

SCENE XII.

The Palace.

*Enter Angelo, and Escalus.**Escal.* EVERY letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd other.*Ang.* In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray heav'n, his wisdom be not tainted! and why meet him at the gates, and deliver our authorities there?*Escal.* I guess not.*Ang.* And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that, if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?*Escal.* He shows his reason for that; to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.*Ang.* Well; I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd betimes i' th' morn; I'll call you at your house: give notice to such men of fort and suit as are to meet him.*Escal.* I shall, sir: fare you well.

[Exit.]

Ang. Good night. This deed
 Unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant, dull
 To all proceedings. A deflowered maid!
 And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
 The law against it! but that her tender shame
 Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
 How might she tongue me! yet reason dares her: no,
 For my authority bears off all credence;
 That no particular scandal once can touch,
 But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,
 Save that his riotous youth, with dang'rous sense,
 Might in the times to come have ta'n revenge
 By so receiving a dishonour'd life,

With