

*Post.* I do believe,  
 (Statist though I am none, nor like to be,)
 That this will prove a war; and you shall hear  
 The legions now in *Gallia*, sooner landed  
 In our not-fearing *Britain*, than have tidings  
 Of any penny tribute pay'd. Our countrymen  
 Are men more order'd than when *Julius Cæsar*  
 Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage  
 Worthy his frowning at: their discipline  
 Now mingled with their courages, will make known  
 To their approvers, they are people such  
 As mend upon the world.

## SCENE VI.

*Enter Iachimo.*

*Phil.* See! *Iachimo!*

*Post.* Sure, the swift harts have posted you by land;  
 And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,  
 To make your vessel nimble.

*Phil.* Welcome, sir.

*Post.* I hope, the briefness of your answer made  
 The speediness of your return.

*Iach.* Your lady  
 Is of the fairest I e'er look'd upon.

*Post.* And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty  
 Look through a casement to allure false hearts,  
 And be false with them.

*Iach.* Here are letters for you.

*Post.* Their tenour good, I trust.

*Iach.* 'Tis very like.

*Post.* Was *Caius Lucius* in the *Britain* court,  
 When you were there?

*Iach.* He was expected then,  
 But was not yet approach'd.

*Post.* All is well yet. —

Sparkles