

That us'd to gladden each beholder's heart,  
 Now wash the flinty bosom of the earth.  
 Her troubled breast heaves with incessant sighs,  
 Which drink the purple streams of life, and blast  
 Her bloom, as storms the blossoms of the spring.  
 But sure her prayers must quickly reach high heav'n,  
 Relenting Arden kindly sooth her sorrows,  
 And her lost peace restore.

FRANKLIN.

Their mutual peace, Maria!  
 For his can ne'er be found but in Alicia.  
 Asham'd to view the face of man or day,  
 As Mosby's name was written on his brow,  
 He cheerless wanders; seeks the darkest gloom  
 To hide his drooping head, and grieve alone.  
 With a full heart, swollen eyes, and faltering tongue,  
 He sometimes, seeking to beguile his grief,  
 Begins a mournful tale: but straight a thought  
 Of his imagin'd wrongs crossing his memory,  
 Ends his sad story ere the half be told.  
 O may our pains with wish'd success be crown'd!

*Enter ARDEN.*

ARDEN.

No, Franklin, no; your friendly cares are vain  
 Were I but certain she had wrong'd my bed,  
 I then might hate her, and shake off my woes;  
 But thus perplex'd, can never taste of comfort.

FRANKLIN.

O jealousy! thou bane of social joys!  
 Oh! she's a monster made of contradictions!  
 Let truth in all her native charms appear,  
 And with the voice of harmony itself  
 Plead the just cause of innocence traduc'd;  
 Deaf as the adder, blind as upstart greatness,  
 She sees nor hears. And yet let slander whisper,  
 Or