

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

*An Inn, the FLOWER-DE-LUCE.*

MOSBY AND MICHAEL.

MICHAEL.

THO' I with oaths appeal'd to conscious heav'n,  
That Arden rose and shut the doors himself,  
Yet, but for Green, these bloody rogues had kill'd  
me.

We must desist—Franklin and sweet Maria  
Have promis'd, at Alicia's own request,  
To interfere—

MOSBY.

—Such ever be the employ  
Of him I hate.

MICHAEL.

The mourning fair, all chang'd,  
By me conjures you, (and with tears she spake it)  
Not to involve yourself and her in ruin,  
By seeking to renew a correspondence,  
She has renounc'd for ever.

MOSBY.

How! confusion!

MICHAEL.

And hopes, as heaven, in answer to her prayers,  
Hath reconcil'd her duty and affection:  
You will approve her resolution—

MOSBY.

Doubtless!

MICHAEL.