

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you; you understand me.

Clo. Most fruitfully, I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

The Court of France.

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.

Laf. **T**HEY say, miracles are past, and we have our philosophical persons to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our later times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquish'd of the artists.

Par. So I say, both of *Galen* and *Paracelsus*.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentick fellows.

Par. Right, so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable.

Par. Why, there 'tis, so say I too.

Laf. Not to be help'd.

Par. Right, as 'twere a man assur'd of an —

Laf. Uncertain life; and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well: so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed; if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in what do you call there —

Laf. A showing of a heav'nly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it, I would have said the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: for me, I speak in respect —

Par.