

Empress Octavia

yet encompass only unreasoning brutes, — how it must please the eye of man, endowed with intellect, to see beings also possessing intelligence shrink in terror from these gaping jaws, these uplifted paws! Are there no more criminals? Why don't they seize some of that Jewish sect, the Christians? What sight is fairer than to see the bosom of a girl of sixteen bleeding under the claws of a lion? Pity, horror, and the charms of the senses blend so bewitchingly in the breast of the spectator, when she raises her beautiful arms imploring aid. What a study for the sculptor is the innocent youth, when his slender limbs struggle against the hug of the bear! How every muscle stands forth, how touching is the haggard gaze with which he looks his last at life! And the old man, how his quiet submission teaches the philosopher to despise death! What a pathetic sight is the infant with its thumb in its mouth, laughing at the animals, ignorant of the coming doom, and how its mother clasps it to her heart, hiding it as the wolf's muzzle reaches her! Such a spectacle makes the blood flow faster through the veins, and, for the first time, one realizes what it is to be safe.

The shout: "Men, men!" rises every-