

Of seeking death or bearing still a life
I earnestly desire to give away.

Max. Ho! here, Quadratus! Arrest your Tribune!
Do you hear? What! you hesitate!

Quadratus. My liege, I, too, am a Christian.

Max. What, more of it! Here, seize me that centurion!
Bear him away to instant execution.

(*They take out QUADRATUS.*)

But for this chief offender, take him to Hyphax.
The captain of my sure Numidian bowmen.
Bid them in Adonis' grove tie up this traitor,
And send an arrow into every joint,
And draw the treacherous blood from every pore,
And kill him, sense by sense and joint by joint,
Leaving the heart and brain to beat and burst
Until the last drop ebbs from out his veins.
Begone! and answer with your lives for his.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE V.—A ROOM IN THE PREFECT'S HOUSE—CORVINUS
ON A BED IN A DISURBED SLEEP.

DIONYSIUS. ATTENDANT.

Dionysius. If he sleep he may yet do well.

Attendant. He sleeps, indeed, but rests not. Mark you
how he breathes, as though a mountain was on his breast;
every now and then he cries aloud, as if some terrible vision
were chasing him.

Dion. How came he in this condition?

Attend. This morning, as he was passing by the amphi-

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