

form of Bianca. I thought I saw also a fiend fleeing from the altar which she had cursed with her presence, and pardon me Lady, I did not see the face of the fiend, but it wore the dress of the Lady Beatrice.

Beat. (*Fearfully agitated.*) Oh! Oh!—Go on! Go on.

Fer. On the arm of the fiend was the bracelet which you say you have long missed.

Beat. (*Aside.*) Oh! Oh!

Fer. In her hand a stiletto. It was wet—mark me—it was wet—with the blood of Bianca.

Beat. (*Fiercely.*) Is this a dream which you have conjured up to fright me, or is it a reality? [*Goes to him and lays hold of his arm.*] Why talk to me of stilettos and Bianca's blood, and emphasise the word as if I am guilty of her blood? Who dares charge me with murder? Who says I murdered Bianca? Who is my accuser?

Fer. I am thy accuser!

Beat. You! Villain! Let the damned lie die in your throat! [*Attempts to stab him. Fernando disarms her and retains hold of her hands.*]

Fer. Yes—I charge you with the blood of Bianca, and will shortly charge you before the world! [*Beatrice screams and struggles in the grasp of Fernando, who dashes her to the ground and exits.*]

Scene Second.—Reception Room of the Castle.

Enter Marquis D'ESTELLO and Officers of the Law, left.

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