

ALICIA.

I prithee leave me, Michael. [*Exit MICHAEL.*]

What is nature!

There is a pow'r in love, subdues to itself

All other passions in the human mind.

This wretch, more fearful than the lonely murderer,

Whom with inquiring eyes some stranger views,

Wou'd meet the king of terrors undismay'd,

For her he loves, and dare him to the combat.

And shall not I preserve my Mosby's life,

And shall not I—A husband!—What's a husband?

I have a soul above th'unnatural tie,

That tells me I'm his right, and only his,

Who won my virgin heart.—Ye tender parents,

Whose cruel kindness made your child thus wretched,

Turn not your eyes towards earth to view this scene;

'Twill make you sad in heav'n. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

*Another Room.* ARDEN *sleeping on a Couch.*

*Enter ALICIA with a dagger in her hand.*

ALICIA.

See!—Jealousy o'erwatch'd is sunk to rest,

While fearful guilt knows no security,

But in repeated crimes. My weary eyes,

Each moment apprehensive of his vengeance,

Must seek for rest in vain till his are clos'd.

Then for our mutual peace, and Mosby's love——

[*Approaching to stab him, starts.*]

He wakes—Defend me from his just revenge!

And yet he sees me not, nor moves a finger

To save his threaten'd life. Then whence that voice,

That pierc'd my ears, and cry'd, Alicia, hold!

Can mimic fancy cheat the outward sense,