

satisfaction—the majestic and ferocious visage of one of those gods of Carthage who showed clemency only when human sacrifices were smoking upon the altars.

Hannibal laughed on seeing that at last the city which had detained him eight months before her walls was his. Now he was free to go on working out his audacious dreams!

The Greek saw no more. He sank finally into eternal night.

Hannibal galloped on around the city, and before holding the purplish glow of the coming day breaking over the sea, he reined in his horse, he looked into the East, and extending his arms, impatient to stretch his arms across the blue expanse bounded by the horizon, he shouted threateningly, as if challenging an invisible enemy before falling upon it:

“Rome!—Rome!”

THE END