

*Speed.* By a letter, I should say.

*Val.* Why, she hath not writ to me?

*Speed.* What need she,  
When she hath made you write to yourself?  
Why, do you not perceive the jest?

*Val.* No, believe me.

*Speed.* No believing you indeed, fir: but did you perceive  
her earnest?

*Val.* She gave me none, except an angry word.

*Speed.* Why, she hath given you a letter.

*Val.* That's the letter I writ to her friend.

*Speed.* And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there's an end.

*Val.* I would, it were no worse.

*Speed.* I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:  
For often have you writ to her, and she in modesty,  
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;  
Or fearing else some messenger that might her mind discover,  
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.  
All this I speak in print; for in print I found it.  
Why muse you, fir? 'tis dinner-time.

*Val.* I have din'd.

*Speed.* Ay, but hearken, fir; though the *Cameleon* love can  
feed on the air, I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals;  
and would fain have meat: o, be not like your mistress; be  
moved, be moved. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

*Changes to Verona.*

*Enter Protheus and Julia.*

*Pro.* HAVE patience, gentle *Julia*.

*Jul.* I must, where is no remedy..

*Pro.* When possibly I can, I will return.

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X

*Jul.*