

MOSBY.

I've thought a way—
That may be easy under friendship's mask,
Which to a foe suspected may be hard.

GREEN.

Friendship! impossible—

MOSBY.

You know him not.
You, with your ruffians, in the street shall seek him.
I follow at some distance. They begin,
No matter how, a quarrel, and at once
Assault him with their swords.—Straight I appear,
Forget all wrongs, and draw in his defence;
Mark me, be sure, with some slight wound; then fly,
And leave the rest to me.

MICHAEL.

I know his temper.
This seeming benefit will cancel all
His former doubts, and gain his easy heart.

GREEN.

Perhaps so—yet—

MOSBY.

Further debates are needless. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in ARDEN'S House.

FRANKLIN AND MARIA.

FRANKLIN.

Well, in what temper did you find Alicia?

MARIA.

Never was anguish, never grief like hers:
She eats, nor sleeps. Her lovely, downcast eyes,

Vol. II.

T

That