

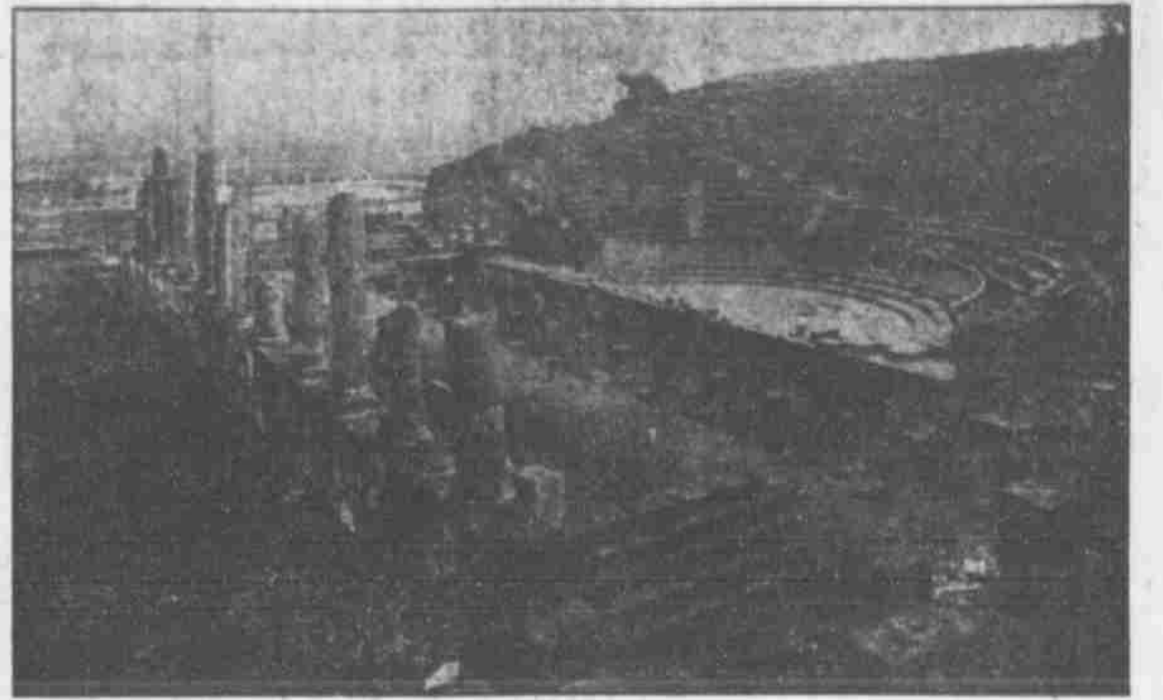
Visit to an Old Roman City Which is Being Unearthed by the French



STREET OF DECUMANUS MAXIMAE, WITH ARCH OF TRAJAN AT THE END.



COMPARATIVE SIZE OF COLUMN.



THEATER AT TIMGAD—ITS SEATING CAPACITY WAS ABOUT FOUR THOUSAND.

(Copyright, 1907, by Frank G. Carpenter.)
TIMGAD, May 2.—Special Correspondence of The Bee—Have you ever heard of Timgad, the wonderful ruined city of Roman Africa which the French are now digging out of the sand? It lies about 150 miles south of the Mediterranean and perhaps 300 miles southwest of Tunis. It is just over the mountains from the desert of Sahara, on one of the lower slopes of the Atlas, overlooking a valley which in the days of Rome must have been enormously rich. Pompeii was in existence about 500 years before Christ, and it was destroyed by the eruption of Vesuvius, 79 A. D. It contained only 20,000 or 30,000 people, and it was not half the size of this African city now being unearthed.

Timgad was founded just twenty-one years after the destruction of Pompeii. It was built by the Emperor Trajan, whose soldiers aided in its construction. It was then known as *Thamugadi* or *Thaumagadi*. It was situated at the intersection of six Roman roads, and was a fortified camp as well as a great commercial city. The excavations show that it must have been a social capital as well, inhabited by many rich people and surrounded by all the luxuries of Rome at the height of its glory.

Once a Religious Center.
 Later Timgad became a religious city. St. Augustine was born near it, and in the seventh century, when the Arab invasion occurred, it had a Christian church, the ruins of which still exist. The city was destroyed by the Arabs, and since then, for more than 1,000 years, the rain and soil of the Atlas mountains and the dust and sands from the great Sahara have drifted over it, covering its remains layer by layer, until the greater part of it has been lost from view.

For centuries only a few of the more prominent of the ruins rose above the surface. There were columns here and there apparently growing out of soil. Great mounds covered the half destroyed buildings, and it was not until the French began their excavations, along about twenty-five years ago, that anyone imagined that a great city lay buried beneath. At present only a comparatively small part of the territory has been uncovered, but the work is going on day by day, and within a few years the whole city is expected to be raised from this African sand. I saw groups of men working at the ruins as I wandered about through them this afternoon, and I photographed them as they raised buried columns out of the soil. The part of the city still untouched is covered far more than the ruins that are being excavated, streets run right to the edge of the streets and buildings still buried.

Road to Timgad.
 I came here from Algiers on the railroad, a distance of about 250 miles. The nearest station was Bania, a French town at the entrance of the valley in which Timgad lies. There I hired a carriage and drove for twenty-five miles up this valley to the site of the excavations. The only town we passed on the way was Lambese. This was also prominent in the days of the Romans, and it has ruins that would be considered wonderful were they not overshadowed by the greater ones here. The road to Timgad was built by the French, and it is as good as was the Appian Way when Timgad and Rome were still in their prime. The grades are so gentle that our horses went on the trot, and we covered the distance in less than three hours. We met many soldiers at Lambese, but outside of them nothing but Arabs.

Now we crowded a caravan of camels going sullenly along, and now passed villages of low brown mud walls, the Bedouin shepherds, who were feeding their flocks on the foothills of the Atlas. At places in the valley we saw Arabs plowing, but the soil is now semi-arid and it shows but little signs of the fertility it must have had when this region was the granary of Rome. I imagine that the rainfall was then much greater than now, and it may be that the cutting away of the forests has changed the weather of Algeria, as has been the case with Spain, Palestine and other lands.

In the Ruined City.
 I have already been here for the better part of two days. I am living at the little hotel which has been put up for the excavators and strangers, and have been going over the ruins with an old French soldier, who has long been connected with the work of unearthing the city. I almost despair of giving you a conception of the character and extent of the parts already uncovered. The old Roman houses, like the Jerusalem of the Pagan, were compactly built together, and although Timgad included only 100 acres, it was a beehive of humanity, and its people needed less space than many an American town of one-tenth the size.

The parts so far excavated were the chief business and residence centers. They are divided up into streets about twenty feet wide, which cross each other at right angles. There are miles of these streets already exposed and one can walk over them on the same pavements as which the Romans rode in their chariots. I tramped much of my way in the rut cut by the chariots, and I found the stones of the roads worn smooth by the feet of these people of fifteen centuries since. The main streets are flagged with great blocks of limestone, about three feet wide and often four feet long, fitted closely together. Under every stone is a deep sewer running from one end of it to the other, and the whole city is underlaid with drains. Nearly every house has its own connection with the sewer, and there are public conveniences in all parts of the city.

The streets are lined with curbstones, and the principal avenues have great marble columns on each side of them, some of which are broken and some almost perfect. Many of these columns are entirely missing, but their places beyond the curbstones can be plainly seen. One can stand in some of these streets and look for a mile through ruined pillars, easily picturing to

himself the grandeur of Timgad in its prime. Let us make our way along the main avenue, which lead through the center of the town, to the Forum. We enter one by a great stone gate decorated with carvings over flagstones cut into deep ruts by the chariot wheels. There are pillars on both sides of the street reaching on and on to the Forum, and beyond them on each side are acres upon acres of ruined buildings ranging in height to that of my head or higher. The ravages of time, of siege, and of the Mohammedan iconoclast have cut away the tops of the buildings; but enough of the walls are still left so that one can see just how they were constructed, and can walk from room to room, through house after house.

At the right side of this main street, facing the Forum, ran a covered passageway, the top of which rested upon these pillars. This was for foot passengers who could there move along without danger from the throng of chariots and horses in the street outside. At the same time the people could see out between the columns. On the other side of this facade or passageway the residences faced, and on the opposite side of

the roadway the houses came close up to the column-lined street. On the Via Decumanus Maximae, which cuts the street I have described at right angles and leads from the great arch of Trajan to the Forum, one side is lined with stores. The greatest number of stores are right near the Forum, and they probably formed the chief mercantile houses of the city. Each establishment had a main room facing the street, with another in the rear, which was probably used as a warehouse or as a private room for its owner. The Decumanus Maximae had deep ruts in the flags from one end of it to the other, and it is easy to imagine it filled with the gay throng of the days of the Emperors Trajan and Marcus Aurelius.

In the Roman Butcher Shops.
 I walked through store after store in this quarter, and then went to another part of the city where was the Roman market. The market place was surrounded by columns, and it still shows many evidences that it was a beautiful place when the people from all the country about came here to buy and sell. The stalls of the meat market were on a platform running in a half-

moon facing the market place. The marble counters behind which the butchers stood are still intact, and they bear the marks of the cleavers used in chopping off the steaks of the past. These counters are marble slabs, each about a foot thick and about five feet in length. I crawled under one, and stood in place of the butcher trying to imagine the customers who walked outside for spring chickens, roasts of lamb and rump steak 1,200 or more years ago, and in my mind's eye I could see Mrs. Caesar testing the breastbone of a fowl, and Madame Cleora telling the boy to cut her a steak off the loin, and watching him to see that he did not cheat in the weight. Later on I saw in the museum the weights which were used to measure the meat. They are balls of stone ranging in size from that of my hand to a marble.

Some of the houses of Timgad were magnificent. They had marble benches, beautiful frescoes and floors of mosaic. The museum has many mosaics equal to almost anything discovered at Pompeii. They are made of bits of stone, some of which are no bigger than a baby's finger nail, so fitted together that they seem one solid block. They are of many colors and represent the

famous characters of mythology. One about fifteen feet square shows Venus riding through the sea on a centaur, while the dolphins swim about below. Another represents the triumph of Neptune, and others show various scenes connected with the gods and goddesses of old Rome.

Right near the Forum I explored a palace which contained about sixty odd rooms, some of which are still decorated with marble columns. When I came in the floor seemed to be nothing but plaster, but as I scraped my feet on them I saw the mosaic beneath. This house had a wide entrance porch, the floor of which was a little above the level of the street, and the stones at the front showed plainly the marks made by the carriages as they drove out and in. It had bath rooms with hot and cold chambers, the floors of which were of mosaic, such as are now in the museum.

Baths of Timgad.
 If it be true that cleanliness is next to godliness, these old Romans were not ungodly. There are ruins of baths here, which show that this old town of Timgad, ranging in size from 50,000 to 100,000 people, had better accommodations of that kind than any of our largest cities of today. Just outside of the chief entrance gate stands the ruins of an enormous building, covering almost two acres, which was devoted to bathing and gymnastics. It was built of brick, and some of the mosaic floors are still to be seen. A large part of the outer walls are still intact, and the rooms, although they are broken in places, can be easily traced. There are thirty-five of them running about a grand hall forty feet wide and seventy-five feet long, where the men went through their gymnastics or rested and loafed after bathing. There were many hot chambers for steam and vapor baths, and several cold plunges, with large swimming pools. The hot rooms had mosaic floors, with underground flues and fires. The ruins of the heating arrangements are such that even now they could be repaired and the baths used as in the past. In the southern part of the city are other baths, and in many of the houses so far excavated there are remains of private bath rooms.

Condition of the Forum.
 The forum of Timgad has been entirely unearthed, and it bears evidence of having been far larger and more beautiful than that of Pompeii. Its stone courts are almost intact, and many of the tall marble columns which surrounded it are still here. It bears every evidence of having been a magnificent place. It is reached by stone steps. About it on every side were covered passageways upheld by pillars of marble. At one end, behind marble columns, was a great stone rostrum. I suppose for the speakers, and there was an extensive lobby and retiring rooms somewhat as in our capitol at Washington.

Adjoining the forum was a chamber of commerce built of marble and limestone. This building is supposed to have served as a sort of stock exchange and tribunal of justice combined. It had a statue of justice in it, a part of which still exists.

Temples of the City.
 There are several ruined temples in Timgad. One was devoted to the deity known as the mother of the capitol. The walls of the latter are six feet in thickness and are made of great blocks three and four feet in length. Some of the enormous columns which formed the back of this structure still stand. They are on a high platform which overlooks the whole city. Each column is fifty feet high; it is fluted and carved, and its capital is of wonderful beauty.

I climbed up to the base of these great columns and took a bird's eye view of the ruins. With the broken marble pillars here and there among them, the walls of the houses to the right of the capitol, the walls of the latter are six feet in thickness and are made of great blocks three and four feet in length. Some of the enormous columns which formed the back of this structure still stand. They are on a high platform which overlooks the whole city. Each column is fifty feet high; it is fluted and carved, and its capital is of wonderful beauty.

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leave No. 56 and make for the harbor to save themselves. The crew of the lightship managed to keep enough mull on the ship to give it steering way. Then the captain ran it on a bit of beach between high, rocky promontories known as McKinnis Head and Cape Disappointment. The water was deep enough near the beach to throw the lightship so close to the shore that the life savers shot a rope across it and rescued the seaman in the breeches buoy with the aid of the soldiers stationed near by at Fort Canby.

No. 56 was cast so far upon the beach that neither the government engineers nor a firm of contractors who applied for the job, could pull it into deep water. One reason was that it was nearly filled with sand. The government inspectors found, though, that it had been but little damaged in spite of its rough handling by the wind and waves.

The bit of beach on which it was thrown forms part of a peninsula, the water on the other side being an arm of the Pacific known as Baker's bay. The question arose whether the draft could be launched in the bay if not in the ocean.

Surveys were made of the country across the peninsula, and while it was considered a difficult undertaking, the engineers believed that the scheme would be practical if enough power could be secured. So they asked for bids to move the ship overland and finally found a firm of contractors who were willing to bond themselves to do the work for \$12,250.

Sixteen months had elapsed since that November storm which drove the vessel upon the shore, where it was now as high and dry as if it had never floated. The wind had been adding to the mass of sand, and the crew of the first task was to clean out the hull.

While this was being done the contractors built a sort of cradle of stout timbers, strongly bolted together and resting upon low wheels, placed so that the weight of the ship would be equally distributed upon them. With the cradle built, the next thing was to form a track or roadway upon which it could be moved without being forced down into the sand and earth.

Next a windlass was set up, to which was attached a stout chain reaching to the bow of the vessel. As it was partly heeled over when thrown ashore and in setting into the beach it was now necessary to get the lightship upon an even keel as the sailors say. This was done by running cables from the sides of the vessel to stumps and posts driven into the beach. The cables, which were run through blocks, were then hauled taut by teams of horses and thus the lightship righted.

By means of the windlass, which was also turned by a string of horses, the bow of the craft was gradually pulled around toward its destination and upon the grassed roadway. One of the most difficult operations of all was to get it upon the cradle, but this was finally accomplished by means of the horse power windlass.

The cradle was curvilinear so that it fitted closely to the bottom and lower sides of the vessel, keeping it straight in the air. To the front of it was fastened the windlass chain, which was about 150 feet long.

After the vessel had been placed on its cradle and its nose pointed for Baker's bay, its voyage across the land

very deep close in shore and the beach had a steep incline, so that the force of the windlass would be placed in front of the cradle at the end of the hauling chain, which was attached to the bow of the lightship. By means of long bars extending from the sides of the windlass a string of half a dozen or more horses could be attached, two or three to each bar. All starting at the same time, they would revolve the windlass.

As the cable was wound about the windlass the vessel moved forward foot by foot. When it had gone nearly the length of the chain, the horses were unhitched, the windlass placed upon a truck, hauled forward another hundred feet or so, then set down. The chain as unreeled by one of the horses would be carried back to the lightship and attached. Again placing this engine in operation the vessel would be moved forward.

In front of the ship movers and their apparatus went a squad of roadmakers who cut down young trees and bushes, pulled up stumps and removed other obstructions in the way. Holes in the ground were filled with sand or other solid material.

Where a patch of swampy or wet ground lay in the roadway it was bridged, if necessary, with planks supported on piles of wooden timbers. Tops of hillocks were smoothed off where the ascent was too steep.

In this way No. 56 proceeded on its journey like the tortoise—slowly but surely. There were places where twenty horses had to be attached to the windlass and its chain reinforced by cables in order to work the vessel up the hill sides.

One reason why Baker's bay was selected as a good place to launch it into its natural element was that the water is

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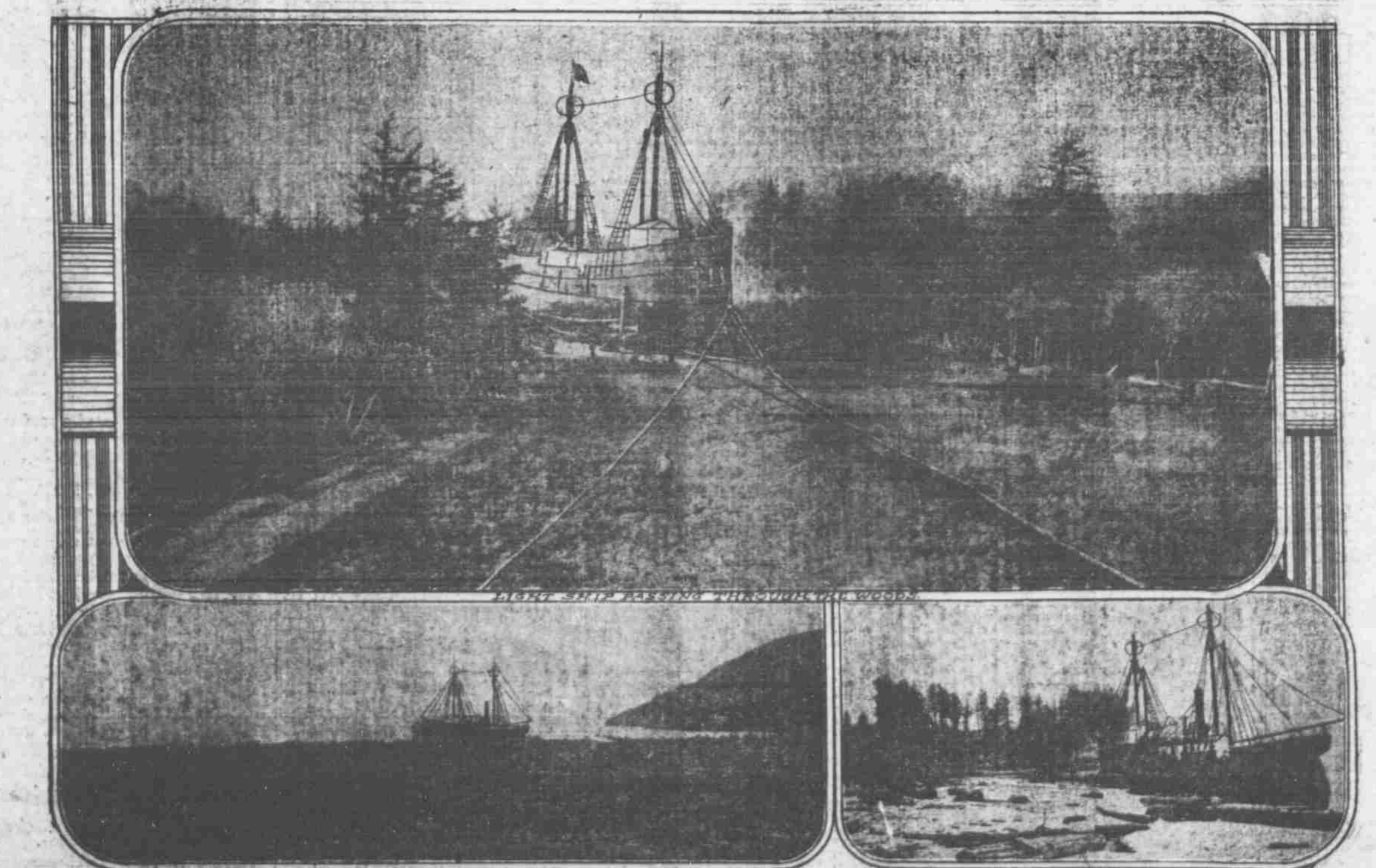
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THE STRANDED VESSEL.

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During my stay I have photographed

(Continued on Page Four.)