

Maximin. (In a gruff tone.) But six; their comrades fled.

Alex. Thou shalt be crowned
As old Dentatus; look around thee here,
Those Syrian guards, what thinkest thou of them?

Max. (Raising his iron mace. The Guards shrink back.)
Assassins, like the rest. Wilt thou that I——
(Sweeps the mace in a circle over his head.)

Alex. No; hold thy weapon, these are senseless tools.
Their master we must punish only.

Almach. *Mercy?*
Make me thy lowest slave, but spare my life.

Alex. Mercy! what mercy hast thou shown thy victims.
The noblest head in Rome, Quintilian's, fell
With brave Tiburtius and Valerian too,
Before thy ruthless steel; a hecatomb
Of victims cry aloud for vengeance on thee.
This trusty slave has told me all, he fled
With this poor child from Rome and thee. I met
Him near Brundusium, and we hastened hither,
Too late to save, but not to punish.

Almach. *Spare me.*
Some foe has falsely charged me as accomplice
Of those assassins.

Alex. What! thy signet ring,
Thy gold, instructions, what were these? No more.
I could forgive thy treason 'gainst myself,
But those foul murders never.