and expert swordsman, and instead of falling an instant victim, as was expected, to the superior skill of the barbarian, he received him with a coolness that bordered on contempt. A few blows were given and parried on both sides; and then the gladiator was struck, mortally wounded, to the earth. Considerable applause followed; and the people seemed now interested in the safety of the man they had just before so eagerly concurred to destroy. As the bloody hook dragged away the dying wretch to the spoliarium, or charnel-house, a second gladiator sprang forth. The new combatant, evidently presuming on his skill in arms, rushed upon Proculus with the confidence of a wild beast upon its prey. But he had miscalculated his undertaking; the rapid sword of the Roman instantly transfixed his body, and he fell, with a hideous scream, upon the sand. All the spectators, but especially those of the lower orders, appeared now personally participating in the triumph of their countryman; and some, bolder than the rest, called out that he should be released. All eyes were bent upon Caligula, as if to read in his countenance the fate of Proculus. The tyrant's features were unusually calm and passionless. He conversed an instant with one of his guard: the soldier left his presence, and disappeared from public view. Conjectures were various as to the nature of the mission, but a few moments explained all. An old and well-known Dacian, who had been liberated on account of his wonderful success in gladiatorial shows, appeared on the theater of destruction. At this sight the populace vented their feelings in a general burst of indignation. But there was little time for commiseration; Caligula called his champion to begin. The two combatants were probably equally matched. The gladiator was superior in the skillful exercise of his weapon, but his adversary surpassed him in strength and agility. They approached amid the deepest silence of the spectators. The rapidity with which their blows were interchanged made it extremely difficult for the eye to judge of their execution. At last it was evident, from the blood that poured down the side of the barbarian, that he had been severly wounded; but the combat was still courageously sustained. Suddenly the sword of the Roman broke short off at the handle, and the unusual groan that followed showed how assured his fate was disposed of in the minds of the beholders. But Proculus, with admirable address, received his adversary's next stroke upon his temporary shield, and rushing forward at the same time, he grappled on him with the force and energy of despair. Both men came to the ground, and lost their weapons. It was then that the strength of the Roman prevailed over an aged and wounded enemy. After a short struggle he liberated himself from the dying grasp of the barbarian, and rose up a third time victor. Nothing could surpass the joy manifested in the amphitheater after this hard-won victory. Proculus alone appeared indifferent. He took up the sword of his fallen enemy, and stood still, awaiting a new assailant. The populace at first saluted him with the title of imperator, as they used to do their generals after a victory, and showered palms and garlands at his feet. But their plaudits soon subsided, for every one felt that the hero's fate was undecided. Caligula rose to depart, but before he quitted the scene, as if to leave a terrible example of his power and barbarity, he commanded that Proculus should be disarmed and thrown to the wild beasts in the caverns of the amphitheater. Dreadful as Caligula had become, this order was received with the most open expressions of disgust; and men's minds kindling from mutual sympathy, some persons boldly interceded for the life of the intrepid victor.

"I tell you that he dies!" exclaimed Caligula, his countenance assuming an aspect scarcely human, with rage and ferocity. "Must I be bearded, and crossed, and questioned by slaves who should obey me? Get hence!" Then raising his eyes to the opposite galleries, he added: "I'll quell these shouts another day, or more Romans shall fight in the arena. I want not approbation from you, but obedience."

With this expression he signed to his guards, and retired. Albion.