

250 ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

BLACK WILL.

You'll find us always ready.

MOSBY.

And determined.

BLACK WILL.

Ay, fear it not. Farewell. [*Exeunt several ways.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in ARDEN's House.

Enter ALICIA with a letter.

He doubts me; yet he dares not tell me so,
But thus, by Green, whets my unsettled mind. [*Reads.*
"Strike home, or not at all. In case you fail,
"We have found instruments by means of Bradshaw."
He shall not find me undetermin'd now.
Hark! — Michael's on the watch. — If Arden sleeps,
(For so he seem'd dispos'd,) he'll bring me word.
That, that's the safest time. This promis'd marriage
With Mosby's sister, has remov'd his qualms.

Enter MICHAEL.

Why dost thou break upon me unawares?
What of your master?

MICHAEL.

He's scarce sunk to rest,
But full of meditated rage 'gainst Mosby.

ALICIA.

He'll sleep in peace ere long. —

MICHAEL.

Think not on that.
O did Maria bless me with her smiles,
As you do Mosby, had I twenty lives,
I'd risque 'em all to win her to my arms.

ALICIA.