

# The Comedy of Errors

## Act V, sc. 1

**ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS:** My liege, I am advised what I say:  
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,  
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,  
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.  
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:  
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,  
Could witness it, for he was with me then;  
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,  
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,  
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.  
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,  
I went to seek him: in the street I met him,  
And in his company that gentleman.  
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down  
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,  
Which, God he knows, I saw not; for the which  
He did arrest me with an officer.  
I did obey, and sent my peasant home  
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.  
Then fairly I bespoke the officer  
To go in person with me to my house.  
By the way we met  
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more  
Of vile confederates: along with them  
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,  
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,  
A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller,  
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,  
A living-dead man. This pernicious slave,  
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer,  
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,  
And with no face, as 'twere, out-facing me,  
Cries out, I was possess'd. Then, altogether  
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,  
And in a dark and dankish vault at home

There left me and my man, both bound together;  
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,  
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately  
Ran hither to your Grace; whom I beseech  
To give me ample satisfaction  
For these deep shames and great indignities.