

290 ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

ALICIA.

I will be heard,  
And mark me, when I swear, never hereafter,  
By look, word, act——

MOSBY.

Be damn'd—your husband—

ALICIA.

Ha!—

[*She screams.*]

*Enter ARDEN and MICHAEL.*

ARDEN.

Am I a monster, that I fright thee thus?

[*To MICHAEL.*]

Say, what has happen'd since I left the house?  
Thou look'st, Alicia, as if wild amazement  
Had chang'd thee to the image of herself.

ALICIA.

Is Frankland with you?

ARDEN.

No.

ALICIA.

Nor Fowl, nor Bradshaw?

ARDEN.

Neither, but both expected.—

ALICIA.

Merciful heaven!

ARDEN.

I meant to dedicate this happy night  
To mirth and joy, and thy returning love.

[*She sighs.*]

Make me not sad, Alicia: for my sake  
Let discontent be banish'd from your brow,

And