

You more invest it! ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear, or sloth.

Seb. Pr'ythee, say on:

The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Why then thus, sir:

Although this lord of weak remembrance; this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded
(For he's as a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade) the king, his son's alive;
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,
As he that sleeps here, swims.

Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you? no hope, that way, is
Another way so high an hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But drops discovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of *Naples*?

Seb. *Claribel*.

Ant. She that is queen of *Tunis*; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from *Naples*
Can have no ^a note, unless the sun were post,
(The man i' th' moon's too slow) 'till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she from whom
We were sea-swallow'd; though some, cast again,
May by that destiny perform an act,
Whereof, what's past is prologue, what to come

^a No advices by letter.