

his camp, a disgrace which scarcely any other than our commander has ever endured."

Want and famine began at length to reign within Pompey's lines, and he resolved to break from his confinement, hewing a path through the serried ranks of his foes. Having selected his point and carefully matured all of his arrangements, at the earliest dawn of day he made the assault, striking by surprise, and hewing his way with prodigious slaughter, through the legions which were hastily gathered to oppose him. Cæsar, who was at a remote part of his lines, hastened with three legions to the scene of conflict. But Pompey's troops, flushed with victory, fell upon Cæsar's soldiers, in the confusion of their march, and Cæsar had the mortification of seeing his troops put to utter rout. The flight was so precipitate and headlong, notwithstanding Cæsar's most vigorous efforts to arrest it, that Pompey, apprehensive of an ambuscade, checked the pursuit. This victory of Pompey rendered it necessary for Cæsar to retreat. He accordingly, in the night, sent off, under a strong escort, his baggage, his sick and wounded, and in the first gray of the morning, followed with the whole body of his troops.

Pompey immediately and resolutely commenced pursuit. Cæsar, however, effected his retreat with but little loss, and in four days gained some intrenchments which he had previously occupied, at Apollonia. Resting here for a short time to refresh his weary troops, he resumed his march, directing his steps across the country toward Thessaly. In the rich plains of this province, Cæsar found abundance for his troops. The first town of importance which he encountered upon his march, was Gomphi. He found the gates shut against him, and took the place by storm. Metropolis, the next city they reached, surrendered at once. All the other towns of Thessaly then readily yielded, and Cæsar found himself in the midst of an opulent country, covered with waving harvests. Here, on

the plains of Pharsalia, he established himself, awaiting the arrival of Pompey, and preparing for a decisive battle.

Pompey, elated with the victory of Dyrachium, followed eagerly after Cæsar, and pitched his camp in the face of his foe. Cæsar immediately offered battle, but Pompey for some days declined, keeping his troops so effectually intrenched, that Cæsar could not venture to attack them. But at length, both armies appeared, drawn up in parallel lines upon this memorable plain. It was the year 48 B. C. From the best information now to be obtained, it appears that Pompey had forty-five thousand infantry, and seven thousand cavalry. Cæsar had but twenty-two thousand infantry and one thousand cavalry. These were the regular armies. On both sides there were also auxiliary troops, but their number is not known. The Romans considered the auxiliaries as of very little importance.

The signal for battle was given by Cæsar, and his soldiers rushed forward to the onset, which then consisted mainly of a hand to hand fight. The action soon became general, and seventy-five thousand men struggled against each other, with the most demoniac fury, for hours. But at length, Pompey's forces were entirely routed, and they fled in indescribable confusion from the plain, leaving the ground covered with the dying and the dead. The darkness of night alone terminated the pursuit and the slaughter. All who surrendered were treated with great humanity. Pompey's army was annihilated, and Cæsar was so thoroughly the victor, that no further foe remained to present any serious obstacle to his sway.

Pompey, with a few followers, fled from the fatal field of Pharsalia, a hopeless fugitive. For a time, he seemed overwhelmed and stunned by the blow, perhaps enduring as much mental suffering as in this mortal state the human soul has capacity to endure. In disguise, he escaped from the field, accompanied by about thirty horsemen. Through the long hours of the night, he rode in silence and anguish, until he reached the shores of the Ægean sea, near the mouth of the

Peneus. He there embarked in a small trading vessel which chanced to be passing, and crossed over to Mitylene, in the island of Lesbos, on the Asiatic coast, where he had left his wife Cornelia and his son Sextus.

The domestic character of Pompey was singularly pure, and this interview with his family was tender, affectionate, and sorrowful in the extreme. Cornelia had received no tidings from her husband since the great victory of Dyrrhachium, of which she had heard the most exaggerated reports. The appearance of her husband before her, a fugitive and woe-stricken, caused a shock she was poorly prepared to meet. She immediately joined him on board the vessel, and they were detained two days in the harbor by contrary winds. Though the Mityleneans urged him to come on shore and receive their hospitality and testimonials of their homage, he firmly and magnanimously declined, saying, "I will not expose my friends to the resentment of the conqueror, by availing myself of their kindness."

Conscious that his power had vanished forever, and that his great rival was now sovereign, with none to dispute his sway, he urged all to submit, assuring them that they would receive no treatment from Cæsar but that which was just and magnanimous. There were still a few who were disposed to adhere to the falling fortunes of Pompey. Several small vessels joined him, and they sailed along the shores of the Mediterranean to seek refuge in Syria. They attempted to land at Rhodes, but the people, apprehensive of the displeasure of Cæsar, would not allow the little fleet to enter their harbor. Pompey, deeply chagrined, continued his voyage, often attempting to land, but as often meeting with a repulse, until he reached the coast of Cilicia.

This Asiatic province was governed by Scipio, the father of Cornelia, and Pompey felt confident of meeting here with hospitality and support. But when they reached Paphos, on the island of Cyprus, they were informed that Antioch, the

capital of Syria, had declared for Cæsar, and that a decree had been issued, that none of the fugitives of Pompey's party should be permitted to land upon the coast. In dejection, and almost in despair, Pompey and his friends, in the dark cabin of the galley, held a deliberation as to the course next to be pursued. It was at length decided to seek refuge in Egypt. The young king Ptolemy was but a boy, but his father had been placed upon the throne by the influence of Pompey, and it was believed that the son would not be insensible to this debt of gratitude.

The sorrowing fugitives again raised their anchors and sailed for Pelusium, near one of the mouths of the Nile. The boy-king was then waging war with his sister, the renowned Cleopatra, who was endeavoring to wrest the crown from his brow. He was at the head of his army in the vicinity of Pelusium. An envoy was immediately dispatched by Pompey to his camp. The king received the envoy with the utmost apparent cordiality, and sent a pressing invitation for Pompey to repair immediately to his headquarters. But this invitation was an act of the blackest treachery. The king's council had held a session to deliberate upon the matter. They decided that it would be dangerous to receive Pompey, lest it should give offense to the all-powerful Cæsar; that it would be perilous to reject him, lest by some sudden turn of fortune he should again find himself in power. They, therefore, counseled that he should be invited to the camp, and then murdered. "Dead dogs," said the leading advocate of this measure, "do not bite."

A boat was sent by the king to convey Pompey from the galley to the shore, where Ptolemy had repaired, and was waiting in person, with a group of his principal generals, to receive him. Several of the officers of the Egyptian king were in the boat. Among these, was a Roman centurion, L. Septimius, then in the employ of Ptolemy, but who had formerly served under Pompey. Pompey entered the barge, accompanied by a few

of his friends, and immediately recognized Septimius, and addressed him in a few friendly words, to which Septimius replied merely by a nod. It was some distance from the galley to the shore, and the melancholy sublimity of the occasion was such, that all sat in silence. At length the boat touched the beach. Pompey rose from his seat, and as he was in the act of stepping on shore, Septimius plunged a dagger into his back. The other assassins at once fell upon him with their swords. The heroic man, never greater, perhaps, than in the hour of his death, uttered not a cry, and attempted no resistance or defense, but folding his mantle over his face, received in silence the blows which fell upon him, until he sank lifeless upon the sand.

Cornelia, holding her little son Sextus by the hand, stood upon the deck of the galley, anxiously following her husband with her eye, and was a witness to the whole scene. As her husband fell, she uttered a shriek of anguish, which pierced every ear in the galleys and along the shore. The murderers cut off the head of Pompey and embalmed it, to be sent, as a present, to Cæsar, leaving the headless trunk upon the beach. As soon as the crowd had dispersed, the friends of Pompey, recovering a little from their consternation, broke to pieces a boat which they found wrecked upon the shore, and burning the remains, gathered the ashes in an urn to be transmitted to Cornelia. In the meantime, the little fleet which had conveyed Pompey to Egypt, put to sea, taking with them Cornelia, in a state of utter distraction and despair. The Egyptians at first endeavored to intercept them, but soon relinquished the pursuit, and the fleet reached Tyre in safety.

Thus perished one of the greatest and best of the men of ancient times. Pompey, as the leader of the aristocratic party, was far superior to his party in elevation of character and in moral worth. Though devoted to the supremacy of the patricians, and hostile to popular liberty, he was a man of integrity, rare in those days,—of spotless purity in all his do-

mestic relations, virtues then, still more rare; and the amiability of his character won the enthusiastic attachment of all who knew him best. Though by no means equal in genius to his illustrious rival, he developed qualities of mind and energies of action, which have justly entitled him to the designation, which he has now borne for eighteen hundred years, and will bear through all time, of POMPEY THE GREAT.