

mind. I fear it is cast by some disaster, already overtaken my lord, or waiting for him in the near future.

Cap.—No, Virginia, that cannot be. Regulus will surely come.

Vir.—But I have watched for him all these hours, until the winding road is familiar to me as our mother's name. Each cloud of dust rolling onward raised my hopes. I thought it was the galloping of his cavalry. But I was disappointed a score of times. And each cloud seemed to make the shadow darker still.

Cap.—Did you see or hear nothing?

Vir.—Only once. Shading my eyes from the setting sun and looking towards the city I thought I heard the noise of a great tumult come floating on the evening breeze.

Cap.—Then, Virginia, we may know that Regulus is come. Only what you heard was the ringing clamour of many cheers as your husband and Rome's idol marched in triumph or rode in conqueror's chariot.

Vir.—I wish I could think so, Capella.

Cap.—And you may, my sister. Let the heart be bright, even as yonder roseate cloud coloring the west and hanging just beyond the Capitol.

Vir.—You are truly a daughter of sweetest consolation.—
[*Kisses her.*]

Cap.—Listen!

Vir.—What is it, Capella?

Cap.—I thought I heard the clatter of hoofs.

Vir.—Perhaps a messenger.

Cap.—Perhaps the General himself.

Vir.—How glad I should be!

Cap.—Here he comes.

[*Enter Marcius, with extra sword.*]

Vir.—Good morrow, Marcius.

Cap.—Welcome.

Vir.—What news? [*Hands her a letter.*]

Mar.—Regulus is in Rome.

Cap.—I knew it. [*Vir. opens letter and reads.*]

Mar.—[*Placing sword on table*]—This is the General's sword. He bade me bring it to his home.

Cap.—He has laid aside his armour!