

her story true, even to the point of her death; her death itself (which could not be her office to say, is come) was faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, from point to point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.* How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! the great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encounter'd with a shame as ample.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whip'd them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues.

*Enter a Servant.*

How now? where's your master?

*Ser.* He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lordship will next morning for *France*. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 *Lord.* They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

SCENE IV.

*Enter Bertram.*

1 *Lord.* They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness: here's his lordship now. How now, my lord? is't not after midnight?

*Ber.* I have to-night despatch'd sixteen busineses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have congeed with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertain'd

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