

*Enter Luciana.*

*Adr.* Go, *Dromio*; there's the money, bear it straight,  
And bring thy master home immediately.  
Come, sister, I am press'd down with conceit;  
Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

The Street.

*Enter Antipholis of Syracuse.*

*S. Ant.* **T**HERE's not a man I meet but doth salute me,  
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;  
And every one doth call me by my name.  
Some tender money to me, some invite me;  
Some other give me thanks for kindneſſes;  
Some offer me commodities to buy.  
Ev'n now a tailor call'd me in his ſhop,  
And ſhow'd me filks that he had bought for me,  
And, therewithal, took meaſure of my body.  
Sure, theſe are but imaginary wiles,  
And *Lapland* forcerers inhabit here.

*Enter Dromio of Syracuse.*

*S. Dro.* Maſter, here's the gold you ſent me for; what, have you got rid of the picture of old *Adam* new apparel'd?<sup>a</sup>

*S. Ant.* What gold is this? what *Adam* doſt thou mean?

*S. Dro.* Not that *Adam* that kept the paradise, but that *Adam* that keeps the priſon; he that goes in the calves-skin that was kill'd for the prodigal; he that came behind you, fir, like an evil angel, and bid you forſake your liberty.

*S. Ant.* I underſtand thee not.

<sup>a</sup> Alluding to the coat of ſkins made for Adam after the fall, and the leathern coat worn by the officer who made the arreſt.

*S. Dro.*