to be once more renewed with vigor, he represented, in either case, the necessity of union among themselves. A face of sorrow and dejection covered the camp. All were hushed in silence; all but the pretorians, who still grumbled discontent, asserting that they were defeated by treachery, not by the valor of the enemy. 'The Vitellians,' they said, 'could not boast of a cheap victory. Their cavalry was routed, and one of their legions lost their eagle. Otho still survived, and the troops beyond the Po were ready to advance: the legions from Mœsia were on their march; and a considerable part of the army, detained at Bedriacum, had no share in the action. These were still in reserve; they were not conquered; and if a total overthrow was to be their lot, they might fall with glory in the field of battle.' With these and such like reflections the pretorians kept their minds in agitation, by turns inflamed with anger, or depressed with fear. They saw their ruined condition; despair succeeded, and from despair they derived courage and a spirit of revenge.

XLV. The victorious army halted at the distance of five miles from Bedriacum. The generals did not think it advisable on the same day to attempt the enemy's camp. Expecting a voluntary surrender, they were willing to give their men some time to repose. To encamp was not in their power. The soldiers took the field, prepared for battle, unincumbered, and of course without the means of throwing up intrenchments. Their arms and their victory were their only fortifica-

tion. On the following day the Othonians showed a pacific disposition; and even those who the night before breathed nothing but war and vengeance, with one consent agreed to send a deputation to the enemy. The Vitellian leaders were willing to hearken to terms of accommodation. The deputies not returning immediately, the suspense occasioned an awful interval in Otho's camp. Peace was at length announced, and the intrenchments were thrown open. A tender scene ensued. The conquerors and the conquered embraced each other, and with mingled joy and sorrow lamented the horrors of civil war. In the same tents, relations, friends, and brothers, dressed each other's wounds. They now perceived that their hopes were a mere delusion, and that slaughter, sorrow, and repentance, were their certain lot. Nor was there in the two armies a single person who had not the death of a friend or a relation to lament. The body of Orphidius, the commander of a legion, after diligent search, was found among the slain, and burnt with the usual solemnities. A few of the common men were buried by their friends; the rest were left to welter on the bare earth.

XLVI. Otho, in the mean time, having taken his resolution, waited without fear or dejection of mind for an account of the event. Vague and uncertain rumors reached his ear. At length the fugitives who escaped from the field brought sure intelligence that all was lost. The soldiers who stood near his person did not stay to hear the sentiments of the emperor, but broke out with impatient ardor, exhorting him to summon up his best resolution. There were forces still in reserve, and in their prince's cause they were ready to brave every danger. In this declaration there was no flattery: they spoke from the heart. In a fit

of instinctive fury they desired to be led against the enemy: by their example the drooping spirit of their friends would be once more excited to deeds of valor. The men who stood at a distance stretched forth their hands in token of their assent, while such as gathered round the prince fell at his feet, and clasped his knees. Plotius Firmus distinguished himself by his zeal. This officer commanded the pretorian guards. He implored his master not to abandon an army devoted to his interest, nor to renounce a brave and generous soldiery, who had undergone so much, and were still ready to face every danger. 'The noble mind,'¹ he said, 'stands a siege against adversity, while the little spirit capitulates at once. True courage grapples with misfortune, and in the last distress still makes head against every difficulty. The mean and abject sink down in despair, and yield without a struggle.' The soldiers fixed their eyes on the prince, and with every symptom in his countenance their passions varied. If he assented, they thundered forth their applause; if he seemed inflexible, a groan expressed the anguish of their hearts. Nor was this spirit confined to the pretorians, who were properly the soldiers of Otho: it extended to the detachment sent forward by the Mœsian legions. Those men with one voice declared for Otho; they assured him that the same zeal pervaded their comrades, who were coming forward by rapid marches, and even then had entered Aquileia. Hence it is evident that great resources still remained, and that a fierce and obstinate war, uncertain in the event, and big with danger to all parties, might have been renewed, and carried on with vigor.

XLVII. Otho had weighed all circumstances: am-

¹ We have here a noble sentiment, in direct opposition to the stoic doctrine of suicide.

bition was at an end, and he prepared to close the scene.¹ He addressed the soldiers to the following effect: ‘When I behold the ardor that glows in every breast; when I consider the virtue that inspires so many gallant friends, I cannot think of exposing you again to the destructive sword; nor do I value my life at such a price. The views which you display to me, were I disposed to live, are bright and tempting: by renouncing them, I fall with greater glory. I have made acquaintance with fortune: we have tried each other, for what length of time is not material; but the felicity which does not promise to last cannot be enjoyed with moderation. Vitellius began the war: he claimed the empire, and by consequence I was obliged to have recourse to arms. That we fought once, his ambition was the cause; to end the dispute by the event of one battle, and stop the effusion of Roman blood, shall be my glory. By this conduct let posterity judge of Otho. I restore to Vitellius his brother, his wife and children. I want no revenge; I seek no lenitives to soothe calamity. Others have held the sovereign power longer than I have done; with equal calmness no man has resigned it. Can I give to the edge of the sword so many gallant soldiers? Can I see the armies of Rome devoted to mutual slaughter, and for ever cut off from their country? It is enough for me, that in my cause you are ready to shed your blood. Let that generous zeal attend me to my grave. I thank you for it: but you must still survive to serve the commonwealth. For this great end, let us agree to remove all obstacles. I will be no bar to your preservation; nor will you attempt to frustrate my reso-

¹ Tacitus has told us that Otho’s mind was not, like his body, dissolved in luxury. His speech on this occasion shows that he could think with dignity.

lution. When death approaches, to linger in vain discourse is the sign of a little spirit. The temper with which I meet my fate will be seen and known by this circumstance; I complain of no man. He who in his last moments can look back to arraign either gods or men, still clings to life, and quits it with regret.'

XLVIII. Having thus declared his sentiments, he talked apart with his friends, addressing each of them in gracious terms, according to his rank, his age, or dignity, and advising all to depart without loss of time, and make their terms with the conqueror. He intreated the old men, and with the young exerted his authority. Calm and undisturbed, serenity in his countenance, and firmness in his voice, he saw his friends weep, and endeavored to repress their tears. He ordered boats or carriages for those who were willing to depart. He selected all such papers and letters as happened to contain expressions of duty towards himself, or ill-will to Vitellius, and committed them to the flames. He distributed money in presents, but not with the profusion of a man quitting the world. Observing that his brother's son, Salvius Cocceianus, a youth in the flower of his age, was dissolved in tears, he endeavored to assuage his sorrows. He commended the goodness of his heart, but his fears, he said, were out of season. 'Could it be supposed that Vitellius, finding his own family safe, would refuse, with brutal inhumanity, to return the generosity shown to himself? My death will leave him without a rival, and that very act will be a demand on his clemency; especially since it is not an act of despair, but a voluntary resignation, made at a time when a brave and generous army calls aloud for another battle. For the good of the commonwealth I am a willing victim. For myself I have

gained ample renown, and I leave to my family an illustrious name. After the Julian race,¹ the Claudian, and the Servian, I am the first who transferred the sovereignty to a new family. It becomes you, young man, to act with courage; you must dare to live. Remember that Otho was your uncle; but remember it with modesty, and without resentment.'

XLIX. After this, he desired his friends to withdraw. Being left alone, he composed himself to rest, and in a short time began to prepare for the last act of his life. In that moment he was interrupted by a sudden uproar. The soldiers, he was told, threatened destruction to all who offered to depart, and in particular to Verginius,¹ whom they kept besieged in his house. Otho went forth to appease the tumult. Having reprimanded the authors of the disturbance, he returned to his apartment, and received the visits of all that came to bid the last farewell: he conversed with them freely and cheerfully, and saw them depart without let or molestation. Towards the close of day he called for a draught of cold water, and having quenched his thirst, ordered two poniards to be brought to him. He tried the points of both, and laid one under his pillow. Being informed that his friends were safe on their way, he passed the night in quiet. We are assured that he even slept. At the dawn of day he applied the weapon to his breast, and fell on the point. His dying groans alarmed his freedmen and slaves. They rushed into the chamber, and with them Plotius Firmus, the pretorian prefect. They found that with one wound he had despatched himself. His body was burnt without delay. This had been his earnest request, lest his

¹ This was Verginius Rufus, who conquered Vindex in Gaul, and had the moderation to decline the imperial dignity when offered to him by the legions.

head¹ should fall into the hands of his enemies, and be made a public spectacle. He was borne on the shoulders of the pretorian soldiers to the funeral pile. The men, during the procession, paid all marks of respect to his remains. They printed kisses on his hands, and on the mortal wound, and, in a flood of tears, poured forth their warmest praise. At the funeral pile some of the soldiers put an end to their lives; not from any consciousness of guilt, nor yet impelled by fear; but to emulate the example of their prince, and to show themselves faithful to the last. At Bedriacum, Placentia, and other camps, numbers followed the example. A sepulchre² was raised to the memory of Otho, but of an ordinary structure, protected by its meanness, and therefore likely to last.

L. Such was the end of Otho, in the thirty-seventh year of his age. He was born in the municipal city of Ferentum. His father was of consular rank: his grandfather had discharged the office of pretor. By the maternal line his descent was respectable, though not illustrious. The features of his character, as well in his earliest days as in the progress of his youth, have been already delineated. By two actions of his life he stands distinguished; one atrocious and detestable; the other great and magnanimous; the former has consigned his name to eternal infamy, and the last will do honor to his memory. History cannot descend to

1 Nero, in his last distress, fearing that his head would be exhibited as a public spectacle, gave directions for his funeral. Otho did the same: though tainted with Nero's vices, he closed the scene with dignity.

2 Plutarch tells us that he himself visited Otho's tomb at Brixellum. Those perishable materials have long since mouldered away; but the epitaph, written by Martial, will never die. The poet admits that Otho led a dissolute life; but adds that in his end he was no way inferior to Cato.

the frivolous task of collecting vague reports, in order to amuse the reader with a fabulous detail; but there are traditions, which have been handed down with an air of authenticity, and these I shall not take on me to suppress or to refute. On the day when the battle was fought at Bedriacum a bird of unusual appearance was observed to perch in a grove near Regium Lepidum, and notwithstanding the great concourse of people, and a numerous flight of other birds, never to move from its place till Otho put an end to his life. That event no sooner happened than it waved its wings, and vanished out of sight. The people of the village aver the fact; and according to curious observers who made an exact computation of the time, this extraordinary phenomenon tallied exactly with the beginning of the battle and the prince's death.

LI. The grief of the soldiers, at the funeral ceremony, drove them, in a fit of distraction, to another mutiny. No officer assumed the command; no one interfered to allay the ferment. The men demanded a sight of Verginius; one moment calling on him to accept the sovereignty, and the next with mingled prayers and menaces pressing him to undertake an embassy on their behalf to Valens and Cæcina. Verginius, seeing them determined to enter his house by force, made his escape at the back door. The cohorts that lay encamped at Brixellum deputed Rubrius Gallus with terms of submission. That officer obtained their pardon. At the same time Flavius Sabinus made terms for himself, and with the troops under his command submitted to the conqueror.

LII. Though the war was now at an end, a great part of the senate who accompanied Otho from Rome, and by him were left at Mutina, found themselves involved in the utmost danger. They received an ac-

count of the defeat at Bedriacum; but the soldiers treated it as a false alarm. Suspecting the integrity of the fathers, and fully persuaded that they were, in secret, enemies to Otho and his cause, they watched their motions, listened to their words, and with their usual malignity, gave to every thing that passed the worst construction. They proceeded to reproach and every kind of insult, hoping to find a pretence for an insurrection and a general massacre. The senators saw another cloud gathering over their heads: they knew that the Vitellian party triumphed; and, if they were tardy with their congratulations, the delay might be thought a spirit of disaffection. In this dilemma they called a meeting of the whole order. No man dared to act alone. In the conduct of all, each individual hoped to find his own personal safety. At the same time an ill-judged compliment from the people of Mutina increased the apprehensions of the senators. The magistrates of the city made a tender of arms and money for the public service, and, in the style of their address, gave to a small party of senators the appellation of conscript fathers; a title always applied to the collective body.

LIII. In the debate that followed, in a thin meeting of the fathers, a violent dispute broke out between Licinius Cæcina and Eprius Marcellus; the former, with warmth and vehemence, charging it as a crime against Marcellus, that he spoke in ambiguous terms and with studied obscurity. The case was by no means singular; all were equally dark and mysterious: but the name of Marcellus, who had conducted so many prosecutions, was universally detested; and Cæcina, a new man lately admitted into the senate, thought to rise by encountering powerful enmities. The dispute was ended by the interposition of wiser men. The

senate adjourned to Bononia, intending there to meet again, when they hoped to have more certain intelligence. They stationed messengers on all the public roads to interrogate every man that passed. One of Otho's freedmen came in their way. Being asked why he had left his master, he made answer, 'I have with me the directions and last will of the prince, who is still alive; but he renounces all the joys of life; his thoughts are fixed on posterity, and he has now no other care.' This account made an impression on every mind: all stood astonished; and soon after, without asking any farther questions, went over to Vitellius.

LIV. Lucius Vitellius, brother of the new emperor, attended the meeting of the senate. The fathers began to address him in a flattering strain, and he was willing to receive their incense. His joy was soon interrupted. One Cænus, a freedman of Nero's, by a bold and impudent falsehood, threw the assembly into consternation. He affirmed it as a fact, that the fourteenth legion, with the forces from Brixellum, attacked the victorious party, and gained a complete victory. The motive of this man for framing a story so false and groundless was because he saw Otho's orders for road-horses¹ and carriages no longer in force, and he wished to revive their former authority. By this stratagem he gained a quick conveyance to Rome, and in a few days was put to death by order of Vitellius. In the mean time the Othonian soldiers gave credit to the fiction, and even believed that the fathers, who had departed from Mutina to deliberate at Bononia, were gone over to the enemy. From this time the senate was convened no more. Every man acted with his own pri-

¹ The passports, called *Diplomata Othonis*, were granted for the protection of travellers and messengers.

vate views, till letters arrived from Fabius Valens, and put an end to all their fears. Besides this, the death of Otho was universally known. The velocity of fame was equal to the glory of that heroic action.

LV. Meanwhile at Rome a general calm prevailed. The games sacred to Ceres were celebrated according to annual custom. In the midst of the public spectacle intelligence arrived that Otho was no more, and that all the military then in the city had, at the requisition of Flavius Sabinus, sworn fidelity to Vitellius: the people heard the news with transport, and the theatre shook with applause. The audience, crowned with laurel wreaths, and strewing the way with flowers, went forth in procession, and with the images of Galba displayed in a triumphant manner, visited the several temples, and afterwards with their chaplets raised a fancied tomb to his memory, on the spot, near the lake of Curtius, where that emperor breathed his last. The various honors which flattery at different times had lavished on former princes were decreed by the senate to the new sovereign. They passed a vote of thanks to the German armies, and despatched special messengers to congratulate Vitellius on his accession to the imperial dignity. A letter from Fabius Valens to the consuls was read in the senate; and though there was nothing of arrogance in the style, the respectful modesty of Cæcina, who remained silent, gave greater satisfaction.

LVI. Peace was now established throughout Italy; but it was a peace more destructive than the calamities of war. The Vitellian soldiers, quartered in the colonies and municipal cities, were still bent on spoil and rapine. They committed the most horrible outrages, ill using the women, and trampling on all laws human and divine. Where they refrained from

injury, they received a bribe for their forbearance. Nothing sacred or profane was spared. Innocent men were marked out as soldiers of Otho's party, and under that pretence, murdered by their private enemies. The soldiers who best knew the country fixed on the opulent farmers as their devoted prey. Where the lands were rich, they laid waste and plundered without control. All who resisted were put to the sword. The general officers had no power to check the mischief. What they had done themselves, they could not oppose in others. Cæcina had not the avarice of his colleague; popularity was his passion. Valens on the contrary had made himself infamous by his rapacity, and was therefore obliged to connive, when he saw his own vices practised by others. Italy was long since exhausted, and, in that impoverished state, obliged to maintain numerous armies, and to bear the superadded grievances of riot, insult, and devastation.

LVII. Vitellius in the mean time advanced towards Italy with the remainder of the German armies, ignorant of his victory, and still conceiving that he was to meet the whole weight of the war. A few of the veteran soldiers were left behind in winter-quarters; and to recruit the legions, which retained little more than their name, hasty levies were made in Gaul. On the frontiers bordering on the Rhine the command was given to Hordeonius Flaccus. To his own army Vitellius added eight thousand men from Britain. Having marched a few days, he received intelligence of the victory at Bedriacum, and the conclusion of the war by the death of Otho. He called an assembly of the soldiers, and in a public harangue extolled the valor of the troops that conquered in his service. He had with him a freedman of the name of Asiaticus. The army wished to see him raised to the dignity of a Ro-

man knight. Vitellius knew that the request was a flight of adulation, and had the spirit to reject it: but such was his natural levity, that what he refused in public, he granted in private over his bottle; and thus a despicable slave who was goaded on by ambition, and had nothing to recommend him but his vices, was honored with the equestrian ring.

LVIII. About the same time Vitellius received advices that the two Mauritaniae had acceded to his party. This event was occasioned by the murder of Luceius Albinus, the governor of that country. The province which was called Cæsariensis had been by Nero committed to Albinus; and the other, called Tingitana, was afterwards added by Galba. In consequence of his extensive command, the governor was master of a considerable force; not less than nineteen cohorts, five squadrons of horse, and a numerous body of Moors, accustomed to live by depredation, and by their hardy course of life prepared for the fatigues of war. Albinus on the death of Galba declared in favor of Otho; and not content with his power in Africa, began to form an enterprise against Spain, which was separated by a narrow channel. Cluvius Rufus presided in Spain. Alarmed at the projects of the commander in Africa, he ordered the tenth legion to march to the sea-coast, with a design, as he gave out, to cross the sea. In the mean time he despatched a few chosen centurions to tamper with the Moors, and draw them over to the interest of Vitellius. This was not a difficult task. The fame of the German armies resounded through all the provinces. A report prevailed, at the same time, that Albinus, disdainful of the title of procurator, had usurped the regal diadem, and the name of Juba.

LIX. The currents of popular opinion were by these

circumstances intirely changed in Africa. Asinius Pollio, who commanded a squadron of horse in that country, and professed himself devoted to Albinus, was immediately murdered. Festus and Scipio, each the prefect of a cohort, shared the same fate. Albinus himself, after a short voyage from the province of Tingitana to that of Cæsariensis, was put to death as soon as he landed. His wife, attempting to oppose the assassins, perished with her husband. These transactions passed without the notice of Vitellius. Nothing awakened his curiosity. Even in matters of the highest importance, the attention of a moment was all that could be expected from a man who had neither talents nor application to business. He ordered his army to pursue their march into Italy, while he himself sailed down the Arar; not with the pomp and grandeur of a prince, but still exposing to public view the distress and poverty of his former condition. At length Junius Blæsus, at that time governor of the Lyonese Gaul, a man of a large and liberal mind, by his birth illustrious, and of a spirit equal to his vast possessions, supplied Vitellius with a train suited to the imperial dignity, and attended in person to do honor to the new emperor. Vitellius saw this display of magnificence with an evil eye, but under specious and even servile caresses took care to hide his jealousy. At Lyons the general officers of both parties, as well the vanquished as the victorious, attended to do homage to the prince. Vitellius in a public speech pronounced the panegyric of Valens and Cæcina, whom he placed on each side of his curule chair. He then ordered out the whole army to receive his son, then an infant of tender years. The soldiers obeyed. The father took the child in his arms, and, having adorned him with a purple robe, and other marks of

princely grandeur, saluted him by the title of Germanicus; in this manner bestowing extravagant honors, even in the tide of prosperity ill judged and out of season; but, perhaps, in the reverse of fortune that happened afterwards, some source of consolation.

LX. The centurions who had signalised themselves in Otho's service were by order of Vitellius put to death. By this act of cruelty he lost the affections of the forces from Illyricum. The rest of the legions caught the infection, and being already on bad terms with the German soldiery, began to meditate a revolt. Suetonius Paulinus and Licinius Proculus were kept for some time in a wretched state of suspense. Being at length admitted to an audience, they made a defence which nothing but the necessity of the times could excuse. They charged themselves with treachery to Otho, and to their own sinister designs ascribed the march of the army on the day of battle, the fatigue of the troops, and the confusion in the ranks, occasioned by not removing the baggage, with many other incidents, from which, though accidental, they derived to themselves the merit of fraud and perfidy. Vitellius gave them credit for their guilt, and pardoned, though they had been in arms against himself, their attachment to his enemy. Salvius Titianus was exempt from danger. Natural affection made him join his brother, and his despicable character sheltered him from resentment. Marius Celsus, consul elect, was suffered to succeed to his honors, though Cæcilius Simplex, as was generally believed, endeavored by bribery to supplant him. His ambition aimed at the consulship, and would fain have risen on the ruins of an Othonian officer. The attempt was afterwards objected to him in open senate. The emperor however withstood his solicitations, but

in time raised him to that high office without the guilt of bribery or murder. Trachalus was attacked by his enemies, but owed his safety to the protection of Galeria, the wife of Vitellius.

LXI. Amidst the dangers that involved the first men of the age, it may be thought beneath the dignity of history to relate the wild adventure of one Mariccus, a Boian by birth, and sprung from the dregs of the people. This man, however mean his condition, had the presumption to mix his name with men who fought for the empire of the world. In a fit of enthusiasm, pretending to have preternatural lights, he called himself the tutelar deity of Gaul, and, in the character of a god, dared to defy the Roman arms. He played the impostor so well, that he was able to muster eight thousand men. At the head of that deluded multitude, he made an attempt on the adjacent villages of the Æduans. The people of that nation were not to be deluded. They armed the flower of their youth, and with a reinforcement from the Roman cohorts, attacked the fanatics, and put the whole body to the rout. Mariccus was taken prisoner, and soon after given to the wild beasts.¹ The populace, astonished to see that he was not immediately torn to pieces, believed him to be sacred and inviolable. Vitellius ordered him to be executed under his own eye; and that catastrophe cured the people of their bigotry.

LXII. From this time the partisans of Otho were no longer persecuted. Their persons and their effects remained inviolable. The last wills of such as fell in that unfortunate cause were allowed to be valid, and where no will was made, the law in cases of intestacy

¹ The seditious were generally given to be devoured by wild beasts. That was deemed the punishment due to pernicious citizens.

took its course. In fact, it was the luxury of Vitellius that oppressed mankind: from his avarice there was nothing to fear. His gluttony¹ knew no bounds. To administer to his appetite, Rome and Italy were ransacked for rarities. The roads from both the seas rung with a din of carriages, loaded with whatever was exquisite to the palate. To entertain him on his march, the principal men of every city were obliged to lavish all their wealth, and the country was exhausted. The soldiers, degenerating into a band of epicures, lost all regard for military duty. They despised their prince, yet followed his example. Vitellius, by an edict sent forward to Rome, signified his pleasure to postpone for the present the title of Augustus; and for that of Cæsar, he declined it altogether. The prerogative of the prince was sufficient for his ambition. He ordered the mathematicians to be banished out of Italy, and under heavy penalties, restrained the Roman knights from disgracing themselves by fighting prizes like common gladiators, and by exhibiting their persons on the public stage. That infamous practice was introduced by former princes, who did not scruple to allure men to the theatre by donations of money, and when bribery failed to drive them to it by force and violence. The contagion reached the municipal towns and colonies, where it became the general practice to lie in wait for the young and profligate, in order, by the temptation of money, to invite them to disgrace and infamy.

LXIII. The character of Vitellius, soon after the arrival of his brother and other courtiers from Rome, came forth in the blackest colors. That pernicious

¹ Whoever desires to know more of Vitellius' gluttony may find a number of particular instances collected by Brotier, in his quarto edition of Tacitus, iii. p. 433.

crew began to teach their maxims of despotism, and the prince displayed his cruelty and his arrogance. He gave orders for the execution of Dolabella, who, as already stated, on the first breaking out of the war was banished by Otho to the colony of Aquine. Being there informed of that emperor's death, he ventured to return to Rome. That step was objected to him as a crime by his intimate friend, Plancius Varus, a man of pretorian rank. He preferred his accusation, in form, before Flavius Sabinus, the prefect of the city. The specific charges were, that Dolabella broke from his place of confinement, to offer himself as a leader to the vanquished party, and, with that view, had endeavored to seduce to his interest the cohort stationed at Ostia. In the course of the trial Dolabella heard the whole of the evidence with undaunted firmness, never showing the smallest symptoms of anxiety: but sentence of condemnation was pronounced, and he then found it too late to sue for mercy. The business however seemed to Flavius Sabinus of such importance, that he began to hesitate, till Triaria, the wife of Lucius Vitellius, a woman fierce and cruel beyond her sex, advised him not to seek the fame of clemency by sacrificing the interest of the prince. Sabinus did not want humanity: but when danger threatened himself, his resolution failed. With a sudden change of mind he began to temporise, and in order to secure his own personal safety, lent his aid to precipitate the fall of a man whom he did not dare to protect.

LXIV. By this business Vitellius was alarmed for himself, and he had motives of inveterate hatred. Petronia, his former wife, was no sooner divorced than Dolabella married her. Hence that unhappy man was an object of the emperor's fixed resentment. By letters despatched to Rome he invited him to his pre-

sence; advising him, at the same time, to shun the Flaminian road, and come more privately by the way of Interamnium. At that place he ordered him to be put to death. The assassin thought he should lose too much time. Impatient to do his work, he attacked Dolabella at an inn on the road; and having stretched him on the ground, cut his throat. Such was the beginning of the new reign, a prelude to scenes of blood that were still to follow. The furious spirit of Triaria, who took so active a part in this affair, was the more detested, as it stood in contrast to the mild character of Galeria, the emperor's wife, and also to that of Sextilia, his mother; a woman of virtue and benevolence, formed on the model of ancient manners. On receipt of the first letters from the emperor, wherein he assumed the title of Germanicus, she is said to have declared that she had no son of that name, but was the mother of Vitellius. She persevered with the same equal temper; never elated by the splendor of her family, nor deceived by the voice of flattery. In the prosperity of her sons she took no part; in their distress she grieved for their misfortunes.

LXV. Vitellius set out from Lyons; but had not proceeded far when he was met by Marcus Cluvius Rufus, who came from his government in Spain to congratulate the emperor on his accession. That officer appeared with joy in his countenance, and anxiety in his heart. He knew that an accusation had been prepared against him by Hilarius, one of the emperor's freedmen, importing that, during the war between Otho and Vitellius, Rufus intended to set up for himself, and convert both the Spains into an independent state; and that with this view he had issued various edicts, without inserting the name of any prince whatever; and also made public harangues, to blacken the character

of Vitellius and recommend himself to popular favor. The interest of Rufus was too powerful. He triumphed over his adversary, and the freedman was condemned to punishment. Rufus from that time ranked among the emperor's intimate friends. He continued in favor at court, and at the same time retained his government of Spain; during his absence carrying on the administration of the province by his deputies, according to the precedent left by Lucius Arruntius, whom Tiberius, from suspicion and the jealousy of his nature, never suffered to depart from Rome. Trebellius Maximus had not the good fortune to meet with equal favor. He had been the governor of Britain, but by a mutiny among the soldiers was obliged to escape out of the island. Vectius Bolanus, then a follower of the court, succeeded to the command.

LXVI. Vitellius heard with deep anxiety that the vanquished legions still retained a fierce and unconquered spirit. Dispersed through Italy, and in every quarter intermixed with the victorious troops, they talked in a style of disaffection, breathing vengeance and new commotions. The fourteenth legion took the lead, denying with ferocity that they were ever conquered. It was true, they said, that at Bedriacum a vexillary detachment from their body was defeated, but the legion had no share in the action. To remove such turbulent spirits, it was judged proper to order them back into Britain, where they had been stationed till recalled by Nero. The Batavian cohorts were ordered to march at the same time; and, as an old animosity subsisted between them and the soldiers of the fourteenth legion, orders were given that they should all be quietly quartered together. Between men inflamed with mutual hatred a quarrel soon broke out. It happened, at the capital of the Turinians, that a Batavian soldier

had words with a tradesman, whom he charged with fraud and imposition. A man belonging to the legion took the part of his landlord. A dispute ensued; their comrades joined them; from abusive language they proceeded to blows; and, if two pretorian cohorts had not overawed the Batavians, a bloody conflict must have been the consequence. Vitellius, satisfied with the fidelity of the Batavians, incorporated them with his army. The legion had orders to proceed over the Graian Alps, and by no means to approach the city of Vienne, where the inhabitants were suspected of disaffection. The legion marched in the night, and left their fires burning. The consequence was a conflagration, by which a great part of the Turinian city was destroyed. The loss sustained by the inhabitants, like many other calamities of war, was soon obliterated by the ruin of other cities. The soldiers had scarce descended from the Alps when they ordered the standard-bearers to march towards the colony of Vienne. The attempt however was prevented by the good sense of such as were observers of discipline, and the whole legion passed over into Britain.

LXVII. The pretorian cohorts gave no less disquietude to Vitellius. To break their force, he separated them first into small parties, and soon after discharged them from the service; professing, however, in order to soften resentment, that they were by their length of service intitled to an honorable dismissal. They delivered up their arms to the tribunes; but being informed that Vespasian was in motion, they assembled again, and proved the best support of the Flavian cause. The first legion of marines was ordered into Spain, that in repose and indolence their spirit might evaporate. The seventh and eleventh returned to their old winter-quarters. For the thirteenth em-

ployment was found in the building of two amphitheatres; one at Cremona, and the other at Bononia. In the former Cæcina was preparing to exhibit a spectacle of gladiators, and Valens in the latter; both wishing to gratify the taste of their master, whom in the midst of arduous affairs nothing could wean from his habitual pleasures.

LXVIII. By these measures the vanquished party was sufficiently weakened; but the spirit of the conquerors could not long endure a state of tranquillity. A quarrel broke out, in its origin slight and ridiculous, but attended with consequences that kindled the flame of war with redoubled fury. The occasion was as follows: Vitellius gave a banquet at Ticinum, and Verginius was of the party. The manners of the chiefs are ever sure to set the fashion for the tribunes and centurions. From the example of the officers vice or virtue descends to the soldiers. In the army of Vitellius all was disorder and confusion; a scene of drunken jollity, resembling a bacchanalian rout, rather than a camp or a disciplined army. It happened that two soldiers, one belonging to the fifth legion, the other a native of Gaul, serving among the auxiliaries of that nation, challenged each other to a trial of skill in wrestling. The Roman was thrown: his antagonist exulted with an air of triumph; and the spectators who had gathered round them were soon divided into parties.

The legions, provoked by the insolence of the Gaul, attacked the auxiliaries sword in hand. Two cohorts were cut to pieces. The sudden danger of another tumult put an end to the fray. A cloud of dust was seen at a distance, and at intervals the glittering of arms. A report was instantly spread that the fourteenth legion was returning to offer battle: but the

mistake was soon discovered. It was found that the men who brought up the rear of the army were approaching. That circumstance being known, the tumult subsided, till one of the slaves of Verginius was observed by the soldiers. They seized the man, and in their fury charged him with a design to assassinate Vitellius. With this notion in their heads they rushed directly to the banqueting-room, and with rage and clamor demanded the immediate execution of Verginius. The emperor, though by nature addicted to suspicion, entertained no doubt of Verginius. He interposed to save his life, and with difficulty restrained the men, who thirsted for the blood of a consular commander, at one time their own general. It had ever been the fate of Verginius, more than of any other officer, to encounter the seditious spirit of the army. His character, notwithstanding, was held in great esteem: his brilliant talents extorted admiration even from his enemies; but the moderation with which he rejected the imperial dignity was considered as an affront. The soldiers thought themselves despised, and from that moment resented the injury.

LXIX. On the following day the deputies from the senate, who according to order attended at Ticinum, were admitted to an audience. The business over, Vitellius visited the camp, and in a public harangue expressed a lively sense of the zeal which the soldiers had exerted in his service. This proceeding roused the jealousy of the auxiliaries. They saw the insolence of the legionary soldiers, and the impunity with which they committed the most outrageous actions. It was to prevent the consequences of this dangerous jealousy that the Batavian cohorts had been ordered back to Germany, the Fates even then preparing the seeds of a foreign and a civil war. The allies from

Gaul were also dismissed to their respective states; a vast unwieldy multitude, drawn together in the beginning of the revolt, not for actual service, but chiefly for vain parade, and to swell the pomp of a numerous army. The imperial revenues being well-nigh exhausted, there was reason to apprehend a want of funds to answer the largesses of the prince. To prevent that distress Vitellius ordered the complement of the legions and auxiliaries to be reduced, and no new levies to be made. Dismissions from the service were granted indiscriminately to all who applied. The policy was of the worst consequence to the commonwealth, and at the same time a grievance to the soldiers, who felt themselves oppressed by returns of military duty, too frequent for the scanty numbers that remained. Their fatigue increased, while their manners were debauched, and their vigor wasted, by the vices of a luxurious life, so different from the institutions of the old republic, when money was despised and virtue was the energy of the state.

LXX. Vitellius proceeded to Cremona. Having there attended a spectacle of gladiators exhibited by Cæcina, he was led by curiosity to the field of Bedriacum, in order to see on the spot the vestiges of his recent victory. The fields around presented a mournful spectacle. Forty days had elapsed, and the plain was still covered with bodies, gashed and mangled; with broken limbs, and men and horses in one promiscuous carnage; clotted gore, and filth, and putrefaction; the trees cut down, and the fruits of the earth trampled under foot: the whole a dreary waste, the desolation of nature. The view of the high road was no less shocking to humanity. The people of Cremona, amidst the horrors that covered the face of the country, had strewed the way with roses and laurels,

and had even raised altars, where victims were slain, as if a nation of slaves had been employed to adorn the triumph of a despotic prince. But these servile acts, with which an abject people rejoiced over human misery, in a short time after brought on their own destruction. Valens and Cæcina attended the emperor to the field. They pointed to the particular spots where the stress of the battle lay: 'Here the legions rushed on the attack: there the cavalry bore down all before them: from that quarter the auxiliaries wheeled about, and surrounded the enemy.' The tribunes and prefects of cohorts talked of their own exploits: and the truth, if they mingled any, was warped and disfigured by exaggeration. The common soldiers quitted the road to mark the places where they had fought, and to survey the arms and dead bodies of the vanquished, piled up in heaps. They viewed the scene with brutal joy, and wondered at the destruction they had made. Some, with generous sympathy, felt the lot of humanity, and tears gushed from every eye. Vitellius showed no symptom of compassion. He saw without emotion the bodies of Roman citizens unburied on the naked ground, and with fell delight offered a sacrifice to the deities of the place; little then suspecting the reverse of fortune which was soon to overtake himself.

LXXI. At Bononia Fabius Valens exhibited a show of gladiators, with a pompous display of decorations, which he had ordered to be brought from Rome. In proportion as the emperor advanced towards the capital riot and licentiousness grew still more outrageous. Players of interludes and a band of eunuchs mixed with the soldiers, and revived all the vices of Nero's court. Vitellius admired the manners of that shameful period; and wherever Nero went to display his voice

and minstrelsy he was sure to be one of his followers ; not by compulsion, as was the case with men of integrity, but of his own motion, a willing sycophant, allured by his palate, and bribed by gluttony. In order to open the way for Valens and Cæcina to the honors of the consulship, the time of those in office was abridged. Martius Macer, who had been a general in Otho's party, was passed over in silence ; and Valerius Marinus, who had been put in nomination by Galba, was also set aside, not for any charge alleged against him, but because, being a man of a passive temper, he was willing to acquiesce under every injury without a murmur. Pedanius Costa shared the same fate. He had taken an active part against Nero, and even endeavored to excite the ambition of Verginius. He was in fact rejected for that offence, though other reasons were pretended. For this proceeding Vitellius received public thanks : to acts of oppression the servility of the times gave the name of wisdom.

LXXII. About this time a daring fraud was attempted ; at first with rapid success, but in a short time totally defeated. A man of low condition thought he might emerge from obscurity by taking on him the name of Scribonianus Camerius. His story was, that during the reign of Nero, to elude the fury of the times, he had lain concealed in Istria, where the followers of the ancient Crassi still occupied the lands of their former masters, and retained the veneration for that illustrious house. To carry on this ridiculous farce the impostor engaged the vile and profligate in his interest. The vulgar, with their usual credulity, and the soldiers, either led into an error or excited by their love of innovation, joined in the plot. Their leader was seized, and brought into the presence of Vitellius. Being interrogated who and what he was,

he was found to be a fugitive slave of the name of Geta, recognised as soon as seen by his master. He was condemned to suffer the death of a slave, in the manner inflicted by the law.

LXXIII. Advice was at length received from Syria and Judea that the east submitted to the new emperor. The pride with which Vitellius was bloated on this occasion is scarcely credible. Intelligence from that part of the world had been hitherto vague and uncertain; but Vespasian was in the mouths of men, and the rumor of the day filled the world with reports that sometimes roused Vitellius from his lethargy. He started at the name of Vespasian. At length the cloud was blown over, and a rival was no longer dreaded. The emperor and his army plunged into every excess of cruelty, lust, and rapine, as if a foreign tyranny and foreign manners had overturned the empire.

LXXIV. Meanwhile Vespasian took a view of his own situation, and weighed with care all possible events. He considered the importance of the war, and made an estimate of his strength, the resources in his power, and the forces at a distance, as well as those that lay near at hand. The legions were devoted to his interest; insomuch that, when he showed himself the first to swear fidelity to Vitellius, and offer up vows for the prosperity of his reign, the soldiers marked their displeasure by a sullen silence. Mucianus was the friend of Titus, and by no means averse from the father. The prefect of Egypt, whose name was Alexander, was ready to promote the enterprise. The third legion, which had been removed from Syria to Mœsia, Vespasian considered as his own; and had, besides, good reason to hope that the forces in Illyricum would enter into the confederacy. In fact the

armies, wherever stationed, were every day more and more incensed against the soldiers that came amongst them from the Vitellian party; a set of men, rough and horrid in their appearance, savage in their manners, and in their brutal discourse affecting to treat the legions of the east with contempt and derision. But in an enterprise of such importance it was natural to doubt and hesitate. Vespasian remained for some time in a state of suspense, now elate with hope, and soon depressed with fear. ‘What an awful day must that be, when he should unsheath the sword, and commit himself, at the age of sixty, with his two sons in the prime season of life, to the danger of a civil war! In undertakings of a private nature men may advance or retreat, as they see occasion; but when the contest is for sovereign power there is no middle course. You must conquer, or perish in the attempt.’

LXXV. An officer of his experience was no stranger to the strength and valor of the German armies. ‘The legions under his command had not been tried in a war against their fellow-citizens, while, on the other hand, the Vitellians added to their experience all the pride of victory. The vanquished would undoubtedly be dissatisfied; but to murmur discontent was all that fortune left in their power. In the rage of civil war the common soldier renounces every honest principle; treachery becomes habitual; and every man who sets no value on his own life holds the chief in his power. Cohorts of foot, and squadrons of horse, make a vain parade, if one intrepid villain, for the reward promised by the adverse party, may strike a sudden blow, and by a murder terminate the war. Such was the fate of Scribonianus in the reign of Claudius: he was murdered by Volaginius, a common soldier, and the highest posts in the service were the wages of that despe-

rate assassin. An army may be drawn up in order of battle, and to animate them to deeds of valor is not a difficult task : but the private ruffian is not easily avoided.'

LXXVI. Such were the reflections that presented themselves to the mind of Vespasian. His friends and the principal officers endeavored to fix his resolution. Mucianus lent his aid ; and, not content with private conferences, took a public opportunity to declare his sentiments, in effect as follows : ' In all great and arduous undertakings the questions of importance are, Is the enterprise for the good of the commonwealth? Will it do honor to the man who conducted it? And are the difficulties such as wisdom and valor may surmount? Nor is this all : the character of the man who advises the measure should be duly weighed : Is he willing to second the counsel which he gives, at the hazard of his life? What are his views? And who is to reap the reward of victory? It is Mucianus who now calls on Vespasian ; Mucianus invites you to imperial dignity : for the good of the commonwealth he invites you : for your own glory he exhorts you to undertake the enterprise. The gods are with you, and under them the rest depends on yourself. The advice which I give is honest : there is no flattery in it. For let me ask, can it be flattery to prefer you to Vitellius? To be elected after such an emperor is rather a disgrace. With whom are we to contend? Not with the active mind of Augustus, nor with the craft of the politic Tiberius. Nor is it against Caligula, Claudius, or Nero, that we propose to rise in arms. They had a kind of hereditary right : their families were in possession of the sovereignty.

'Even Galba could boast of an illustrious line of ancestors, and for that reason you were willing to ac-

knowlege his title. But in the present juncture, to remain inactive, and leave the commonwealth a prey to vice and infamy, were a desertion of the public which nothing can excuse. Do you imagine that in a state of servitude you can find your own personal safety? Even in that case submission would be attended with disgrace and infamy. But ambition is not now imputed to you for the first time: you have been long suspected, and nothing remains but vigorous enterprise. The sovereign power is your only refuge. Have we forgot the fate of Corbulo? It may be said that the nobility of his birth (superior, it must be confessed, to you as well as myself) exposed him to danger. It may be so; but let it be remembered that Nero towered above Vitellius: and remember besides that, in the eyes of the person who lives in fear, the man who makes himself dreaded is illustrious. Do we doubt whether the armies can create an emperor? Vitellius furnishes the proof; a man without military fame, who never served a campaign, but owes his elevation, not to his own merit, but to Galba's want of popularity. His victory was not obtained by the ability of his generals or the valor of his troops: Otho was conquered by his own hand. That precipitate action made Vitellius master of the Roman world; and in return the infamy of Vitellius gives a lustre to the name of Otho, insomuch that men regret that unfortunate prince.

'At present, what is the conduct of our new emperor? He disbands the legions; he disarms the cohorts, and every day furnishes arms against himself. The ferocity of his soldiers, whatever it may have been, has long since evaporated in victualling-houses and drunken revelry. After the example of their master, the soldiers are dissolved in sloth and luxury.

On the other hand, you have in Syria, Judea, and Egypt, no less than nine legions, all high in spirit, unimpaired by war, and not yet taught by sedition to renounce all regard for discipline. You have an army inured to the operations of war, and crowned with victory over the enemies of their country. You have a body of cavalry, auxiliary cohorts, a naval armament, and powerful kings, all devoted to your cause. Above all, you have your own talents and your renown in arms.

LXXVII. 'To myself I arrogate nothing: yet let me not be thought inferior to Valens or Cæcina. If Mucianus does not aspire to be your rival you will not therefore think meanly of him. Willing to yield to Vespasian, I claim precedence of Vitellius. Your house has been distinguished by triumphal honors; you have two sons, and one of them is already equal to the weight of empire. The German armies saw him give an earnest of his future character. Were I this very moment possessed of the sovereign power I should call Titus my son by adoption: with propriety therefore I yield to his father. The enterprise to which I exhort you will not in its consequences be the same to us both. If we succeed, the honors which I may receive must flow from you: in toil and danger I am willing to be your rival; or, if you will (and it is the best expedient), remain here to issue your orders, and leave me to conduct the war.

'The troops that lately conquered are by no means formidable. In the vanquished party there is more order and better discipline. The latter, stung with shame and indignation, are burning for revenge. All motives conspire to inflame their ardor. The Vitellians, on the contrary, intoxicated with success, and elate with pride, disdain all rules of subordination.

They are undone by luxury. Their wounds, as yet scarcely closed, will open in a new war and bleed afresh. My dependence, it is true, must be on your vigilance, your economy, your wisdom; but I expect no less advantage from the ignorance, the stupidity, and cruel disposition of Vitellius. In a word, war must be our choice: to us it is safer than peace, for we have already deliberated; and he who deliberates has rebelled.'

LXXVIII. By this animating speech all who assisted at the council were inspired with new confidence. They pressed round Vespasian, exhorting him to undertake the enterprise: they recalled to his memory the responses of oracles, and the predictions of men skilled in judicial astrology. Nor was Vespasian untinged with that superstition. Even afterwards, when possessed of the supreme authority, he retained a mathematician named Seleucus to assist his councils with his insight into future events. A number of prognostics that occurred to him in his youth came fresh in his mind. He recollected a cypress tree of prodigious size on his own estate that fell suddenly to the ground, and on the following day rose on the same spot, and flourished in new strength and verdure. This was considered by the interpreters of prodigies as an early prelude to future grandeur. At length, having obtained triumphal honors, together with the consular rank, when he had conducted the war against the Jews with such rapid success the prediction seemed to be verified; and thus encouraged, he looked from that eminence to higher elevation, and even to the imperial dignity. Between Syria and Judea stands a mountain, known by the name of Mount Carmel, on the top of which a god is worshipped, under no other title than that of the place; and, according to ancient usage,

without a temple or even a statue. An altar is erected in the open air, and there adoration is paid to the presiding deity. On this spot Vespasian offered a sacrifice. In the midst of the ceremony, while his mind expanded with vast ideas, Basilides, the officiating priest, examined the entrails of the victims, and in his prophetic manner addressing himself to Vespasian, 'Whatever,' he said, 'are your designs, whether to build a mansion, to enlarge your estate, or increase the number of your slaves, the Fates prepare for you a vast and magnificent seat, with an immense territory, and a prodigious multitude of men.' This prediction, though involved in mysterious language, was spread abroad at the time, and now received a favorable interpretation. The story gathered strength among the populace, and in conversation with Vespasian was the favorite topic of his friends, who thought they could not enlarge too much on the subject, while the passions of the hearer stood ready to receive their advice.

LXXIX. Mucianus and Vespasian settled their plan, and took leave of each other: the former went to Antioch, the capital of Syria; and the latter to Cæsarea, the metropolis of Judea. The first public step towards creating Vespasian emperor of Rome was taken at Alexandria in Egypt: Tiberius Alexander, the prefect of the province, eager to show his zeal, administered the oath to the legions under his command. The ceremony was performed on the calends of July, and that day was ever after celebrated as the first of Vespasian's reign, though the army in Judea swore fidelity on the fifth before the nones of the same month, in the presence of Vespasian himself. Titus was then on his way from Syria with dispatches from Mucianus; but the impatience of the men could not brook the delay of waiting for the emperor's son. The whole transac-

tion originated with the soldiers, and was hurried on with such violent impetuosity that the business was finished without any public harangue, and even without a previous assembly of the legions.

LXXX. For this great revolution no arrangement was made; no time, no place was fixed; nor was it known who was to be the author of the measure. In this state of uncertainty, while every bosom panted with hope and fear, and the motives to the revolt, with all the dangers that might ensue, kept the army in agitation, a small number of soldiers, who mounted guard near the apartment of the general, no sooner saw him coming forth from his chamber than with one voice they saluted him by the title of emperor. The whole body followed their example. They pressed forward in crowds, calling him by the name of Cæsar, styling him Augustus, and conferring every other title of imperial grandeur. Vespasian balanced no longer. His fears subsided, and he now resolved to pursue the road of ambition. Even in this tide of his affairs he still preserved the equal tenor of his mind, free from arrogance, and such in his manners as he had always been. The new man never appeared. The change, as was natural, dazzled his imagination; but he took time to allay the hurry of his spirits, and then calmly addressed the men in the language of a soldier. He was heard with shouts of applause. Mucianus waited for this event. On the first intelligence he declared for Vespasian, and the soldiers with alacrity took the oath of fidelity to the new emperor. That business over, Mucianus went to the theatre of Antioch, where the inhabitants were used to hold their public debates. He found a crowded meeting, and was received with acclamations.

He harangued the multitude, and his speech, though

in Greek, was eloquent. In that language he had acquired sufficient facility; and he possessed besides the happy art¹ of giving grace and dignity to whatever he uttered. He inflamed the passions not only of the army, but also of the province, by asserting roundly, 'that it was a fixed point with Vitellius to quarter the German troops in the delightful region of Syria; that, in a rich and plentiful province, they might grow wanton in ease and luxury; while, in exchange, the legions of Syria were to be removed to cold encampments in Germany, there to endure the inclemency of the weather and the rigors of the service.' The natives of the province had lived in habits of friendship with the legions, and by intermarriages had formed family connexions. The soldiers, on their part, were naturalised in the country, and the stations to which they were accustomed were by long residence grown as dear to them as their native home.

LXXXI. Before the ides of July the whole province of Syria acceded to Vespasian. His party was farther strengthened by Sohemus, who joined the league with the whole weight of his kingdom, and also by Antiochus, who inherited immense treasures from his ancestors, and was, of all the kings who submitted to the authority of Rome, the most rich and powerful. Agrippa, who was then at Rome, received private expresses from the east, requesting his presence in his own country. He departed before Vitellius had any intelligence, and by a quick navigation passed over into Asia. Queen Berenice, at that time flourishing in the bloom of youth, and no less distinguished by the graces of her person, espoused the interest of Vespasian; to whom, notwithstanding his advanced age, she

¹ In this passage Tacitus perhaps had his eye on the character of Scipio, as drawn by Livy.

had made herself agreeable by magnificent presents. The several maritime provinces, with Asia and Achaia, and the whole inland country between Pontus and the two Armenias, entered into the general confederacy; but from the governors of those provinces no forces could be expected, as they were not at that time strengthened by the legions stationed in Cappadocia. To settle the plan of operation a grand council was held at Berytus. Mucianus attended. He was accompanied by a train of officers, tribunes and centurions, and a considerable body of soldiers, selected to swell the pomp and grandeur of the scene. From Judea the most distinguished officers went to the meeting, with the flower of their troops. An assembly consisting of such a numerous train of horse and foot, and of eastern kings, who vied with each other in splendor and magnificence, presented a spectacle worthy of the imperial dignity.

LXXXII. The first and most important object was to raise recruits, and recall the veterans to the service. In all the strong and fortified cities workmen were appointed for the forging of arms, and a mint for gold and silver coin was established at Antioch. The whole was carried on with diligence, under the direction of proper inspectors. Vespasian visited every quarter, by his presence giving spirit and animation to the cause. He encouraged the industrious by the warmth of his commendations; he roused the inactive by his example, and succeeded more by gentle methods than by the rigor of authority. To the failings of his friends he was often blind, but never to their virtues. He advanced some to the administration of provinces, and others to the rank of senators; all men of distinguished character, who rose afterwards to eminence in the state. There were others who owed their suc-

cess more to their good fortune than to their merit. Mucianus in his first harangue made incidental mention of a donative, but in guarded terms ; nor did Vespasian, though engaged in a civil war, grant at any time a larger bounty than had been usual in times of profound peace. He chose that his soldiers should act on principles of honor, not from motives of bribery and corruption. To that firmness he owed the good order and regular discipline of his army. Ambassadors were sent to the courts of Parthia and Armenia in order to settle a mutual good understanding, that when the legions marched forward to open the campaign, the back settlements should not be exposed to sudden incursions of the enemy. Titus was to remain in Judea, to complete the conquest of that country, while Vespasian made himself master of the passes into Egypt. To make head against Vitellius, part of the army was deemed sufficient, under the conduct of such a general as Mucianus, with the additional terror of Vespasian's name, and the Fates on his side superior to every difficulty. Letters were despatched to the several armies, and the officers in command, with instructions to conciliate the pretorian soldiers, who had been disbanded by Vitellius, and by a promise that all should be restored to their rank, to invite them once more into the service.

LXXXIII. Mucianus, with the appearance rather of an associate in the sovereign power, than of a general officer, advanced at the head of a light-armed detachment, never lingering in the course of his progress, that delay might not be thought a symptom of irresolution ; and, on the other hand, not proceeding by rapid marches, that fame might fly before him, and spread the terror of his approach. He knew the weakness of his numbers, and that danger at a distance is

always magnified. He was followed by the sixth legion, and thirteen thousand veterans, forming together a considerable army. The fleet at Pontus had orders to assemble at Byzantium. That station was thought convenient, as Mucianus had not yet determined whether he should not avoid the territory of Mœsia, and proceed in force to Dyrrachium; while his naval armament commanded the seas of Italy, and by consequence protected the coasts of Achaia and Asia against the attempts of Vitellius, who, in that case, would not only see Brundisium and Tarentum in danger, but also the whole coast of Calabria and Lucania kept in a constant alarm.

LXXXIV. Throughout the provinces nothing was heard but the din and bustle of warlike preparations. Soldiers were assembling, ships were preparing for sea, and the clink of armorers resounded in every quarter. How to raise supplies of money was the chief difficulty. Pecuniary funds, Mucianus used to say, were the sinews of war. For this purpose in all questions touching the sum demanded, he regarded neither the truth nor the justice of the case. To be rich was to be liable to taxation, and money was to be raised in all events. Informations followed without number, and confiscations without mercy. Oppressive as these proceedings were, the necessity of the times gave a colorable excuse; but the misfortune was, the practice did not cease with the war, but continued, in the season of profound peace, to harass and oppress mankind. Vespasian, in the beginning of his reign, showed no disposition to enrich his coffers by acts of injustice; but being corrupted afterwards by the smiles of fortune, and listening to pernicious counsels, he learned the arts of rapacity, and dared to practise them.¹ Mu-

¹ Vespasian, in the height of his power, did not scruple to

cianus, from his own funds, contributed to the exigencies of the war, generous from his private purse, that he might afterwards indemnify himself at the expense of the public. The rest of the officers, following his example, advanced sums of money, but were not, in like manner, repaid with usury.

LXXXV. Vespasian, in the mean time, saw his affairs assume a promising aspect. The army in Illyricum went over to his interest. In Mœsia the third legion revolted, and drew after them the eighth, and also the seventh, called the Claudian; both devoted to Otho, though not engaged in the action at Bedriacum. Before the battle they had advanced as far as Aquilæia; and being at that place informed of a total overthrow, they assaulted the messengers who brought the news; broke to shivers the standards that displayed the name of Vitellius; plundered the military chests; and having divided the spoil, proceeded to every act of outrage and sedition. Conscious of that offence, and dreading the punishment that might follow, they consulted together, and clearly saw, that what they had done required a pardon from Vitellius, but with Vespasian stood in the light of real merit. To strengthen their cause, they sent dispatches to the army in Pannonia, inviting them to join the league; determined, if they did not comply, to compel them by force of arms. In this juncture, Apronius Saturninus, governor of Mœsia, conceived the design of perpetrating a barbarous murder. Under color of public zeal, but with malice festering at his heart, he despatched a centurion to murder Tertius Julianus, who commanded the seventh legion. That officer had timely notice.

raise large sums of money by severe exactions; but the apology for his avarice was the liberal spirit with which he adorned Rome and Italy with grand and useful works. See Suet. in Vesp. § 16.

He provided himself with guides who knew the course of the country, and escaped through devious tracks as far as Mount Hæmus. From that time he took no part in the civil war. He affected often to be on the point of setting out to join Vespasian; but delayed his journey, at times seeming eager to depart, then doubting, hesitating, waiting for intelligence, and during the whole war resolving without decision.

LXXXVI. In Pannonia, the thirteenth legion, and the seventh, called the Galbian, embraced the interest of Vespasian. They still remembered, with indignation, their defeat at Bedriacum, and the influence of Antonius Primus proved a powerful instigation. That officer, convicted of forgery in the reign of Nero, remained obnoxious to the laws, till, among the evils that spring from civil dissension, he rose from infamy to his senatorian rank. He was advanced by Galba to the command of the seventh legion, and according to report, offered himself to Otho, desiring by letters the rank of general against his benefactor. Otho paid no attention to the proposal, and by consequence Antonius remained inactive. In the present juncture, seeing a storm ready to burst on Vitellius, he veered round to Vespasian, and became the grand support of the party. To his vices he united great and useful qualities: brave and valiant, he possessed uncommon eloquence; an artful and insidious enemy, he had the art of involving others in danger; in popular insurrections, a bold and turbulent leader; at once a plunderer and a prodigal, what he gained by rapine he squandered in corruption; during the calm season of peace, a pernicious citizen; in war, an officer not to be neglected.

The armies of Mœsia and Pannonia formed a junction, and drew the forces of Dalmatia into the revolt.

The consular governors of those provinces were neutral on the occasion; they took no share in the business, nor did the soldiers wait for their direction. Titus Ampius Flavianus ruled in Pannonia, and Poppæus Silvanus in Dalmatia; both rich, and advanced in years. Cornelius Fuscus, descended from illustrious ancestors, and then in the vigor of life, was at the same time imperial procurator. In his youth he had resigned his senatorian rank to seek in solitude a retreat from public business. Joining afterwards with Galba, he drew forth in support of that emperor the strength of his own colony, and for his services obtained the post of procurator. In the present commotions he declared for Vespasian; and by his ardent spirit gave life and vigor to the cause. Self-interest did not mix with the motives that determined his conduct. His pride was in the field of action. He gloried in facing danger, and despised the reward of merit. War was his passion; and though possessed of an ample fortune, he preferred a life of enterprise to indolence and his own personal safety. He acted in concert with Antonius Primus, and both exerted themselves to kindle the flame of war in every quarter. Where they saw a discontented spirit, they were sure to increase it by infusions of their own venom. They sent dispatches to the fourteenth legion in Britain, and to the first in Spain, knowing that both had favored the cause of Otho against Vitellius. Their letters were spread all over Gaul, and by their joint efforts the Roman world was roused to arms. The forces in Illyricum declared for Vespasian; and in other parts, as soon as the first blow was struck, the troops stood ready to take the field.

LXXXVII. While Vespasian and the leaders of his party were thus employed in concerting measures

throughout the provinces, Vitellius, sunk in sloth, and growing every day more contemptible, advanced by slow marches towards the city of Rome. In all the villas and municipal towns through which he passed carousing festivals were sufficient to retard a man abandoned to his pleasures. He was followed by an unwieldy multitude, not less than sixty thousand men in arms, all corrupted by a life of debauchery. The number of retainers and followers of the army was still greater, all disposed to riot and insolence, even beyond the natural bent of the vilest slaves. To these must be added a train of officers and servile courtiers, too haughty to be restrained within due bounds, even though the chief had practised the strictest discipline. The crowd was still increased by a conflux of senators and Roman knights who came from Rome to greet the prince on his way; some impelled by fear, others to pay their court, and numbers, not to be thought sullen or disaffected. All went with the current. The populace rushed forth in crowds accompanied by an infamous band of pimps, of players, buffoons, and charioteers, by their utility in vicious pleasures all well known and dear to Vitellius. Such were the disgraceful connexions of the emperor, and he enjoyed them without a blush. To supply so vast a body with provisions, the colonies and municipal cities were exhausted; the fruits of the earth, then ripe and fit for use, were carried off; the husbandman was plundered; and his land, as if it were an enemy's country, was laid waste and ruined.

LXXXVIII. The fierce animosity that broke out at Ticinum between the legions and the auxiliaries was not yet extinguished. Frequent quarrels occurred, and ended always in mutual slaughter. Against the peasants and farmers they were sure to be unanimous,

but agreed in nothing else. The most dreadful carnage happened within seven miles of Rome. At that place Vitellius ordered victuals, ready dressed, to be distributed among the soldiers, as if he had prepared a feast to pamper a band of gladiators. The common people, who had come in crowds from Rome, were dispersed through the camp. To divert themselves with what they thought an arch and pleasant trick, they cut away the belts of the soldiers, and with an air of humor asked, whether they were properly accoutred. The soldiers had no taste for raillery. They retaliated with their weapons, and fell with fury on the defenceless multitude. Among the slain was the father of one of the soldiers, killed as he stood engaged in conversation with his son. The unhappy victim was soon known; and by that incident the farther effusion of blood was prevented. Rome in the mean time was thrown into consternation. A number of soldiers entered the city in a tumultuous manner, and rushed forward to the forum, impatient to see the spot where Galba perished. Covered with the skins of savage beasts, and wielding large and massy spears, the spectacle which they exhibited to the Roman citizens was fierce and hideous. Unused to crowded streets, they had not the skill to conduct themselves amidst a vast concourse of people, but with rude force pushed against the passengers; and sometimes slipping down, or, as might happen, thrown by the pressure of the throng, they rose hastily to resent what was no more than an accident, and from abusive language proceeded sword in hand to the most violent outrages. The tribunes and centurions, at the head of their troops of cavalry, paraded the streets in a warlike manner, and spread a general panic through the city.

LXXXIX. Vitellius himself, in his military ap-

parel, mounted on a superb horse, advanced from the Milvian bridge, while the senate and the people pressed on before him to make way for their new master. His friends however remonstrated against his making a public entry in a military style, like a conqueror marching into a city taken by storm. He conformed to their advice, and having put on his senatorian robe, made his entry in a pacific manner. His troops followed in regular order. The eagles of four legions led the way, with an equal number of standards on each side. The colors of twelve squadrons of horse were displayed with great pomp. The infantry followed, and after them the cavalry. The procession was closed by four-and-thirty cohorts, distinguished by the arms and habits of their respective nations. The prefects of the camp, the tribunes, and principal centurions, arrayed in white, preceded their several eagles. The rest of the officers marched at the head of their companies. The blaze of arms and rich apparel added splendor to the scene. The burnished collars of the common men, and the trappings of the horses, glittered to the eye; while the whole presented a magnificent spectacle worthy of a better emperor. In this manner Vitellius proceeded to the capitol, and there embracing his mother, saluted her by the name of Augusta.

XC. On the following day Vitellius delivered a public harangue, and spoke of himself in magnificent terms, as if he had for his audience the senate and people of a foreign city. He assumed the virtues of industry and temperance; never considering, that he was in the hearing of men who had seen his vices, and that every part of Italy through which he had passed had known and felt his abandoned profligacy. The populace, as usual, knowing neither truth nor falsehood, and indifferent about both, paid their tribute of

flattery with noise and uproar. They pressed him to accept the title of Augustus: he declined it for some time; but the voice of the rabble prevailed. He yielded to their importunity; but his compliance was useless, and the honor was of short duration.

XCI. In a city where superstition interpreted every thing, the first act of Vitellius, in the character of sovereign pontiff, was considered as an omen that portended mischief. He issued an edict concerning the rites and ceremonies of religion, dated the fifteenth before the calends of August, a day rendered inauspicious by two victories formerly obtained over the armies of Rome; one at Cremera, and the other at Allia. But Vitellius was unacquainted with the antiquities of his country. He knew nothing of laws, either human or divine. The same stupidity possessed his friends and his band of freedmen. The whole court seemed to be in a state of intoxication. In the assemblies held for the election of consuls, Vitellius assumed nothing above the rights of a citizen. He behaved to the candidates on a footing of equality. He attended in the theatre, giving his applause as a common spectator, and in the circus mixing with the factions of the populace. By those arts he tried to gain the suffrages of the electors; arts, it must be acknowledged, often practised, and when subservient to honest purposes, not to be condemned. But in a man like Vitellius, whose former life was too well known, the artifice served only to sink him into contempt.

He went frequently to the senate, even on frivolous occasions, when the subject of debate was altogether uninteresting. In that assembly Helvidius Priscus, pretor elect, happened to differ from the opinion of the emperor. Vitellius took fire in the moment; but checking himself in time, called on the tribunes of the peo-

ple to support his authority. His friends, apprehending the consequences of a deep and smothered resentment, interposed with their good offices to soften prejudice. His answer was, ‘Nothing new has happened: two senators have differed in opinion; and is not that a common occurrence? I have myself often opposed the sentiments of Thræsea.’ The allusion to a character so truly eminent provoked a smile of contempt. Some however were glad to find, that instead of the men who glittered in the sunshine of a court, he chose Thræsea for the model of true greatness.

XCII. Publius Sabinus, the prefect of a cohort, and Julius Priscus, a centurion, were advanced from those inferior stations to the command of the pretorian guards. The former owed his elevation to the friendship of Valens, and the latter to that of Cæcina. By those two ministers, though always at variance with each other, the whole power of the state was usurped and exercised. The authority of the emperor was merely nominal: Valens and Cæcina transacted every thing. Their mutual animosity, which had been suppressed during the war, but not extinguished, broke out at Rome with redoubled violence. Their friends, with officious care, envenomed the minds of the rival statesmen, and the various factions that for ever distract the city of Rome, furnished every day new materials to inflame their jealousy. They vied with each other for pre-eminence, and by intrigue, by cabal, by their train of followers, and their crowded levees, endeavored to manifest their superiority; while Vitellius wavered between both, and as his inclinations shifted, the balance changed alternately from one to the other. Their authority exceeded all bounds, and was therefore, like all ill-gotten power, uncertain and

precarious. They saw the caprice that marked the character of Vitellius, one moment inflamed with anger, and the next lavish of his favors. Neither of the ministers could be sure of fixing the affections of his master, and both despised and feared him.

Nothing however could satisfy their rapacity: they seized houses, gardens, and the whole wealth of the empire; while a number of illustrious men whom Galba had recalled from banishment were left to languish in distress and poverty. Their situation awakened no compassion in the breast of the emperor. He restored them, it is true, to their rights over their freedmen; and by that act of justice, not only gratified the senators and other grandees of the city, but also gained the applause of the populace. But even this show of benignity was rendered useless by the low cunning that marks the genius of slavery. To evade the claims of their patrons, the freedmen concealed their wealth in obscure places, or else deposited it in the custody of the great. Some of them contrived to insinuate themselves into the imperial family, and there growing into favor, looked down with pride and insolence on their disappointed masters.

XCIII. The multitude of soldiers was so enormous, that the camp overflowed, and poured the redundant numbers into the city; a wild disorderly band, who fixed their station in the public porticos, and even in the temples. The men wandered about the streets of Rome so utterly careless, that they forgot where they were quartered. Having no regular place of rendezvous, and performing no kind of duty, they gave themselves up to the dissolute manners of the city, and the practice of vices too foul to be named. In this course of life, their bodily strength decayed, the vigor of their minds was sunk in sloth, and their

health intirely neglected. They chose for their abode the most vile and infamous places in the neighborhood of the Vatican,¹ where they contracted diseases, till an epidemic distemper began to rage among them. A dreadful mortality followed. The Gauls and Germans suffered most by their own imprudence. Infected with disorders, inflamed with fevers, and being naturally impatient of heat, they plunged into the Tiber, which unluckily was near at hand, and took delight in cooling their limbs; which proved a remedy as bad as the disease. The confusion introduced by another circumstance proved the bane of the army. It was thought advisable to raise sixteen cohorts for the pretorian camp, and four for the city, each to consist of a thousand men. This measure, by cabals among the soldiers, and the jealousy subsisting between the two commanding officers, was the ruin of all discipline. Valens arrogated to himself the chief direction of the business. He had relieved Cæcina and his army, and on that account claimed pre-eminence. The Vitellian party had certainly gained no advantage over the enemy, till the arrival of Valens gave life and vigor to the cause. If the slowness of his march was at first liable to censure, the victory that followed made ample atonement, and redeemed the character of the general. The soldiers from the Lower Germany were to a man devoted to his interest. It was on this occasion, according to the general opinion, that Cæcina first began to meditate the treachery which he afterwards carried into execution.

XCIV. The indulgence shown by Vitellius to his

¹ The lands round the Vatican were covered with stagnated water, and the air of course was unwholesome. St. Peter's church stands there at present; but Brotier says the cardinals never reside in that quarter.

principal officers was exceeded by nothing but the licentiousness of the common soldiers. Each man enrolled himself in what company he thought proper, and chose his own station in the service. Some preferred the city cohorts; and without considering merit or fitness for that employment, their wish was gratified. Others, who ought to have been selected, were suffered, at their own will and pleasure, to continue in the legions or the cavalry. This was the choice of numbers who had impaired their constitutions, and were therefore willing to remove from the sultry heats of Italy to a more temperate climate. By these arrangements, the main strength of the legions and the cavalry was drafted away. A motley body of twenty thousand men was formed out of the whole army, without choice or judgment. The consequence was, that the camp retained neither the strength nor the beauty of military system.

Vitellius thought fit to harangue the soldiers. In the midst of his speech a clamor broke out demanding the execution of Asiaticus, and of Flavius and Rufinus, who had been commanders in Gaul, and enlisted on the side of Vindex. Nor did Vitellius endeavor to appease the tumult. From his sluggish temper nothing like firmness or authority could be expected. He knew that the time for discharging the promised donative was drawing near; and having no funds to answer the expectation of the soldiers, he thought it his best policy to atone by mean compliances for that deficiency. In order however to raise supplies, a tax was imposed on all the freedmen of former emperors, to be collected in proportion to the number of their slaves. To squander with wild profusion was the only use of money known to Vitellius. He built a set of stables for the charioteers, and kept in the circus a

constant spectacle of gladiators and wild beasts; in this manner dissipating with prodigality, as if his treasury overflowed with riches.

XCV. Cæcina and Valens resolved to celebrate the birthday of their master with all demonstrations of joy. They gave a show of gladiators in every quarter of the city, with a display of pomp and magnificence beyond all example. Vitellius resolved to solemnise the obsequies of Nero. He erected altars to that emperor in the Field of Mars. The sight was highly pleasing to the vile and profligate, but gave disgust to all who had any principle, or a spark of remaining virtue. Victims were slain, fires were kindled, and the torch was carried by the Augustan priests; an order dedicated by Tiberius to the Julian family, in imitation of that consecrated by Romulus to Tatius the Sabine king. From the victory at Bedriacum four months had not elapsed; and yet in that short time Asiaticus, the manumitted slave of the emperor, had already accumulated riches nothing short of the Polycreti, the Patrobii, and others of the servile race, whose names have been given up to the execration of mankind. The court of Vitellius was not the scene of honest emulation. No man endeavored to rise by his virtue or his talents. The road to preferment was open to vice and luxury. He who entertained the prince in the gayest manner, and with sumptuous banquets glutted that craving appetite, was sure to be in favor. To enjoy the present hour, and seize with avidity the pleasures near at hand, was the whole occupation of Vitellius. Future events and distant consequences gave him no solicitude. He is said to have dissipated in a few months no less than nine millions of sesterces. Such was the sad condition of Rome; a great yet miserable city, obliged, in the space of one year, to groan

under the yoke of an Otho and a Vitellius; and still worse to suffer the depredations of Vinius, Valens, Icelus, and Asiaticus, till the people were at length transferred like a herd of slaves to Mucianus and Marcellus. New men succeeded, but the measures were still the same.

XCVI. The first intelligence of a revolt that reached the ear of Vitellius was that of the third legion in Illyricum. The account was sent by Aponius Saturninus, before that officer had formed his resolution to join Vespasian. His dispatches, made up in the first tumult of surprise, did not state the whole of the mischief. The creatures of the court, to soothe their master, endeavored to palliate every circumstance. They called it the seditious spirit of one legion only, while every other army preserved unshaken fidelity, and there was therefore no danger to be apprehended. Vitellius addressed the soldiers to the same effect. He added that the pretorians lately disbanded were the authors of false reports, fabricated with a seditious intent to disturb the public peace: but still there was no reason to fear a civil war. He made no mention of Vespasian; and, to suppress all talk among the populace, a band of soldiers had orders to parade the streets. The policy however did not answer the end. Silence was commanded, and the people talked with greater freedom.

XCVII. Dispatches were notwithstanding sent to Germany, to Spain, and Britain, for a supply of men; but as Vitellius wished to conceal the urgency of his affairs, his orders were not decisive, and by consequence the governors of the provinces were in no haste to obey. Hordeonius Flaccus, who commanded on the banks of the Rhine, having reason to fear the designs of the Batavians, expected to have a war on his

hands, and therefore thought it prudent not to diminish his force. In Britain, Vectius Bolanus was kept in a constant alarm by the restless genius of the natives. At the same time those two officers began to balance between Vitellius and Vespasian. Spain showed no alacrity. That country, left without a governor of proconsular authority, was under the direction of three commanders of legions, all equal in rank, and all willing, as long as Vitellius flourished in prosperity, to hold their employments under him, but in the day of distress ready to abandon his cause. Affairs in Africa wore a better aspect. The legion and the cohorts which had been raised in that country by Clodius Macer, and disbanded by Galba, were again embodied by order of Vitellius, and the young men of the nation went in crowds to be enrolled in the service. The fact was, Vitellius and Vespasian had been proconsuls in Africa; the former governed with moderation, and was remembered with gratitude; the latter incurred the hatred of the people. From past transactions, the province and the allies in the neighborhood formed their idea of what they had to expect under the reign of either of them: but the event convinced them of their error.

XCVIII. The exertions in Africa were at first carried on with vigor. Valerius Festus, the governor of the province, co-operated with the zeal of the people, but in a short time began to waver between the contending parties. In his letters and public edicts he stood firm for Vitellius; his secret correspondence favored Vespasian; and, by this duplicity, he hoped, in the end, to make terms for himself with the conqueror. In Rhætia and the adjacent parts of Gaul certain emissaries employed by Vespasian's friends were seized with letters and proclamations in their

possession. They were sent to Vitellius, and by his order put to death. Others by their own address, or the protection of their friends, escaped detection. The consequence was, that the measures adopted by Vitellius were known to the opposite party, while those of Vespasian remained an impenetrable secret. The stupidity of Vitellius gave the enemy this advantage in the outset. Afterwards, when the passes over the Pannonian Alps were secured by a chain of posts, all intelligence by land was intirely cut off; and by sea, the Etesian winds that favored the navigation to the east, were adverse to the homeward voyage.

XCIX. Vitellius finding that the advanced parties of the enemy had made an irruption into Italy, and news big with danger arriving from every quarter, gave orders to his generals to take the field without delay. Cæcina undertook the command, while Valens, who was just risen from a sick bed, remained at Rome for the recovery of his health. The German forces, marching out of the city, exhibited an appearance very different from the ferocity of their first approach. Their strength wasted; their vigor of mind depressed; their numbers thinned; their horses slow and lifeless; their arms an incumbrance; and the men drooping under the heat of the season, overpowered by the dust, and unable to endure the weather, presented to all who beheld their march, a languid, spiritless, and dejected army; averse from labor, and for that reason ready to revolt.

The character of Cæcina must be taken into the account. Ambition was his ruling passion: sloth and indolence, the effect of success and luxury, were vices newly contracted; or, perhaps meditating even then a stroke of perfidy, it was part of his plan, to counte-

nance whatever tended to impair the vigor of the army. The revolt of this commander has been ascribed by various writers to Flavius Sabinus, who had the address, by the means of Rubrius Gallus, his intermediate agent, to seduce Cæcina to the interest of his brother, under positive assurances that the terms stipulated between them would be ratified by Vespasian. The jealousy subsisting between Cæcina and Valens had its effect on the mind of an aspiring chief, who saw his rival in the highest credit with Vitellius, and was therefore easily persuaded to merit the protection of a new prince.

C. Cæcina took leave of Vitellius, and received at parting the highest marks of distinction. He sent forward a detachment of the cavalry to take possession of Cremona. The veterans of the fourteenth¹ and sixteenth legions followed, and after them the fifth and twenty-second. The rear was closed by the twenty-first, distinguished by the name of Rapax, and the first legion called the Italic, with the vexillaries of three British legions, and the flower of the auxiliary forces. Cæcina was no sooner set out on his expedition than Valens sent directions to the army which he had conducted into Italy to wait for his arrival, according to the plan which, he said, was settled between himself and Cæcina. But the latter being on the spot, and by consequence having greater weight and influence, assured the men that, on mature deliberation, that whole plan had been altered, to the end that they might meet the first impression of the enemy with the

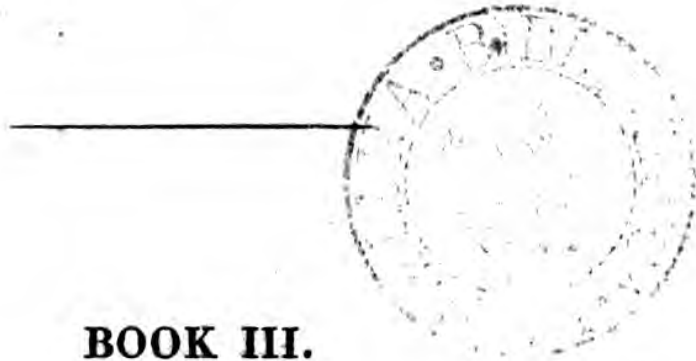
¹ Brotier thinks that there is a mistake in the text. The fourteenth legion, he observes, stood firm for Otho, and for that reason was sent into Britain. But perhaps the veterans who had served their time, and were still retained in the service, were left in Italy.

united vigor of the army. Having thus secured in his own hands the whole command, he ordered the legions to proceed by rapid marches to Cremona, while a large detachment went forward to Hostilia. He himself turned off towards Ravenna, under a pretence of conferring with the officers of the fleet, but, in fact, with a design to make the best of his way to the city of Pavia, judging that place the fittest for a treasonable convention. He there met Lucilius Bassus, a man who, from a squadron of horse, had been raised by Vitellius to the command of two fleets, one at Ravenna, and the other at Misenum. Not content with that sudden rise, he thought himself intitled to be made prefect of the pretorian guards. That disappointment he considered as an injury, and therefore resolved to gratify his unjust resentment by a stroke of perfidy. For this purpose he joined Cæcina. Which seduced the other cannot now be known. Two evil minds might form the same black design, and having formed it, they would find in congenial qualities a secret impulse to each other.

CI. In the memoirs of various authors who composed their work during the reign of the Flavian family, we are told that Cæcina acted on the most upright principles, with a view to the public tranquillity and the good of his country. But this seems to be the language of flattery to the reigning prince. The conduct of Cæcina may be fairly traced to other motives. The natural inconstancy of the man, and, after his treachery to Galba, the confirmed habit of betraying without a blush, would be sufficient to remove all doubt, if we had not to add to the account his disappointed ambition, and the corrosions of envy, with which he saw himself eclipsed by the superior genius of his rival. Rather than be supplanted by

others in the esteem of Vitellius, the ruin of that emperor was his remedy.

Having settled his plan of operations with Bassus, Cæcina once more put himself at the head of the legions, and by various artifices began to undermine the interest of Vitellius, and wean the centurions and soldiers from all affection for his person. Bassus on his part was equally active, and met with little difficulty. The officers and men belonging to the fleet remembered that they had lately distinguished themselves in the cause of Otho, and were therefore ready to declare against the enemy who had triumphed over him.



BOOK III.

SECT. I. MEANWHILE the leaders of Vespasian's party, acting in concert, and with strict fidelity, laid the plan of their operations with better success. They met at Pætovio, the winter-quarters of the thirteenth legion, and there held a council of war. The question on which they deliberated was, which was most advisable, to secure the passes over the Pannonian Alps, and there make halt till the forces behind came up to their support, or to push forward with vigor, and penetrate at once into Italy. Some proposed dilatory measures, in order to pursue the campaign with their united force. They founded their opinion on the following reason: 'The fame and valor of the German legions

were greatly to be dreaded. Vitellius had been reinforced by the flower of the army in Britain. The legions on the side of Vespasian were inferior in number, and had been lately conquered. They talked indeed with ferocity; but the minds of the vanquished are always depressed. If the Alps were guarded by a chain of posts, Mucianus would have time to come up with the strength of the east, and Vespasian, in the mean time, would remain master of the seas. He had powerful fleets, and the provinces espoused his cause. With these resources he might if necessary prepare his measures for a second war. The advantages therefore which might arise from delay were sufficiently evident; new succors would arrive, and their present force in the mean time would not be exposed to the chance of war.'

II. This reasoning was opposed by Antonius Primus, the grand promoter of the confederacy. 'Activity,' he said, 'will give every advantage to Vespasian, and prove the ruin of Vitellius and his party. The conquerors have gained nothing by their victory: on the contrary, their vigor is melted down in sloth and luxury. They are neither inured to a regular camp, nor trained to arms, nor kept in exercise by military duty. Dispersed through the municipal towns of Italy, they have lost their martial spirit, and now are soldiers to their landlords only. Their taste of pleasure is a new acquirement, and they enjoy it with the same spirit that formerly incited them to the most ferocious deeds. The circus, the theatre, and the delights of Rome, have sunk their vigor, and disease has rendered them unfit for military duty. Allow them time, and they will recruit their strength. The very idea of war will animate their drooping courage. Their resources are great; Germany is near at hand, and

from that hive new swarms may issue forth: Britain is separated by a narrow channel: Spain and Gaul lie contiguous, and from both they may draw supplies of men and horses and money. All Italy is theirs, and the wealth of Rome is at their mercy. Should they resolve to wage a distant war, they have two fleets, and the Illyrian sea lies open to their operations. In that case, what will be the use of posts and stations on the Pannonian Alps? and what the advantage of drawing the war into length? Wait for another campaign; and where in the mean time are we to find supplies of money and provisions? To act with vigor is our best, our only expedient. The legions of Pannonia were surprised, not conquered: they are now breathing revenge; they wish for nothing so much as an opportunity to signalise their valor in the field. The forces of Mœsia have neither wasted their strength, nor have they been humbled by a defeat. If the strength on both sides is to be estimated by the number of the men, and not of the legions, the superiority is on the side of Vespasian. In his army no corruption, no licentiousness. Even former misfortunes are now of use: the men have seen their error, and the sense of shame has established discipline and good order. In the last action the cavalry suffered no disgrace: on the contrary, though the event of the day was adverse, they broke through the ranks of the enemy. And if two squadrons of horse, one from Pannonia, and the other from Mœsia, could bear down all before them, what may not be expected from the joint force of sixteen squadrons, whose banners glitter in the service of Vespasian? Their impetuosity in the first onset, their uproar, the clangor of their arms, and the clouds of dust raised by their horses' hoofs, will confound, distract, and overwhelm a feeble enemy, who have lost

their warlike spirit. What I advise, I am willing to execute. Those who have not taken a decided resolution may if they will remain behind. Let them detain their legions. Give me the light-armed cohorts: I ask no more. With those gallant soldiers my intention is to force a passage into Italy. The Vitellians will shrink from the attack; and when you hear the tidings, you will then pursue the footsteps of Antonius, glad to follow where victory leads the way.'

III. Such was the reasoning of this active partisan. He delivered the whole with a spirit that convinced the prudent, and roused the timorous. His eyes flashed fire; his voice expanded, that the centurions and soldiers, who had pressed into the council-room, might hear the sentiments of a brave and experienced officer. All were carried away by a torrent of eloquence. The crowd extolled his courage, and despised the other officers for their want of spirit. He, and he alone, was the man of enterprise, the general worthy of the command. In a former council of war, where Vespasian's letters were read to the whole meeting, Antonius had announced his character, and made a deep impression on the minds of the soldiers. On that occasion he entered with warmth into the debate, disdaining the little policy of using equivocal terms, which might afterwards receive the construction that suited the views of the speaker. Intrepid and decisive, he laid himself open at once. He spoke with that frank and generous ardor which is always sure to captivate the affections of the army. The soldiers admired a general whom they saw ready to share every danger, and to be their partner in the rashness or the glory of the enterprise.

IV. The person who, in the opinion of the common men, filled the second place, was Cornelius Fuscus, the procurator of the province. That officer, by his

freedom of speech, had already pledged himself to the cause: if it miscarried, his bold and forward censure of Vitellius left him no room to retreat. Titus Ampius Flavianus stood in a very different light. His natural slowness, rendered still more languid by the increase of years, drew on him the suspicion of the soldiers, who knew that he was allied to Vitellius. In the beginning of the present commotions he fled from his post, to avoid the storm then gathering round him, and shortly afterwards returned to the province, with intent, as was generally imagined, to execute some treacherous design. He had made his escape into Italy; but, when he heard that the legions were in motion, he returned to Pannonia, and resumed his authority, fond of innovation, and willing to hazard himself in the troubles of a civil war. To this last step he was incited by the advice of Cornelius Fuscus, who wished to see him in Pannonia; not with a view of deriving advantage from his talents, but because the name of a consular officer was of moment, and, in the first efforts of a party not yet established, a person of that rank might give credit and lustre to the cause.

V. The march into Italy being the measure adopted, in order to secure the passes over the mountains, letters were sent to Aponius Saturninus, ordering him to advance by rapid marches with his army from Mœsia. At the same time, that the provinces thus evacuated might not lie open to the incursions of barbarians on the borders, the chiefs of the Iazyges, a people of Sarmatia, were engaged to co-operate with the Roman army. The new allies offered to bring into the field a body of the natives, and also their cavalry, in which consists the strength of the country. Their service however was not accepted, lest a number of foreign mercenaries should take advantage of the distractions

that convulsed the empire, or for better pay desert to the opposite party. The Suevian nation had at all times given proofs of their steady attachment to the interest of Rome; and no doubt being entertained of their fidelity, their two kings, Sido and Italicus, were admitted into the league. On the confines of Rhætia, where Portius Septimius, the procurator of the province, remained firm to Vitellius, a range of posts was stationed to bridle that part of the country. With this view Sextilius Felix was sent forward, at the head of a squadron of horse called Auriana, eight cohorts, and the militia of Noricum, with orders to line the banks of the river Ænus, which divides Rhætia from Noricum. Those two commanders were content to act on the defensive, and no engagement followed. The fate of empire was elsewhere decided.

VI. Antonius Primus began his march at the head of a body of vexillaries drafted from the cohorts, and a detachment of the cavalry. He pushed forward with eager speed to the invasion of Italy, accompanied by Arrius Varus, an officer of distinguished valor, who had served under Corbulo in Armenia, and from the talents and brilliant success of that applauded commander derived all his reputation. In secret cabals with Nero he is said to have whispered away the character of his general, converting into crimes the eminent virtues of that great officer. He rose to the rank of principal centurion; but his sudden advancement, obtained as it was by treacherous arts, proved his ruin in the end. Antonius, in conjunction with this commander, took possession of Aquileia. The adjacent towns submitted with alacrity. At Opitergium and Altinum they were received with demonstrations of joy. At the last of those places a garrison was left to check the operations of the fleet stationed at Ravenna,

which was not then known to have revolted. The cities of Patavium and Ateste made a voluntary surrender. The two generals received intelligence that three Vitellian cohorts, with the squadron of horse called Scriboniana, had taken post at Forum Allienum, and, after throwing up a bridge, loitered away the time in careless security. The opportunity seemed fair to attack them by surprise. At the dawn of day the place was taken by storm, before the enemy had time to get under arms. It had been previously issued out in orders, that, after a moderate slaughter, the assailants should give quarter to the rest, and by the terror of their arms force them to join Vespasian's party. Numbers surrendered at discretion; but the greater part broke down the bridge, and saved themselves by flight.

VII. The fame of a victory, obtained in the beginning of the war, made an impression favorable to Vespasian's cause. In a short time after two legions, namely, the seventh, called Galbiana, and the thirteenth, named Gemina, under the command of Vedius Aquila, arrived at Padua. A few days were spent at that place to refresh the men. In that interval Minucius Justus, prefect of the camp to the seventh legion, enforcing his orders with more severity than was consistent with the nature of a civil war, provoked the fury of the soldiers. He was ordered to join Vespasian, and by that artifice he saved his life. Antonius at that time had the judgment to do a public act, which had been long desired, and by consequence gave universal satisfaction. He ordered the statues of Galba, which the rage of civil discord had levelled to the ground, to be again set up in all the municipal towns. By doing honor to the memory of Galba,¹ and reviving

¹ After the calamities occasioned by Otho and Vitellius, the memory of Galba was held in high respect by the people.

the hopes of a ruined party, Antonius had no doubt but he should greatly serve the cause in which he was embarked.

VIII. Where to fix the seat of war was now a question of moment. Verona was thought the most eligible spot. In that open champaign country the cavalry, in which the strength of the army consisted, would have ample space; and the glory of wresting out of the hands of Vitellius a colony so strong and flourishing would draw after it the greatest advantages. The army pushed forward with rapidity, and in their march became masters of Vicetia; a city in itself of small importance, but, being the birth-place of Cæcina, the acquisition was deemed a triumph over the adverse general. The reduction of Verona brought an accession of wealth, and gave an example to other cities. Moreover, as it lies between Rhætia and the Julian Alps, it was a post of importance, where an army in force might command the pass into Italy, and render it impervious to the German armies. Of these operations Vespasian had no knowledge: on the contrary, his orders were, that the troops should halt at Aquileia, and push the war no farther till Mucianus arrived with all his force. Vespasian explained the motives that determined his counsels. While he was master of Egypt, the granary of Italy,¹ and commanded besides the revenues of the most opulent provinces, the Vitellian army, for want of pay and provisions, might be forced to capitulate. Mucianus, in all his letters, recommended the same measure; adding, that a victory obtained without blood, and without causing a tear to be shed, would be the truest glory. But those reasons

¹ Egypt was the Roman granary of corn; and Pliny the younger says that the people of that country were proud to find that the conquerors of the world depended on them for their daily maintenance.

were specious and ostensible only : avarice of fame was his motive ; he wished to engross the whole honor of the war. But the fact was, Vespasian and his general planned their operations in a distant part of the world, and before their orders could arrive the blow was struck.

IX. Antonius was not of a temper to remain inactive. He resolved to attempt the stations of the enemy. His attack was sudden ; and after trying in a slight engagement the strength and disposition of the Vitellians, he thought proper to desist. Both parties retired with equal success. In a short time afterwards Cæcina pitched his camp in the neighborhood of Verona, between the village of Hostilia and the morass on the banks of the river Tartarus. This post afforded him every advantage : he had the river in his rear, and the fens on each flank. He wanted nothing but fidelity. Beyond all question he had it in his power, with the whole strength of his army, to crush two legions under Antonius, who had not yet been joined by the Mœsian army, or, at least, he might have forced them by a shameful flight to evacuate Italy. But he trifled away the time with specious delays, and losing all his opportunities, treacherously sacrificed the most precious moments of the war. He carried on a correspondence with Antonius, content by his letters to debate with a man whom he ought to have conquered. He continued to temporise, till by secret negotiations he settled the price of perfidy.

During this suspense Aponius Saturninus arrived at Verona with the seventh legion, called the Claudian, under the command of Vipsanius Messala, then in the rank of tribune ; a man of illustrious birth, and of a character worthy of his ancestors : of all who entered into that war, the only person who carried with him

fair and honorable motives. With this reinforcement the army amounted to no more than three legions; and yet to that inferior force Cæcina thought proper to despatch a letter, condemning the rashness of men who, after their late defeat, presumed again to try the fortune of the field. He extolled the bravery of the German soldiers, making the slightest mention of Vitellius, but with regard to Vespasian not hazarding one disrespectful word. Nor was there in the whole tenor of his letter a single expression that tended either to impress the enemy with fear, or to induce them to revolt. Vespasian's generals returned an answer in a style of magnanimity. They entered into no defence of their former conduct; they bestowed the highest praise on Vespasian: relying on the goodness of their cause, they spoke with confidence of the event, and without reserve declaimed against Vitellius in the style of men who had nothing to fear. To the tribunes and centurions who had been rewarded by Vitellius they promised a continuance of the same favors, and in explicit terms invited Cæcina to join their party. The letters of that officer, and the several answers, were read, by order of Antonius, in the hearing of the army. The soldiers observed the caution with which Cæcina spoke of Vespasian, and the undisguised contempt of Vitellius expressed by the Flavian generals. From that circumstance they derived new alacrity, and thorough confidence in their cause.

X. Antonius, reinforced by the arrival of two legions, namely, the third, commanded by Dillius Aponianus, and the eighth, by Numisius Lupus, resolved to make a display of his strength, and inclose Verona with lines of circumvallation. An accident interrupted the progress of the works. It happened that the Galbian legion was employed in an advanced part of the

trenches, fronting the enemy. They perceived at a distance a body of cavalry, and, though in fact they were friends, mistook them for a party of the Vitellians. Thinking themselves betrayed, they seized their arms, and, in the hurry of surprise, charged Ampius Flavianus as the author of the plot. They had no kind of proof; but they hated the man, and hatred was sufficient evidence of his guilt. They roared and clamored for his blood; and nothing less they said would satisfy their indignation. He was the kinsman of Vitellius, the betrayer of Otho, and he had embezzled the donative intended for the soldiers. These reproaches were loud and violent. Flavianus endeavored to obtain a hearing: he stretched forth his hands; he prostrated himself before them, rent his garments, beat his breast, and with tears and groans endeavored to mitigate resentment. The men despised him in that abject condition, and from his distress inferred a confession of guilt.

Aponius Saturninus attempted to speak, but was overpowered by a general clamor. The rest of the officers were silenced in like manner. Antonius was the only person who could make himself heard. To his authority and eloquence he united the art of managing the temper of the soldiers. Their rage, however, did not subside: from foul abuse they proceeded to violence, and even began to brandish their weapons. The general ordered Flavianus to be seized and loaded with irons. This was understood to be no more than a subterfuge to elude the vengeance of the soldiers, who rushed to the tribunal, and, having dispersed the guards, threatened immediate execution. Antonius opposed his bosom to their fury, and drawing his sword, declared aloud that he would fall by their weapons or his own. He looked around, in-

voking the assistance of all, whom he either knew, or saw distinguished by any kind of military decoration: he directed his eyes to the eagles and standards, those gods of the camp, and in a pathetic strain implored them to transfuse that frantic spirit into the breasts of the enemy. At length the sedition began to abate, and day closing apace, the men withdrew to their tents. In the course of the night Flavianus left the camp. He had not travelled far when he received letters¹ from Vespasian, in a style that left him no room to fear the displeasure of the prince.

XI. The frenzy of the soldiers did not stop here. It spread as it were by contagion, and fell with violence on Aponius Saturninus, who had brought with him the Mœsian forces. A letter to Vitellius had been intercepted, and he was supposed to be the author. The story was believed, and all were fired with resentment. The tumult did not, as before, begin when the soldiers were fatigued with the labors of the day: it broke out at noon, when they were in full vigor, and for that reason more to be dreaded. How unlike the spirit of ancient times! Under the old republic, a generous emulation in virtue and heroic valor was the only struggle in a Roman camp: but now to be the foremost in sedition was the grand effort of a depraved and licentious soldiery. The fury that showed itself against Flavianus was inflamed to madness against Saturninus. The Mœsian legions made it a merit with the Pannonian army, that in the late insurrection they

1 This passage seems to have been misunderstood by some of the commentators. They observe that there was not sufficient time for Vespasian to receive intelligence and return an answer favorable to Flavianus: but they might have recollected that he, who had a long journey to make, most probably received the letters in question at some place on the road.

had lent their assistance ; and, in return, the Pannonians joined their friends, willing to encourage a mutiny, by which they hoped that their own guilt would be justified, or at least excused. With this spirit all were ready to repeat their crime. They rushed to the gardens, where Saturninus was walking for recreation. Antonius opposed the mutineers : Messala and Aponianus exerted their best endeavors, but without effect. If Saturninus had not luckily found a lurking-place in the furnace of a bath not then in use, there is no doubt but he must have fallen a sacrifice. As soon as an opportunity offered he dismissed his lictors, and made the best of his way to Padua. There being now no officer of consular rank left with the army, the whole command devolved on Antonius. The soldiers were willing to submit to his authority. The other officers declined all competition. But if the general did not, by secret practices, excite the two seditions, that he alone might gain the honor of the war without a rival, the suspicion which numbers entertained was injurious to his character.

XII. During these transactions the camp of Vitellius was not free from disturbance. The discord there did not originate from suspicions entertained by the soldiers, but had its source in the perfidy of the general officers. Lucilius Bassus, who commanded the fleet at Ravenna, had already drawn over to his party a number of the marines, all natives of Dalmatia and Pannonia, and those provinces having all already declared for Vespasian, ready to follow the example of their countrymen. The dead of night was chosen as the fit time for carrying their treasonable designs into execution. At that hour, when all was hushed in sleep, the conspirators agreed to meet in the quarter where the colors were deposited. Bassus remained in his

own house, conscious of his treachery, or, perhaps, alarmed for himself, and willing to wait the issue. The masters of the galleys began the revolt. They seized the images of Vitellius, and put to the sword all who attempted to resist. The common herd, with their usual love of innovation, went over to Vespasian. Bassus in that moment ventured to appear, avowing himself the author of the treason. The fleet immediately chose another commander. Cornelius Fuscus was the person appointed. That officer soon appeared at Ravenna, and took on him his new commission. By his order Bassus, under a proper guard, but honorably treated, was obliged to embark for Atria. At that place he was thrown into fetters by Mennius Rufinus, who commanded the garrison; but he was soon released at the desire of Hormus, one of Vespasian's freedmen, who it seems had the presumption to figure away among the general officers.

XIII. The defection of the fleet was no sooner known than Cæcina, having removed out of the way the best part of his army under various pretexts of military duty, called a meeting of the principal centurions, and a select party of soldiers, in the place assigned for the eagles, the most private part of the camp. He there opened his mind without reserve. He expatiated in praise of Vespasian, and painted forth in glaring colors the strength of the combination formed in his favor. The fleet, he said, had revolted, and by consequence Italy would be distressed for provisions. Spain and both the Gauls were up in arms: at Rome the minds of men were wavering, and a storm was ready to burst on Vitellius. The men whom Antonius had engaged in the plot threw off the mask, and the rest, incited by their example, took the oath of fidelity to Vespasian. The images of Vitellius were

torn from the ensigns, and dispatches were sent off with intelligence to the adverse army. This transaction was no sooner known in Cæcina's camp than the rest of the soldiers rushed in a body to the quarter of the eagles and standards. They saw the name of Vespasian displayed to view, and the images of Vitellius scattered about in fragments. A deep and sullen silence followed. A general uproar soon broke out, and with one voice the men exclaimed, 'Where is now the glory of the German armies? Without hazarding a battle, and without a wound, we must lay down our arms, and deliver ourselves to the enemy bound in chains. And to what enemy? To the legions lately vanquished by superior valor; nay, to a part of those legions: for the strength and bulwark of Otho's forces, the first and fourteenth, are not with the army. And is this the issue of our fame in arms, and of our late glorious victory? Did so many brave and gallant soldiers distinguish themselves by their bravery in the field, that they might now, like a drove of slaves, be delivered up to Antonius, a man formerly banished for his crimes?'¹ The fleet we are told has revolted: and shall eight legions be transferred as an appendage to their treachery? Bassus, it seems, will have it so; and such is the pleasure of Cæcina. They have despoiled the prince of his houses, his gardens, and his treasure, and they want now to rob him of his soldiers; of soldiers who, with swords in their hands, and in full possession of their strength and vigor, are to yield without an engagement, and bear the scorn and mockery of Vespasian and his party. To such as may hereafter desire an account of the battles we have fought,

¹ Antonius had been convicted of extortion, and for that offence sent into banishment; *Annals*, xiv. 40.

and the dangers which we have encountered, what answer shall we make?’

XIV. Such were the complaints, and such the language, not of individuals only, but of the whole body. Each man spoke his feelings, and all concurred in one general uproar. The fifth legion took the lead: they restored the images of Vitellius; they seized Cæcina, and loaded him with fetters. Fabius Fabullus, commander of the fifth legion, and Cassius Longus, the prefect of the camp, were declared commanders-in-chief. A party of marines belonging to three light galleys fell into the hands of the enraged soldiery, and, though ignorant of all that passed, and innocent of the late defection, were to a man put to the sword. After this exploit the discontented troops broke up their camp, and having demolished the bridge, marched back to Hostilia, and thence to Cremona, where the first legion, called Italica, and the one-and-twentieth, known by the name of Rapax, had been stationed by Cæcina.

XV. Apprised of these transactions, Antonius resolved, while the enemy was still distracted, and dispersed at different stations, not to let the war languish till the Vitellians began to act with unanimity, and the generals recovered their authority. He knew that Valens had set out from Rome, and Cæcina’s treachery, he had reason to think, would make him push forward with expedition to join the army. The zeal of Valens for the cause in which he embarked was sufficiently distinguished, and he was known to be an officer of experience. Besides this, a large body of Germans was expected to force their way through Rhætia into Italy, and Vitellius had sent for succors into Britain, Gaul, and Spain; a formidable preparation, if Antonius had not determined to strike a deci-

sive blow. He moved with his whole army from Verona, and in two days arrived at Bedriacum. On the following morning he set the legions to work at the intrenchments, and, under color of foraging, but in truth to give the men a relish for plunder, sent the auxiliary cohorts to ravage the plains near Cremona. To support them in this expedition, he himself, at the head of four thousand horse, advanced eight miles beyond Bedriacum ; while his scouts took a wider range, to discover the motions of the enemy.

XVI. About the fifth hour of the day a soldier at full speed brought intelligence that the enemy was approaching. He had seen their advanced parties, and distinctly heard the bustle of the whole army. Antonius began to prepare for action. While he was deliberating, Arrius Varus, eager to distinguish himself, advanced at the head of a party of horse, and put the front line of the Vitellians to the rout. The slaughter was inconsiderable. A party of the enemy advanced to support the broken ranks, and change the fortune of the field. Varus and his men were obliged to give ground, and they who had pursued with eagerness were now in the rear of the retreat. In this rash action Antonius had no share. He foresaw the consequence, and now exerted himself to prevent farther mischief. Having exhorted his men, he ordered the cavalry to open their ranks, and draw off in two divisions towards the flanks of the army, in order to leave a void space for the reception of Varus and his routed party. The legions were called out, and, in the country round, the signal was given to the foraging cohorts to abandon their booty, and repair forthwith to the field of battle. Varus in the mean time returned to the main body, covered with dismay, and by his appearance diffusing terror through the ranks. He and

his men had retreated with precipitation: the able and the wounded in one promiscuous panic fled before the enemy, all in wild confusion, and on a narrow causeway, obstructing one another.

XVII. Antonius, in this pressing exigence, omitted nothing that could be expected from a commander of experience and undaunted valor. He rallied the broken ranks: where the men were giving way, by his presence he revived their drooping courage; wherever there was either danger, or an advantage to be taken, he was ready on the spot, with his directions, with his voice, with his sword, inspiring courage, conspicuous in every part of the field, and manifest to the enemy. His courage rose to the highest pitch, and transported him beyond himself. In a noble fit of martial ardor, he transfix'd with his spear a standard-bearer in the act of flying, and instantly seizing the colors, advanced against the enemy. This bold exertion had its effect. A party of cavalry, in number about a hundred, felt the disgrace of deserting their general, and returned to the charge. The nature of the ground favored Antonius. The causeway was narrowest in that part, and the bridge over the river that flowed in the rear being broken down, the men could not pursue their flight where the banks were steep, and the fordable places were unknown. By this restraint, or by some turn of fortune, the battle was restored. The soldiers made a stand, and, having recovered their ranks, received the Vitellians, who rushed on with eagerness, but without order, and in a short time were put to the rout. Antonius pressed on the rear of such as fled, and all who resisted died on the spot. The rest of Vespasian's army acted as the impulse of individuals prompted; they secured their prisoners, they seized the arms and horses of the slain, and made the field resound with

shouts of victory. The runaways, who had dispersed themselves in various quarters, heard the joyful acclamations of their comrades, and, to claim part of the glory, hurried back to the scene of action.

XVIII. At the distance of four miles from Cremona the banners of the two legions called Rapax and Italica appeared in view. The advantage gained by the Vitellian cavalry, in the beginning of the day, was their motive for advancing so far; but, seeing a reverse of fortune, they neither opened their ranks to receive their flying friends, nor dared to attack an enemy at that time well-nigh exhausted by the labors of the day. In the hour of prosperity they despised their general officers, and in their distress began to feel that they wanted an able commander. While they stood at gaze, irresolute, and covered with consternation, the cavalry of Antonius attacked them with impetuous fury. Vipstanius Messala followed to support the ranks, at the head of the Mœsian auxiliaries, who, though they had made a long march, were so well inured to discipline, that they were deemed nothing inferior to the legionary soldiers. The foot and cavalry, acting with united vigor, bore down all opposition. The Vitellians hoped to find within the walls of Cremona a safe shelter from the rage of a pursuing enemy, and for that reason were less inclined to maintain the conflict.

XIX. Antonius did not think it prudent to pursue his advantage: he was content to remain master of the field. The victory, he knew, was dearly bought; and it behoved him to spare both men and horses, fatigued with toil, and fainting under their wounds. Towards the close of day the whole force of Vespasian's army arrived and joined Antonius. Having seen on their march the plains covered with dead bodies, and the

ground still reeking with blood, they concluded, from so vast a scene of slaughter, that the war was nearly over; and, to give the finishing blow, desired to be led on to Cremona, either to receive a voluntary surrender, or to carry the place by storm. This demand sounded like courage and public spirit: but other motives were at the bottom. In their hearts the men argued for their own personal advantage. 'Cremona,' they said, 'was situated in an open plain, and might be taken by assault. The darkness of the night would not abate their courage, and for spoil and plunder that was the proper season. If they waited for the return of day terms of peace might arrive; a capitulation would be proposed; and, in that case, what reward was the soldier to expect for all his labor and his blood spilt in the service? The cold, the useless praise of moderation and humanity would be his only recompense, and the wealth of the place would fall to the principal officers. By the laws of war, when a town is carried by storm, the booty belongs to the soldiers; but a surrender transfers the whole to the generals.' Inflamed by these considerations, they disdained to listen to the tribunes and centurions: with the clangor of their arms they suppressed the voice of reason; determined, if not led on to the attack, to shake off all authority.

XX. Antonius made his way through the ranks, and by his presence having commanded silence, spoke as follows: 'It is neither in my temper nor my intention to deprive a set of gallant soldiers of the glory or the recompense due to their valor; but the general and the men under his command have their distinct provinces. Courage and ardor for the conflict are the soldier's virtues: to foresee events, to provide against disasters, and to plan with deliberation, and even with

delay, is the duty of the commander-in-chief. By suspending the operations of war success is often insured : by temerity all is put to the hazard. In the last battle I exposed my person ; I fought in the ranks ; I strained every nerve to gain the victory : let me now by my experience, by advice, and by prudent counsels, the true arts of a general, endeavor to terminate the war with glory. The question at present does not admit of a doubt. We have the night before us : the town, its entrance, and the condition of the works, are unknown to us : the enemy is within the walls, and may try various stratagems. And if the gates were thrown open, even then, without the best intelligence, without broad daylight, and without a view of the fortifications, it would be madness to venture. And will you hazard an assault without knowing the approaches to the place, the height of the walls, and without being able to judge whether we ought to batter a breach, or by missive weapons drive the enemy from the works ? Which of you has been provident enough to bring his hatchet, his pickaxe, and the various tools which a siege requires ? With those instruments you are unprovided : and what arm among you is strong enough with a sword and spear to sap the walls of Cremona ? How are we to throw up ramparts, and how prepare hurdles and penthouses to cover our approach ? In the moment of need, must we all stand at gaze, wondering at our folly, and the strength of the fortifications ? Pass but one night, and with our battering engines and our warlike machines we shall advance in force, and carry victory along with us at the point of our swords.' At the close of this harangue he ordered the followers of the camp, escorted by a select party of the cavalry, to set out for Bedria-

cum, in order to bring a supply of provisions and all necessaries for the use of the army.

XXI. The soldiers were still dissatisfied, and a mutiny was ready to break out, when a party of horse that went out to scour the country, and advanced as far as the walls of Cremona, returned with intelligence, obtained from the stragglers who had fallen into their hand, that the whole Vitellian army encamped at Hostilia, having heard of that day's defeat, made a forced march of thirty miles, and with a reinforcement of six legions were near at hand, breathing vengeance, and determined to offer battle. In this alarming crisis the soldiers were willing to listen to their superior officer. Antonius prepared to receive the enemy. He ordered the thirteenth legion to take post on the Posthumian causeway; on the open plain, towards their left, he stationed the seventh, called the Galbian; and at a small distance the seventh, named the Claudian, on a spot defended by a mere country ditch. On the right he placed the eighth legion, on a wide-extended plain, and the third in a thick copse that stood near at hand. Such was the arrangement of the eagles and standards: the soldiers took their post as chance directed them in the dark. The pretorian banner stood near the third legion; the auxiliary cohorts were in the wings: the cavalry covered the flanks and the rear. The two Suevian kings, Sido and Italicus, with the best troops of their nation, took their post in the front of the lines.

XXII. The Vitellian army had every advantage, without the skill to profit by their situation. Had they halted that night at Cremona, as prudence dictated, to refresh their men by food and sleep, the engagement on the next morning would have been with

an enemy chilled by the damps of the night, and faint for want of provisions. A complete victory would most probably have been the consequence. But they had no commander. Without conduct or judgment, about the third hour of the night they made a forward movement, and attacked an army drawn up in order of battle. Of the disposition made by the Vitellians in the gloom of night, without any guide but their own impetuous fury, it will not be expected that I should give an accurate account: we are told, however, that it was as follows: the fourth legion, called Macedonica, was stationed in the right wing; the fifth and fifteenth, supported by the vexillaries of three British legions, the ninth, the second, and the twentieth, formed the centre: in the left wing stood the first, the sixteenth, and two-and-twentieth. The soldiers of the two legions called Rapax and Italica were mixed at random throughout the lines. The cavalry and auxiliaries chose their station. The battle lasted through the night with great slaughter on both sides, and alternate success. In the dark courage gave no superiority; the ardent eye and the vigorous arm were of no avail. All distinction was lost. The weapons on both sides were the same. The watchword, frequently asked and repeated, was known to both armies. The colors, taken and retaken by different parties, were mixed in wild confusion. The seventh legion, lately raised by Galba, suffered the most. Six of their principal centurions were killed on the spot, and some of their colors taken. The eagle itself was in danger had not Attilius Verus, the principal centurion, enacted wonders to prevent that disgrace. He made a dreadful carnage, and died at last fighting with undaunted bravery.

XXIII. Vespasian's army was giving way, when

Antonius brought the pretorian cohorts into the heat of the action. They routed the enemy, and in their turn were forced to retreat. The Vitellians at this time changed the position of their battering engines, which in the beginning were placed in different parts of the field, and could only play at random against the woods and hedges that sheltered the enemy. They were now removed to the Posthumian way; and thence, having an open space before them, could discharge their missive weapons with good effect. The fifteenth legion had an engine of enormous size, which was played off with dreadful execution, and discharged massy stones, of weight to crush whole ranks at once. Inevitable ruin must have followed if two soldiers had not signalled themselves by a brave exploit. Covering themselves with the shields of the enemy which they found among the slain, they advanced undiscovered to the battering engine, and cut the ropes and springs. In this bold adventure they both perished, and with them two names that deserved to be made immortal. The glory of the action is all that can be now recorded.

The battle was hitherto fought with doubtful success, when, night being far advanced, the moon rose, and discovered the face of things with great advantage to Vespasian's army. The light shone on their backs, and the shadows of men and horses projected forward to such a length that the Vitellians, deceived by appearances, aimed at the wrong mark. Their darts by consequence fell short of their aim. The moon-beams in the mean time played on the front of their lines, and gave their bodies in full view to the adverse army, who fought behind their shadows as if concealed in obscurity.

XXIV. Antonius, at length, was happy that he

could see and be seen. He did every thing to rouse the courage of his men : he upbraided some ; he applauded others ; he made ample promises, and gave hopes to all. He asked the Pannonian legions what was their motive for taking up arms? ‘Here,’ he said, ‘here is the spot where you may efface the memory of your former defeat : in this field you may redeem your honor.’ He called aloud to the Mœsians, ‘You were the first movers of the war ; you talked in high-sounding words : but you talked in vain, if you can neither oppose the swords nor bear the eye of the enemy.’ He was busy in every quarter, and had apt words for all. To the third legion he spoke more at large : he called to mind their former and their recent exploits. ‘They,’ he said, ‘were the men who under Marc Antony defeated the Parthians ; and the Armenians under Corbulo. In a late campaign the Sarmatians fled before them.’ The pretorians called forth his indignation : ‘Now,’ he said, ‘now is your time to conquer, or renounce the name of soldiers. If you give way, you will be deemed no better than a band of peasants. What general, or what camp, will receive you? Your ensigns and your colors are in the hands of the enemy. You may there regain them : you now must conquer, or be put to the sword : after your late disgrace there is no alternative.’ A general shout resounded through the field ; and in that moment the third legion, according to the custom observed in Syria, paid their adoration to the rising sun.¹

XXV. This eastern form of worship, either by chance or by the contrivance of Antonius, gave rise to a sudden report that Mucianus was arrived, and that

¹ The eastern nations worshipped the rising sun. The Parthians are described in that act of devotion by Herodian, iv. 15.

the two confederate armies exchanged mutual salutations. Animated by this incident, Vespasian's soldiers, as if actually reinforced, charged with redoubled fury. The Vitellian ranks began to give way. Left to their own impulse, without a chief to conduct the battle, they extended or condensed their lines as fear or courage prompted. Antonius saw their confusion. He ordered his men to advance in a close compacted body. The loose and scattered numbers of the enemy gave way at once. The carriages and engines that lay at random in various parts of the field made it impossible to restore the order of the battle. The victors, eager to pursue their advantage, pushed forward to the causeway; and, having gained a sure footing, made a dreadful carnage.

An incident that happened in the heat of the action gave a shock to humanity. A father was killed by his own son. The fact and the names of the men are recorded by Vipstanius Messala: on his authority I shall state the particulars. Julius Mansuetus, a native of Spain, enrolled himself in the legion already mentioned by the name of Rapax. He left behind him a son, then of tender years. The youth, grown up to manhood, enlisted in the seventh legion, raised by Galba. In the hurry and tumult of the fight he met his father, and with a mortal wound stretched him on the ground. He stooped to examine and rifle the body. The unhappy father raised his eyes, and knew his son. The son, in return, acknowledged his dying parent: he burst into tears; he clasped his father in his arms, and in the anguish of his heart, with earnest supplications, intreated him not to impute to his unhappy son the detestable crime of parricide. 'The deed,' he said, 'is horrible, but it is not mine; it is the guilt of civil war. In the general madness of the

state the act of one poor wretched soldier is a small portion of the public misery.' He then opened a grave, embraced the body, and with filial affection raising it in his arms, discharged the last melancholy duty to his murdered father.

This pathetic scene did not escape observation. A few drew near, others were attracted, and in a short time the fatal deed was known throughout the army. The soldiers heaved a sigh, and with curses execrated the frantic rage of civil discord. And yet, with those sentiments, they went the next moment to plunder their slaughtered friends, their relations, and brothers. They called it a crime, and yet repeated what their hearts condemned.

XXVI. The conquerors pushed on to Cremona, and no sooner drew near the place than they saw a new difficulty still to be surmounted. In the war with Otho the German legions had formed a camp round the walls of the town, and fortified it with lines of circumvallation. New works were added afterwards. The victors stood astonished at the sight, and even the generals were at a stand, undecided what plan to pursue. With troops harassed and worn out by continual exertions through the night and day, an attempt to carry the place by storm was not advisable, and without succors at hand might be dangerous; and yet the march to Bedriacum would be a laborious undertaking; and to retreat were to give up the fruit of a victory dearly earned. In their present situation it would be necessary to throw up intrenchments; and that work, in the face of an enemy on the watch to sally out, might put every thing to the hazard. A difficulty still greater than all arose from the temper of the men, who showed themselves at all times insensible of danger and impatient of delay. A state of

security was a state of listless indolence, and daring enterprise was the proper occupation of a soldier. Wounds, and blood, and slaughter, were nothing to men who thought that plunder can never be too dearly bought.

XXVII. Antonius judged it best to yield to the disposition of his men. He invested the works, determined to risk a general assault. The attack began at a distance, with a volley of stones and darts. The advantage was on the side of the besieged. They possessed the heights, and with surer aim annoyed the enemy at the foot of the ramparts. Antonius saw the necessity of dividing his operations: to some of the legions he assigned distinct parts of the works, and ordered others to advance against the gates. By this mode of attack in different quarters he knew that valor as well as cowardice would be conspicuous, and a spirit of emulation would animate the whole army. The third and seventh legions took their station opposite to the road that leads to Bedriacum; the seventh and eighth Claudian legions carried on the siege on the right hand of the town; and the thirteenth invested the gate that looked towards Brixia. In this position the troops rested on their arms till they were supplied from the neighboring villages with pickaxes, spades, and hooks, and scaling-ladders. Being at length provided with proper weapons, they formed a military shell with their shields, and under that cover advanced to the ramparts. The Roman art of war was seen on both sides. The Vitellians rolled down massy stones; and wherever they saw an opening, inserting their long poles and spears, rent asunder the whole frame and texture of the shields, while the assailants, deprived of shelter, suffered a terrible slaughter.

XXVIII. The assault was no longer pushed on with

vigor. The generals saw that their exhortations had no effect, and that mere praise was a barren recompense. To inspire the men with courage, they pointed to Cremona as the reward of victory. Whether this expedient was, as Messala informs us, suggested by Hormus, or, on the authority of Caius Plinius,¹ must be laid to the account of Antonius, we have now no means of knowing. Whoever was the author of a deed so cruel and flagitious, neither of those two officers can be said to have degenerated from his former principles. The place being thus devoted to plunder, nothing could restrain the ardor of the soldiers. Braving wounds and danger, and death itself, they began to sap the foundation of the walls: they battered the gates; they braced their shields over their heads; and, mounting on the shoulders of their comrades, they grappled with the besieged, and dragged them headlong from the ramparts. A dreadful havoc followed. The unhurt, the wounded, the maimed, and the dying, fell in one promiscuous heap; and death, in all its forms, presented a spectacle of horror.

XXIX. The most vigorous assault was made by the third and the seventh legions. To support them Antonius in person led on a select body of auxiliaries. The Vitellians were no longer able to sustain the shock. They saw their darts fall on the military shell,² and glide off without effect. Enraged at their disappointment, in a fit of despair they rolled down their battering engine on the heads of the besiegers. Numbers were crushed by the fall of such a ponderous mass.

1 Pliny the elder was a considerable historian, as appears from Pliny the consul, iii. 5.

2 The military shell was so condensed that the darts of the enemy could make no impression. Whoever is curious about the form of the testudo, and other warlike engines employed in sieges, may consult Lucan, iii. 474.

It happened however that the machine drew after it the parapet and part of the rampart. An adjoining tower, which had been incessantly battered, fell at the same time, and left a breach for the troops to enter. The seventh legion, in the form of a wedge, endeavored to force their way, while the third hewed down the gate. The first man that entered, according to all historians, was Caius Volusius, a common soldier of the third legion. He gained the summit of the rampart, and, bearing down all resistance, with his voice, with his sword, made himself conspicuous to his comrades, crying aloud, 'The camp is taken.' The rest of the legion followed him with resistless fury. The Vitellians in despair threw themselves headlong from the works. The conquerors pursued their advantage with dreadful slaughter. The whole space between the camp and the walls of Cremona was one continued scene of blood.¹

XXX. The town itself presented new difficulties; high walls, and towers of stone, the gates secured by iron bars, and the works well manned with troops, that showed themselves on the ramparts in force, and brandishing their arms. The inhabitants, a large and numerous body, were all devoted to Vitellius; and the annual fair which was then held had drawn together a prodigious conflux from all parts of Italy. This appeared to the garrison in the nature of a reinforcement; but it was at the same time an accession of wealth that inflamed the ardor of the besiegers. Antonius ordered his men to advance with missive combustibles, and set fire to the pleasant villas that lay round the city, in hopes that the inhabitants, seeing

¹ Josephus says that above thirty thousand of the Vitellians were put to the sword, and of Vespasian's army about four thousand five hundred; De Bello Jud. iv. 11.

their mansions destroyed, would most readily submit to a capitulation. In the houses that stood near the walls, of a height to overlook the works, he placed the bravest of his troops; and from those stations large rafts of timber, stones, and firebrands, were thrown in on the garrison. The Vitellians were no longer able to maintain their post.

XXXI. The legions under Antonius were now preparing for a general assault. They formed their military shell, and advanced to the works, while the rest of the army poured in a volley of stones and darts. The besieged began to despair: their spirit died away by degrees, and the men high in rank were willing to make terms for themselves. If Cremona was taken by storm they expected no quarter. The conquerors, in that case, disdaining vulgar lives, would fall on the tribunes and centurions, from whom the largest booty was to be expected. The common men, as usual, careless about future events, and safe in indigence and obscurity, were still for making head against the enemy. They roamed about the streets in sullen obstinacy, or loitered in private houses, neither making war nor thinking of peace. The principal officers took down the name and images of Vitellius. Cæcina was still in confinement. They released him from his fetters, and desired his good offices with the conqueror. He heard their petition with disdain, swelling with pride and insolence in proportion to the meanness with which they implored his aid. The last stage of human misery, when so many brave and gallant men were obliged to sue to a traitor for protection! As a signal of submission they hung out from the walls the sacerdotal scarfs and sacred vestments.¹ Antonius or-

¹ The display of clothes and sacerdotal vestments in the act of suing for peace has been mentioned; Hist. i. 66.

dered a cessation of hostilities. The garrison marched out with the eagles and standards. The procession was slow and melancholy: the soldiers without their arms, dejection in their countenance, and their eyes riveted to the ground. The conquerors gathered round them, with taunts and ribaldry insulting their misfortunes, and even threatening violence to their persons. But the humility of the vanquished, and the passive temper with which they bore every indignity, without a trace remaining of their former ferocity, awakened compassion in every breast. It was now remembered that these very men conquered at Bedriacum, and used their victory with moderation. At length Cæcina came forth in his ornamental robes, with all the pomp of a consular magistrate, the lictors preceding him, and opening the way for him through the crowd. The indignation due to a traitor broke forth at once. The soldiers treated him with every mark of contempt: they reproached him for his pride, his cruelty, and even for his treachery: so true it is that villany is sure to be detested by the very people who have profited by it. Antonius snatched him from the fury of the men, and soon after sent him, properly escorted, to Vespasian.

XXXII. The common people of Cremona, in the midst of so many soldiers flushed with the pride of victory, were in danger of all being put to the sword, if the general officers had not interfered to prevent the effusion of blood. Antonius called an assembly of the army. He spoke of the conquerors in magnificent terms, and of the vanquished with humanity. He mentioned Cremona with reserve and cold indifference. But the men were bent on the ruin of the colony. To their love of plunder they added an implacable aversion to the people, and various motives conspired to

work the destruction of the place. In the war against Otho the inhabitants were deemed the secret abettors of Vitellius; and afterwards, when the thirteenth legion was left among them to build an amphitheatre, the populace, in their usual strain of vulgar humor, made the soldiers an object of derision. In addition to this, the spectacle of gladiators exhibited by Cæcina was turned into a crime against the people. Their city was now for the second time the seat of war; and in the heat of the last engagement the Vitellians were thence supplied with refreshments; and some of their women, who had been led into the field of battle by their zeal for the cause, were slain among the ranks. But above all, the well-known opulence of the colony, increased in that juncture by the vast concourse attracted to the fair with their goods and merchandise, was a decisive argument for the demolition of the place. Antonius, by his fame and brilliant success, eclipsed all the other commanders. The attention of the men was fixed on him alone. Determined however to be neutral on the occasion, he retired to a bath to refresh himself after the fatigue of the day. Finding the water not sufficiently warm, he said in a careless manner, 'It will be hot enough in a little time.' That trifling expression, dropped by accident amongst his slaves, was afterwards caught up, and propagated to his prejudice, as if it were the intended signal for setting fire to Cremona. At that moment the city was in a blaze.

XXXIII. Forty thousand men had entered sword in hand. The number of slaves and mean attendants of the camp was still greater, all bent on mischief, and more inclined to acts of barbarity than even the soldiers. Neither sex, nor age, nor dignity of rank, was spared. A scene of blood was laid, and amidst the

horrors of a general massacre every vice triumphed. Old men and ancient matrons, who had no wealth to satisfy avarice, were dragged forth with scorn, and butchered with derision. The young and comely of either sex were sure to suffer the most severely. In these conflicts the contending rivals, in the rage of disappointment, turned their swords against each other. The men who were seen carrying off the wealth of houses, or massy gold from the temples, were attacked and butchered by others as rapacious as themselves. Not content with the treasures that lay open to their view, they put several to the rack, in order to extort a confession of concealed riches. The ground was dug up, to gratify the rage of avarice. Numbers carried flaming torches, and as soon as they had brought forth their booty, made it their sport to set the houses and temples on fire. In so vast a multitude, as dissonant in their language as their manners, composed of Roman citizens, allies, and foreign auxiliaries, all the fell passions of mankind were crowded together. Each soldier had his peculiar notions of right and wrong; and what one scrupled, another dared to execute. Nothing was unlawful, nothing sacred. Four days were spent in the destruction of this unfortunate city. Things profane and holy perished in the flames. The temple of Mephitis,¹ which stood on the outside of the walls, was the only structure left intire. It was saved by its situation, or perhaps by the goddess to whom it was dedicated.

XXXIV. Such was the fate of Cremona, two hundred and eighty-six years from its foundation. The first stone was laid during the consulship of Tiberius

¹ Mephitis was the goddess worshipped in all places that sent forth noxious exhalations.

Sempronius and Publius Cornelius, at the time when Hannibal threatened an irruption into Italy. The design was to have a frontier town, to bridle the Gauls inhabiting beyond the Po, or any power on the other side of the Alps. The colony from that time grew into celebrity; their numbers multiplied, and their wealth increased; the country round was intersected with rivers; the soil was fertile; and by intermarriages¹ the inhabitants formed alliances with the neighboring towns of Italy. The city continued to flourish in the worst of times, safe from foreign enemies, till ruined at last by the rage of civil war. Antonius felt that the whole disgrace of this horrible transaction pressed hard on himself. To soften resentment, he issued an edict, forbidding all manner of persons to detain the citizens of Cremona as prisoners of war. At the same time all Italy entered into a resolution not to purchase the captives taken on that melancholy occasion. The soldiers, finding that their prey was rendered useless, began to murder the wretches whom they could not sell. This barbarity however was checked as soon as known. The prisoners were ransomed by their friends and relations. The survivors in a short time returned to Cremona. The temples and public places were rebuilt at the recommendation of Vespasian by the munificence of the colony.

XXXV. A city buried in its own ruins, the country round polluted with gore, and the air infected by the exhalation of putrid bodies, afforded no place where the army could remain. They encamped at the

1 Whoever is curious about the distinctions between what the Romans called *connubium* and *matrimonium*, with the different ceremonies observed in each, may consult Brotier's Tacitus.

distance of three miles. The Vitellian soldiers, who in their panic had fled different ways, were brought back as fast as they were found, and once more enrolled in their proper companies; and lest the legions to which they belonged should meditate hostile designs, they were sent into Illyricum, and there stationed, at a distance from the seat of war. To spread the fame of Vespasian's arms, messengers were despatched into Britain and both the Spains. Julius Calenus, one of the tribunes, was sent into Gaul, and Alpinus Montanus, the prefect of a cohort, into Germany. The former was by birth an Æduan, and the latter a native of Treves; both warmly attached to Vitellius, and for that reason chosen with an air of triumph to bear the news of his defeat. Care was also taken to secure by a chain of posts the passes over the Alps, to prevent an irruption from Germany, supposed at that time to be in arms in favor of the vanquished party.

XXXVI. Vitellius, in a few days after Cæcina set out from Rome, prevailed on Fabius Valens to take on him the conduct of the war. From that moment he gave himself up to his usual gratifications, in wine and gluttony losing all sense of danger. He made no preparation for the field, and showed no attention to the soldiers. He neither reviewed, nor exercised, nor harangued them: never once appeared before the people. Hid in the recess of his gardens, he indulged his appetite, forgetting the past, the present, and all solicitude about future events: like those nauseous animals that know no care, and while they are supplied with food remain in one spot, torpid and insensible. In this state of stupidity he passed his time in the grove of Aricinum, when the treachery of Lucilius Bassus, and the revolt of the fleet at Ravenna, roused

him from his lethargy. In a short time after arrived other dispatches, by which he learned, with mixed emotions of grief and joy, the perfidy of Cæcina, and his imprisonment by the soldiers. In a mind like his, incapable of reflection, joy prevailed over every other passion, and absorbed all ideas of danger. He returned to Rome in the highest exultation; and having extolled before an assembly of the people the zeal and ardor of the army, he ordered Publius Sabinus, the prefect of the pretorian guards and the intimate friend of Cæcina, to be taken into custody. Alphenus Varus succeeded to the command.

XXXVII. Vitellius went next to the senate, and in a speech of prepared eloquence talked highly of the posture of affairs. The fathers answered him in a strain of flattery. The case of Cæcina was brought into debate by Lucius Vitellius. He moved that immediate judgment should be pronounced against him. The rest of the senate concurred; and with well acted indignation launched out against the complicated perfidy of a man, who in the character of consul abandoned the commonwealth, as a general officer betrayed his prince, and as a friend loaded with honors, gave an example of base ingratitude. In this specious manner they affected to lament the lot of Vitellius, but in fact felt only for themselves and the commonwealth. Through the whole debate not a word was uttered against the leaders of Vespasian's party; the revolt of the several armies was called, in qualifying terms, an error in judgment; and with studied circuitry the name Vespasian was wholly avoided. They alluded to him; they hesitated; and yet passed him by in silence. To complete the consulship of Cæcina, one day remained. To fill that little interval, a man was found willing to be invested with the short-lived pageantry;

and accordingly, on the day preceding the calends of November, Rosius Regulus entered on the office, and on the same day finished his career. The public saw with derision a farce of state altogether ridiculous, as well on the part of the prince who granted the mock dignity, as on that of the sycophant who had the pitiful ambition to accept it. It was observed by men versed in the history of their country, that no instance had ever occurred of a new consul before the office was declared vacant in due course of law. Caninius Rebilus,¹ it is true, had been the consul of a day; but that was in the time of Julius Cæsar, when that emperor, in haste to reward his friends for their services in the civil wars, thought fit by an act of power to shorten the duration of the consulship.

XXXVIII. The death of Junius Blæsus became at this time publicly known, and engrossed the conversation of all ranks of men. The particulars of this tragic event, as far as they have come to my knowledge, are as follows: it happened that Vitellius, confined by illness in the gardens of Servilius, saw in the night-time a tower in the neighborhood gaily illuminated. He desired to know the reason of that splendid appearance, and was told that Cæcina Tuscus gave a grand entertainment to a party of his friends, among whom Junius Blæsus was the most distin-

1 The consulship in the time of the republic was an annual office; but Julius Cæsar, in haste to reward his friends, shortened the duration of the office, and advanced several to that dignity within the year. He was himself sole consul, A. U. C. 709; he resigned in favor of Fabius Maximus and Caius Trebonius Nepos. The former dying on the very last day of the year, he appointed Caninius Rebilus to fill the remaining space. Cicero laughs at the short-lived dignity. 'In that consulship,' he says, 'no man had time to dine, and no kind of mischief happened. The consul was a man of so much vigilance, that he did not allow himself a wink of sleep.'

guished. The sumptuous preparations, and the mirth of the company, were described with every circumstance of exaggeration. The creatures of the court did not fail to impute it as a crime to Tuscus and his guests that they chose their time for revelling in an unseasonable juncture, when the prince was indisposed. Their malice chiefly glanced at Blæsus. The men who made it their business to pry into the secret thoughts of the emperor soon perceived that they had infused their venom with success, and that the ruin of Blæsus might be easily accomplished. To make sure of their blow, they applied to Lucius Vitellius, who readily undertook to manage the accusation. Being himself stained with every vice, and for his life and morals universally decried, he saw with envy the fair reputation and the popular esteem that attended Blæsus. With this jealousy rankling in his heart, he clasped the emperor's infant son in his arms, and entering the prince's chamber, went down on his knees. Vitellius asked him, 'Why that sudden alarm?'—'It is not for myself,' replied the brother, 'that I am thus distressed: it is for you I shed these tears; for you and your children I come to offer up my prayers and supplications. From Vespasian we have nothing to fear: the German legions are in arms to hinder his approach: the provinces declare against him, and vast tracts of sea and land detain him at a distance from the seat of war. The enemy to be dreaded is near at hand; he is in the city of Rome; he is even now lurking in your bosom. Proud of his descent from Marc Antony and the Junian family, he affects to be connected with the imperial line, and, by caresses and a style of magnificence, endeavors to conciliate to himself the affections of the soldiers. On this man all eyes are fixed. Vitellius in the mean time passes away

his hours in unsuspecting security, neglecting at once his enemies and his friends : he cherishes in his bosom a treacherous rival, who from the banqueting-table, and his scene of midnight revelry, beheld with joy the languid condition of his sovereign. But for joy and riot let him be repaid with vengeance, and a night of mourning : let him know that Vitellius lives ; that he is master of the Roman world ; and whenever the lot of humanity shall call him hence, that he has a son to follow in the order of succession.'

XXXIX. Vitellius balanced for some time between the horror of the deed proposed and his apprehensions for himself. By deferring the fate of Blæsus he might accelerate his own ruin, and to give public orders for his execution were a dangerous expedient. A measure so bold and open would excite the indignation of the people. To despatch him by poison seemed to be the safest method. That he was guilty of that execrable villany, the visit which he paid to Blæsus leaves no room to doubt. He was seen transported with savage joy, and was heard to say, ' I have feasted my eyes with the pangs of an expiring enemy.' Those were his words. The character of Blæsus was without a blemish. To the dignity of his birth, and the elegance of his manners, he united the strictest honor and unshaken fidelity to the emperor. While Vitellius was still flourishing in prosperity, Cæcina and other chiefs of the party endeavored to draw him into a league with themselves : but he was proof against all temptation ; firm, upright, void of ambition. He sought no sudden honors, and to a mind like his the imperial dignity had no allurements. And yet his modesty threw such a lustre round his virtues, that he narrowly escaped being deemed worthy of the succession.

XL. During these transactions Fabius Valens, with a number of concubines and slaves in his train, proceeded by slow and tedious marches, unlike a general going to a great and important war. On the road he received intelligence of the treachery of Lucilius Bassus, and the defection of the fleet at Ravenna. Had he then pushed on with vigor, he might have joined Cæcina, who was still wavering and undecided: at the worst, he might have put himself at the head of the legions before they came to a decisive action. His friends were of opinion that, with a few faithful attendants, avoiding the road that led to Ravenna, he ought to proceed with expedition, through private ways, to Hostilia or Cremona. Others pressed him to bring into the field the pretorian bands from Rome, and force his way to the Vitellian army. But the time was lost in fruitless deliberation. The posture of affairs called for vigor, and Valens remained irresolute and inactive. In the end, rejecting all advice, he chose a middle course in pressing exigencies always the most pernicious. He neither acted with the courage nor the prudence of an able general.

XLI. He sent dispatches to Vitellius for a reinforcement, and was soon after joined by three cohorts and a squadron of horse from Britain; a number too great to steal a march, and too weak to open a passage through an enemy's country. Even in this arduous juncture, amidst the dangers that pressed on every side, Valens was not to be weaned from his favorite vices. Riot and adultery marked his way. He had power and money; and even in ruin his libidinous passions did not desert him. He was no sooner joined by the foot and cavalry sent by Vitellius than he saw, too late, the folly of his measures. With his whole force, supposing the men true to Vitellius, he

could not hope to penetrate through the adverse army ; much less could he expect it, when their fidelity was already suspected. Shame, and respect for their general, still left some impression on the minds of the men ; but those were feeble restraints, when the love of enterprise was the ruling passion, and all principle was extinguished. Valens felt the difficulty of his situation. Having ordered the cohorts to march forward to Ariminum, and the cavalry to follow in the rear, he himself, with a few adherents, whom adversity had not yet seduced, directed his course towards Umbria, and thence to Etruria, where he first heard of the defeat at Cremona. In that disastrous moment he conceived a bold design, in its extent vast and magnificent, and, had it been carried into execution, big with fatal consequences. He proposed to seize the ships on the coast, and bear away to Narbon Gaul, in order to land somewhere in that country, and rouse the provinces of Gaul, with the armies stationed there, and the various German nations. The project was worthy of a great officer, and by its consequences must have involved the world in a new war.

XLII. The departure of Valens threw the garrison of Ariminum into consternation. Cornelius Fuscus advanced at the head of his army to lay siege to the place, and having ordered the fleet to sail round the coast, invested it by sea and land. His forces spread themselves over the plains of Umbria, and stretched into the territory of Picenum as far as the Adriatic gulf. Italy was now divided between Vespasian and Vitellius by the Apennine mountains. Valens embarked at the port of Pisa ; but being becalmed, or meeting with contrary winds, was forced to land at Monaco. Marius Maturus, the governor of the maritime Alps, was then in the neighborhood ; a man attached to

Vitellius, and though the country round espoused the opposite interest, still firm in his duty. This officer received Valens with open arms; but the design of making an attempt on the coast of Narbon Gaul appeared to him rash and impracticable. By his advice the project was laid aside. The few followers, who had hitherto adhered to Valens, began to think of shifting for themselves. They saw the adjacent cities going over to Valerius Paulinus, who commanded in the neighborhood; an officer of distinguished merit, and long before the war broke out devoted to Vespasian. Under his influence the people declared for the new emperor.

XLIII. Paulinus was master of Forojulium, a place of importance, that gave him the command of those seas. He had there stationed a garrison consisting of men disbanded by Vitellius, and therefore willing to take up arms against him. Paulinus was a native of the colony, and had by consequence great weight with his countrymen. He had also been a tribune of the pretorian guards, and was held in high esteem by the soldiers of that description. The people were willing to second the views of their fellow-citizen, and the hope of future advantages from his elevation was a spur to their zeal. In this posture of affairs, while every thing was swelled by the voice of fame to greater magnitude, Valens saw the spirit of the Vitellian party depressed and broken. To return to his ships was now his only refuge. He took with him four pretorians, three faithful friends, and as many centurions. With those attendants he once more embarked, leaving Maturus, and such as were willing to submit to Vespasian, to pursue their own inclination. As to himself, the open sea was the safest place: on shore he saw no security, and in the adjacent cities no prospect

of relief. Without a resource left, and rather seeing what was to be avoided than what he ought to pursue, he put to sea, and was thrown by adverse winds on the islands called the Stœchades, near Marseilles. Paulinus without loss of time sent out his light-armed galleys, and Valens was taken prisoner.

XLIV. The Vitellian general being now in the hands of the enemy, the whole force of the empire was transferred to Vespasian. In Spain, the first legion, called Adjutrix, still respecting the memory of Otho, and by consequence hostile to Vitellius, gave an example of revolt to the rest of the army. The tenth and sixth legions followed. The provinces of Gaul acceded without hesitation. In Britain the same spirit prevailed. During the reign of Claudius Vespasian headed the second legion; and the men, still remembering the heroic ardor with which he led them on to victory, were soon decided in his favor. They met however some opposition from the other legions, in which a considerable number of centurions and soldiers, who had been promoted by Vitellius, were unwilling to desert a prince to whom they felt themselves bound by ties of gratitude. It was with reluctance that they were brought to acknowledge a new master.

XLV. Encouraged by the dissension among the legions, and also by the civil wars that distracted the empire, the Britons renewed their ancient animosity. Venusius headed the malecontents. To his own natural ferocity that chieftain added a rooted antipathy to the Roman name. He was besides the avowed enemy of Cartismandua, queen of the Brigantes; a woman of high descent, and flourishing in all the splendor of wealth and power. In the reign of Claudius she had treacherously delivered up Caractacus, to swell the pomp of that emperor's triumph. From that

time riches flowed in on her ; but riches drew after them their usual appendages, luxury and dissipation. She banished from her presence Venusius her husband, and raised Vellocatus his armor-bearer to her throne and bed. By that criminal act she lost all authority. Convulsions shook her kingdom. The discarded husband had the people on his side, while the adulterer had nothing to protect him but the libidinous passions of the queen and the cruelty of her reign. Venusius was in a short time at the head of a powerful army. The subjects of the queen flocked to his standard, and a body of auxiliaries joined him. Cartismandua was reduced to the last extremity. She invoked the protection of the Romans, who sent some cohorts and squadrons of horse to her relief. Several battles ensued, with various success. The queen however was rescued from impending danger, though she lost her kingdom. Venusius wrested the sceptre out of her hands, and the Romans were involved in a war.

XLVI. About the same time Germany was up in arms. The seditious spirit of the legions and the sluggish inactivity of the commanders encouraged the barbarians to invade the Roman frontiers. By the treachery of the states in alliance, and the strength of the enemy, the interest of the empire was brought to the brink of ruin. Of this war, and the causes that produced it, with the various events that followed, I shall hereafter give a regular account : it would lead at present to a long digression. Commotions about the same time broke out in Dacia. Fidelity never was the character of that nation ; and, since the legions were withdrawn from Mœsia, there remained no force to hold the people in subjection. They had the policy however to watch in silence the first movements of civil discord among the Romans. Seeing at length that

Italy was in a blaze, they seized their opportunity, and stormed the winter-quarters of the cohorts and the cavalry. Having made themselves masters of both banks of the Danube, they were preparing to rase to the ground the camp of the legions, when Mucianus, apprised of the victory at Cremona, sent the sixth legion to check the incursions of the enemy. The good fortune that had often favored the Roman arms brought Mucianus in the moment of distress, with the forces of the east to quell the insurrection, before the people of that country, backed by the German nations, could make an irruption into Italy. In that juncture Fonteius Agrippa arrived from Asia, where he had governed for a year with proconsular authority, and was now appointed to command in Mœsia. He undertook the charge at the head of an army composed of Vitellian soldiers, whom it was then the policy to disperse through the provinces, and employ their arms against the foreign enemies of the empire.

XLVII. The rest of the provinces were by no means free from commotion. A man who had been originally a slave, and afterwards commanded a royal fleet, kindled the flame of war in Pontus, and drew together a body of men in arms. His name was Anicetus, the freedman and favorite minister of Polemon, high in power while that monarchy lasted, but now enraged to see the kingdom turned into a Roman province. In the name of Vitellius he roused the nations bordering on the Pontic sea. The hope of plunder attracted to his standard all the freebooters of the country. Finding himself in a short time at the head of a force not to be despised, he attacked and carried by assault the city of Trapezund, founded in ancient times by a colony from Greece, at the extremity of the Pontic sea. An entire cohort, formerly a royal garrison, was put to the sword. The

men had received the privilege of Roman citizens,¹ and from that time used the arms and banners of Rome, still retaining their native indolence and the dissolute manners of the Greeks. This adventurer, after his first exploit, set fire to Vespasian's fleet, and put out to sea safe from pursuit, as the best of the light galleys, by order of Mucianus, were stationed at Byzantium. Encouraged by his example, the barbarians on the coast began a piratical war. They roamed about in boats of a particular structure, the sides broad at the bottom, and growing narrow by degrees in the form of a curve, and neither bound with hoops of iron nor of brass. In a tempestuous sea they raise the sides with additional planks in proportion to the swell of the waves, till the vessel is covered with an arched roof, and thence is called the floating Camera.² At either end they have a sharp-pointed prow; their oars are readily shifted to work backward or forward, moving with facility in either direction, and thus their mariners advance or retreat with ease and security.

XLVIII. Vespasian thought it of moment to chase this band of pirates from the seas, and for this purpose sent a detachment of the legions under the command of Viridius Geminus, an officer of known experience. He came up with the barbarians as they were roaming on the shore in quest of prey, and forced them to fly with precipitation to their boats. Having in a short time after constructed a number of galleys fit for the service, he gave chase to Anicetus, and drove him up

1 By granting the freedom of the city, the Romans drew distant colonies into a close alliance.

2 These canoes were so light that the barbarians could carry them on their shoulders, and traverse woods and forests without being fatigued with their load. The savages of America, and the Greenlanders, have boats bound together with twigs and osiers, without the use of brass or iron.

the mouth of the river *Cohibus*; a station where the freebooter thought himself safe under the protection of the king of the *Sedochezan* nation. By money and various presents he had purchased the friendship of that prince, and for a short time enjoyed the advantage of his alliance. The king threatened to take up arms in his defence; but finding that he was to choose between bribery or an impending war, he preferred his interest, and, with the usual treachery of barbarians, having struck a bargain for the life of his friend, surrendered the whole party to the Romans. In this manner ended the servile war.

The issue of this piratical war gave the highest satisfaction to *Vespasian*; and to fill the measure of his joy, an account of the victory at *Cremona* reached him in *Egypt*. Without loss of time he set out for *Alexandria*, with intent, since *Vitellius* could no longer keep the field, to reduce the people of *Rome* by famine; a project easily accomplished, as that city for its subsistence always depends on foreign supplies. It was also part of his plan to secure the coast of *Africa* both by land and sea, little doubting, when all resources were cut off, but he should involve the *Vitellian* party in all the miseries of want, and by consequence in dissensions among themselves.

XLIX. While things in every quarter of the world tended with rapidity to a revolution, and the imperial dignity was passing into the hands of a new sovereign, *Antonius*, flushed with his success at *Cremona*, no longer preserved the moderation that marked his conduct before that important event. The war he thought so far decided, that every thing should be speedily settled; or perhaps the sunshine of prosperity called forth the seeds of pride, of avarice, and the other vices of his nature. He considered *Italy* as a con-

quered country; he caressed the soldiers, as if he intended to secure them to himself; by his words and actions he seemed resolved to establish his own power; he encouraged the licentious spirit of the army, and left to the legions the nomination of centurions to fill the vacant posts of such as were slain in battle. The consequence was, that the most bold and turbulent were chosen, and discipline went to ruin. The officers lost all authority, and the soldiers commanded. The army being wholly corrupted by these popular but seditious arts, Antonius thought he might safely give the reins to his avarice, and began by public rapine to enrich himself. The approach of Mucianus was no restraint, though to incur the displeasure of that commander was more dangerous than to offend Vespasian himself.

L. The winter being now at hand, and the country laid under water by the overflowing of the Po, the army was obliged to march highly equipped. The eagles and banners of the victorious legions, with the old, the wounded, and even numbers in full vigor, were left at Verona. The cohorts and cavalry, with a select detachment from the legions, were thought sufficient against an enemy already vanquished. The eleventh legion, at first unwilling to enter into the war, but since the turn of affairs regretting that they had no share in the victory, had lately joined the army, accompanied by six thousand Dalmatians newly levied. The whole body was in appearance led by Poppæus Silvanus, a man of consular rank; but, in fact, Annius Bassus governed their motions by his skill and advice. Silvanus had no military talents: in the moment that called for enterprise he was more inclined to waste the time in words than to act with vigor. Bassus as-

sisted him with his best counsels, appearing to obey, but in truth commanding. To this body of forces was added the flower of the marines from the fleet at Ravenna, who had desired to be considered as legionary soldiers. The fleet in the mean time was manned by the Dalmatians. The army proceeded as far as the temple of Fortune, and there made halt by order of the chiefs, who had not yet settled their plan of operations. They had received intelligence that the pretorian cohorts were on their march from Rome, and the passes over the Apennine were supposed to be in the possession of the enemy. In a country laid waste by war, they dreaded the danger of wanting provisions; and the clamors of the soldiers demanding the donative, by the army called *Clavarium*, were loud, and tending to sedition. The generals had no money in their military chest; and their provisions were exhausted by the rapacity of the soldiers, who seized the stores, which ought to have been distributed with frugal management.

LI. A fact extraordinary in its nature, and yet vouched by writers of good authority, will serve to show how little of moral rectitude and natural sentiment remained in the minds of the victorious army. A common soldier belonging to the cavalry averred that in the late engagement he killed his brother, and for that deed of horror he had the hardiness to demand a recompense. The laws of nature would not allow the superior officers to reward an action that shocked humanity; and to punish it was inconsistent with the policy of war. Under a plausible pretence of not being able, in that juncture, to proportion their bounty to the extent of the merit, they adjourned the business, and thought of it no more. In former civil wars, we

have on record a similar tragic incident, but with a different issue. In the battle with Cinna at Janiculum¹ a man of Pompey's party (as Sisenna relates the story) slew his brother; and soon after finding his mistake, despatched himself: so true it is, that in ancient times men not only had a quick sense of glory, but also felt a just abhorrence of evil deeds. For the insertion of this anecdote no apology will be deemed necessary: on the contrary, it may be proper to revive the memory of past transactions, in order, whenever the occasion requires it, to exhibit a bright example of eminent virtue, or to soothe the mind under the pressure of recent calamity.

LII. Antonius, in concert with the principal officers, judged it prudent to send forward the cavalry, with orders to explore, in some part of Umbria, a place of moderate acclivity over the Apennine mountains. In the mean time, the troops left behind at Verona were ordered to advance with the eagles and standards. Measures were also taken to procure a supply of provisions by sea, and also by the navigation of the Po. But delay was what some of the chiefs had much at heart. They knew the pride and growing ambition of Antonius, and thought it more for their interest to curry favor with Mucianus, who saw with a jealous eye the rapid success with which Antonius pushed on his conquest. If the general of the east did not arrive in time to enter Rome with the victorious army, it was evident that the whole glory of the war would fall to

¹ Janiculum, a high hill at Rome, but not one of the seven: now called Monte Gianicolo, and more commonly Montorio. The story of a soldier killing his brother in battle, and on the discovery despatching himself, is told by Valerius Maximus, v. c. 5, § 4, but attributed to a soldier under Sertorius. See Livy's *Épitome*, lxxix.

the lot of others. His letters to Varus and Antonius were dark, ambiguous, and contradictory; sometimes recommending dispatch, and afterwards stating the advantages of caution and dilatory measures. By this duplicity he hoped to assume the merit of whatever succeeded, and if any misfortune happened, to throw the blame on others. With his intimate friends, and in particular with Plotius Griphus, lately raised by Vespasian to the rank of senator, and the command of a legion, his correspondence was more open and direct. The answers which he received were in a style agreeable to his wishes, full of compliments to himself, and malignant reflections on the rashness of Varus and Antonius. These letters Mucianus took care to forward to Vespasian. The impression which they made was unfavorable to Antonius, who knew the value of his services, and yet found himself supplanted in the opinion of the future emperor.

LIII. Antonius, with the spirit of an injured man, complained of the insidious arts with which Mucianus undermined his character. Above disguising his passions, and scorning to temporise, he spoke his mind with freedom. His letters to Vespasian were in a tone more lofty than is usually addressed to princes. He talked of himself with an air of confidence, and with asperity of Mucianus, the assassin of his reputation. 'It was by Antonius that the legions in Pannonia were excited to a revolt; by him the leaders in Mœsia were inspired with courage; by him the Alps were forced, Italy was subdued; and by him all succors from Germany and Rhætia were intirely cut off. By him the cavalry was led on to attack the legions of Vitellius, in the moment of disunion among themselves; and the complete victory obtained by the infantry, after an obstinate engagement that lasted night and day, was an

exploit of which envy itself could not deny him the merit. The destruction of Cremona was a calamity incident to the rage of civil war; and yet that calamity, dreadful as it was, could not be compared to the disasters of former times, when the republic saw her cities rased to the ground, and the land deluged with blood. In the war which he had conducted, his sword, and not his pen, was the weapon which he employed. Instead of writing secret dispatches, he sought the enemy in the field. Nor did he mean to detract from those who commanded in Asia: they had the mighty glory of preserving tranquillity in the distant territory of Mœsia, while he routed the Vitellian armies, and made himself master of Italy. Spain and Gaul, the two bulwarks of the empire, were by his influence drawn over to Vespasian. But his best efforts had been in vain exerted, if his laurels, so dearly earned, were to be transferred to men who neither shared in the victory nor the danger.' These remonstrances did not remain a secret to Mucianus. The consequence was, a deadly feud between the two commanders; on the part of Antonius, carried on with open and avowed hostility; on that of Mucianus, with close disguise, and for that reason the more implacable.

LIV. Vitellius, after the overthrow of his army at Cremona, thought it good policy to suppress the news. By that shallow artifice he made every thing worse. Dissimulation could only postpone the remedy, but not ward off the consequences of that dreadful defeat. Had the event been fairly told, a council might have been called, and there were resources still in reserve. In the midst of ruin he pretended to be in a flourishing condition, and by that fallacy was undone. The war was not so much as mentioned in his presence. The citizens of Rome were forbid to talk of the news of the

day, and for that reason they talked the more. Since liberty of speech was no longer allowed, instead of the plain truth they gave out fictitious accounts, and because they were restrained, took their revenge by making every thing worse. The chiefs of the adverse party omitted nothing that could extend the fame of their victory. The spies that fell into their hands were industriously led round the camp, and after seeing the strength and spirit of the conquerors, dismissed to make their report at Rome. Vitellius examined them in private, and, that nothing might transpire, ordered them to be put to death. A singular proof of fidelity and general courage was at this time given by a centurion; his name was Julius Agrestis. This man, in several interviews with Vitellius, tried in vain to rouse his master to a spirit of enterprise. All he could obtain was leave to go in person to view the strength of the enemy, and see the real condition of Cremona. Scorning to approach Antonius in the character of a spy, he avowed the emperor's orders and his own resolution. A guard was appointed to conduct him. He was led to the field of battle; he surveyed the ruins of Cremona, and saw the legions that had laid down their arms. With that intelligence he returned to Vitellius. The emperor, deaf to the voice of truth, and unwilling to be convinced, charged the centurion with treachery and corruption. 'I perceive,' said Agrestis, 'that some great and signal proof is necessary; and, since neither my life nor death can now be of any use, I will give you that evidence which cannot deceive.' He retired, and fell on his sword. According to some historians he was slain by order of Vitellius. Be that as it may, the fidelity of the generous centurion deserves to be transmitted to posterity.

LV. At length Vitellius was roused from his state

of stupefaction. He ordered Julius Priscus and Alphenus Varus, at the head of fourteen pretorian cohorts, and the whole of the cavalry, to take possession of the Apennine mountains. A legion of marines was sent after them. A force so considerable, consisting of several thousand horse and foot, under any other general, would have been sufficient not only to withstand the enemy, but even to wage an offensive war. The cohorts that remained for the defence of the city were put under the command of Lucius Vitellius, the emperor's brother. The emperor in the mean time abated nothing from his habitual luxury. He began however with a precipitation that sprung from fear, to grant away whatever the state had to bestow. He hurried on the election of public magistrates, and appointed a succession of consuls for several years: he concluded treaties with the allies of Rome: he invested foreign cities with the privileges of Latium: he granted to some nations an exemption from all kinds of tribute, and to others immunities unheard-of before; regardless of posterity, and in all events determined to exhaust the commonwealth. The populace applauded the liberality of the emperor. Some were weak enough to purchase favors which, it was evident, could not last; while men of reflection saw, that lavish grants, which could neither be made nor accepted without distressing the public, must be declared null and void. At length Vitellius, urged by the importunity of the army which lay encamped at Mevania, marched out of the city, attended by a numerous train of senators, all following with different motives; some to pay their court, and the greater part afraid of giving jealousy to a prince who joined his army without any settled plan, in himself no resource,

no decision, the ready dupe of every treacherous adviser.

LVI. Having reached the camp, Vitellius called an assembly of the soldiers. During his speech, a wonderful phenomenon engaged the attention of all. A flight of ill-omened birds hovered over his head, forming a cloud that obscured the day. This was followed by another prognostic of an alarming nature. A bull broke loose from the altar, and trampling under foot all the preparations for the sacrifice, fled to a distant place, and there, on a spot where victims were never slain, was felled to the ground. But Vitellius, in his own person, presented a sight that exceeded every prodigy; a chief void of military knowledge, without judgment to plan or courage to execute. He had not skill enough to explore the motions of the enemy, and to the art of avoiding or bringing on a general engagement he was an utter stranger. Every incident betrayed his ignorance or his pusillanimity. When messengers arrived he turned pale, faltered in his gait, asked questions, trembled, and returned to his bottle. Weary at length of the camp, and terrified by the revolt of the fleet at Misenum, he went back to Rome, alarmed at every new event, yet never looking forward to the issue of the war. All opportunities were utterly lost by his folly. The true and obvious measure would have been to pass over the Apennine with his whole force, and seek an enemy distressed by the rigor of the winter season and a dearth of provisions. Instead of this, Vitellius suffered his army to be dispersed in different places, and, by that conduct, gave to the slaughtering sword a set of brave and gallant soldiers, whose valor and fidelity nothing could shake. The centurions saw the blunder, and the best among

them had they been consulted, were ready with honest advice. But the creatures of the court banished every faithful counsellor. The ear of Vitellius was open to flattery only; useful advice was harsh and grating; and nothing was welcome but what soothed his passions, while it led to sure destruction.

LVII. The revolt of the fleet at Misenum was occasioned altogether by the fraud of Claudius Faventinus; so much in civil commotions depends on the boldness of a single traitor. This man had been a centurion under Galba, and was by that emperor cashiered with ignominy. To seduce the men to his purposes, he forged letters from Vespasian, promising ample rewards to such as went over to his party. Claudius Apollinaris was at that time commander of the fleet; a man inclined to treachery, but wanting resolution to be forward in guilt. It happened that Apinius Tiro, who had discharged the office of pretor, was then at Minturnæ. He placed himself at the head of the revolters, and drew the neighboring colonies and municipal towns into the confederacy. The inhabitants of Puteoli declared with alacrity for Vespasian, while Capua, with equal vehemence, adhered to Vitellius. Those two cities had been long at variance, and now mingled with the rage of civil war all the rancor of their private animosities. In order to bring the revolters back to their duty, Vitellius fixed on Claudius Julianus, who had been prefect of the fleet at Misenum, and had the character of being mild in the exercise of his authority. He set out from Rome at the head of a city cohort and a band of gladiators, over whom he had been, before that time, appointed commanding officer. He was no sooner in sight of the rebel camp than he went over to Vespasian. The two parties, with their combined force, took possession of Tarra-

cina, a city strong both by nature and art. In that place the revolted were more indebted for their security to the strength of the works than to their own military talents.

LVIII. Vitellius having received intelligence of these transactions, ordered part of his army to take post at Narnia, under the command of the pretorian prefects, while his brother Lucius Vitellius, at the head of six cohorts and five hundred horse, marched into Campania to check the progress of the revolt. He himself in the mean time sunk into a state of languor, overwhelmed with despair and melancholy, till the generous ardor of the soldiers, and the clamors of the populous demanding to be armed, revived his drooping spirits. He flattered himself that a turbulent multitude, bold in words, but without spirit in action, would be equal to the regular legions. To a mere mob he gave the name of an army. His freedmen were his only advisers. In such as professed to be his friends he reposed no confidence. The truth is, all of that class, the higher they stood in rank, were the more ready to betray. By the advice of his servile counsellors, he ordered the people to be assembled in their tribes.¹ As they came forward to enrol their names, he received the oath of fidelity; but the crowd pressing too thick on him, he grew weary of the task, and left the business of completing the new levy to the two consuls. The senators were required to bring in a quantity of silver and a certain number of slaves. The Roman knights made a voluntary offer to serve with their lives and fortunes. The freedmen, in a body, desired to be admitted to the same honor. This humor continued, till what at first proceeded from

¹ The people of Rome were divided into five-and-thirty tribes.

servility and fear grew serious in the end, and became real ardor. The greater part, notwithstanding, felt no affection for the prince: indifferent about the man, they grieved to see the humiliating condition to which the empire was reduced. Vitellius, on his part, admitted nothing that could conciliate the public favor. He appeared with a dejected air: he spoke in a pathetic tone; he tried the force of tears; he made ample promises, lavish of words, and, as is usually the case with men in distress, generous beyond all bounds. He now desired to assume the title of Cæsar. His superstitious veneration for a name, in which he thought there was something sacred, made him willing to accept what he had often rejected. The public clamor was an additional motive. The populace thought it proper; and, in cases of extreme danger, the voice of the rabble is equal to the wisest counsels. But the spirit, which at the flood was violent, soon began to ebb away. The senators and knights fell off by degrees, at first, in the absence of the prince, watching their opportunity with care and caution; but, in the end, not even managing appearances, with open and avowed indifference. Vitellius gave up his cause for lost. He saw that the prince demands in vain when the people are no longer willing to comply.

LIX. By taking possession of Mevania Vitellius had struck all Italy with terror. The war seemed to revive with redoubled vigor; but by his dastardly flight from the camp he lost every advantage. Vespasian's interest gained additional strength. The people throughout the country went over to this party with uncommon ardor. The Samnites, the Pelignians, and the Marsians, saw with regret the prompt alacrity with which the inhabitants of Campania had taken the lead in the revolt; and, to atone for their own remiss-

ness, declared for Vespasian with all the vehemence which a new passion inspires. Meanwhile the army, in passing over the Apennine, suffered every extremity from the rigor of the winter. The difficulty with which, though unmolested by the enemy, they labored through a waste of snow, plainly shows the dangers that surrounded them, if fortune, no less propitious to Vespasian than the wisdom of his counsels, had not drawn Vitellius from his post. During the march over the mountains Petilius Cerealis, in the disguise of a common peasant, presented himself to the general. Being well acquainted with the course of the country, he had been able to elude the pursuit of the Vitellians. As he had the honor of being allied to Vespasian, and was besides an officer of distinguished merit, he was not only well received, but ranked with the commanders-in-chief. The writers of that day inform us that Flavius Sabinus and Domitian had it in their power to escape out of Rome. Antonius, it is said, by his emissaries, invited them to a place of safety; but Sabinus declined the offer, alleging his ill state of health, and his want of vigor for so bold an enterprise. Domitian was not deficient either in spirit or inclination. Even the guards appointed by Vitellius to watch his motions offered to join his flight; but he suspected an underhand design to draw him into a snare, and for that reason made no attempt. His fear however was ill founded. Vitellius felt a tender regard for his own family, and on their account meditated nothing against the life of Domitian.

LX. The army pursued their march as far as Carsulæ. At that place the generals thought fit to halt for some days, as well to rest the troops, as to wait the arrival of the eagles and standards of the legions. The situation afforded a pleasant spot for their camp, with

an open champaign country on every side, abounding with plenty, and behind them a number of opulent and flourishing cities. Being then not more than ten miles distant from the Vitellian forces, they hoped, by intrigue and secret negotiation, to induce the whole party to lay down their arms. But the soldiers were impatient of delay. They wished to end the war by victory, not by compromise. They desired to be led against the enemy before the arrival of their own legions, who would be sure to claim a share of the booty, though their assistance was not wanted. Antonius called the men together, and, in a public harangue, informed them, 'that Vitellius had still numerous forces in reserve, all willing, if left to their own reflection, to hearken to terms of accommodation; but despair might rouse their courage. In the first movements of a civil war much must be left to chance. To complete the conquest is the province of wisdom and deliberate counsels. The fleet at Misenum, with the whole region of Campania, the fairest part of Italy, had already declared for Vespasian. Of the whole Roman world, the tract that lies between Narnia and Tarracina was all that remained in the hands of Vitellius. By the victory at Cremona enough of glory had been gained, and, by the demolition of that city, too much disgrace. Rome still flourishes in all its grandeur. To save that city, the seat of empire, from the like calamity, would be more for their honor than the wild ambition of taking it by assault. Their fame would stand on a more solid basis, and their reward would be greater, if, with the spirit of citizens, and without farther effusion of blood, they protected the rights of the senate and the Roman people.'

LXI. By these remonstrances the fury of the soldiers was appeased. The legions arrived soon after, and by

the fame of their united force struck the Vitellians with dismay. To hold out to the last extremity was no longer the advice or exhortation of the officers. To surrender was thought the best measure. Numbers saw the advantage of going over to the enemy with their companies of foot, or their troops of horse, and by that service hoped to merit better terms for themselves. Advice was received that four hundred of the enemy's cavalry was stationed in the neighborhood, in garrison at Interamna. Varus, at the head of a detached party, marched against them. All who resisted were put to the sword: the greater part laid down their arms, and begged quarter. Some fled in a panic to the camp at Narnia, and there, by magnifying the numbers and courage of the enemy, endeavored to palliate their own disgrace. In the Vitellian army defection and treachery went unpunished: guilt had nothing to fear from the officers, and from the victors it met with a sure reward. Who should be the most expeditious traitor, was now the only struggle. The tribunes and centurions deserted in open day, while the common soldiers adhered to Vitellius with undaunted resolution; but at length Priscus and Alphenus gave the finishing blow to all their hopes. Those two officers abandoned the camp, in order to return to Vitellius, and by that step made the apology of all who, being left without a leader, went over to the side of the strongest.

LXII. During these transactions Fabius Valens was put to death in prison at Urbinum. A report had been spread abroad that he made his escape into Germany, and was there employed in raising an army of veterans to renew the war. To clear up that mistake, and crush at once the hopes of the Vitellians, his head was exposed to public view. At the sight of that unexpected

object, the enemy sunk down in deep despair, while the Flavian party considered that event as the end of all their labor.

Fabius Valens was a native of Anagnia, descended from a family of equestrian rank. His manners were corrupt and profligate, but to his vices he united no small degree of genius. A libertine in the pursuit of pleasure, he acquired an air of gaiety, and passed for a man of polite accomplishments. In the interludes, called *Juvenalia*, which were exhibited in the reign of Nero, he appeared among the pantomime performers, at first with seeming reluctance, but afterwards of his own choice, displaying talents that gained applause, while they disgraced the man. Rising afterwards to the command of a legion under Verginius, he paid his court to that commander, and betrayed him. He seduced Fonteius Capito, or perhaps found him incorruptible, and for one of those reasons murdered him. False to Galba, yet faithful to Vitellius, he exhibited in the last stage of life a contrast to the general depravity of the times. The perfidy of others raised his reputation.

LXIII. The Vitellians, seeing all hopes cut off, determined to submit to the conqueror, and accordingly, to the utter disgrace of the party, descended into the plains of Narnia, with their colors displayed, there to make a voluntary surrender. Vespasian's army was drawn up in order of battle. They formed their lines on each side of the public road, and in the intermediate space received the vanquished troops. Antonius addressed them in a speech that breathed moderation and humanity. They were quartered at different places; one division at Narnia, and the other at *Interamna*. A party of the victorious legions were stationed near them, not with a design to insult or irritate

men in distress, but, in case of need, to preserve peace and good order. Antonius and Varus, in the mean time, did not neglect the opportunity of negotiating with Vitellius. By frequent messengers they offered for himself a supply of money, and a safe retreat in Campania, on condition that he should lay down his arms, and surrender himself and his children to the discretion of Vespasian. Letters to the same effect were also sent to him by Mucianus. Vitellius listened to these proposals. He even went so far as to amuse himself with settling the number of his train, and to talk of the spot on the sea-shore where he intended to fix his retreat. Such was the stupidity that benumbed his faculties: if others would not remember that he had been emperor of Rome, he himself was willing to forget it.

LXIV. At Rome, in the mean time, the leading men endeavored, by secret exhortations, to incite Flavius Sabinus, the prefect of the city, to take an active part in the approaching revolution, and claim a share in the fame and splendor of so great an event. 'The city cohorts,' they said, 'were all devoted to him; the soldiers of the night-watch would join them; and their own slaves might be called forth. Every thing favored the enterprise, and nothing could withstand the victorious arms of a party in whose favor fortune had already decided. Why leave to Varus and Antonius the whole glory of the war? Vitellius had but a few cohorts left, a mere handful of men, alarmed at the news from every quarter, and overwhelmed with fear. The minds of the populace were always wavering, fond of change, and ready to shift to the side of the strongest. Let Sabinus show himself, and the acclamations now given to Vitellius would be as loud for Vespasian. As to Vitellius, the tide of prosperity overpowered

him: what must now be his case, when he sees destruction on every side? To end the war, be master of Rome; that will consummate all, and the merit as well as the glory will be yours. Who so fit as Sabinus to secure the sovereign power for his brother? And whom can Vespasian, with so much propriety, wish to see the second man in the empire?"

LXV. These temptations, bright as they were, made no impression on Sabinus. Enfeebled by old age, he was no longer alive to motives of ambition. His inactivity was by some imputed to a jealous spirit, that wished to retard the elevation of his brother. Sabinus was the elder, and while both remained in a private station, always took the lead, superior not only in point of fortune, but also in the opinion of the public. When Vespasian stood in need of pecuniary assistance, Sabinus supported his credit, but, according to report, secured himself by a mortgage¹ on his brother's house and lands. From that time they lived on good terms, preserving the exteriors of friendship, while mutual animosity was supposed to be suppressed in silence. Such were the suspicions that prevailed at the time. The fair and probable construction is, that Sabinus, a man of a meek disposition, wished to spare the effusion of blood, and, with that intent, held frequent conferences with Vitellius, in order to compromise the dispute, and settle the terms of a general pacification. We are told that, having agreed in private on the preliminary articles, they ratified a final treaty in the temple of Apollo² in the presence of Cluvius Rufus

¹ He lent his money to Vespasian on a mortgage of his house and lands.

² The temple of Apollo was on Mount Palatine, where Augustus formed a library.

and Silius Italicus,¹ who attended as witnesses. The scene was not without a number of spectators, who stood at a distance, watching the looks and behavior of the contracting parties. Vitellius showed in his countenance an air of sorrow and abject humility. Sabinus scorned to insult a man in distress: he seemed to feel for the unfortunate.

LXVI. Vitellius had long since divested himself of every warlike passion, and if to persuade others had been as easy as to degrade himself, Vespasian's army might have taken possession of the city of Rome unstained with blood. But his friends were still firm in his interest; their zeal was not to be subdued; they rejected all terms of accommodation, and with warmth protested against a peace which brought with it no security, but depended altogether on the will and pleasure of the conqueror. 'Was it probable that Vespasian would have the magnanimity to let his rival live secure in a private station? Would the vanquished bear it? The friends of a fallen emperor would commiserate his case, and that commiseration would be his certain ruin;² the ruin, it was true, of a man advanced in years, who had seen the vicissitudes of good and evil fortune. But what would be the situation of his son? What name, what rank, what character, could be bestowed on him, who had been already honored with the title of Germanicus? The present

1 Silius Italicus, the celebrated poet, was consul A. U. C. 821.

2 If Vespasian suffered Vitellius to survive his grandeur, and live a private citizen, men would ascribe it to pride and arrogance, and the vanquished would not submit to see their emperor a living reproach to their whole party; and consequently Vitellius would be in danger from the commiseration of his friends.

offer promises a supply of money, a household train, and a safe retreat in the delightful regions of Campania: but when Vespasian seizes the imperial dignity, neither he nor his friends, nor even his armies, will think themselves secure till, by the death of a rival, they crush the seeds of future contention. Even Fabius Valens, though a prisoner, and, while they feared a reverse of fortune, reserved as a pledge in the hands of the enemy, was thought at last too formidable, and for that reason he fell a sacrifice. And is it to be imagined that Antonius, and Fuscus, or Mucianus, that pillar of the party, will not make the same use of their power over Vitellius? Pompey was pursued to death by Julius Cæsar, and Marc Antony by Augustus. But perhaps superior sentiment and true greatness of soul are to be expected from Vespasian! Let us not deceive ourselves. He is now a new man, formerly the client,¹ the creature of Vitellius, who at that time was joined in the consulship with the emperor Claudius. All motives conspire to rouse and animate the emperor: the dignity of an illustrious line, the office of censor, three consulships held by his father, with the various honors heaped on his family. These are powerful incentives. They call aloud for some bold effort of courage, or, at the worst, of brave despair. The soldiers are still determined to meet every danger, and the fidelity of the people nothing can alter. In all events, no calamity can be so bad as that into which Vitellius seems willing to plunge himself. If vanquished, we must perish by the sword; if we surrender, what will be the case? An ignominious death. To choose between infamy and glory, is all that now

¹ Vitellius had great weight and influence in the reign of Claudius. Vespasian at that time paid his court to the favorite, and also to Narcissus, the emperor's freedman.

remains. The only question is, shall we tamely resign our lives, amidst the scorn and insolence of the enemy? or shall we act like men, and die sword in hand with honor and applause?

LXVII. Vitellius was deaf to every manly sentiment. An obstinate resistance might render the conqueror inexorable to his wife and children, and that consideration overpowered him with grief and tenderness. His mother was now no more. Worn out with age, she died a few days before, happy not to behold the downfall of her family. From the elevation of her son she derived nothing, except the anxiety that preyed on her spirits, and the fame of a blameless character. On the fifteenth before the calends of January the defection of the legions and cohorts that surrendered at Narnia reached the ears of Vitellius. On receipt of that dismal intelligence, he went forth from his palace in mourning apparel,¹ surrounded by his family in deep affliction. His infant son was carried in a small litter, with all the appearance of a funeral ceremony. The populace followed in crowds, with unavailing shouts, and flattery out of season. The soldiers marched in sullen silence.

LXVIII. In that vast multitude no man was so insensible of the events and sudden revolutions of human life, as not to be touched by the misery of the scene before him. They saw an emperor, but a little before master of the Roman world, abandoning his palace, and in the midst of a vast crowd of citizens assembled round him proceeding through the streets of Rome to abdicate the imperial dignity. No eye

¹ See Suetonius in Vitellio, § 15. Juvenal describes the same scene; but, according to him, Sextilia, the mother of Vitellius, was one of the melancholy train. Tacitus says she did not live to see the sad catastrophe.

had seen a spectacle so truly affecting; no ear had heard of so dismal a catastrophe. Cæsar, the dictator, fell by sudden violence; Caligula perished by a dark conspiracy; Nero fled through devious paths, while the shades of night concealed his disgrace; Piso and Galba may be said to have died in battle. Vitellius, before an assembly of people called by himself, in the midst of his own soldiers, and in the presence of a concourse of women, who beheld the sad reverse of fortune, by his own act deposed himself. In a short but pathetic speech he declared his voluntary abdication. 'I retire,' he said, 'for the sake of peace and the good of the commonwealth: retain me still in your memory, and view with an eye of pity the misfortunes of my brother, my wife, and infant children. I ask no more.' He raised his son in his arms, and showed him to the people: he turned to individuals; he implored the compassion of all. A gush of tears suppressed his voice: in that distress, taking his sword from his side, and addressing himself to Cæcilius Simplex,¹ the consul, who stood near him, he offered to deliver it into his hands, as the symbol of authority over the lives of the Roman citizens. The consul refused to accept it, and the people with violent uproar opposed his resignation. Vitellius left the place. His intention was to lay down all the ensigns of sovereignty in the temple of Concord,² and seek an humble retreat in his brother's house. This again met with a strong op-

1 We have seen that Cæcilius Simplex was impatient to arrive at the consular dignity, insomuch that he was accused in the senate of a design to purchase it, in the room of Marius Celsus. He did not succeed; but Vitellius afterwards gratified his ambition without a bribe; Hist. ii. 60. See the list of consuls for this year; Hist. i. 77.

2 The temple of Concord was burnt to the ground in the fire of the capitol, related hereafter in this book, § 71. Bro-

position from the populace. The general cry was, that the house of a private citizen was not a proper mansion: all insisted on his returning to the palace. The crowd obstructed the streets, and no pass was left open, except that called the Sacred Way. In confusion, distracted, and left without advice, Vitellius returned to the palace.

LXIX. The abdication of the prince was soon known throughout the city. On the first intelligence, Flavius Sabinus sent orders in writing to the tribunes of the cohorts, commanding them to restrain the violent spirit of the soldiers. The leading members of the senate, as if the whole power of the state was falling at once into the hands of Vespasian, went in a body to the house of Sabinus. A numerous band of the equestrian order, with the city soldiers, and the night-watch, followed the example of the fathers. They were there informed of the zeal of the people for Vitellius, and the menaces thrown out by the German cohorts. Sabinus was too far advanced to think of a retreat. Individuals trembled for themselves: if they dispersed, the Vitellians might seize the opportunity to lay a scene of blood. To prevent that terrible disaster, they urged Sabinus to take up arms, and show himself in force to the people. But, as often happens in pressing exigencies, all were ready to advise, and few to share the danger. Sabinus went forth at the head of a band of soldiers. Near the Fundane lake,¹ a bold and re-

tier says it was afterwards rebuilt, as appears by an inscription still to be seen among the ruins :

SENATUS POPULUSQUE ROMANUS
INCENDIO CONSUMPTUM RESTITUIT.

1 A Fundane lake, now called Lago di Fundi, is mentioned by Pliny, iii. 5. But the lake now in question was in the city of Rome, near the Mons Quirinalis. Brotier says there were

solute party of the Vitellians advanced against him. A skirmish ensued. The Vitellians had the advantage. Sabinus retreated to the fort of the capitol, and in that stronghold shut himself up with his soldiers, and a small party of senators and Roman knights. A list of their names cannot be given with any precision, as numbers afterwards, in the reign of Vespasian, assumed a share of merit in that transaction. There were even women who dared to defy the danger of a siege. Among these the most distinguished was Verulana Gracilia, a woman of high spirit, who had neither children nor relations to attract her, but acted intirely on the impulse of her own intrepid genius. The Vitellians invested the citadel; but guarded the passes with so much negligence, that Sabinus, in the dead of night, was able to receive into the place his own children, and Domitian, his brother's son. At the same time he sent dispatches to the victorious army to inform the chiefs of his situation, and the necessity of immediate relief. The besiegers attempted nothing during the night. Had Sabinus taken advantage of their inactivity, he might have made his escape through the passes neglected by a ferocious enemy, bold and resolute, but scorning all regular discipline, and impatient of fatigue. It happened besides that a storm of rain fell with all the violence of the winter season. During the tempest the men could neither see nor hear one another.

LXX. At the dawn of day, before hostilities commenced, Sabinus despatched Cornelius Martialis, a principal centurion, with instructions to represent to Vitellius the treachery of his conduct in open violation of a solemn treaty. 'The late abdication was no at least a thousand of those lakes at Rome, which ought more properly to be called fountains.

better than a state farce, played in the face of mankind, to deceive the most illustrious citizens. For what other purpose did he wish to withdraw to his brother's house, so situated as to overlook the forum, and attract the eyes of the public? Why not rather choose the mansion of his wife, a sequestered station near Mount Aventine? For him who renounced the sovereign power, a place of obscurity was the fittest. But Vitellius sought the very reverse: he returned to his palace, the citadel as it were of the empire, and thence sent forth a military force to deluge the best part of the city with innocent blood. Even the capitol was no longer a sanctuary. During the rage of civil war, while the fate of empire hung suspended between Vespasian and Vitellius; while the legions drenched their swords in the blood of their fellow-citizens; while cities were taken by storm, and whole cohorts laid down their arms; the part which Sabinus acted was that of a senator and a civil magistrate. Both the Spains, the Upper and Lower Germany, and all Britain, had revolted; and yet the brother of Vespasian preserved his fidelity to the reigning prince. If at length he entered into a negotiation, Vitellius invited him to the meeting. The stipulated terms were advantageous to the vanquished; and to the conqueror brought nothing but fame and honor. If Vitellius repented of that transaction, why point his arms against Sabinus, who had been the dupe of insidious policy? Why besiege the son of Vespasian, a youth not yet grown up to the age of manhood? By the murder of an old man, and the death of a stripling, what advantage could be gained? It would be more for the honor of Vitellius to make head against the legions, and decide the contest in the field of battle. A single victory would end the war, and every thing would fall to the

lot of the conqueror.' Vitellius listened to this remonstrance with visible marks of fear. He endeavored in few words to clear his own conduct, imputing the whole mischief to the soldiers, whose intemperate zeal was no longer subject to his authority. He advised Martialis to depart through a private part of the house, lest the soldiers in their fury should destroy the negotiator of a peace which they abhorred. He himself remained in his palace, unable to command or to prohibit any measure whatever; a mere phantom of power, no longer emperor, but still the cause of civil dissension.

LXXI. Martialis had no sooner entered the capitol than the Vitellian soldiers appeared before it; no chief to lead them on; all rushing forward with impetuous fury, and every man his own commanding officer. Having passed the forum and the temples¹ that surround it, they marched up the hill that fronts the capitol, and after halting there to form their ranks, advanced in regular order to the gates of the citadel. On the right side of the ascent a range of porticos had been built in ancient times. From the top of those edifices the besieged annoyed the enemy with stones and tiles. The assailants had no weapons but their swords. To wait for warlike engines seemed a tedious delay to men impatient for the assault. They threw flaming torches into the portico nearest at hand; and seeing the destruction made by the devouring flames, were ready to force their way through the gate,² if Sabinus had not thrown into a heap all the statues

1 The forum was surrounded by a number of temples; such as the temple of Fortune, of Jupiter Tonans, of Saturn, the temple of Concord, and several others.

2 The citadel of the capitol, in which was the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, stood near the Tarpeian rock.

that adorned the place, and with those venerable monuments of antiquity blocked up the passage. The Vitellians pushed on the assault in two different quarters; one near the grove of the asylum,¹ and the other near the hundred steps of the Tarpeian rock.² Both attacks were unforeseen. Near the asylum-grove the affair grew serious. On that side of the hill, the houses which had been built during a long peace, were raised as high as the foundation of the capitol. The besiegers climbed to the top of those buildings in spite of every effort to stop their progress. The roofs were immediately set on fire; but whether by the besieged or the besiegers, is uncertain. The current opinion ascribed it to the former. The flame soon reached the contiguous porticos, and in a short time spread to the eagles (a set of pillars so called) that supported the buildings. The wood being old and dry, was so much fuel to increase the fire. In the conflagration that followed, the capitol, with all its gates shut, and neither stormed by the enemy, nor defended by Sabinus, was burned to the ground.

LXXII. From the foundation of the city to that hour the Roman people had felt no calamity so deplorable, no disgrace so humiliating. Without the shock of a foreign enemy, and, if we except the vices of the age, without any particular cause to draw down

1 The *Lucus Asyli* was so called because it was made a sanctuary by Romulus to invite a conflux of foreigners to his new state. It stood between the two rocks of the Capitoline hill, on one of which was built the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus; on the other the temple of Feretrian Jove. Brotier says that in the place of the grove there is now erected the *Piazza del Campidoglio*.

2 The Tarpeian rock, with its hundred steps, was on the west side of the Capitoline hill; and from that eminence malefactors were thrown headlong into the Tiber.

the wrath of heaven, the temple of Jupiter, supreme of gods ; a temple built in ancient times¹ with solemn rites and religious auspices, the pledge of future grandeur ; which neither Porsena, when Rome surrendered to his arms, nor the Gauls, when they took the city by storm, had dared to violate ; that sacred edifice was now demolished by the rage of men contending for a master to reign over them. The capitol, it is true, was once before destroyed by fire during the violence of a civil war ;² but the guilt was then confined to the treachery of a few incendiaries, the madness of evil-minded men. In the present juncture it was besieged with open hostility, and in the face of day involved in flames. And what adequate motive ? what object in view to atone for so wild a frenzy ? Was the sword drawn in the cause of public liberty ?

Tarquinius Priscus, during the war which he waged against the Sabines, bound himself by a vow to build that sacred structure. He afterwards laid the foundation on a plan suggested by his own vast idea of the rising grandeur of the empire, but inconsistent with the circumstances of an infant state. Servius Tullius, assisted by the zeal of the allies of Rome, went on with the work, and after him Tarquin the Proud, with the spoils of Suessa Pometia, added to the magnificence of the building. But the glory of completing the design was reserved for the era of liberty, when kings were deposed and banished for ever. It was

1 When Tarquin the Proud was laying the foundation of a temple the men employed in digging the ground found a human skull ; and this was interpreted to be the pledge of empire, an auspicious omen, that Rome would be the mistress of the world.

2 In the civil war between Sylla and Marius the capitol was destroyed by fire, A. U. C. 671. The Sibylline books perished in the flames. See Appian, Bell. Civ. i.

under the republic that Horatius Pulvillus, in his second consulship, performed the ceremony of dedicating the temple; at that time finished with so much grandeur, that the wealth of after ages could do no more than grace it with new embellishments: to its magnificence nothing could be added. Four hundred and fifteen years afterwards, in the consulship of Lucius Scipio and Caius Norbanus,¹ it was burned to the ground, and again rebuilt on the old foundation. Sylla, who in that juncture had triumphed over all opposition to his arms, undertook the care of the building: the glory of dedicating it would have crowned his felicity; but that honor was reserved for Lutatius Catulus, whose name, amidst so many noble monuments of the Cæsars, remained in legible characters till the days of Vitellius. Such was the sacred building which the madness of the times reduced to ashes.

LXXIII. The fire, when it first began to rage, threw the combatants into the utmost confusion, but on the part of the besieged the distress was greatest. The Vitellian soldiers, in the moment of difficulty, wanted neither skill nor courage. In the opposite party the men were seized with a panic, and the commander had neither spirit nor presence of mind. Benumbed and torpid, he lost his powers of speech, and even the faculties of eyes and ears. No resources in himself, he was deaf to the advice of others. Alarmed by every sudden noise, he went forward; he returned; he ordered what he had forbidden, and countermanded what he had ordered. In this distraction all directed,

¹ Lucius Scipio and Caius Norbanus were consuls, A. U. C. 671. The capitol was then consumed by fire, not however occasioned by an open act of violence, but rather by the hands of clandestine incendiaries. Sylla undertook to rebuild the capitol, but did not dedicate it.

and none obeyed. They threw down their arms, and each man began to shift for himself. They fled; they hid themselves in lurking-places: the Vitellians burst in with fire and sword; a scene of carnage followed. A few gallant spirits made a brave resistance, and perished in the attempt. The most distinguished were Cornelius Martialis, Æmilius Pacensis, Casperius Nigger, and Didius Scæva: all these met their fate with undaunted courage. Flavius Sabinus, without his sword, and not so much as attempting to save himself by flight, was surrounded by a band of the Vitellians. Quintius Atticus, the consul, was also taken prisoner. The ensigns of his magistracy discovered him to the soldiers; and the haughty style in which he had issued several edicts, in their tenor favorable to Vespasian, and injurious to Vitellius, made him an object of resentment. The rest by various stratagems made their escape; some in the disguise of slaves; others assisted by the fidelity of their friends, and by their care concealed under the baggage. A few who had caught the military word by which the Vitellians knew each other used it with confidence in their questions and answers to all that came in their way. The boldness of the experiment saved their lives.

LXXIV. Domitian, on the first irruption of the besiegers, was conveyed to the apartments of the warden of the temple, and there protected till one of his freedmen had the address to conduct him, clad in a linen vestment, amidst the band of sacrificers, to the place called Velabrum, where he lodged him safe under the care of Cornelius Primus, a man firmly attached to Vespasian. Domitian, during the reign of his father, threw down the warden's lodge, and on the same spot built a chapel to Jupiter the Conservator, with a marble altar, on which the story of his escape

was engraved at length. Being afterwards invested with the imperial dignity, he dedicated a magnificent temple to Jupiter the Guardian, and a statue representing the god with the young prince in his arms. Sabinus and Quintus Atticus were conducted in fetters to the presence of Vitellius. He received them without a word of reproach, or so much as an angry look, though the soldiers, with rage and vociferation, insisted on their right to murder both; demanding, at the same time, the reward due to them for their late exploits. The inferior populace with violent uproar called for immediate vengeance on Sabinus, not forgetting to mingle with their fury the language of adulation to Vitellius, who endeavored to address them from the stairs of the palace: but the storm was too outrageous. The mob fell on Sabinus. He died under repeated blows. The assassins cut off his head, and dragged the mangled body to the common charnel.

LXXV. Such was the end of a man who merited a better fate. He had carried arms five-and-thirty years in the service of his country, distinguished by his civil and military conduct. His integrity and love of justice were never questioned. His fault was that of talking too much. In the course of seven years, during which he administered the province of Mœsia, and twelve more, while he was governor of Rome, malice itself could find no other blemish in his character. In the last act of his life he was condemned for inactivity and want of spirit: others saw in his conduct a man of moderation, who wished to prevent the effusion of Roman blood. Before the elevation of Vespasian all agree that he was the head and ornament of his family. That his fall was matter of joy to Mucianus seems well attested. In general his death was considered as an event of public utility, since all emulation between

two men likely to prove dangerous rivals, one as the emperor's brother, and the other as a colleague in power, was now extinguished. The consul, Quintius Atticus, was the next victim demanded by the populace. Vitellius opposed their fury. He thought himself bound in gratitude to protect a man who, being interrogated concerning the destruction of the capitol, avowed himself the author of the misfortune, and by that truth, or well-timed lie, took on himself the whole load of guilt, exonerating the Vitellian party.

LXXVI. During these transactions Lucius Vitellius, having pitched his camp in the neighborhood of Feronia, formed a design to storm the city of Tarracina. The garrison, consisting of marines and gladiators, remained pent up within the walls, not daring to sally out and face the enemy in the open field. The gladiators, as has been mentioned, were under the command of Julianus, and the marines under that of Apollinaris; two men immersed in sloth and luxury, by their vices more like common gladiators than superior officers. No sentinels stationed, no night-watch to prevent a sudden alarm, and no care taken to guard the works, they passed both day and night in drunken jollity. The windings of that delightful coast resounded with notes of joy, and the soldiers were spread about the country to provide for the pleasures of the two commanders, who never thought of war except when it became the subject over their bottle. Apinius Tiro had left the place a few days before, in order to procure supplies for the commanding officers. By exacting presents and contributions from the municipal towns he inflamed the prejudices of the people, gaining ill-will in every quarter, and for his party no accession of strength.

LXXVII. Things remained in this posture when a

slave belonging to Verginius Capito deserted to Lucius Vitellius, with an offer to head a detachment, and by surprise make himself master of the citadel, unprovided as it then was with a sufficient force to guard the works. His proposal was accepted. In the dead of night he set out with a party of light-armed cohorts; and, having gained the summit of the hill, took his station over the heads of the enemy. From that eminence the soldiers poured down with impetuous fury; not to a battle, but to a scene of carnage and destruction. They fell on a defenceless multitude, the greatest part unarmed, some running to snatch up their weapons, others scarce awake, and all thrown into consternation by the general uproar, by the darkness, the clangor of trumpets, and the shouts of the enemy. A few of the gladiators made a brave resistance, and sold their lives at the dearest rate. The rest fled to the ships. Terror and confusion followed them. The peasants of the neighborhood were intermixed with the troops, and all together fell in one promiscuous slaughter. In the beginning of the tumult six light galleys broke loose from their moorings. On board of one of them Apollinaris, the commander of the fleet, made his escape. The rest were either taken, or by the weight of the crowd that rushed on board sunk to the bottom. Julianus was conducted to Lucius Vitellius, and in his presence first ignominiously scourged, and then put to death. Triaria, the wife of Lucius the commanding officer, was accused of exulting with pride and cruelty amidst the carnage that laid waste the city of Tarracina. She is said to have appeared with a sword girt by her side, adding mockery and insult to the horrors of that tragic scene. The general, to mark so brilliant a victory, sent a letter wreathed with laurel to his brother; desiring at the same time to know

whether he should directly march forward to Rome or stay to finish the intire reduction of Campania. The delay was of the greatest moment, not only to Vespasian's party, but to the commonwealth. A fierce and savage soldiery, flushed with success, and to their natural ferocity adding the insolence of victory, had they been immediately led to Rome, would, beyond all doubt, have renewed the war with dreadful havoc, and perhaps the destruction of the city. On such an occasion Lucius Vitellius was an officer to be dreaded. Though his character was decried and infamous, he wanted neither talents nor vigor of mind. Like all who succeed by prosperous wickedness, he had raised himself to eminence; and what good men obtain by their virtues he accomplished by his vices.

LXXVIII. Meanwhile Vespasian's army, inactive ever since their departure from Narnia, loitered away the time at Oriculum, amusing themselves with the celebration of the Saturnalian festival. To wait for the arrival of Mucianus was the ostensible reason for this ill-timed delay. Motives of a different nature were imputed to Antonius. Vitellius, it was said, had tampered with him by letters, and to entice him from his party promised the consulship, and his daughter in marriage, with a splendid fortune. With a considerable number this accusation had no kind of weight. They treated it as a mere calumny, the invention of artful men, who wished to pay their court to Mucianus. Many were of opinion that the whole was a deliberate plan, settled by all the general officers, who rather chose to alarm the city of Rome with distant terrors than to carry desolation within the walls; especially since the strongest cohorts had abandoned Vitellius, and that prince, left as he was without hopes of succor, would probably end the contest by a volun-

tary abdication. This design, however wise and prudent, was defeated, at first by the rashness, and in the end by the irresolution, of Sabinus. That officer had taken up arms with a show of courage, and yet was not able, against so small a force as three cohorts, to defend the capitol; a fortress strong enough to stand the shock of powerful armies, and always deemed impregnable. But the truth is, where all were guilty of misconduct, the blame cannot well be fixed on any one in particular. Mucianus, by the studied ambiguity of his letters, checked the progress of the victorious army; and Antonius, by obsequious compliances, or perhaps with a design to blacken the character of Mucianus, was willing to incur the imputation of inactivity. The rest of the officers concluded hastily that the war was ended, and by that mistake occasioned all the disasters that closed the scene. Even Petilius Cerealis, who had been sent forward at the head of a thousand horse, with orders to proceed by rapid marches through the country of the Sabines, and to enter Rome by the Salarian road, did not push on with vigor. The chiefs heard at last that the capitol was besieged; and that intelligence roused them from their lethargy.

LXXIX. Antonius in the night time made a forward movement towards the city of Rome. He pursued the Flaminian road, and by a forced march arrived at the Red Rocks; but the mischief had already happened. At that place he received intelligence that Sabinus was murdered; that the capitol lay smoking on the ground; that the populace, joined by the slaves, had taken up arms for Vitellius; and that all Rome was wild with consternation. At the same time Petilius Cerealis met with a defeat. That general, despising an enemy whom he considered as already conquered, advanced incautiously to attack a party of

horse and infantry. The battle was fought at a small distance from Rome, at a place where the land was divided into gardens, intersected by narrow roads, and covered with buildings; a spot well known to the Vitellians, but to men unacquainted with the defiles every way disadvantageous. Nor did the cavalry under Cerealis act with unanimity or equal ardor. They had among them a party of the men who laid down their arms at Narnia, and all of that description waited to see the issue of the battle. Tullius Flavianus, who commanded a squadron of Vespasian's horse, was taken prisoner. The rest fled with precipitation. The conquering troops pursued the runaways as far as Fidenæ.

LXXX. The success of the Vitellians in this engagement inspired the partisans at Rome with new courage. The populace had recourse to arms. A few were provided with shields; the rest snatched up whatever weapons fell in their way. With one voice they demanded the signal for the attack. Vitellius commended their zeal, and ordered them to exert themselves in the defence of the city. In the mean time he convened the senate. The fathers sent ambassadors to the several chiefs, with instructions to propose in the name of the commonwealth a plan of pacification. The deputies chosen for this purpose were variously received. In the camp of Petilius Cerealis they were in danger of their lives. The soldiers disdained all terms of accommodation, and in their fury attacked the ambassadors. The pretor Arulenus Rusticus was wounded. By this outrage the rights of ambassadors were violated, and, in the personal dignity of the man, virtue itself was insulted. The attendants in his train were obliged to fly. The lictor who attempted to open a passage through the crowd was murdered on the

spot; and if the guard appointed by Cerealis had not interposed in time, the law of nations, ever respected by the most hostile states, had been trampled under foot, and the ambassadors, in the face of their country, under the very walls of Rome, must have fallen victims to the brutal rage of frantic men. The deputies who went to the camp of Antonius met with a more gentle reception; but were indebted for it, not to the pacific temper of the soldiers, but to the authority of the commander-in-chief.

LXXXI. It happened that Musonius Rufus, a Roman knight, followed in the train of the ambassadors. He professed himself devoted to the study of philosophy, and in particular to the doctrines of the stoic sect. Full of his boasted system, he mixed among the soldiers, and reasoning much concerning good and evil, began a dissertation on the blessings of peace and the calamities of war. Men under arms, and fierce with victory, were not likely to relish a moral lecture. His pedantry tired the patience of the soldiers, and became a subject of ridicule. The philosopher was in danger of being roughly treated if the advice of the more considerate, and the menaces of others, had not taught him to suppress his ill-timed maxims of wisdom.

The vestal virgins¹ went in procession to the camp, with letters from Vitellius addressed to Antonius, in substance requesting a cessation of arms for a single day. In the interval a compromise might take place, and prevent the havoc of a decisive action. The vestal train received every mark of respect. An answer in

¹ The procession of the Vestal virgins is mentioned by Suetonius, in Vitel. § 16. They received for answer, that by the murder of Sabinus, and the fire of the capitol, all negotiation was inadmissible.

writing was sent to Vitellius, informing him that the murder of Sabinus and the destruction of the capitol made all terms of accommodation inadmissible.

LXXXII. Antonius, in the mean time, called an assembly of the soldiers, and in a soothing speech endeavored to infuse into their minds a spirit of moderation. He advised them to encamp at the Milvian bridge, and not to think of entering Rome till the next day. An enraged soldiery, forcing their way sword in hand, he had reason to fear would rush on with impetuous fury, and give no quarter to the people or the senate. Even the temples and altars of the gods might fall in one promiscuous ruin. But the impatience of the army was not to be restrained. Eager for victory, they thought themselves ruined by delay. A display of colors and ensigns was seen glittering on the hills, followed indeed by an undisciplined rabble; but the appearance announced the preparations of an enemy. The conquerors advanced in three divisions; the first from their station on the Flaminian road; the second marched along the banks of the Tiber; and the third towards the gate Collina, by the Salarian way. On the first onset the mob was put to flight by the cavalry. The Vitellian soldiers ranged themselves in three columns. The entrance of the city was obstinately disputed. Several sharp engagements followed before the walls with various success, but for the most part favorable to Vespasian's men, supported as they were by able officers. A party wheeled round to the left side of the city, towards the Sallustian gardens, and being engaged in slippery and narrow passes, were roughly handled. The Vitellians had taken possession of the gardens, and from the tops of the walls were able, with stones and spears, to annoy the troops beneath them. The advantage was on their side, till,

towards the close of day, a party of Vespasian's cavalry forced their way through the Collinian gate, and fell on the enemy in the rear. A battle was also fought in the Field of Mars. The good fortune that hitherto attended Vespasian's cause gave him a decided victory. The Vitellians fought with obstinacy to the last. Despair lent them courage. Though dispersed and routed, they rallied within the walls of the city, and once more returned to the charge.

LXXXIII. The people flocked in crowds to behold the conflict, as if a scene of carnage were no more than a public spectacle exhibited for their amusement. Whenever they saw the advantage inclining to either side, they favored the combatants with shouts and theatrical applause. If the men fled from their ranks to take shelter in shops or houses, they roared to have them dragged forth, and put to death like gladiators for their diversion. While the soldiers were intent on slaughter these miscreants were employed in plundering. The greatest part of the booty fell to their share. Rome presented a scene truly shocking; a medley of savage slaughter and monstrous vice: in one place war and desolation; in another, bathing, riot, and debauchery. Heaps of slain lay weltering in the streets, and blood flowed in torrents, while abandoned women wandered about with impudence. Whatever the libidinous passions can inspire in the hour of peace was intermixed with all the horrors of war, of slaughter, and destruction. The whole city seemed to be inflamed with frantic rage, and at the same time intoxicated with bacchanalian pleasures. Before this period Rome had seen enraged armies within her walls; twice under Sylla,¹ and

¹ Speaking of the wars of Cinna and Sylla, Florus says,

once after the victory obtained by Cinna. On those occasions the same barbarity was committed; but the unnatural security and inhuman indifference that now prevailed were beyond all example. In the midst of rage and massacre pleasure knew no intermission. A dreadful carnage seemed to be a spectacle added to the public games. The populace enjoyed the havoc; they exulted in the midst of devastation; and without any regard for the contending parties triumphed over the miseries of their country.

LXXXIV. Vespasian's party had now conquered every thing but the camp.¹ That difficult and arduous task still remained. The bravest of the Vitellians were still in possession. They considered it as their last resort, and were therefore determined to make a vigorous stand. The conquering troops advanced with determined fury to the attack, and the old pretorian cohorts with inflamed resentment. Whatever the military art had invented against places of the greatest strength was employed by the assailants. They advanced under the shell; they threw up mounds; they discharged missive weapons and flaming torches: 'all declaring aloud, that one glorious effort would put an end to their toil and danger. To the senate and people of Rome they had restored their city, and to the gods their altars and their temples. It now remained to gain possession of the camp, the soldier's post of honor, his country, and the seat of his household gods.

'The last grievous calamity that befell the Romans was a war waged by parricides within the walls of Rome, in which citizens were engaged against citizens, with the rage of gladiators exhibiting a spectacle in the forum.'

1 The camp of the pretorian guards, a little way out of the city of Rome, first devised by Sejanus in the time of Tiberius; *Annals*, iv. 2.

They must either carry the intrenchments by assault or pass the night under arms.' The spirit of the Vitellians was broken, but not subdued. To sell the victory at the dearest rate, and delay the return of peace, was the last effort of expiring rage; and to stain the houses and altars with an effusion of blood was the last consolation of despair. The towers and ramparts were covered with heaps of slain. The gates of the camp were forced. The few that still survived had the courage to maintain their post. They fell under honorable wounds, prodigal of life, and to the last tenacious of glory.

LXXXV. Vitellius, seeing the city conquered, went in a litter by a private way at the back of the palace to his wife's house on Mount Aventine, with intent, if he could lie concealed during the rest of the day, to fly for refuge to his brother and the cohorts under his command at Tarracina. His natural irresolution returned on him. He dreaded every thing, and, with the usual distraction of fear, what was present alarmed him most. He returned to his palace, and found it a melancholy desert. His slaves had made their escape, or shunned the presence of their master. Silence added to the terror of the scene. He opened the doors of his apartments, and stood aghast at the dreary solitude. All was desolation round him. He wandered from room to room till his heart sunk within him. Weary at length of his wretched condition, he chose a disgraceful lurking-place, and there lay hid with abject fear, till Julius Placidus, the tribune of a cohort, dragged him forth. With his hands bound behind him, and his garment torn, he was conducted, a wretched spectacle, through crowds insulting his distress, and not a friend to pity his misfortunes. A catastrophe so mean and despicable moved no passion but contempt.

A German soldier,¹ either in wrath, or to end his misery, struck at him with his sabre, and missing his aim, cut off the ear of a tribune. Whether his design was against that officer cannot now be known. For his attempt he perished on the spot. Vitellius was dragged along amidst the scoffs and insults of the rabble. With swords pointed at his throat they forced him to raise his head, and expose his countenance to scorn and derision: they made him look at his statues tumbling to the ground; they pointed to the place of public harangues, and showed him the spot where Galba perished. In this manner they hurried him to the charnel,² where the body of Flavius Sabinus had been thrown amongst the vilest malefactors. An expression fell from him, in the last extremity, that bespoke a mind not utterly destitute of sentiment. A tribune insulted him in his misery; 'And yet,' said Vitellius, 'I have been your sovereign.' He died soon after under repeated wounds. The populace, who had worshipped him in the zenith of his power, continued after his death, with the same depravity, to treat his remains with every mark of scorn and insolence.

LXXXVI. He was the son, as already mentioned, of Lucius Vitellius, and had completed the fifty-seventh year of his age. He rose to the consulship, to pontifical dignities, and a name and rank amongst the most eminent citizens, without industry or personal merit. The splendid reputation of the father laid open

1 Dio relates this incident with a small variance. According to him the German soldier said, 'I will give you the best assistance in my power;' and thereon he stabbed Vitellius, and despatched himself; Dio, lxxv.

2 Gemoniæ, the charnel of malefactors. See Suet. in Vitel. § 7.

the road to honors for the son.¹ The men who raised him to the imperial dignity did not so much as know him. By his vices and luxurious ease he gained an ascendant over the affections of the army, to a degree rarely attained by the virtue of the ablest generals. Simplicity, frankness, and generosity, must not be denied to him; but those qualities, when not under the curb of discretion, are always equivocal, and often ruinous. He endeavored to conciliate friendships, not by his virtues, but by boundless liberality, and no wonder if he missed his aim: he deserved friends, but never had them. That his power should be overturned was, no doubt, the interest of the commonwealth; but the men who figured in that important scene could claim no merit with Vespasian, since with equal versatility they had been traitors to Galba.

The day being far spent, and the fathers and chief magistrates having either fled from the city in a panic, or concealed themselves in the houses of their friends, the senate could not be assembled. The rage of slaughter being appeased, and all hostilities ceasing, Domitian presented himself before the leaders of the party. He was saluted by the title of Cæsar, and a band of soldiers under arms conducted him to his father's house.

¹ Vitellius owed much to the illustrious name of his father; but it appears that he advanced himself in the road to honors by the obsequious arts which he practised under Caligula, Claudius, and Nero. See Suetonius in Vitel. § 4.

BOOK IV.

CHAP. I. **THOUGH** the war, by the death of Vitellius, was completely ended, peace was by no means established. The victorious troops, with minds envenomed, fierce and unrelenting, continued prowling about the streets of Rome in quest of the Vitellians. Every part of the city presented a scene of carnage; the forum and the temples were dyed with blood, and all who fell in the way of the conquerors were put to the sword without distinction. From the streets and public places the soldiers rushed into private houses, and in their fury dragged forth the unhappy victims. Whoever was grown up to manhood, citizen or soldier, was butchered on the spot. The fury of the men was at length glutted with blood, and the love of plunder succeeded. Nothing was suffered to remain concealed, nothing unviolated. Under color of detecting the partisans of Vitellius they broke open every secret recess in quest of booty. Houses were pillaged, and all who attempted to resist died by the edge of the sword. The vile and indigent joined in the fray; slaves discovered the wealth of their masters; and numbers suffered by the treachery of their friends. The groans of despair were heard in every quarter, and Rome was filled with all the horrors of a city taken by storm. In comparison with the present barbarity, the people regretted the licentiousness of the Othonian and Vitellian soldiers. The leading chiefs who had succeeded so well in kindling the flame of war had now no authority to check the insolence of victory. In the hour of tumult and public distraction the bold and despe-

rate take the lead ; peace and good order are the work of virtue and ability.

II. Domitian fixed his residence in the imperial palace, enjoying the name of Cæsar, but without aspiring to a share in the cares of government. Riot and debauchery gave the first impression of the emperor's son. The command of the pretorian bands was assigned to Arrius Varus, while the supreme authority rested with Antonius ; who, in haste to enrich himself, seized the treasure and the slaves of the prince, as if they were the spoils of Cremona. The other officers, who, through their own moderation or want of spirit, were undistinguished during the war, remained in obscurity, unnoticed and unrewarded. The people, still in consternation, and ready to crouch in servitude, expressed their wishes that Lucius Vitellius, then advancing with the cohorts from Tarracina, might be intercepted on his march, in order by that blow to end the war. The cavalry was sent forward to Aricia, and the legions took their stations at Bovillæ. But Lucius Vitellius was no longer disposed to maintain the conflict. He and his cohorts surrendered at discretion. The soldiers, abandoning an unfortunate cause, laid down their arms with indignation rather than fear. They entered the city of Rome in a long dismal procession, guarded on each side by a file of troops under arms. In their looks no sign of repentance, no dejected passion ; they retained an air of ferocity, and heard the taunts of the vulgar with sullen contempt. A few broke from their ranks to repress the insolence of the populace, but were overpowered by numbers. The rest were secured in prison. Not a word escaped from any of them unworthy of their warlike character. They were unfortunate, but still respected for their valor. Lucius Vitellius was put to death. In vice and profli-

gacy he was equal to his brother ; in vigor and industry his superior ; by the splendor of success no way benefited ; in the day of adversity a sharer in the general ruin.

III. Campania was still in agitation. The disturbances in that country were not so much occasioned by a spirit of opposition to the new prince as by the internal dissensions of the municipal cities, all at variance among themselves. To compose those differences and restore public tranquillity Lucilius Bassus¹ was despatched with a party of light-armed cavalry. On the first appearance of a military force a perfect calm succeeded. The cities of inferior note were treated with indulgence ; but the third legion was stationed in winter-quarters at Capua, in order to bridle the principal families, who by consequence felt the weight of oppression. To the sufferers at Tarracina no relief was extended ; so true it is, that men are more willing to retaliate an injury than to requite an obligation :² obligation implies a debt, which is a painful sensation : by a stroke of revenge something is thought to be gained. The people of Tarracina saw the slave of Verginius Capito, who, as already mentioned, betrayed them to the enemy, hanging on a gibbet, with the rings on his fingers which he received from Vitellius as the reward of his perfidy. That act of justice was all that was done to assuage the sorrows of a city in distress.

At Rome, in the mean time, the senate, conceiving hopes of the new establishment, decreed to Vespasian

¹ For Lucilius Bassus, see Hist. ii. 100 ; iii. 12.

² We have here a severe reflection, but fatally founded in truth. Seneca speaks to the same purpose. Hobbes, the philosopher of Malmsbury, seems to have had his eye on Tacitus when he says : ' Benefits oblige, and obligation is thralldom : and unrequitable obligation perpetual thralldom, which is hateful ;' Leviath. p. 48.

all the honors which custom had hitherto granted to the reigning prince. The flame of war which first broke out in Spain and Gaul, and after spreading into Germany and Illyricum, blazed out in Egypt, Judea, and Syria, involving the several provinces and armies of the empire, seemed at length, by a severe lustration, to have expiated the crimes of mankind. The joy occasioned by that pleasing prospect was heightened by letters from Vespasian, though by the contents it did not appear that he knew the issue of the war. As if that event had not yet reached his ear, he wrote in the style and language of an emperor: of himself he spoke with moderation; of the commonwealth with pomp and dignity. Nor was the senate backward in demonstrations of obsequious duty. They decreed the consulship to Vespasian and his son Titus. Domitian was made pretor with consular authority.

IV. Mucianus had also thought fit to write to the senate. His letters gave room for various reflections. Men observed if he was still a private citizen, why aspire above his rank,¹ and usurp the prerogative of the sovereign? What he had to communicate might have been reserved till he took his seat in the senate. His strain of invective against Vitellius came too late, and after that emperor's death gave no proof of ardor in the cause of liberty. His vainglorious boast, that having the sovereign power in his own disposal, he resigned it to Vespasian, was deemed an insult to the commonwealth, and as far as it related to the prince, highly arrogant. But the senate acted with dissimulation: they murmured in private, and spoke aloud the language of flattery. They decreed trium-

¹ Mucianus assumed a character above the rank of a private citizen, when he took on him to address the consuls and the senate.

phal decorations to Mucianus, in fact for his conduct in the civil war; but his expedition against the Sarmatians¹ was the ostensible reason. The consular ornaments were voted to Antonius Primus, and the pretorian to Cornelius Fuscus and Arrius Varus.

The gratitude due to the gods was the next object of their care. They resolved to rebuild the capitol. The several motions were made by Valerius Asiaticus, consul elect. The fathers in general signified their assent by a nod of approbation, or by holding up their hands. A few, who valued themselves for their rank and dignity, or, by their eloquence, were able to give new graces to adulation, made elaborate speeches. Helvidius Priscus, pretor elect, delivered his sentiments in a manly strain. His speech was the panegyric of a virtuous prince without a tincture of flattery. He was heard with applause by the whole assembly; and yet that day, so truly illustrious, may be called the first of his danger as well as his glory.

V. As we shall have frequent occasion in the course of our history to speak of this excellent man,² it may be proper in this place to touch the features of his character, his conduct in life, and the fortune that attended him. Helvidius Priscus was born in the municipal city of Tarracina. His father, Cluvius, was a centurion of principal rank. Blessed with talents and an early genius, Helvidius applied himself to

¹ Triumphs and triumphal ornaments were never granted for a victory over Roman citizens. For that reason, some advantage which Mucianus had gained over the Sarmatians served as a pretext.

² Helvidius Priscus has been mentioned, *Annals*, xvi. 35. As Cluvius was his father, it follows that he was adopted by a person of the name of Helvidius Priscus. Lipsius thinks it was by Helvidius mentioned *Annals*, xii. 49, who at that time served in Asia in the capacity of military tribune.

speculations of the sublimest kind ; not with a design, as many have done, to grace a life of indolence with the name of abstract philosophy, but to bring with him into public business a mind provided with science, and prepared to meet every danger. He adopted the tenets of those philosophers who maintain that nothing can be deemed an evil but vice ; and nothing a positive good but what is fair and honorable ; who place in the class of things indifferent all external advantages ; and consider power, wealth, and nobility, as foreign to the soul, mere adventitious circumstances, in themselves equivocal, neither good nor evil. He had risen no higher than the questorian rank, when Pætus Thrasea gave him his daughter in marriage. Of all the virtues of his father-in-law, he imbibed none so deeply as the spirit of liberty which animated that extraordinary man. He performed the relative duties of every station with the strictest attention ; citizen, senator, husband, friend, and son-in-law, he discharged all parts with equal lustre ; despising riches ; in the cause of truth inflexible ; and when danger threatened, erect and firm.

VI. The love of fame was by some objected to him as his strongest motive, his ruling passion. But the love of fame, it should be remembered, is often the incentive of the wise and good, the great principle of the noble mind, and the last which it resigns.¹ When his father-in-law fell a victim to his enemies, Helvidius was driven into exile ; but being afterwards recalled by Galba,² he stood forth the accuser of Eprius

1 When the love of honest fame becomes the ruling passion, good men are unwilling to resign it : and accordingly we often see it displayed in the last act of their lives.

2 Helvidius was banished by Nero, *Annals*, xvi. 35. He returned to Rome among the exiles whom Galba restored to their country. See *Hist.* ii, 92.

Marcellus, the informer who wrought the downfall of Pætus Thrasea. By that vindictive measure, as bold as it was just, the senate was divided into contending factions. The ruin of Marcellus, it was clearly seen, would draw after it the whole legion of informers. The cause however went on, supported on both sides with equal ardor and consummate eloquence. Galba balanced between the parties, and the leading senators interposed to end the contest. At their request Helvidius desisted from the prosecution. His conduct as usual underwent various constructions; some commending the moderation of his temper, while others condemned him for his want of firmness. The day at length arrived when the senate met¹ to confirm the imperial dignity to Vespasian. It was agreed that deputies should be sent to congratulate the prince on his accession. In the debate on this occasion a sharp conflict ensued between Helvidius Priscus and Eprius Marcellus. The former proposed that the ambassadors should be named by magistrates sworn for the purpose. The latter was for drawing the names by lot, as had been proposed by Valerius Asiaticus, the consul elect, who first moved in the business.

VII. Marcellus contended the point with force and vehemence. If an open election took place he dreaded the disgrace of being rejected. The dispute at first was carried on in short, but passionate onsets; from altercation it rose to the form of regular speeches. ‘Why,’ said Helvidius, ‘does Marcellus decline the judgment of the magistrates? The influence of wealth is on his side; the fame of eloquence gives him great

¹ The decree of the senate, by which the imperial prerogative was vested in the emperor, is usually called *Lex Regia*. Brotier says that the law passed in favor of Vespasian is still extant on a table of brass, carefully preserved at Rome.

advantages; but perhaps the memory of his guilt is not yet effaced. By drawing names out of an urn, no distinction of character is made. The mode of open suffrages is an appeal to the judgment of the senate, and in that way of proceeding the fame and morals of men are brought to the test. It is for the interest of the community, and the honor of the prince, that such as approach him on such an important event should be chosen with discrimination; men of fair integrity, who are known to carry with them sentiments and principles worthy of the imperial ear. Vespasian had been heretofore in habits of friendship with Thræsea, with Soranus, and Sentius;¹ and if the informers who ruined those excellent men are not to suffer the punishment due to their crimes, let them not expect in the opening of a new reign to play the first characters in the state. By the choice of the senate, the prince would see a line of distinction between the men whom he may safely trust, and such as deserve to be removed for ever from his presence. Virtuous friends are the true support of an upright government. Marcellus may rest satisfied with the exploits of his life: he incited Nero to the murder of the most illustrious citizens; that was his victory: let him enjoy the rewards of his guilt; let him triumph with impunity; but let him leave Vespasian to better men than himself.'

VIII. Marcellus observed in reply, 'that the motion, which was opposed with so much warmth, did not originate with himself. It was proposed by the consul elect, in conformity to ancient precedents,² by

1 Who Sentius was does not appear. Brotier thinks there is a mistake in the text, and that the true reading is Seneca, with whom Vespasian was probably connected in friendship.

2 Ambassadors and deputies sent on particular occasions

which, to prevent intrigue and cabal, the choice of ambassadors had been wisely left to be decided by lot. And is there now any reason to warrant a departure from a system so long established, with intent, under color of doing honor to the prince, to give a stab to the character of individuals? To pay due homage to the prince was competent to all without distinction. The danger to be apprehended at present is, that by the sullen humor of discontented men an impression may be made on the mind of an emperor new to the cares of state, and for that reason jealous of all, balancing their words, and forming a judgment of their looks and most frivolous actions. For himself, he knew the temper of the times in which he lived; nor was he a stranger to the form of government established by the old republic: he admired the past, and submitted to the present system, wishing at all times for a race of virtuous princes, but willing to acquiesce under the worst. The fall of Thræsea could not with any color of reason be imputed to him: the fathers heard the cause, and pronounced judgment against him. Nero it was well known amused mankind with a show of justice, while under the forms of law he practised the most unrelenting cruelty. Nor did others suffer more by the pains and penalties of exile than he himself had felt from the dangerous friendship of that emperor. Let Helvidius, if he will have it so, be ranked with Cato and with Brutus; in courage and unshaken fortitude let him rival those exalted worthies: for himself, he pretended to be no more than one of that very senate which submitted with passive obedience to the reigning prince. But if he might presume to advise Helvidius, he would caution him not to aspire

were generally chosen by ballot, as appears in Cicero ad Atticum, i. 17.

above his sovereign, nor affect with airs of superior wisdom to give dogmatical lessons to a prince advanced in years, who had gained triumphal honors, and was the father of two princes flourishing in the prime of life. For though it be true that despotic power is the constant aim of the worst princes; it is equally true that liberty without due limitations is never agreeable even to the best.' Such were the arguments urged on both sides. The fathers heard the debate with divided sentiments. The party that inclined to the old practice of drawing the names by lot prevailed in the end, supported as they were by the most illustrious members, who foresaw the danger of giving umbrage to numbers, if the choice was decided by a majority of voices.

IX. This debate was followed by another no less warm and spirited. The pretors, who at that time conducted the department of the treasury, after giving a gloomy picture of the distress and poverty of the state, proposed a plan of public economy. The consul elect opposed the motion. 'The business,' he said, 'was in itself of so much magnitude, and the remedy so nice and difficult, that the question ought to be reserved for the consideration of the prince.' Helvidius Priscus was of a contrary opinion. To make new regulations he contended was the duty and the province of the senate. The consuls put the question, and were proceeding to collect the votes, when Volcatius Tertullinus, a tribune of the people, interposed his authority, that in so arduous a business nothing might be determined in the absence of the emperor. Helvidius had moved another resolution, importing that the capitol should be rebuilt by the public, with the voluntary aid of Vespasian. No debate ensued. Men of moderation wished to give their silent negative, and con-

sign the motion to oblivion : but certain busy memories hoarded it up for a future day.¹

X. Musonius Rufus took this opportunity to fall on Publius Celer, whom he charged with having by false testimony taken away the life of Bareas Soranus. A prosecution of this kind tended to revive the resentments of the public against the whole race of informers ; but an offender so vile and so detested could not be screened from justice. The memory of Soranus was held in veneration, and in the conduct of Celer there were circumstances that aggravated his crime. Professing to be a teacher of wisdom and philosophy, he took up the trade of an informer. He affected to explain the laws of friendship, and in open violation of his own rules, became a traitor to the pupil whom it was his duty to protect. The cause was appointed to be heard at the next meeting of the senate. In the mean time the minds of men were eager with expectation, not only to see Musonius and Publius Celer engaged in a public controversy, but also to behold Helvidius Priscus returning to the charge against Eprius Marcellus, and the rest of that detested crew.

XI. In this distracted state of affairs, when the senate was divided into factions ; when a ruined party still breathed resentment, and the conquerors were without authority ; when no law was in force, and no sovereign at the head of the government ; Mucianus entered the city, and soon engrossed into his own hands the whole power of the state. The influence of Antonius, with that of Arrius Varus, vanished at once.

¹ Helvidius contended for the independency of the senate. His enemies took care to store that circumstance in their minds for a future day. The ruin of this excellent man was the disgrace of Vespasian's reign. See Appendix to Hist. v. 22.

Mucianus harboring secret animosity, amused them with a specious show of friendship; but a fair face could not disguise the malice of his heart. The people of Rome, ever quick to discern the spirit of parties, transferred their homage to Mucianus. He was now the rising sun. All degrees and ranks of men paid court to him alone. Mucianus on his part omitted nothing that could add to the grandeur of his appearance. He appeared in public attended by guards: he removed from one palace to another, and resorted to different gardens; his train, his equipage, and his pompous display announced the ambition of the man. He assumed the majesty of empire, renouncing the title only. His first act of power struck a general terror. He ordered Calpurnius Galerianus to be put to death. The unfortunate victim was the son of Caius Piso. His popularity, his youth, and the graces of his person, were his only crimes. In a city like Rome, still in agitation, prone to change, and listening with greedy ears to every rumor, Calpurnius was marked out by the discourse of shallow politicians, as a person likely to succeed to the sovereign power. By order of Mucianus he was taken into custody, and under a military guard conveyed to a place forty miles distant on the Appian road. His veins were there opened, and he bled to death. Mucianus did not choose to hazard so tragical a scene in the city of Rome. Julius Priscus, who commanded the pretorian bands under Vitellius, without any urgent necessity, but conscious of various iniquities, despatched himself with his own hand. Alphenus Varus preferred a life of disgrace and infamy. Asiaticus the freedman suffered the punishment of common slaves, and by that ignominious end made atonement for the abuse of his ill-gotten power.

XII. About this period the report which had prevailed for some time of a dreadful defeat in Germany

was confirmed by fresh advices. The news made no impression at Rome. Men talked with calm indifference of the revolt of the provinces in Gaul, in the slaughter of armies, and of legions stormed in their winter-quarters. Distant events were not considered as calamities. The flame of war being kindled in Germany, the occasion requires that we here explain the causes of that convulsion, which involved the allies of Rome, and armed whole nations of barbarians against the Roman empire.

The Batavians, while they dwelt beyond the Rhine, were a part of the people called Cattians. Driven from their native country by intestine commotions, they settled on a waste tract of land bordering on the confines of Gaul, and at the same time took possession of an island washed at the northern extremity by the ocean, and at the back and on both sides by two branches of the Rhine. They formed a treaty of alliance with the Romans, and did not suffer by their friendship. A supply of men and arms was the whole of their contribution. In the wars in Germany they learned to be soldiers. They passed afterwards into Britain, under the command of their own chiefs (according to their peculiar custom), and added new laurels to their former fame. In their own country they maintained a chosen body of cavalry, so expert in the art of swimming, that in whole squadrons, incumbered with their arms, and moving in regular order, they could dash across the current of the Rhine.

XIII. The leading chieftains of the nation were Julius Paulus and Claudius Civilis, both of royal descent. The former under a false charge of rebellion was put to death by Fonteius Capito. Civilis was sent in irons to be disposed of by Nero: Galba released him from his fetters. Under Vitellius, he was again

in danger from the fury of the Roman soldiers, who called aloud for his execution. Hence his hatred of the Roman name, and his hopes of success founded on the distractions of the empire. Disfigured by the loss of an eye, he took occasion from that blemish to call himself a second Sertorius, or another Hannibal. Politic beyond the reach of barbarians, he wished to avoid an open rupture with Rome, and to that end affected to espouse the cause of Vespasian. To this conduct some color was given by the letters which he received from Antonius, directing him to make a diversion in Germany, in order to prevent the succor of the legions expected by Vitellius. Hordeonius Flaccus gave the same order in person. That general was a friend to Vespasian's cause, but chiefly zealous in the cause of his country. If such prodigious numbers made an irruption into Italy, he trembled for the fate of the empire.

XIV. Civilis had taken his resolution to throw off the yoke. With a bold, but concealed plan of ambition, he looked forward to future contingencies, and took his measures in the following manner. By order of Vitellius new levies were to be made, and the youth of Batavia was to be called out. This expedient, harsh in itself, was rendered still more so by the avarice and profligacy of the Roman officers. By their direction the aged and infirm were pressed into the service, in order to extort from them a stipulated price for their dismissal. Boys of tender years, but advanced in their growth (as is generally the case in that country), were dragged away and much ill used. Hence murmurs, jealousies, and grievous complaints. The leaders of the conspiracy saw their opportunity, and by their advice the people refused to be enrolled. Civilis, under the pretext of a convivial

meeting, drew together the prime nobility and the bravest of the nation to a banquet¹ in a sacred grove. At a late hour, when wine and midnight revelry had inflamed their spirits, he took occasion to expatiate on the fame and military exploits of the Batavians, artfully making a transition to the sufferings of his countrymen, the depredations of the Romans, and the cruel tyranny under which the nation groaned. ‘Rome,’ he said, ‘no longer treats us as allies and friends: we are reduced to the vilest bondage. The commanders of legions were wont to come among us with their train of attendants, always a grievous burden: but even that honor is now withheld. We are turned over to centurions and subaltern officers. Those petty tyrants are no sooner enriched with plunder and pampered with our blood, than they are recalled to make way for new oppressors. Rapacity follows in succession; and to varnish their guilt, new expedients are found, and new names for extortion. A project is now on foot to recruit their armies, and for that purpose the country must be drained of inhabitants; sons must be torn from their parents, and brothers from their brothers. And yet the Romans were never at any period in so feeble a condition. Behold their winter-quarters: besides their old men and their stores of plunder, what have they to exhibit to our view? Dare to lift your eyes, and you will see the phantom of an army, mere nominal legions. Our forces are in vigor: we have both infantry and cavalry: the Germans are our kinsmen; the Gauls think as we do:

1 The barbarians consulted about the operations of war at their carousing festivals, and frequently in their sacred groves. See the Manners of the Germans, § 9. 22. Brotier thinks the wood where Civilis held his convention was between the Rhine and the Mosa (the Meuse), at a place called Dooden-Werd.

and even the Romans themselves invite us to the war. If we fail, our zeal for Vespasian will plead our excuse ; if we succeed, victory gives no account of her actions.'

XV. This speech was received with shouts of approbation. Civilis, taking advantage of the impression he had made, bound them all in a solemn league, with oaths and imprecations, according to the custom of barbarians. Deputies were sent to the Caninefates to invite them into the confederacy. That nation occupies part of the island, in their origin, their manners, language, and military virtue equal to the Batavians, but inferior in point of numbers. The Batavian cohorts formerly sent to serve in Britain, as already mentioned, returned from that expedition, and were quartered at Magontiacum. By secret practices Civilis engaged them in a revolt. The leading chieftain among the Caninefates was known by the name of Brinno ; a man of brutal and ferocious bravery, and by his birth illustrious. His father had been often in arms against the Romans, and after many signal exploits, laughed at the ridiculous expedition and the mock triumph of Caligula. The descendant of a rebel family wanted no recommendation to his countrymen. Brinno was placed on a shield according to the custom of the nation, and being carried in triumph on the shoulders of the men, was declared commander-in-chief. He was soon after joined by the Frisians, a people beyond the Rhine. With this reinforcement he found means to storm the winter-quarters of two cohorts, which, except the extremity next to the sea, lay open and defenceless. The assault was not foreseen, nor were the Romans in force to maintain their post. The camp was taken and pillaged. The victuallers and Roman traders who had spread themselves over the country

were the next victims. That the castles and forts built along the coast might not fall into the hands of the enemy, the Roman officers, seeing an attack intended, ordered them all to be burned to the ground. Aquillius, a principal centurion, collected together all the colors and standards, and, with the remnant of his forces, chose a station on the upper part of the island, exhibiting rather the name than the strength of an army. The flower of the cohorts had been drawn away by Vitellius, and to fill up the companies, a set of raw recruits from the neighboring villages of the Nervians and Germans were compelled to take up arms. But arms in the hands of men not inured to discipline were an unwieldy burden.

XVI. Civilis, still thinking it his interest to disguise his real intentions, complained aloud of the Roman officers who had deserted their posts. With the cohort under his command he would undertake to quell the insurrection of the Caninefates: the Romans therefore would do well to return to their quarters. The policy of this advice was too apparent. The cohorts, dispersed and weakened by division, might fall an easy prey; and from various circumstances which the martial spirit of the Germans could not suppress, it soon transpired that Civilis, and not Brinno, was at the head of the revolt. At length that enterprising chief, finding that he gained nothing by his wily arts, resolved to throw off the mask. He drew up his army in three divisions, consisting of the Caninefates, the Frisians, and Batavians, all distinguished by their proper colors and standards. The Romans appeared in order of battle on the banks of the Rhine, while their ships, which, after setting fire to the forts and castles had been collected together, advanced up the river to second the operations of the army. A battle

ensued, and had not lasted long when a cohort of Tungrians, with their ensigns displayed, went over to Civilis. By this unexpected treachery the Roman army was thrown into confusion. The soldiers found themselves beset on every side. They were slaughtered by their friends and enemies. Nor did the fleet behave with more fidelity. Numbers of the men at the oars were Batavians: they began, as it were through ignorance and want of skill, to counteract the mariners and sailors, till at length turning the prows of the vessels, they bore away to the opposite shore. The pilots and centurions who dared to oppose them were put to death; and thus the whole fleet, to the number of four-and-twenty ships, was either taken, or went over to the enemy.

XVII. This victory was splendid, and at the same time brought with it solid advantages. The Batavians were in want of arms and shipping, and they were now supplied with both. Their fame resounded throughout Gaul and Germany. Both nations honored them as the assertors of public liberty. The Germans, by their ambassadors, offered to espouse their cause, and the Gauls were already inclined to join the confederacy. Civilis had the address to allure that nation to his interest. To such of their officers as were taken prisoners he granted liberty to return to their native country, and the cohorts had their option either to depart or to join the victorious army. Those who remained were employed honorably in the service, and such as preferred their dismissal went off loaded with the spoils of the Romans. Before their departure, Civilis labored in secret conferences to inflame their indignation. 'Call to mind,' he said, 'the miseries which you have endured for a series of years. Your condition during that period was a state

of bondage, and you gave it the name of peace. The Batavians were exempt from taxes and tributes, and yet they took up arms against the oppressors of mankind. In the first engagement the Romans fled before the sons of freedom. Let the Gauls shake off the yoke, and what must be the consequence? The resources of Italy are exhausted. It is by the blood of the provinces that the provinces have been wrested from us. For the defeat of Vindex the Romans have no reason to triumph. That victory was gained by the Batavian cavalry: by them the Æduans and Arvernians were put to the rout. Among the auxiliaries led by Verginius on that occasion, the Belgic Gauls were his strongest force. Gaul, it may be truly said, was conquered by herself. At present one common interest unites us all; and we have this farther advantage, whatever of useful discipline was to be found in the Roman camps, we have made that our own. Their military skill is on our side. The veteran cohorts, before whom Otho's legions were obliged to fly, have declared for us. Syria and Asia, and the oriental nations, may, if they will, bow down in slavery, and stretch their necks to the yoke: under their own despotic kings they have been taught to crouch in bondage. In Gaul there are men still living who were born in freedom, before tributes, imposts, and other badges of Roman tyranny were invented. By the overthrow of Varus and his legions slavery was driven out of Germany. In that juncture it was not with Vitellius that the assertors of freedom were to contend: the struggle was with Augustus Cæsar. Against that emperor the Germans fought for liberty, that best gift, dealt out by the impartial hand of nature, even to the brute creation. Man has the addition of courage and virtue to defend his rights; and all who have

the fortitude to stand forth in that glorious cause are sure to be favored by the gods. Let us rise at once, and sword in hand attack a people weakened by their own divisions. Our strength is unimpaired; the Romans are exhausted; they are divided between Vespasian and Vitellius; and, while they are fighting for a master, they offer themselves to the just vengeance of an injured people.'

XVIII. While Civilis in this manner endeavored to rouse the states of Gaul and Germany, the ambition of that political warrior inspired all his measures. If his project succeeded, he thought of nothing less than making himself king of those rich and powerful nations. Hordeonius Flaccus affected for some time to have no suspicion of Civilis. He soon however received intelligence that the camp was taken by storm, the cohorts put to the sword, and the Roman name exterminated from the isle of Batavia. In this alarming crisis he ordered Mummius Lupercus, with two legions then under his command in winter-quarters, to march against the enemy. That officer obeyed with prompt alacrity. With the forces in his camp, with the Ubians, who were near at hand, and the Treverian cavalry, drawn from an inconsiderable distance, he passed over into the island. He added to his army a squadron of Batavian horse, already corrupted by the wily arts of Civilis. These men made a show of zeal in the service of the Romans, to the end that on the day of battle they might enhance the value of their treachery. Civilis prepared to receive the enemy. Near his person he displayed the banners taken from the vanquished cohorts, that the sight of those glorious trophies might inspire his troops with ardor, and depress a conquered enemy by the recollection of their late calamity. In the rear he placed his mother and

his sisters, with the wives and children of the soldiers, that they might there inflame the ardor of the combatants, and by their reproaches prevent an ignominious flight. The field resounded with the war-song of the soldiers and the savage howlings of the women. The Romans returned a feeble shout. The Batavian cavalry went over to their countrymen, and by that desertion the left wing of the Roman army was exposed to the enemy. The legionary soldiers, though pressed on every side, preserved their ranks, and showed an intrepid countenance. The Ubian and Treverian auxiliaries fled with precipitation. The Germans pursued them with determined fury. The legions in the mean time seized the opportunity, and retreated in good order to the station known by the name of *Vetera*, or the old camp. After this victory, a struggle for power and pre-eminence broke out between *Civilis* and *Claudius Labeo*, who commanded the Batavian cavalry. *Civilis* did not judge it safe to put his rival to death: an act of violence might provoke the popular hatred; and yet, if he suffered him to remain with the army, internal discord might be productive of quarrels and confusion. *Labeo* was removed to the country of the *Frisians*.

XIX. Such was the posture of affairs when the *Caninefates* and a detachment of Batavian cohorts, by order of *Vitellius*, set out on the march for Rome. A messenger despatched by *Civilis* overtook them with the news of his victory. The intelligence filled the soldiers with arrogance and ferocity. They demanded a recompense for their march, the donative promised by *Vitellius*, with double pay, and an augmentation of their cavalry. In making these demands they had no hopes of success; a pretext for sedition was all they wanted. *Hordeonius Flaccus* yielded in several in-

stances; but his concessions provoked ulterior demands, which the men knew would not be granted. At length, throwing aside all respect for the general, they resolved to join Civilis, and accordingly bent their course towards the Lower Germany. Flaccus called a council of the tribunes and centurions, to deliberate whether it were expedient to reduce the mutineers by force of arms. His natural timidity returned on him, and his officers had no resolution. They suspected the fidelity of the auxiliary forces, and knew besides that the legions were chiefly filled with raw recruits. Flaccus resolved to keep his men within their intrenchments; but he resolved without decision, and the next moment repented. The very officers who advised the measure were the first to condemn it. The general sent off dispatches to Herennius Gallus, then at the head of the first legion stationed at Bonn, with orders to oppose the march of the Batavians, while he himself with his whole army hung on their rear. The plan was no doubt well concerted. Had both generals advanced with their troops, the revolted must have been hemmed in and cut to pieces. Flaccus once more changed his mind. In a second letter to Gallus, he directed that officer not to obstruct the Batavians in their march. By this fluctuation of counsels both the generals were brought under a cloud of suspicion. The war and all its consequences were imputed, not to the inactive spirit of the soldiers, nor yet to the superior bravery of the insurgents, but to the perfidy of the commanding officers.

XX. The Batavians, as soon as they drew near to the camp at Bonn, sent a message to Herennius Gallus, importing ' that they had no hostile design. They had often fought for the Romans, and did not mean to make war against them. Worn out in a long and

painful service, they desired nothing but a retreat from labor in their native country. Their march, if not obstructed, would leave behind no trace of mischief; but if their passage was disputed, they were determined to cut their way sword in hand.' The Roman general was staggered with these menaces; but his soldiers, eager for action, obliged him to hazard a battle. The whole army rushed out at the several gates of the camp, in number three thousand legionary soldiers, some Belgic cohorts, raised by sudden levies, and a large body of peasants and followers of the camp, an undisciplined band, before the onset brave and insolent, and in the heat of action the first to betake themselves to flight. The Romans hoped to surround an enemy whom they knew to be inferior in number. The Batavians, whom a life of warfare had made soldiers, formed their ranks with skill; the front, the flanks, and the rear prepared to meet the enemy. The Roman lines were too much extended into length. The Batavians attacked with fury, and soon broke through the ranks. The Belgic cohorts gave way on the first impression. The rout of the legions followed. All endeavored to regain their camp. In the intrenchments a dreadful slaughter followed. The fosse was filled with mangled bodies; nor was the havoc made by the Batavians only: numbers, in that wild confusion, perished by the hands of their comrades. The conquerors pursued their march, avoiding the road to the Agrippinian colony, and during the rest of their way committed no act of hostility. They even endeavored to exculpate themselves from all imputation in their late encounter at Bonn, alleging that they were on that occasion under the necessity of acting on the defensive, when peace was humbly offered and haughtily refused.

XXI. Civilis, being now reinforced by these veteran cohorts, found himself at the head of a regular army. His resolution notwithstanding began to falter. The weight and power of the Romans presented themselves to his mind: he balanced all consequences, and still remaining indecisive, judged it best to save appearances by making his whole army take the oath of fidelity to Vespasian. He also sent a deputation to the two legions, which after their late defeat retired to the old camp, inviting them to follow his example, and acknowledge the title of the new emperor. The legions returned for answer, 'that it was not their custom to adopt the counsels of an enemy, much less of a traitor. Vitellius was their sovereign, and in his cause they would stand firm to the last. It was not for a deserter, a Batavian fugitive, to assume the style and character of an arbiter in the affairs of Rome. The punishment due to his crimes was what he had to expect.' Enraged by this reply, Civilis roused the whole Batavian nation. The Bructerians and Tencterians entered into the league, and, by agents despatched for the purpose, all Germany was invited to share in the spoil and glory of the conquest.

XXII. Mummius Lupercus and Numisius Rufus, the two Roman generals, saw a storm gathering round them, and to maintain their post against the combined forces of the enemy, began to strengthen the fortifications of the old camp. A number of buildings during a long peace had been erected near the intrenchments, so thick as to resemble a municipal town; but in time of war they might favor the approach of an enemy, and for that reason were levelled to the ground. But a sufficient store of provisions was not laid up in the camp. The soldiers were permitted to seize the whole stock as lawful plunder; and by consequence, that which

might have held out for a considerable time, was in a few days intirely consumed. Civilis advanced with the main body of his army. He commanded the centre in person, at the head of the select Batavian forces. To strike the Romans with terror, he lined both banks of the Rhine with battalions of Germans, and ordered the cavalry to scour the country round. His fleet at the same time advanced against the current. To increase the pomp and terror of the war, the colors taken from the cohorts were displayed to view, and the images of wild beasts¹ were brought forth from the sacred groves, according to the custom of those barbarous nations rushing to a battle. The besieged saw the appearance of a civil and a foreign war on their hands at once. The extent of the intrenchments, designed at first for the reception of two legions, and now defended by scarce five thousand men, inspired the barbarians with hope and courage. It is true, that within the lines there was a numerous body of sutlers and followers of the army, who on the first alarm had fled to the camp for protection, and from those men some kind of service was expected.

XXIII. The camp stood partly on the side of a hill that rose with a gentle acclivity, and partly on the level plain; originally the design of Augustus Cæsar, who had conceived that the legions stationed there in winter-quarters would be able to bridle both the Germanies. That emperor did not foresee the time when the barbarians would dare to seek the legions in their intrenchments. It followed by consequence, that no pains were employed to add to the natural strength of the place; no works were thrown up to secure the ramparts; courage and military discipline were deemed

¹ The barbarians carried the heads and images of wild beasts among their standards.

a sufficient bulwark. The Batavians, and the troops from beyond the Rhine, did not advance to the attack in one united body. Jealous of their national honor, and eager to distinguish themselves by brave exploit, the several nations formed their lines in separate divisions. The assault began with missive weapons lanced at a distance; but no impression was made. The darts hung without effect on the towers and pinnacles of the walls, while the discharge of stones from the fortifications overwhelmed all beneath. The barbarians resolved to storm the works. They rushed to the attack, rending the air with wild and furious howlings; they advanced their scaling-ladders, and formed a military shell. Some boldly gained the top of the parapet, but were driven back at the point of the sword, or beat down with bucklers. As they fell numbers were crushed with stakes and javelins. Their own impetuous fury hurried them into danger. Encouraged by their former success, and sure of victory, they rushed on to the assault with that undaunted courage with which the thirst of prey inspires the minds of barbarians. Under every disadvantage, they still thought of plunder. They attempted for the first time to make use of battering engines, but without sufficient skill. They were taught by prisoners and deserters to raise with rude materials a platform, in the shape of a bridge, and to move it forward on wheels. From the top of the arch, as from a rampart, some were able to annoy the besieged, while others under cover endeavored to sap the walls. But the weight of stones discharged from the engines of the Romans broke down and crushed the enormous fabric. The Batavians however did not desist. They began to prepare pent-houses, and to form a covered way with hurdles. The besieged attacked them with a volley of flaming javelins, and poured such an incessant fire, that the assail-

ants were on every side enveloped by the flames. In despair of carrying the works by force, they turned their thoughts to a regular blockade. They knew that the besieged had but a scanty store of provisions, by no means equal to the subsistence of a vast unwarlike multitude. Famine, they had no doubt, would conspire with the natural treachery of the slaves to kindle the flame of sedition in the camp. They relied, besides, on the unforeseen events of war, and had no doubt of being in a short time masters of the place.

XXIV. Hordeonius Flaccus, having received intelligence that the old camp was invested, sent dispatches into Gaul for a reinforcement, and ordered Dillius Vocula, who commanded the eighteenth legion, to proceed at the head of a chosen detachment by rapid marches along the banks of the Rhine; while he himself, disabled by bodily infirmity, and detested by his men, sailed down the river, to follow the motions of the army. The complaints of the soldiers against their general were loud and violent. 'It was by his connivance that the Batavian cohorts departed from Magontiacum: he was blind, or pretended to be so, to the machinations of Civilis; and he wilfully suffered the German nations to be drawn into the revolt. Neither Antonius Primus nor Mucianus, by their vigor and activity, so effectually served the interest of Vespasian. Open hostility declares itself at once, and men are on their guard: fraud works in secret, and the blow, because concealed, is not easily warded off. Civilis has thrown off the mask; above disguise, an open enemy, he heads his army in the field. Hordeonius Flaccus wages war in his chamber: he gives his orders in bed, and favors the operations of the enemy. And shall so many brave and warlike soldiers languish under a wretched valetudinarian? a superan-

nuated general? Better to strike at once, and by the death of a traitor deliver the army from an impotent chief, under whose inauspicious banners they had nothing to expect but disgrace and ruin.' While by these and such like discourses the minds of the legions kindled to a blaze, letters from Vespasian added fuel to the flame. The receipt of those letters could not be concealed from the army. Flaccus for that reason read them to a full assembly of the soldiers, and sent the messengers bound in chains to Vitellius.

XXV. That proceeding had its effect: the men were pacified, and soon after arrived at Bonn, the winter station of the first legion. The soldiers at that place were still more enraged against the general. To his misconduct they imputed their late defeat. 'By his order they marched out to offer battle to the Batavians; expecting, while they engaged the enemy in front, that the troops from Magontiacum were to fall on the rear. But no succors arrived: the men fell a sacrifice to the treachery of the general. The other armies, wherever stationed, were kept in ignorance of all that passed; nor was any account transmitted to Vitellius. And yet it was evident that, by the vigorous efforts of the adjoining provinces, the rebellion might have been crushed in the bud.' To appease these discontents Flaccus produced and read, in the presence of the army, copies of the several letters by which he had endeavored to obtain succors from Britain, Spain, and Gaul. He descended to other compliances still more pernicious and disgraceful. He established a new rule, by which it was settled, that for the future all letters should be delivered to the eagle-bearers of the legions, to be by them communicated to the soldiers before they underwent the inspection of the general officers. He then ordered one of the mu-

tineers to be loaded with irons ; not that the man was the only incendiary, but the general meant by that act to retain some shadow of authority. From Bonn the army proceeded to the Agrippinian colony. At that place they were joined by numerous succors that came pouring in from Gaul ; where, in the beginning of the troubles, the people still adhered to the interest of Rome. But in a short time afterwards, when they saw the efforts of the Germans crowned with success, the different states of that country had recourse to arms, determined to recover their liberty ; and, if the enterprise succeeded, with the ambitious design of imposing on others the yoke which they shook off from their own shoulders. The fury of the legions was far from being appeased. The example of a single offender bound in chains made no impression. That very man was hardy enough to turn his own particular case into an argument against his general. He had been, he said, the confidential messenger between Flaccus and Civilis ; and now, to hinder the truth from being brought to light, his testimony was to be suppressed by an unjust and cruel sentence. The wickedness of this incendiary roused the indignation of Vocula. That spirited officer mounted the tribunal with a firmness that struck a general awe. He ordered the miscreant to be seized, and notwithstanding the violence of his shrieks, sent him to instant execution. The seditious were overawed, and the well-disposed obeyed with alacrity. Vocula was now the favorite of the army. The soldiers with one voice insisted that he should be their general, and Flaccus resigned the command.

XXVI. The minds of the soldiers were still in agitation, and various causes conspired to inflame their discontents. Their pay was in arrear ; provisions were scarce ; the Gauls were not in a temper to pay their

tribute, or to furnish supplies of men ; the Rhine, by a long course of dry weather, almost unknown in that climate, was sunk so low as to be hardly navigable ; supplies for the army were conveyed with difficulty ; to hinder the Germans from fording over, a chain of posts was necessary on the banks of the river, and by consequence there was a dearth of grain, and many mouths to demand it. With vulgar minds the shallowness of the stream passed for a prodigy. According to their interpretation the very rivers deserted the Romans, and the ancient boundaries of the empire disappeared. That, which in time of peace¹ would have been no more than the effect of natural causes, was now called fate, and the wrath of the gods. The army marched to Novesium, and was there joined by the thirteenth legion, under the command of Herennius Gallus, who was now associated with Vocula. The two generals were not inclined to seek the enemy. They pitched their camp at a place called Gelduba ; and to keep their men in exercise, employed them in forming the line of battle, in digging trenches, throwing up ramparts, and other military works. To give them an opportunity to plunder, and by that incentive to animate their courage, Vocula marched with the main body into the territory of the Gugernians, a people leagued with Civilis. Gallus in the mean time, with part of the troops, kept possession of the camp.

XXVII. It happened that a barge laden with grain was stranded in a shallow part of the river, at a small

1 The observation which Tacitus has compressed into a maxim, is explained by Cicero in his more open style. This may account for the portents and prodigies which so often occur in the Roman historians, who are often said to be superstitious, when they are giving a true picture of the public mind.

distance from the camp. The Germans exerted themselves to draw the vessel to their own bank. Gallus despatched a cohort to prevent the disgrace. The Germans poured down in great numbers. Succors arrived on both sides. An engagement followed. The Germans, after making a prodigious slaughter, secured the vessel. The Romans imputed their defeat, not to their want of valor, but to the treachery of the general. This, in all calamities, was the constant language of the army. The soldiers in their fury dragged Gallus out of his tent; they tore his clothes, and fell on him with blows, demanding who were the accomplices combined with him to betray the army? and what was the price of his perfidy? Their rage against Hordeonius Flaccus broke out again with increasing violence. He was the author of the crime, and Gallus was an instrument in his hands. In this extremity, to deliver himself from instant death, the general was obliged to yield to the passions of the men, and give his testimony against Hordeonius Flaccus. He was notwithstanding loaded with fetters, and not released till Vocula returned to the camp. That general on the following day ordered the ringleaders of the mutiny to be put to death. Such was the wonderful diversity of temper that showed itself in that army; at one moment rage and madness, and, in quick succession, patience and resignation. The common men, beyond all doubt, were devoted to Vitellius, while the most distinguished officers inclined to Vespasian. Hence that astonishing medley of guilt and punishment, of dutiful behavior and savage ferocity. The men were unwilling to be governed, and yet submitted to correction.

XXVIII. Civilis in the mean time grew every day more formidable. All Germany espoused his cause,

and succors arrived from every quarter. The states beyond the Rhine delivered their prime nobility as hostages to bind the league in closer union. Civilis issued his orders that the confederates who lay contiguous to the Ubians and Treverians should harass the people by frequent incursions, and carry slaughter and devastation through their country. At the same time he gave directions that a strong party should pass over the Meuse to invade the Menapians, the Mormians, and the frontiers of Gaul. The soldiers in every quarter were enriched with plunder. The Ubians, in particular, felt the vengeance of the ravaging parties. Though they were originally of German extraction, they had renounced their country, and, proud of a Roman name, styled themselves the Agrippinian colony. Their cohorts, posted at a distance from the Rhine, and in that station thinking themselves secure, were surprised at the town of Marcodurum, and cut to pieces. The Ubians, in their turn, penetrated into Germany; and at first committed depredations with impunity, till in the end they were overpowered by superior numbers. Through the whole of the war their fidelity to Rome was unshaken: but a train of misfortunes was their only recompense. Flushed with success, and pleased with the defeat of the Ubians, Civilis pressed the siege of the old camp with the utmost vigor. His first care was to cut off all communication, that no intelligence of intended succors might reach the garrison. The management of the battering engines and other warlike preparations he left to the Batavians; and seeing that the forces from beyond the Rhine were eager for action, he ordered them to advance to the intrenchments, and by a sudden assault to force the works. They were repulsed, and by his

order returned to the charge. In so numerous an army men might be sacrificed, and yet the loss not be felt.

XXIX. The night afforded no pause from the attack. The barbarians set fire to the clumps of wood, which they had ranged along the intrenchments, and betook themselves to feasting and revelry. Growing warm with liquor, they rushed with headlong fury to assault the works. Their darts were thrown at an enemy safe in obscurity, while the Romans were enabled by the glaring fires to view the scene of action, and take aim at the combatants, who made themselves conspicuous by their valor or the splendor of their arms. Civilis saw the disadvantage, and ordered the fires to be extinguished. Confusion, darkness, and wild uproar, followed. Dissonant shouts were heard; random blows were given; chance directed, and none could see where to press or avoid the enemy. Where the noise was loudest they faced about to that quarter, and discharged their weapons in the dark. Valor was undistinguished, and the bravest often fell by the hand of the coward. The Germans fought with the rage of madmen; the Romans with their usual discretion, like soldiers inured to danger. Their poles, pointed with iron, were never darted at random, nor did they discharge their massy stones without being sure of their effect. Whenever they heard the barbarians sapping the foundations of the walls, or found their scaling-ladders applied to the ramparts, they made sure of their blow, and with their bucklers or their javelins drove the assailants headlong down the steep. Some gained the summit of the walls, and perished on the spot. The night passed in this manner, and the day brought on a new mode of attack.

XXX. A tower with two floors for the soldiers had

been constructed by the barbarians. With this huge machine they now advanced against the works at the pretorian gate, the ground on that side of the camp being smooth and level. The Romans directed their strong beams and other instruments with so much force, that the whole structure was crushed to pieces, and the soldiers who had been posted in the galleries lay buried under the ruins. In that moment the besieged made a successful sally. The legionary soldiers, in the mean time, framed with skill a number of new machines. One, in particular, struck the enemy with terror and amazement. This was so constructed¹ that an arm, projecting from the top, waved over the heads of the barbarians, till, being suddenly let down, it caught hold of the combatants, and springing back with sudden elasticity, carried them up in the air, in the view of the astonished Germans, and turning round with rapidity, threw them headlong into the camp. Civilis found himself baffled in every attempt. He despaired of carrying the place by storm, and once more turned the siege into a close blockade; in the mean time tampering with the garrison, and, by false intelligence as well as ample promises, endeavoring to seduce the men from their duty.

XXXI. The transactions which we have here related happened in Germany before the battle of Cremona. The first account of the victory at that place was sent by Antonius Primus, with Cæcina's proclamation annexed to his letters. The news was farther confirmed by Alpinus Montanus, the commander of one of the vanquished cohorts, who, after the defeat, made the best of his way into Germany. By this

¹ This extraordinary engine was invented by Archimedes, the celebrated geometrician, during the siege of Syracuse, which was conducted by Marcellus.

event the minds of the Roman army were thrown into violent agitations. The auxiliaries from Gaul, a mercenary band, who neither loved one party nor hated the other; mere soldiers of fortune, without sentiment or principle, were soon persuaded by their officers to abandon the cause of Vitellius. The veteran soldiers remained for some time in suspense. Overruled at length by Hordeonius Flaccus, and importuned by the tribunes, they swore fidelity to Vespasian; but with an air of reluctance and a stern ferocity, that plainly showed their hearts were not in unison with their words. In repeating the form of the oath they faltered at the name of Vespasian; never pronouncing it distinctly, but muttering to themselves, and in general passing it over in silence.

XXXII. A letter from Antonius to Civilis was read to a full assembly of the legions. The style in which that active partisan was treated as a friend to the new emperor, while the legions were considered as enemies, excited a general indignation. An account of these transactions was soon after transmitted to the camp at Gelduba, where the same compliance and the same discontents prevailed. Montanus was deputed to Civilis, with instructions to require that he would 'lay down his arms, and cease to varnish hostile intentions with the specious pretence of fighting in the cause of Rome. If, in fact, he meant to serve Vespasian, that end was answered, and it was time to sheath the sword.' To this message Civilis replied with guarded subtlety; but perceiving in Montanus an active genius and a spirit of enterprise, he opened his mind without reserve. 'I have served,' he said, 'in the Roman armies for five-and-twenty years: in that time I have encountered various perils; and what has been my reward? I have seen the death of a brother; I

have been loaded with fetters; and I have heard the clamors of the Roman army with rage and violence demanding my blood. If in return I seek the blood of my enemies, I stand justified by the law of nations. As to you, ye Treverians, and you, ye abject nations, who can tamely submit to a foreign master, what do you expect will be the fruit of all your toil, and all your blood lavished in the service of Rome? Endless warfare, external tributes, the lictor's rod, the axe, and the wanton cruelty of your imperious masters; those are the rewards that wait you. Behold in me the prefect of a single cohort; behold the Caninefates and the Batavian forces: they are but a mere handful of men, a small portion of Gaul: and yet what have we not achieved? That spacious camp, the proud display of Roman labor, is at this moment tottering to its fall. If their legions hold out, famine will devour them; if famine forbears, the sword must end them. In a word, by daring nobly we shall recover our liberty: if we fail, our condition cannot be worse than it was before.' By this animated speech Civilis roused the ambition of Montanus. He then dismissed him, with directions to report his answer in milder terms. Montanus obeyed his orders, content with reporting that he failed in his negotiation. He suppressed the rest; but the whole broke out afterwards with redoubled fury.

XXXIII. Civilis turned his attention to the motions of Vocula and his army. Having reserved for himself a sufficient force, he despatched to Gelduba his veteran cohorts, and the bravest of the Germans, under the command of Julius Maximus and Claudius Victor. The last was nephew to Civilis, being a sister's son. The two chiefs arrived at Asciburgium, and there stormed the winter-encampment of a squadron of

horse. From that place they made a forced march, and fell with such unexpected fury on the camp at Gelduba, that Vocula had neither time to harangue his men nor to form his line of battle. All he could do was to order the legionary soldiers to draw up in the centre. The auxiliaries, in a tumultuary manner, ranged themselves in the wings. The cavalry advanced to the attack; but making no impression on the well-embodied ranks of the Germans, they soon gave ground, and fled with precipitation. From that moment it was a scene of slaughter, not of battle. The Nervians quitted their post through fear or treachery, and by their flight left the flank of the Romans open to the enemy. The barbarians, following their advantage, penetrated to the centre. They drove the legions into their intrenchments; they seized their standards, and made a dreadful carnage. But a reinforcement coming up in time, the fortune of the day was changed. The Gascon cohorts, formerly levied by Galba, had received orders to join the army. Hearing as they approached the camp the din of arms and the uproar of battle, they advanced to the attack, and charged the Batavians in the rear. The terror that seized the enemy was greater than could be expected from so small a number. Some imagined that succors arrived from Novesium; others thought of nothing less than the whole army from Magontiacum. The mistake revived the drooping courage of the Romans. Depending on the valor of others, they began to exert their own. The Batavian infantry was put to the rout. Their cavalry escaped, and carried with them the prisoners and standards which they had taken in the beginning of the action. The number slain on the part of the Romans greatly exceeded the loss of the enemy; but the slaughter fell on the worst of

their troops, whereas the Germans lost the flower of their army.

XXXIV. The commanders on both sides were equally in fault. By their misconduct they deserved the check they met with; and when fortune favored their arms, neither of them knew how to improve his advantage. Had Civilis sent into the field a stronger force, it is evident that his men could not have been hemmed in by so small a number. Having forced the intrenchments, he might have rased them to the ground. On the other hand, Vocula had sent out no scouts to watch the motions of the enemy. Taken by surprise, he marched out of his camp, and was defeated. Having afterwards gained a victory, he made no use of it, but lost several days before he made a forward movement. Had he pursued his advantage, and given the enemy no time to rest, one vigorous effort would have raised the siege of the camp. Civilis exerted every effort, determined to profit by the inactivity of the Roman general. He endeavored, by his messengers, to shake the firmness of the garrison: he represented the forces under Vocula as intirely overthrown; he boasted of a complete victory: he displayed the banners taken from the enemy, and with ostentation made a show of the prisoners. The spirit with which one of them behaved deserves to be recorded. With a clear and audible voice he called out to the besieged, and told them the event of the late battle. For this gallant action he was butchered on the spot. That act of vengeance gave credit to his story. The besieged at the same time saw the blaze of villages on fire, and the country laid waste on every side. This announced the approach of a victorious army. Vocula commanded his men to halt in the sight of the camp; and, having erected his standards, ordered a fosse to be

made and a palisade to be thrown up, that, the baggage being safely deposited, he might offer battle with greater security. The soldiers thought it loss of time; they desired to be led on to the attack; and, according to custom, threats of vengeance resounded through the army. No order of battle was formed. Fatigued by their march, and their ranks in confusion, they rushed on with impetuous fury. Civilis was in force, and ready to receive them. He relied no less on the vices of his enemy than on the valor of his own troops. The Romans fought with various turns of fortune. The bold and forward in sedition were cowards in the field. A sense of honor prevailed with some. They remembered their late exploits, and, flushed with victory, maintained their post: they attacked the barbarians, and by deeds of valor roused the spirit of their comrades. Having restored the broken ranks, and renewed the battle, they waved their hands to the besieged, inviting them to sally out and use their opportunity. The legions from their ramparts saw the scene of action, and rushed out at every gate. An accident disconcerted Civilis. His horse fell under him. A report that he was slain or dangerously wounded ran through both armies. Consternation covered the Batavian ranks, and joy inspired the Romans with new ardor.

XXXV. Vocula did not think fit to harass the barbarians in their retreat. Instead of hanging on their rear, he amused himself with repairing the works of the camp, as if he expected a second siege. The consequence was, that he who so often neglected to make use of his victory was thought no enemy to a lingering war. The scarcity of provisions was what chiefly distressed the Roman army. To remedy the evil, Vocula sent off all his useless people, with the waggons, as far

as Novesium, with intent that by the return of the same convoy a supply of corn might be brought to the camp. The conveyance by land was necessary, as the enemy were masters of the river. The first attempt succeeded, Civilis not having then recovered his strength. Being informed soon after that a second party was on their way to Novesium with a few cohorts, marching in all the negligence of a profound peace, their colors and standards thinly guarded, their arms laid up in the waggons, and the men scattered in loose disorder, he resolved to attack them by surprise. Having first secured the bridges over the river, and the defiles of the country, he advanced in order of battle. The Romans, though their lines were stretched to a vast length, made a brave resistance, till night put an end to the conflict. The cohorts arrived at Gelduba, and found the intrenchments and the garrison in good condition. The difficulty of returning after this check to the old camp was now too apparent. Vocula resolved to march to their assistance. For this purpose he drafted from the fifth and fifteenth legions a thousand chosen men, who had stood the siege in the old camp, and were distinguished by their rancorous animosity to their commanding officers. These he added to his army. A number of others, without orders, thought fit to follow, declaring aloud that they would neither bear the distress of famine nor the treachery of their chiefs. Among those who remained behind the spirit of discontent was no less violent. They complained that, by drawing off a part, the whole was weakened. Hence two seditions raged at the same time; one demanding the return of Vocula, and the other resolved never again to enter the camp.

XXXVI. Civilis, in the mean time, returned to the siege. Vocula retired to Gelduba, and thence to No-

vesium. Civilis took possession of Gelduba, and soon after, in an engagement of the cavalry near Novesium, gained a victory. All events, whether prosperous or otherwise, were now alike to the Romans, incensed on every occasion against their general officers. Being reinforced by the detachment from the fifth and fifteenth legions, they grew more outrageous than ever; and having gained intelligence that a sum of money was sent by Vitellius, they clamored loudly for the immediate discharge of their donative. Hordeonius Flaccus complied without hesitation, but in the name of Vespasian. By this step the flame of sedition was kindled to a blaze. The men betook themselves to feasts and revelling; they caroused during the night, and in their liquor the old antipathy to Flaccus revived in all its virulence. They rushed to his tent: the darkness of the night served to muffle their horrible design, and no sense of shame remained. Neither tribune nor centurion dared to interpose. They dragged their general out of his bed, and murdered him on the spot. The same catastrophe was prepared for Vocula; but that officer, in the disguise of a slave, made his escape. The fury of the mutineers began to relent: fear succeeded to rage: they dreaded the consequences, and in their distress despatched some of the centurions, with letters to the states of Gaul, requesting a supply of men and money.

XXXVII. Being left without a leader, they were no better than a senseless multitude, bold and wavering, rash and cowardly, by turns. Civilis advanced to offer battle: they seized their arms; they laid them down; they betook themselves to flight. Even in distress they could not act with a spirit of union: they quarrelled among themselves, and the soldiers from the Upper Rhine abandoned the common cause. The

images of Vitellius were notwithstanding set up in the camp, and the adjacent Belgic cities; but Vitellius was then no more. The soldiers of the first, the fourth, and the eighteenth legions, returning to a sense of their duty, put themselves under the command of Vocula, and having by his direction taken the oath of fidelity to Vespasian, marched to raise the siege of Magontiacum. A motley army of the Cattiars, the Usipians, and the Mattiaci had invested the place; but on the approach of the Romans they decamped with a load of booty. The legions fell in with their straggling parties, and put a great number to the sword. The Treverians had sunk a fence and raised a palisade, to defend the frontier of their country against the inroads of the Germans, whom they attacked with alternate success and no small effusion of blood. In the end they deserted from the Romans, and, by their perfidy, sullied the lustre of all their former services.

XXXVIII. Meanwhile Vespasian and his son Titus, though both absent from Rome, entered on the year of their joint consulship. A melancholy gloom hung over the city. The minds of men were distracted with different apprehensions, and to their natural fears imagination added a train of groundless terrors. It was supposed that Africa, at the instigation of Lucius Piso, was in open rebellion. Piso was at that time governor of the province; but the love of innovation made no part of his character. It happened that the roughness of the winter interrupted the navigation, and the corn ships not arriving regularly, the populace, who have never more than one day's provision, dreaded an approaching famine. Of all that concerns the public, the price of grain is their only care. Their fear at present was, that to cut off supplies from Rome,

the coast of Africa was guarded ; and what they feared they easily believed. The Vitellians not having yet renounced the spirit of party, did what in them lay to confirm the report. Even the conquerors did not dislike the news. Convulsions of the state were not unwelcome to men of their description, whose avarice no foreign conquest could appease, and no civil war could satisfy.

XXXIX. On the calends of January the senate, convened by Julius Frontinus,¹ the city pretor, passed a vote of thanks to the general officers, the armies, and the kings in alliance with Rome. Tertius Julianus, who had quitted the legion under his command, as soon as the men declared for Vespasian, was for that offence deprived of the pretorship. Plotius Griphus succeeded to the office. Hormus was raised to the equestrian rank. On the voluntary abdication of Frontinus, Domitian, who had the additional title of Cæsar, assumed the dignity of city pretor. From that time all edicts and public instruments were issued in his name ; but the authority of government still centred in Mucianus, though sometimes counteracted by Domitian. That young prince, encouraged by his friends, or spurred on by his own ambition, by fits and starts assumed the character of first minister. But Antonius Primus and Arrius Varus were the persons whom Mucianus viewed with a jealous eye. They were both recent from the field of glory ; both covered with laurels, idolised by the army ; and as all the blood they had spilt was in the field of battle, they

¹ Brotier says that several works by Frontinus, which show more labor than genius, are still extant ; such as, *Strategemata*, *De Coloniis*, *De Aquæductibus*. Being city-pretor, he convened the senate on the first of January, in the absence of the consuls Vespasian and his son Titus.

were both respected by the populace. Antonius, it was confidently said, had invited Scribonianus Crassus to the head of the commonwealth. Crassus was descended from an illustrious line of ancestors, and derived additional lustre from his brother, whom Galba made by adoption heir apparent of the empire. Thus distinguished, he would not have wanted partisans; but he was deaf to all temptation. A man of his way of thinking, who would have refused himself to a party already formed, was not to be dazzled by a distant and uncertain prospect. Mucianus found that he had in the person of Antonius a powerful rival. To ruin him by open hostility were a dangerous attempt. He resolved to act by stratagem, and accordingly in the senate grew lavish in his praise. He amused him in private with splendid promises: he offered him the government of the nethermost Spain, then vacant by the absence of Cluvius Rufus, and bestowed favors on his friends, assigning to some the rank of prefect, and raising others to military honors. He flattered the ambition of Antonius, and was at the same time at work to undermine him. He sent the seventh legion, known to be devoted to his rival, into winter-quarters. The third was in the interest of Arrius Varus, and for that reason sent into Syria. Part of the army was ordered back to Germany; and, the seeds of tumult and sedition being in this manner removed, the city began to resume its ancient form: the laws revived, and the magistrates discharged the functions of their office.

XL. Domitian, on the day of his first appearance in the senate, lamented, in a short speech, the absence of his father and his brother Titus. Of himself he spoke with becoming diffidence. His deportment was graceful and his manner interesting. The vices of

his heart being then unknown, the blush of youth was considered as the mark of an ingenuous mind. He proposed that the name of Galba should be revived with all the honors due to his memory. Curtius Montanus added to the motion the name of Piso. A decree was passed accordingly, but as far as it related to Piso never executed. A number of commissioners were drawn by lot; some with power to restore to the lawful owners the property wrested from them during the violence of civil war; others to inspect the tables of brass on which the laws were engraved, and to repair such as were defaced by the injuries of time; to examine the public registers, and erase the expressions of servile adulation with which at different periods they were all contaminated; and finally, to set due limits to the public expenditure. Tertius Julianus, it now appeared, fled from his legion to join the banners of Vespasian, and thereon the pretorian dignity was restored to him; but the honors of that rank were by a decree confirmed to Griphus. The prosecution commenced by Musonius Rufus against Publius Celer was resumed, and brought to a hearing. Celer was convicted, and by the sentence of condemnation he made atonement to the manes of Soranus. This act of justice was honorable to the fathers, and not less so to Musonius. Men applauded the constancy with which he vindicated the memory of his friend. Nothing could equal his glory, except the infamy that attended Demetrius, a professor of the cynic philosophy, who, with more ambition than virtue, employed his eloquence in the cause of a notorious criminal, who in the hour of danger had neither courage nor ability to defend himself. The event gave the signal for a general attack on the whole race of informers; and accordingly Junius Mauricus moved for an order to lay the

journals of the late emperors before the senate, that in those records it might be seen who were the men of a persecuting spirit, and against whom their malice had been levelled. Domitian was of opinion that in a matter of such magnitude the emperor ought to be consulted.

XLI. The senate, on the motion of some of the leading members, devised a new form of oath, by which they called the gods to witness, that no man by any act of theirs had been aggrieved, and that they themselves had derived no kind of advantage from the calamity of the times. The magistrates took this oath with the most ready compliance; and the fathers, in regular succession, followed their example. Some, whom their conscience reproached in secret, endeavored by various subtleties to weaken or to vary the form of the words. The remorse of scrupulous minds the fathers approved, but equivocal swearing they condemned as perjury. That judgment, delivered by the highest authority, fell with weight on Sarioleus Vocula, Nonius Actianus, and Cestius Severus, three notorious informers in the reign of Nero. The first of these offenders added to his former practices the recent guilt of attempting the same iniquity under Vitellius. The fathers, fired with indignation, threatened to lay violent hands on him, and never desisted till they forced him to withdraw from the senate-house. Paccius Africanus was the next object of resentment. It was he, they said, who made Nero sacrifice to his cruelty the two Scribonii, those excellent brothers, not more distinguished by the splendor of their fortunes than by their affection for each other. The miscreant had not the contumacy to avow the fact, and to deny it was not in his power. He turned short on Vibius Crispus, who pressed him with pointed ques-

tions ; and since he could not justify his own conduct, he contrived, by blending it with the guilt of his accuser, to soften resentment against himself.

XLII. In the debates of that day, Vipstanius Messala, though a young man not yet of senatorian age, gained immortal honor, not only by his eloquence, but for natural affection and the goodness of his heart. He had the spirit to stand forth for his brother Aquilius Regulus,¹ and to implore in his behalf the lenity of the fathers. By the ruin of the ancient family of the Crassi, and the illustrious house of Orphitus,² Regulus had drawn on himself the public detestation. Of his own motion he undertook the prosecution against those eminent citizens. He had no motives of fear, no danger to ward off from himself. The early genius of the man made him an informer from his youth ; and by the destruction of others he hoped to open his road to honors. His brother, notwithstanding, interceded for him ; but, on the other hand, Sulpicia Prætextata, the widow of Crassus, with her four fatherless children, attended the senate, ready, if the cause came to a hearing, to demand the vengeance due to his crimes. Messala did not enter into the merits of the cause. Without attempting to make a defence, he sued for mercy, and succeeded so well, that many of the fathers were softened in his favor. To counteract that impression, Curtius Montanus rose, and in a speech of great warmth and vehemence, went so far as to charge, in direct terms, that Regulus, as soon as Galba was despatched, gave a purse of money to the ruffian that murdered Piso, and throwing himself on the body with

¹ Regulus was a practised informer. Pliny calls him ' Bipedum nequissimus.'

² Crassus Camerinus and Scribonianus Camerinus were accused by Regulus in the reign of Nero, and put to death.

unheard-of malice, gnawed the head with his teeth. 'This,' he said, 'was an act of barbarity not imputable to Nero. Did that tyrant order it, or did you, Regulus, advance your dignity by that atrocious deed? Did your personal safety require it? Let us, if you will, admit, in some cases, the plea of necessity: let those who, to save themselves, accomplish the ruin of others, be allowed by such excuses to extenuate their guilt. You, Regulus, have not that apology: after the banishment of your father, and the confiscation of his effects, you lived secure beyond the reach of danger. Excluded by your youth from public honors, you had no possessions to tempt the avarice of Nero; no rising merit to alarm his jealousy. A rage for blood, early ambition, and avarice panting for the wages of guilt, were the motives that urged you on. Unknown at the bar, and never so much as seen in the defence of any man, you came on mankind with talents for destruction. The first specimen of your genius was the murder of illustrious citizens. The commonwealth was reduced to the last gasp, and that was the crisis in which you plundered the remaining spoils of your country. You seized the consular ornaments, and having amassed enormous riches, swelled your pride with the pontifical dignities. Innocent children, old men of the first eminence, and women of illustrious rank, have been your victims. It was from you that Nero learned a system of compendious cruelty. The slow progress with which he carried slaughter from house to house did not satisfy your thirst for blood. The emperor, according to your doctrine, fatigued himself and his band of harpies by destroying single families at a time, when it was in his power, by his bare word, to sweep away the whole senate to destruction. Retain among you, conscript fathers, if

such be your pleasure, retain this son of mischief, this man of dispatch, that the age may have its own distinctive character, and send down to posterity a model for imitation. Marcellus and Crispus gave lessons of villany to your fathers: let Regulus instruct the rising generation. We see that daring iniquity, even when unsuccessful, has its followers: when it thrives and flourishes, will it want admirers? We have before us a man, no higher at present than the rank of questor; and if we are now afraid of proceeding against him, what think you will be the case when we see him exalted to the pretorian and the consular dignity? Do we flatter ourselves that the race of tyrants ended with Nero? The men who survived Tiberius reasoned in that manner: after the death of Caligula they said the same; but another master succeeded, more cruel and more detestable. From Vespasian we have nothing to fear. He is at the time of life when the passions subside: the virtues of moderation and humanity are his: but virtue operates slowly, while pernicious examples remain in force, and teach a system of cruelty when the tyrant is no more. As to us, conscript fathers, we have lost all our vigor: we are no longer the senate that condemned Nero to death, and in the spirit of ancient times called aloud for vengeance on the ministers and advisers of that evil period. The day that succeeds the downfall of a tyrant is always the best.'

XLIII. This speech was heard with such marks of general approbation, that Helvidius Priscus, taking advantage of the temper of the fathers, thought it a fair opportunity to have his full blow at Eprius Marcellus. He began with an encomium on the character of Cluvius Rufus; a man of wealth, and distinguished eloquence, yet never known, through the whole reign of Nero, to have employed his talents against the life

or fortune of any person whatever. As a contrast to this bright example, he painted forth in glaring colors the flagitious practices of Marcellus. The fathers heard the charge with indignation. Marcellus saw the temper of the assembly, and, rising in his place, addressed himself to Helvidius: 'I withdraw,' he said, 'and leave you to give your laws to the senate. Preside if you will, and, even in the presence of the emperor's son, usurp the supreme authority.' He spoke, and quitted his seat. Vibius Crispus followed him; both enraged, but with different passions in their looks: Marcellus with eyes that darted fire; Crispus with a malignant smile. Their friends prevailed on them to return to their places. The whole assembly was in a flame. The men of integrity were on one side, and formed the largest party; the opposite faction were few in number, but they had weight and influence. A violent contest followed, and ended in nothing. The day was lost in altercation.

XLIV. At the next meeting of the senate Domitian proposed a general amnesty, in order to bury in oblivion all complaints, all resentments, and all the grievances of former times. Mucianus went at large into the case of the informers, and in a tone of mild persuasion entreated such as wanted to revive dormant prosecutions to desist from their purpose. The fathers had hitherto entertained hopes of recovering the independent exercise of their rights; but the present opposition convinced them that liberty was not to be favored. Mucianus apprehending that by this check a blow might appear to be given to the authority of the senate, and that by consequence impunity would be claimed by all the delinquents of Nero's time, remanded to the islands to which they had been banished, Octavius Sagitta, and Antistius Sosianus, both

of senatorian rank. The former had lived in a course of adultery with Pontia Posthumia; and not being able to prevail on her to marry him, in the fury of disappointed love, murdered the woman whom he adored. Sosianus by his evil practices had been the ruin of numbers. Both had been condemned by a solemn decree of the senate; and though in other instances similar judgments had been remitted, against these two offenders the law was enforced with rigor. Mucianus expected that these measures would soften prejudice and conciliate the public favor; but his plan did not succeed. Sosianus and Sagitta might have been allowed to remain at Rome without any disadvantage to the public. They were men despised, and must have lived in obscurity. The grievance under which the people labored arose from the encouragement given to the tribe of informers. The talents, the riches, and the influence of that pernicious crew spread a general terror through the city.

XLV. A cause which was soon after brought forward, and heard in due form, according to ancient usage, contributed in some degree to calm the discontents of the senate. A complaint was made to that assembly, by Manlius Patritus, a member of their body, that at a meeting of the people in the colony of the Senesians, he was assaulted, and even struck, by order of the magistrates. Nor did the injury stop there: they buried him in effigy in his own presence, compelling him not only to be a spectator of the scene, but to bear the insulting mockery of funeral lamentations, to see the images of his ancestors carried in a ludicrous procession, and to hear a torrent of opprobrious language thrown out against the senate. The parties accused were cited to appear. The cause was heard, and the guilty suffered condign punish-

ment. The fathers added a decree by which the people of the colony were required to be more observant of decency and good order. About the same time Antonius Flamma, at the suit of the inhabitants of Cyrene, was convicted of extortion, and his case being aggravated by acts of cruelty, the fathers ordered him into banishment.

XLVI. During these transactions a violent uproar broke out in the camp, and almost rose to open sedition. The soldiers disbanded by Vitellius, and afterwards embodied in the service of Vespasian, claimed a right to their former rank in the pretorian guards. At the same time a number of others, who had been drafted from the legions, under a promise of being promoted to that station, demanded their right, and the pay annexed to it. In this dilemma another difficulty occurred. The soldiers who had been retained in the army by Vitellius could not be dismissed without great hazard and even bloodshed. Mucianus entered the camp. In order to ascertain the period of time during which they all had carried arms, he directed that the victorious troops, leaving proper distances between the respective companies, should be drawn up under arms, with all their military ornaments. The Vitellians, who, as has been mentioned, surrendered at Bovillæ; together with all the stragglers that could be found either at Rome or in the neighborhood, advanced forward in one collected body. Nothing could be more wretched than their appearance; all in a ragged condition, and almost naked. Such of them as came from Britain, from Germany, or any other province, had orders to range themselves in separate divisions. The field presented an awful spectacle. The Vitellians saw before them the victors in the late battle, arrayed in terror, and brandishing their arms.

They looked around, and found themselves inclosed, in a defenceless state, displaying their nakedness and deformity. Being ordered to remove to different parts of the field, they were seized with a general panic. The Germans in particular thought themselves led forth to slaughter: they embraced their comrades; they hung about their necks; and with prayers and tears implored their fellow-soldiers not to desert them in the last distress. ‘Their cause,’ they said, ‘was common, and why should their fate be different from the rest?’ They appealed to Mucianus: they invoked the absent prince: they offered up their supplications to the gods. Mucianus appeased their fears: he told them they were all fellow-soldiers in the service of the same prince, all bound by the common obligation of the same military oath. The victors were touched with sympathy, and by their acclamations showed that they felt for the unhappy. Nothing farther happened on that day. In a short time afterwards Domitian addressed them in a public harangue. The men had recovered their courage. They listened to the young prince with an air of confidence firm and intrepid. Domitian proposed an allotment of lands: they refused the offer, desiring to continue in the service, and receive the arrears of their pay. They made their request in a humble style; but the request was in the nature of a demand not to be resisted. They were all incorporated with the pretorian guards. The superannuated, and such as had served out their time, were discharged with honor from the service. Some were cashiered for misbehavior, but by slow degrees, and without disgrace. They were weeded out man by man: a sure expedient to prevent cabals and factions in the army.

XLVII. The poverty of the public treasure, real,

or for political reasons pretended, was brought forward in the senate. A scheme was proposed for raising by a loan from private persons the sum of six hundred thousand sesterces. The management of the business was committed to Poppæus Silvanus ; but the project was soon after dropped, the plea of necessity ceasing, or the motives for dissimulation being removed. A law was proposed by Domitian, and enacted by the senate, by which the several successions to the consulship, as they stood appointed by Vitellius, were declared null and void. The funeral of Flavius Sabinus was performed with all the pomp annexed to the censorian dignity ; a striking instance of the caprice of fortune, which, like the tempest, mixing the highest and the lowest in wild confusion, sunk Sabinus to the depth of misery, and after his death raised him to unavailing honors.

XLVIII. About this time Lucius Piso, the proconsul, was murdered. The particulars of that tragic event I shall relate with the fidelity of an historian ; and if I go back to trace the origin and progress of all such atrocious deeds, the inquiry will not be without its use. By the policy of Augustus, and afterwards by the same system continued under Tiberius, the legion quartered in Africa, together with the auxiliaries employed to defend the frontier of the province, obeyed the sole authority of the proconsul. The wild and turbulent genius of Caligula changed that arrangement. Suspecting Marcus Silanus, then governor of Africa, he transferred the command of the legion to an imperial lieutenant, whom he sent into Africa for the purpose. By that measure the power of granting military preferment was divided between two rivals : a struggle for pre-eminence soon took place ; their orders clashed ; strife and emulation followed, and the

passions on both sides inflamed the dispute. In process of time the imperial lieutenant gained the ascendant. His continual residence on the spot gave him the advantage, and, as is usual in subordinate stations, the second in authority was the most eager to grasp at power. The proconsuls, conscious of their own power, despised the little arts of aggrandising themselves: they took care to act with circumspection, and content with personal safety, formed no schemes of ambition.

XLIX. During Piso's administration in Africa Valerius Festus had the command of the legion; a young man of unbounded expense; a voluptuous prodigal, and an aspiring genius. He was nearly allied to Vitellius, and that circumstance filled him with disquietude. Whether it be true that in private conferences he endeavored to excite Piso to a revolt, or, on the other hand, that being himself solicited, he withstood the temptation, must remain uncertain. No man was admitted into their secrets. After the death of Piso the public was disposed to think favorably even of the murderer. The natives of the province, as well as the soldiers, were disaffected to Vespasian. It is likewise certain that the partisans of Vitellius, who escaped from Rome, endeavored to fire the ambition of Piso. They represented Gaul on the eve of a revolt, and the Germans ready to take up arms: they stated the dangerous situation in which Piso stood; an open war, they said, was preferable to a dangerous peace. In that juncture Claudius Sagitta, who commanded the squadron of horse called Petrina, arrived in Africa. Favored with a quick passage, he got the start of Papirius, a centurion, despatched by Mucianus with secret instructions, as Sagitta affirmed, to assassinate Piso. He added, that Galerianus, the pro-

consul's near relation, and also his son-in-law, had already met his fate. For the proconsul himself there remained nothing but a bold and daring enterprise. For this purpose two schemes presented themselves; one, by calling forth the province under arms: the other, by passing over into Gaul, there to show himself at the head of the Vitellian party. Piso remained deaf to these remonstrances. In the mean time, the centurion sent by Mucianus arrived in Africa. He landed at Carthage, and no sooner entered that city than he proclaimed with an air of joy that Piso's affairs were in a prosperous train, and that the imperial dignity was already his. The people stood astonished at a revolution so unexpected. The centurion desired them to spread the news with shouts and demonstrations of joy, and accordingly the credulous multitude rushed to the forum, calling aloud on Piso to make his appearance. The city rung with acclamations. About the truth no man inquired: all pressed forward to pay their court to the new emperor. Piso, in the mean time, alarmed by the evidence of Sagitta, or perhaps restrained by his own native modesty, resolved not to stir from his house. He examined the centurion; and finding that the whole was a snare to involve him in a rash attempt, and thereby give a color to the intended murder, he ordered the ruffian to be put to death; not imagining that by that vindictive measure he could save his own life, but because he saw with indignation the assassin of Clodius Macer ready to imbrue his hands in the blood of the proconsul. Having made this sacrifice to justice, he issued a proclamation, in strong terms condemning the rash behavior of the Carthaginians. From that moment, renouncing all the duties of his station, he

confined himself to his own house, determined that nothing on his part should be the occasion of new disturbances.

L. Festus was duly apprised of all that passed. The excesses committed by the populace, the death of the centurion, and other reports, magnified as usual by the voice of fame, determined him to cut off the proconsul without delay. He despatched a party of horse to perpetrate the deed. The assassins made a rapid march in the night, and at the dawn of day rushed, sword in hand, into Piso's house. Being men picked for the purpose from the Carthaginian or the Moorish auxiliaries, they did not so much as know the person whom they intended to murder: near his chamber-door they met one of the slaves, and sternly asked him, 'Who are you? and where is Piso?' With a generous and splendid falsehood the man replied, 'I am Piso.' He was butchered on the spot. Piso in a short time after met his fate. It happened that he was known to one of the ruffians, by name *Bebius Massa*, an imperial procurator in Africa, even then the avowed enemy of every worthy character, and, in the miseries that followed, an actor frequently to appear in scenes of blood and cruelty. Meanwhile, Festus remained at *Adrumetum*, waiting for the issue of the business. Having received intelligence, he proceeded to the legion, and there ordered *Cetronius Pisanus*, the prefect of the camp, to be loaded with fetters. His motive for this proceeding was a personal grudge, disguised however under a pretended charge that the prisoner was the friend and partisan of *Piso*. He punished some of the soldiers, and rewarded others, with no good reason for either, but purely to give himself the important air of having crushed a civil war. A quarrel subsisted between the

Cæensians and the people of Leptis; but by the interposition of Festus the dispute was compromised. Those cities complained of depredations committed in their respective territories, and both were preparing to hazard a battle. The Cæensians were in fact inferior in number to their adversaries; but they had formed a league with the Garamantes, a fierce and savage race that lived altogether by plunder; and by consequence the people of Leptis were reduced to the last extremity. They saw their lands laid waste, and were obliged to take shelter in their fortified towns, till the Roman cohorts and cavalry advanced to their relief. The Garamantes abandoned the siege, leaving behind them the whole of their booty, except what some of their flying parties had conveyed to their huts in the midst of deserts, or sold to the inhabitants of distant regions.

LI. Vespasian at this time had received intelligence of the victory at Cremona, and the success of his arms in every quarter. The death of Vitellius was announced to him by men of rank and condition, who had the spirit in that rough season of the year to undertake a voyage, in order to be the first to communicate that important event. Vologeses, the Parthian king, offered by his ambassadors to assist him with forty thousand of his cavalry. Nothing could be more glorious than the situation in which Vespasian stood: the allies paid their court, and he was in no need of their assistance. He returned thanks to Vologeses, desiring at the same time, since the peace of the empire was now established, that he would send ambassadors to the senate. Vespasian now began to turn his thoughts towards Italy and the affairs of Rome. The accounts which he received concerning his son Domitian were by no means favorable. The young

prince was said to assume beyond his years, and to tower above the rank even of the emperor's son. For the present, Vespasian thought fit to place his son Titus at the head of the army, and leave him to carry on the war against the Jews.

LII. Titus, we are told, before he set out to take on him the command, used his best influence to mitigate his father in favor of Domitian. 'The tales,' he said, 'of insidious whisperers ought not to be regarded: a son may fairly claim a right to be heard in his defence; nor should a father harbor prejudices against him. Fleets and armies are not always the strongest bulwarks: the best resources of the sovereign are in his own family. Friends moulder away; time changes the affections of men; views of interest form new connexions; the passions fluctuate; desires arise that cannot be gratified; misunderstandings follow, and friendships are transferred to others: but the ties of blood still remain in force, and in that bond of union consists the security of the emperor. In his prosperity numbers participate; in the day of trouble, who, except his relations, takes a share in his misfortunes? Even between brothers, concord and unanimity are seldom lasting; and how should it be otherwise, if the father cease to give a laudable example?'

Vespasian listened to these remonstrances, charmed with the amiable disposition of his son, yet not reconciled to Domitian. He desired Titus to banish all anxiety, and proceed with a mind firm and erect in the great work of enlarging the dominion and the glory of the empire. For himself, it should be his business to improve the arts of peace, and secure the welfare of his family. Vespasian's next care was to provide a supply of grain for the city of Rome. He ordered a number of swift-sailing vessels to be loaded

with corn, and though it was still the tempestuous season of the year, to put to sea without delay. Rome in that juncture was reduced to an alarming situation, not having in the public granaries, when the fleet arrived, more than ten days' provision.

LIII. The care of rebuilding the capitol was committed to Lucius Vestinus, a man no higher than the equestrian rank, but in credit and dignity of character equal to the first men in Rome. Under his direction the soothsayers were convened. Their advice was that the ruins of the former temple should be removed to the marshes, and that the new structure should be raised on the old foundation: for the gods would not permit a change of the ancient form. On the eleventh day before the calends of July, the sky being remarkably serene, the ground assigned for the foundation was encompassed with ribbons and chaplets of flowers. Such of the soldiers as had names of auspicious import¹ entered within the inclosure, bearing in their hands branches from the favorite trees of the gods. The vestal virgins followed in procession, with a band of boys and girls, whose parents, male and female, were still living. They sprinkled the place with water drawn from three clear fountains, and three rivers. Helvidius Priscus, the pretor, preceded by Plautus Ælianus, the pontiff, sacrificed a swine, a sheep, and a bull; and having spread the entrails on the green turf, invoked Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva, praying of them, and all the tutelar deities of Rome, that they would favor the undertaking, and with their divine assistance carry to perfection a work begun and consecrated by the piety of man.

After this solemn prayer, Helvidius laid his hand

¹ On all solemn occasions the Romans made choice of men whose names they thought auspicious.

on the fillets that adorned the foundation-stone, and also the cords by which it was to be drawn to its place. In that instant the magistrates, the priests, the senators, the Roman knights, and a number of citizens, all acting with one effort, and general demonstrations of joy, laid hold of the ropes, and dragged the ponderous load to its destined spot. They then threw in ingots of gold and silver, and other metals, which had never been melted in the furnace, but still retained, untouched by human art, their first formation in the bowels of the earth. The soothsayers had directed that neither stone nor gold, which had been applied to other uses, should profane any part of the building. The walls were raised higher than before. Religion allowed no other alteration. To the magnificence of the former structure¹ nothing but elevation could be added; and that in a place designed for the reception of prodigious multitudes, was allowed to be necessary.

LIV. Meanwhile the news of Vitellius' death, spreading through Gaul and Germany, gave rise to two wars at once. Civilis, no longer managing appearances, declared open hostility against the Romans; and the Vitellian soldiers, rather than acknowledge Vespasian, were ready to submit to slavery under a foreign yoke. The Gauls began to breathe new life and vigor; persuaded that the Roman armies, wherever stationed, were broken and dispirited. A rumor was current among them, and universally believed, that the Dacians and Sarmatians had laid siege to the encampments in Mœsia and Pannonia. Affairs in Britain were supposed to be in no better situation. Above all, the destruction of the capitol announced the approaching fate of the Roman empire. The druids, in

¹ The splendor and magnificence of the capitol and the temple of Jupiter are described by Plutarch.

their wild enthusiasm,¹ sung their oracular songs; in which they taught that, when Rome was formerly sacked by the Gauls, the mansion of Jupiter being left intire, the commonwealth survived that dreadful shock; but the calamity of fire which had lately happened was a denunciation from heaven, in consequence of which power and dominion were to circulate round the world, and the nations on their side of the Alps were in their turn to become masters of the world. A report prevailed, at the same time, that the chieftains of Gaul who had been employed by Otho against Vitellius bound themselves by a solemn league, if the civil dissensions of Rome continued, to watch their opportunity, and by one brave effort recover their natural independence.

LV. Before the murder of Hordeonius Flaccus this confederacy was a profound secret. That tragic event no sooner happened than a negotiation took place between Civilis and Classicus, who commanded a squadron of Treverian horse, and was at that time a leading chief among the Gauls, in fame and wealth surpassing the rest of his countrymen. He derived his origin from a royal line; a race of men who had made themselves famous for the wisdom of their counsels and their courage in the field. Thus descended, Classicus made it his boast that he was the hereditary enemy, not the ally, of Rome. His plot was strengthened by the accession of Julius Tutor and Julius Sabinus: the former, a Treverian; the latter, one of the Lingones. Tutor had been preferred by Vitellius to a command on the banks of the Rhine. Sabinus to his natural

¹ The order of druids had been suppressed in Gaul by Tiberius; and the emperor Claudius extinguished their religion. It is probable therefore that a race of druids was sent from Britain.

vanity united the pride, however ill-founded, of an illustrious descent. He pretended that his great-grandmother attracted the regard of Julius Cæsar during his wars in Germany, and from that deduced his pedigree.

The conspirators made it their business, in secret conferences, to sound the temper of others; and having drawn into their plot a number of accomplices, held a general meeting in the Agrippinian colony. A private house was their scene of action. In that city the public mind abhorred all dangerous conspiracies. There were notwithstanding some of the inhabitants, and a party of Tungrians, present at the meeting: but the Treverians and Lingones gave life and vigor to the cause. Men of their spirit thought they lost their time in debate. They broke out at once, declaring with vehemence, ‘that Rome was brought, by the madness of her own intestine divisions, to the brink of ruin: her armies were cut to pieces: Italy was laid waste, and the city taken by storm. In other parts of the empire the legions have different wars on their hands: what then remains but to take possession of the Alps? Secure the passes over those mountains, and Gaul will not only recover her liberty, but establish an independent empire. She may then deliberate where to fix the extent and boundaries of her own dominions.’

LVI. This great and daring project was approved as soon as heard. How to dispose of the remaining Vitellian soldiers was the next consideration. A general massacre was proposed. All agreed that men of their description, seditious, turbulent, void of principle, the murderers of their superior officers, deserved no quarter. And yet there were political reasons for extending mercy: ‘The Vitellians might be roused to

an act of brave despair. It were better to entice them into the confederacy. Let their officers bleed, and after that sacrifice the common men, conscious of their crimes, yet entertaining hopes of impunity, would be ready to join in any great and daring enterprise.' Such was the plan of their revolt. Their next step was, by their agents and emissaries, to kindle the flame of discord all over Gaul. The conspirators, in the mean time, with a specious show of duty, submitted to the commands of Vocula; determined to deceive him at first, and ruin him in the end. The plot however was not intirely concealed from the Roman general: he received intelligence, but in a difficult juncture, when his legions were incomplete and wavering in their duty. Vocula found himself surrounded with perfidious soldiers and secret conspirators. In that distress he judged it best to play against his enemies their own insidious game. With this design he set out for the Agrippinian colony. At that place he met Claudius Labeo, who, as already mentioned, had been sent by Civilis to be detained in custody by the Frisians. Having corrupted his guard, this man made his escape, and fled for refuge to the Romans. He now was willing to assist their cause. To that end he offered, at the head of a detachment, to penetrate into Batavia, and by his influence to engage the chiefs of the country in the interest of Rome. He obtained a small party of foot and cavalry, and with that force passed over into the island, but attempted nothing against the Batavians. The whole of his service consisted in prevailing on a party of the Nervians and Betasians to take up arms. With that reinforcement he ventured to attack the Caninefates and Marsacians; not indeed in an open and regular war, but in the style of a freebooter, by sudden incursions.

LVII. The Gauls found means to impose on Vocula. That commander fell into the snare, and marched in quest of the enemy. As soon as he approached the old camp called Vetera, Classicus and Tutor, under color of exploring the motions of the enemy, advanced to a considerable distance from the army; and having there concluded a treaty with the German chiefs, threw off the mask at once. They encamped apart, and began to throw up intrenchments. Vocula, with indignation, exclaimed against the measure. ‘Rome,’ he said, ‘was not so humbled by her own divisions as to become the scorn of the Treverians and Lingones. She had still great resources: a number of provinces firm in her interest; victorious armies, and the auspicious fortune of the empire. The avenging gods were still on her side. The fate of Sacrovir and the treacherous Æduans may be still remembered. The overthrow of Vindex is a more recent instance. A single battle was sufficient to quell those insurrections; and what have the violators of all good faith to expect at present? The same gods, the same vengeance, the same fate, awaits them. Julius Cæsar was the person who best understood the national character of the Gauls. He knew how to deal with a perfidious race. Augustus followed his example. Galba granted an exemption from tributes, and by that indulgence gave encouragement to sedition. Your burden has been lessened, and rebellion is your gratitude: when you are once more subdued and reduced to poverty you will then be taught that submission is the duty of the vanquished.’ The tone of firmness and even ferocity with which this speech was uttered made no impression on Classicus and Tutor. Vocula marched back to Novesium. The Gauls encamped at the distance of two miles. The centurions and soldiers visited them

without restraint, and settled the price for which they were willing to sell themselves. In that vile bargain and sale a Roman army, with a baseness of spirit till then unheard of, submitted to swear fidelity to a foreign power; and to ratify the horrible contract, agreed to murder their officers, or deliver them up bound in chains. In this distress Vocula was advised to save himself by flight; but that general was resolved to face every danger. With a mind superior to distress, he called his men together, and harangued them as follows:

LVIII. 'I have often addressed you, my fellow-soldiers, but never with so much anxiety for your welfare; never with so little concern for myself. You have conspired against me, and I hear it without regret. Encompassed as I am by so many enemies, I can welcome death as the end of human misery. But I feel for you; for you my heart bleeds inwardly. You are neither going forth to the attack nor does the enemy offer battle. In either case that would be the lot of war, and I should be willing to share the danger. You are now to draw your unhallowed swords against your country: Classicus expects it; he hopes to make you traitors and parricides. He places before your eyes the empire of Gaul; he invites you to swear fidelity to that imaginary state. But still reflect for a moment: if fortune has deserted you, if your courage fails, are there no bright examples transmitted to you by your ancestors, to rouse your valor? Have you forgot how often the Roman armies, rather than desert their post, have died bravely sword in hand? The allies of Rome have seen their cities wrapped in fire, and with their wives and children perished in the flames: and what was their motive? They preserved their faith inviolate, and they died with glory:

Even at this moment you have before your eyes the noblest example: in the old camp the legions, amidst the horrors of a siege and the miseries of famine, still maintain their post, undismayed by danger, unseduced by promises. We have arms and men; a camp well fortified, and provisions sufficient for a long and tedious war. That there is no want of money, yourselves are witnesses: you have received your donative; and whether you impute it to Vespasian or Vitellius, it is the bounty of the emperor. And will you, my fellow-soldiers, after all your victories, after routing the enemy at Gelduba and the old camp, will you now shrink at once, and sully all your fame? If you dread an engagement, behold your walls and fortifications, your trenches and palisades: those will defend you; with those advantages you may stand at bay till succors arrive from the neighboring provinces. Does your general displease you? There are other officers; there are tribunes, centurions, and, if you will, there are common men to take the command. In all events, let not the world hear the monstrous story, that Classicus and Civilis, with Roman arms and Roman soldiers, have invaded Italy.

‘But let me ask you: should the Gauls and Germans be able to conduct you to the walls of Rome, will you there lift your impious hands against your country? My heart recoils with horror from the thought. Shall Roman soldiers be placed as sentinels at the tent of Tutor the Treverian? Shall a Batavian give the word of command? Will you serve as recruits to complete the German battalions? And what is to be the issue? When the Roman legions appear before you in order of battle, what part will you act? Deserters already, will you become so a second time? From traitors to your country, will you turn traitors

to your new allies? Bound by your former oaths, distracted by your last, and between both confounded, you will be lost in a maze of guilt, detesting yourselves, and still more detested by the gods. Immortal Jove! supreme of gods! to whom, for so many triumphs, during a space of eight hundred and twenty years, Rome has bowed down with praise and adoration! thee I invoke; and thee too, Romulus, thou mighty founder of the Roman name! on thee I call: if it is your awful will that, under my command, this camp shall not remain inviolate, yet hear my humble prayer; preserve it from the pollution of barbarians; save it from such men as Tutor and Classicus. To these my fellow-soldiers grant unshaken virtue; or, if that cannot be, inspire them with remorse, that they may see their error, and avert the horror of flagitious deeds.'

LIX. This speech was heard with various emotions. Hope, fear, and shame, rose in the minds of the soldiers. Vocula retired, with his own hand determined to deliver himself from a seditious army. His slaves and freedmen interposed, but their officious care reserved him for a harsher fate. Classicus despatched his assassin, by name *Æmilius Longinus*, a deserter from the first legion. That ruffian struck the fatal blow. *Herennius* and *Numisius*, who had each the command of a legion, were secured in chains. Classicus in a short time afterwards entered the camp, with the pomp and apparel of a Roman commander; and though he brought with him a mind prompt and daring, he made no attempt to harangue the men, content with repeating the words of the oath. The soldiers swore fidelity to the empire of the Gauls. The murderer of Vocula was raised to rank in the army. The rest were rewarded in proportion to their crimes.

Tutor and Classicus took their different shares in the conduct of the war. Tutor proceeded with a strong force to the Agrippinian colony ; and having invested the place, compelled the inhabitants to bind themselves by an oath to the new empire. He exacted the same submission from the soldiers stationed on the Upper Rhine. Classicus marched to Magontiacum ; and, by his order, the tribunes who refused obedience were put to death. The prefect of the camp betook himself to flight. From those who submitted Classicus selected the most distinguished for their profligacy, and sent them to the old camp, with directions to promise a free pardon to all who were willing to surrender ; and in case of wilful obstinacy, to give notice that famine, the devouring sword, and all the horrors of military vengeance, would be their portion. To these instructions the messengers added their own example, and the motives that influenced their conduct.

LX. The besieged were now in the last distress. Their sense of duty was still an active principle ; and, on the other hand, famine stared them in the face. Between honor and infamy they were held in suspense, and the conflict was for some time undecided. Their store of provisions was exhausted. They were in want not only of common food, but even of such as necessity might suggest. They had lived on horse flesh ; their beasts of burden were consumed, and even of animals impure and filthy none remained. Reduced to this extremity, they tore up shrubs by the root ; they broke down twigs and branches ; they gathered the wretched herbs that grew penuriously between the stones. A generous band ! exhibiting in the last distress an example of patience and heroic fortitude ! Men for ever memorable, if they had not at last, by sending deputies to sue for mercy, tarnished all their glory. The

haughty Batavian refused to listen to their supplications till they swore fidelity to the empire of Gaul. By the terms of the capitulation every thing in the camp was to be delivered up to Civilis. A band of soldiers was accordingly sent to guard the money, the slaves, the victuallers, and the baggage. The legions marched out destitute of every thing, with a strong party to escort them. They had not proceeded above five miles when the Germans, contrary to all good faith, attacked them with sudden fury. The brave and resolute died on the spot; others betook themselves to flight, and were cut off by the pursuers; the survivors made their way back to the camp. Civilis called the behavior of the Germans a violation of the law of nations: but whether he was acting a part, or in fact had not sufficient authority to restrain a body of undisciplined barbarians, must remain problematical. Having pillaged the camp, the Batavians threw in combustibles, and the whole was reduced to ashes. All who had lately escaped from the fury of the sword perished in the flames.

LXI. Civilis, when he first took up arms against the Romans, bound himself by a solemn vow,¹ according to the custom of those barbarous nations, to cherish the growth of his hair, which was now waving about his shoulders, dishevelled, long, and red. Thinking himself absolved by the slaughter of the legions, he cut it short for the first time during the war. He is said to have given to his infant son some Roman prisoners, as a mark to be levelled at with little darts and arrows, for the diversion of a child. It is worthy of notice, that in the height of his zeal for the empire

¹ To bind themselves by a solemn vow not to clip their hair or beard till they had accomplished their revenge was usual among barbarians.

of Gaul, he neither swore fidelity himself, nor required that act of submission from the Batavians. He relied on the valor of the Germans; and should it be necessary to contend for the sovereign power, he considered his own abilities and his fame in arms as a decided superiority. Mummius Lupercus, the commander of a legion, was sent, among a number of ample presents, as a gift to Veleda, a prophetess of the Bructerian nation. She ruled over a large tract of territory. Her name was held in veneration throughout Germany. The superstition of the country ascribed to numbers of women a preternatural insight into future events; and in consequence of that persuasion many have been revered as goddesses. Veleda at that time was the oracle of Germany. She had foretold the success of her countrymen, and the destruction of the legions. Her name, in consequence of that prediction, rose to the highest pitch. Lupercus was murdered on the road. A few centurions and tribunes who were natives of Gaul were reserved as hostages in the hands of Civilis, to bind the alliance between the two nations. The winter camps of the cohorts, the cavalry, and the legions, excepting one at Magontiacum, and another at Vindonissa, were levelled to the ground, or destroyed by fire.

LXII. The thirteenth legion, with the auxiliaries that surrendered at the same time, received orders to march on a day appointed, from Novesium to the colony of the Treverians. The interval was big with anxiety, terror, and distraction. The dastardly thought of nothing but the massacre at the old camp, and expected to have that scene renewed. The better sort, who still retained some sense of honor, blushed to see the humiliating condition to which they were reduced. 'What kind of march were they to undertake? and

who was to conduct them? It was their own act, they said, that made the barbarians arbiters of life and death: every thing depends on their will and pleasure.' Others cared for nothing but their money and their effects. To pack up what they valued most, and brace it round their bodies, was their only employment. About shame and dishonor they felt no solicitude. A few prepared their arms, as if for the field of battle. The fatal day arrived, more dismal and afflicting than their imaginations had represented it. In the camp their wretched appearance passed without notice; the open field and the glare of day displayed a scene of deformity. The images of the emperors were torn down from the ensigns; and the Roman standards, stripped of their ornaments, seemed to droop in disgrace, while the colors of the Gauls fluttered in the air, and glittered to the eye. The march was slow, silent, melancholy; a long and dismal train, resembling a funeral procession. Claudius Sanctus, a man deformed by the loss of an eye, of a ferocious countenance, and remarkable stupidity, was their leader. Their disgrace was aggravated by the arrival of another legion from the camp at Bonn. This wretched state of captivity was rumored about the country, and the people, who a little before shuddered at the Roman name, flocked together in crowds to behold their reverse of fortune. The fields were deserted; houses were left empty; a prodigious multitude assembled from all quarters to enjoy the novelty of the spectacle. The insolence of the rabble was more than the squadron of horse called Picentina had patience to endure. They marched off in disdain, directing their route towards Magontiacum: nor could Sanctus, their commander, by threats or menaces divert them from their purpose. In their way they met Longinus, the mur-

derer of Vocula, and killed him on the spot. By that sacrifice they began to expiate their own disgrace. The legions, without altering their course, proceeded to the city of the Treverians, and pitched their tents under the walls.

LXIII. Civilis and Classicus, elated with success, had it in contemplation to give the Agrippinian colony to the fury of the soldiers. Their own natural ferocity and love of plunder conspired to prompt them to this act of barbarity; but motives of policy counterbalanced their inclinations. They knew that to the founders of a new empire the fame of clemency is always an advantage. Civilis had other reasons: his son, on the first breaking out of the war, was taken into custody by the Agrippinians, and treated with marks of respect. Civilis felt the obligation, and gratitude touched his heart; but the nations beyond the Rhine saw the opulence of the place, and the increase of population, with an eye of envy. They insisted that, to terminate the war, it was necessary either to make it an open city for all Germany, or to demolish it at once, and by that stroke exterminate the Ubian race.

LXIV. The Tencterians, a people dwelling on the opposite bank of the Rhine, thought fit to send ambassadors to the Agrippinian colony, with directions to explain to an assembly of the state the sentiments of the German nations. The person among the deputies most distinguished by his ferocity spoke as follows: 'That you have restored yourselves to your country, and are become Germans in fact as well as in name, we return thanks to the gods, whom we adore in common, and in particular to Mars, the supreme of deities. We congratulate you on this great occasion: you will live henceforward among nations born in freedom, and

you will enjoy your natural rights. The Romans hitherto were masters of our lands, our rivers, and even of the elements over our heads. They excluded us from all intercourse with you : if at any time we were allowed access to your city, it was under the eye of a guard ; and, what to a warlike people was the worst indignity, we were forced to visit you without arms, defenceless, and almost naked, nay, obliged to pay a tax for the favor. Would you now establish our mutual friendship on a firm foundation ? These are the conditions : demolish the walls of your city, those monuments of your former slavery. The fiercest animals, if you keep them close confined, grow mild in time, and forget their nature. Rise at once, and by a general massacre extirpate the Roman race. Liberty and the presence of a master are incompatible. When you have destroyed your enemies, let their goods be brought into a common stock : allow no embezzlement, nor suffer any man to think of his own private advantage. Our common ancestors enjoyed both banks of the Rhine : let those rights be now restored. The use of light and air is given by nature to us all, and the same liberal hand has opened to the brave and valiant a free passage to every region of the globe. Revive the customs of your ancestors ; restore the primitive laws, and renounce the charm of baneful pleasures. The Romans hitherto have waged a war of luxury, and have succeeded more by their vices¹ than by their valor. Prove yourselves Germans ; shake off the yoke ; be a regenerated, a brave, unmixed, and warlike people ; you will then be on a footing of

¹ The Romans kept the nations in subjection, not so much by their arms as by the allurements of pleasure, which they called civilisation.

equality with your neighbors: in time, perhaps, you may rise to the dignity of giving laws to others.'

LXV. The Agrippinians desired time for deliberation. If they complied with the terms, they trembled at the consequences; and in their present condition a peremptory refusal was more than they dared to hazard. Their answer was as follows: 'As soon as we perceived the dawn of returning liberty we seized the opportunity, with more zeal than prudence, to make common cause with you and the rest of our German relatives. But when the Roman armies are assembling on every side, is that a time to demolish our fortifications? The juncture requires that we should rather add to their strength. If heretofore there have been within our territories emigrants from Italy and the provinces of Rome, the rage of war has destroyed them, or they have made their escape to their native home. As to those who formerly transplanted their families and settled among us, they have been for a long time part of the colony, intermixed and blended with us by intermarriages and the ties of consanguinity. Their descendants are our own progeny: this is their native land, and this their country. And are we now required to cut the throats of our fathers, our brothers, and our children? That black design cannot be imputed to the Tencterians. A free commerce shall be established: all duties that are a restraint on trade and liberty shall be repealed. Our city shall be open to you; but with this restriction: you must come unarmed, and in open day, that these regulations, at present new and therefore feeble, may gain strength from time, and grow into established usage. We desire that Civilis and Veleda may arbitrate between us. Under their sanction the treaty shall be ratified.' The Tencterians acquiesced. Ambassadors were sent with pre-

sents to Civilis and Veleda; and by their mediation all matters were adjusted to the satisfaction of the Agrippinians. The deputies however were not admitted to the presence of Veleda. To increase the veneration paid to her character all access to her person was denied. She resided in the summit of a lofty tower. A near relation, chosen for the purpose, conveyed to her the several questions, and from that sanctuary brought back oracular responses, like a messenger who held commerce with the gods.

LXVI. Strengthened by his alliance with the Agrippinian colony, Civilis turned his thoughts to the neighboring states; determined, if gentle measures proved ineffectual, to subdue them by force. The Sunicians had already submitted to his arms, and he had formed the youth of the country capable of bearing arms into regular cohorts. To oppose his progress Claudius Labeo advanced at the head of a considerable body of Betasians, Tungrians, and Nervians, raised by sudden levies. Having taken an advantageous post, where he commanded the bridge over the Meuse, he ventured an engagement. The battle was for some time fought in a narrow defile, with doubtful success, till the Germans, with their usual dexterity in swimming, crossed the river, and charged Labeo's forces in the rear. Civilis, with a bold effort of courage, or in consequence of a preconcerted measure, rushed among the Tungrians, proclaiming aloud, 'that the object of the war was not to procure for the Batavians and Treverians dominion over the nations. We have no such arrogance, no such wild ambition. We court your alliance. I am ready to join you; your general, if you will; if not, a common soldier.' This speech had its effect. The common men felt the impression, and sheathed their swords. In that moment Campanus

and **Juvenalis**, the leading chiefs of the **Tungrians**, in behalf of themselves and their whole nation, submitted to **Civilis**. **Labeo** made his escape. The **Betasians** and the **Nervians** in like manner surrendered. **Civilis** incorporated them with his army, and in a tide of success saw his strength increasing every day. The adjacent nations were overawed by the terror of his arms, or voluntarily entered into the confederacy.

LXVII. Meanwhile, **Julius Sabinus**, having destroyed all public monuments of the alliance¹ between **Rome** and the **Lingones**, caused himself to be proclaimed by the title of **Cæsar**. He put himself soon after at the head of an undisciplined multitude of his countrymen, and marched against the **Sequanians**, a neighboring state, at that time faithful to **Rome**. The **Sequanians** did not decline the conflict. Fortune favored the juster cause. The **Lingones** were defeated. The rashness with which **Sabinus** rushed on to the attack was equalled by nothing but the precipitation with which he fled the field. He escaped to a cottage, and in order to spread a report of his death, set fire to the place. It was generally believed that he perished in the flames. He lived nine years afterward. The various arts by which he protracted his days, and the subterraneous places in which he lay concealed, together with the constancy of his friends, and the memorable example of his wife **Eponina**,² shall be recorded in their proper place. The victory obtained by the **Sequanians** checked the progress of

¹ Tables of brass, on which was engraved the treaty of alliance between the Romans and the **Lingones**.

² The account here promised of **Eponina's** fidelity has not come down to us. She was discovered in a cavern with **Sabinus** her husband nine years afterwards, and with him conveyed to **Rome**. **Plutarch**, who relates the particulars, says that her death was the disgrace of **Vespasian's** reign.

the war. The states of Gaul began to think with moderation, and to reflect on the law of nations and the faith of subsisting treaties. The people of Rheims set the example. By a proclamation dispersed through Gaul, they summoned a convention of delegates from the several provinces, in order to consult which was most for the general interest, a settled peace, or a vigorous effort for the recovery of their liberty.

LXVIII. At Rome, in the mean time, these transactions, exaggerated always beyond the truth, kept Mucianus in a state of anxiety. He had already appointed Annius Gallus and Petilius Cerealis to command the German armies; but though they were both officers of distinguished merit, there was reason to fear that they would prove unequal to the weight of the war. Rome, at the same time, could not be left without a ruler. From the unbridled passions of Domitian every thing was to be apprehended. Antonius Primus and Arrius Varus were both suspected. The latter commanded the pretorian guards, and by consequence had arms and men in his power. Mucianus removed him from his office, and to soften his fall, made him superintendent of the public granaries. To reconcile Domitian, the known friend of Varus, to the measure, he gave the vacant post to Arretinus Clemens, a man nearly related to the house of Vespasian, and high in favor with the young prince. His father, in the reign of Caligula, held the same command with considerable reputation. The name, Mucianus observed, would be welcome to the soldiers; and the new officer, though a member of the senate, would be able to discharge the duty of both stations. An expedition against the Germans was now a settled measure. The principal men at Rome had notice to attend the army. Numbers offered themselves with views of ambition. Domitian

and Mucianus prepared to set out, but with different motives; the prince with the ardor of youth, panting for the novelty of enterprise; Mucianus, with studied delays, endeavoring to protract the time, in order to allay the impetuosity of Domitian. A young man of his rank, hurried away by his passions, or misled by evil counsellors, might, at the head of the army, so embarrass every thing, that it would be impossible either to wage war with advantage, or to conclude an honorable peace.

Two of the victorious legions, namely, the sixth and eighth, with the twenty-first from the Vitellian party, and the second from the forces lately raised, had orders to march into Gaul by different routes; some over the Penine and Cottian Alps, and others over the Graian mountains. The fourteenth legion was recalled from Britain, and the sixth and tenth from Spain. Alarmed by these preparations, the states of Gaul, already disposed to pacific measures, held a convention at Rheims. The deputies of the Treverians attended the meeting, and with them Tullius Valentinus, a fierce incendiary, and the most active promoter of the war. In a speech prepared for the purpose, he poured forth a torrent of declamation, abounding with all the topics of invective usually urged against the authority of extensive empires, and all the injurious reflections that could be cast on the Roman name. To inflame sedition was the talent of the man. Possessing a daring genius and a turbulent vein of eloquence, no wonder that he was the favorite orator of the vulgar.

LXIX. Julius Auspex, a leading chief among the people of Rheims, rose in opposition to the Treverian. He painted forth the power of the Romans, and the blessings of peace. 'Nations,' he said, 'might be involved in all the calamities of war by men of no ac-

count in the field. The coward may begin hostilities, but the brave and valiant are left to shed their blood in the quarrel. Even then the Roman legions were advancing, and to oppose them would be a vain attempt.' He urged the faith of treaties, and by that consideration succeeded with men of sober judgment: the young and ardent were restrained by the magnitude of the approaching danger. All admired the spirit of Valentinus, but the advice of Auspex was adopted. The states of Gaul had not forgot that, in the commotions excited by Vindex, the Treverians and Lingones had sided with Verginius, and that conduct was still felt with resentment. The mutual jealousy with which the several provinces beheld each other, was still another reason to prevent their acting in concert. 'Who was to have the conduct of the war? Under whose auspices were the troops to take the field? And if their efforts were crowned with success, where were they to fix the seat of empire?' By this spirit of emulation all were thrown into violent debate; they had gained no victory, and yet were quarrelling for the spoils. One state talked of its alliances; another was rich and powerful; a third boasted of its ancient origin, and all with arrogance claimed the superiority. The result was a general resolution to prefer their present condition to the uncertain issue of a dangerous war. Letters were despatched to the Treverians in the name of the states of Gaul, requiring them to lay down their arms, while repentance might obtain their pardon, and their friends were ready to solicit for them. Valentinus opposed all terms of accommodation. His countrymen, by his advice, were deaf to all remonstrances. But war was not the talent of their leader. Skilled in debate, he was a factious demagogue, and an inactive soldier.

LXX. The exertions of the Treverians, the Lingones, and other revolted states, were in no proportion to the importance of the occasion. Between their generals no concerted plan, no union of counsels. Civilis traversed the defiles and devious parts of Belgia, with no object in view but that of making Labeo his prisoner, or forcing him to fly the country. Classicus loitered away the time in indolence, pleased with his imaginary empire, and swaying a sceptre not yet in his possession. Even Tutor neglected to secure the banks of the Upper Rhine, and the passes of the Alps. In the mean time, the one-and-twentieth legion, by the way of Vindonissa, penetrated into Gaul, and Sextilius Felix, with the auxiliary cohorts, forced his way through Rhætia. He was joined by a squadron of horse, embodied first by Vitellius, and afterwards listed under Vespasian. Their commanding officer was Julius Briganticus, whose mother was the sister of Civilis. The uncle and the nephew hated each other; and, as is often the case in family quarrels, their animosity was deep, envenomed, and implacable. Tutor found means to augment his army by new musters in the country of the Vangiones, the Caracatians, and Tribocians. He added a body of Roman veterans, both horse and foot, whom he had either inveigled by promises, or compelled by menaces. A cohort detached by Sextilius Felix appeared in sight. The veteran legionaries put the whole corps to the sword; but seeing the approach of Roman generals and a Roman army, they went over to that side, and by a second desertion atoned for the disgrace of the first. The Tribocians, the Vangiones, and the Caracatians, followed their example.

Tutor, being now deserted by all but his countrymen the Treverians, thought it best to make his re-

treat. He avoided Magontiacum, and made the best of his way to Bingium, where, having destroyed the bridge over the river Nava, he thought himself posted to advantage. Felix, with a cohort under his command, hung closely on his rear. Having found a fordable place, his men crossed the river, and rushed on to the attack. Tutor was put to the rout, and totally defeated. The Treverians, struck with terror, laid down their arms, and dispersed themselves about the country. Some of their chiefs, to claim the merit of a voluntary submission, fled for refuge to such states as had not joined the revolt. The legions which had been removed, as already mentioned, from Novesium and Bonn to the territory of the Treverians, seized their opportunity to renew their oath of fidelity to Vespasian. Valentinus was absent in some other quarter. He returned, breathing vengeance, and bent on new commotions; but the legions quitted the country, and pursued their route to Mediomatricum, a city in alliance with Rome. By the zeal and ardor of Tutor and Valentinus, the Treverians were once more incited to take up arms. To strengthen the band of union by cutting off all hopes of pardon, they murdered Herennius and Numisius, two commanders of legions; and by that exploit hoped to rouse the desperate valor of their countrymen.

LXXI. Such was the state of the war when Petilius Cerealis reached Magontiacum. By his arrival the face of things was changed. That general, always eager to give battle, and, by his natural temper, more disposed to hold the enemy in contempt than to prevent a surprise, harangued his men, and by his manly eloquence inspired them with new ardor. He desired that they would hold themselves in readiness for action, as he was resolved to seize the first opportunity

that offered. The levies which had been raised in Gaul he ordered back to their own country, with directions to publish every where that the legions were sufficient to defend the empire; and therefore that the allies might return to the employments of peace, secure from danger, since the Roman armies had taken the field. By this message the Gauls were wrought to a more pacific temper. Their young men being thus restored to their country, they felt their tribute lighter; and their service being no longer wanted, their zeal rose in proportion.

Civilis and Classicus saw the sad reverse of their affairs. Tutor was defeated, the Treverians were cut to pieces, and fortune began to smile on the Roman arms. In this distress, they drew together their scattered forces; taking care in the mean time to warn Valentinus, by repeated messengers, not to stand the hazard of a decisive engagement. Cerealis was the more impatient to strike a sudden blow. He despatched proper officers to Mediomatricum, with orders to bring forward the legions from that place by the shortest route. Having in the mean time united the soldiers stationed at Magontiacum with the forces which he brought with him from Italy, he proceeded by rapid marches, and in three days arrived at Rigodulum. At that place Valentinus, at the head of a large body of Treverians, had taken post in a strong situation, defended on one side by the Moselle, and in other parts inclosed by mountains. To the natural strength of the place he added a deep fosse, and a rampart of stones piled on one another. The Roman general was determined to surmount all difficulties. He ordered the infantry to rush on to the assault, while the cavalry gained the higher ground. He despised an enemy consisting of new levies; an undisci-

plined army, to whom their fortifications could give no advantage which Roman valor was not able to conquer. The first ascent was difficult. For some time the soldiers were retarded by the missive weapons of the enemy; but in spite of every obstacle they gained the summit. A close engagement followed. The barbarians were hurled headlong from the steep, as if their fortifications tumbled down in ruins. In the mean time a party of the cavalry, having circled round the smooth edges of the hill, made the principal Belgic chiefs prisoners of war, with Valentinus, their general, in the number.

LXXII. On the following day Cerealis entered the capital of the Treverians. The soldiers panted for the destruction of the city. 'It was the birthplace of Classicus and of Tutor. By them the legions had been besieged, and massacred. What was the guilt of Cremona? That unfortunate city checked the career of a victorious army for a single night, and for that offence was swept from the bosom of Italy. And shall a hostile city, standing on the confines of Germany, be allowed to subsist, and even to flourish, rich with the spoil of plundered armies, and reeking with the blood of slaughtered generals? Let the booty be added to the public treasure; but let the place be wrapt in flames, and the whole colony laid in ruins. That just revenge would atone for the loss of so many Roman camps. The soldiers ask no more.' Cerealis dreaded the consequence of suffering his army to retaliate by acts of cruelty, which he knew would brand his name with infamy. He checked the fury of his men, and they obeyed. The rage of civil war was over, and against foreign enemies there was nothing to embitter the soldier's mind. There was besides another object, that touched every heart with compassion.

The legions from Mediomatricum presented a spectacle truly wretched. Conscious of their guilt, they stood with their eyes fixed on the ground. Between the two armies no mutual salutation passed. The men in disgrace heard the words of consolation from their friends, and made no answer. They retired in silence to their tents, wishing to hide themselves from the face of day. Fear made no part of their distress. They felt the infamy of their conduct, and shame and anguish of heart overwhelmed them. Even the men who were flushed with their recent victory stood at gaze in mute astonishment. They pitied their fellow-soldiers, but did not dare to raise their voices in their favor. They showed their compassion by their pathetic silence, and interceded for them with their tears. Cerealis removed all cause of apprehension. He declared that all that had happened, either in consequence of dissensions among the superior officers, by sedition among the soldiers, or the treachery of the enemy, was the effect of fatal necessity. ‘But now,’ he said, ‘the revolted soldiers are once more the soldiers of their country. From this day you are enlisted in the service, and from this day you are bound by the oath of fidelity. The emperor has forgot all that has happened; and your general will remember nothing.’ The penitent troops were admitted into the camp; and the general gave out in orders to every company, that no man should presume, on any occasion, public or private, to mention the revolt of the legions, or the disasters that happened afterwards.

LXXIII. Cerealis, without loss of time, called an assembly of the Treverians and Lingones. His speech was to the following effect: ‘Eloquence is not my province: it is a talent which I never cultivated. Arms have been my profession: in the field of battle

I have given you proof of Roman valor. But words, and what you call eloquence, are, in your estimation, superior gifts, of power to change the colors of good and evil. It is not by the nature of things that you form your judgment: the speech of a seditious incendiary has more weight and influence. But a few plain words may prove a seasonable antidote. I shall therefore explain myself to you on certain points, which, now the war is over, it will be more your interest to hear than mine to enforce. When the Roman generals at the head of their armies entered your territories and the other provinces of Gaul, they were neither led by their own ambition, nor the lust of conquest. They were invited by your ancestors, at that time torn by intestine divisions, and driven to the brink of ruin. You had called the Germans to your aid, and those barbarians proved the worst of tyrants: they enslaved, without distinction, those who invited them and those who resisted. The battles which Rome has fought with the Teutones and the Cimbrians need not be mentioned. Her wars in Germany, and the toil and vigor of her legions, with the various events that followed, are all sufficiently known. If the legions seized the banks of the Rhine, can the defence of Italy be deemed the motive? The protection of Gaul was the object, that another Ariovistus may not aspire to reign over you. And do you now imagine that Civilis, or the Batavians, or the nations beyond the Rhine, have that affection for you and your welfare which your forefathers never experienced from their ancestors? The same motives that first incited the Germans to cross the Rhine will ever subsist: ambition, avarice, and the love of new settlements, will be perpetual incentives. The Germans will be ready at all times to change their swampy fens

and barren deserts for your fertile plains and fruitful valleys. On your own soil they wish to lord it over you. They come to ravage your lands, and liberty is the pretext. But the rights of man, and other specious names, are the language of all who want to usurp dominion over others.

LXXIV. ‘ Your country, till you put yourselves under our protection, was at all times harassed with wars, and oppressed by tyrants. Rome has been often insulted, often provoked, by the unruly spirit of the Gauls; and what has been the use of her victories? She required no more at your hands than what was necessary for the aid of a government that defends and protects you. To maintain the tranquillity of nations, arms are necessary; soldiers must be kept in pay; and without a tribute from the provinces, how are supplies to be raised? In common with the citizens of Rome, you enjoy every benefit. Our legions are often commanded by you; you are governors of your own provinces, and even of others subject to the empire. All posts of honor are open to you; nothing is precluded. Does a virtuous prince reign at Rome; though placed at a distance, you feel the mildness of his government. Does a tyrant rule with an iron rod, his weight is felt by those immediately within his reach. Natural evils, such as incessant rains, and barren seasons, you are forced to bear: political evils, such as the avarice and prodigality of princes, should in like manner be endured. As long as there are men, there will be vices. But vice is not without interruption. Better times succeed, and the virtue of a good prince atones for antecedent evils. But perhaps you expect from Tutor and from Classicus a mild and equitable reign. Under their auspices armies must be raised to repel the Germans and the Britons; and this you fancy will be

done with lighter taxes than you pay at present. Overturn the Roman power, (may the gods avert so dire a calamity!) and what think you will be the consequence? The nations will rise in arms, and the world will be a theatre of war. During a space of eight hundred years, the mighty fabric of the empire has been raised by the valor of the legions, and a series of victories; nor can that fabric be rent from its foundation without burying all who prevail against it in one general ruin. In that scene of wild commotion, Gaul will be the sufferer. You have gold and riches, those great incentives of ambition, and the prime cause of war. Peace is your interest. Cherish it, therefore, and honor the city of Rome; a city that protects her subjects, and is ever ready to receive the conquered on equal terms with her own native inhabitants. Take warning from your own experience: you have known the smiles and the frowns of fortune; it will now be yours to show that you have the wisdom to prefer to a revolt, which may involve you all in ruin, a pacific temper, and a due regard to your own internal happiness.' This speech revived the drooping spirits of the Gauls. They expected to be treated with rigor, and their fears were dissipated.

LXXV. The Romans were in possession of the Treverian state, when Cerealis received letters from Civilis and Classicus, in substance as follows: 'Vespasian is no more: though the secret is suppressed with care, the fact is well known. Italy and Rome are reduced to the last extremity by their own dissensions. Domitian and Mucianus are high-sounding names, yet signify nothing. If Cerealis aspired to the sovereignty of Gaul, Civilis and Classicus would rest contented with the Batavian dominions. If he preferred the decision of the sword, they were willing to

try the fortune of the field.’ To this message Cerealis returned no answer, but sent the letter and the person who brought it to Domitian. Meanwhile the barbarians in detached parties came pouring down from every quarter. Cerealis was censured for suffering an army to be assembled, when he might have attacked the enemy in separate divisions, before they formed a junction. He had even neglected to fortify his camp, and at last contented himself with a fosse and a palisade.

LXXVI. The chiefs of the German army were divided in opinion about their future operations. Civilis was for waiting till the nations arrived from the other side of the Rhine. ‘The Romans,’ he said, ‘would shrink with terror from the approach of those gallant warriors. The Gauls were of no account; a race of dastards, and the ready prey to the conqueror. The Belgians are the strength of their nation; and yet those states are either in arms against the Romans, or with us in their hearts.’ Tutor opposed this advice. ‘By protracting the war, the enemy would gain time to augment their army. Their legions were advancing on every side. One was already arrived from Britain, others were on their march from Spain, and more from Italy; all hardy veterans, inured to the fatigue and the perils of war. The Germans, for whom we are desired to wait, are strangers to discipline; men unaccustomed to obey their officers, without any other guide than their own caprice and the impulse of the moment. Besides this, they are a venal race; money is their passion, and with those sinews of war the Romans are best provided. And when the price of inactivity is equal to the wages of war, what soldier will not prefer the former? If we offer battle, what force has Cerealis to bring against us? His legions are

the poor remains of the German army, the refuse of the sword, all lately bound by solemn oaths to the empire of the Gauls. On what does the Roman found his hopes? He put to the rout an undisciplined handful of men under the conduct of Valentinus; but that very circumstance will be his ruin. The general and his army are inspired with a fit of valor, and will soon have reason to repent of their rashness. Let him hazard an engagement: it will not be with Valentinus, a young orator, fluent in words, but of no skill in war: the affair will be with Civilis and with Classicus. The sight of those chiefs will cover the legions with consternation: their defeat, their flight, their famine, and their ignominious surrender, will all be present in their minds, and all will plunge them in despair. As to the Treverians and Lingones, will they be faithful to the Romans? Remove their fears, and the next moment they are on our side.' Such was the advice of Tutor. Classicus adopted it, and the measure was forthwith carried into execution.

LXXVII. The chiefs drew up their men in order of battle. In the centre they stationed the Ubians and Lingones, the Batavian cohorts in the right wing, the Bructerians and Tencterians in the left. They resolved to attack the Romans in their camp. One division poured down from the hills, while the rest advanced with rapidity over the plain that lay between the high road and the Moselle. The blow was struck with such sudden vigor, that Cerealis, who passed the night out of his camp, received in bed the news of the attack and the defeat. He gave no credit to the account, but persisted with anger to condemn the folly of the messengers, till he saw a scene of carnage. The Germans had forced the intrenchments; the cavalry was routed; and the bridge over the Moselle, which

made a communication between the Treverians and the Agrippinians, was in possession of the enemy. Undismayed in the moment of danger, he rushed forward without waiting for his armor to retrieve the loss. He threw himself into the middle of the fray, and faced every danger, defying darts and javelins, animating the brave, and stopping such as fled from their post. His example roused a spirit of emulation. Numbers went to his assistance. His happy temerity recovered possession of the bridge, and that important pass was secured by a chosen band.

Cerealis returned to the camp. He there saw the legions which had been captured at Novesium and Bonn dispersed in wild disorder, their standards well-nigh abandoned, and the eagles in danger of falling into the hands of the enemy. Enraged at the sight, he exclaimed aloud, ‘It is not Flaccus, it is not Vocula, whom you thus abandon; against me you have no charge of treachery. The confidence which I reposed in you is my only crime. I was weak enough to believe that you repented of your submission to the empire of Gaul: I thought you capable of remembering, with remorse, your violated oath of fidelity to your country: but I was too credulous. Add me to the list of your murdered generals; stretch me in death with Herennius and Numisius; let it be the fate of all your commanders to perish by the hands of their soldiers, or to be butchered by the enemy. Go, tell Vespasian, or, if you will, tell Classicus and Civilis, for they are nearer, tell the barbarians all your brave exploits, and make it a merit with them that you have deserted your general. But remember that the legions are at hand. They will revenge my death, and your crimes will not remain unpunished.’

LXXVIII. These reproaches were founded in truth:

the tribunes and other officers urged the same topics. The soldiers rallied, but could only form in cohorts, or in separate companies. Surrounded as they were by the enemy, and forced to engage within the intrenchments, amidst the tents and baggage, they were not able to present a regular line of battle. Tutor, Classicus, and Civilis, at the head of their respective divisions, enacted wonders. They invited the Gauls to liberty, the Batavians to immortal glory, and the Germans to the plunder of the camp. All things conspired in their favor, till the one-and-twentieth legion, finding an open space, drew up in regular order, and after sustaining for some time the shock of superior numbers, turned the fortune of the day. The gods in that moment became propitious to the cause of Rome. Nothing but their special protection could work that wonderful change; in consequence of which, the conquerors, who the instant before were bearing down all opposition, fled in a sudden panic from inferior numbers. Their consternation, as they declared afterwards, was occasioned by the cohorts that rallied after their defeat, and showed themselves on the ridge of the hills. They seemed to the Batavians a reinforcement just arrived. But the fact is, their love of plunder was the cause of their ruin. When they had gained the advantage, and ought to have pursued it, they began to quarrel among themselves for their share of the booty. On the other hand Cerealis, by his negligence, well-nigh lost his army; but his bravery afterwards redeemed his character. Determined to make the best use of his victory, he took the enemy's camp on that very day, and rased it to the ground.

LXXIX. The interval allowed to the soldiers to repose from their fatigue was but short. Cerealis

marched to the Agrippinian colony, where the inhabitants were ready to deliver up the wife and sister of Civilis, with the daughter of Classicus, all three left in their hands as hostages for the due performance of mutual treaties. They had at this time massacred all the Germans throughout their colony. For this act they dreaded the vengeance of an enraged nation, and applied for succors before the enemy could be again in force to renew the campaign, and revenge their slaughtered countrymen. For that purpose Civilis had already planned his measures. He depended on the assistance of a cohort of distinguished bravery, composed of Chaucians, and Frisians, and, as he imagined, safely posted at Tolbiacum, in the Agrippinian territory. At the head of this resolute band, he had projected a sudden attack, but on the road had the mortification to hear that those gallant soldiers were all destroyed. They had been invited by the Agrippinians to a sumptuous feast, and in the night as they lay oppressed with sleep and wine, their cottages being set on fire, the whole cohort perished in one general conflagration. At the same time Cerealis made a forced march to the relief of the city. Civilis had now another care to distract his attention. He saw that the fourteenth legion, co-operating with the fleet from Britain, might harass the Batavians on the sea-coast, and lay waste the country. That legion however marched overland, under the conduct of Fabius Priscus, to invade the Tungrians and the Nervians. Those two states submitted to the Romans. The Caninefates in the mean time attacked the fleet, and either took or sunk the greatest part. By the same people a large body of the Nervians who had taken up arms in favor of the Romans was totally overthrown. Classicus, in another part of the country,

fell in with a party of horse detached by Cerealis to Novesium, and engaged them with good success. These it is true were petty advantages; but being frequent, they tarnished the fame of the victory lately obtained by Cerealis.

LXXX. During these transactions Mucianus, who was still at Rome, ordered the son of Vitellius to be put to death. Political necessity was the color which he gave to this proceeding: if the seeds of discord were not destroyed, the rude scene of civil commotion would never be closed. He still continued to foster ill will to Antonius, and for that reason excluded him from the train appointed to attend Domitian into Gaul. The affections of the army he well knew were fixed on a general who had led them on to victory; and such was the pride of Antonius, that so far from bending to a superior, he could not brook an equal. Being superseded by Mucianus, he set out in disgust to join Vespasian. The reception which he met with from the emperor, though it bore no marks of displeasure, did not however answer his expectation. Vespasian was divided between opposite motives: he knew that the services of Antonius were too glaring to be overlooked, and that the war was terminated by his ability; but still Mucianus, by his letters, continued to infuse the rancor of his own private animosity. The courtiers were also leagued against Antonius: they represented him in odious colors, as a man of high ambition, fierce, and overbearing. Nor did their malice fail to revive the reproaches of his former conduct. Antonius was at no pains to soften prejudice. His arrogance provoked new enemies. He magnified his own exploits, and talked in degrading terms of other officers, particularly of Cæcina, a man, he said, of an abject spirit, who had surrendered with disgrace. By

this conduct Antonius gave umbrage to all. His consequence declined, and the emperor, still preserving the exteriors of friendship, lost all affection for his person.

LXXXI. Vespasian passed some months at Alexandria, having resolved to defer his voyage to Italy till the return of summer, when the winds blowing in a regular direction, afforded a safe and pleasant navigation. During his residence in that city a number of incidents,¹ out of the ordinary course of nature, seemed to mark him as the particular favorite of the gods. A man of mean condition, born at Alexandria, had lost his sight by a defluxion on his eyes. He pre-

1 It is not clear that Tacitus placed any faith in this extraordinary story. He says indeed that the two miracles were attested by men who were eye-witnesses, and had no longer any interest to corrupt their testimony. But that very observation implies that there might have been, at the point of time, 'mendacio pretium:' if so, men who have been the authors of a lie are not always willing to convict themselves. It is moreover evident that they might have been imposed on. We see that Vespasian was afraid of exposing himself to public ridicule, and therefore consulted the physicians, who reported that the two men were curable; and in consequence of that opinion, Vespasian was willing to hazard the attempt, as Suetonius says, before a public assembly. The physicians, it is highly probable, produced the two patients when they had by their previous arts ensured the emperor's success. The story is not related by Tacitus with the air of a man who believed the fact: he has elsewhere given his reason for sometimes admitting the improbable into his narrative. Voltaire seems to be the only writer who has endeavored to establish this miraculous cure. His reason for giving credit to the story is highly unfortunate. Vespasian was far from being established in the imperial seat. Suetonius expressly says he was not then possessed of the sovereign majesty. The new emperor was advised by his friends to act his part on the occasion. The pretended power of working miracles was thought good policy. Voltaire does not appear to have examined the story with due attention. It is well known that his remarks are often made with a sinister purpose.

sented himself before Vespasian, and falling prostrate on the ground, implored the emperor to administer a cure for his blindness. 'He came,' he said, 'by the admonition of Serapis,¹ the god whom the superstition of the Egyptians holds in the highest veneration.' The request was, that the emperor, with his spittle, would condescend to moisten the poor man's face and the balls of his eyes. Another, who had lost the use of his hand,² inspired by the same god, begged that he would tread on the part affected. Vespasian smiled at a request so absurd and wild. The wretched objects persisted to implore his aid. He dreaded the ridicule of a vain attempt; but the importunity of the men, and the crowd of flatterers, prevailed on the prince not intirely to disregard their petition.

He ordered the physicians to consider among themselves, whether the blindness of the one, and the paralytic affection of the other were within the reach of human assistance. The result of the consultation was, 'that the organs of sight were not so injured, but that by removing the film or cataract, the patient might recover. As to the disabled limb, by proper applications and invigorating medicines, it was not impossible to restore it to its former tone. The gods perhaps intended a special remedy, and chose Vespasian to be the instrument of their dispensations. If a cure took place, the glory of it would add new lustre to the name of Cæsar; if otherwise, the poor men would

1 In case of sickness, it was the custom of the common people, by the advice of the Egyptian priests, to abstain from food, and lie in the temple of Serapis stretched on the skins of victims slain at the altar. Hence the distempered visions of crazed imaginations, which were considered as light divine and prophecy.

2 Suetonius relates the two miracles; but what Tacitus calls a paralytic hand, he says was a paralytic leg.

bear the jests and raillery of the people.' Vespasian, in the tide of his affairs, began to think that there was nothing so great or wonderful, nothing so improbable or even incredible, which his good fortune would not accomplish. In the presence of a prodigious multitude, all erect with expectation, he advanced with an air of serenity, and hazarded the experiment. The paralytic hand recovered its functions, and the blind man saw the light of the sun. By living witnesses, who were actually on the spot, both events are confirmed at this hour, when deceit and flattery can hope for no reward.

LXXXII. Vespasian was now determined to visit the sanctuary of Serapis, in order to consult the god about the future fortune of the empire. Having given orders to remove all intruders, he entered the temple. While he adored the deity of the place, he perceived in the midst of his devotion a man of principal note among the Egyptians, advancing behind him. The name of this person was Basilides, who at that moment was known to be detained by illness at the distance of several miles. Vespasian inquired of the priests, whether they had seen Basilides that day in the temple; he asked a number of others, whether they had met him in any part of the city. At length, from messengers whom he despatched on horseback, he received certain intelligence that Basilides was no less than fourscore miles distant from Alexandria. He concluded therefore that the gods had favored him with a preternatural vision, and from the import of the word Basilides, he inferred an interpretation of the decrees of Heaven in favor of his future reign.

LXXXIII. Concerning the origin of the god Serapis, a subject hitherto untouched by the Roman writers, the account given by the priests of Egypt is

as follows : at the time when Ptolemy, the first of the Macedonian race who settled the government of Egypt, had raised walls and ramparts to defend the new-built city of Alexandria, and afterwards gave a temple and the rites of national worship, a youth of graceful mien, and size above the human form, appeared to him in a midnight vision, commanding him to send some of his trusty friends as far as Pontus, to bring from that place into Egypt the statue of the preternatural being then before him. By his compliance with those directions the prosperity of the whole kingdom would be advanced, and the city which should be so happy as to possess that valuable treasure would be great among the nations. In that instant the youth was seen mounting to heaven in a column of fire. Ptolemy had recourse to the Egyptian priests, the usual interpreters of dreams and prodigies. But those religionists had no knowlege of Pontus, nor of any foreign modes of worship. Timotheus, the Athenian, a man descended from the race of the Eumolpides, was called in to their assistance. Ptolemy had before this time invited him from the city of Eleusis, to preside over the mysteries and the established worship of the country. He now desired Timotheus to explain what god had visited the king in his dreams, and what were the rites and ceremonies of his new religion. Timotheus addressed himself to such as had travelled into Pontus, and on inquiry learned that there was in those parts a city called Sinope, and near it a temple of great celebrity, sacred to Pluto. Such was the opinion of the natives, founded on tradition, and confirmed by the statue of the god erected in the temple, with a female form at his side, supposed to be Proserpina. Ptolemy, like other kings, was easily alarmed ; but soon recovering from his apprehensions, forgot the whole busi-

ness, addicting himself intirely to his pleasures, and little solicitous about religious matters. The same form appeared to him a second time, arrayed in terror, and in a tone of menace denouncing vengeance on the king and his whole empire, if the orders already given were not obeyed. After this visitation Ptolemy sent his deputies with magnificent presents to Scydrothemis, the prince then on the throne of Sinope. The ambassadors had it in their instructions to touch at the isle of Delos, there to consult the Pythian Apollo. They sailed with favorable winds, and had a quick passage. The answer of the oracle was in explicit terms: 'Pursue your course, carry off the statue of my father, and let that of my sister be unremoved.'

LXXXIV. Having reached Sinope, they presented their gifts and opened their commission to Scydrothemis. That monarch hesitated for some time. He dreaded the displeasure of an angry deity; the clamors of his people alarmed him; and at times the gifts and presents of the ambassadors dazzled his imagination. The business remained three years in suspense. Ptolemy never desisted from his purpose. He renewed his entreaties; he omitted no arts of persuasion; he added new dignities to his embassy, increased the number of ships, and made his presents still more magnificent. A dreadful vision appeared to Scydrothemis, threatening dreadful consequences if he persisted in his opposition to the measures of a god. The king fluctuated between opposite counsels. His delay was punished by a variety of disasters, by sore disease, the manifest signs of divine vengeance, and calamities increasing every day. In that distress he called an assembly of the people, and laid before them the orders of the god, the visions of Ptolemy, as well as those which he saw himself, and the miseries that

threatened the whole community. The populace clamored in opposition to their sovereign. They envied the Egyptian monarch, and, trembling for themselves, rushed in a body to guard the avenues of the temple. Common fame, at all times delighting in the marvellous, spread a report that the god of his own motion quitted the temple, and embarked on board one of the vessels that lay at anchor in the harbor. To complete the miracle, though a large tract of sea divided Sinope from Alexandria, the voyage was performed in less than three days. A temple, such as suited a great and opulent city, was built at a place called Rhacotis, where in ancient times a chapel had been dedicated to Serapis and Isis.

Such is the history of the god Serapis, and his first introduction into Egypt. There is however a different account, which places the whole transaction in the reign of the third Ptolemy, who it is said brought the statue from Seleucia, a city of Syria: others assert that it was found at Memphis, the celebrated capital of ancient Egypt. Concerning the god himself the opinions of antiquarians are not less at variance. On account of his healing art, he is by some called Esculapius; by others, Osiris, the most ancient deity of the country; and many who think him the governing mind of the universe give him the name of Jupiter. But the prevailing doctrine maintains that Pluto is the true deity. That hypothesis is either founded on the reasoning of mystic interpreters, or confirmed by certain symbols that manifest the attributes of the god.

LXXXV. We return to the affairs of Rome. Domitian and Mucianus set out on their expedition. They had hardly reached the foot of the Alps when they received advice of the victory gained by Cerealis over the Treverians. Of this news they entertained

no doubt when they saw Valentinus brought in a prisoner loaded with irons. Even in ruin that gallant chief appeared with a mind unconquered. The spirit that animated him in the field was still visible in his countenance. He was heard in vindication of his conduct; but curiosity and a desire to try the spirit of the man were the only motives. Being condemned to suffer death, he persevered with unshaken constancy. In his last moments he was told, with an air of insult, that his country was reduced to subjection: he calmly answered, 'You have reconciled me to my fate: I die without regret.' Mucianus thought it time to change the plan of his expedition. The design had been long rolling in his mind, though he now started it as a new scheme suggested by the events of war. 'The gods,' he said, 'had favored the Roman arms, and crushed the turbulent spirit of the enemy. At such a time it would ill become Domitian to snatch the laurel from the brow of the general who had fought with such brilliant success. If the majesty of the empire, or the security of the provinces of Gaul were exposed to danger, the crisis would be worthy of the emperor's son; but the Caninefates and the Batavians were the proper quarry of inferior commanders. The prince might now proceed as far as Lyons. At that place he might display the pomp of imperial grandeur, superior to the little ambition of engaging in petty skirmishes, yet near at hand, and ready if occasion called to undertake a great and important enterprise.'

LXXXVI. The veil was too thin to hide the designs of Mucianus; but to yield to his artifice without seeming to detect it was judged the best policy. Domitian proceeded to Lyons. At that place he is said by secret messengers to have tampered with Cerealis, in order to sound the disposition of that officer, and

learn beforehand whether, on the appearance of the prince at the head of the army, he would be willing to resign the command. Whether Domitian had it in contemplation to levy war against his father, or to strengthen himself against his brother Titus remains uncertain. Cerealis had the wisdom to decline the overture, considering it as nothing more than the vain project of youth and inexperience. Domitian saw himself slighted by the superior officers, and in disgust withdrew from all public business, never interfering afterwards, nor taking on him to direct in such inferior matters as had been heretofore committed to his authority. With a specious appearance of humble content and modesty, he chose to live in solitude, pretending that poetry and literary pursuits¹ were his only passion. Under this artful disguise he hoped to conceal the native passions of his heart, and to give no jealousy to his brother. From his own frame of mind he judged of Titus, commenting with malignity on the milder virtues that adorned the character of that amiable prince.

¹ Domitian is highly praised by Quintilian for his love of literature, and also by Silius Italicus.

END OF VOL. IV



