

Lib.

Judith J. Harris



DEPOSED BY FERRIS. "Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth."

THE COURT OF ERRORS, III. V. S. 200.

A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring stylized roses and leaves. The roses are rendered in a stippled, halftone style, while the leaves are outlined with fine lines. The border is set against a background of a fine, regular dot pattern.

Booklovers Edition

by
William Shakespeare

*With Introductions,
Notes, Glossary,
Critical Comments,
and Method of Study*

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THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Preface.

The First Edition. *The Comedy of Errors* first appeared in the Folio of 1623, where it immediately follows *Measure for Measure*. "The names of all the actors" are not given at the end of the play as in the case of the previous plays; in the stage-directions to the first two Acts the two *Antipholi* are distinguished as *Antipholus Erotus* and *Antipholus Sereptus*; the latter title was probably derived from the *Menæchmus Surreptus* of Plautus a character evidently well-known to the Elizabethans (*cp.* Cambridge Shakespeare, Note 1); as regards the former name, it is noteworthy that *Erotion* (also *Errotis* in Act II.) is the name of "the Courtezan" in Plautus' *Menæchmi*; to this source the name may perhaps be referred; otherwise it must be regarded as an error for *Erraticus* or *Errans*.

The Comedy of Errors is the shortest of all Shakespeare's plays; its total number of lines is 1770.

Date of Composition. *The Comedy of Errors* is mentioned in 1598 by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* among the six "excellent" comedies of Shakespeare. In the *Gesta Grayorum* of 1594 occurs what is probably the earliest reference to the play:—

"After such sport, a Comedy of Errors (like to Plautus his Menechmus) was *played by the players*; so that *night* began and continued to the end, in nothing but confusion and errors; whereupon it was ever afterwards called the Night of Errors." There are other references to comedies of "Errors" (a "Historie of Error" was acted by

the St. Paul's children at Greenwich as early as New Year 1576-7), but they merely indicate that the phrase was proverbial. Certain critics detect in these pre-Shakespearian plays the original of Shakespeare's Comedy.

One or two points of *internal evidence* are helpful in fixing the approximate time of composition. In Act III. ii. 125 there is evidently an allusion to the civil war in France between Henry III. and Henry of Navarre, which lasted from August, 1589, to July, 1593. Further, the reference to "whole armadoes of caracks" in the same Scene suggests the earlier rather than the later limit: the play may safely be dated 1589-91.* This early date is corroborated by the general style of the play:—its lyrical passages with rhyming couplets and alternate rhymes; the doggerel verse; the abundance of quibbles and word-play; "the prologue-like" speech of Ægeon in the opening scene; lines suggestive of other early plays (e. g. Act II. ii. 200, reminds us of *Midsummer-Night's Dream*; cf. Act IV. i. 93, and *Love's Labour's Lost*, II. i. 219, and *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I. i. 72).

Sources of the Plot. The main plot of *The Comedy of Errors* is directly or indirectly derived from the *Menæchmi* of Plautus,—“a farce of mistaken identity,” which very early in the history of the modern drama became a favourite theme with dramatists: pre-Shakespearian paraphrases and adaptations exist in French, German, and Italian; the interlude of “*Jack Juggler*” (1563) is probably its earliest representative in English literature. The oldest extant English translation appeared in the year 1595, with the following title:—*Menæcmi, a pleasant and fine conceited Comædie, taken out of the most excellent wittie Poet Plautus. Chosen purposely from out the rest as least harmefull, and yet most delightfull. Written in Eng-*

* Cp. *An attempt to determine Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays*; H. P. Stokes, pp. 16-20.

lish, by W. W. (i.e. "William Warner"). . . . 1595. The translation is in prose; an argument in verse precedes:—

"Two Twin-born sons, a Sicill merchant had,
Menechmus one, and Soseles the other:
The first his Father lost, a little lad,
The Grandsire named the latter like his brother.
This (grown a man) long travel took to seek
His brother, and to Epidamnum came,
Where th' other dwelt inriched, and him so like,
That Citizens there take him for the same:
Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,
Much pleasant error, ere they meet together."

These lines may serve to indicate the leading points of difference between the simple Latin farce and the complex *Comedy of Errors*. (The translation is to be found in Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*, Part II. vol. i.).

It is impossible to determine whether Shakespeare owes anything to Warner's translation, which may have existed in manuscript long before the date of its entry on the books of the Stationers' Company (1594). It is perhaps noteworthy that Adriana in the *Comedy* and the wife of Menechus the Citizen in the English translation both use the same word with reference to their supposed ignoble treatment:—

Senex. *What is the matter?*

Mulier. *He makes me a stale and a laughing-stock to all the world.*

cp. Comedy of Errors, Act II. i. 100:—

Adriana.

*He breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.*

A few minor points of this description (*e.g.* the use of "error" in the last line of the Argument) have led some scholars to the conclusion that Shakespeare had read Warner's version of the play. But may not the translator owe this small debt to the dramatist?

Act III. Scene i. seems to have been derived from the

Amphitruo of Plautus ; in the Latin comedy Mercury keeps the real Amphitruo out of his own house, while Jupiter, the sham Amphitruo, is within with Alcemna, the real Amphitruo's wife.

The introduction of the twin Dromios is Shakespeare's own device ; and all the pathos of the play is his : there is nothing in the Latin original suggestive of Ægeon's touching story at the opening of the play,—in Plautus, the father of the twins is already dead, and there is no reunion of husband, wife, and children.

The Unities. In spite, however, of this romanticising of Plautus, Shakespeare has maintained throughout the play the hallowed unities of time and place, "the necessary companions," according to Academic criticism, "of all corporal actions." From this point of view *The Comedy of Errors* may be regarded as the final triumph of the New Romantic Drama over its opponents ; it carried the warfare into the enemy's camp, and scored the signal victory of harmonising Old and New,—the conventional canons of Latin Comedy and the pathos of Romanticism.

COMEDY OF ERRORS

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Ægeon, a merchant of Syracuse, is condemned to death, in default of ransom, by the Duke of Ephesus for bringing traffic into the Ephesian port. Being requested by the Duke to give the cause of his visit to a hostile city, the prisoner states that he is on a quest for missing members of his family. Some years before, twin sons had been born to him and his wife Æmilia. At "that very hour and in the selfsame inn" a poorer woman was also delivered of twin sons, which Ægeon had "bought and brought up to attend" his boys. Shortly afterward the party had suffered shipwreck on a voyage to their Syracusan home. All had been rescued, but the husband was parted from the wife; and the twin sons and attendants were separated from their respective counterparts. Ægeon, with his younger son and servant, had been conveyed to Syracuse, where for eighteen years they dwelt without tidings of the other three. Finally Antipholus, his son, now well grown, had set forth in search of them, while Ægeon renewed his own quest. During seven years father and son had heard nothing of each other nor of the rest. All this Ægeon tells the Duke in explanation of his wanderings. Touched by the narrative, the Duke gives him further respite of a day in which to seek ransom.

Unknown to his father, Antipholus of Syracuse and his servant Dromio are even then visiting in Ephesus. Furthermore it so chances that his brother, whom he has

not found and who is known as Antipholus of Ephesus, resides there in high favor with the Duke, and wedded to Adriana, a woman of rank. Dromio of Ephesus mistakes Antipholus of Syracuse for his master and delivers a message from Adriana to the effect that dinner is awaiting him.

II. The servant having fled home beaten for his pains, Adriana herself arrives and persuades the bewildered Antipholus of Syracuse to come to dinner with her; for she also is deceived as to his identity. Dromio of Syracuse is put on guard at the gate with instructions to deny admittance to visitors during the repast.

III. The real husband presently arrives at his door and is greatly astonished and incensed to find it barred against him; but is persuaded to retire to a public house and bide his time. Meanwhile the false husband stoutly maintains that there is a mistake, and makes fair speeches to Luciana, sister of Adriana, rather than to Adriana herself. The two Dromios are suffering most of all from the comedy of errors, being continually confused, sent on the wrong errands and getting beatings for their pains.

IV. The muddle of identities grows constantly more perplexing for both masters and servants. Tradesmen confuse the two Antipholuses. A gold chain made for the Ephesian is bestowed upon the Syracusian, and the Ephesian is arrested for refusing to pay the debt. The Syracusian and his servant believe themselves bewitched and prepare for speedy departure.

V. They are forced to take refuge in a priory from the misguided merchants and Adriana. The abbess protects them. At this juncture the Duke arrives in company with officers conducting Ægeon to his execution. Adriana demands from the Duke custody of her husband, whom she believes to be demented and now sequestered in the priory. Charge and counter-charge are made by conflicting witnesses until the joint appearance of both the Antipholuses and both the Dromios unravels the snarl. Antipholus of Ephesus is reconciled with his

wife. Antipholus of Syracuse renews his suit with her sister Luciana. The old Ægeon is pardoned, and to the pleasure of greeting both his sons is added the delight of finding in the person of the abbess his long-lost wife Æmilia; while the two Dromios in the joy of meeting forget their woes and blows.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

The Two Antipholuses.

Sedate, gentle, loving, the Antipholus of Syracuse is one of Shakspeare's amiable creations. He beats his slave according to the custom of slave-beating; but he laughs with him and is kind to him almost at the same moment. He is an enthusiast, for he falls in love with Luciana in the midst of his perplexities, and his lips utter some of the most exquisite poetry:—

“O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;
Sing, syren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs.”

But he is accustomed to habits of self-command, and he resolves to tear himself away even from the syren:—

“But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.”

As his perplexities increase, he ceases to be angry with his slave:—

“The fellow is distract and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliver us from hence.”

Unlike the Menæchmus Sosicles of Plautus, he refuses to dine with the courtesan. He is firm yet courageous when assaulted by the Merchant. When the errors are

clearing up, he modestly adverts to his love for Luciana; and we feel that he will be happy.

Antipholus of Ephesus is decidedly inferior to his brother, in the quality of his intellect and the tone of his morals. He is scarcely justified in calling his wife "shrewish." Her fault is a too sensitive affection for him. Her feelings are most beautifully described in that address to her supposed husband:—

"Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss."

The classical image of the elm and the vine would have been sufficient to express the feelings of a fond and confiding woman; the exquisite addition of the

"Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss,"

conveys the prevailing uneasiness of a loving and doubting wife. Antipholus of Ephesus has somewhat hard measure dealt to him throughout the progress of the errors; but he deserves it. His doors are shut against him, it is true; in his impatience he would force his way into his house, against the remonstrances of the good Balthazar:—

"Your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown."

He departs, but not "in patience"; he is content to dine from home, but not at "the Tiger." His resolve—

"That chain will I bestow
(Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)
Upon mine hostess"—

would not have been made by his brother, in a similar

situation. He has spited his wife ; he has dined with the courtesan. But he is not satisfied :—

“ Go thou
And buy a rope’s end ; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates.”

We pity him not when he is arrested, nor when he receives the “ rope’s end ” instead of his “ ducats.” His furious passion with his wife, and the foul names he bestows on her, are quite in character ; and when he has

“ Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,”

we cannot have a suspicion that the doctor was practising on the right patient. In a word, we cannot doubt that, although the Antipholus of Ephesus may be a brave soldier, who took “ deep scars ” to save his prince’s life, and that he really has a right to consider himself much injured, he is strikingly opposed to the Antipholus of Syracuse ; that he is neither sedate, nor gentle, nor truly loving ; that he has no habits of self-command ; that his temperament is sensual ; and that, although the riddle of his perplexity is solved, he will still find causes of unhappiness, and entertain

“ a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures.”

KNIGHT: *Pictorial Shakspeare.*

III.

The Two Dromios.

The characters of the two Dromios are not so distinctly marked in their points of difference, at the first aspect. They each have their “ merry jests ” ; they each bear a beating with wonderful good temper ; they each cling faithfully to their master’s interests. But there is certainly a marked difference in the quality of their mirth.

The Dromio of Ephesus is precise and antithetical, striving to utter his jests with infinite gravity and discretion, and approaching a pun with a sly solemnity that is prodigiously diverting:—

“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.”

Again:—

“I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress’ marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.”

He is a formal humourist, and, we have no doubt, spoke with a drawling and monotonous accent, fit for his part in such a dialogue as this:—

Antipholus of E. Were not my doors lock’d up, and I shut out?

Dromio of E. Perdy, your doors were lock’d, and you shut out.

Antipholus of E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dromio of E. Sans fable, she herself revil’d you there.

Antipholus of E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

Dromio of E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn’d you.

On the contrary, the “merry jests” of Dromio of Syracuse all come from the outpouring of his gladsome heart. He is a creature of prodigious animal spirits, running over with fun and queer similitudes. He makes not the slightest attempt at arranging a joke, but utters what comes uppermost with irrepressible volubility. He is an untutored wit; and, we have no doubt, gave his tongue as active exercise by hurried pronunciation and variable emphasis as could alone make his long descriptions endurable by his sensitive master. Look at the dialogue in the second scene of Act II., where Antipholus, after having repressed his jests, is drawn into a tilting-match of words with him, in which the merry slave has clearly the victory. Look, again, at his description of the “kitchen-wench”—coarse, indeed, in parts, but altogether

irresistibly droll. The twin brother was quite incapable of such a flood of fun. Again, what a prodigality of wit is displayed in his description of the bailiff! His epithets are inexhaustible. Each of the Dromios is admirable in his way; but we think that he of Syracuse is as superior to the twin-slave of Ephesus as our old friend Launce is to Speed, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. These distinctions between the Antipholuses and Dromios have not, as far as we know, been before pointed out; but they certainly do exist, and appear to us to be defined by the great master of character with singular force as well as delicacy. Of course the characters of the twins could not be violently contrasted, for that would have destroyed the illusion. They must still

“Go hand in hand, not one before another.”

KNIGHT: *Pictorial Shakspeare*.

IV.

Adriana.

Adriana, like the wife of Menæchmus, brought a wealthy dowry to her husband, and with it the complementary temper of excessive requirements—

“My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours.”

At her first appearance she is fretful and peevish at his want of punctuality, and suspicious of the cause, which, in truth, as presently appears, was nothing more than a service and attention intended for herself—“to see the making of a carcanet,” designed as a present for her. Her husband, on the other hand, enraged at being so inexplicably shut out of his own house, disregards the sober counsel of Balthazar, and is as little practised as his wife to assume a reason and wait for an explanation, and hastily revenges himself by making a bachelor’s party at the house of the courtesan; and though the extrava-

gance is evidently as harmless as such an imprudence might be; for,—

“I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty, wild, and yet too, gentle,”

are not the words of a sensualist, and there is no trace whatever of want of affection on his part, and we give full belief to his protestation, he still puts himself by the imprudence, no less in the wrong than his wife by her fretfulness, and we are left at liberty to enjoy the fun that arises out of their troubles and disasters. Still Adriana, with all her shrewishness, is very affectionate—nay, very amiable, and she gives an earnest of her future improvement in considerateness, by abstaining from public outbreak against her husband's hostess. Her coolness in this respect requires perhaps more explanation than it receives, but that it is accepted by us as at once proof and admission that she had no serious ground for complaint, and was conscious how far she had herself to blame.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

The wife herself and her sister are studied with a care and minuteness which the action certainly did not require. In the change from Plautus' 'Mulier,' who rails at her husband with only too good reason, to Shakespeare's Adriana, who torments him with doubts at bed and board, and is ready to die in despair at the loss of his love because he refuses to come home to dinner, we see the change from pragmatism to psychological drama, from the comedy of intrigue to the comedy of character, of which otherwise there is not in this play very much.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

V.

Aegeon.

This drama of Shakespeare's is much more varied, rich, and interesting in its incidents than the *Menæchmi*

of Plautus ; and while, in rigid adherence to the unities of action, time, and place, our Poet rivals the Roman play, he has contrived to insinuate the necessary previous information for the spectator, in a manner infinitely more pleasing and artful than that adopted by the Latin bard ; for whilst Plautus has chosen to convey it through the medium of a prologue, Shakespeare has rendered it at once natural and pathetic by placing it in the mouth of Ægeon, the father of the twin-brothers.

In a play, of which the plot is so intricate, occupied in a great measure by mere personal mistakes and their whimsical results, no elaborate development of character can be expected ; yet is the portrait of Ægeon touched with a discriminative hand, and the pressure of age and misfortune is so painted as to throw a solemn, dignified, and impressive tone of colouring over this part of the fable, contrasting well with the lighter scenes which immediately follow—a mode of relief which is again resorted to at the close of the drama, where the reunion of Ægeon and Æmilia, and the recognition of their children, produce an interest in the dénouement of a nature more affecting than the tone of the preceding scenes had taught us to expect.

DRAKE: *Shakespeare and his Times.*

The story of Ægeon . . . envelops the whole comic plot. It is probably Shakespeare's invention, and betrays the same instinct for accumulated effects and drastic contrasts. He had quadrupled the intricacies of the imbroglio by doubling the two lost Antipholuses with a second pair of twins ; he quadruples the excitement of the final recovery by doubling them with a pair of lost parents, who at the same time recover their children and each other. And the foreboding of tragic harms which habitually overhangs for a while the early comedies, is here graver and more protracted than either in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* or *The Two Gentlemen*. Valentine's banishment and Hermia's destination to a nunnery

or death arouse no serious suspense; but Ægeon is a pathetic and moving figure, whose story—a masterpiece of Shakespeare's early narrative—strikes a note at the outset with which the subsequent action is in somewhat too marked dissonance for ripe art.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

VI.

Pinch.

Pinch the conjurer is also an excrescence not to be found in Plautus. He is indeed a very formidable anachronism:—

“They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living-dead man.”

This is exactly like some of the Puritanical portraits to be met with in Hogarth.

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

Pinch (whom we cannot afford to part with for the sake of avoiding the anachronism pointed out by Hazlitt—who, by the way, was himself too good a judge of excellence seriously to give up the character on that score) affords a pleasant instance of Shakespeare's gay exaggeration in humour; the high spirits of an author taking shape in his writing, as it were. The description of the fellow is capital.

“This pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with *no face*, as 't were, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd.”

That touch of the "no face" sets the man, with his attenuated vacant countenance and glaring eyes, palpably before us.

CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE: *Shakespeare Characters*.

VII.

Proofs of Early Origin.

. . . . Another proof [that this is one of the dramatist's early plays] is the fresh, youthful atmosphere of joke and jest which pervades the whole, a naïve pleasure in what is jocose and laughable for its own sake, and which, not being yet burdened by the weight of years, moves more lightly and more on the surface of things, and without that power and depth of humour which distinguishes the poet's maturer works. The action is represented more from the side of its outward form and direct appearance, but, so to say, only in coloured outlines—light and shade are indicated only by gentle touches—the figures therefore do not stand out with sufficient fulness and clearness, there is still a want of sharpness in the characterisation, of clearness in the grouping, of distinctness in the coherency and in the harmonious connection of the several parts among one another. The frequent occurrence of scenes of quarrel and dispute, occasioned by the perpetual errors and mistakes, reminds one of the original and popular form which comedy assumed, and in which it first met with approbation. Even the striking psychological improbability that the one of the two Menæchmi—Antipholus of Syracuse—should go forth with the express purpose of seeking his lost brother, and that, in spite of all the obvious mistakes of his identity with another exactly like himself, it should never occur to him that he is in the very place where his twin-brother had been cast—might be cited as a proof of the early origin of the piece, were it not so gross, so self-

evident that it could not possibly have escaped the notice of young Shakspeare. This improbability is accordingly made a characteristic feature of the piece, and points to a definite intention on the part of the poet. Why, we have to ask, why did Shakspeare intentionally ignore this improbability? Why did he not give the journey of Antipholus to Ephesus some other motive? Perhaps because he did not consider it necessary in mere comedy—where all is intended for pure fun and laughter—to take any heed of things which would only strike and offend mere reflecting reason, and not at all affect the poetical conception; perhaps, however, for another and deeper reason.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

VIII.

A Legitimate Farce.

The myriad-minded man, our, and all men's, Shakspeare, has in this piece presented us with a legitimate farce in exactest consonance with the philosophical principles and character of farce, as distinguished from comedy and from entertainments. A proper farce is mainly distinguished from comedy by the license allowed, and even required, in the fable, in order to produce strange and laughable situations. The story need not be probable, it is enough that it be possible. A comedy would scarcely allow even the two Antipholuses; because, although there have been instances of almost indistinguishable likeness in two persons, yet these are mere individual accidents, *casus ludentis naturæ*, and the *verum* will not excuse the *inverisimile*. But farce dares add the two Dromios, and is justified in so doing by the laws of its end and constitution. In a word, farces commence in a postulate, which must be granted.

COLERIDGE: *Notes and Lectures upon Shakspeare.*

In this play Shakspeare gayly confronts improbabilities, and requires the spectator to accept them. He adds to the twins Antipholus the twins Dromio. If we are in for improbability, let us at least be repaid for it by fun, and have that in abundance. Let the incredible become a twofold incredibility, and it is none the worse. We may conclude that, while Shakspeare was ready to try his hand upon a farcical subject, a single experiment satisfied him that this was not his province, for to such subjects he never returned.

DOWDEN: *Shakspeare.*

Until I saw it on the stage, (not mangled into an opera,) I had not imagined the extent of the mistakes, the drollery of them, their unabated continuance, till, at the end of the fourth act, they reached their climax with the assistance of Dr. Pinch, when the audience in their laughter rolled about like waves. . . . To the strange contrast of grave astonishment among the actors, with their laughable situations in the eyes of the spectators, who are let into the secret, is to be ascribed the irresistible effect.

BROWN: *Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems.*

The *Comedy of Errors* not only surpasses the *Menæchmi* in the greater complexity of its plot, its greater variety of incident, but also in its more generous treatment of human nature. Not that elaborately wrought-out characters are to be sought in it; for this, it must be remembered, is Shakespeare's most absolutely comic, and almost farcical play, and in this particular class of work he never handled the incisive tool of an engraver, like Molière—his pencil runs galloping over the canvas with a light fantastic touch; and this play is, moreover, one of his most youthful performances.

STAFFER: *Shakespeare and Classical Antiquity.*

The Comedy of Errors.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

SOLINUS, *duke of Ephesus.*

ÆGEON, *a merchant of Syracuse.*

ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, } *twin brothers and sons to*

ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, } *Ægeon and Æmilia.*

DROMIO of Ephesus, } *twin brothers and attendants*

DROMIO of Syracuse, } *on the two Antipholuses.*

BALTHAZAR, *a merchant.*

ANGELO, *a goldsmith.*

First Merchant, *friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.*

Second Merchant, *to whom Angelo is a debtor.*

PINCH, *a schoolmaster.*

ÆMILIA, *wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.*

ADRIANA, *wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.*

LUCIANA, *her sister.*

LUCE, *servant to Adriana.*

A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

The Comedy of Errors.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

A hall in the Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, Ægeon, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

Æge. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;
I am not partial to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
Who, wanting guilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks. 10
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more,
If any born at Ephesus be seen
At any Syracusian marts and fairs;
Again: if any Syracusian born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies, 20

His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose ;
 Unless a thousand marks be levied,
 To quit the penalty and to ransom him.
 Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
 Cannot amount unto a hundred marks ;
 Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Æge. Yet this my comfort : when your words are done,
 My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusian, say, in brief, the cause
 Why thou departed'st from thy native home, 30
 And for what cause thou camest to Ephesus.

Æge. A heavier task could not have been imposed
 Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable :
 Yet, that the world may witness that my end
 Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
 I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
 In Syracuse was I born ; and wed
 Unto a woman, happy but for me,
 And by me, had not our hap been bad.
 With her I lived in joy ; our wealth increased 40
 By prosperous voyages I often made
 To Epidamnum ; till my factor's death,
 And the great care of goods at random left,
 Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse :
 From whom my absence was not six months old,
 Before herself, almost at fainting under
 The pleasing punishment that women bear,
 Had made provision for her following me,
 And soon and safe arrived where I was.
 There had she not been long but she became 50
 A joyful mother of two goodly sons ;
 And, which was strange, the one so like the other

As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A meaner woman was delivered
Of such a burthen, male twins, both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return: 60
Unwilling I agreed; alas! too soon
We came aboard.
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 unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which though myself would gladly have em-
braced, 70
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forced me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was, for other means was none:
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born, 80
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as seafaring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other:
The children thus disposed, my wife and I,

Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
 Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
 And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
 Was carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
 At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
 Dispersed those vapours that offended us; 90
 And, by the benefit of his wished light,
 The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
 Two ships from far making amain to us,
 Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
 But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!
 Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man; do not break off so;
 For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
 Worthily term'd them merciless to us! 100
 For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
 We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
 Which being violently borne upon,
 Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;
 So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
 Fortune had left to both of us alike
 What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
 Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
 With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
 Was carried with more speed before the wind; 110
 And in our sight they three were taken up
 By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
 At length, another ship had seized on us;
 And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
 Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
 And would have reft the fishers of their prey,

Had not their bark been very slow of sail;
 And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
 Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
 That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd, 120
 To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
 Do me the favour to dilate at full
 What hath befall'n of them and thee till now.

Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
 At eighteen years became inquisitive
 After his brother: and importuned me
 That his attendant—so his case was like,
 Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name—
 Might bear him company in the quest of him: 130
 Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
 I hazarded the loss of whom I loved.
 Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
 Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
 And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
 Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought
 Or that, or any place that harbours men.
 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. 140

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
 To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
 Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
 Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
 Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
 My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
 But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
 And passed sentence may not be recall'd

But to our honour's great disparagement,
 Yet will I favour thee in what I can. 150
 Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day
 To seek thy help by beneficial help:
 Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
 Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
 And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die.
 Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend,
 But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

The Mart.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse, Dromio of Syracuse, and First Merchant.

First Mer. Therefore give out you are of Epidamnum,
 Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
 This very day a Syracusian merchant
 Is apprehended for arrival here;
 And, not being able to buy out his life,
 According to the statute of the town,
 Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
 There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
 And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee. 10
 Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
 Till that, 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 stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [Exit.

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy, 20
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

First Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterward consort you till bed-time:
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself, 30
And wander up and down to view the city.

First Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.
[Exit.

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine 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, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself. 40

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanac of my true date.
What now? how chance thou art return'd so soon?

Dro. E. 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 ; 50
 But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
 Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir : tell me this, I pray :
 Where have you left the money that I gave you ?

Dro. E. O,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last
 To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper ?
 The saddler had it, sir ; I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now :
 Tell me, and dally not, where is the money ?
 We being strangers here, how darest thou trust 60
 So great a charge from thine own custody ?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner :
 I from my mistress come to you in post ;
 If I return, I shall be post indeed,
 For she will score your fault upon my pate.
 Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
 And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of sea-
 son ;
 Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
 Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee? 70

Dro. E. To me, sir? why, you gave no gold to me!

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,
 And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
 Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner :

My mistress and her sister stays for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
 In what safe place you have bestow'd my money ;
 Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
 That stands on tricks when I am undisposed : 80
 Where is the thousand marks thou had'st of me ?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
 Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders ;
 But not a thousand marks between you both.
 If I should pay your worship those again,
 Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks ? what mistress, slave, hast thou ?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phoenix ;
 She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
 And prays that you will hie you home to dinner. 90

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
 Being forbid ? There, take you that, sir knave.

Dro. E. What mean you, sir ? for God's sake, hold your hands !

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other
 The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.
 They say this town is full of cozenage ;
 As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
 Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
 Soul-killing witches that deform the body, 100
 Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
 And many such-like liberties of sin :
 If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
 I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave :
 I greatly fear my money is not safe. [*Exit.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. 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.

Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath 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:
Time is their master; and when they see time,
They'll go or come: if so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more? 10

Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. O, know he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.
There's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects and at their controls:
Men more divine, the masters of all these, 20
Lords of the wide world and wild watery seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practice to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where? 30

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmoved! no marvel though she pause;

They can be meek that have no other cause.

A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,

We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;

But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,

As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,

With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me;

But, if thou live to see like right bereft, 40

This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try.

Here comes your man; now is your husband nigh.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that
my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his
mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear:
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel 50
his meaning?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well
feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I
could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I prithee, is he coming home?

It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain!

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad;
But, sure, he is stark mad.

When I desired him to come home to dinner, 60

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:

'Will you come home?' quoth I; 'My gold!'
quoth he:

'Where is 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 know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!'

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master: 70

'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 there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?

For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating:

Between you I shall have a holy head. 80

Adr. Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.

Dro. E. 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.

[*Exit.*]

Luc. Fie, how impatience loureth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
 Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
 Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
 From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it: 90
 Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
 If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'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 state:
 What ruins are in me that can be found
 By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
 Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
 A sunny look of his would soon repair:
 But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale, 100
 And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy! fie, beat it hence!

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
 I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
 Or else what lets it but he would be here?
 Sister, you know he promised me a chain;
 Would that alone, alone he would detain,
 So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
 I see the jewel best enamelled
 Will lose his beauty; yet the gold bides still, 110
 That others touch, and often touching will
 Wear gold: and no man that hath a name,
 By falsehood and corruption doth it shame.

Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I 'll weep what 's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy! [*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

A public place.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse.

Ant. S. 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
By computation and mine host's report.
I could not speak with Dromio since at first
I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

How now, sir! is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you received no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner? 10
My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst 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.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein: 20

What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?

Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and
that. [Beating him.]

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest is earnest:

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. 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, 30
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten? 40

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for they say every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—

For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,

When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme
nor reason?

Well, sir, I thank you. 50

Ant. S. Thank me, sir! for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I 'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir: I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir; what's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you, eat none of it. 60

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: there's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself. 70

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair, 80
he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason? 90

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones, then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

Dro. S. Certain ones, then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved there is 100 no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion:
But, soft! who wafts us yonder? 110

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown:
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects;
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once when thou unurg'd wouldst vow
 That never words were music to thine ear,
 That never object pleasing in thine eye,
 That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
 That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
 Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carved to
 thee.

How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,
 That thou art thus estranged from thyself? 121

Thyself I call it, being strange to me,

That, undividable, incorporate,

Am better than thy dear selfs better part.

Ah, do not tear away thyself from me!

For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall

A drop of water in the breaking gulf,

And take unmingled thence that drop again,

Without addition or diminishing,

As take from me thyself, and not me too. 130

How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,

Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,

And that this body, consecrate to thee,

By ruffian lust should be contaminate!

Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me,

And hurl the name of husband in my face,

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

And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,

And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?

I know thou canst; and therefore see thou do it. 140

I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;

My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:

For if we two be one, and thou play false,

I do digest the poison of thy flesh,

Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep, then, fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live distain'd, thou undishonoured.

Ant. S. 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; 150
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Wants wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is changed with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from him,
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife. 160

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?

Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our names?
Unless it be by inspiration.

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave, 170
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Be it my wrong you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,

Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
 If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
 Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss;
 Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion 180
 Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:
 What, was I married to her in my dream?
 Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
 What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
 Until I know this sure uncertainty,
 I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
 This is the fairy land: O spite of spites! 190
 We talk with goblins, owls, and sprites:
 If we obey them not, this will ensue,
 They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why pratest thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
 Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am not I?

Ant. S. I think thou art in mind, and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art changed to aught, 'tis to an ass. 200

Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.
 'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be
 But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
 To put the finger in the eye and weep,
 Whilst man and master laughs my woes to scorn.
 Come, sir, to dinner. Dromio, keep the gate.

Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
 And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.
 Sirrah, if any ask you for your master, 210
 Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter.
 Come, sister. Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
 Sleeping or waking? mad or well-advised?
 Known unto these, and to myself disguised!
 I'll say as they say, and persevere so,
 And in this mist at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate. 219

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Before the house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, Dromio of Ephesus, Angelo, and Balthazar.

Ant. E. Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;
 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 carcanet,
 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. 9

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know;

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show :

If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,

Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.

I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

Ant. E. You're sad, Signior Balthazar: pray God, our cheer

May answer my good will and your good welcome here. 20

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

Ant. E. O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common: that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing
but words.

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;

Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.

But, soft! my door is lock'd.—Go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn!

Dro. S. [*Within*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb,
idiot, patch! 32

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for
such store,

When one is one too many? Go get thee from the
door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.

Dro. S. [*Within*] Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on 's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door!

Dro. S. [*Within*] Right, sir; I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not dined to-day. 40

Dro. S. [*Within*] Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou that keepest me out from the house I owe?

Dro. S. [*Within*] The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name!

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou wouldst have changed thy face for a name, or
thy name for an ass.

Luce. [*Within*] What a coil is there, Dromio? who are those at the gate!

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. [*Within*] 'Faith, no; he comes too late; And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh! 50
Have at you with a proverb;—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. [*Within*] Have at you with another; that's,—
When? can you tell?

Dro. S. [*Within*] If thy name be call'd Luce,—Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you 'll let us in, I hope?

Luce. [*Within*] I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. [*Within*] And you said no.

Dro. E. So, come, help: well struck! there was blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. [*Within*] Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. [*Within*] Let him knock till it ache.

Ant. E. You 'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. [*Within*] What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town? 60

Adr. [*Within*] Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise?

Dro. S. [*Within*] By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. [*Within*] Your wife, sir knave! go get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this ' knave ' would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome: we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin. 70

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought
and sold.

Ant. E. Go fetch me something: I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. [*Within*] Break any breaking here, and I'll
break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir; and
words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not
behind.

Dro. S. [*Within*] It seems thou want'st breaking: out
upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here's too much 'out upon thee!' I pray thee,
let me in.

Dro. S. [*Within*] Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and
fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in: go borrow me a crow. 80

Dro. E. A crow without feather? Master, mean you so?
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a
feather:

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow to-
gether.

Ant. E. Go get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir: O, let it not be so!

Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.

Once this,—your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty, 90

Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;

And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse

Why at this time the doors are made against you.

Be ruled by me: depart in patience,

And let us to the Tiger all to dinner;

Scene II.

*The same.**Enter Luciana, with Antipholus of Syracuse.*

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
 A husband's office? shall, Antipholus,
 Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
 Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?
 If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
 Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kind-
 ness;
 Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
 Muffle your false love with some show of blind-
 ness:
 Let not my sister read it in your eye;
 Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator; 10
 Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
 Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;
 Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
 Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
 Be secret-false: what need she be acquainted?
 What simple thief brags of his own attain?
 'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
 And let her read it in thy looks at board:
 Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
 Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word. 20
 Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
 Being compact of credit, that you love us;
 Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
 We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
 Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
 Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife;
 'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,
 When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress,—what your name is else, I know
not,

Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,— 30
Less in your knowledge and your grace you show
not

Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;

Lay open to my earthly-gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you
To make it wander in an unknown field?

Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me, then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know 41

Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe:

Far more, far more to you do I decline.
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears:
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take them, and there lie;
And, in that glorious supposition, think 50
He gains by death that hath such means to die:

Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink!

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your
sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That 's my sister.

Ant. S. No; 60

It is thyself, mine own self's better part,

Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,

My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,

My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I am thee.

Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life:

Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.

Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, sir! hold you still:

I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [*Exit.* 70

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio! where runn'st thou so fast?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me. 80

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast:

not that, I being a beast, she would have me;
but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays
claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a 90
man may not speak of, without he say Sir-
reverence. I have but lean luck in the match,
and yet she is a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and 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 warrant, her rags, and the
tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if
she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week 100
longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing
like so clean kept: for why she sweats; a man
may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not
do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir; but her name and three quarters, 110
that's an ell and three quarters, will not measure
her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot than from hip
to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could
find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I found it out
by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland? 120

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard in the
palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; armed and reverted, ma-
king war against her heir.

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find
no whiteness in them; but I guess it stood in
her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between
France and it. 130

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. 'Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her
breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. Oh, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished
with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining
their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain;
who sent whole armadoes of caracks to be
ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands? 140

Dro. S. Oh, sir, I did not look so low. To con-
clude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me;
called me Dromio; swore I was assured to her;
told me what privy marks I had about me, as,
the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck,
the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed,
ran from her as a witch:

And, I think, if my breast had not been made of
faith, and my heart of steel,

She had transform'd me to a curtal dog, and
made me turn i' the wheel.

Ant. S. Go hie thee presently, post to the road: 150
An if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night:
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [Exit.

Ant. S. There 's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence. 160
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter Angelo with the chain.

Ang. Master Antipholus,—

Ant. S. Ay, that 's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir: lo, here is the chain.

I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine: 170
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir: I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;

And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more. 180

Ang. You are a merry man, sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is so vain
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay:
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*]

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

A public place.

Enter Second Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.

Sec. Mer. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importuned you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want guilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you
Is growing to me by Antipholus;
And in the instant that I met with you
He had of me a chain: at five o'clock 10
I shall receive the money for the same.
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

*Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and Dromio of Ephesus
from the courtesan's.*

Off. That labour may you save: see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end: that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.
But, soft! I see the goldsmith. Get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me. 20

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year: I buy a rope.
[*Exit.*

Ant. E. A man is well help up that trusts to you:
I promised your presence and the chain;
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.
Belike you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here 's the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more 30
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharged,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town.
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof:
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself? 40

Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time
enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain:
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good Lord! you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.
I should have chid you for not bringing it, 50
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Sec. Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, dispatch.

Ang. You hear how he importunes me;—the chain!

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

Ant. E. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath.
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

Sec. Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance.
Good sir, say whether you'll answer me or no: 60
If not I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you! what should I answer you?

Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none till I receive the chain.

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

Ant. E. You gave me none: you wrong me much to say
so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider how it stands upon my credit.

Sec. Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do; and charge you in the duke's name to obey
me. 70

Ang. This touches me in reputation.
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou darest.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer.
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir: you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee till I give thee bail. 80
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame; I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse, from the bay.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind 90
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now! a madman! Why, thou peevish
sheep,

What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpose and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me for a rope's end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure, 100
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:
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, be gone !
 On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Sec. Merchant, Angelo, Officer, and Ant. E.*
Dro. S. To Adriana ! that is where we dined,
 Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband : 110
 She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
 Thither I must, although against my will,
 For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so ?

Mightst thou perceive austerely in his eye
 That he did plead in earnest ? yea or no ?

Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily ?
 What observation madest thou, in this case,
 Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face ?

Luc. First he denied you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant he did me none ; the more my spite.

Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet foresworn he
 were. 10

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he ?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love ?

Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move,
 First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.

Adr. Didst speak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
 My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
 He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
 Ill-faced, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere; 20
 Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;
 Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous, then, of such a one?

No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

Adr. Ah, but I think him better than I say,
 And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.
 Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:
 My heart prays for him, though my tongue do
 curse.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here! go; the desk, the purse! sweet, now,
 make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

Dro. S. By running fast. 30

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.
 A devil in an everlasting garment hath him;
 One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
 A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough;
 A wolf, nay, worse; a fellow all in buff;
 A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that counter-
 mands
 The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
 A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot
 well;
 One that, before the Judgement, carries poor souls
 to hell. 40

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter : he is 'rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? Tell me at whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested well ;

But he 's in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can
I tell.

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money
in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister. [*Exit Luciana.*] This I wonder at,

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.

Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing ; 50
A chain, a chain! Do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell : 'tis time that I were gone :

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes
one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O, yes; if any hour meet a sergeant, 'a turns
back for very fear.

Adr. As if Time were in debt! how fondly dost thou
reason!

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than
he 's worth to season.

Nay, he 's a thief too: have you not heard men say,
That Time comes stealing on by night and day? 60
If Time be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the
way,

Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Re-enter Luciana with a purse.

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

Come, sister: I am press'd down with conceit,—
 Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [Exeunt.]

Scene III.

A public place.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet but doth salute me
 As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
 And every one doth call me by my name.
 Some tender money to me; some invite me;
 Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
 Some offer me commodities to buy:
 Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
 And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
 And therewithal took measure of my body.
 Sure, these are but imaginary wiles, 10
 And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for.
 What, have you got the picture of old Adam
 new-apparelled?

Ant. S. What gold is this? what Adam dost thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise, but
 that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in
 the calf's skin that was killed for the Prodigal;
 he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel,
 and bid you forsake your liberty. 20

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went,
 like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man,

sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a sob and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.

Ant. S. What, thou meanest an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, 'God give you good rest!' 30

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you. 40

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtesan.

Cour. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus,
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promised me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

Dro. S. Master, is this Mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; 50
and here she comes in the habit of a light wench:
and thereof comes that the wenches say, 'God damn me'; that's as much to say, 'God make

me a light wench.' It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.
Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here?

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat; or 60
bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:
I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promised,
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you. 70

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone;
But she, more covetous, would have a chain.
Master, be wise: an if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain:
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. 'Fly pride,' says the peacock: mistress, that you know.
[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S.* 80

Cour. Now, out of doubt Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.

A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
 And for the same he promised me a chain:
 Both one and other he denies me now.
 The reason that I gather he is mad,
 Besides this present instance of his rage,
 Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
 Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
 Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits, 90
 On purpose shut the doors against his way.
 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 perforce
 My ring away. This course I fittest choose;
 For forty ducats is too much to lose. [Exit.

Scene IV.

A street.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and the Officer.

Ant. E. 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 am 'rested for.
 My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
 And will not lightly trust the messenger.
 That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,
 I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus with a rope's-end.

Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.
 How now, sir! have you that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here 's that, I warrant you, will pay them all. 10

Ant. E. But where 's the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's-end, sir; and to that end am I returned.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.

[*Beating him.*]

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in ad- 20
versity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by 30
my long ears. I have served him from the hour
of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing
at his hands for my service but blows. When
I am cold, he heats me with 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 with it when I
go from home; welcomed home with it when
I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a
beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he 40
hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to
door.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, the Courtesan, and Pinch.

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

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [Beating him.]

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.

Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer; . 50

Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

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

[Striking him.]

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, housed within this man,

To yield possession to my holy prayers,

And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight:

I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven! 60

Ant. E. Peace, dotting wizard, peace! I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?

Did this companion with the saffron face

Revel and feast it at my house to-day,

Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,

And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O husband, God doth know you dined at home;

Where would you had remain'd until this time,

Free from these slanders and this open shame! 70

Ant. E. Dined at home! Thou villain, what sayest thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

Dro. E. Perdie, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself reviled you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorned you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity you did; my bones bear witness, 80
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is 't good to soothe him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me! heart and good-will you might;
But surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats? 90

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker bear me witness
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth. 100

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I received no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

Ant. E. 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 these false eyes,
 That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him. He strives.

Adr. O, bind him, bind him! let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company! The fiend is strong within
 him. 110

Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,
 I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
 To make a rescue?

Off. Masters, let him go:
 He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go bind this man, for he is frantic too.

[They offer to bind Dro. E.]

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
 Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
 Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off. He is my prisoner: if I let him go, 120
 The debt he owes will be required of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee:
 Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
 And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
 Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
 Home to my house. O most unhappy day!

Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet!

Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad
 me?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, 130
 good master: cry, The devil!

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence. Sister, go you with me.

[Exeunt all but Adriana, Luciana, Officer and Courtesan.]

Say now; whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith: do you know him?

Adr. I know the man. What is the sum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day 140

Came to my house, and took away my ring,—

The ring I saw upon his finger now,—

Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.

Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is:

I long to know the truth hereof at large.

*Enter Antipholus of Syracuse with his rapier drawn,
and Dromio of Syracuse.*

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords.

Let's call more help to have them bound again.

Off. Away! they'll kill us. 150

[Exeunt all but Ant. S. and Dro. S.]

Ant. S. I see these witches are afraid of swords.

Dro. S. She that would be your wife now ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from
thence:

I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night; they will surely
do us no harm: you saw they speak us fair, give
us gold: methinks they are such a gentle nation,
that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that

claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart
to stay here still, and turn witch. 160

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town ;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

A street before a Priory.

Enter Second Merchant and Angelo.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you ;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Sec. Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city ?

Ang. Of very reverent reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly beloved,
Second to none that lives here in the city :
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Sec. Mer. Speak softly : yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so ; and that self chain about his neck, 10
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him ;
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble ;
And, not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oath so to deny
This chain which now you wear so openly :
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend ;

Who, but for staying on our controversy, 20
Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day:

This chain you had of me; can you deny it?

Ant. S. I think I had; I never did deny it.

Sec. Mer. Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?

Sec. Mer. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee.

Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou livest
To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:

I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty 30

Against thee presently, if thou darest stand.

Sec. Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*]

Enter Adriana, Luciana, the Courtesan, and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake! he is mad.

Some get within him, take his sword away:

Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house!

This is some priory. In, or we are spoil'd!

[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S. to the Priory.*]

Enter the Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.

Let us come in, that we may bind him fast, 40

And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Sec. Mer. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,

And much different from the man he was ;
 But till this afternoon his passion
 Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?
 Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye 50
 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?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last ;
 Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too. 60

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. 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 glanced it ;
 Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And thereof came it that the man was mad.
 The venom clamours of a jealous woman
 Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth. 70
 It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing :
 And thereof comes it that his head is light.
 Thou say'st his meat was sauced with thy upbraid-
 ings :

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 by thy brawls:
 Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
 But moody and dull melancholy,
 Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair 80
 And at her heels a huge infectious troop
 Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?
 In food, and sport, and life-preserving rest
 To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast:
 The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits
 Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
 When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.
 Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof. 90
 Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither: he took his place for sanctuary,
 And it shall privilege him from your hands
 Till I have brought him to his wits again,
 Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
 Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
 And will have no attorney but myself; 100
 And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir
 Till I have used the approved means I have,
 With wholesome syrups, drugs and holy prayers,
 To make of him a formal man again:
 It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
 A charitable duty of my order.

Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here:
And ill it doth beseem your holiness 110
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart: thou shalt not have him.

[*Exit.*

Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity,

Adr. Come, go: I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his Grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Sec. Mer. 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, 120
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Sec. Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See where they come: we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the Duke before he pass the abbey.

*Enter Duke, attended; Ægeon barcheaded; with the
Headsman and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly, 130
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die; so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred Duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady:
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your Grace, Antipholus 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 took him;
 That desperately he hurried through the street,— 140
 With him his bondman, all as mad as he,—
 Doing displeasure to the citizens
 By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
 Rings, jewels, anything his rage did like.
 Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
 Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
 That here and there his fury had committed.
 Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
 He broke from those that had the guard of him;
 And with his mad attendant and himself, 150
 Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
 Met us again, and, madly went on us,
 Chased us away; till, raising of more aid,
 We came again to bind them. Then they fled
 Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
 And here the abbess shuts the gates 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.

Duke. Long since thy husband served me, in my wars; 161

And I to thee engaged a prince's word,
 When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
 To do him all the grace and good I could.
 Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
 And bid the lady abbess come to me.
 I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
 My master and his man are both broke loose,
 Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor, 170
 Whose beard they have singed off with brands of
 fire;

And ever, as it blazed, they threw on him
 Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
 My master preaches patience to him, and the while,
 His man with scissors nicks him like a fool;
 And sure, unless you send some present help,
 Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here;
 And that is false thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true; 180
 I have not breathed almost since I did see it.
 He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
 To scorch your face and to disfigure you.

[*Cry within.*

Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone!

Duke. Come, stand by me; fear nothing. Guard with
 halberds!

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband! Witness you,
 That he is borne about invisible:
 Even now we housed him in the abbey here;
 And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and Dromio of Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious Duke, O, grant me justice!
 Even for the service that long since I did thee, 191
 When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
 Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
 That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Æge. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there!
She whom thou gavest to me to be my wife,
That hath abused and dishonour'd me
Even in the strength and height of injury: 200
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. E. This day, great Duke, she shut the doors upon
me,
While she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault! Say, woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord: myself, he and my sister
To-day did dine together. So befall my soul
As this is false he burthens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night, 210
But she tells to your Highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjured woman! They are both forsworn:
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say;
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provoked with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then; 220
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him,
And in his company that gentleman.

There did this perjured goldsmith swear me down
That I this day of him received the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which
He did arrest me with an officer. 230

I did obey; and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met my wife, her sister, and a rabble
more

Of vile confederates. Along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-faced
villain,

A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch, 240
A living dead man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;

And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd. Then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately 250

Ran hither to your Grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee or no?

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,

These people saw the chain about his neck.

Scc. Mer. Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine
 Heard you confess you had the chain of him, 260
 After you first forswore it on the mart:
 And thereupon I drew my sword on you;
 And then you fled into this abbey here,
 From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey-walls;
 Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
 I never saw the chain, so help me Heaven!
 And this is false you burthen me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
 I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup. 270
 If here you housed him, here he would have been;
 If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:
 You say he dined at home; the goldsmith here
 Denies that saying. Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porpentine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege; this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your Grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange. Go call the abbess hither.

I think you are all mated, or stark mad. 281

[Exit one to the Abbess.]

Æge. 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.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.

Æge. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?

And is not that your bondman, Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,

But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords :

Now am I Dromio, and his man unbound. 290

Æge. I am sure you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you ;

For lately we were bound, as you are now.

You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir ?

Æge. Why look you strange on me ? you know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life till now.

Æge. O, grief hath changed me since you saw me last,

And careful hours with time's deformed hand

Have written strange defeatures in my face :

But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice ? 300

Ant. E. Neither.

Æge. Dromio, nor thou ?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Æge. I am sure thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not ; and what-

soever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Æge. Not know my voice ! O time's extremity,

Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue

In seven short years, that here my only son

Knows not my feeble key of untuned cares ? 310

Though 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 lamps some fading glimmer left,

My dull deaf ears a little use to hear :

All these old witnesses—I cannot err—

Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Æge. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy, 320
 Thou know'st we parted: but perhaps, my son,
 Thou shamest to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The Duke and all that know me in the city
 Can witness with me that it is not so:
 I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusian, twenty years
 Have I been patron to Antipholus,
 During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse:
 I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Re-enter Abbess, with Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse.

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much
 wrong'd. 330

[*All gather to see them.*]

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;
 And so of these. Which is the natural man,
 And which the spirit? who deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio: command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.

Ant. S. Ægeon art thou not? or else his ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
 And gain a husband by his liberty. 340

Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
 That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,
 That bore thee at a burthen two fair sons:
 O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
 And speak unto the same Æmilia!

Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia:
 If thou art she, tell me, where is that son

That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum he and I
 And the twin Dromio, all were taken up; 350
 But by and by rude fishermen of Corinth
 By force took Dromio and my son from them,
 And me they left with those of Epidamnum.
 What then became of them I cannot tell;
 I to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right:
 These two Antipholuses, these two so like,
 And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
 Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—
 These are the parents to these children, 360
 Which accidentally are met together.
 Antipholus, thou camest from Corinth first?

Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord,—

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous war-
 rior,

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband? 370

Ant. E. No; I say nay to that.

Ant. S. And so do I; yet did she call me so:

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,

Did call me brother. [*To Luciana*] What I told
 you then,

I hope I shall have leisure to make good;

If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

Ant. S. I think it be, sir ; I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me. 380

Ang. I think I did, sir ; I deny it not.

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

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I received from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me.
I see we still did meet each other's man ;
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me ;
And thereupon these ERRORS are arose.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need ; thy father hath his life. 390

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it ; and much thanks for my good
cheer.

Abb. 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 sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.
Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail 400
Of you, my sons ; and till this present hour
My heavy burthen ne'er delivered.
The Duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossips' feast, and go with me ;
After so long grief, such nativity !

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt all but Ant. S., Ant. E., Dro. S., and Dro. E.*]

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship-board?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?

Dro. S. Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me. I am your master, Dromio:

Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon: 412

Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Ant. E.*]

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,

That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner:

She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:

I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.

Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder. 420

Dro. E. That's a question: how shall we try it?

Dro. S. We'll draw cuts for the senior: till then lead
thou first.

Dro. E. Nay, then, thus:

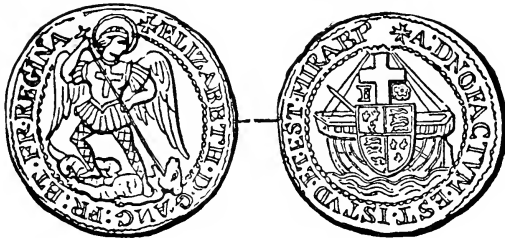
We came into the world like brother and brother;

And now let's go hand in hand, not one before
another. [Exeunt.]

Glossary.

Advised, well informed of, deliberate concerning; V. i. 214.
Albeit, although; V. i. 217.
Amain, with might and main; I. i. 93.
Anatomy, skeleton; V. i. 238.
Angels; an angel was an English coin, worth about ten shillings; IV. iii. 39.

the sergeant, "because he comes from behind to arrest one"; IV. ii. 37.
Ballast, ballasted, loaded; III. ii. 139.
Band, bond (used equivocally); IV. ii. 49.
Beads, rosary; II. ii. 189.
Bear, carry off; V. i. 8.



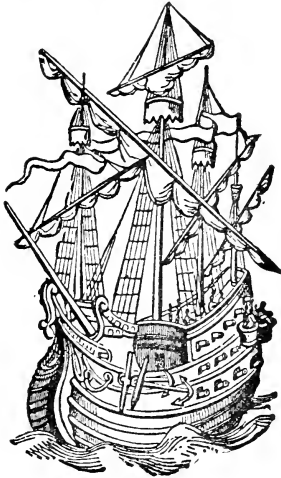
From a specimen of the time of Elizabeth.

Apparently, obviously; IV. i. 78.
Armadoes, armadas; III. ii. 138.
A-row, in a row, one after another, V. i. 170.
Assured, affianced; III. ii. 143.
Attach, arrest; IV. i. 6.
Attaint, disgrace; III. ii. 16.
Austerley, seriously; IV. ii. 2.
Back-friend, an adversary; perhaps applied quibblingly to

Become, render becoming; III. ii. 11.
Belike, 'tis likely; IV. i. 25.
Bestow, employ, make use of; IV. i. 16.
Bestowed, stowed, deposited; I. ii. 78.
Bestrid; "b. thee," i.e. "defended thee when fallen"; V. i. 192.
Board, table; III. ii. 18.
Bought and sold, deluded and overreached by foul practices; III. i. 72.

By; "send me by some token"; a not uncommon Elizabethan idiom, meaning "give me some token whereby I may show that you have sent me"; IV. i. 56.

Caracks, galleons, large ships of burden; III. ii. 138.



From an engraving in Halliwell's Folio Edition.

Caract, carat; IV. i. 28.

Carcanet, necklace; III. i. 4.

Careful, full of care; V. i. 298.

Carriage, bearing; III. ii. 14.

Carved, made amorous gestures; II. ii. 119.

Case; "an action upon the case is a general action given for the redress of a wrong done any man without force, and not especially provided for by law"; IV. ii. 42.

Cates, dainties; III. i. 28.

Charged, gave in charge; III. i. 8.

Chargeful, expensive; IV. i. 29.

Children (trisyllabic); V. i. 360.

Choleric; the choleric man was advised "to abstain from all salt, scorched, dry meats, from mustard, and such like things as might aggravate his malignant humours"; II. ii. 62.

Circumstance, detail; V. i. 16.

Claim; "my heaven's claim," i.e. "all that I claim from heaven hereafter"; III. ii. 64.



From a Sixteenth Century Venetian specimen.

Glossary

- Clean*, entirely; I. i. 134.
Coil, ado; III. i. 48.
Coldly, coolly; V. i. 272.
Common; "make a c. of," *i.e.* "use as a playground"; II. ii. 29.
Compact of, wholly composed of; III. ii. 22.
Companion (used contemptuously), fellow; IV. iv. 64.
Conceit, conception; III. ii. 34. apprehension; IV. ii. 65.
Confiscate, confiscated; I. i. 21.
Confounds, destroys; I. ii. 38.
Confusion, ruin; II. ii. 181.
Consort, to keep company with; I. ii. 28.
Countermands, stops one going through; IV. ii. 37.
Cozenage, cheating; I. ii. 97.
Credit, credulity; III. ii. 22.
Curtal, having a docked tail; III. ii. 148 (*cp.* "turn i' the wheel").
Customers (used contemptuously), visitors, guests; IV. iv. 63.
Cuts; papers cut of unequal lengths, of which the longest was usually the prize; hence, "to draw cuts = to draw lots"; V. i. 422.
Dankish, dampish; V. i. 247.
Deadly, deathly; IV. iv. 96.
Death; "the death," *i.e.* "death by judicial sentence"; I. i. 147.
Debted, indebted; IV. i. 31.
Deciphers, distinguishes; V. i. 334.
Decline, incline; III. ii. 44.

COMEDY OF ERRORS

- Declining*, inclining; III. ii. 136.
Defeatures, disfigurements; II. i. 98; V. i. 299.
Deformed, deforming; V. i. 298.
Demean, conduct; IV. iii. 82.
Denied (followed by a tautological negative); IV. ii. 7.
Despite of; "in d. of mirth," *i.e.* "though I feel spiteful towards mirth"; III. i. 108.
Detain, withhold; II. i. 107.
Dilate, narrate; I. i. 123.
Disannul, annul; I. i. 145.
Discharged, paid; IV. i. 32.
Dispense with, put up with; II. i. 103.
Dispose, disposal; I. i. 21.
Disposed, disposed of; I. ii. 73.
Distain'd, sullied, disgraced; II. ii. 147.
Distemperatures, distempers; V. i. 82.
Distract, distracted; IV. iii. 41.
Diviner, sorceress; III. ii. 142.
Dowsabel, a poetic name, used occasionally in Elizabethan writers generically for a beautiful lass (*douce et belle*); ironically applied by Dromio of Syracuse to the wench whose real name is Nell; IV. i. 110.
Draws dry-foot, traces the scent of the game; "perhaps so called because, according to sportsmen, in water the scent is lost"; IV. ii. 39.
Dry, hard, severe; II. ii. 63.
Durance; v. "everlasting garment"; IV. iii. 26.

- Earnest*; used quibblingly with reference to the sense of "earnest-money"; II. ii. 24.
- Ecstasy*, frenzy, madness; IV. iv. 54.
- Everlasting garment*, alluding to "the buff jerkin" of the sergeant,— "a suit of durance" as it was called; IV. ii. 33.
- Excrement*, outgrowth (applied to hair); II. ii. 79.
- Exempt*, separated; II. ii. 172.
- Fair*, fairness, beauty; II. i. 98.
- Faith*; "breast . . . of faith" ("flint has been adopted by some editors, but there is not sufficient reason for the change; by faith men resisted a witch's power"); III. ii. 148.
- Fall*, let fall; II. ii. 127.
- Falsing*, (?) apt to be falsified; II. ii. 95.
- Fine and recovery*; a legal term, said to be "the strongest assurance known to English law"; II. ii. 74.
- Finger*; "to put the f. in the eye," *i.e.* "to weep in a childish way"; II. ii. 205.
- Fly pride*; "a proverbial phrase, by which Dromio rebukes the woman, whom he thinks a cheat, for accusing his master of cheating"; IV. iii. 80.
- Folded*, concealed; III. ii. 36.
- Fond*, doting; II. i. 116.
- Fondly*, foolishly; IV. ii. 57.
- Fool-begg'd*, foolishly begged or demanded; II. i. 41.
- Formal*, ordinary, rational; V. i. 105.
- Forswore*; "forsook to have," *i.e.* "swore that he did not have"; V. i. 11.
- Forth*; "to find f.," *i.e.* "to find out"; I. ii. 37; away from home; II. ii. 211.
- For why*, because; III. ii. 104.
- Fraughtage*, freight; IV. i. 87.
- Genius*, attending spirit; V. i. 332.
- Get within*, close with, grapple with; V. i. 34.
- Gillian* = Juliana; III. i. 31.
- Ginn* = Jenny; III. i. 31.
- Good now* = good fellow now (others explain the phrase as equivalent to "well now"); IV. iv. 22.
- Gossip*, make merry; V. i. 407.
- Gossiping*, merry-making (with a probable reference to original sense, a sponsors' feast); V. i. 419.
- Gossips*, sponsors; V. i. 405.
- Grain*; "in grain," *i.e.* "ingrained, deeply dyed"; III. ii. 107.
- Grained*, furrowed (like the grain of wood); V. i. 311.
- Growing*, accruing; IV. i. 8.
- Guilders*; Dutch coins of the value of about two shillings; used in a general sense for "money"; I. i. 8.
- Harlots*, lewd fellows; V. i. 205.

- Hatch, half-door*, wicket; III. i. 33.
- Healthful*, full of safety; I. i. 115.
- Heart's meteors*; "alluding to those meteors in the sky (the aurora borealis) which have the appearance of lines of armies meeting in the shock"; IV. ii. 6.
- Heir* (with a play upon hair, cf. Preface); III. ii. 125.
- Hell*, used quibblingly; the cant term for an obscure dungeon; IV. ii. 40.
- Helpless*, unavailing; II. i. 39.
- His*, its; II. i. 110.
- Hit of*, hit on, guess; III. ii. 30.
- Holp*, helped; IV. i. 22.
- Horn-mad*; "mad like a wicked bull; generally used with a reference to cuckoldry"; II. i. 58.
- Host*; "lay at h. in," i.e. "were put up at"; V. i. 410.
- Host*, lodge; I. ii. 9.
- Hoy*, a small vessel, a kind of sloop; IV. iii. 39.
- Impeach*, impeachment; V. i. 269.
- Important*, importunate; V. i. 138.
- Instance*, indication; I. i. 65.
- Intestine*, internal; I. i. 11.
- Jest upon*, trifle with; II. ii. 28.
- Judgement*; "before the J.," there is perhaps a quibbling allusion in the phrase to what is called *mesne-process*; IV. ii. 40.
- Kitchen'd*, entertained in the kitchen; V. i. 415.
- Lapland*; Shakespeare's sole reference to Lapland sorcerers (cf. Milton's "Lapland witches"); IV. iii. 11.
- Lash'd*, scourged (with perhaps a reference to "lashed" in the sense of "fastened, bound"); II. i. 15.
- Lets*, hinders; II. i. 105.
- Liberties*, libertinisms, "l. of sin," i.e. "licensed offenders"; I. ii. 102.
- Light*, wanton (used equivocally); IV. iii. 51.
- Limbo*; a cant term for "prison," properly, "hell," or "the borders of hell"; IV. ii. 32.
- Love-springs*, shoots of love; III. ii. 3.
- Mace*, a sergeant's club; IV. iii. 28.
- Made*, barred; III. i. 93.
- Making*, outward form; IV. ii. 22.
- Malt-horse*; a dull, heavy horse, like a brewer's, used contemptuously; III. i. 32.
- Mated*; used quibblingly in the sense of "confounded," and "given as a mate"; III. ii. 54.
- Mermaid*, siren; III. ii. 45.
- Mickle*, much; III. i. 45.
- Minion*, favourite (used contemptuously), darling; IV. iv. 63; *pl.* II. i. 87.
- Mome*, buffoon; III. i. 32.

Mood, anger; II. ii. 171.
Morris-pike, a Moorish pike;
 IV. iii. 28.
Mortal, deadly; I. i. 11.
Motions, proposals; I. i. 60.
Mountebanks; "prating m.;"
 I. ii. 101; *cp.* the following
 woodcut:—

Of, out of, from; I. i. 131;
 "wreck of sea" (so first
 Folio, the rest "at sea") =
 off, out at sea; V. i. 49.
On; "on night," *i.e.* "a
 night"; V. i. 210.
Once this; "so much is cer-
 tain"; III. i. 89.



From an early black-letter ballad in the collection of the late J. O. Halliwell-Phillips, Esq.

Moves, appeals to; II. ii. 182.
Nature, natural affection; I. i.
 35.
New-apparelled (*vide* Notes);
 IV. iii. 14.
Nicks; "n. him like a fool,"
 alluding to the old custom
 of shaving, nicking, or notch-
 ing the head of a profes-
 sional buffoon; V. i. 175.



Duke of Suffolk's fool (*temp.* Henry VIII). From Brydges's *Memoirs of the Peers of England*.

O'er-raught, overcalled, cheat-
 ed; I. ii. 96.

Order, measures; V. i. 146.

Glossary

Other; "no other cause," *i.e.* "no cause to be otherwise";

II. i. 33.

Owe, own; III. i. 42.

Pack'd, leagued; V. i. 219.

Parcel, part; V. i. 106.

Part, depart; III. i. 67.

Partial; "I am not p. to infringe," *i.e.* "I am not so inclined in your behalf as to infringe"; I. i. 4.

Passage, the going to and fro of people; III. i. 99.

Patch, fool, jester; III. i. 32.

Peasant, servant; V. i. 231.

Peevish, foolish; IV. i. 93.

Penitent, doing penance; I. ii. 52.

Perdie, *par dieu!* IV. iv. 74.

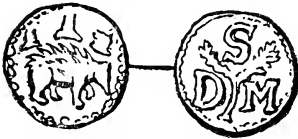
Perforce, by force; IV. iii. 94.

Peruse, survey; I. ii. 13.

Plainings, wailings; I. i. 73.

Please, pay; IV. iv. 52.

Porpentine, Porcupine (the only form of the word used by Shakespeare); III. i. 116.



From a leaden token in the collection of the late C. Roach Smith, Esq.

Post, post-haste; I. ii. 63.

Post; used quibblingly; an allusion to keeping the score by chalk or notches on a post; I. ii. 64.

COMEDY OF ERRORS

Presently, immediately; III. ii. 150.

Quit, remit; I. i. 23.

Rag, shred, particle; IV. iv. 89.

Rest; "sets up his rest"; Dromio plays on "rest," "arrest," and a metaphor, "setting up his rest," taken from gaming, and meaning "staking his all" upon an event; IV. iii. 27.

Reverted, turned back; III. ii. 124.

Road, harbour; III. ii. 150.

Round; used quibblingly in the sense of (1) "spherical," and (2) "plain-spoken"; II. i. 82.

Runs counter; follows the scent backward instead of forward; with a play perhaps upon "Counter," the name of two London prisons; IV. ii. 39.

Sconce, a helmet (originally a small fort, bulwark), applied also to the head itself; I. ii. 79; II. ii. 34; II. ii. 37.

Scorch, excoriate; V. i. 183.

Season, opportunity; "to s." = "at the opportune time"; IV. ii. 58.

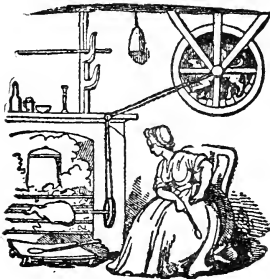
Semblance, (trisyllabic); V. i. 358.

Sensible (used equivocally in ordinary sense and in sense of "sensitive") IV. iv. 28.

Sere, dry, withered; IV. ii. 19.

Shapeless, unshapely; IV. ii. 20.

- Shrive*, call to confession; II. ii. 209.
- Sinking-ripe*, ripe for sinking, ready to sink; I. i. 78.
- Sir-reverence*; a corruption of "save-reverence" (contracted into "sa'-reverence") a translation of Lat. *salvâ reverentiâ*; *save-reverence* or *save your reverence* was considered "a sufficient apology for anything indecorous"; III. ii. 91.
- Sob* (first Folio reads "fob," i.e. sob, probably an error for "fob," which was used by Elizabethan writers in the sense of a slight blow); IV. iii. 25.
- Soon*, nearly; "s. at five o'clock," i.e. "about five o'clock"; I. ii. 26.
- Soothe*, humour; IV. iv. 82.
- Sorry*, pitiable, sad; V. i. 121.
- Sot*, dolt; II. ii. 195.
- Sour* (dissyllabic; "sower" in the Folios); V. i. 45.
- Spite*, vexation; IV. ii. 8.
- Spoon-meat* (used equivocally, to introduce allusion to the proverb, "he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil"); IV. iii. 60.
- Stale*; "second woman," the one to fall back on if another is not to be had; II. i. 101.
- Stands upon*, concerns; IV. i. 68.
- Stigmatical*, marked or stigmatized with deformity; IV. ii. 22.
- Stomach*, appetite; I. ii. 49.
- Stray'd* caused to stray; V. i. 51.
- Strong*; "s. escape," i.e. "escape effected by strength, or violence"; V. i. 148.
- Strumpeted*, made a strumpet of; II. ii. 145.
- Stuff*, baggage; IV. iv. 153.
- Supposed*, conjectured; III. i. 101.
- Suspect*, suspicion; III. i. 87.
- Symphathized*, mutually suffered; V. i. 397.
- Take*; "t. a house," i.e. "take sanctuary in a house"; V. i. 36.
- Tartar*, Tartarian; it is noteworthy that Tartarian was a cant term for "thief"; IV. ii. 32.
- Tilting*, v. *Heart's Meteors*.
- Timely*, speedy; I. i. 139.
- Tiring*, attiring; II. ii. 98.
- To*, of; III. ii. 168.
- Took on him as*, pretended to be; V. i. 242.
- Train*, entice; III. ii. 45.
- Turn i' the wheel*; "there is comprehended, under the curs of the coarsest kind, a certain dog in kitchen service excellent; for when any meat is to be roasted, they go into a wheel, which they turning round about with the weight of their bodies, so diligently look to their business, that no drudge nor scullion can do the feat more cunningly." (Topsell, *History of Four-footed beasts*, 1607); III. ii. 149.



From a representation taken by Wigstead from an inn in Wales, at the close of the last century.

Understand (used quibblingly with a play upon "understand" = "stand under"); II. ii. 49.

Ungalled, unblemished; III. i. 102.

Unhappy, mischievous; IV. iv. 127.

Untuned, discordant; V. i. 310.

Vain, light of tongue; III. ii. 27.

Villain (used good-humouredly); I. ii. 19.

Vulgar, public; III. i. 100.

Waftage, passage; IV. i. 95.

Wafts, beckons; II. ii. 110.

Week; perhaps with a play upon "wick" (pronounced like "week"); III. ii. 100.

Well-advised, acting with due deliberation, in right mind; II. ii. 214.

When? Can you tell? "a proverbial inquiry indicating the improbability that the person addressed will get what he asks"; III. i. 52.

When as, whenas, *i.e.* when; IV. iv. 140.

Whether (monosyllabic, printed "whe'r" in the Folios); IV. i. 60.

Wink, to shut the eyes; III. ii. 58.

Wont, is wont (to bear); IV. iv. 40.

COMEDY OF ERRORS

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 55. 'meaner,' S. Walker's conjecture; Folio 1 'meane,' Folio 2 'poor meane.'

I. i. 79. 'the latter-born'; line 125 below seems to imply that this should be 'elder-born,' a change adopted by Rowe; but probably 'the children became exchanged in the confusion during the breaking-up of the ship.'

I. ii. 41. 'the almanac of my true date,' because both were born in the same hour.

I. ii. 64. 'I shall be post indeed'; a post stood in the middle of the shop, on which the scores of the customers were scored, or marked with chalk or notches.

I. ii. 66. 'clock'; Pope's emendation for 'cook,' the reading of the Folios.

II. i. 109-113. These lines read as follows in the Folio:—

*'I see the Jewell best enameled
Will loose his lustre; yet the gold bides still
That others touch, and often touching will,
Where gold and no man that hath a name,' etc.*

The change of *where* to *wear* in the last line has been generally accepted, as also *and though* for *yet* in the second line; *yet* for *and* in the third; *and so a man* for *and no man* in the fourth; Warburton paraphrases this passage thus emended:—"Gold, indeed, will long bear the handling; however, often *touching* (*i.e.* assaying) will wear even gold: just so the greatest character, though as pure as gold itself, may in time be injured by the repeated attacks of falsehood and corruption." The Cambridge editors wisely abstain from these wholesale emendations, though so far no satisfactory explanation has been given of the lines. May not the meaning of the passage depend on some such interpretation as this:—The wife (the jewel) soon loses her beauty and ceases to attract, but man (the gold) still stands the test, assayed by other women, and although gold wears out if assayed

too often, yet a man of good reputation is not shamed by his falsehood and corruption. 'Wherefore,' says Adriana, 'since I (the jewel) cannot please his eye, I'll weep what's left away,' etc.

II. ii. 89. '*jollity*'; Staunton suggested that the reading is an error for '*policy*,' and the reading has been adopted by some modern editors.

II. ii. 119. As the line stands, it reads as an Alexandrine. Walker suggested *carv'd thee* for *carved to thee*; others propose the omission of *to thee*; neither change seems desirable.

II. ii. 147. '*I live distain'd, thou undishonoured*'; so read the Folios; *distain'd* has been changed to *unstain'd* in most modern editions; Heath proposed '*I live distained, thou dishonoured*.' The line as it stands in the text seems to mean, 'I live distained (i.e. stained), if untrue to my marriage vows; you, however, live undishonoured, however false you may be.'

II. ii. 186. '*this are sure uncertainty*'; i.e. 'This to her surely a thing uncertain.'

II. ii. 191. The second folio reads '*and Elves Sprites*,' which Rowe altered to *Elvish sprites*, a reading adopted by most editors. Theobald proposed to change *owls* to *ouphes*.

II. ii. 195. '*thou drone*,' Theobald's emendation; Folio 1 '*thou Dromio*.'

II. ii. 200. '*'tis to an ass*'; the words remind one of Bottom's transformation in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*.

III. i. 53. '*If thy name be called Lucc*'; '*Lucc*' = '*pike*'; there is perhaps a play upon '*pike*' in the sense of '*spear*,' cp. '*Shall I sei in my staff?*' line 51.

III. i. 54. Probably a line has been lost rhyming with this; the rhyming word was perhaps *rope*.

III. ii. 66. '*I am thee*'; this reading of the Folio may surely, without risk, be emended:—'*I aim thee*,' i.e. '*I aim at thee*'; the transitive use of *aim* is found in Elizabethan writers.

III. ii. 124. '*armed and reverted, making war against her heir*'; Folio 2 substituted *hair* for *heir*, but the play upon words is the whole point of the passage, an allusion being intended to the War of the League against Henry of Navarre, the heir of Henry III. of France, whose cause was supported by Elizabeth; in 1591 she sent a body of 4,000 men under Essex to help him. "Mistress Nell's brazen forehead seemed to push back her rough and rebellious hair, as France resisted the claim of the Protestant heir to the throne" (Clarke).

English enthusiasm for Henry of Navarre found expression, too, in Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost* (cp. Preface).

As regards the peculiar use of *reverted*, i.e. 'turned back,' Schmidt suggests that there may be a play upon the sense of 'fallen to another proprietor.'

IV. i. 21. '*I buy a thousand pound a year*'; some point in these words, familiar to Shakespeare's audience, is lost to us, and no satisfactory explanation has as yet been given, though Halliwell's comparison of the line with 3 *Henry VI.*, II. ii. 144, is noteworthy:—

*"A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callet know herself."*

IV. ii. 35. '*A fiend, a fury*'; the Folios read '*fairy*,' corrected by Theobald, who has been followed by most editors, including the Cambridge editors; a strong case can, however, be made for the original reading (e.g. cp. *Hamlet*, I. i. 161-163).

IV. ii. 61. '*If Time be in debt*'; the Folios read '*If I*,' where *I* is probably an error for '*a*' (i.e. *he*) or *he*; the reading in the text is Rowe's emendation.

IV. iii. 13. '*What, have you got the picture of old Adam new-apparelled?*' '*The picture of old Adam*' = the sergeant, who was clad '*in buff*'; in Elizabethan slang this latter phrase was used in the sense of '*bare skin*,' i.e. '*naked*'; hence the quibble. *New-apparelled* offers some difficulty, and depends on the general construction of the whole line. It has been ingeniously suggested that the idea is '*got him a new suit*,' i.e. '*got rid of him*.' On the other hand, there is a possibility that the phrase '*what have you got?*' is a vulgarism for '*What have you done with?*' Theobald proposed to read '*What, have you got rid of the picture*,' etc. In the latter cases *new-apparelled* must be regarded as merely a descriptive epithet, the whole phrase '*the picture of old Adam new-apparelled*' being an elaborate circumlocution for '*sergeant*.'

IV. iii. 58. '*We'll mend our dinner*,' i.e. '*we'll buy something more for our dinner*.'

IV. iv. 45. '*the prophecy like the parrot, beware the rope's end*'; the Cambridge editors most ingeniously conjecture that we should read:—

*"or, rather, 'prospice funem,' beware the rope's-end.
Antipholus of E. Wilt thou still talk like the parrot?"*

Dyce proposed, '*or, rather, to prophecy like*,' etc.

Parrots were taught uncomplimentary remarks in Elizabethan times as they are at present; there are many allusions to the very phrase in the text: Ralpho, in Butler's *Hudibras*,

"Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
That speak, but think contrary clean;
What member 'tis of whom they talk,
When they cry rope, and walk, knave, walk."

V. i. 46. '*And much different*,' etc., the second Folio, for the sake of the metre, reads *much, much*; a reading which does not commend itself; *too much* has been conjectured. The line as it stands is certainly doubtful; *different* does not occur in Shakespeare.

V. i. 66. '*glanced it*'; Pope's conjectural *at it* is unnecessary, though *glance* in the sense *to hint*, used transitively, does not otherwise occur; Folio 1 does not elide the *ed* of *glanced*.

V. i. 79. '*But moody and dull melancholy*'; something is obviously amiss with the line; *moody moping* has been suggested. *Kinsman* in the next line is used in its general sense of *akin*, which some editors have unnecessarily substituted; it has even been changed to *kins-woman*.

V. i. 170. '*Beaten the maids*,' etc., *i.e. have beaten*; but the previous verb has *are*—a confusion of constructions which causes little difficulty, and fairly common in Elizabethan English.

V. i. 310. '*my feeble key of untuned cares?*' *i.e. 'the feeble tone of my voice, which gives utterance to nothing but unharmonious grief.'*

V. i. 388. '*these ERRORS are arose*,' so the Folios; *are* has been variously changed by scholars into *all, rare*, but no change is necessary; as far as rhythm is concerned the Folio reading is certainly preferable.

V. i. 400. '*Thirty-three years*'; this reading of the Folios has been changed to *twenty-five* by most editors, following Theobald, who calculates the age of the twins by putting together what Ægeon says in Act. I. i. 125 and in line 320 of Act V. Capell suggested *twenty-three*, from Act I. i. line 125 and line 133. On the other hand, the Duke states in line 326 of the present Act that he has been patron to Antipholus for 'twenty years'; it looks as though Shakespeare changed his idea as to the age of the twins towards the end of the play, without troubling to make all his references fit in with one another.

V. i. 402. '*burthen ne'er*,' Dyce; Folio 1, '*burthen are*.'

V. i. 404. 'And you the calendars of their nativity;' i.e. the two Dromios; *cp.* 'Here comes the almanac of my true date,' I. ii. 41.

V. i. 406. 'After so long grief, such nativity!' the labouring line harmonizes well with the emotion of the speaker; the line is evidently intended to be read as follows:—

'After | so long | grief, such | nativ | ity.'

There seems no reason for changing *nativity*, though Hanmer's conjecture *felicity* has been accepted by most editors; Johnson proposed *festivity*.

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

1. The paternal Ægeon resembles the Egeus of *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, as in name so in position and function in the play; introduced with a Duke judicial in the first Scene, he supplies the place of prologue, and only reappears, after the development of the situations he set forth into a wild succession of ingenious entanglements, to assist at and witness their final evolution with surprise and satisfaction.

13 *et seq.* *It hath in solemn synods been decreed*, etc.:—"The offence which Ægeon had committed," says Knight, "and the penalty which he had incurred, are pointed out with a minuteness by which the Poet doubtless intended to convey his sense of the gross injustice of such enactments. In *The Taming of the Shrew*, written most probably about the same period as *The Comedy of Errors*, the jealousies of commercial states, exhibiting themselves in violent decrees and impracticable regulations, are also depicted by the same powerful hand":—

Tranio. Of Mantau, sir? marry, God forbid!

Pedant. Of Mantua.

Tranio. Of Mantua, sir? marry, God forbid!

And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Pedant. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

Tranio. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
 To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
 Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the Duke,
 For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,
 Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly.

52 *et seq.* *the one so like the other*, etc.—Knight remarks: “In Plautus we have no broken-hearted father bereft of both his sons: he is dead; and the grandfather changes the name of the one child who remains to him. Shakespeare does not stop to tell us how the twin-brothers bear the same name; nor does he explain the matter any more in the case of the Dromios, whose introduction upon the scene is his own creation. In Plautus, the brother, Menæchmus Sosicles, who remained with the grandsire, comes to Epidamnum, in search of his twin-brother who was stolen, and he is accompanied by his servant Messenio; but all the perplexities that are so naturally occasioned by the confusion of the two twin-servants are entirely wanting. The mistakes are carried on by the ‘*meretrix, uxor, et socer*’ (softened by Warner into ‘father, wife, neighbours’).” On this point of the perplexities Lloyd says: “The entire action of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus is generated by the mistaken identities and twin brothers; and of like nature is the mainspring of *The Comedy of Errors*, and the importance which a mere casualty and coincidence asserts for itself in the action, is an original quality in the stuff of the play that would render a varied display of fine characterization, inappropriate at least, if not impossible. But the poet who chooses a theme of restricted capability, is at least bound to avail himself to the utmost of what capability it has; that this was not done by Plautus is proved by the comedy of Shakespeare which complicates the source of embarrassment—the personal resemblance of two masters, by the addition of a pair of servants equally undistinguishable; and most triumphantly overcomes all the difficulty of the double complication carried out to the most extravagant pitch of mistakes and misconception. The reader and still more the spectator, enjoys the perplexities of a well-filled scene while he never falls into perplexity himself.”

88. *towards Corinth*:—“Towards,” says Hudson, “is one or two syllables, and has the accent on the first or second syllable, indifferently in Shakespeare, according to the needs of his verse. Here it is two syllables, with the accent on the first.”

152. *beneficial help*:—“Assistance rendered out of charity or kindness.”

155. *if no*:—*No*, which is the reading of the first Folio, was formerly often used for *not*.

Scene II.

97 *et seq.* “Steevens considered that the description of Ephesus in *The Comedy of Errors*,

‘They say this town is full of cozenage,’ etc.

was derived from Warner’s translation, where ‘ribalds, parasites, drunkards, catchpoles, coney-catchers, sycophants, and courtesans,’ are found; the *voluptarii*, *potatores*, *sycophantæ*, *palpatores*, and *meretrices* of Plautus. But the ‘jugglers,’ ‘sorcerers,’ ‘witches,’ of Shakespeare are not these. With his exquisite judgement, Shakespeare gave Ephesus more characteristic ‘liberties of sin.’” Lloyd remarks that “the description is in accordance with various classical notices of Ephesian practice, but inasmuch as it is still more so with the account in the Acts of the Apostles of the exorcists in that city, Jewish and other, we cannot argue from the passage either in favour of the classical acquirements of Shakespeare, or against his originality if these are denied him. We see at least the Poet’s motive for transferring his *Comedy of Errors* to a locality where such errors would most alarm and bewilder, and professors of exorcism like our zealous anatomy Pinch, be within call.”

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

4. *Luciana*:—A fair reward is by the introduction of this character provided for Antipholus, the traveller—a pleasing scene of love-making, although a little at cross purposes, and the prospect of a wedding at last, the only true benediction to the fortunes of a comedy. Richard Grant White says that in the substitution of *Luciana*, the sister of *Adriana*, for the Father of the Latin comedy, we very surely have an indication of Shakespeare’s dramatic skill; the expostulations which he puts into the mouth of the young woman are far more convincing and to the purpose than the reproaches which Plautus makes the old man deal out to both husband and wife.

30. *start some other where?*—That is, somewhere else. The sense seems to be, how if your husband fly off in pursuit of some other woman?

32. *though she pause*:—"Meaning, I suppose," says Hudson, "that it is no wonder if patience keeps *quiet when* she has nothing to fret or disturb her."

33. *that have no other cause*:—That is, *no cause* to be otherwise.

41. *fool-begg'd patience*, etc.:—Referring to the old custom of soliciting the guardianship of fools and idiotic persons with a view to their property. The king, being the legal guardian of such persons, might make over the trust to whom he pleased; and relatives or other interested parties would beg the office.

95. *master of my state*:—*State* here means *estate*. This usage was frequent in Shakespeare's day.

98. *Of my defeatures*:—Cotgrave has "Un visage desfaict: *Growne very leane, pale, wan, or decayed in feature and colour.*" It occurs again in the last Act; and is also used by the Poet in *Venus and Adonis*:—

"To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure *defeature.*"

Scene II.

38. *and insconce it too*:—To *insconce* was to *hide*, to protect as with a fort.

62. *Lest it make you choleric*:—Meats overdone in cooking were supposed to induce this condition. So in *The Taming of the Shrew*:—

"I tell thee, Kate 'twas burnt and dried away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders *choler*, planteth anger."

82, 83. *there's many a man*, etc.:—The following lines upon Suckling's *Aglaura*, printed in folio, may serve to illustrate this proverbial sentence:—

"This great voluminous pamphlet may be said
To be like one that hath more hair than head;
More excrement than body:—trees which sprout
With broadest leaves have still the smallest fruit."

84, 85. *hath the wit to lose his hair*:—An allusion to the effects of the so-called French disease, which caused loss of hair.

172. *you are from me exempt*:—Shakespeare uses the word *exempt* in 1 *Henry VI.*, II. iv., in a similar sense:—

“And, by his treason, stand'st thou not attainted,
Corrupted, and *exempt* from ancient gentry?”

So in *The Triumph of Honour*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:—

“Hard-hearted Dorigen! yield, lest for contempt
They fix you there a rock whence they're *exempt*.”

175. *Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine*:—So Milton's *Paradise Lost*, v. 215: “They led the vine to wed her elm: she, spoused, about him twines her marriageable arms.” Thus also in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*: “The female ivy so enrings the barky fingers of the elm.” Douce observes that there is something extremely beautiful in making the vine the lawful spouse of the elm, and the *parasite* plants here named its *concubines*. See also Ovid's tale of Vertumnus and Pomona.

179. *idle moss*:—That is, *unfruitful*. So in *Othello*, I. iii.: “Antres vast and deserts *idle*.”

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

6, 7. *would face me down*, etc.:—The meaning, according to Hudson, is: “Would *convince* me that he met me on the mart, and that I beat him.”

15. *Marry*:—This interjection is a short way of putting the old form of swearing or affirming by the Virgin Mary. It thus evolved into a common exclamation of the Elizabethan period.

60. *a pair of stocks*:—The stocks were a rude device for the punishment of evil-doers. The device consisted of timbers or boards with holes cut in them. The boards were held between upright posts. The offender's feet were thrust through the holes in the boards and securely fastened.

83. *we'll pluck a crow together*:—To pluck a crow with any one was to quarrel or fight with him; a proverbial phrase.

95. *let us to the Tiger*:—An inn of that name. *Centaur* and *Phœnix*, already mentioned, were likewise inns.

Scene II.

3. *love-springs*:—Shakespeare uses this term again in *Venus and Adonis*: “This canker that eats up Love’s tender *spring*.” And in the *Rape of Lucrece*: “To dry the old oak’s sap and cherish *springs*.”

52. By *Love* here is meant Venus, *Queen* of love. In *Venus and Adonis* she says:—

“Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to *sink*, but *light*, and will aspire.”

110 *et seq.* *Nell, sir*; etc.:—Of course there is a quibble between a *Nell* and an *ell*; referring to an ell Flemish, which is three-quarters of a yard.

166. *guilty to self-wrong*:—So in *The Winter’s Tale*: “But as the unthought-on accident is *guilty to* what we wildly do.”

184. *So fair an offer’d chain*:—A chain so fairly offered.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

95. *to hire waftage*:—*Hire* is here a dissyllable, and is spelt *hier* in the old copy.

Scene II.

6. *Of his heart’s meteors tilting in his face?*—The following in *Paradise Lost*, ii., may be read in connection with the idea underlying these words:—

“As when, to warn proud cities, war appears,
Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds, before each van
Prick forth the aëry knights, and couch their spears,
Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
From either end of heaven the welkin burns.”

7. *denied*, etc.:—So in *Richard III.*:—

“You may *deny* that you were *not* the cause
Of my Lord Hastings’ late imprisonment.”

27. *Far from her nest the lapwing cries away*:—This proverbial expression is again alluded to in *Measure for Measure*, I. iv. 32.

33. *everlasting garment*:—This characteristic of the buff jerkin is also noted in I *Henry IV.*: “And is not a *buff jerkin* a most sweet robe of *durance*?” So also in Davies’s *Epigrams*:—

“Kate, being pleas’d, wish’d that her pleasure could
Endure as long as a *buff jerkin* would.”

38. *lands*:—Shakespeare would have put *lanes* but for the rhyme.

56. *if any hour meet a sergeant*:—*Hour* and *whore* were pronounced alike, or nearly so.

Scene III.

60, 61. *or bespeak a long spoon*:—This proverb, “He who eats with the devil had need of a long spoon,” is alluded to again in *The Tempest*, II. ii.

Scene IV.

30. *my long ears*:—Hudson makes this a quibble between *ears* and *years*.

54. *Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!*—This *tremor* was thought to be a sure indication of being possessed by the devil. Caliban, in *The Tempest*, II. ii., says: “Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy *trembling*.”

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

62. *Copy*:—“Copy,” says Hudson, “here seems to mean principal topic or theme; that is, the pattern or form after which the conversation was shaped.” Stevens has the like explanation. Schmidt suggests, “a law to be followed, a rule to be observed.”

81. *at her heels*:—This *her*, referring to *kinsman*, has puzzled the commentators. It was no very unusual thing for such words to be applied to females. Thus in *The Merchant of Venice*, Por-

tia says: "But now I was the *lord* of this fair mansion, *master* of my servants."

138. *important*:—Shakespeare uses this word again in *King Lear*, and in *Much Ado About Nothing*, in the same sense (*important*). The Poet gives to Ephesus the custom of *wardship*, so long considered a grievous oppression in England.

192. *bestrid*:—This act of friendship is mentioned by Shakespeare in 1 *Henry IV.*: "Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and *bestride* me, so; 'tis a point of friendship." Again in 2 *Henry VI.*:—

"Three times to-day I help him to his horse,
Three times *bestrid* him; thrice I led him off."

346 *et seq.* *If I dream not*, etc.:—In the old copy this speech of Ægeon, and the subsequent one of the abbess, follow the speech of the Duke. It is evident that they were transposed by mistake.

356. *his morning story*:—The *morning story* is what Ægeon tells the Duke in the first Scene of this play.

COMEDY OF ERRORS

Questions on The Comedy of Errors.

1. What is the date of this play?
2. In what contemporary account is it mentioned?
3. Mention some points of internal evidence that help to establish the date.
4. What Latin author has furnished the basis of this play?
5. In what respects does Shakespeare's play differ?
6. Name the canons of the classic drama that Shakespeare has observed in this play.

ACT FIRST.

7. State the cause of the existing enmity between Ephesus and Syracuse, and tell what legislation has followed, under which Ægeon suffers.
8. How does Ægeon play the part of prologue?
9. Give the parts of his story.
10. Is the first Scene in the key of the rest of the drama?
11. What kind of a play might one reasonably expect from the note here struck?
12. How is the transition made from the sober incidents of the first Scene to the broad comedy of the second?
13. Upon what quest is Antipholus of Syracuse engaged?
14. What is the first misadventure and what misunderstanding does it involve?

ACT SECOND.

15. Contrast the characters of the two sisters as exhibited in the first Scene.
16. What expectations are aroused respecting the part Luciana will play in the comedy?

17. What structural oddities of speech does Dromio of Ephesus affect?

18. What relationship evidently existed between Antipholus of Syracuse and his Dromio?

19. If the Syracusian Dromio shows intellectual qualities differing from the Ephesian, might the masters have been expected to detect the difference and comment on it?

20. What theatrical opportunities does Adriana's long speech (Sc. ii.) afford?

21. In the case of Adriana, has Shakespeare gone outside the absolute demands of farce in embracing an opportunity for characterization?

22. How does the second Act close?

ACT THIRD.

23. Indicate the metrical change in Sc. i.

24. Is its effect humorous?

25. What scene is enacted outside the door of the house of Antipholus of Ephesus?

26. What escape does Antipholus of Syracuse plan?

27. How does Antipholus of Ephesus repay his wife for excluding him from his house?

28. Comment on the mixture of seriousness and drollery in the dialogue (Sc. ii.) between Antipholus of Syracuse and Luciana.

29. Does any other Scene in the play match it in quality? Does the dénouement satisfy the expectations of this Scene?

30. Into what comic plight did Dromio of Syracuse fall at the house of Antipholus of Ephesus?

31. Mention some things in this Scene indicating that this is an early play of Shakespeare's.

32. What escape does Antipholus of Syracuse plan?

33. What mistake is made with the chain?

ACT FOURTH.

34. Indicate the function of the Merchant in accelerating the speed of the complication.

35. When does the *rope* enter as an element of the plot, and what use is made of it in the subsequent action?

36. What difference is precipitated between Angelo and Antipholus of Ephesus?
37. On what second errand is Dromio of Syracuse sent to the house of Antipholus of Ephesus?
38. State the episodic value of the opening dialogue of Sc. ii.
39. Show the complication of misunderstandings presented in the second part of the Scene.
40. Where is the climax of complication involving Antipholus of Syracuse?
41. Mention the various elements that comprise the complication.
42. Mention the various elements that comprise the climax of complications involving Antipholus of Ephesus.
43. State the case from the point of view of the Courtesan.
44. What is the concluding episode of the fourth Scene?

ACT FIFTH.

45. Are the complications presented in the last Act only accessory to those that involve the protagonists, and therefore partake of the nature of resolutions of the plot?
 46. What part does the Abbess play in the drama and in the plot?
 47. How is the situation with which the play opened recurred to in the last Act?
 48. When is the exact moment of solution?
 49. Describe Pinch. Of whom is he doubtless a prototype?
 50. Comment on his appearance and actions. What was his fate?
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51. Is this play pure farce; or is it mingled with elements of comedy?
 52. Swinburne has praised its elegiac qualities. Indicate the parts that may be so described.
 53. Contrast the two Antipholuses. Which is the superior in qualities?
 54. Do the same for the two Dromios.

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