

They had started from Ostia and were going towards the East. That was all Stachys had been able to make out, for he was in perpetual darkness, daylight only entering through the port-holes. One morning, however, a voice of command rang out.

Herodion's whip fell more frequently, and the trireme travelled at a greater pace. Now and again one or another of the men was ordered to cease rowing, and then the boat turned round so quickly that their heads swam and they experienced a feeling of intoxication, part pleasure and part pain, as one experiences when driving very quickly down a steep slope. On deck a great clamour was going on, the sound of clanking coats of mail and of shields falling with a clatter to the ground. Trumpets brayed out until the sound echoed again; further off other trumpets replied so that the air was full of sounds, like cattle calling to one another across the fields. The atmosphere was charged with terror and excitement.

"A great battle must be going on up there," said Stachys, "a great battle!"

And the supple thong bit into his back.

The whole ship was quivering, the galley-