

danger is not much; and for clearing what there is, trust to chance, or if you like the word better, to Providence.

ANDRÉ, *aside*.

That I should be closely coupled with such a wretch! Ever since I met him, my blood creeps like that of a coward.

ARNOLD.

Pardon me for reminding you of the greatness of your mission. At this moment you are the most important man in His Majesty's service. On your doing well what you were sent to do, hangs the issue of this war. This one success makes your fortune.

ANDRÉ.

Give me the papers.

ARNOLD, *rising*.

There are six of them, (*gives them*;) each one labelled. Those papers are too cheap at ten thousand pounds.

ANDRÉ.

That is the limit of my power.