

Than when I feel, and see her, no further trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leo. Hold your peaces.

Lord. Good my lord!

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abused by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for't; would I knew the villain,
I would land-damm him: be she honour-flaw'd, —
I have three daughters; th' eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine, and some five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,
I'll geld 'em all: fourteen they shall not see
To bring false generations: they are coheirs,
And I had rather glib myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leo. Cease; no more:

You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: I see't, and feel't,
As you feel doing thus; and see withal [*laying hold of his arm.*]
The instruments I feel.

Ant. If it be so,

We need no grave to bury honesty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leo. What? lack I credit?

Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have your honour true, than your suspicion;
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leo. Why, what need we
Commune with you for this? not rather follow

objected that another syllable added spoils the smoothness of the verse. But by pronouncing stable short the measure will very well bear it according to the liberty allowed in this kind of writing, and which Shakespear never scruples to use.

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