

for your crime. One word more—a deceitful competence shall be allowed you, so long as you continue in the practice of virtue.

Diav. Perhaps you would like to have the bond.  
[*Exit Beatrice.*]

Bian. She desired proofs a minute ago. I charge her with attempting to murder me in the olive grove; here is the scar. (*Opening her dress.*) To Fernando, who found me senseless from loss of blood, and conveyed me to his home—where I have since remained—I owe my life.

Mar. (*Approaching Fernando, who has been standing in deep thought.*) Sir, you have my life long thanks—[*While the others are conversing in dumb show and examining the papers, BEATRICE enters and stabs FERNANDO.*]

Beat. Traitor! thus am I revenged!

Fer. I am murdered!

Beat. That blow will do its work—the steel is poisoned! [*Dashes the stiletto at the feet of Marco; and exits.*]

Mar. Secure her! Let her be arrested and conveyed to prison.

*Exit all but Marquis, Marchioness, the Count and Countess Marino—and Marco and Bianca, who support Fernando.*

Bian. Oh, speak Fernando! Speak to me—say! thou art not dead? [*Kneels.*] Oh heaven save him  
As he saved me!

Fer. (*Opening his eyes.*) Where art I?—Ah yes.—  
'Tis too