

Almach.
A temple in thy honor and a day
Appointed for thy worship.

I have decked

Alex. Impious knave!
I'm but a mortal, nay, a plain, blunt soldier,
And no Heliogabálus, for I love
To do unto all others as I would
That they should do to me. My Christians e'er
I've found the noblest and most faithful; why
Dar'st thou then lift thy murderous hand against them?
Thy supplications are of no avail,
Justice must have its course.

Almach. (*Drawing a dagger and attempting to stab him.*) Nemesis then!

(*HERCULES MAXIMIN grasps him by the throat, a slight gurgle is heard, he relaxes his fingers, and ALMACHIUS falls back on the stage, strangled and purple in the face.*)

Alex. Drag forth the corpse! Maximin's grasp is death.
(*The Guards drag away the body of ALMACHIUS.*)
Now bring two litters hither. (*They bring two litters, draped in black, and place them beside each other in the centre.*) Raise the forms
Of those fair victims tenderly on each.

(*The Guards lift the martyrs' bodies on the litters. AGNES sinks on her knees beside CÆCILIA, burying her face in her hands.*)

How calm and beautiful in death! Sweet Peace
Rests on the placid features as in sleep,
And gilds them with a halo. Gently with them
To Palatine, and in its richest palace