

ocentive, and induced to torture each other to the death as past-time for their brutal conquerors—nature could not but sometimes rebel in the breasts of the spectators, at such cruel waste of bravery and blood, and at such heartless trampling of every noble and generous feeling of human nature. One who witnessed and could appreciate such exhibitions, writes—“The whole business was only murder upon murder, the combatants fought naked, and every blow was a wound. They do not contend for victory but for death; and he that kills one man is to be killed by another. By wounds are they forced upon wound, which they take and give upon their bare breasts”—Dreadful sport—the great enemy of man wanted not pandemonium for his infernal revels, while the accursed Coliseum presented its abominable rites. And how do the humane spectators take the dreadful exhibition? the court, the camp and the city, send their swarms to fill the innumerable seats; how does so brave, and learned, and fair an audience agree with the appalling spectacle? “Burn that rogue,” they cry; “what! is he afraid of his flesh? Do but see how sneakingly that rascal dies.” Such as these were the ejaculations, which excited, and taunted, and tortured the gasping wretches in the arena. Well did a writer of antiquity exclaim, “Look to yourselves, my masters, and consider on it; who knows but this may come to be your own case—wicked examples seldom fail of coming home at last to the authors.” And well did a later writer exclaim, after exquisitely painting the gladiators’ dying scene,

“ Shall he expire,
And unavenged?—Arise! ye Goths and glut your ire!

The Goths well arose—the gladiator was well avenged—until the detested but splendid theatre of those exhibitions became a desolate ruin, where instead of the applause of nations, the solitary stranger’s “steps seem echoes strangely loud.” Alaric plundered the boasted “eternal city” for several days together— butchered the citizens—and what he found superb palaces, and ornaments of earth, he left a heap of ruins *never* to be rebuilt. Again, Attila, called “the scourge of God,” repaid Rome with dreadful interest; the blows which in her days of wanton power