

ARDEN.

Believe me, friend, you'll laugh at this hereafter.

[Exit the other way.]

[Mosby having watch'd FRANKLIN out, re-enters with GREEN.]

MOSBY.

The surly friend has left him — as I wish'd —
You see how eagerly the foolish fool
Flies headlong to our snare: now to inclose him.
At eight the guests are bidden to his banquet,
And only Michael, of his num'rous train,
Keeps home with his Alicia. He'll secure
The keys of all the doors, and let you in
With my two trusty blood-hounds. Alicia seems
Averse at present —

GREEN.

She'll not dare betray us.

MOSBY.

Not when the deed is done. We know too much.
She'll be our prisoner, and shall be observ'd.
Towards evening, then, upon a slight pretence
To pass an hour at draughts (a game he loves)
I'll draw this husband home. You'll be prepar'd
In th' inner room (Michael will shew it you)
Till at a signal given, you'll all rush forth,
And strangle him.

GREEN.

Good — 'tis a death that leaves
No bloody character to mark the place.

MOSBY.

Howe'er, come all provided with your daggers,
Do you seek Michael, I'll instruct the rest.

GREEN.