

## Empress Octavia

man in a flowing toga to take his place in the front row of chairs, and that is Petronius, the manager of the festivals, who is officiously arranging the golden chair. And now, hailed by the thundering cheers of the populace, the man for whose pleasure Jupiter created the world stands surveying the assembly. A gracious smile hovers for a moment around his beautiful but pallid lips, a feigned expression of affability flits over his flabby, effeminate, almost womanly face, and Seneca, to whom the Cæsar has just whispered one of his acute remarks, bends forward and instantly repeats it to his companions, who of course receive it with the most animated applause, especially as Seneca himself pronounces it uncommonly witty.

Now the Emperor approaches the front of the box. The Senators rise, but he motions to them to resume their seats. Still leaning on the railing, the monarch scans the vast amphitheatre, and some of the spectators awaken great amusement, which he expresses with mingled mirth and cynicism.

“Who is the big man up yonder in the third gallery?” he asks with a careless laugh; “it really is hardly seemly to exhibit such a paunch in the Circus. I should like to see