

ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM. 283

ARDEN.

Eafy indeed. I am too much oblig'd.
Why wreak'd not your good fword its juftice on me,
When mad with jealous rage, in my own houfe,
I urg'd you to my ruin?

MOSBY.

I lov'd you then
With the fame warmth as now.

ARDEN.

What's here! you bleed.
Let me bind up your wound.

MOSBY.

A trifle, fir—

ARDEN.

Your friendship makes it fo.—See, Franklin, fee!

Enter FRANKLIN.

The man I treated as a coward, bleeding,
Wretch that I am! for his defence of me.
Look to your wound. And, Mosby, let us hope
You'll fup with me. There will be honeft Bradshaw,
And Franklin here, and—

MOSBY.

Sir, I will not fail.

FRANKLIN.

I fhall not come.

ARDEN.

Nay, Franklin, that's unkind.

Prithee—

FRANKLIN.

Nay, urge me not.—I have my reafons.

MOSBY.