

ALICIA.

Fain wou'd I kifs his footsteps — but that look,
Where indignation seems to strive with grief,
Forbids me to approach him.

ARDEN.

Who wou'd think
That anguish were not real?

ALICIA.

I'm rooted here.

ARDEN.

Those tears, methinks, even if her guilt were cer-
tain,
Might wash away her pains.

ALICIA.

Support me, heaven!

ARDEN.

Curse on the abject thought. I shall relapse
To simple dotage. She steals on my heart,
She conquers with her eyes. If I but hear her voice,
Nor earth nor heaven can save me from her snares.
O! let me fly — if I have yet the power.

ALICIA.

O Arden! do not, do not leave me thus.

[Kneels, and holds him.]

ARDEN.

I pray thee loose thy hold.

ALICIA.

O never, never.

ARDEN.

Why shou'd I stay to tell thee of my wrongs,
To aggravate thy guilt and wound thy soul?
Thyself, if all these agonizing struggles