

## REGULUS' FAREWELL.

## AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

## CHARACTERS :

REGULUS . . . . .	The Roman General.
VIRGINIA . . . . .	His wife.
CAPELLA . . . . .	Her sister.
MARCIUS . . . . .	Lieutenant to General.

SCENE: In house of Regulus, a few miles from Rome.

*Capella*—[*Entering room*].—I wonder where Virginia is. I have searched for her all the afternoon, through the house, in the garden, down by the brook she calls her silver stream, her favorite resting place. But I am unable to find my sister. It cannot be that she has gone to the city, for Rome is too far away. [*Looking out window*.] And it is late: the hills are radiant only upon their western slopes. [*Sitting at table*.] To-day Regulus was to return from Carthage. Perhaps even now he is marching along the streets beneath some arch of triumph, greeted by the cheers of myriad Romans. [*Rising*.] And when he comes my loved Marcius will come to me. But I must not let him know that he is loved. Astrologers tell us some bodies attract other bodies—and I believe that's true. How well I remember that first day we met! The army was just about to embark. And Marcius seemed so regretful at parting from me. But I—I did not care, at least not very much. Yet I seemed to feel a little golden arrow nestle into my heart—and I think Cupid was the archer. I do wish this old world could wag along without any wars, or else that Marcius weren't a soldier—just a prince or king or emperor or something of that sort. [*Listening*.] That sounds like my sister's footstep. Yes, it surely is. [*Listens again and calls*.] Virginia! Virginia!

[*Enter Virginia*.]

*Virginia*.—O *Capella*, how slowly this long day has passed!

*Cap*.—Why, my sister, where have you been?

*Vir*.—Up in the tower, looking for some sign of my husband's coming.

*Cap*.—And is there none?

*Vir*.—None—except an ominous shadow that darkens my