

BRADSHAW.

Your pardon, gentlemen.

[Exeunt GREEN and BRADSHAW.]

BLACK WILL.

He was a cadet in the last French war, like other foldiers then; but now he has got a nest, and feather'd it a little, he pretends to reputation. S'blood! had this been a fit place, he had not scap'd me so. You have survey'd us well *[to Mosby]* How do you like us?

MOSBY.

Methinks I read truth, prudence, secrecy, and courage writ upon your manly brows.

BLACK WILL.

What hellish villainy has this fellow in hand, that makes him fawn upon us? *[Aside.]*

MOSBY.

I fear the world's a stranger to your merit.
If this may recommend me to your friendship—
[Gives a purse.]

BLACK WILL.

Of what damn'd deed is this to be the wages?

SHAKEBAG.

Haft ever an elder brother's throat to cut?

BLACK WILL.

Or an old peevish father to be buried?

MOSBY.

Neither of these.

SHAKEBAG.

A rival then mayhap—

MOSBY.

There you come nearer to me.

SHAKEBAG.