

could distinguish a horse that seemed to gallop like his favorite Arabian.

Cap.—Then had we better light the tapers.

Vir.—Yes. [*They do so.*]

Cap.—Listen!

Vir.—What is it, Capella?

Cap.—Marcius is returning quickly.

Vir.—That means good news.

[*Enter Marcius.*]

Mar.—The General is already hastening through the garden
A moment more and he will be in your presence.

Cap.—It is well.

Vir.—Thank you, good Marcius.

Mar.—Here he comes.

[*Enter Regulus.*]

Regulus.—Virginia!

Vir.—O my husband! [*Kisses her.*]

Reg.—[*To Cap.*—Our sister is well, I hope.

Cap.—Excellent well.

Vir.—Regulus.

Reg.—Virginia—[*To Mar. and Cap.*—Leave us friends.

[*Exit Marcius and Capella.*]

Vir.—And now, Regulus, we shall have many years of happiness together.

Reg.—I fear it cannot be, Virginia.

Vir.—Why so? You promised to live in Italy after this war.

Reg.—But in this war I was—conquered.

Vir.—Conquered!

Reg.—Yes. I, the victor of a hundred battles—I, whose brow has been crowned with a thousand laurels—I, who with the sword of Rome helped to rule the world—I am now the prisoner of Carthage. That base ignoble city overcame our army by the aid of Xanthippus, the Spartan general.

Vir.—Oh, horrible!

Reg.—And in a little while this—[*Touching sword*—must be surrendered. To-night I return.

Vir.—Surely it cannot be!

Reg.—Yes. The ambassadors and guards are waiting for