

In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I.

Hot. His mind!

I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth:
And, at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his physician.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole,
Ere he by sickness had been visited!
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprize;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.
He writes me here, that inward sickness—
And that his friends by deputation
Could not so soon be drawn: nor thought he meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is dispos'd to us:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lop'd off:
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it. Were it good,
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom, and the soul of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Dow.