

First raise this victim, there may be life still.

(NIGER and AGNES raise the head of CÆCILIA ; it falls back on AGNES' shoulder.)

Agnes. Speak to me, sister ! speak, thy Agnes calls thee.

(Kisses her.)

What deadly chill is this ? Thy brow is cold and pale.

( Those lips smile welcome, and those closed eyes seem

To gaze upon some inward vision. Speak !

Thou'rt free.

Niger. Too late ! too late ! her suffering's o'er.

Alex. Summon a leech, there may be hope.

Niger.

Alas !

Too late ! too late ! her spirit's flown to God.

(AGNES buries her head on CÆCILIA's breast in an agony of grief.)

Alex. I'd gladly give Rome's fairest province if  
Her life could thus be spared ; but this fiend's work  
Was done too surely. Come, her obsequies  
Shall equal her high worth, but first for justice.  
Thou need'st to tremble, traitor, for thy fate  
Shall be a traitor's. Thank my clemency  
That thou'rt not placed on yonder rack ; but what !  
Another victim lies beside it. Ah ! (Discovering EGERIA's  
corse.)

Egeria ! she, the fairest of the fair,  
Marked for my bride on my return. Ye gods !  
Had ye no lightnings swift for this foul scourge,  
That dared deface the masterpiece of Nature ?  
Speak, fiend, what Fury urged thee to this crime ?

Almach. My zeal for thee.