

theatre near the den where the wild beasts are kept up for the shows, he was driven by some mad humor (such as hath often seized him of late) to approach one of the biggest and liveliest of the panthers, and began addressing his speech to the dumb-beast, and challenging it as if it had been a mortal man; the beast, provoked by his words and threats, turned upon him with a nimble spring, and buried its poisoned fangs in the fleshy part of his neck.

Dion. So envenomed a wound in so pampered and inflamed a body will go far to baffle the skill of the physician. But how hath your young master been affected since this accident?

Attend. He harps on one string incontinently, raving of a certain youth, his schoolmate, who was lately torn to pieces by wild beasts in the amphitheatre.

Dion. By name Pancratius?

Attend. The very same. He seems to note some marvellous similitude between the death of this youth and that by which himself is to die—at one time cursing him as his chief enemy; at another, seeming to respect him as a prophet.

Dion. (*Aside.*) Ha! I remember well; Pancratius did predict that his accuser, except he repented, would die a death like his own.

Attend. But the marvellous thing is how he starts and madens at the sight and even the name of water. When he was bitten a fellow was near him, whom I half suspect to have been one of that hateful band of Christians. Whatever possessed this fellow I know not, but he must needs persist in tormenting my master about magical arts and ceremonies. It seemed to be about some kind of charmed water, which he

ounce!

centurion!

(*QUADRATUS.*)

(*Exeunt.*)

(*CORVINUS*
P.)

. Mark you
his breast;
terrible vision

the amphi-