

*THE VESTAL VIRGIN*

LUCIO. Not her first, my good lord, 'tis the man's part to lead in suffering (*Aedile makes a sign*)  
O thou great God!

NYZIA. Lucio, my love, farewell! or, if thy faith be true, to our new meeting!

*Slaves wall up the masonry.*

LUCIO. To our new meeting, Nysia, farewell!

*Slaves wall up second cell.*

*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Same, 24 hours later.*

*Oros, stealing into Temple vault armed with pick and crowbar.*

OROS. The air is murky and the smoke grows thick.

Hades doth growl, and belches from his jaws  
A dust that chokes the breath; speed is the word;  
The vulgar mob, aghast, crowds through the streets

In headlong flood, which answers to my thought,  
Lending this enterprise the mantle dark  
Of throngéd solitude. A prize so rich  
As that I rescue, takes away all fear.

Midnight most black! The spot was here.

What's that?

The earth reels; 'tis drunk! Ah! Vengeance slits the thread!

*Earthquake shatters walls and kills Oros. Nysia closed apparently lifeless. Lucio alive, but in a swoon.*