

Diav. I tell you she's mine.

Mar. What ho! without there. [*Enter Servants.*]
Remove this fellow. [*Servants seize Diavolo.*]

Diav. [*Struggles.*] Help! help! Will no one help me?

[*They drag him left. Enter FERNANDO, and stops them.*]

Fer. Hold! Release this man. [*They release him.*] What has he done?

Marq. He has disturbed the ceremony by forbidding it.

Fer. I also forbid it, and arrest the bride as a criminal.

Marq. For what do you arrest her?

Fer. For murder.

All. Murder!

Count Marino. Sir, be careful how you asperse the reputation of my daughter.

Fer. Peace old man; she is no daughter of thine.

Beat. 'Tis an infamous lie! The proofs villain—I demand the proofs.

Fer. Here are the proofs. [*Hands a package of papers to the Marquis, who opens and reads.*]

Marq. Where got you these papers?

Fer. I found them by the inanimate body of Bianca, in the olive grove; near it also lay this bracelet. [*Producing a bracelet and handing it to Marco.*] I think you will recognize your gift.

Mar. Yes, 'tis the one I gave Beatrice.

Fer. This stiletto I found also. It has the name of Lady Beatrice on its hilt—see for yourself my Lord Marco.