

## THE VESTAL VIRGIN

Away! Let Folly feel the edge of Justice!  
*Prisoners led away. Nysia holds out her arms  
Lucio as she passes. He gazes at her with infinite  
tenderness.*

*Procession and Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Vaults Beneath the Temple.*

*Oros moving around with torch.*

Oros. The process answered to my hope, and  
nought remains but rescue for Nysia. All is  
well planned, the temple guards corrupted by  
a few tinkling sestertii; the opportunity for my  
work follows, on the heels of the interment; the  
ship waits to bear us to Libya; a priest of my  
ancient creed will unite us ere the far southland  
makes our home. Friendless, and condemned,  
she cannot deny my suit, nor refuse to vanish  
into the background of the world. Yet 'tis  
strange my mind should be so shadowed. When  
Fortune sits high in the sun, it is not meet for  
the sly wolf, Conscience, to steal up behind.  
I must resist it. Success says not "There is a  
lion in the way" but "there is a prize in pros-  
pect." Soft, out with the light. I hear the  
laborers yonder.

*Enter SLAVES with picks and crowbars, also  
torches. They fall to work upon the masonry of the  
wall.*

FIRST SLAVE. These mutterings from the highland  
seem to portend mischief. A countryman  
yesterday spoke of it after the trial, saying that  
the dwellers on the slopes are prophesying