

His nighted life: moreover, to descry
The strength o' th' enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow: stay with us:
The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, madam;
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to *Edmund*? might not you
Transport her purposes by word of mouth?
Something — I know not what — I'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather —

Reg. I know, your lady does not love her husband;
I'm sure of that: and, at her late being here,
She gave strange œliads, and most speaking looks
To noble *Edmund*. I know, you're of her bosom.

Stew. I, madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding: you are; I know't:
Therefore I do advise you take this note.
My lord is dead; *Edmund* and I have talk'd,
And more convenient is he for my hand
Than for your lady's: you may gather more:
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. Would I could meet him, madam! I should show
What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE