

I see no guilt upon you. Oh! cruel deed!
 [Looks at the stiletto.]

Beat. Look Marco, at my accuser; see his pale face.
 Ah! now it flushes—and see his averted eye.

He stole my weapon—my bracelet!

He lov'd her, but she scorned his suit.

See—he cannot look upon you—

He! He—is the murderer!

Mar. By heaven I doubt my senses.

[Approaches Fernando.]

May the gods eternal blast thee, if thou hast
 Preferr'd a charge which cannot be prov'd,
 And made me doubt this fair and honorable
 Lady.

Sir, you must produce witnesses.

Fer. I shall produce a witness my Lord

That will convince even this honorable Lady.

[Exit for a moment, and then returns leading
 in BIANCA:]

Mar. Bianca!) Bianca rushes to Marco, who clasps
 Bian. Marco!) her in his arms.

Beat. (Screaming with terror.) Holy Mother! 'tis her
 spirit

Come forth to haunt me!

Mar.

Dear one, thou

Art no spirit.

Bian. No Marco—I thank the fates

And Fernando, who preserv'd me from the steel

Of that dreadful woman: [Points to Beatrice!]

Diav. What a wretch I have escaped marrying!

Ecod she might have murder'd me the first—

[Shaking his head.]