

swarm into my very presence with your yells and shouting? Go, I say, or I will have the place cleared with small ceremony!" The onlookers took the hint and filed hastily out, while those in the gallery followed suit. "Stay, Ranucio," he added to his favorite, Della Torre, who had come up to him. "And do you stop also," he added to O'Meara, who indeed had shown no sign of budging, despite the fierce order for a general departure. The Prince crossed the loggia slowly and seated himself at a great table covered with cards and dice and gold drinking-cups. "And now," he said sourly, "if your merry humor is satisfied, Sir John, in the name of Heaven let us sit down and talk like men of sense."

His sudden change of front so amazed me that I could find no words, and must have cut a foolish figure enough had not Del Mayno come to my rescue by diverting the attention of the others to himself. Pulling himself up with difficulty from his seat on the stairs, he hurried indignantly over to the Prince. "Oh, my lord, my lord, am I to have no vengeance?" he cried, shaking his clenched hand at me, but prudently keeping the table between us. "I am your own kinsman, you yourself have said it, and yet you refuse me redress when I am mocked and outraged? Send the rogue to prison, or banish him forever from Verona—let his crime against your dignity and mine be suitably punished. You will not suffer him to flaunt it here as if nothing had happened? I tell you, my lord, I can hardly stand for pain!" He