

SHAKEBAG.

Then speak out.
We're honest, fir.

BLACK WILL.

Trusty, and very poor.

MOSBY.

Metal too fit for me. [*Aside.*] Then hear me, fir.
But you must both, ere I disclose my purpose,
Promise and bind that promise by your oaths—
Never—[*They both laugh.*] Why this unseasonable
mirth?

BLACK WILL.

You'd have us swear?—

MOSBY.

Else why did I propose it?

BLACK WILL.

There's the jest. Are men who act in despite of
all law, honour, and conscience; who live by
blood (as it is plain you think we do); are we free-
thinkers, like silly wenches and canting priests, to
be confin'd by oaths?

SHAKEBAG.

Wou'd you bind us, let the price equal the pur-
chase, and we'll go to hell for you with pleasure.

MOSBY.

Horrid! they shock ev'n me who wou'd employ
'em. [*Aside.*]

I apprehend—the business then is this:
In Feversham there lives a man, call'd Arden;
In general esteem, and ample means;
And has a wife the very pride of nature.
I have been happy long in her affections,

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And,