

[This text is Thomas Hull's (1728-1808) adaptation of Shakespeare's play Comedy of Errors. The text was entered from the Cornmarket Press's 1971 facsimile of the 1793 published edition of this adaptation. It was entered by the staff of the (then) Edinburgh University Computing Center before 1982 as part of a research project involving Andrew Morton and Sidney Michaelson; the text was re-formatted with by Tom Horton in 1983. The book from which it was entered exists in the University of Edinburgh's main library; here is the on-line catalogue information on it:

Call Number: .82233/S4
AUTHOR: Shakespeare , William , 1564-1616
TITLE: The comedy of errors / [adapted by] Thomas Hull
IMPRINT: London : Cornmarket Press 1971
PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION: 50 p ; 19 cm
NOTE: Facsimile reprint of the 1793 ed.
OTHER AUTHORS: Hull, Thomas
OTHER TITLES: The Comedy of errors
CSN: ocm00977040

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"Proceed, Salinus, to procure my fall,
And terminate, by this, thy rig'rous doom,
Aegeon's life and miseries together.
'Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more.
The enmity and discord which, of late,
Sprung from the ranc'rous outrage of your duke,
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
(Who, wanting guilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rig'rous statutes with their blood)
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
T'admit no traffic to our adverse towns.
Nay, more - If any, born at Ephesus,
Be seen at Syracusan marts or fairs:
Again - If any Syracusan born,
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies;

His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose,
Unless a thousand marks be levied
To quit the penalty, and ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto an hundred marks;
Therefore, by law, thou art condemn'd to die.
"This comfort then (the wretch's last resource)
At least, I gain from the severe decree -
My woes must finish e'er the setting sun.
'Yet, Syracusan, say in briefe the cause,
Why thou departedst from thy native home,
And for what cause thou cam'st to to Euphesus.
"A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
Yet will I utter what my grief permits. -
In Syracuse was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me!
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd
By prosp'rous traffic - till my factor's death,
Drew us unwillingly to Epidamnum.
There had we not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons,
And, strange to hear, the one so like the other,
They hardly by ourselves could be distinguished.
That very hour, and in the self-same house,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of such a burthen, male twins, both alike.
These (for their parents were exceeding poor)
I bought, and brought up, to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of her two boys,
Made daily motions for our home return.
Unwilling I agreed. - We came aboard -
O bitter recollection!
'Stop thy tears -
I long, yet almost dread to hear the rest.
"A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm;
But longer did we not retain much hope,
For what obscured light the heavens did grant,
Did but convey into our fearful minds
A dreadful warrant of immediate death.
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us.
My wife, more careful for the elder born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast;
To him, one of the other twins was bound;
While I had been like heedful of the younger.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And, floating strait, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sea wax'd calm; and we discover'd
Two ships, from far, making amain to us;

But ere they came -

` Pursue thy tale, old man.

"Being encounter'd by a mighty rock,
our helpless raft was splitted in the midst.
Her part (poor soul) burthen'd with lesser weight,
Was carried with more speed, before the wind;
And, in our fight, they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length another ship had seiz'd on us:
And would have 'reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail.

`Relate at full

What hath befallen to them, and thee 'till now.

"My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years, became inquisitive
After his brother, and importun'd me
That his attendant (for his case was like,
'Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name)
Might bear him company, in quest of him,
Whom, while I labour'd of a love to see,
I yielded to the loss of him I lov'd.
Since which unhappy time, no news arriving
What course their wayward stars had hurry'd them,
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming ev'n through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
But here must end the story of my life,
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

` Hapless Aegeon! whom the fates have mark'd

To bear th'extremity of dire mishap,
Now trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee:
But though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence cannot be recall'd,
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can.

I, therefore, merchant, limit thee this day
To seek thy life, by beneficial help;
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus,
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live - if not, then art thou doom'd to die.

" What friends can misery expect?

This pity but prolongs the date of pain:
And to a sure, though short protracted end,
Helpless and hopeless doth Aegeon wend.

`Therefore give out you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods be forfeit to the state.

This very day a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
Dies e'er the weary sun sets in the west. -
There is your money which I had to keep.
"Go, bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
and stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time;
'Till then I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am sick and weary.
Get thee away!
'Many a man would take you at your word,
And go away indeed, having so great
A treasure in his charge. - Of what strength do
You conceive my honesty, good master,
That you dare put it to such temptation?
"Of proof against a greater charge than this;
Were it remiss, thy love would strengthen it:
I think thou would'st not wrong me if thou could'st.
'I hope I should not, sir; but there is such
A thing as trusting too far. - Odds heart, 'tis
A weighty matter, and, if ballanc'd in
A stilliard against my honesty
I doubt -
"That very doubt is my security. -
No further argument, but speed away.
Ay, but master, you know the old saying -
'Then thou hast no occasion to tell it me. -
Begone I say. -

A trusty villian, sir, that very oft',
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests. -
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to the inn and dine with me?
"I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
I crave your pardon - but at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet you here upon the mart,
And afterwards consort with you till bed-time.
My present business calls me from you now.
'Farewell 'till then. - I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.
"Sir, I commend you to your own content.

'He that commends me to my own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I, to the world, am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, failing there to find his fellow out,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:

So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In search of them, unhappy, lose myself. -

How now! How chance thou art return'd so soon?
Return'd so soon! Rather approach'd too late -
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell,
My mistress made it one upon my cheek; -
She is so hot, because the meat is cold,
The meat is cold, because you come not home,
You come not home, because you have no stomach,
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are pertinent for your default to-day.

"Stop in your wind, sir; - tell me this, I pray,
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

'Money! - oh, the money that I had on
Wednesday last, to pay for mending my
mistress's saddle. - The sadler had it, sir,
I kept it not.

"I am not in a sportive humour now;
Tell me, and dally not - where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

'I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner -
I from my mistress come to you in haste.
Methinks your stomach, like mine, should be your clock,
And send you home without a messenger.

"Come, Dromio, come these jests are out of season;
Reserve them 'till a merrier hour than this. -
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

'To me, sir! - why, you gave no gold to me!
"Come, come, have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd my charge.

'My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner;
My mistress and her sister stay for you.

"Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry sponce of your's,
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd.
Where are the thousand marks thou had'st of me?

'I have some marks of your's upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
Between you both they make perhaps a thousand:
If I should pay your worship these again,
Perchance you will not take it patiently.

"Thy mistress' marks! - what mistress, slave, hast
thou?

'Your worship's wife, my mistress, at the Phoenix,
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will haste you.

"What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,

Being forbid? - There, take you that, sir knave.
'What mean you sir? - for Heaven's sake, hold
your hands -
Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

"Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain has been trick'd of all my money.
They say this town is full of cozenage;
If it proves so, I will be gone the sooner.
Misguided by my hopes, in doubt I stray,
To seek what I, perchance, may never find.
May not the cruel hand of destiny,
Ere this, have render'd all my searches vain?
If so, how wretched has my folly made me!
In luckless hour, alas! I left my home,
And the fond comforts of a father's love,
That only bliss my fortune had in store,
For dubious pleasures on a foreign shore.

'Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,
That, in such haste, I sent to seek his master?
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.
"Perhaps some merchant has invited him,
And from the mart, he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret;
A man is master of his liberty,
Will come, or go - therefore be patient, sister.
'Why should their liberty be more than ours?
"Because their bus'ness still lies out of door.
'Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.
"He is the bridle of your actions, sister.
'None, but an idiot, would be bridled so.
"Why, headstrong liberty belongs to man,
And ill befits a woman's gentle mind.
There's nothing situate under Heaven's eye,
But hath it's bound in earth, in sea, and air;
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged tribes,
Are their males subjects, and at their controul.
Man, more divine, the master of them all
Indued with intellectual sense and soul,
Is master to his female - nay her lord!
Let then your will attend on his commands.
'This servitude makes you remain unwed.
"Not this, but troubles of the marriage state.
'But were you wedded, you would bear some rule.
"Before I wed I'll practise to obey.
'How, if your husband start some other where?
"With all the gentle, artificial means,
That patient meekness, and domestic cares
could bring to my relief, I would beguile
The intervening hours, till he, tir'd out

With empy transient pleasures, should return
To seek content and hapiness at home -
With smiles I'd welcome him, and put in practice
Each soothing art, that kindness could suggest,
To wean his mind from such delusive joys.
O special reasoning! well may they be patient,
Who never had a cause for anger given them!
How easily we cure another's grief!
But, were we burthen'd with like weight of woe,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.
So thou, who hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
Would'st comfort me, by urging helpless patience;
But should'st thou live to see these griefs thine own,
This boasted patience would be thrown aside.
'Well, I will marry one day, but to try -
Here comes your man, now is your husband near.

"Say is your tardy master now at hand?
Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two
ears can witness.
Say, did'st thou speak with him? Know'st thou his mind?
'Ay, Ay, he told his mind upon my ear;
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.
"Spake he so doubtfully, thou could'st not find his meaning?
'Nay he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his
blows: and withal so doubtfully that I could scarce understand
them.
"But say, I pray thee, is he coming home?
It seems, he has great care to please his wife!
'Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.
"Horn-mad, thou villain!
'I mean not cuckold-mad, but sure he's stark-mad.
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold.
'Tis dinner time, quoth I - my gold, quoth he -
Your meat doth burn, quoth I - my gold, quoth he -
Where are the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, is burn'd - my gold, quoth he -
My mistress, sir, quoth I - hang up thy mistress!
I do not know thy mistress - out on thy mistress!
"Quoth who?
'Quoth my master -
I know, quoth, he, no house, no wife, no mistress;
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders -
For, in conclusion, he did beat me hither.
"Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.
'Go back again, and be new beaten home!
For heavens sake, send some other messenger.
"Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.
'Am I so round with you, as you with me,
That, like a football, you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither.

If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

"Fie! how impatience lowereth on your brow!
'His company must do his minions grace,
While I, at home, starve for a cheerful look.
Hath homely age th'alluring beauty stole
>From my poor cheek? no, he hath wasted it.
Are my discourses low? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be dull'd,
Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That's not my fault - he's master of my fortunes.
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin'd? - Then is he the cause
Of my defeatures - my decayed beauty,
A funny look of his would soon repair:
But, too unruly deer! he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home - poor I am left despis'd.
"Self-harming jealousy! fie! beat it hence.
'I know his eye doth homage other-where,
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promis'd me a bracelet -
Some stranger fair hath caught his truant eye,
And triumphs in the gifts design'd for me.
Such trifles yet with ease I could forego,
So I were sure he left his heart at home!
I see the jewel best enameled
Will lose its lustre - so doth Adriana -
Whom once, unwearied with continual gazing,
He fondly call'd the treasure of his life!
Now, since my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

"The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur, and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth in care to seek me out.
Oh! here he comes -

How now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You knew no Centaur! you receiv'd no gold!
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner!
My house was at the Phoenix! wert thou mad,
That thus so strangely thou did'st answer me?
What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?
'Ev'n now, ev'n here; not half an hour since.
"I did not see you, since you sent me hence
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.
'Villain, thou did'st deny the gold's receipt,
And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

"I'm glad to see you in this merry vein;
What means this jest, I pray you, master, tell me?
'What, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou I jest? there take thou that, and that.

"Hold, Sir, for heavens sake; now your jest is earnest -

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

'Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, then know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanor to my looks.

"I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

'Dost thou not know?

"Nothing, but that I am beaten.

'Why first, for flouting me, and then for urging
It in spite of my assertion to the contrary.
Is dinner ready?

"No, sir, I think the meat wants what I've got.

'What's that?

"Why basting, sir!

'No more, thou knave! for see who wafts us yonder,
This way they haste, and by their gestures seem
To point out me - what should they mean, I trow?

"Ay, ay, Antipholis, look strange and frown,
Some other mistress hath some sweeter aspect,
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou, unurg'd, wou'dst vow,
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch were welcome to thine hand,
That never food well-favour'd to the taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd.
How comes it now, my husband, oh! how comes it,
That thou art thus estranged to thyself?

Thyself, I call it, being strange to me -

Oh! do not tear thyself away from me;

For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall

A drop of water in the breaking gulph,

And take unmingled thence that drop again,

As take from me thyself. -

How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,

Should'st thou but hear I were licentious?

Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn me from thee,

And hurl the name of husband in my face,

And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow,

Yea, from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,

And break it with a deep-divorcing vow? -

I know thou wou'd'st, and therefore see thou do it!

For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy crimes.
Keep then fair league, and truce with thy true bed,
I live unstain'd, thou undishonoured.
'Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not;
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk.
"Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.
'By Dromio?
"By me!
'By thee, and thus thou didst return from him,
That he did buffet thee, and in his blows,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.
"Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
'I, sir! - I never saw her, 'till this moment.
"Villain, thou liest, for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.
'I never spoke with with her in all my life.
"How can she then thus call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?
'How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood! -
Come, I will fasten thus upon thy arm;
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Shares in thy virtues and, partakes thy strength.
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, idle moss, or briar,
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion,
Infect thy sap, and live on thy destruction.
"To me she speaks - she moves me for her theam -
What was I married to her, in my sleep;
Or sleep I now, and dream I hear all this?
What error thus deceives our eyes and ears?
Yet, that the mystery I may explore,
I'll seem to entertain the fallacy.
'Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.
"Meaning me?
'Ay, thee, thou slug!
"Spread for dinner!
'Am I alive? Am I Antipholis?
Sleeping or waking? mad or well-advis'd!
Known unto these, yet to myself unknown -
Fain would I learn from whence these wonders flow -
But that I almost fear to trace the source
So strange is everything I see and hear.
"Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye, and weep,
While man and master laugh my woes to scorn.
Come, sir, to dinner - Dromio keep the gate -

Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day
And shrieve you of a thousand idle pranks.
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.
Come, sister! - Dromio, play the porter well.

Spread for dinner. I am afraid I shall
Be somewhat awkward, as I am not
Acquainted with the ways of the house,
Tho' I suppose they'll be so courteous
As to instruct a new-comer. Ay there they go -
The house with the green doors, and have taken
My master with 'em; I must follow - Sure
We are in the fairy land, and converse with
'Sprights and goblins. I wish they mayn't have
Infected my poor master already; for, even,
Now, he swore to a discourse, I held with him
On the Mart; when I can swear, I was talking
To the strong box at the Centaur. - Mighty odd
All this! However, my comfort is, that whatsoever
Mischief we light on, the master takes place
Of the servant, and must fall into it first.

'Good Signor Angelo, you must excuse us;
My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours.
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,
To see the making of her bracket,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,
And charged him with a thousand marks in gold,
And that I did deny my wife and house. -
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?
"Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know.
That you beat me at the mart, I have the marks to witness.
'Silence, thou sot, or I shal sober thee! -
You're sad, Signor Balthasar; pray Heaven our cheer may an-
swer my good-will, and your good welcome. - But soft my door
is lock'd - Sirrah, ring the bell.
"Oh, he's a little soberer, and he does know his
own house now.

'Will they not hear?
"In good truth, I think they will not.- My mis-
tress, sure, means to be quits with you, master - you denied her
a while ago, and now she's determined to deny you.
'Have done, thou varlet. Call to them, bid them
let us in.
"Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Madge!

` Mome, Malt-horse, Capon, Coxcomb,
Ideot, Patch! - Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st
for such store, when one is one to many. - Go get thee from the
gate!

"What patch is made our porter? - My master stays
in the street.

` Let him walk from whence he came,
lest he catch cold in his feet.

"Who talks within there? - Hoa, open the door.

` Right, Sir, - I'll tell you when, an you'll
tell me wherefore.

"What art thou, there, that keep'st me from mine
own house?

` The porter, sir, and my name is Dromio.

"O, villain, thou hast stole both mine office and my
name.

` Why, what a coil is there; - Dromio, who
are those at the door?

"Let my master in, Bridget.

` Peace, fool! thy master's here already.

"Do you hear, you minion, you'll let us in, I trow?

` Can you tell for whose sake?

"Master, knock at the door hard.

` Let him knock till it ake.

" Who is at the gate, that keeps all this
noise?

`Are you there, wife? - you might have come be-
fore.

" Your wife, sir knave! - Go, get you from the
gate.

`Get from the gate? - What means this saucy lan-
guage?

There's something more in this! - Why, Adriana!

" Hence, you familiar coxcomb! Cease your
noise.

Or you shall dearly pay for all this outrage. -

Dromio, be sure you keep fast the doors against 'em.

`Why, wife, I say.-

" She's gone back to dinner, sir, to take a
refreshing cup, and has no time to answer idle questions now.

`Now, on my soul, some strange mysterious guile,
Lurks underneath this unaccustom'd usage.

Some shameful minion here is entertain'd -

Shall I be thus shut forth from my own house,

While they are revelling to my dishonour?

Go, fetch an instrument - I'll break the door,

Shatter it all to pieces, but I'll enter.

"Have patience, sir - O, let it not be thus,

Herein you war against your reputation,

And draw within the compass of suspect

Th'inviolated honour of your wife.

Your long experience of her wisdom, sir,

Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,

Plead, on her part, some cause to you unknown;
And, doubt it not, but she will well excuse
Why, at this time, the doors are barr'd against you.
'Be rul'd by me - depart in patience,
And let us to the Tyger all to dinner;
And, about evening, come yourself alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now, in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed, by the common rout,
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead.
For slander lives ev'n to posterity,
For ever hous'd when once it gets possession.
"You have prevail'd - I will depart in quiet,
And in despite of wrath, try to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty - wild, and yet right gentle;
There will we dine - This woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I protest without desert)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal.
To her will we to dinner. Get you home,
And fetch the jewel - by this I guess 'tis made ---
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine,
For there's the house, and there will I bestow it,
(Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)
Upon mine hostess. Good sir, use dispatch.
'I'll meet you at that place some hour, sir, hence.

"I thank you, sir. - And now, my dainty wife,
Checking my rage, I'll leave you to your follies
Some few short hours; enjoy them while you may,
Perchance to-morrow you may rue your jest.

'Why. why was I to this keen mock'ry born?
How at your hands have I deserv'd this coldness?
In sooth, you do me wrong. --- There was a time
When I believ'd (so fond was my credulity)
The sun was scarce so true unto the day,
As you to me.

"I would some friendly light
Might chase away the mist that clouds our fancies,
And give this dream a meaning! --- True, I see,
These beauteous bowers, in nature's fragrance rich;
Behold the painted children of her hand,
Flaunting in gay luxuriance all around.
I see imperial Phoebus' trembling beam
Dance on the curly brook; whose gentle current
Glides imperceptibly away, scarce staying

To kiss th' embracing bank.
'So glides away
Thy hasty love - (O, apt allusion!)
And mocks my constant and attentive care,
That seeks in vain to keep it.
"Dearest brother,
Why turn on me your eyes? - regard my sister,
Who with such earnest suit solicits you
To heal her wounded peace.
'It cannot be
But that some phrenzy hath possess his mind,
Else could he not with cold indifference hear
His Adriana pleading - Music's voice
O'er such entranced dispositions
Hath off' a magic power, and can recall
The wand'ring faculties. Good cousin Hermia,
Assay those melting strains, wherewith, thou told'st me,
Forsaken Julia labour'd to retrieve
Lysander's truant heart.

Stray not to those distant plains,
>From thy comfort do not rove,
Tarry in these peaceful glens,
Tread the downy paths of love:
Is not this sequester'd shade
Richer than the proud alcove?
Tarry in this beauteous glade,
Tarry here with me and love.
Listen to the woodlark's note,
Listen to the cooing dove,
Hark! the throstle's mellow throat,
All uniting, carrol love:
See the limpid brooks around,
Winding through the varied grove;
This is passion's fairy ground,
Tarry here with me and love.
"Sister, there is some magic in thine eye
That hath infected his - Perchance to thee
He may unfold the source of his distemp'rature:
For me, no longer will I sue for that
My right may claim; loose infidelity
And lawless passion hath estrang'd his soul.
Yet thinck, my husband, could'st thou bear the like?
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Should'st thou but hear I were licentious!
Would'st thou not scoff at me, and spurn me from thee?
Or hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow?
Yea, from my false hand cut the wedding ring,
And break it with a deep divorcing vow?
I know thou would'st, and therefore fee thou do it;
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy crimes.

Preserve then equal league with the fair bed;
Keep me unstain'd, thou undishonour'd live.

'And may it be, that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? Shall Antipholis
Ev'n in the spring of love, thy love passion fade?,
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness;
Or, if you like elsewhere, do it in secret;
Let not my sister read it in your eye,
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, Speak fair, become disloyalty,
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger. -
"Now by the air we breathe, I vow, bright dame,
My senses are all smother'd up in wonder;
All but my sight - with that, methinks I view
An angel pleading; - and, while thus delighted,
I may peruse the graces of that brow,
I will not with the mystery unfolded,
But to your chidings pay submissive awe,
As to an holy mandate. - Speak, speak on.
'Be secret false - why need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags on his own bad deeds?
'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in your looks at board.
Ill deeds are doubled by an evil word.
'Alas poor women! - make us but believe
'(Being compass of credit) that you love,
'We in your motions turn, are led by you,
And easily accord w^o what we wish.'
Then, gentle brother, get you in again:
And call my sister, wife - comfort her - cheer her -
'Tis holy sport to be a little false,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
"Sweet mistress, let me call you by that name,
Teach me, oh teach me how to think, and answer;
Lay open to my shallow gross conceit,
The folded meaning of your sugar'd words.
Against my soul's pure truth, why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown path?
Are you a goddess? Would you new create me?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if I am Antiphlis, I swear
Your weeping sister is no wife to me. -
O, no! to you alone my soul inclines;
Then train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy voice,
To drown me in thy sister's Flood of Tears!
Sing, syren, for thyself and I will doat!
Spread o'er the silver waves thy glossy locks,
And as a bed I'll take thee, there I'll lie,
And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death that hath such means to die.
'What, are you mad, that you do reason thus?

"Not mad, --- enchanted; how do I not know.
'It is a fault that springeth from your eye.
"For gazing on your dazling beams, fair sun.
Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.
'As good to wink, sweet love, as look on darkness.
"Why call you me love? call my sister so.
'Thy sister's sister.
"That's my sister.

'No;
It is thy self, my own self's better half,
My eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim.
"All this my sister is, or else should be.
'Call thyself sister, sweet, for thee I mean:
Thee will I love, with thee would spend my days. -
Give me thy hand.
"Oh soft, sir, hold you still.
I'll seek my sister, to get her consent;
If she approve, I shall accord, no doubt.

'O subtle power! O soil too capable!
Scarse had her sun of beauty warm'd my heart,
When the gay flower of love, disclosing fragrance,
Sprung up at once, and blossom'd to perfection,
Ere well the bud was seen. - Why, how now, Dromio?

Where run'st thou so fast?
"Do you know me, sir? Am I Dromio? Am I your
man? Am I myself?
'Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thy-
self.
"I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and beside my-
self.
'What woman's man? and how beside thyself?
"Marry sir, beside myself, I am due to a woman;
one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.
'What claim lays she to thee?
"Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your
horse.

'What is she?
"A very reverend body; and though I have but
lean luck in the match, yet she is a wondrous fat marriage -
Sir, she is the kitchen wench, all grease, and I know not what
use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her
by her own light.
'I'll warrant the rags, and the tallow in them, will
burn a Poland winter.
"They would indeed, sir. - To conclude; this
drudge laid claim to me, called me Dromio, swore I was betrothed
to her, told me what secret marks I had about me; as the marks
on my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left
arm, that I, amaz'd, ran from her, as a witch - and I think, if
my breast had been not made of faith, and my heart of steel, she

would have transform'd me to a curtal dog, and made me turn
in the wheel.

'Sure, none but witches can inhabit here,
And therefore 'tis high time that we were hence.
Go, hie thee presently, post to the road,
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town tonight.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk 'till thou return to me.

As from a bear a man would run for life.
So I from her that swears she is my wife.

"Master Antipholus!

'Ay, that's my name.

"I know it well, sir. - Lo here is the bracelet;
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine,
It being unfinish'd, made my stay thus long.

'What is your will that I should do with this?

"Ev'n what you please, sir, - I have made it for you.

'Made it for me, sir! I never once bespoke it.

"Not once, not twice, but twenty times you have.

Go home with it and please your wife withal.

About your supper time I'll visit you,

And then receive my money for the bracelet.

'I pray you, sir, since you will force it on me,
Receive the money now,

For fear you ne'er see that or jewel more.

"You are a merry man, sir - fare you well.

'Wonder on wonder rises every moment!

What I should think of this I cannot tell;

However strange, here on my arm I'll wear it

Preserve it safe, as fortune's happy pledge.

Off' as it strikes my eye, I'll heave a sigh,

And say, the self-same hour that gave thee to me,

Gave me to gaze on Luciana's eyes -

So will I make a profit of a chance,

And treasure up a comfort in affliction.

Unwillingly I go - my wounded soul,

(Howe'er from Ephesus my body part)

Lingers behind in Luciana's heart.

"You know since Penetecost the sum is due;

and since I have not much impotun'd you.

Nor had I now, sir, but that I am bound

To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage.

Therefore make present satisfaction,

Or I attach you by this officer.

'Ev'n just the sum that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me from Antipholis;
And in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a bracelet - at five o'clock
I shall receive the money for the same.
Please you but walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.
"That labour you may spare - see where he comes.

'While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end - that will I bestow
Among the base confederates of my wife,
For locking me out of my doors to-day.
But soft, I see the goldsmith - get thee gone
To buy the rope, and bring it home to me.

A man is well holpe up, that trusts to you:
I promis'd me your presence, and the bracelet;
But nei than nor the goldsmith came to me.
"Saving your merry humour, here's the note
How much your jewel weighs, to th'utmost carat.
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,
Make it amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand 'debted to this gentleman.
I pray you see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.
'I am not funish'd with the sum about me,
Besides I have some business in the town.
Good Signor, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the bracelet. - Bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof.
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.
"Then you will bring the bracelet there yourself?
'No do you bear it, lest I come not time enough.
"Well, sir, I will then - have you it about you?
'An if I have not, sir, I hope you have,
Or else you may return without your money.
,Q Angelo.>Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the jewel,
Both wind and tide stay for the gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.
"I guess you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise at the Porcupine.
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew you first begin to brawl.
'The hour steals on - I pray you, sir, dispatch.
"You hear how he importunes me; - the bracelet -
'Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.
Come, come, you know I gave it you even now;
Or give it me, or send me by some token.
"fie, now you run this humour out of breath -
Come, where is it? - I pray you let me see it.
'My business cannot brook this dalliance -
Good sir, say, if you'll answer me, or no;

If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

"I answer you! - what should I answer you?

'The money that you owe me for the bracelet.

"I owe you none, till I receive the bracelet.

'You know I gave it you half an hour since.

"You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.

'You wrong me more, sir, in denying it;

Consider how it stands upon my credit.

"Well, officer arrest him at my suit.

'I do, and charge you in the duke's name, to obey me.

"This touches me, sir, in my reputation+

Either consent to pay the sum for me,

Or I attach you by this officer.

'Consent to pay for what I never had!

Arrest me foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

"Here is thy fee - arrest him, officer -

I would not spare my brother in this case,

If he should scorn me so apparently.

'I do arrest you sir, - you hear the suit.

"I do obey thee, till I give thee bail.

But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear,

As all the metal in your shop will answer.

'Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,

To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

"Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum

That stays till her owner comes aboard;

Then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir,

I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought

The, oil, the balsumum and aqua vitae.

The ship is in her trim, the merry wind

Blows fair from land, they stay for naught at all,

But for the owner, master, and yourself.

'How now, madman! Why thou peevish sheep,

What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

"A ship you sent me to, sir, to hire wastage.

'Thou drunken slave, I sent the for a rope;

And told thee to what purpose and for whom.

"You sent me to the bay sir, for a bark.

'I will debate the matter at more leisure,

And teach your ears to list me with more heed.

To Adriana, villain, hie thee strait,

Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk

That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,

There is a purse of ducats, let her send it;

Tell her I am arrested in the street,

And that shall bail me. - Hie thee, slave, begone.

On, officer, to prison, till he comes.

"To Adriana's! --- that is where we din'd --

Go there again! --- Surely my poor master's mind is strangely altered. - But now he sent me to seek a vessel, and swore he would not stay an hour longer --- now he denies it all, and rather seems

inclined to take up his abode here; for, upon the strength of one visit only, he has got the key of Adriana's treasure I see; and sends for her ducats as familiarly as he would for his own. --- Then how he should come arrested! --- I'll venture, however, to her house once more, and get the money for him, if that Blowzabel, who claimed me for her husband, does not set her kitchenstuff countenance in my way, and fright me from my purpose.

`What, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye,
That he did plead in earnest? Didst thou mark,
Look'd he or pale, or red, or sad, or merry?
What observation, tell me, couldst thou make
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?
"First, he deny'd you had in him a right.
'He meant, he did me none --- themore my wrong.
"Then swore he that he was a stranger here.
'And true he swore, though yet forsworn he be.
"Then pleaded I for you.
'What said he then?
"That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.
'Wih what persuasion did he tempt thy love?
"With words that in an honest suit might move;
First did he praise my beauty, then my speech.
'Didst speak him fair?
"Have patience, I beseech you.
'I cannot, nor I will not hold me still.
My tongue, though not my heart, must have its scope
Oh, he is shapeless, crooked, old, and seer,
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, rude, unkind,
deform'd in person, more deform'd in soul!
"Yet do not give such way to your affliction,
But call your better reason to your aid: -
Oh, did my brother's mind but mate his person,
Were but his conduct graceful as his visage,
What woman might with Adriana boast
So vast a fund of hymeneal bliss!
Trust then to time, and fault-repairing wisdom,
To change his mind; nor foil, with partial breath,
A form in nature's fairest colours drest.
'Oh, but I think him better than I say,
With him kind and fair to me alone.
Thus, lapwing-like, far from my nest I cry,
To puzzle and mislead intruding eyes.
That seek to rob me of my treasur'd bliss.

"Here, go! --- the desk --- the purse! --- sweet now,
make haste.

'How hast thou lost thy breath?

"By running fast.

'Where is thy master Dromio? is he well?

"No, he's in Tartar-limbo --- a devil hath him;;
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fury, pityless and rough;
A back-friend; one that commands
The passages of alleys, creeks and lanes
'Why, man, what is the matter?
'I do not know the matter, but he is arrested.
'Arrested, is he? --- tell me, at whose suit?
'I do not know at whose suit he is arrested, but ar-
rested he is --- and his suit to you is, that you will send him, Mis-
tress Redemption, the money in his desk.
'Go, fetch it, sister. -
This I wonder at.
That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.
Tell me, was he arrested on a bond?
"No, on the mart. --- Come, tis time that I were gone.

'Go, Dromio, there's the money, bear it strait,
And bring thy master home immediately.

Yet wherefore bring him home, since he has lost
All token of regard, and slights the place
Where, once, he said his ev'ry comfort dwelt,
Why should I wish him here? and yet without him
What is this hime to me.

"Some vague conceit,
The phantom of the moment, hath possest him;
It will away as soon.
'Pray, Heaven, it may;
For 'till he shake it off, no mate have I,
But jealous doubt, or dark despondency.

"There's not a man I meet but doth salute me,
As if I were his well acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, some invite me,
Some offer me commodities to buy,
While others give me thanks for kindnesses.
Ev'n now a taylor call'd me in his shop,
And shew'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And there withal took measure of my body.
Sure these are but imaginary wiles;
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

'Master here's the gold you sent me for. - What,
have you got rid of the fiend?
"What gold is this? - What fiend dost thou mean?
'He that came behund you, sir, like an evil angel,
ad bid you forsake your liberty.
"I understand thee not.
'No! - why tis plain enough. - The man sir, that,

when gentlement are tired, gives them a fob and rests them. He, sir, that takes pity on decay'd men, and gives them suits of du-rance.

"Mean'st thou an officer?

'Ay, sir, the serjeant of the band - he that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his bond. One that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, Heaven send you good rest!

"Well, sir, there rest your foolery! - Is there any ship puts forth to-night? May we be gone?

'Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the Bark, Expedition, puts forth tonight; and then were you hindered by the serjeant, to tarry for the hoy, Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

"The fellow is distract, and so am I,
And here we wander in illusion -
Some blessed power deliver us from hence! -

'Well met, well met, master Antipholis!
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now,
Is the bracelet you promis'd me to-day?

"What more temptations?

Mistress, you do impeach your modesty,
Here in the street, thus to commit yourself
Into the hands of one who knows you not.

'Not know me? - how? - Am I not Lesbia?
And are you not Antipholis? - Nay, jest not;
Return with me, and we will mend our cheer.

"Have you no bashfulness; no sense of shame;
No touch of medesty? Why will you tear
Ungentle words from my reluctant tongue?

'I would not do so, good Antipholis;
I do but ask for what you promis'd me.

"I promis'd thee?

'Ay! as we sat at dinner.

"I ne'er beheld your face until this instant

'And toldst me that thy wife -

"My wife? - thou forceress?

'Master, you certainly have been married,
And have forgot it.

"Say, did you not, Antipholis?

'I tell thee, no.

"Nor take my ring?

'No, no - nor comprehend
What thy false tongue hath utter'd. - Dromio,
Follow me to our inn - I will not stay,
Nor longer listen to thy sorceries.

"No, you don't. Here's my charm
againstwitches. - Mistress, it is written that evil spirits appear
to men like angels of light. Light is an effect of fire, and fire
will burn. - Ergo - light wenches will burn - therefore we will
not trust ourselves near you.

`Now out of doubt, Antipholis is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same, he promis'd me a bracelet;
Both one and other he denies me now.
What then remains? what measures shall I take?
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took, per force,
My ring away - This course I fittest chuse,
To right myself against this madman's wrong.

"Fear me not, man; I will not break away.
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money
To warrant thee, as I'm 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood today,
And will not lightly trust the messenger.
That I should be attached in Ephesus,
I tell you will sound harshly in her ears.
Here comes my man, I think he brings the money.

`How now, sir, have you that I sent you for?
"Here's that, I'll warrant you, will pay them all.
`But where's the money?
"Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.
`Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?
"I'll serve you, sir, five thousand at that rate.
`To what end did I bid thee hie thee hence?
"To a ropes end, sir, and to that end I am return'd.
`And to that end, sir, will I welcome you.

"Good sir, be patient.
`Nay, 'tis for me to be patient, I am in adversity.
"Good now, hold thy tongue.
`Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.
"Thou whoreson, senseless villain!
` I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel
yourblows.
"Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is
an ass.
`I am an ass, indeed, you may prove it by my en-
durance. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to
this instant, and had nothing at his hands for my service but
blows - when I am cold he heats me with a beating; when I am
warm he cools me with beating. I am waked with it when I
sleep, raised with it when I sit, driven out of doors when it when I
go abroad, welcomed home with it when I return; nay, I bear
it on my shoulders as a beggar does her brat - and I think when
he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.
"Well, we'll along; my wife is coming yonder.

'Mistress, respice finem, respect your end - or rather
the prophecy, like the parrot, beware of the rope's end.

"Wilt thou still prate? art thou not quieted?

Then take thou that, and that.

'Good sir, be patient.

"How say you now? Is not your husband mad?

'His incivility confirms no less;

Good Dr. Pinch, you are a skilful man,

Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will pay you what you shall demand.

"Alas! how fiery and how fierce he looks!

'Mark how he trembls in his ecstasy!

"Give me your hand and let me feel your pulse.

'There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

"I charge thee, satan, hous'd within this man,

To yield possession to my holy prayers;

And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight.

'Peace, doating wizzard, peace! I am not mad.

"O that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

'You minion, you, are these youe customers?

Did this companion, with the saffron face,

Revel and feast it at my house to-day?

While upon me the guilty doors were shut,

And I denied to enter in my house?

"O, husband! Heaven doth know you din'd at home,

Where would you had remain'd until this time,

Free from these slanders, and this open shame.

'Din'd at home! - Thou villain, what say'st thou?

"Sir, sooth to say, thou did not dine at home.

'Were not my doors locked up, and I shut out?

"In sooth your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

'And did not she herself revile me there?

"Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

'And did I not, in rage, depart from thence?

"In verity, you did - my bones bear witness,

That since have felt the vigour of your rage.

'Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?

"It is no shame, the fellow finds his vein,

And yielding to him, humours well his phrenzy.

'Thou hast suborn'd the Goldsmith to arrest me.

"Alas! I sent you money to redeem you,

By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

'Money by me! - Heart and good-will you might,

But surely, master, not a doit of money.

"Went'st thou not to her for a purse of ducats?

'He came to me, and I delivered it.

"And I am witness with her, that she did.

'Heaven, and the rope-maker can bear me witness

That I was sent for nothing but a rope.

"Mistress, both man and master are possest,

I know it by their pale and deadly looks;

They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

'Say, wherefore did'st thou lock me forth to-day?

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?
"I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.
'And, gentle master, I received no gold,
But I can swear, sir, that we were locked out.
"Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.
'Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me.
But with these nails I'll pluck out those false eyes,
That would behold me in this shameful sort.
"O! hold him, hold him, let him not come near me.

'More company! the fiend is strong within him.
"What, will you murder me? - Thou, jailor, thou,
I am thy prisoner; wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?
'Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall have him.
"Go, bind that man, for he is frantic too.
'What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer,
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?
"He is my prisoner, if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be required of me.
'Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to thy house - O! most unhappy day!
"O! most unhappy strumpet!

'I will discharge thee -
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor -
But say, whose suit is he arrested at?
"One Angelo, a goldsmith - do you know him?
'I know the man - what is the sum he owes?
"Two hundred ducats.
'Say, how grows it due?
"Due for a bracelet, which your husband had.
'He did bespeak't for me, but had it not.
"When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,
(The ring I saw upon his finger now)
Strait after did I meet him with the bracelet.
'It may be so, but I did never see it.
Come, jailor, bring me where the goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.
"Heaven, for thy mercy! they are loose again!
'And come with naked swords.

Let's call more help to have'em bound again.
"Away! they'll kill us!

'She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.
"Come to the Centaur, fetch our stuff from thence.

I long that we were safe and sound aboard.
'Faith, stay here this night - they will surely do us
no harm - you saw they spake us fair, gave us gold. - Methinks
they are such a gentle nation, that, but for the mountains of mad
flesh, who claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay
here still, and turn witch myself.
"I will not stay, to-night, for all the town,
So many, and such strange events pursue me,
'Tis madness all! and I begin to doubt,
That even love and beauty are but snares,
To plunge my soul in yet severer cares.

'I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But I protest he had the jewel of me,
Though most dishonestly he did deny it.
"How is the man esteem'd here in the city?
'Of very reverend estimation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives within our walls.
His word might bear my wealth at any time.
"Speak softly; yonder, as I think, he comes.
'Tis so, and that same bracelet on his arm,
Which he forswore most nonstrously to have.
Good sit, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.

Signor Antipholis I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble,
And not without some scandal yourself;
With circumstance and oaths so to deny
This bracelet which you wear so openly.
Besides the charge, the shame imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail and put to sea today.
This jewel you had of me - can you deny it?
"I know I had - I never did deny it.
'Yes, that you did, sir - and forswore it too.
"Who heard me to deny, or to forswear it?
'These ears of mine, thou knowst well, did hear thee.
Fie on thee, wretch! tis pity that thou liv'st
To walk, where any honest men resort.
"Thou art a villain to imprach me thus:
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee, with my life, if thou dar'st stand it.
'I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

"Hold! hurt him not, for heaven's sake - he's mad.
'Run, master, run for heavens sake, take house.
This is some priory; - in, or we are spoil'd.

"Pursue them, I beseech ye - bring them back.

'Be quiet, people! wherefore throng ye hither?

"To fetch my poor, distracted husband hence.

Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

'I knew he was not his perfect wits.

"I am sorry now, that I did draw upon him.

'How long has this possession held the man?

"This week he hath been heavy, sour and sad,
And much, much different from the man he was;
But 'till this afternoon, his fatal passion
Ne'er broke into extremity of rage.

'Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea?

Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?

A sin, prevailing much in youthful men.

Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing! -

Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

"To none of them except it be the last,
Namely some love, that drew him oft from home.

'You should for that have reprehended him.

"Why, so I did.

'Ay, but not rough enough.

"As roughly as my modesty would let me.

'Haply in private.

"And in assemblies too.

'Ay, but not enough.

"It was the copy of our conference -

In bed he slept not for my urging it;

At board he fed not for my urging it;

Alone, it was the subject of my theme;

In company I often glanc'd at it;

Still did I tell him it was vile and base.

'And therefore came it that the man was mad

The venom'd clamours of a jealous woman,

Poison more deadly than a mad-dog's tooth!

It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing,

And therefore comes it, that his head is light.

Thou say'st his meals was sauc'd with thy upbraidings;

Unquiet meals make ill digestions,

Thereof the raging fire of fever bred,

And what's a fever but a fit of madness?

Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd with thy brawls;

Sweet recreation barr'd, what toils ensue,

But moody, mopish, and dull melancholy,

Kinsman to grim, and comfortless despair!

And, at here heels, a huge, infectious troop,

Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?

The consequence is then, thy jealousies

Have scar'd thy husband from his better sense.

"She never reprehended him but gently,

When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wild.

Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

'She did betray me to my own reproof.

Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

"No, not a creature enters in my house.

'Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

"Neither - He took this place for sanctuary;

And it shall privelege him from your hands,

'Till I have brought him to his wits again,

Or lose my labour in essaying it.

'I will attend my husband; be his nurse,

Diet his sickness, for it is my office,

And therefore let me have him home with me.

"Be patient, for I will not let him stir,

'Till I have used th'approved means I know,

With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,

To bring him to his former state again.

It is a branch, and parcel of my oath,

A charitable duty of my order;

Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

'I will not hence, ad leave my husband here,

And ill it doth besteeem your holiness,

To seperate the husband and the wife.

"Be quiet, and depart - thou shalt not have him.

'Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.

"Come then, I will fall prostrate at his feet,

And never rise until my prayers and tears

Have won his grace to come in person hither,

And take perforce my husband from this abbess.

'By this, I think, the dial points at five.

Anon, I'm sure the duke himself, in person

Comes this way to the melancholy vale;

The place of death, and sorry execution

Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

"Upon what cause?

'To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,

Who put unlikely into this bay,

Against the laws and statutes of this town,

Beheaded publicly for his offence.

"See where they come. We will behold his death.

'Kneel to the Duke before he pass the Abbey.

"Yet once again, proclaim it publicly,

If any friend will pay the sum for him,

He shall not die; so much we tender him.

'Justice, most sacred Duke, against the abbess.

"She is a virtous and a reverend lady!

It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

' May itplease your grace, Antipholis, my husband,

Whom I made lord of me, and all I had,

At your important letters, this ill day,

A most outrageous fit of madness seiz'd him;

That desperately he hurried thro' the street,

With him his bondman, all as mad as he,
Doing displeasure to the citizens,
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs, I went,
Which here and there his fury had committed.
Anon (I wot not by what strong escape)
He broke from those, who had the guard of him,
And with his mad attendant, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and madly bent on us,
Chas'd us away; 'till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind 'em - then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued 'em;
But here the abbess shuts the gate on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.
"Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars,
And I to thee engag'd a Prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the good and grace I could.
Go some of ye, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady-abbess come to me.
I will determine this, before I stir.

"O! mistress, mistress haste and save yourself,
My master and his man are both broke loose.
"Peace fool! thy master and his man are here,
And that is false thou dost report to us.
,Q mess,,>Mistress upon my life I tell you true,
I have not breath'd, almost, since I did see 'em.
Hark! hark! I hear'em mistress - fly! begone!.

"Fear nothing, I'll protect you.
"Ah me! it is my husband! Witness all,
That he is borne about invisible!
Ev'n now we hous'd him in the abbey there,
And now he's here, past thought of human reason.

"Justice, most gracious duke - O! grant me justice!
Ev'n for the service, that, long since, I did thee,
When I bestrode thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; ev'n for the blood
Which then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.
"Unless the fear of death doth make me doat,
I see my son Antipholus and Dromio.
"Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there,
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife,
She hath abused dishonoured me,
Ev'n in the strength and height of injury.
"Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

'This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she within was feasting with her minions.
"A grievous fault! Say, woman, didst thou so?
'No, my good lord; myself, he, and my sister,
To -day dine together- so befall my soul,
As that is false, he bue dems me withal.
"Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she doth tell your highness simple truth!
' O, perjur'd woman! they are both forsworn;
In this madman justly chargeth them.
My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.
"Why, what an intricate impeach this is!
I think you all have drank of Circe's cup.
If here you hous'd him, here would he have been.
You say he din'd at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying - sirrah what say you?
'Sir, he din'd with her there at the porcupine.
"He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring.
'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.
"Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?
'As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.
"This is most strange! go, call the abbess hither.

'Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:
Haply I see a friend, will save my life,
And pay the sum, that may deliver me.
"Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.
'Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholis?
And is not that your bondman, Dromio?
"True, reverend hapless man, we are so call'd.
'I am sure, both of ye remember me.
"Remember you!
'Why look you strange on me? you know me well.
"I never saw you in my life 'till now.
' O! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me last;
And careful hours; with time's deforming hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face.
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?
"Neither.
'Not know my voice! O! times extremity!
Hast thou so crack'd and splitt'd my poor tongue,
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Tho' now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left,
All these old witnesses - I cannot err -
Tell me thou art my son, Antipholis.
"I never saw my father in my life.
'But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,

Thou know'st we parted - but perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st t'acknowledge me in misery.
"The duke, and that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so.
I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.
'I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years,
Have I been patron to Antipholis,
During which time, he ne'er saw Syracuse.
I see thy age and dangers make thee doat

"Most mighty duke behold a man much wrong'd.
'I see two husbands, or my eyes deceive me.
"One of these men is genius to the other!
But of the two, which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who decyphers them!
'Aegeon art thou not!
O, my dear father! who hath bound him thus?
"Whoever bound him I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty.
Speak, old Aegeon, if thou be'st the man,
That had'st a wife once call'd Aemilia,
Who bore thee, at a burthen, two fair sons;
O! if thou be'st the same Aegeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Aemilia.
' Aemilia! O! support thyself, my soul!
'Till I, once more, have caught within my arms,
Their long-lost hapiness!
"Thou art Aegeon, then? - I do not dream -
My husband! take, take the reviving heart,
Spotless and pure as when it first was thine,
Which from the closter of religious solitude,
No voice byt thine, could ever have recalled.
'If I not interupt such sacred feelings,
Thus let me bend, and mingle rears of rapture.
O raise my father, raise your reverend hands,
And bless your truant son!
"My dearest boy!
This is too much - O, curb thy joys a moment,
And have compassion on the father's weakness.
But, if my feeble brain deceives me not,
One anxious question yet remains to ask;
Heart of my heart, resolve me; where's that son,
Who floated with thee on the fatal raft?
'By men of Epidamnum, he and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up,
But, by and by, rude fisherment of Corinth,
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with tose of Epidamnum.
What then became of them I cannot tell;
I to this fortune which you see me in.
"And he reserv'd to share the happier hours
Of his dear parents; whom, till now unknown,
He greets with nature's best and fondest feelings.

Another tye my fortune yet allots,
And thus I claim it!
'Welcome dearest brother!

"Welcome, dearest brother!

'Ne'er may we feel a seperation more!

"Why here begins the morning-Story right.

These plainly are the parents to these children,
Who thus amazingly are met together.

'Most gracious duke.

"One moments pause, and all your groefs shall end. -
Antipholis, thou cam'st from Corinth first.

'Not I, my lord; I came from Syracuse.

"Stay! stand apart! - I know not which is which.

'I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord..

"And I with him.

'Brought to this town by that right famous warrior,
Duke Minaphon, your most renowned uncle.

"That is the bracelet, sir, you had of me.

'I think it be, sir,, I deny it not.

"And you sir, for the same, arrested me.

'I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio - but I think he brought it not.

"No, none by me.

'This purse of ducats I received for you,
And Dromio, my man, did bring 'em me,
I see, we still did meet each other's man,
And thereupon these errors all arose.

"You see, broher, these wife folks can't blame us in
these matters.

'Really, brother, I think not.

"These ducats pawn I for my father here.

'It shall not be - I will procure his life,
To make some small amends for leaving him,
Alone, ad friendless.

"Which of you two did dine with me today?

'I, gentle mistress.

"Are you not my husband?

'No; I say nay to that.

"And so do I - yet she did call me so;
And this fair gentlewoman, her siter here,
Did call me brother - what I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good;
And that the heart which beats alone for you,
May, now the mist of error is dispers'd,
Which made thee fearful for thy virgin fame,
Obtain a gentle hearing.

'Should I find thee

Worthy, and constant, as my mind suggests,
The general joy, that smiles around, shall not
B' damped by any vain reserve of mine.

mQ Abbess, >Renowned duke.vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,

And hear, at large discoursed, all our fortunes;
And all, that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathised one day's errors
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And you shall have full satisfaction. -
The duke, my husband and my children both,
And you, the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast; go all with me -
After so long grief, such festivity!
"With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast,
And be a cheerful witness of the blessings,
Your pious faith and virtuous resignation,
Have drawn upon you from relenting Heaven!
'Come, and partake
The joys, that gild the evening of our days.
"Joys past the reach of hope! - our lesson this,
That misery past endears our present bliss;
Wherein we read with wonder and delight,
This sacred truth, 'whatever is, is right.