

And, he once dead, might with her share his fortunes.

He's jealous too of late, and threatens me.
Love, int'rest, self-defence, all ask his death—

BLACK WILL.

This man you'd have dispatch'd?

MOSBY.

I wou'd.

BLACK WILL.

Rich, you say?

MOSBY.

Immensely so.

BLACK WILL.

And much belov'd?

MOSBY.

By all degrees of men.

BLACK WILL.

George! this will be a dang'rous piece of work.

SHAKEBAG.

Damn'd dangerous. A man so known; and of his reputation too.

BLACK WILL.

And then the power and number of his friends must be consider'd.

MOSBY.

What! does your courage shrink already, sirs?

SHAKEBAG.

No.

BLACK WILL.

This is ever the curse of your men of true valour; to be the tools of crafty cowardly knaves,