

# HENTY GEORGE ALFRED

FOR THE TEMPLE: A TALE  
OF THE FALL OF  
JERUSALEM

**George Henty**  
**For the Temple: A Tale  
of the Fall of Jerusalem**

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For the Temple: A Tale of the Fall of Jerusalem:*

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# **G. A. Henty**

## **For the Temple: A Tale of the Fall of Jerusalem**

### **Preface**

In all history, there is no drama of more terrible interest than that which terminated with the total destruction of Jerusalem. Had the whole Jewish nation joined in the desperate resistance made, by a section of it, to the overwhelming strength of Rome, the world would have had no record of truer patriotism than that displayed, by this small people, in their resistance to the forces of the mistress of the world.

Unhappily, the reverse of this was the case. Except in the defense of Jotapata and Gamala, it can scarcely be said that the Jewish people, as a body, offered any serious resistance to the arms of Rome. The defenders of Jerusalem were a mere fraction of its population—a fraction composed almost entirely of turbulent characters and robber bands, who fought with the fury of desperation; after having placed themselves beyond the pale of forgiveness, or mercy, by the deeds of unutterable cruelty with which they had desolated the city, before its siege by the Romans. They fought, it is true, with unflinching courage—a courage never

surpassed in history—but it was the courage of despair; and its result was to bring destruction upon the whole population, as well as upon themselves.

Fortunately the narrative of Josephus, an eyewitness of the events which he describes, has come down to us; and it is the storehouse from which all subsequent histories of the events have been drawn. It is, no doubt, tinged throughout by his desire to stand well with his patrons, Vespasian and Titus; but there is no reason to doubt the accuracy of his descriptions. I have endeavored to present you with as vivid a picture as possible of the events of the war, without encumbering the story with details and, except as regards the exploits of John of Gamala, of whom Josephus says nothing, have strictly followed, in every particular, the narrative of the historian.

G. A. Henty.

# Chapter 1: The Lake Of Tiberias

"Dreaming, John, as usual? I never saw such a boy. You are always in extremes; either tiring yourself out, or lying half asleep."

"I was not half asleep, mother. I was looking at the lake."

"I cannot see much to look at, John. It's just as it has been ever since you were born, or since I was born."

"No, I suppose there's no change, mother; but I am never tired of looking at the sun shining on the ripples, and the fishermen's boats, and the birds standing in the shallows or flying off, in a desperate hurry, without any reason that I can make out. Besides, mother, when one is looking at the lake, one is thinking of other things."

"And very often thinking of nothing at all, my son."

"Perhaps so, mother; but there's plenty to think of, in these times."

"Plenty, John; there are baskets and baskets of figs to be stripped from the trees, and hung up to dry for the winter and, next week, we are going to begin the grape harvest. But the figs are the principal matter, at present; and I think that it would be far more useful for you to go and help old Isaac and his son, in getting them in, than in lying there watching the lake."

"I suppose it would, mother," the lad said, rising briskly; for his fits of indolence were by no means common and, as a rule,

he was ready to assist at any work which might be going on.

"I do not wonder at John loving the lake," his mother said to herself, when the lad had hurried away. "It is a fair scene; and it may be, as Simon thinks, that a change may come over it, before long, and that ruin and desolation may fall upon us all."

There were, indeed, few scenes which could surpass in tranquil beauty that which Martha, the wife of Simon, was looking upon—the sheet of sparkling water, with its low shores dotted with towns and villages. Down the lake, on the opposite shore, rose the walls and citadel of Tiberias, with many stately buildings; for although Tiberias was not, now, the chief town of Galilee—for Sepphoris had usurped its place—it had been the seat of the Roman authority, and the kings who ruled the country for Rome generally dwelt there. Half a mile from the spot where Martha was standing rose the newly-erected walls of Hippos.

Where the towns and villages did not engross the shore, the rich orchards and vineyards extended down to the very edge of the water. The plain of Galilee was a veritable garden. Here flourished, in the greatest abundance, the vine and the fig; while the low hills were covered with olive groves, and the corn waved thickly on the rich, fat land. No region on the earth's face possessed a fairer climate. The heat was never extreme; the winds blowing from the Great Sea brought the needed moisture for the vegetation; and so soft and equable was the air that, for ten months in the year, grapes and figs could be gathered.

The population, supported by the abundant fruits of the

earth, was very large. Villages—which would elsewhere be called towns, for those containing but a few thousand inhabitants were regarded as small, indeed—were scattered thickly over the plain; and few areas of equal dimensions could show a population approaching that which inhabited the plains and slopes between the Sea of Galilee and the Mediterranean. None could then have dreamed of the dangers that were to come, or believed that this rich cultivation and teeming population would disappear; and that, in time, a few flocks of wandering sheep would scarce be able to find herbage growing, on the wastes of land which would take the place of this fertile soil.

Certainly no such thought as this occurred to Martha, as she re-entered the house; though she did fear that trouble, and ruin, might be approaching.

John was soon at work among the fig trees, aiding Isaac and his son Reuben—a lad of some fifteen years—to pick the soft, luscious fruit, and carry it to the little courtyard, shaded from the rays of the sun by an overhead trellis work, covered with vines and almost bending beneath the purple bunches of grapes. Miriam—the old nurse—and four or five maid servants, under the eye of Martha, tied them in rows on strings, and fastened them to pegs driven into that side of the house upon which the sun beat down most hotly. It was only the best fruit that was so served; for that which had been damaged in the picking, and all of smaller size, were laid on trays in the sun. The girls chatted merrily as they worked; for Martha, although a good housewife, was a gentle

mistress and, so long as fingers were busy, heeded not if the tongue ran on.

"Let the damsels be happy, while they may," she would say, if Miriam scolded a little when the laughter rose louder than usual. "Let them be happy, while they can; who knows what lies in the future?"

But at present, the future cast no shade upon the group; nor upon a girl of about fourteen years old, who danced in and out of the courtyard in the highest spirits, now stopping a few minutes to string the figs, then scampering away with an empty basket which, when she reached the gatherers, she placed on her head and supported demurely, for a little while, at the foot of the ladder upon which John was perched—so that he could lay the figs in it without bruising them. But, long ere the basket was filled she would tire of the work and, setting it on the ground, run back into the house.

"And so you think you are helping, Mary," John said, laughing, when the girl returned for the fourth time, with an empty basket.

"Helping, John! Of course I am—ever so much. Helping you, and helping them at the house, and carrying empty baskets. I consider myself the most active of the party."

"Active, certainly, Mary! but if you do not help them, in stringing and hanging the figs, more than you help me, I think you might as well leave it alone."

"Fie, John! That is most ungrateful, after my standing here

like a statue, with the basket on my head, ready for you to lay the figs in."

"That is all very fine!" John laughed; "but before the basket is half full, away you go; and I have to get down the ladder, and bring up the basket and fix it firmly, and that without shaking the figs; whereas, had you left it alone, altogether, I could have brought up the empty basket and fixed it close by my hand, without any trouble at all."

"You are an ungrateful boy, and you know how bad it is to be ungrateful! And after my making myself so hot, too!" Miriam said. "My face is as red as fire, and that is all the thanks I get. Very well, then, I shall go into the house, and leave you to your own bad reflections."

"You need not do that, Mary. You can sit down in the shade there, and watch us at work; and eat figs, and get yourself cool, all at the same time. The sun will be down in another half hour, and then I shall be free to amuse you."

"Amuse me, indeed!" the girl said indignantly, as she sat down on the bank to which John had pointed. "You mean that I shall amuse you; that is what it generally comes to. If it wasn't for me I am sure, very often, there would not be a word said when we are out together."

"Perhaps that is true," John agreed; "but you see, there is so much to think about."

"And so you choose the time when you are with me to think! Thank you, John! You had better think, at present," and, rising

from the seat she had just taken, she walked back to the house again, regardless of John's explanations and shouts.

Old Isaac chuckled, on his tree close by.

"They are ever too sharp for us, in words, John. The damsel is younger than you, by full two years; and yet she can always put you in the wrong, with her tongue."

"She puts meanings to my words which I never thought of," John said, "and is angered, or pretends to be—for I never know which it is—at things which she has coined out of her own mind, for they had no place in mine."

"Boys' wits are always slower than girls'," the old man said. "A girl has more fancy, in her little finger, than a boy in his whole body. Your cousin laughs at you, because she sees that you take it all seriously; and wonders, in her mind, how it is her thoughts run ahead of yours. But I love the damsel, and so do all in the house for, if she be a little wayward at times, she is bright and loving, and has cheered the house since she came here.

"Your father is not a man of many words; and Martha, as becomes her age, is staid and quiet, though she is no enemy of mirth and cheerfulness; but the loss of all her children, save you, has saddened her, and I think she must often have pined that she had not a girl; and she has brightened much since the damsel came here, three years ago.

"But the sun is sinking, and my basket is full. There will be enough for the maids to go on with, in the morning, until we can supply them with more."

John's basket was not full, but he was well content to stop and, descending their ladders, the three returned to the house.

Simon of Gadez—for that was the name of his farm, and the little fishing village close by, on the shore—was a prosperous and well-to-do man. His land, like that of all around him, had come down from father to son, through long generations; for the law by which all mortgages were cleared off, every seven years, prevented those who might be disposed to idleness and extravagance from ruining themselves, and their children. Every man dwelt upon the land which, as eldest son, he had inherited; while the younger sons, taking their smaller share, would settle in the towns or villages and become traders, or fishermen, according to their bent and means.

There were poor in Palestine—for there will be poor, everywhere, so long as human nature remains as it is; and some men are idle and self indulgent, while others are industrious and thrifty—but, taking it as a whole there were, thanks to the wise provisions of their laws, no people on the face of the earth so generally comfortable, and well to do. They grumbled, of course, over the exactions of the tax collectors—exactions due, not to the contribution which was paid by the province to imperial Rome, but to the luxury and extravagance of their kings, and to the greed and corruption of the officials. But in spite of this, the people of rich and prosperous Galilee could have lived in contentment, and happiness, had it not been for the factions in their midst.

On reaching the house, John found that his father had just

returned from Hippos, whither he had gone on business. He nodded when the lad entered, with his basket.

"I have hired eight men in the market, today, to come out tomorrow to aid in gathering in the figs," he said; "and your mother has just sent down, to get some of the fishermen's maidens to come in to help her. It is time that we had done with them, and we will then set about the vintage. Let us reap while we can, there is no saying what the morrow will bring forth.

"Wife, add something to the evening meal, for the Rabbi Solomon Ben Manasseh will sup with us, and sleep here tonight."

John saw that his father looked graver than usual, but he knew his duty as a son too well to think of asking any questions; and he busied himself, for a time, in laying out the figs on trays—knowing that, otherwise, their own weight would crush the soft fruit before the morning, and bruise the tender skins.

A quarter of an hour later, the quick footsteps of a donkey were heard approaching. John ran out and, having saluted the rabbi, held the animal while his father assisted him to alight and, welcoming him to his house, led him within. The meal was soon served. It consisted of fish from the lake, kid's flesh seethed in milk, and fruit.

Only the men sat down; the rabbi sitting upon Simon's right hand, John on his left, and Isaac and his son at the other end of the table. Martha's maids waited upon them, for it was not the custom for the women to sit down with the men and, although in the country this usage was not strictly observed, and Martha and

little Mary generally took their meals with Simon and John, they did not do so if any guest was present.

In honor of the visitor, a white cloth had been laid on the table. All ate with their fingers; two dishes of each kind being placed on the table—one at each end. But few words were said during the meal. After it was concluded, Isaac and his son withdrew and, presently, Martha and Mary, having taken their meal in the women's apartments, came into the room. Mary made a little face at John, to signify her disapproval of the visitor, whose coming would compel her to keep silent all the evening. But though John smiled, he made no sign of sympathy for, indeed, he was anxious to hear the news from without; and doubted not that he should learn much, from the rabbi.

Solomon Ben Manasseh was a man of considerable influence in Galilee. He was a tall, stern-looking old man, with bushy black eyebrows, deep-set eyes, and a long beard of black hair, streaked with gray. He was said to have acquired much of the learning of the Gentiles, among whom, at Antioch, he had dwelt for some years; but it was to his powers as a speaker that he owed his influence. It was the tongue, in those days, that ruled men; and there were few who could lash a crowd to fury, or still their wrath when excited, better than Solomon Ben Manasseh.

For some time they talked upon different subjects: on the corn harvest and vintage, the probable amount of taxation, the marriage feast which was to take place, in the following week, at the house of one of the principal citizens of Hippos, and

other matters. But at last Simon broached the subject which was uppermost in all their thoughts.

"And the news from Tiberias, you say, is bad, rabbi?"

"The news from Tiberias is always bad, friend Simon. In all the land there is not a city which will compare with it, in the wrongheadedness of its people and the violence of its seditions; and little can be hoped, as far as I can see, so long as our good governor, Josephus, continues to treat the malefactors so leniently. A score of times they have conspired against his life and, as often, has he eluded them; for the Lord has been ever with him. But each time, instead of punishing those who have brought about these disorders, he lets them go free; trusting always that they will repent them of their ways, although he sees that his kindness is thrown away, and that they grow even bolder and more bitter against him after each failure.

"All Galilee is with him. Whenever he gives the word, every man takes up his arms and follows him and, did he but give the order, they would level those proud towns Tiberias and Sepphoris to the ground, and tear down stone by stone the stronghold of John of Gischala. But he will suffer them to do nothing—not a hair of these traitors' heads is to be touched; nor their property, to the value of a penny, be interfered with.

"I call such lenity culpable. The law ordains punishment for those who disturb the people. We know what befell those who rebelled against Moses. Josephus has the valor and the wisdom of King David; but it were well if he had, like our great king, a

Joab by his side, who would smite down traitors and spare not."

"It is his only fault," Simon said. "What a change has taken place, since he was sent hither from Jerusalem to take up our government! All abuses have been repressed, extortion has been put down, taxes have been lightened. We eat our bread in peace and comfort, and each man's property is his own. Never was there such a change as he has wrought and, were it not for John of Gischala, Justus the son of Piscus, and Jesus the son of Sapphias, all would go quietly and well; but these men are continually stirring up the people—who, in their folly, listen to them—and conspiring to murder Josephus, and seize upon his government."

"Already he has had, more than once, to reduce to submission Tiberias and Sepphoris; happily without bloodshed for, when the people of these cities saw that all Galilee was with Josephus, they opened their gates and submitted themselves to his mercy. Truly, in Leviticus it is said:

"Thou shalt not avenge, nor bear any grudge against the children of thy people; but thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

"But Josephus carries this beyond reason. Seeing that his adversaries by no means observe this law, he should remember that it is also said that 'He that taketh the sword shall fall by the sword,' and that the law lays down punishments for the transgressors. Our judges and kings slew those who troubled the land, and destroyed them utterly; and Josephus does wrong to depart from their teaching."

"I know not where he could have learned such notions of

mercy to his enemies, and to the enemies of the land," Simon said. "He has been to Rome, but it is not among the Romans that he will have found that it is right to forgive those who rise up in rebellion."

"Yes, he was in Rome when he was twenty-six years old," Solomon said. "He went thither to plead the cause of certain priests who had been thrown into bonds, by Felix, and sent to Rome. It was a perilous voyage, for his ship was wrecked in the Adriatic and, of six hundred men who were on board, only eighty were picked up—after floating and swimming all night—by a ship of Cyrene. He was not long in Rome for, being introduced to Poppaea, the wife of Caesar, he used his interest with her and obtained the release of those for whose sake he went there.

"No, if he gained these ideas from anyone, he learned them from one Banus—an Ascetic, of the sect of the Essenes, who lived in the desert with no other clothing than the bark and leaves of trees, and no other food save that which grew wild. Josephus lived with him, in like fashion, for three years and, doubtless, learned all that was in his heart. Banus was a follower, they say, of that John whom Herod put to death; and for aught I know, of that Jesus who was crucified, two years afterwards, at Jerusalem, and in whom many people believed, and who has many followers, to this day. I have conversed with some of them and, from what they tell me, this Jesus taught doctrines similar to those which Josephus practices; and which he may have learned from Banus, without accepting the doctrines which the members of this sect

hold, as to their founder being the promised Messiah who was to restore Israel."

"I, too, have talked with many of the sect," Simon said; "and have argued with them on the folly of their belief, seeing that their founder by no means saved Israel, but was himself put to death. From what I could see, there was much that was good in the doctrines they hold; but they have exaggerated ideas, and are opposed to all wars, even to fighting for their country. I hear that, since there has been trouble with Rome, most of them have departed altogether out of the land, so as to avoid the necessity of fighting."

"They are poor creatures," Solomon Ben Manasseh said, scornfully; "but we need not talk of them now, for they affect us in no way, save that it may be that Josephus has learned somewhat of their doctrines, from Banus; and that he is thus unduly and, as I think, most unfortunately for the country, inclined too much to mercy, instead of punishing the evildoers as they deserve."

"But nevertheless, rabbi, it seems to me that there has been good policy, as well, in the mercy which Josephus has shown his foes. You know that John has many friends in Jerusalem; and that, if he could accuse Josephus of slaughtering any, he would be able to make so strong a party, there, that he could obtain the recall of Josephus."

"We would not let him go," Solomon said, hotly. "Since the Romans have gone, we submit to the supremacy of the council at Jerusalem, but it is only on sufferance. For long ages we have

had nothing to do with Judah; and we are not disposed to put our necks under their yoke, now. We submit to unity because, in the Romans, we have a common foe; but we are not going to be tyrannized. Josephus has shown himself a wise ruler. We are happier, under him, than we have been for generations under the men who call themselves kings, but who are nothing but Roman satraps; and we are not going to suffer him to be taken from us. Only let the people of Jerusalem try that, and they will have to deal with all the men of Galilee."

"I am past the age at which men are bound to take up the sword, and John has not yet attained it but, if there were need, we would both go out and fight. What could they do, for the population of Galilee is greater than that of Judah? And while we would fight, every man, to the death; the Jews would, few of them, care to hazard their lives only to take from us the man we desire to rule over us. Still, Josephus does wisely, perhaps, to give no occasion for accusation by his enemies.

"There is no talk, is there, rabbi, of any movement on the part of the Romans to come against us, in force?"

"None, so far as I have heard," the rabbi replied. "King Agrippa remains in his country, to the east; but he has no Roman force with him sufficient to attempt any great enterprise and, so long as they leave us alone, we are content."

"They will come, sooner or later," Simon said, shaking his head. "They are busy elsewhere. When they have settled with their other enemies, they will come here to avenge the defeat

of Cestius, to restore Florus, and to reconquer the land. Where Rome has once laid her paw, she never lets slip her prey."

"Well, we can fight," Solomon Ben Manasseh said, sternly. "Our forefathers won the land with the sword, and we can hold it by the sword."

"Yes," Martha said quietly, joining in the conversation for the first time, "if God fights for us, as He fought for our forefathers."

"Why should He not?" the rabbi asked sternly. "We are still his people. We are faithful to his law."

"But God has, many times in the past, suffered us to fall into the hands of our enemies as a punishment for our sins," Martha said, quietly. "The tribes were carried away into captivity, and are scattered we know not where. The temple was destroyed, and the people of Judah dwelt long as captives in Babylon. He suffered us to fall under the yoke of the Romans.

"In his right time, He will fight for us again; but can we say that that time has come, rabbi, and that He will smite the Romans, as He smote the host of Sennacherib?"

"That no man can say," the rabbi answered, gloomily. "Time only will show but, whether or no, the people will fight valiantly."

"I doubt not that they will fight," Simon said; "but many other nations, to whom we are but as a handful, have fought bravely, but have succumbed to the might of Rome. It is said that Josephus, and many of the wisest in Jerusalem, were heartily opposed to the tumults against the Romans, and that they only went with the people because they were in fear of their lives; and

even at Tiberias many men of worth and gravity, such as Julius Capellus, Herod the son of Miarus, Herod the son of Gamalus, Compsus, and others, are all strongly opposed to hostility against the Romans.

"And it is the same, elsewhere. Those who know best what is the might and power of Rome would fain remain friendly with her. It is the ignorant and violent classes have led us into this strait; from which, as I fear, naught but ruin can arise."

"I thought better things of you, Simon," the rabbi said, angrily.

"But you yourself have told me," Simon urged, "that you thought it a mad undertaking to provoke the vengeance of Rome."

"I thought so, at first," Solomon admitted, "but now our hand is placed on the plow, we must not draw back; and I believe that the God of our fathers will show his might before the heathen."

"I trust that it may be so," Simon said, gravely. "In His hand is all power. Whether He will see fit to put it forth, now, in our behalf remains to be seen. However, for the present we need not concern ourselves greatly with the Romans. It may be long before they bring an army against us; while these seditions, here, are at our very door, and ever threaten to involve us in civil war."

"We need fear no civil war," the rabbi said. "The people of all Galilee, save the violent and ill disposed in a few of the towns, are all for Josephus. If it comes to force, John and his party know that they will be swept away, like a straw before the wind. The fear is that they may succeed in murdering Josephus; either by

the knife of an assassin, or in one of these tumults. They would rather the latter, because they would then say that the people had torn him to pieces, in their fury at his misdoings.

"However, we watch over him, as much as we can; and his friends have warned him that he must be careful, not only for his own sake, but for that of all the people; and he has promised that, as far as he can, he will be on his guard against these traitors."

"The governor should have a strong bodyguard," John exclaimed, impetuously, "as the Roman governors had. In another year, I shall be of age to have my name inscribed in the list of fighting men; and I would gladly be one of his guard."

"You are neither old enough to fight, nor to express an opinion unasked," Simon said, "in the presence of your elders."

"Do not check the boy," the rabbi said. "He has fire and spirit; and the days are coming when we shall not ask how old, or how young, are those who would fight, so that they can but hold arms."

"Josephus is wise not to have a military guard, John, because the people love not such appearance of state. His enemies would use this as an argument that he was setting himself up above them. It is partly because he behaves himself discreetly, and goes about among them like a private person, of no more account than themselves, that they love him. None can say he is a tyrant, because he has no means of tyrannizing. His enemies cannot urge it against him at Jerusalem—as they would doubtless do, if they could—that he is seeking to lead Galilee away from the rule of Jerusalem, and to set himself up as its master for, to do this, he

would require to gather an army; and Josephus has not a single armed man at his service, save and except that when he appears to be in danger many, out of love of him, assemble and provide him escort.

"No, Josephus is wise in that he affects neither pomp nor state, that he keeps no armed men around him, but trusts to the love of the people. He would be wiser, however, did he seize one of the occasions when the people have taken up arms for him to destroy all those who make sedition; and to free the country, once and for all, from the trouble.

"Sedition should be always nipped in the bud. Lenity, in such a case, is the most cruel course; for it encourages men to think that those in authority fear them, and that they can conspire without danger; and whereas, at first, the blood of ten men will put an end to sedition, it needs, at last, the blood of as many thousands to restore peace and order. It is good for a man to be merciful, but not for a ruler, for the good of the whole people is placed in his hands. The sword of justice is given to him, and he is most merciful who uses it the most promptly against those who work sedition. The wise ruler will listen to the prayers of his people, and will grant their petitions, when they show that their case is hard; but he will grant nothing to him who asketh with his sword in his hand, for he knows full well that when he yields, once, he must yield always; until the time comes, as come it surely will, when he must resist with the sword. Then the land will be filled with blood whereas, in the beginning, he could have avoided all

trouble, by refusing so much as to listen to those who spoke with threats.

"Josephus is a good man, and the Lord has given him great gifts. He has done great things for the land; but you will see that many woes will come, and much blood will be shed, from this lenity of his towards those who stir up tumults among the people."

A few minutes later the family retired to bed; the hour being a late one for Simon's household, which generally retired to rest a short time after the evening meal.

The next day the work of gathering in the figs was carried on, earnestly and steadily, with the aid of the workers whom Simon had hired in the town and, in two days, the trees were all stripped, and strings of figs hung to dry from the boughs of all the trees round the house.

Then the gathering of the grapes began. All the inhabitants of the little fishing village lent their aid—men as well as women and children—for the vintage was looked upon as a holiday; and Simon was regarded as a good friend by his neighbors, being ever ready to aid them when there was need, judging any disputes which arose between them, and lending them money without interest if misfortune came upon their boats or nets, or if illness befell them; while the women, in times of sickness or trouble, went naturally to Martha with their griefs, and were assured of sympathy, good advice, and any drugs or dainty food suited to the case.

The women and girls picked the grapes, and laid them in

baskets. These were carried by men, and emptied into the vat; where other men trod them down, and pressed out the juice. Martha and her maids saw to the cooking and laying out, on the great tables in the courtyard, of the meals; to which all sat down, together. Simon superintended the crushing of the grapes; and John worked now at one task, and now at another. It was a pretty scene, and rendered more gay by the songs of the women and girls, as they worked; and the burst of merry laughter which, at times, arose.

It lasted four days, by which time the last bunch, save those on a few vines preserved for eating, was picked and crushed; and the vats in the cellar, sunk underground for coolness, were full to the brim. Simon was much pleased with the result; and declared that never, in his memory, had the vine and fig harvest turned out more abundant. The corn had long before been gathered, and there remained now only the olives; but it would be some little time yet before these were fit to be gathered, and their oil extracted, for they were allowed to hang on the trees until ready to drop.

The last basket of grapes was brought in with much ceremony; the gatherers forming a little procession, and singing a thanksgiving hymn as they walked. The evening meal was more bounteous, even, than usual; and all who helped carried away with them substantial proofs of Simon's thankfulness, and satisfaction.

For the next few days Simon and his men, and Martha's maids,

lent their assistance in getting in the vintage of their neighbors; for each family had its patch of ground, and grew sufficient grapes and fruits for its own needs. Those in the village brought their grapes to a vat, which they had in common; the measures of the grapes being counted as they were put in, and the wine afterwards divided, in like proportion—for wine, to be good, must be made in considerable quantities.

And now there was, for a time, little to do on the farm. Simon superintended the men who were plowing up the corn stubbles, ready for the sowing in the spring; sometimes putting his hand to the plow, and driving the oxen. Isaac and his son worked in the vineyard and garden, near the house; aided to some extent by John who, however, was not yet called upon to take a man's share in the work of the farm—he having but lately finished his learning, with the rabbi, at the school in Hippos. Still, he worked steadily every morning and, in the afternoon, generally went out on the lake with the fishermen, with whom he was a great favorite.

This was not to last long for, at seventeen, he was to join his father, regularly, in the management of the farm and, indeed, the Rabbi Solomon, who was a frequent guest, was of opinion that Simon gave the boy too much license; and that he ought, already, to be doing man's work.

But Simon, when urged by him, said:

"I know that, at his age, I was working hard, rabbi; but the lad has studied diligently, and I have a good report of him; and I think it well that, at his age, the bow should be unbent somewhat.

"Besides, who knows what is before us! I will let the lad have as much pleasure from his life as he can. The storm is approaching; let him play, while the sun shines."

## Chapter 2: A Storm On Galilee

One day, after the midday meal, John said:

"Mary, Raphael and his brother have taken the big boat, and gone off with fish to Tiberias; and have told me that I can take the small boat, if I will. Ask my mother to let you off your task, and come out with me. It is a fortnight since we had a row on the lake, together."

"I was beginning to think that you were never going to ask me again, John; and, only I should punish myself, I would say you nay. There have you been, going out fishing every afternoon, and leaving me at home to spin; and it is all the worse because your mother has said that the time is fast coming when I must give up wandering about like a child, and must behave myself like a woman.

"Oh, dear, how tiresome it will be when there will be nothing to do but to sit and spin, and to look after the house, and to walk instead of running when I am out, and to behave like a grown-up person, altogether!"

"You are almost grown up," John said; "you are taller, now, than any of the maids except Zillah; but I shall be sorry to see you growing staid and solemn. And it was selfish of me not to ask you to go out before, but I really did not think of it. The fishermen have been working hard, to make up for the time lost during the harvest; and I have really been useful, helping them

with their nets, and this is the last year I shall have my liberty.

"But come, don't let's be wasting time in talking; run in and get my mother's permission, and then join me on the shore. I will take some grapes down, for you to eat; for the sun is hot today, and there is scarce a breath of wind on the water."

A few minutes later, the young pair stood together by the side of the boat.

"Your mother made all sorts of objections," Mary said, laughing, "and I do think she won't let me come again. I don't think she would have done it, today, if Miriam had not stood up for me, and said that I was but a child though I was so tall; and that, as you were very soon going to work with your father, she thought that it was no use in making the change before that."

"What nonsense it all is!" John said. "Besides, you know it is arranged that, in a few months, we are to be betrothed according to the wishes of your parents and mine. It would have been done, long ago, only my father and mother do not approve of young betrothals; and think it better to wait, to see if the young ones like each other; and I think that is quite right, too, in most cases—only, of course, living here, as you have done for the last three years—since your father and mother died—there was no fear of our not liking each other."

"Well, you see," Mary said, as she sat in the stern of the boat, while John rowed it quietly along, "it might have been just the other way. When people don't see anything of each other, till they are betrothed by their parents, they can't dislike each other

very much; whereas, when they get to know each other, if they are disagreeable they might get to almost hate each other."

"Yes, there is something in that," John agreed. "Of course, in our case it is all right, because we do like each other—we couldn't have liked each other more, I think, if we had been brother and sister—but it seems to me that, sometimes, it must be horrid when a boy is told by his parents that he is to be betrothed to a girl he has never seen. You see it isn't as if it were for a short time, but for all one's life. It must be awful!"

"Awful!" Mary agreed, heartily; "but of course, it would have to be done."

"Of course," John said—the possibility of a lad refusing to obey his parents' commands not even occurring to him. "Still it doesn't seem to me quite right that one should have no choice, in so important a matter. Of course, when one's got a father and mother like mine—who would be sure to think only of making me happy, and not of the amount of dowry, or anything of that sort—it would be all right; but with some parents, it would be dreadful."

For some time, not a word was spoken; both of them meditating over the unpleasantness of being forced to marry someone they disliked. Then, finding the subject too difficult for them, they began to talk about other things; stopping, sometimes, to see the fishermen haul up their nets, for there were a number of boats out on the lake. They rowed down as far as Tiberias and, there, John ceased rowing; and they sat chatting over the wealth and beauty of that city, which John had often visited with his

father, but which Mary had never entered.

Then John turned the head of the boat up the lake and again began to row but, scarcely had he dipped his oar into the water, when he exclaimed:

"Look at that black cloud rising, at the other end of the lake! Why did you not tell me, Mary?"

"How stupid of me," she exclaimed, "not to have kept my eyes open!"

He bent to his oars, and made the boat move through the water at a very different rate to that at which she had before traveled.

"Most of the boats have gone," Mary said, presently, "and the rest are all rowing to the shore; and the clouds are coming up very fast," she added, looking round.

"We are going to have a storm," John said. "It will be upon us long before we get back. I shall make for the shore, Mary. We must leave the boat there, and take shelter for a while, and then walk home. It will not be more than four miles to walk."

But though he spoke cheerfully, John knew enough of the sudden storms that burst upon the Sea of Galilee to be aware that, long before he could cross the mile and a half of water, which separated them from the eastern shore, the storm would be upon them; and indeed, they were not more than half way when it burst.

The sky was already covered with black clouds. A great darkness gathered round them; then came a heavy downpour of rain; and then, with a sudden burst, the wind smote them. It was

useless, now, to try to row, for the oars would have been twisted from his hands in a moment; and John took the helm, and told Mary to lie down in the bottom of the boat. He had already turned the boat's head up the lake, the direction in which the storm was traveling.

The boat sprang forward, as if it had received a blow, when the gale struck it. John had, more than once, been out on the lake with the fishermen, when sudden storms had come up; and knew what was best to be done. When he had laid in his oars, he had put them so that the blades stood partly up above the bow, and caught the wind somewhat; and he, himself, crouched down in the bottom, with his head below the gunwale and his hand on the tiller; so that the tendency of the boat was to drive straight before the wind. With a strong crew, he knew that he could have rowed obliquely towards the shore but, alone, his strength could have done nothing to keep the heavy boat off her course.

The sea rose, as if by magic, and the spray was soon dashing over them; each wave, as it followed the boat, rising higher and higher. The shores were no longer visible; and the crests of the waves seemed to gleam, with a pallid light, in the darkness which surrounded them. John sat quietly in the bottom of the boat, with one hand on the tiller and the other arm round Mary, who was crouched up against him. She had made no cry, or exclamation, from the moment the gale struck them.

"Are we getting near shore?" she asked, at last.

"No, Mary; we are running straight before the wind, which

is blowing right up the lake. There is nothing to be done but to keep straight before it."

Mary had seen many storms on the lake, and knew into what a fury its waters were lashed, in a tempest such as was now upon them.

"We are in God's hands, John," she said, with the quiet resignation of her race. "He can save us, if He will. Let us pray to him."

John nodded and, for a few minutes, no word was spoken.

"Can I do anything?" Mary asked, presently, as a wave struck the stern, and threw a mass of water into the boat.

"Yes," John replied; "take that earthen pot, and bale out the water."

John had no great hope that they would live through the gale, but he thought it better for the girl to be kept busily employed. She bailed steadily but, fast as she worked, the water came in faster; for each wave, as it swept past them, broke on board. So rapidly were they traveling that John had the greatest difficulty in keeping the boat from broaching to—in which case the following wave would have filled, or overturned, her.

"I don't think it's any use, John," Mary said, quietly, as a great wave broke on board; pouring in as much water, in a second, as she could have baled out in ten minutes.

"No use, dear. Sit quietly by me but, first, pull those oars aft. Now, tie them together with that piece of rope. Now, when the boat goes down, keep tight hold of them.

"Cut off another piece of rope, and give it me. When we are in the water, I will fasten you to the oars. They will keep you afloat, easily enough. I will keep close to you. You know I am a good swimmer and, whenever I feel tired, I can rest my hands on the oars, too.

"Keep up your courage, and keep as quiet as you can. These sudden storms seldom last long; and my father will be sure to get the boats out, as soon as he can, to look for us."

John spoke cheerfully, but he had no great hopes of their being able to live in so rough a sea. Mary had still less, but she quietly carried out John's instructions. The boat was half-full of water, now, and rose but heavily upon the waves.

John raised himself and looked round; in hopes that the wind might, unnoticed, have shifted a little and blown them towards the shore. As he glanced around, him he gave a shout. Following almost in their track, and some fifty yards away, was a large galley; running before the wind, with a rag of sail set on its mast.

"We are saved, Mary!" he exclaimed. "Here is a galley, close to us."

He shouted loudly, though he knew that his voice could not be heard, many yards away, in the teeth of the gale but, almost directly, he saw two or three men stand up in the bow of the galley. One was pointing towards them, and he saw that they were seen.

In another minute the galley came sweeping along, close to the boat. A dozen figures appeared over her side, and two or

three ropes were thrown. John caught one, twisted it rapidly round Mary's body and his own, knotted it and, taking her in his arms, jumped overboard. Another minute they were drawn alongside the galley, and pulled on board. As soon as the ropes were unfastened, John rose to his feet; but Mary lay, insensible, on the deck.

"Carry the damsel into the cabin," a man, who was evidently in authority said. "She has fainted, but will soon come round. I will see to her, myself."

The suddenness of the rescue, the plunge in the water, and the sudden revulsion of his feelings affected John so much that it was two or three minutes before he could speak.

"Come along with me, lad," one of the sailors said, laying his hand on his shoulder. "Some dry clothes, and a draught of wine will set you all right again; but you have had a narrow escape of it. That boat of yours was pretty nearly water logged and, in another five minutes, we should have been too late."

John hastily changed his clothes in the forecabin, took a draught of wine, and then hurried back again towards the aft cabin. Just as he reached it, the man who had ordered Mary to be carried in came out.

"The damsel has opened her eyes," he said, "and you need not be uneasy about her. I have given her some woolen cloths, and bade her take off her wet garments, and wrap herself in them.

"Why did you not make for the shore, before the tempest broke? It was foolish of you, indeed, to be out on the lake, when

anyone could see that this gale was coming."

"I was rowing down, and did not notice it until I turned," John replied. "I was making for the shore, when the gale struck her."

"It was well, for you, that I noticed you. I was, myself, thinking of making for the shore although, in so large and well-manned craft as this, there is little fear upon the lake. It is not like the Great Sea; where I, myself, have seen a large ship as helpless, before the waves, as that small boat we picked you from.

"I had just set out from Tiberias, when I marked the storm coming up; but my business was urgent and, moreover, I marked your little boat, and saw that you were not likely to gain the shore; so I bade the helmsman keep his eye on you, until the darkness fell upon us; and then to follow straight in your wake, for you could but run before the wind—and well he did it for, when we first caught sight of you, you were right ahead of us."

The speaker was a man of about thirty years of age; tall, and with a certain air of command.

"I thank you, indeed, sir," John said, "for saving my life; and that of my cousin Mary, the daughter of my father's brother. Truly, my father and mother will be grateful to you, for having saved us; for I am their only son.

"Whom are they to thank for our rescue?"

"I am Joseph, the son of Matthias, to whom the Jews have intrusted the governorship of this province."

"Josephus!" John exclaimed, in a tone of surprise and reverence.

"So men call me," Josephus replied, with a smile.

It was, indeed, the governor. Flavius Josephus, as the Romans afterwards called him, came of a noble Jewish family—his father, Matthias, belonging to the highest of the twenty-four classes into which the sacerdotal families were divided. Matthias was eminent for his attainments, and piety; and had been one of the leading men in Jerusalem. From his youth, Josephus had carefully prepared himself for public life, mastering the doctrines of the three leading sects among the Jews—the Pharisees, Sadducees, and Essenes—and having spent three years in the desert, with Banus the Ascetic. The fact that, at only twenty-six years of age, he had gone as the leader of a deputation to Rome, on behalf of some priests sent there by Felix, shows that he was early looked upon as a conspicuous person among the Jews; and he was but thirty when he was intrusted with the important position of Governor of Galilee.

Contrary to the custom of the times, he had sought to make no gain from his position. He accepted neither presents, nor bribes; but devoted himself entirely to ameliorating the condition of the people, and in repressing the turbulence of the lower classes of the great towns; and of the robber chieftains who, like John of Gischala, took advantage of the relaxation of authority, caused by the successful rising against the Romans, to plunder and tyrannize over the people.

The expression of the face of Josephus was lofty and, at the same time, gentle. His temper was singularly equable and,

whatever the circumstances, he never gave way to anger, but kept his passions well under control. His address was soft and winning, and he had the art of attracting respect and friendship from all who came in contact with him. Poppaea, the wife of Nero, had received him with much favor and, bravely as he fought against them, Vespasian and Titus were, afterwards, as much attached to him as were the Jews of Galilee. There can be no doubt that, had he been otherwise placed than as one of a people on the verge of destruction, Josephus would have been one of the great figures of history.

John had been accustomed to hear his father and his friends speak in tones of such admiration for Josephus, as the man who was regarded not only as the benefactor of the Jews of Galilee, but as the leader and mainstay of the nation, that he had long ardently desired to see him; and to find that he had now been rescued from death by him, and that he was now talking to him face to face, filled him with confusion.

"You are a brave lad," Josephus said, "for you kept your head well, in a time when older men might have lost their presence of mind. You must have kept your boat dead before the wind; and you were quick and ready, in seizing the rope and knotting it round yourself, and the maid with you. I feared you might try and fasten it to the boat. If you had, full of water as she was, and fast as we were sailing before the wind, the rope would barely have stood the strain."

"The clouds are breaking," the captain of the boat said,

coming up to Josephus, "and I think that we are past the worst of the gale. And well it is so for, even in so staunch a craft, there is much peril in such a sea as this."

The vessel, although one of the largest on the lake, was indeed pitching and rolling very heavily; but she was light and buoyant and, each time that she plunged bows under, as the following waves lifted her stern high in the air, she rose lightly again; and scarce a drop fell into her deep waist, the lofty erections, fore and aft, throwing off the water.

"Where do you belong, my lad?" Josephus asked. "I fear that it is impossible for us to put you ashore, until we reach Capernaum; but once there, I will see that you are provided with means to take you home."

"Our farm lies three miles above Hippos."

"That is unfortunate," Josephus said, "since it lies on the opposite side of the lake to Capernaum. However, we shall see. If the storm goes down rapidly, I may be able to get a fishing boat to take you across, this evening; for your parents will be in sore trouble. If not, you must wait till early morning."

In another hour they reached Capernaum. The wind had, by this time, greatly abated; although the sea still ran high. The ship was soon alongside a landing jetty, which ran out a considerable distance, and formed a breakwater protecting the shipping from the heavy sea which broke there when the wind was, as at present, from the south.

Mary came out from the cabin, as the vessel entered the

harbor, wrapped up from head to foot in the woollen cloths with which she had been furnished. John sprang to her side.

"Are you quite well, Mary?"

"Quite well," she said, "only very ashamed of having fainted, and very uncomfortable in these wrappings. But, oh! John, how thankful we ought to be, to God, for having sent this ship to our aid, just when all seemed lost!"

"We ought, indeed, Mary. I have been thanking him, as I have been standing here watching the waves; and I am sure you have been doing the same, in the cabin."

"Yes, indeed, John. But what am I to do, now? I do not like going on shore like this, and the officer told me I was, on no account, to put on my wet clothes."

"Do you know, it is Josephus himself, Mary—think of that—the great Josephus, who has saved us! He marked our boat before the storm broke and, seeing that we could not reach the shore, had his vessel steered so as to overtake us."

Mary was too surprised to utter more than an exclamation. The thought that the man, who had been talking so kindly and pleasantly to her, was the great leader of whom she had heard so much, quite took away her breath.

At that moment Josephus, himself, came up.

"I am glad to see you have got your color again, maiden," he said. "I am just going to land. Do you, with your cousin, remain on board here. I will send a woman down, with some attire for you. She will conduct you both to the house where I shall be

staying.

"The sea is going down, and the captain tells me that he thinks, in another three or four hours, I shall be able to get a boat to send you across to your home. It will be late, but you will not mind that; for they are sure not to retire to rest, at home, but to be up all night, searching for you."

A crowd had assembled on the jetty, for Josephus was expected, and the violent storm had excited the fears of all for his safety; and the leading inhabitants had all flocked down to welcome him, when his vessel was seen approaching.

"Isn't he kind and good?" Mary said, enthusiastically, as she watched the greeting which he received, as he landed. "He talked to me, just as if he had been of my own family."

"He is grand!" John agreed, with equal enthusiasm. "He is just what I pictured to myself that a great leader would be; such as Joshua, or Gideon, or the Prince of the Maccabees."

"Yes; but more gentle, John."

"Brave men should always be gentle," John said, positively.

"They ought to be, perhaps," Mary agreed, "but I don't think they are."

They chatted, then, about the storm and the anxiety which they would be feeling, at home; until an officer, accompanied by a woman carrying attire for Mary, came on board. Mary soon came out of the cabin, dressed; and the officer conducted them to the house which had been placed at the disposal of Josephus. The woman led them up to a room, where a meal had been prepared

for them.

"Josephus is in council, with the elders," she said. "He bade me see that you had all that you required. He has arranged that a bark shall start with you, as soon as the sea goes down; but if, by eight o'clock, it is still too rough, I shall take the maiden home to my house, to sleep; and they will arouse you, as soon as it is safe to put out, whatever the hour may be, as your friends will be in great anxiety concerning you."

The sun had already set and, just as they finished their meal, the man belonging to the boat came to say that it would be midnight before he could put out.

Mary then went over with the woman; and John lay down on some mats, to sleep, until it was time to start. He slept soundly, until he was aroused by the entry of someone, with lights. He started to his feet, and found that it was Josephus, himself, with an attendant.

"I had not forgotten you," he said, "but I have been, until now, in council. It is close upon midnight, and the boat is in readiness. I have sent to fetch the damsel, and have bidden them take plenty of warm wraps, so that the night air may do her no harm."

Mary soon arrived; and Josephus, himself, went down with them to the shore, and saw them on board the boat—which was a large one, with eight rowers. The wind had died away to a gentle breeze, and the sea had gone down greatly. The moon was up, and the stars shining brightly. Josephus chatted kindly to John, as they made their way down to the shore.

"Tell your father," he said, "that I hope he will come over to see me, ere long; and that I shall bear you in mind. The time is coming when every Jew who can bear arms will be needed in the service of his country and, if your father consents, I will place you near my person; for I have seen that you are brave and cool, in danger, and you will have plenty of opportunities of winning advancement."

With many thanks for his kindness, John and Mary took their places in the stern of the boat. Mary enveloped herself in the wraps that had been prepared for her, for the nights were chilly. Then the sail was hoisted, and the boat sailed away from the land. The wind had shifted round, somewhat, to the west, and they were able to lay their course across towards Hippos; but their progress was slow, and the master bade the crew get out their oars, and aid the sail.

In three hours they neared the land, John pointing out the exact position of the village; which was plainly enough marked out, by a great fire blazing on the shore. As they approached it, they could see several figures and, presently, there came a shout, which John recognized as that of Isaac.

"Any news?"

"Here we are, Isaac, safe and well."

There was a confused sound, of shouts and cries of pleasure. In a few minutes, the boat grated on the shallow shore. The moment she did so, John leaped out over the bow and waded ashore, and was at once clasped in his mother's arms; while

one of the fishermen carried Mary to the land. She received, from Martha, a full share of her caresses; for she loved the girl almost as dearly as she did her son. Then Miriam and the maids embraced and kissed her, while Isaac folded John in his arms.

"The God of Israel be thanked and praised, my children!" Martha exclaimed. "He has brought you back to us, as from the dead, for we never thought to see you again. Some of the fishermen returned, and told us that they saw your boat, far on the lake, before the storm burst; and none held out hope that you could have weathered such a storm."

"Where is father?" John asked.

"He is out on the lake, as are all the fishermen of the village, searching for you.

"That reminds me, Isaac, set fire to the other piles of wood that we have prepared.

"If one of the boats returned, with any sure news of you, we were to light them to call the others back—one fire if the news was bad, two if it was good—but we hardly even dared to hope that the second would be required."

A brand from the fire was soon applied to the other piles, and the three fires shone out across the lake, with the good news. In a quarter of an hour a boat was seen approaching, and soon came a shout:

"Is all well?"

"All is well," John shouted, in reply, and soon he was clasped in his father's arms.

The other boats came in, one by one; the last to arrive towing in the boat—which had been found, bottom upwards, far up the lake, its discovery destroying the last hope of its late occupants being found alive.

As soon as Simon landed, the party returned to the house. Miriam and the maids hurried to prepare a meal—of which all were sorely in need, for no food had been eaten since the gale burst on the lake; while their three hours in the boat had again sharpened the appetite of John and Mary. A quantity of food was cooked, and a skin of old wine brought up from the cellar; and Isaac remained down on the shore, to bid all who had been engaged in the search come up and feast, as soon as they landed.

John related to his parents the adventure which had befallen them, and they wondered greatly at the narrowness of their deliverance. When the feasting was over, Simon called all together, and solemnly returned thanks to God for the mercies which He had given them. It was broad daylight before all sought their beds, for a few hours, before beginning the work of the day.

A week later Josephus himself came to Hippos, bringing with him two nobles, who had fled from King Agrippa and sought refuge with him. He had received them hospitably, and had allotted a home to them at Tarichea, where he principally dwelt.

He had, just before, had another narrow escape, for six hundred armed men—robbers and others—had assembled round his house, charging him with keeping some spoils which had been taken, by a party of men of that town, from the wife of

Ptolemy—King Agrippa's procurator—instead of dividing them among the people. For a time, he pacified them by telling them that this money was destined for strengthening the walls of their town, and for walling other towns at present undefended; but the leaders of the evildoers were determined to set his house on fire, and slay him.

He had but twenty armed men with him. Closing the doors, he went to an upper room, and told the robbers to send in one of their number to receive the money. Directly he entered, the door was closed. One of his hands was cut off, and hung round his neck; and he was then turned out again. Believing that Josephus would not have ventured to act so boldly, had he not had a large body of armed men with him, the crowd were seized with panic and fled to their homes.

After this, the enemies of Josephus persuaded the people that the nobles he had sheltered were wizards; and demanded that they should be given up to be slain, unless they would change their religion to that of the Jews. Josephus tried to argue them out of their belief, saying that there were no such things as wizards and, if the Romans had wizards who could work them wrong, they would not need to send an army to fight against them; but as the people still clamored, he got the men privately on board a ship, and sailed across the lake with them to Hippos; where he dismissed them, with many presents.

As soon as the news came that Josephus had come to Hippos, Simon set out with Martha, John, and Mary, to see him. Josephus

received them kindly, and would permit no thanks for what he had done.

"Your son is a brave youth," he said to Simon, "and I would gladly have him near me, if you would like to have it so. This is a time when there are greater things than planting vineyards, and gathering in harvests, to be done; and there is a need for brave and faithful men. If, then, you and your wife will give the lad to me, I will see to him, and keep him near me. I have need of faithful men with me, for my enemies are ever trying to slay me. If all goes well with the lad, he will have a good opportunity of rising to honor.

"What say you? Do not give an answer hastily, but think it over among yourselves and, if you agree to my proposal, send him across the lake to me."

"It needs no thought, sir," Simon said. "I know well that there are more urgent things, now, than sowing and reaping; and that much trouble and peril threaten the land. Right glad am I that my son should serve one who is the hope of Israel, and his mother will not grudge him for such service. As to advancement, I wish nothing better than that he should till the land of his fathers; but none can say what the Lord has in store for us, or whether strangers may not reap what I have sown. Thus, then, the wisdom which he will gain, in being with you, is likely to be a far better inheritance than any I can give him.

"What say you, Martha?"

"I say as you do, Simon. It will grieve me to part with him, but

I know that such an offer as that which my lord Josephus makes is greatly for his good. Moreover, the manner in which he was saved from death seems to show that the Lord has something for his hand to do, and that his path is specially marked out for him. To refuse to let him go would be to commit the sin of withstanding God—

"Therefore, my lord, I willingly give up my son to follow you."

"I think that you have decided wisely," Josephus said. "I tarry here, for tonight, and tomorrow cross to Tiberias; therefore, let him be here by noon."

Mary was the most silent of the party, on the way home. Simon and his wife felt convinced the decision they had made was a wise one and, although they were not ambitious, they yet felt that the offer of Josephus was a most advantageous one, and opened a career of honor to their son.

John, himself, was in a state of the highest delight. To be about the person of Josephus seemed, to him, the greatest honor and happiness. It opened the way to the performance of great actions, which would bring honor to his father's name; and although he had been, hitherto, prepared to settle down to the life of a cultivator of the soil, he had had his yearnings for one of more excitement and adventure; and these were now likely to be gratified, to the fullest.

Mary, however, felt the approaching loss of her friend and playmate greatly, though even she was not insensible to the honor which the offer of Josephus conferred upon him.

"You don't seem glad of my good fortune, Mary," John said as, after they returned home, they strolled together, as usual, down to the edge of the lake.

"It may be your good fortune, but it's not mine," the girl said, pettishly. "It will be very dull here, without you. I know what it will be. Your mother will always be full of anxiety, and will be fretting whenever we get news of any disturbances; and that is often enough, for there seem to be disturbances, continually. Your father will go about silently, Miriam will be sharper than usual with the maids, and everything will go wrong. I can't see why you couldn't have said that, in a year or two, you would go with the governor; but that, at present, you thought you had better stop with your own people."

"A nice milksop he would have thought me!" John laughed. "No, if he thought I was man enough to do him service, it would have been a nice thing for me to say that I thought I was too young."

"Besides, Mary, after all it is your good fortune, as well as mine; for is it not settled that you are to share it? Josephus is all powerful and, if I please him and do my duty, he can, in time, raise me to a position of great honor. I may even come to be the governor of a town, or a captain over troops, or a councilor."

"No, no!" Mary laughed, "not a councilor, John. A governor, perhaps; and a captain, perhaps; but never, I should say, a councilor."

John laughed good temperedly.

"Well, Mary, then you shall look forward to be the wife of a governor, or captain; but you see, I might even fill the place of a councilor with credit, because I could always come to you for advice before, I give an opinion—then I should be sure to be right.

"But, seriously, Mary, I do think it great honor to have had such an offer made me, by the governor."

"Seriously, so do I, John; though I wish, in my heart, he had not made it. I had looked forward to living here, all my life, just as your mother has done; and now there will be nothing fixed to look forward to.

"Besides, where there is honor, there is danger. There seem to be always tumults, always conspiracies—and then, as your father says, above all there are the Romans to be reckoned with and, of course, if you are near Josephus you run a risk, going wherever he does."

"I shall never be in greater risk, Mary, than we were, together, on the lake the other day. God helped us, then, and brought us through it; and I have faith that He will do so, again. It may be that I am meant to do something useful, before I die. At any rate, when the Romans come, everyone will have to fight; so I shall be in no greater danger than any one else."

"I know, John, and I am not speaking quite in earnest. I am sorry you are going—that is only natural—but I am proud that you are to be near our great leader, and I believe that our God will be your shield and protector.

"And now, we had better go in. Your father will, doubtless,

have much to say to you, this evening; and your mother will grudge every minute you are out of her sight."

## Chapter 3: The Revolt Against Rome

That evening the Rabbi Solomon Ben Manasseh came in, and was informed of the offer which Josephus had made.

"You were present, rabbi," Simon said, "at the events which took place in Jerusalem, and at the defeat of Cestius. John has been asking me to tell him more about these matters for, now that he is to be with the governor, it is well that he should be well acquainted with public affairs."

"I will willingly tell him the history for, as you say, it is right that the young man should be well acquainted with the public events and the state of parties and, though the story must be somewhat long, I will try and not make it tedious.

"The first tumult broke out in Caesarea, and began by frays between our people and the Syrian Greeks. Felix the governor took the part of the Greeks; and many of our people were killed, and more plundered. When Felix was recalled to Rome, we sent a deputation there with charges against him; but the Greeks, by means of bribery, obtained a decree against us, depriving the Jews of Caesarea of rights of equal citizenship. From this constant troubles arose but, outside Caesarea, Festus kept all quiet; putting down robbers, as well as impostors who led the people astray.

"Then there came trouble in Jerusalem. King Agrippa's palace stood on Mount Zion, looking towards the Temple; and he built

a lofty story, from whose platform he could command a view of the courts of the Temple, and watch the sacrifices. Our people resented this impious intrusion, and built a high wall to cut off the view. Agrippa demanded its destruction, on the ground that it intercepted the view of the Roman guard. We appealed to Nero, and sent to him a deputation; headed by Ismael, the high priest, and Hilkiah, the treasurer. They obtained an order for the wall to be allowed to stand, but Ismael and Hilkiah were detained at Rome. Agrippa thereupon appointed another high priest—Joseph—but, soon afterwards, nominated Annas in his place.

"When Festus—the Roman governor—was away, Annas put to death many of the sect called Christians, to gratify the Sadducees. The people were indignant, for these men had done no harm; and Agrippa deprived him of the priesthood and appointed Jesus, son of Damnai. Then, unhappily, Festus—who was a just and good governor—died, and Albinus succeeded him. He was a man greedy of money, and ready to do anything for gain. He took bribes from robbers, and encouraged, rather than repressed, evil doers. There was open war, in the streets, between the followers of various chief robbers. Albinus opened the prisons, and filled the city with malefactors; and, at the completion of the works at the Temple, eighteen thousand workmen were discharged, and thus the city was filled with men ready to sell their services to the highest bidders.

"Albinus was succeeded by Gessius Florus, who was even worse than Albinus. This man was a great friend of Cestius

Gallus, who commanded the Roman troops in Syria; and who, therefore, scoffed at the complaints of the people against Florus.

"At this time, strange prodigies appeared in Rome. A sword of fire hung above the city, for a whole year. The inner gate of the Temple—which required twenty men to move it—opened by itself, chariots and armed squadrons were seen in the heavens and, worse than all, the priests in the Temple heard a great movement, and a sound of many voices, which said:

"Let us depart hence!"

"So things went on, in Jerusalem, until the old feud at Caesarea broke out afresh. The trouble, this time, began about one of our synagogues. The land around it belonged to a Greek and, for this, our people offered a high price. The heathen who owned it refused and, to annoy us, raised mean houses round the synagogue. The Jewish youths interrupted the workmen; and the wealthier of the community—headed by John, a publican—subscribed eight talents, and sent them to Florus as a bribe, that he might order the building to be stopped.

"Florus took the money, and made many promises; but the evil man desired that a revolt should take place, in order that he might gain great plunder. So he went away from Caesarea, and did nothing; and a great tumult arose between the heathen and our people. In this we were worsted, and went away from the city; while John, with twelve of the highest rank, went to Samaria to lay the matter before Florus; who threw them into prison—doubtless the more to excite the people—and at the same time sent

to Jerusalem, and demanded seventeen talents from the treasury of the Temple.

"The people burst into loud outcries, and Florus advanced upon the city with all his force. But we knew that we could not oppose the Romans; and so received Florus, on his arrival, with acclamations. But this did not suit the tyrant. The next morning he ordered his troops to plunder the upper market, and to put to death all they met. The soldiers obeyed, and slew three thousand six hundred men, women, and children.

"You may imagine, John, the feelings of grief and rage which filled every heart. The next day the multitude assembled in the marketplace, wailing for the dead and cursing Florus. But the principal men of the city, with the priests, tore their robes and went among them, praying them to disperse and not to provoke the anger of the governor. The people obeyed their voices, and went quietly home.

"But Florus was not content that matters should end so. He sent for the priests and leaders, and commanded them to go forth and receive, with acclamations of welcome, two cohorts of troops who were advancing from Caesarea. The priests called the people together in the Temple and, with difficulty, persuaded them to obey the order. The troops, having orders from Florus, fell upon the people and trampled them down and, driving the multitude before them, entered the city; and at the same time Florus sallied out from his palace, with his troops, and both parties pressed forward to gain the Castle of Antonia, whose possession would

lay the Temple open to them, and enable Florus to gain the sacred treasures deposited there.

"But, as soon as the people perceived their object, they ran together in such vast crowds that the Roman soldiers could not cut their way through the mass which blocked up the streets, while the more active men, going up on to the roofs, hurled down stones and missiles upon the troops.

"What a scene was that, John! I was on the portico near Antonia, and saw it all. It was terrible to hear the shouts of the soldiers, as they strove to hew their way through the defenseless people; the war cries of our own youths, the shrieks and wailings of the women. While the Romans were still striving, our people broke down the galleries connecting Antonia with the Temple; and Florus, seeing that he could not carry out his object, ordered his troops to retire to their quarters and, calling the chief priests and the rulers, proposed to leave the city, leaving behind him one cohort to preserve the peace.

"As soon as he had done so, he sent to Cestius Gallus lying accounts of the tumults, laying all the blame upon us; while we and Bernice, the sister of King Agrippa—who had tried, in vain, to obtain mercy for the people from Florus—sent complaints against him. Cestius was moving to Jerusalem—to inquire into the matter, as he said, but really to restore Florus—when, fortunately, King Agrippa arrived from Egypt.

"While he was yet seven miles from the city, a procession of the people met him, headed by the women whose husbands

had been slain. These, with cries and wailings, called on Agrippa for protection; and related to a centurion, whom Cestius had sent forward, and who met Agrippa on the way, the cruelty of Florus. When the king and the centurion arrived in the city, they were taken to the marketplace and shown the houses where the inhabitants had been massacred.

"Agrippa called the people together and, taking his seat on a lofty dais, with Bernice by his side, harangued them. He assured them that, when the emperor heard what had been done, he would send a better governor to them, in the place of Florus. He told them that it was vain to hope for independence, for that the Romans had conquered all the nations in the world; and that the Jews could not contend against them, and that war would bring about the destruction of the city, and the Temple. The people exclaimed they had taken up arms, not against the Romans, but against Florus.

"Agrippa urged us to pay our tribute, and repair the galleries. This was willingly done. We sent out leading men to collect the arrears of tribute, and these soon brought in forty talents. All was going on well, until Agrippa tried to persuade us to receive Florus, till the emperor should send another governor. At the thought of the return of Florus, a mad rage seized the people. They poured abuse upon Agrippa, threw stones at him, and ordered him to leave the city. This he did, and retired to his own kingdom.

"The upper class, and all those who possessed wisdom enough

to know how great was the power of Rome, still strove for peace. But the people were beyond control. They seized the fortress of Masada—a very strong place near the Dead Sea—and put the Roman garrison to the sword. But what was even worse, Eleazar—son of Ananias, the chief priest—persuaded the priests to reject the offerings regularly made, in the name of the emperor, to the God of the Hebrews; and to make a regulation that, from that time, no foreigner should be allowed to sacrifice in the Temple.

"The chief priests, with the heads of the Pharisees, addressed the people in the quadrangle of the Temple, before the eastern gate. I, myself, was one of those who spoke. We told them that the Temple had long benefited by the splendid gifts of strangers; and that it was not only inhospitable, but impious, to preclude them from offering victims, and worshiping God, there. We, who were learned in the law, showed them that it was an ancient and immemorial usage to receive the offerings of strangers; and that this refusal to accept the Roman gifts was nothing short of a declaration of war.

"But all we could do, or say, availed nothing. The influence of Eleazar was too great. A madness had seized the people, and they rejected all our words; but the party of peace made one more effort. They sent a deputation—headed by Simon, son of Ananias—to Florus, and another to Agrippa, praying them to march upon Jerusalem, and reassert their authority, before it was too late. Florus made no reply, for things were going just as he wished; but Agrippa, anxious to preserve the city, sent three thousand

horsemen, commanded by Darius and Philip. When these troops arrived, the party of peace took possession of the upper city; while Eleazar and the war party held the Temple.

"For a week, fighting went on between the two parties. Then, at the festival of the Wood Carrying, great numbers of the poorer people were allowed by the party of the chief priest to pass through their lines; and go, as usual, to the Temple. When there, these joined the party of Eleazar, and a great attack was made on the upper city. The troops of Darius and Philip gave way. The house of Ananias—the high priest—and the palaces of Agrippa and Bernice were burned, and also the public archives. Here all the bonds of the debtors were registered and, thus, at one blow the power of the rich over the poor was destroyed. Ananias himself, and a few others, escaped into the upper towers of the palace, which they held.

"The next day, Eleazar's party attacked the fortress of Antonia, which was feebly garrisoned and, after two days' fighting, captured it, and slew the garrison. Manahem, the son of Judas the Zealot, arrived two days later, while the people were besieging the palace. He was accepted as general, by them; and took charge of the siege. Having mined under one of the towers, they brought it to the ground, and the garrison asked for terms. Free passage was granted to the troops of Agrippa, and the Jews; but none was granted to the Roman soldiers, who were few in number and retreated to the three great towers, Hippicus, Phasaelus, and Mariamne.

"The palace was entered, and Ananias and Hezekiah—his brother—were found in hiding, and put to death. Manahem now assumed the state of a king; but Eleazar, unwilling that, after having led the enterprise, the fruits should be gathered by another, stirred up the people against him, and he was slain. The three towers were now besieged; and Metilius—the Roman commander—finding he could no longer hold out, agreed to surrender, on the condition that his men should deliver up their arms, and be allowed to march away, unharmed.

"The terms were accepted and ratified but, as soon as the Roman soldiers marched out, and laid down their arms, Eleazar and his followers fell upon them and slew them; Metilius himself being, alone, spared. After this terrible massacre, a sadness fell on the city. All felt that there was no longer any hope of making conditions with Rome. We had placed ourselves beyond the pale of forgiveness. It was war, to the death, with Rome.

"Up to this time, as I have told you, I was one of those who had labored to maintain peace. I had fought in the palace, by the side of Ananias; and had left it only when the troops, and we of their party, were permitted to march out when it surrendered. But, from this time, I took another part. All hope of peace, of concessions, or of conditions was at an end. There remained nothing now but to fight and, as the vengeance of Rome would fall on the whole Jewish people, it was for the whole Jewish people to unite in the struggle for existence.

"On the very day and hour in which the Romans were put

to death, retribution began to fall upon the nation; for the Greeks of Caesarea rose suddenly, and massacred the Jews. Twenty thousand were slain, in a single day. The news of these two massacres drove the whole people to madness. They rose throughout the land, laid waste the country all round the cities of Syria—Philadelphia, Sebonitis, Gerasa, Pella, and Scythopolis—and burned and destroyed many places.

"The Syrians, in turn, fell upon the Jewish inhabitants of all their towns; and a frightful carnage, everywhere, took place. Then, our people made an inroad into the domains of Scythopolis but, though the Jewish inhabitants there joined the Syrians in defending their territory, the Syrians doubted their fidelity and, falling upon them in the night, slew them all, and seized their property. Thirteen thousand perished here. In many other cities, the same things were done; in Ascalon, two thousand five hundred were put to the sword; in Ptolemais, two thousand were killed. The land was deluged with blood, and despair fell upon all.

"Even in Alexandria, our countrymen suffered. Breaking out into a quarrel with the Greeks, a tumult arose; and Tiberias Alexander, the governor—by faith a Jew—tried to pacify matters; but the madness which had seized the people, here, had fallen also upon the Jews of Alexandria. They heaped abuse upon Alexander, who was forced to send the troops against them. The Jews fought, but vainly; and fifty thousand men, women, and children fell.

"While blood was flowing over the land, Cestius Gallus—the

prefect—was preparing for invasion. He had with him the Twelfth Legion, forty-two hundred strong; two thousand picked men, taken from the other legions; six cohorts of foot, about twenty-five hundred; and four troops of horse, twelve hundred. Of allies he had, from Antiochus, two thousand horse and three thousand foot; from Agrippa, one thousand horse and three thousand foot; Sohemus joined him with four thousand men—a third of whom were horse, the rest archers. Thus he had ten thousand Roman troops, and thirteen thousand allies; besides many volunteers, who joined him from the Syrian cities.

"After burning and pillaging Zebulun, and wasting the district, Cestius returned to Ptolemais, and then advanced to Caesarea. He sent forward a part of his army to Joppa. The city was open, and no resistance was offered; nevertheless, the Romans slew all, to the number of eight thousand five hundred. The cities of Galilee opened their gates, without resistance, and Cestius advanced against Jerusalem.

"When he arrived within six miles of the town, the Jews poured out; and fell upon them with such fury that, if the horse and light troops had not made a circuit, and fallen upon us in the rear, I believe we should have destroyed the whole army. But we were forced to fall back, having killed over five hundred. As the Romans moved forward, Simon—son of Gioras—with a band, pressed them closely in rear; and slew many, and carried off numbers of their beasts of burden.

"Agrippa now tried, once more, to make peace, and sent a

deputation to persuade us to surrender—offering, in the name of Cestius, pardon for all that had passed—but Eleazar's party, fearing the people might listen to him, fell upon the deputation, slew some, and drove the others back.

"Cestius advanced within a mile of Jerusalem and—after waiting three days, in hopes that the Jews would surrender, and knowing that many of the chief persons were friendly to him—he advanced to the attack, took the suburb of Bezetha, and encamped opposite the palace in the upper city. The people discovered that Ananias and his friends had agreed to open the gates; and so slew them, and threw the bodies over the wall. The Romans for five days attacked and, on the sixth, Cestius, with the flower of his army made an assault; but the people fought bravely and, disregarding the flights of arrows which the archers shot against them, held the walls, and poured missiles of all kinds upon the enemy; until at last, just as it seemed to all that the Romans would succeed in mining the walls, and firing the gates, Cestius called off his troops.

"Had he not done so, he would speedily have taken the city; for the peace party were on the point of seizing one of the gates, and opening it. I no longer belonged to this party; for it seemed to me that it was altogether too late, now, to make terms; nor could we expect that the Romans would keep to their conditions, after we had set them the example of breaking faith.

"Cestius fell back to his camp, a mile distant, but he had no rest there. Exultant at seeing a retreat from their walls, all the

people poured out, and fell upon the Romans with fury.

"The next morning Cestius began to retreat; but we swarmed around him, pressing upon his rear, and dashing down from the hills upon his flanks, giving him no rest. The heavy-armed Romans could do nothing against us; but marched steadily on—leaving numbers of dead behind them—till they reached their former camp at Gabao, six miles away. Here Cestius waited two days but, seeing how the hills around him swarmed with our people, who flocked in from all quarters, he gave the word for a further retreat; killing all the beasts of burden, and leaving all the baggage behind, and taking on only those animals which bore the arrows and engines of war. Then he marched down the valley, towards Bethoron.

"The multitude felt now that their enemy was delivered into their hands. Was it not in Bethoron that Joshua had defeated the Canaanites, while the sun stayed his course? Was it not here that Judas, the Maccabean, had routed the host of Nicanor? As soon as the Romans entered the defile, the Jews rushed down upon them, sure of their prey.

"The Roman horse were powerless to act. The men of the legions could not climb the rocky sides and, from every point, javelins, stones, and arrows were poured down upon them; and all would have been slain, had not night come on and hidden them from us, and enabled them to reach Bethoron.

"What rejoicings were there not, on the hills that night, as we looked down on their camp there; and thought that, in the

morning, they would be ours! Fires burned on every crest. Hymns of praise, and exulting cries, arose everywhere in the darkness; but the watch was not kept strictly enough. Cestius left four hundred of his bravest men to mount guard, and keep the fires alight—so that we might think that all his army was there—and then, with the rest, he stole away.

"In the morning, we saw that the camp was well-nigh deserted and, furious at the escape of our foes, rushed down, slew the four hundred whom Cestius had left behind, and then set out in pursuit. But Cestius had many hours' start and, though we followed as far as Antipatris, we could not overtake him; and so returned, with much rich spoil, and all the Roman engines of war, to Jerusalem—having, with scarcely any loss, defeated a great Roman army, and slain five thousand three hundred foot, and three hundred and eighty horse.

"Such is the history of events which have brought about the present state of things. As you see, there is no hope of pardon, or mercy, from Rome. We have offended beyond forgiveness. But the madness against which I fought so hard, at first, is still upon the people. They provoked the power of Rome; and then, by breaking the terms, and massacring the Roman garrison, they went far beyond the first offense of insurrection. By the destruction of the army of Cestius, they struck a heavy blow against the pride of the Romans. For generations, no such misfortune had fallen upon their arms.

"What, then, would a sane people have done since? Surely

they would have spent every moment in preparing themselves for the struggle. Every man should have been called to arms. The passes should have been all fortified, for it is among the hills that we can best cope with the heavy Roman troops. The cities best calculated for defense should have been strongly walled, preparations made for places of refuge, among the mountains, for the women and children; large depots of provisions gathered up, in readiness for the strife. That we could ever, in the long run, hope to resist, successfully, the might of Rome was out of the question; but we might so sternly, and valiantly, have resisted as to be able to obtain fair terms, on our submission.

"Instead of this, men go on as if Rome had no existence; and we only show an energy in quarreling among ourselves. At bottom, it would seem that the people rely upon our God doing great things for us, as he did when he smote the Assyrian army of Sennacherib; and such is my hope, also, seeing that, so far, a wonderful success has attended us. And yet, how can one expect the Divine assistance, in a war so begun and so conducted—for a people who turn their swords against each other, who spend their strength in civil feuds, who neither humble themselves, nor repent of the wickedness of their ways?

"Alas, my son, though I speak brave words to the people, my heart is very sad; and I fear that troubles, like those which fell upon us when we were carried captive into Babylon, await us now!"

There was silence, as the rabbi finished. John had, of course,

heard something of the events which had been taking place but, as he now heard them, in sequence, the gravity and danger of the situation came freshly upon him.

"What can be done?" he asked, after a long pause.

"Nothing, save to pray to the Lord," the rabbi said, sorrowfully. "Josephus is doing what he can, towards building walls to the towns; but it is not walls, but soldiers that are wanted and, so long as the people remain blind and indifferent to the danger, thinking of naught save tilling their ground, and laying up money, nothing can be done."

"Then will destruction come upon all?" John asked, looking round in a bewildered and hopeless way.

"We may hope not," the rabbi said. "Here in Galilee, we have had no share in the events in Jerusalem; and many towns, even now, are faithful to the Romans. Therefore it may be that, in this province, all will not be involved in the lot of Jerusalem. There can be, unless a mighty change takes place, no general resistance to the Romans; and it may be, therefore, that no general destruction will fall upon the people. As to this, none can say.

"Vespasian—the Roman general who has been charged, by Nero, with the command of the army which is gathering against us—is said to be a merciful man, as well as a great commander. The Roman mercies are not tender, but it may be that the very worst may not fall upon this province. The men of spirit and courage will, doubtless, proceed to Jerusalem to share in the

defense of the Holy City. If we cannot fight with success, here, it is far better that the men should fight at Jerusalem; leaving their wives and families here, and doing naught to call down the vengeance of the Romans upon this province.

"In Galilee there have, as elsewhere, been risings against the Romans; but these will count for little, in their eyes, in comparison to the terrible deeds at Jerusalem; and I pray, for the sake of all my friends here, that the Romans may march through the land, on their way to Jerusalem, without burning and wasting the country. Here, on the eastern shore of Galilee, there is much more hope of escape than there is across the lake. Not only are we out of the line of the march of the army, but there are few important cities on this side; and the disposition of the people has not been so hostile to the Romans.

"My own opinion is that, when the Romans advance, it will be the duty of every Jew who can bear arms to go down to the defense of the Holy City. Its position is one of vast strength. We shall have numbers, and courage, though neither order nor discipline; and it may be that, at the last, the Lord will defend his sanctuary, and save it from destruction at the hands of the heathen. Should it not be so, we can but die; and how could a Jew better die than in defense of God's Temple?"

"It would have been better," Simon said, "had we not, by our evil doings, have brought God's Temple into danger."

"He has suffered it," the rabbi said, "and his ways are not the ways of man. It may be that He has suffered such madness to fall

upon, us in order that His name may, at last, be glorified."

"May it be so!" Simon said piously; "and now, let us to bed, for the hour is growing late."

The following morning Simon, his wife, and the whole household accompanied John to the shore; as Simon had arranged with one of the boatmen to take the lad to Hippos. The distance was but short; but Simon, when his wife had expressed surprise at his sending John in a boat, said:

"It is not the distance, Martha. A half-hour's walk is naught to the lad; but I had reasons, altogether apart from the question of distance. John is going out to play a man's part. He is young but, since my lord Josephus has chosen to place him among those who form his bodyguard, he has a right to claim to be regarded as a man. That being so, I would not accompany him to Hippos; for it would seem like one leading a child, and it were best to let him go by himself.

"Again, it were better to have but one parting. Here he will receive my blessing, and say goodbye to us all. Doubtless he will often be with us, for Tiberias lies within sight and, so long as Josephus remains in Galilee, he will never be more than a long day's journey from home. The lad loves us, and will come as often as he can but, surrounded as Josephus is by dangers, the boy will not be able to get away on his own business. He must take the duties, as well as the honor of the office; and we must not blind ourselves to the fact that, in one of these popular tumults, great danger and even death may come upon him.

"This seems to you terrible," he went on, in answer to an exclamation of alarm from Martha; "but it does not seem so terrible to me. We go on planting, and gathering in, as if no danger threatened us, and the evil day were far off; but it is not so. The Roman hosts are gathering, and we are wasting our strength, in party strife, and are doing naught to prepare against the storm. We have gone to war, without counting the cost. We have affronted and put to shame Rome, before whom all nations bow and, assuredly, she will take a terrible vengeance. Another year, and who can say who will be alive, and who dead—who will be wandering over the wasted fields of our people, or who will be a slave, in Rome!

"In the times that are at hand, no man's life will be worth anything; and therefore I say, wife, that though there be danger and peril around the lad, let us not trouble overmuch; for he is, like all of us, in God's hands."

Therefore, the parting took place on the shore. Simon solemnly blessed John, and his mother cried over him. Mary was a little surprised at these demonstrations, at what she regarded as a very temporary separation; but her merry spirits were subdued at the sight of her aunt's tears, although she, herself, saw nothing to cry about.

She brightened up, however, when John whispered, as he said goodbye to her:

"I shall come across the lake, as often as I can, to see how you are getting on, Mary."

Then he took his place in the stern of the boat. The fishermen dipped their oars in the water, and the boat drew away from the little group, who stood watching it as it made its way across the sparkling water to Hippos.

Upon landing, John at once went to the house where Josephus was lodging. The latter gave him in charge to the leader of the little group of men who had attached themselves to him, as his bodyguard.

"Joab," he said, "this youth will, henceforth, make one of your party. He is brave and, I think, ready and quick witted. Give him arms and see that he has all that is needful. Being young, he will be able to mingle unsuspected among the crowds; and may obtain tidings of evil intended me, when men would not speak, maybe, before others whom they might judge my friends. He will be able to bear messages, unsuspected; and may prove of great service to the cause."

John found, at once, that there was nothing like discipline, or regular duties, among the little band who constituted the bodyguard of Josephus. They were simply men who, from affection for the governor, and a hatred for those who, by their plots and conspiracies, would undo the good work he was accomplishing, had left their farms and occupations to follow and guard him.

Every Jewish boy received a certain training in the use of weapons, in order to be prepared to fight in the national army, when the day of deliverance should arrive; but beyond that,

the Jews had no military training, whatever. Their army would be simply a gathering of the men capable of bearing arms, throughout the land—each ready to give his life, for his faith and his country; relying, like their forefathers, on the sword of the Lord and Israel, but without the slightest idea of military drill, discipline, or tactics. Such an army might fight bravely, might die nobly, but it could have little chance of victory over the well-trained legions of imperial Rome.

At noon, Josephus embarked in a galley with his little band of followers—eight in number—and sailed across the lake to Tiberias. Here they landed, and went up to the house in which Josephus always dwelt, when in that city. His stay there was generally short, Tarichea being his general abode—for there he felt in safety, the inhabitants being devoted to him; while those of Tiberias were ever ready to follow the advice of the disaffected, and a section were eager for the return of the Romans, and the renewal of the business and trade which had brought wealth to the city, before the troubles began.

That evening, Josephus sent for John, and said:

"I purpose, in two days, to go to Tarichea, where I shall spend the Sabbath. I hear that there is a rumor that many of the citizens have, privately, sent to King Agrippa asking him to send hither Roman troops, and promising them a good reception. The men with me are known, to many in the city, and would be shunned by my enemies, and so would hear naught of what is going on; therefore, I purpose to leave you here.

"In the morning, go early to the house of Samuel, the son of Gideon. He dwells in the street called that of Tarichea, for it leadeth in the direction of that town. He is a tanner, by trade; and you will have no difficulty in finding it. He has been here, this evening, and I have spoken to him about you and, when you present yourself to him, he will take you in. Thus, no one will know that you are of my company.

"Pass your time in the streets and, when you see groups of people assemble, join yourself to them and gather what they are saying. If it is ought that is important for me to know, come here and tell me or, if it be after I have departed for Tarichea, bring me the news there. It is but thirty furlongs distant."

John followed up the instructions given him, and was hospitably received by Samuel the tanner.

In the course of the day, a number of the citizens called upon Josephus and begged him, at once, to set about building walls for the town, as he had already built them for Tarichea. When he assured them that he had already made preparations for doing so, and that the builders should set to work, forthwith, they appeared satisfied; and the city remained perfectly tranquil until Josephus left, the next morning, for Tarichea.

## Chapter 4: The Lull Before The Storm

The galley which carried Josephus from Tiberias was scarcely out of sight when John, who was standing in the marketplace watching the busy scene with amusement, heard the shout raised:

"The Romans are coming!"

At once, people left their business, and all ran to the outskirts of the city. John ran with them and, on arriving there, saw a party of Roman horsemen riding along, at no great distance. The people began to shout loudly to them to come into the town, calling out that all the citizens were loyal to King Agrippa and the Romans, and that they hated the traitor Josephus.

The Romans halted, but made no sign of entering the town; fearing that treachery was intended, and remembering the fate of their comrades, who had trusted to Jewish faith when they surrendered the towers of Hippicus, Phasaelus, and Mariamne. The movement, however, spread through the city. The people assembled in crowds, shouting "Death to Josephus!" and exclaiming for the Romans, and King Agrippa. Such as were loyal to Josephus did not venture to raise their voices, so numerous and furious were the multitude; and the whole city was soon in open revolt, the citizens arming themselves in readiness for war.

As soon as he saw the course which affairs were taking, John made his way out of the town, and ran at the top of his speed to

Tarichea, where he arrived in a little over half an hour. He was directed at once to the house of Josephus, who rose in surprise, at the table at which he was seated, writing, at John's entry.

"Scarcely had you left, my lord, than some Roman horsemen approached near the town; whereupon the whole city rose in revolt, shouting to them to enter and take possession, in the name of the king, and breathing out threats against yourself. The Romans had not entered, as I came away; but the populace were all in arms, and your friends did not venture to lift up a voice. Tiberias has wholly revolted to the Romans."

"This is bad news, indeed," Josephus said, gravely. "I have but the seven armed men who accompanied me from Tiberias, here. All those who were assembled in the city I bade disperse, so soon as I arrived; in order that they might go to their towns, or villages, for the Sabbath. Were I to send round the country, I could speedily get a great force together but, in a few hours, the Sabbath will begin; and it is contrary to the law to fight upon the Sabbath, even though the necessity be great.

"And yet, if the people of Tiberias march hither, we can hardly hope to resist successfully; for the men of the town are too few to man the full extent of the walls. It is most necessary to put down this rising, before King Agrippa can send large numbers of troops into Tiberias; and yet, we can do nothing until the Sabbath is past.

"Nor would I shed blood, if it can be avoided. Hitherto I have put down every rising, and caused Sepphoris, Tiberias, and other

cities to expel the evildoers, and return to obedience, by tact—and by the great force which I could bring against them—and without any need of bloodshed. But this time, I fear, great trouble will come of it; since I cannot take prompt measures, and the enemy will have time to organize their forces, and to receive help from John of Gischala and other robbers—to say nothing of the Romans."

Josephus walked up and down the room, in agitation, and then stood looking out into the harbor.

"Ah!" he exclaimed suddenly, "we may yet frighten them into submission. Call in Joab."

When Joab entered Josephus explained to him, in a few words, the condition of things at Tiberias; and then proceeded:

"Send quickly to the principal men of the town, and bid them put trusty men at each of the gates, and let none pass out. Order the fighting men to man the walls, in case those of Tiberias should come hither, at once. Then let one or two able fellows embark on board each of the boats and vessels in the port, taking with them two or three of the infirm and aged men. Send a fast galley across to Hippos; and bid the fishermen set out, at once, with all their boats, and join us off Tiberias. We will not approach close enough to the city for the people to see how feebly we are manned but, when they perceive all these ships making towards them, they will think that I have with me a great army, with which I purpose to destroy their city."

The orders were very quickly carried out. Josephus embarked,

with his eight companions, in one ship and, followed by two hundred and thirty vessels, of various sizes, sailed towards Tiberias.

As they approached the town, they saw a great movement among the population. Men and women were seen, crowding down to the shore—the men holding up their hands, to show that they were unarmed; the women wailing, and uttering loud cries of lamentation.

Josephus waited for an hour, until the ships from Hippos also came up, and then caused them all to anchor off the town—but at such a distance that the numbers of those on board could not be seen. Then he advanced, in his own ship, to within speaking distance of the land. The people cried out to him to spare the city, and their wives and children; saying that they had been misled by evil men, and regretted bitterly what they had done.

Josephus told them that, assuredly, they deserved that the city should be wholly destroyed; for that now, when there was so much that had to be done to prepare for the war which Rome would make against the country, they troubled the country with their seditions. The people set up a doleful cry for mercy; and Josephus then said that, this time, he would spare them; but that their principal men must be handed over to him.

To this the people joyfully agreed; and a boat, with ten of their senate, came out to the vessel. Josephus had them bound, and sent them on board one of the other ships. Another and another boat load came off; until all the members of the senate, and many

of the principal inhabitants, were prisoners. Some of the men had been drawn from the other ships, and put on board those with the prisoners; and these then sailed away to Tarichea.

The people of Tiberias—terrified at seeing so many taken away, and not knowing how many more might be demanded—now denounced a young man, named Clitus, as being the leader of the revolt. Seven of the bodyguard of Josephus had gone down the lake, with the prisoners; and one Levi, alone, remained. Josephus told him to go ashore, and to cut off one of the hands of Clitus.

Levi was, however, afraid to land, alone, among such a number of enemies; whereupon Josephus addressed Clitus, and told him that he was worthy of death, but that he would spare his life, if his two hands were sent on board a ship. Clitus begged that he might be permitted to keep one hand, to which Josephus agreed. Clitus then drew his sword, and struck off his left hand. Josephus now professed to be satisfied and, after warning the people against again listening to evil advisers, sailed away with the whole fleet. Josephus, that evening, entertained the principal persons among the prisoners and, in the morning, allowed all to return to Tiberias.

The people there had already learned that they had been duped; but with time had come reflection and, knowing that in a day or two Josephus could have assembled the whole population of Galilee against them, and have destroyed them before any help could come, there were few who were not well content that their revolt had been so easily, and bloodlessly, repressed; and

Josephus rose, in their estimation, by the quickness and boldness of the stratagem by which he had, without bloodshed save in the punishment of Clitus, restored tranquillity.

Through the winter, Josephus was incessantly active. He endeavored to organize an army, enrolled a hundred thousand men, appointed commanders and captains, and strove to establish something like military drill and order. But the people were averse to leaving their farms and occupations, and but little progress was made. Moreover, a great part of the time of Josephus was occupied in suppressing the revolts, which were continually breaking out in Sepphoris, Tiberias, and Gamala; and in thwarting the attempts of John of Gischala, and his other enemies, who strove by means of bribery, at Jerusalem, to have him recalled—and would have succeeded, had it not been that the Galileans, save those of the great cities, were always ready to turn out, in all their force, to defend him and, by sending deputations to Jerusalem, counteracted the efforts, there, of his enemies.

John was incessantly engaged, as he accompanied Josephus in his rapid journeys through the province, either to suppress the risings or to see to the work of organization; and only once or twice was he able to pay a short visit to his family.

"You look worn and fagged, John," his cousin said, on the occasion of his last visit, when spring was close at hand.

"I am well in health, Mary; but it does try one, to see how all the efforts of Josephus are marred by the turbulence of the people of Tiberias and Sepphoris. All his thoughts and time are

occupied in keeping order, and the work of organizing the army makes but little progress.

"Vespasian is gathering a great force, at Antioch. His son Titus will soon join him, with another legion; and they will, together, advance against us."

"But I hear that the walling of the cities is well-nigh finished."

"That is so, Mary, and doubtless many of them will be able to make a long defense but, after all, the taking of a city is a mere question of time. The Romans have great siege engines, which nothing can withstand but, even if the walls were so strong that they could not be battered down, each city could, in time, be reduced by famine. It is not for me, who am but a boy, to judge the doings of my elders; but it seems to me that this walling of cities is altogether wrong. They can give no aid to each other and, one by one, must fall; and all within perish, or be made slaves, for the Romans give no quarter when they capture a city by storm.

"It seems to me that it would be far better to hold Jerusalem, only, with a strong force of fighting men; and for all the rest of the men capable of carrying arms to gather among the hills, and there to fight the Romans. When the legion of Cestius was destroyed we showed that, among defiles and on rocky ground, our active, lightly-armed men were a match for the Roman soldiers, in their heavy armor; and in this way I think that we might check even the legions of Vespasian. The women and the old men and children could gather in the cities, and admit the Romans when they approached. In that case they would suffer no harm; for the

Romans are clement, when not opposed.

"As it is, it seems to me that, in the end, destruction will fall on all alike. Here in Galilee we have a leader, but he is hampered by dissensions and jealousies. Samaria stands neutral. Jerusalem, which ought to take the lead, is torn by faction. There is war in her streets. She thinks only of herself, and naught of the country; although she must know that, when the Romans have crushed down all opposition elsewhere she must, sooner or later, fall. The country seems possessed with madness, and I see no hope in the future."

"Save in the God of Israel," Mary said, gently; "that is what Simon and Martha say."

"Save in him," John assented; "but, dear, He suffered us to be carried away into Babylon; and how are we to expect His aid now—when the people do naught for themselves, when His city is divided in itself, when its streets are wet with blood, and its very altars defiled by conflict? When evil men are made high priests, and all rule and authority is at an end, what right have we to expect aid at the hands of Jehovah?"

"My greatest comfort, Mary, is that we lie here on the east of the lake, and that we are within the jurisdiction of King Agrippa. On this side, his authority has never been altogether thrown off; though some of the cities have made common cause with those of the other side. Still, we may hope that, on this side of Jordan, we may escape the horrors of war."

"You are out of spirits, John, and take a gloomy view of things;

but I know that Simon, too, thinks that everything will end badly, and I have heard him say that he, too, is glad that his farm lies on this side of the lake; and that he wishes Gamala had not thrown off the authority of the king, so that there might be naught to bring the Romans across Jordan.

"Our mother is more hopeful. She trusts in God for, as she says, though the wealthy and powerful may have forsaken Him, the people still cling to Him; and He will not let us fall into the hands of our enemies."

"I hope it will be so, Mary; and I own I am out of spirits, and look at matters in the worst light. However, I will have a talk with father, tonight."

That evening, John had a long conversation with Simon, and repeated the forebodings he had expressed to Mary.

"At any rate, father, I hope that when the Romans approach you will at least send away my mother, Mary, and the women to a place of safety. We are but a few miles from Gamala and, if the Romans come there and besiege it, they will spread through the country; and will pillage, even if they do not slay, in all the villages. If, as we trust, God will give victory to our arms, they can return in peace; if not, let them at least be free from the dangers which are threatening us."

"I have been thinking of it, John. A fortnight since, I sent old Isaac to your mother's brother—whose farm, as you know, lies upon the slopes of Mount Hermon, a few miles from Neve, and very near the boundary of Manasseh—to ask him if he will receive

Martha, and Mary, and the women, until the troubles are over. He will gladly do so; and I purpose sending them away, as soon as I hear that the Romans have crossed the frontier."

"I am, indeed, rejoiced to hear it, father; but do not let them tarry for that, let them go as soon as the snows have melted on Mount Hermon, for the Roman cavalry will spread quickly over the land. Let them go as soon as the roads are fit for travel. I shall feel a weight off my mind, when I know that they are safe.

"And does my mother know what you have decided?"

"She knows, John, but in truth she is reluctant to go. She says, at present, that if I stay she also will stay."

"I trust, father, that you will overrule my mother; and that you will either go with her or, if you stay, you will insist upon her going. Should you not overcome her opposition, and finally suffer her, with Miriam and the older women, to remain with you, I hope that you will send Mary and the young ones to my uncle. The danger, with them, is vastly greater. The Romans, unless their blood is heated by opposition, may not interfere with the old people—who are valueless as slaves—but the young ones—" and he stopped.

"I have thought it over, my son, and even if your mother remains here with me, I will assuredly send off Mary, and the young maidens, to the mountain. Make your mind easy, on that score. We old people have taken root on the land which was our fathers'. I shall not leave, whatever may befall—and it may be that your mother will tarry here, with me—but the young women shall

assuredly be sent away, until the danger is over.

"Not that I think the peril is as great as it seems, to you. Our people have ever shown themselves courageous, in great danger. They know the fate that awaits them, after provoking the anger of Rome. They know they are fighting for faith, for country, and their families, and will fight desperately. They greatly outnumber the Romans—at least, the army by which we shall first be attacked—and maybe, if we can resist that, we may make terms with Rome for, assuredly, in the long run she must overpower us."

"I should think with you, father," John said, shaking his head, "if I saw anything like union among the people; but I lose all heart, when I see how divided they are, how blind to the storm that is coming against us, how careless as to anything but the trouble of the day, how intent upon the work of their farms and businesses, how disinclined to submit to discipline, and to prepare themselves for the day of battle."

"You are young, my son, and full of enthusiasm; but it is hard to stir men, whose lives have traveled in one groove, from their ordinary course. In all our history, although we have been ready to assemble and meet the foe, we have ever been ready to lay by the sword, when the danger is past, and to return to our homes and families. We have been a nation of fighting men, but never a nation with an army."

"Yes, father, because we trusted in God to give us victory, on the day of battle. He was our army. When He fought with us, we

conquered; when He abstained, we were beaten. He suffered us to fall into the hands of the Romans and, instead of repenting of our sins, we have sinned more and more.

"The news from Jerusalem is worse and worse. There is civil war in its streets. Robbers are its masters. The worst of the people sit in high places."

"That is so, my son. God's anger still burns fiercely, and the people perish; yet it may be that He will be merciful, in the end."

"I hope so, father, for assuredly our hope is only in Him."

Early in the spring, Vespasian was joined by King Agrippa, with all his forces; and they advanced to Ptolemais and, here, Titus joined his father, having brought his troops from Alexandria by sea. The force of Vespasian now consisted of the Fifth, Tenth, and Fifteenth Legions. Besides these he had twenty-three cohorts; ten of which numbered a thousand footmen, the rest, each, six hundred footmen and a hundred and fifty horse. The allied force, contributed by Agrippa and others, consisted of two thousand archers, and a thousand horse; while Malchus, King of Arabia, sent a thousand horse, and five thousand archers. The total force amounted to sixty thousand regular troops, besides great numbers of camp followers—who were all trained to military service, and could fight, in case of need.

Vespasian had encountered no resistance, on his march down to Ptolemais. The inhabitants of the country through which he passed forsook the villages and farms; and retired, according to the orders they had received, to the fortified towns. There was no

army to meet the Romans in the field. The efforts at organization which Josephus had made bore no fruit, whatever. No sooner had the invader entered the country, than it lay at his mercy; save only the walled cities into which the people had crowded.

In the range of mountains stretching across Upper Galilee were three places of great strength: Gabara, Gischala, and Jotapata. The last named had been very strongly fortified, by Josephus himself; and here he intended to take up his own position.

"It is a pitiful sight, truly," Joab remarked to John, as they saw the long line of fugitives—men, women, and children—with such belongings as they could carry on their own backs, and those of their beasts of burden. "It is a pitiful sight, is it not?"

"It is a pitiful sight, Joab, and one that fills me with foreboding, as well as with pity. What agonies may not these poor people be doomed to suffer, when the Romans lay siege to Jotapata?"

"They can never take it," Joab said, scornfully.

"I wish I could think so, Joab. When did the Romans ever lay siege to a place, and fail to capture it? Once, twice, three times they may fail but, in the end, they assuredly will take it."

"Look at its position. See how wild is the country through which they will have to march."

"They have made roads over all the world, Joab. They will make very short work of the difficulties here. It may take the Romans weeks, or months, to besiege each of these strong places; but they will assuredly carry them, in the end—and then, better

a thousand times that the men had, in the first place, slain the women, and rushed to die on the Roman swords."

"It seems to me, John," Joab said stiffly, "that you are over bold, in thus criticising the plans of our general."

"It may be so," John said, recklessly, "but methinks, when we are all risking our lives, each man may have a right to his opinions. I am ready, like the rest, to die when the time comes; but that does not prevent me having my opinions. Besides, it seems to me that there is no heresy in questioning the plans of our general. I love Josephus, and would willingly give my life for him. He has shown himself a wise ruler, firm to carry out what is right, and to suppress all evildoers but, after all, he has not served in war. He is full of resources, and will, I doubt not, devise every means to check the Romans but, even so, he may not be able to cope, in war, with such generals as theirs, who have won their experience all over the world. Nor may the general's plan of defense, which he has adopted, be the best suited for the occasion.

"Would you have us fight the Romans in the open?" Joab said, scornfully. "What has been done in the south? See how our people marched out from Jerusalem—under John the Essene, Niger of Peraea, and Silas the Babylonian—to attack Ascalon, held by but one cohort of Roman foot, and one troop of horse. What happened? Antoninus, the Roman commander, charged the army without fear, rode through and through them, broke them up into fragments, and slew till night time—when ten

thousand men, with John and Silas, lay dead.

"Not satisfied with this defeat, in a short time Niger advanced again against Ascalon; when Antoninus sallied out again, and slew eight thousand of them. Thus, eighteen thousand men were killed, by one weak cohort of foot and a troop of horse; and yet you say we ought not to hide behind our walls, but to meet them in the open!"

"I would not meet them in the open, where the Roman cavalry could charge—at any rate, not until our people have learned discipline. I would harass them, and attack them in defiles, as Cestius was attacked; harassing them night and day, giving them no peace or rest, never allowing them to meet us in the plains, but moving rapidly hither and thither among the mountains—leaving the women in the cities, which should offer no resistance, so that the Romans would have no point to strike at—until at length, when we have gained confidence and discipline and order, we should be able to take bolder measures, gradually, and fight them hand to hand."

"Maybe you are right, lad," Joab said, thoughtfully. "I like not being cooped up in a stronghold, myself; and methinks that a mountain warfare, such as you speak of, would suit the genius of the people. We are light limbed and active—inured to fatigue, for we are a nation of cultivators—brave, assuredly, and ready to give our lives.

"They say that, in the fight near Ascalon, not a Jew fled. Fight they could not, they were powerless against the rush of the

heavy Roman horse; but they died as they stood, destroyed but not defeated. Gabara and Gischala and Jotapata may fall but, lad, it will be only after a defense so desperate that the haughty Romans may well hesitate; for if such be the resistance of these little mountain towns, what will not be the task of conquering Jerusalem, garrisoned by the whole nation?"

"That is true," John said, "and if our deaths here be for the safety of Jerusalem, we shall not have died in vain. But I doubt whether such men as those who have power in Jerusalem will agree to any terms, however favorable, that may be offered.

"It may be that it is God's will that it should be so. Two days ago, as I journeyed hither, after going down to Sepphoris with a message from the general to some of the principal inhabitants there, I met an old man, traveling with his wife and family. I asked him whether he was on his way hither, but he said 'No,' he was going across Jordan, and through Manasseh, and over Mount Hermon into Trachonitis. He said that he was a follower of that Christ who was put to death, in Jerusalem, some thirty-five years since, and whom many people still believe was the Messiah. He says that he foretold the destruction of Jerusalem, by the Romans; and warned his followers not to stay in the walled cities, but to fly to the deserts when the time came."

"The Messiah was to save Israel," Joab said, scornfully. "Christ could not save even himself."

"I know not," John said, simply. "I have heard of him from others; and my father heard him preach, several times, near the

lake. He says that he was a man of wondrous power, and that he preached a new doctrine. He says that he did not talk about himself, or claim to be the Messiah; but that he simply told the people to be kind and good to each other, and to love God and do his will. My father said that he thought he was a good and holy man, and full of the Spirit of God. He did works of great power, too; but bore himself meekly, like any other man. My father always regards him as a prophet; and said that he grieved, when he heard that he had been put to death at Jerusalem. If he were a prophet, what he said about the destruction of Jerusalem should have weight with us."

"All who heard him agreed that he was a good man," Joab assented. "I have never known one of those who heard him say otherwise, and maybe he was a prophet. Certainly, he called upon the people to repent and turn from their sins and, had they done as he taught them, these evils might not have fallen upon us, and God would doubtless have been ready to aid his people, as of old."

"However, it is too late to think about it, now. We want all our thoughts for the matter we have in hand. We have done all that we can to put this town into a state of defense and, methinks, if the Romans ever penetrate through these mountains and forests, they will see that they have a task which will tax all their powers, before they take Jotapata."

The position of the town was, indeed, immensely strong. It stood on the summit of a lofty mass of rock which, on three sides, fell abruptly down into the deep and almost impassable

ravines which surrounded it. On the north side, alone, where the ridge sloped more gradually down, it could be approached. The town extended part of the way down this declivity and, at its foot, Josephus had built a strong wall. On all sides were lofty mountains, covered with thick forests; and the town could not be seen by an enemy, until they were close at hand.

As soon as Vespasian had arrived at Ptolemais (on the site of which city stands the modern Acre) he was met by a deputation from Sepphoris. That city had only been prevented from declaring for the Romans by the exertions of Josephus, and the knowledge that all Galilee would follow him to attack it, should it revolt. But as soon as Vespasian arrived at Ptolemais, which was scarce twenty miles away, they sent deputies with their submission to him; begging that a force might be sent, to defend them against any attack by the Jews.

Vespasian received them with courtesy; and sent Placidus, with a thousand horse and six thousand foot, to the city. The infantry took up their quarters in the town; but the horsemen made raids over the plains, burning the villages, slaying all the men capable of bearing arms, and carrying off the rest of the population as slaves.

The day after the conversation between Joab and John, a man brought the news to Jotapata that Placidus was marching against it. Josephus at once ordered the fighting men to assemble and, marching out, placed them in ambuscade, in the mountains, on the road by which the Romans would approach.

As soon as the latter had fairly entered the pass, the Jews sprang to their feet, and hurled their javelins and shot their arrows among them. The Romans, in vain, endeavored to reach their assailants; and numbers were wounded, as they tried to climb the heights, but few were killed—for they were so completely covered, by their armor and shields, that the Jewish missiles, thrown from a distance, seldom inflicted mortal wounds. They were, however, unable to make their way further; and Placidus was obliged to retire to Sepphoris, having failed, signally, in gaining the credit he had hoped for, from the capture of the strongest of the Jewish strongholds in Upper Galilee.

The Jews, on their part, were greatly inspirited by the success of their first encounter with the Romans; and returned, rejoicing, to their stronghold.

All being ready at Jotapata, Josephus—with a considerable number of the fighting men—proceeded to Garis, not far from Sepphoris, where the army had assembled. But no sooner had the news arrived, that the great army of Vespasian was in movement, than they dispersed in all directions; and Josephus was left with a mere handful of followers, with whom he fled to Tiberias. Thence he wrote earnest letters to Jerusalem; saying that, unless a strong army was fitted out and put in the field, it was useless to attempt to fight the Romans; and that it would be wiser to come to terms with them, than to maintain a useless resistance, which would bring destruction upon the nation. He remained a short time, only, at Tiberias; and thence hurried up with his followers

to Jotapata, which he reached on the 14th of May.

Vespasian marched first to Gadara—which was undefended, the fighting men having all gone to Jotapata—but, although no resistance was offered, Vespasian put all the males to the sword; and burned the town and all the villages in the neighborhood, and then advanced against Jotapata. For four days, the pioneers of the Roman army had labored incessantly—cutting a road through the forests, filling up ravines, and clearing away obstacles—and, on the fifth day, the road was constructed close up to Jotapata.

On the 14th of May, Placidus and Ebutius were sent forward by Vespasian, with a thousand horse, to surround the town and cut off all possibility of escape. On the following day Vespasian himself, with his whole army, arrived there. The defenders of Jotapata could scarcely believe their eyes when they saw the long, heavy column—with all its baggage, and siege engines—marching along a straight and level road, where they had believed that it would be next to impossible for even the infantry of the enemy to make their way. If this marvel had been accomplished in five days, what hope was there that the city would be able to withstand this force, which had so readily triumphed over the defenses of nature?

## Chapter 5: The Siege Of Jotapata

"Well, Joab, what do you think, now?" John said, as he stood on the wall with his older companion, watching the seemingly endless column of the enemy. "It seems to me that we are caught here, like rats in a trap, and that we should have done better, a thousand times, in maintaining our freedom of movement among the mountains. It is one thing to cut a road; it would be another to clear off all the forests from the Anti-Libanus and, so long as there was a forest to shelter us, the Romans could never have overtaken us. Here, there is nothing to do but to die."

"That is so, John. I own that the counsel you urged would have been wiser than this. Here are all the best fighting men in Galilee, shut up without hope of succor, or of mercy. Well, lad, we can at least teach the Romans the lesson that the Jews know how to die; and the capture of this mountain town will cost them as much as they reckoned would suffice for the conquest of the whole country. Jotapata may save Jerusalem, yet."

John was no coward, and was prepared to fight to the last; but he was young, and the love of life was strong within. He thought of his old father and mother, who had no children but him; of his pretty Mary—far away now, he hoped, on the slopes of Mount Hermon—and of the grief that his death would cause to them; and he resolved that, although he would do his duty, he would strain every nerve to preserve the life so dear to them.

He had no longer any duties to perform, other than those common to all able to bear arms. When the Romans attacked, his place would be near Josephus or, were a sally ordered, he would issue out with the general; but until then, his time was his own. There was no mission to be performed, now, no fear of plots against the life of the general; therefore, he was free to wander where he liked. Save the newly erected wall, across the neck of rock below the town, there were no defenses; for it was deemed impossible for man to climb the cliffs that fell, sheer down, at every other point.

John strolled quietly round the town; stopping, now and then, to look over the low wall that bordered the precipice—erected solely to prevent children from falling over. The depth was very great; and it seemed to him that there could be no escape, anywhere, save on that side which was now blocked by the wall—and which would, ere long, be trebly blocked by the Romans.

The town was crowded. At ordinary times, it might contain near three or four thousand inhabitants; now, over twenty-five thousand had gathered there. Of these, more than half were men; but many had brought their wives and children with them. Every vacant foot of ground was taken up. The inhabitants shared their homes with the strangers, but the accommodation was altogether insufficient; and the greater part of the newcomers had erected little tents, and shelters, of cloths or blankets.

In the upper part of the town there were, at present, comparatively few people about; for the greater part had gone to

the slope, whence they watched, with terror and dismay, the great Roman column as it poured down, in an unbroken line, hour after hour. The news of the destruction which had fallen on Gadara had been brought in, by fugitives; and all knew that, although no resistance had been offered there, every male had been put to death, and the women taken captives.

There was naught, then, to be gained by surrender; even had anyone dared to propose it. As for victory, over such a host as that which was marching to the assault, none could hope for it. For, hold out as they might, and repel every assault on the wall, there was an enemy within which would conquer them.

For Jotapata possessed no wells. The water had, daily, to be fetched by the women from the stream in the ravine and, although stores of grain had been collected, sufficient to last for many months, the supply of water stored up in cisterns would scarce suffice to supply the multitudes gathered on the rock for a fortnight.

Death, then, certain and inevitable, awaited them; and yet, an occasional wail from some woman, as she pressed her children to her breast, alone told of the despair which reigned in every heart. The greater portion looked out, silent, and as if stupefied. They had relied, absolutely, on the mountains and forests to block the progress of the invader. They had thought that, at the worst, they would have had to deal with a few companies of infantry, only. Thus, the sight of the sixty thousand Roman troops—swelled to nigh a hundred thousand, by the camp followers and artificers—

with its cavalry and machines of war, seemed like some terrible nightmare.

After making the circuit of the rock, and wandering for some time among the impromptu camps in the streets, John returned to a group of boys whom he had noticed, leaning against the low wall with a carelessness, as to the danger of a fall over the precipice, which proved that they must be natives of the place.

"If there be any possible way of descending these precipices," he said to himself, "it will be the boys who will know of it. Where a goat could climb, these boys, born among the mountains, would try to follow; if only to excel each other in daring, and to risk breaking their necks."

Thus thinking, he walked up to the group, who were from twelve to fifteen years old.

"I suppose you belong to the town?" he began.

There was a general assent from the five boys, who looked with considerable respect at John—who, although but two years the senior of the eldest among them, wore a man's garb, and carried sword and buckler.

"I am one of the bodyguard of the governor," John went on, "and I dare say you can tell me all sorts of things, about this country, that may be useful for him to know. Is it quite certain that no one could climb up these rocks from below; and that there is no fear of the Romans making a surprise, in that way?"

The boys looked at each other, but no one volunteered to give information.

"Come!" John went on, "I have only just left off being a boy, myself, and I was always climbing into all sorts of places, when I got a chance; and I have no doubt it's the same, with you. When you have been down below, there, you have tried how far you can get up.

"Did you ever get up far, or did you ever hear of anyone getting up far?"

"I expect I have been up as far as anyone," the eldest of the boys said. "I went up after a young kid that had strayed away from its mother. I got up a long way—half way up, I should say—but I couldn't get any further. I was barefooted, too.

"I am sure no one with armor on could have got up anything like so far. I don't believe he could get up fifty feet."

"And have any of you ever tried to get down from above?"

They shook their heads.

"Jonas the son of James did, once," one of the smaller boys said. "He had a pet hawk he had tamed, and it flew away and perched, a good way down; and he clambered down to fetch it. He had a rope tied round him, and some of the others held it, in case he should slip. I know he went down a good way, and he got the hawk; and his father beat him for doing it, I know."

"Is he here, now?" John asked.

"Yes, he is here," the boy said. "That's his father's house, the one close to the edge of the rock. I don't know whether you will find him there, now. He ain't indoors more than he can help. His own mother's dead, and his father's got another wife, and they

don't get on well together."

"Well, I will have a chat with him, one of these days. And you are all quite sure that there is no possible path up, from below?"

"I won't say there isn't any possible path," the eldest boy said; "but I feel quite sure there is not. I have looked, hundreds of times, when I have been down below; and I feel pretty sure that, if there had been any place where a goat could have got up, I should have noticed it. But you see, the rock goes down almost straight, in most places. Anyhow, I have never heard of anyone who ever got up and, if anyone had done it, it would have been talked about, for years and years."

"No doubt it would," John agreed. "So I shall tell the governor that he need not be in the least uneasy about an attack, except in front."

So saying, he nodded to the boys, and walked away again.

In the evening, the whole of the Roman army had arrived; and Vespasian drew up his troops on a hill, less than a mile to the north of the city, and there encamped them. The next morning, a triple line of embankments was thrown up, by the Romans, around the foot of the hill where, alone, escape or issue was possible; and this entirely cut off those within the town from any possibility of flight.

The Jews looked on at these preparations as wild animals might regard a line of hunters surrounding them. But the dull despair of the previous day had now been succeeded by a fierce rage. Hope there was none. They must die, doubtless; but they

would die fighting fiercely, till the last. Disdaining to be pent up within the walls, many of the fighting men encamped outside, and boldly went forward to meet the enemy.

Vespasian called up his slingers and archers, and these poured their missiles upon the Jews; while he himself, with his heavy infantry, began to mount the slope towards the part of the wall which appeared the weakest. Josephus at once summoned the fighting men in the town and, sallying at their head through the gate, rushed down and flung himself upon the Romans. Both sides fought bravely; the Romans strong in their discipline, their skill with their weapons, and their defensive armor; the Jews fighting with the valor of despair, heightened by the thought of their wives and children in the town, above.

The Romans were pushed down the hill, and the fight continued at its foot until darkness came on, when both parties drew off. The number of killed on either side was small, for the bucklers and helmets defended the vital points. The Romans had thirteen killed and very many wounded, the Jews seventeen killed and six hundred wounded.

John had fought bravely by the side of Josephus. Joab and two others of the little band were killed. All the others were wounded, more or less severely; for Josephus was always in the front, and his chosen followers kept close to him. In the heat of the fight, John felt his spirits rise higher than they had done since the troubles had begun. He had fought, at first, so recklessly that Josephus had checked him, with the words:

"Steady, my brave lad. He fights best who fights most coolly. The more you guard yourself, the more you will kill."

More than once, when Josephus—whose commanding figure, and evident leadership, attracted the attention of the Roman soldiers—was surrounded and cut off, John, with three or four others, made their way through to him, and brought him off.

When it became dark, both parties drew off; the Romans sullenly, for they felt it a disgrace to have been thus driven back, by foes they despised; the Jews with shouts of triumph, for they had proved themselves a match for the first soldiers in the world, and the dread with which the glittering column had inspired them had passed away.

The following day, the Jews again sallied out and attacked the Romans as they advanced and, for five days in succession, the combat raged—the Jews fighting with desperate valor, the Romans with steady resolution. At the end of that time, the Jews had been forced back behind their wall, and the Romans established themselves in front of it.

Vespasian, seeing that the wall could not be carried by assault, as he had expected, called a council of war; and it was determined to proceed by the regular process of a siege, and to erect a bank against that part of the wall which offered the greatest facility for attack. Accordingly the whole army, with the exception of the troops who guarded the banks of circumvallation, went into the mountains to get materials. Stone and timber, in vast quantities, were brought down and, when these were in readiness, the work

commenced.

A sort of penthouse roofing, constructed of wattles covered with earth, was first raised, to protect the workers from the missiles of the enemy upon the wall; and here the working parties labored securely, while the rest of the troops brought up earth, stone, and wood for their use. The Jews did their best to interfere with the work, hurling down huge stones upon the penthouse; sometimes breaking down the supports of the roof and causing gaps, through which they poured a storm of arrows and javelins, until the damage had been repaired.

To protect his workmen, Vespasian brought up his siege engines—of which he had a hundred and sixty—and, from these, vast quantities of missiles were discharged at the Jews upon the walls. The catapults threw javelins, balls of fire, and blazing arrows; while the ballistae hurled huge stones, which swept lanes through the ranks of the defenders. At the same time the light-armed troops, the Arab archers, and those of Agrippa and Antiochus kept up a rain of arrows, so that it became impossible for the Jews to remain on the walls.

But they were not inactive. Sallying out in small parties, they fell with fury upon the working parties who, having stripped off their heavy armor, were unable to resist their sudden onslaughts. Driving out and slaying all before them, the Jews so often applied fire to the wattles and timbers of the bank that Vespasian was obliged to make his work continuous, along the whole extent of the wall, to keep out the assailants.

But, in spite of all the efforts of the Jews, the embankment rose steadily, until it almost equaled the height of the wall; and the struggle now went on between the combatants on even terms, they being separated only by the short interval between the wall and bank. Josephus found that in such a conflict the Romans—with their crowd of archers and slingers, and their formidable machines—had all the advantage; and that it was absolutely necessary to raise the walls still higher.

He called together a number of the principal men, and pointed out the necessity for this. They agreed with him, but urged that it was impossible for men to work, exposed to such a storm of missiles. Josephus replied that he had thought of that. A number of strong posts were prepared and, at night, these were fixed securely, standing on the wall. Along the top of these, a strong rope was stretched; and on this were hung, touching each other, the hides of newly-killed oxen. These formed a complete screen, hiding the workers from the sight of those on the embankment.

The hides, when struck with the stones from the ballistae, gave way and deadened the force of the missiles; while the arrows and javelins glanced off from the slippery surface. Behind this shelter, the garrison worked night and day, raising the posts and screens as their work proceeded, until they had heightened the wall no less than thirty-five feet; with a number of towers on its summit, and a strong battlement facing the Romans.

The besiegers were much discouraged at their want of success, and enraged at finding the efforts of so large an army completely

baffled by a small town, which they had expected to carry at the first assault; while the Jews proportionately rejoiced. Becoming more and more confident, they continually sallied out in small parties, through the gateway or by ladders from the walls, attacked the Romans upon their embankment, or set fire to it. And it was the desperation with which these men fought, even more than their success in defending the wall, that discouraged the Romans; for the Jews were utterly careless of their lives, and were well content to die, when they saw that they had achieved their object of setting fire to the Roman works.

Vespasian, at length, determined to turn the siege into a blockade; and to starve out the town which he could not capture. He accordingly contented himself by posting a strong force to defend the embankment, and withdrew the main body of the army to their encampment. He had been informed of the shortness of the supply of water; and had anticipated that, in a very short time, thirst would compel the inhabitants to yield.

John had taken his full share in the fighting, and had frequently earned the warm commendation of Josephus. His spirits had risen with the conflict; but he could not shut his eyes to the fact that, sooner or later, the Romans must become masters of the place. One evening, therefore, when he had done his share of duty on the walls, he went up to the house which had been pointed out to him as that in which lived the boy who had descended the face of the rocks, for some distance.

At a short distance from the door, a lad of some fifteen years

old, with no covering but a piece of ragged sackcloth round the loins, was crouched up in a corner, seemingly asleep. At the sound of John's footsteps, he opened his eyes in a quick, watchful way, that showed that he had not been really asleep.

"Are you Jonas, the son of James?" John asked.

"Yes I am," the boy said, rising to his feet. "What do you want with me?"

"I want to have a talk with you," John said. "I am one of the governor's bodyguard; and I think, perhaps, you may be able to give us some useful information."

"Well, come away from here," the boy said, "else we shall be having her—" and he nodded to the house, "—coming out with a stick."

"You have rather a hard time of it, from what I hear," John began, when they stopped at the wall, a short distance away from the house.

"I have that," the boy said. "I look like it, don't I?"

"You do," John agreed, looking at the boy's thin, half-starved figure; "and yet, there is plenty to eat in the town."

"There may be," the boy said; "anyhow, I don't get my share. Father is away fighting on the wall, and so she's worse than ever. She is always beating me, and I dare not go back, now. I told her, this morning, the sooner the Romans came in, the better I should be pleased. They could only kill me, and there would be an end of it; but they would send her to Rome for a slave, and then she would see how she liked being cuffed and beaten, all day."

"And you are hungry, now?" John asked.

"I am pretty near always hungry," the boy said.

"Well, come along with me, then. I have got a little room to myself, and you shall have as much to eat as you like."

The room John occupied had formerly been a loft over a stable, in the rear of the house in which Josephus now lodged; and it was reached by a ladder from the outside. He had shared it, at first, with two of his comrades; but these had both fallen, during the siege. After seeing the boy up into it, John went to the house and procured him an abundant meal; and took it, with a small horn of water, back to his quarters.

"Here's plenty for you to eat, Jonas, but not much to drink. We are all on short allowance, the same as the rest of the people; and I am afraid that won't last long."

There was a twinkle of amusement in the boy's face but, without a word, he set to work at the food, eating ravenously all that John had brought him. The latter was surprised to see that he did not touch the water; for he thought that if his stepmother deprived him of food, of which there was abundance, she would all the more deprive him of water, of which the ration to each person was so scanty.

"Now," John said, "you had better throw away that bit of sackcloth, and take this garment. It belonged to a comrade of mine, who has been killed."

"There's too much of it," the boy said. "If you don't mind my tearing it in half, I will take it."

"Do as you like with it," John replied; and the boy tore the long strip of cotton in two, and wrapped half of it round his loins.

"Now," he said, "what do you want to ask me?"

"They tell me, Jonas, that you are a first-rate climber, and can go anywhere?"

The boy nodded.

"I can get about, I can. I have been tending goats, pretty well ever since I could walk and, where they can go, I can."

"I want to know, in the first place, whether there is any possible way by which one can get up and down from this place, except by the road through the wall?"

The boy was silent.

"Now look here, Jonas," John went on, feeling sure that the lad could tell something, if he would, "if you could point out a way down, the governor would be very pleased; and as long as the siege lasts you can live here with me, and have as much food as you want, and not go near that stepmother of yours, at all."

"And nobody will beat me, for telling you?" the boy asked.

"Certainly not, Jonas."

"It wouldn't take you beyond the Romans. They have got guards, all round."

"No, but it might enable us to get down to the water," John urged, the sight of the unemptied horn causing the thought to flash through his mind that the boy had been in the habit of going down, and getting water.

"Well, I will tell you," the boy said. "I don't like to tell, because

I don't think there's anyone here knows it, but me. I found it out, and I never said a word about it, because I was able to slip away when I liked; and no one knows anything about it. But it doesn't make much difference, now, because the Romans are going to kill us all. So I will tell you.

"At the end of the rock, you have to climb down about fifty feet. It's very steep there, and it's as much as you can do to get down; but when you have got down that far, you get to the head of a sort of dried-up water course, and it ain't very difficult to go down there and, that way, you can get right down to the stream. It don't look, from below, as if you could do it; and the Romans haven't put any guards on the stream, just there. I know, because I go down every morning, as soon as it gets light. I never tried to get through the Roman sentries; but I expect one could, if one tried.

"But I don't see how you are to bring water up here, if that's what you want. I tell you, it is as much as you can do to get up and down, and you want both your hands and your feet; but I could go down and bring up a little water for you, in a skin hanging round my neck, if you like."

"I am afraid that wouldn't be much good, Jonas," John said; "but it might be very useful to send messages out, that way."

"Yes," the boy said; "but you see I have always intended, when the Romans took the place, to make off that way. If other people go, it's pretty sure to be found out, before long; and then the Romans will keep watch. But it don't much matter. I know

another place where you and I could lie hidden, any time, if we had got enough to eat and drink. I will show you but, mind, you must promise not to tell anyone else. There's no room for more than two; and I don't mean to tell you, unless you promise."

"I will promise, Jonas. I promise you, faithfully, not to tell anyone."

"Well, the way down ain't far from the other one. I will show it you, one of these days. I went down there, once, to get a hawk I had taken from the nest, and tamed. I went down, first, with a rope tied round me; but I found I could have done it without that—but I didn't tell any of the others, as I wanted to keep the place to myself.

"You climb down about fifty feet, and then you get on a sort of ledge, about three feet wide and six or seven feet long. You can't see it from above, because it's a hollow, as if a bit of rock had fallen out. Of course, if you stood up you might be seen by someone below, or on the hill opposite; but it's so high it is not likely anyone would notice you. Anyhow, if you lie down there, no one would see you. I have been down there, often and often, since. When she gets too bad to bear, I go down there and take a sleep; or lie there and laugh, when I think how she is hunting about for me to carry down the pails to the stream, for water."

"I will say nothing about it, Jonas, you may be quite sure. That place may save both our lives. But the other path I will tell Josephus about. He may find it of great use."

Josephus was indeed greatly pleased, when he heard that a

way existed by which he could send out messages. Two or three active men were chosen for the work; but they would not venture to descend the steep precipice, by which Jonas made his way down to the top of the water course, but were lowered by ropes to that point. Before starting they were sewn up in skins so that, if a Roman sentry caught sight of them making their way down the water course, on their hands and feet, he would take them for dogs, or some other animals. Once at the bottom, they lay still till night, and then crawled through the line of sentries.

In this way Josephus was able to send out dispatches to his friends outside, and to Jerusalem; imploring them to send an army, at once, to harass the rear of the Romans, and to afford an opportunity for the garrison of Jotapata to cut their way out. Messages came back by return and, for three weeks, communications were thus kept up; until one of the messengers slipped while descending the ravine and, as he rolled down, attracted the attention of the Romans who, after that, placed a strong guard at the foot of the water course.

Until this discovery was made, Jonas had gone down regularly, every morning, and drank his fill; and had brought up a small skin of water to John, who had divided it among the children whom he saw most in want of it—for the pressure of thirst was now heavy. The Romans, from rising ground at a distance, had noticed the women going daily with jugs to the cistern, whence the water was doled out; and the besiegers directed their missiles to that point, and many were killed, daily, while fetching water.

A dull despair now seized the Jews. So long as they were fighting, they had had little time to think of their situation; but now that the enemy no longer attacked, and there was nothing to do but to sit down and suffer, the hopelessness of their position stared them in the face. But there was no thought of surrender. They knew too well the fate that awaited them, at the hands of the Romans.

They were therefore seized with rage, and indignation, when they heard that Josephus and some of the principal men were thinking of making an endeavor to escape. John, who had hitherto regarded his leader with a passionate devotion—although he thought that he had been wrong in taking to the fortified towns, instead of fighting among the mountains—shared in the general indignation at the proposed desertion.

"It is he who has brought us all here," he said to Jonas—who had attached himself to him with dog-like fidelity—"and now he proposes to go away, and leave everyone here to be massacred! I cannot believe it."

The news was, however, well founded for, when the inhabitants crowded down to the house—the women weeping and wailing, the men sullen and fierce—to beg Josephus to abandon his intention, the governor attempted to argue that it was for the public good that he should leave them. He might, he said, hurry to Jerusalem, and bring an army to the rescue. The people, however, were in no way convinced.

"If you go," they said, "the Romans will speedily capture the

city. We are ready to die, all together—to share one common fate—but do not leave us."

As Josephus saw that, if he did not accede to the prayers of the women, the men would interfere by force to prevent his carrying out his intentions, he told them he would remain with them; and tranquillity was at once restored. The men, however, came again and again to him, asking to be led out to attack the Romans.

"Let us die fighting," was the cry. "Let us die among our foes, and not with the agonies of thirst."

"We must make them come up to attack us, again," Josephus said. "We shall fight to far greater advantage, so, than if we sallied out to attack them in their own intrenchments—when we should be shot down by their archers and slingers, before ever we should reach them."

"But how are we to make them attack us? We want nothing better."

"I will think it over," Josephus said, "and tell you in the morning."

In the morning, to the surprise of the men, they were ordered to dip large numbers of garments into the precious supply of water, and to hang them on the walls. Loud were the outcries of the women, as they saw the scanty store of water, upon which their lives depended, so wasted; but the orders were obeyed, and the Romans were astonished at seeing the long line of dripping garments on the wall.

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