Forgotten Books

www.forgottenbooks.com

Copyright © 2016 FB &c Ltd.
All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

SHAKESPEARE'S

THE WINTER'S TALE.

WITH

INTRODUCTION, NOTES, EXAMINATION PAPERS, AND PLAN OF PREPARATION.

(SELECTED.)

LIBRARY OF CONGR.
COPYRIGHT
FEB 13 1890
42572
WASHINGTON.

BY BRAINERD KELLOGG, A.M.,

Professor of the English Language and Literature in the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, and author of a "Text-Book on Rhetoric," a "Text-Book on English Literature," and one of the authors of Reed & Kellogg's "Graded Lessons in English" and "Higher Lessons in English."

NEW YORK:
EFFINGHAM MAYNARD & CO., Publishers,
771 BROADWAY AND 67 & 69 NINTH ST.
1890.

KELLOGG'S EDITIONS.

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS,

WITH NOTES.

Uniform in style and price with this volume.

THUS FAR COMPRISE:

MERCHANT OF VENICE.
KING HENRY V.
AS YOU LIKE IT.
JULIUS CÆSAR.
KING LEAR.
MACBETH.
TEMPEST.
HAMLET.
KING HENRY VIII.
KING HENRY IV., Part I.
KING RICHARD III.
A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.
A WINTER'S TALE.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY
EFFINGHAM MAYNARD & CO.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

THE text here presented, adapted for use in mixed classes, has been carefully collated with that of six or seven of the latest and best editions. Where there was any disagreement those readings have been adopted which seemed most reasonable and were supported by the best authority.

The notes of English editors have been freely used. Those taken as the basis of our work have been rigorously pruned wherever they were thought too learned or too minute, or contained matter that for any other reason seemed unsuited to our purpose. We have generously added to them, also, wherever they seemed to be lacking.

B. K.

THE HOUSE IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN.

From a Drawing by J. W. Archer

GENERAL NOTICE.

"An attempt has been made in these new editions to interpret Shakespeare by the aid of Shakespeare himself. The Method of Comparison has been constantly employed; and the language used by him in one place has been compared with the language used in other places in similar circumstances, as well as with older English and with newer English. The text has been as carefully and as thoroughly annotated as the text of any Greek or Latin classic.

"The first purpose in this elaborate annotation is, of course the full working out of Shakespeare's meaning. The Editor has in all circumstances taken as much pains with this as if he had been making out the difficult and obscure terms of a will in which he himself was personally interested; and he submits that this thorough excavation of the meaning of a really profound thinker is one of the very best kinds of training that a boy or girl can receive at school. This is to read the very mind of Shakespeare, and to weave his thoughts into the fibre of one's own mental constitution. And always new rewards come to the careful reader—in the shape of new meanings, recognition of

thoughts he had before missed, of relations between the characters that had hitherto escaped him. For reading Shakespeare is just like examining Nature; there are no hollownesses, there is no scamped work, for Shakespeare is as patiently exact and as first-hand as Nature herself.

"Besides this thorough working-out of Shakespeare's meaning, advantage has been taken of the opportunity to teach his English—to make each play an introduction to the ENGLISH OF SHAKESPEARE. For this purpose copious collections of similar phrases have been gathered from other plays; his idioms have been dwelt upon; his peculiar use of words; his style and his rhythm. Some Teachers may consider that too many instances are given; but, in teaching, as in everything else, the old French saying is true: *Asscz n'y a, s'il trop n'y a.* The Teacher need not require each pupil to give him *all* the instances collected. If each gives one or two, it will probably be enough; and, among them all, it is certain that one or two will stick in the memory. It is probable that, for those pupils who do not study either Greek or Latin, this close examination of every word and phrase in the text of Shakespeare will be the best substitute that can be found for the study of the ancient classics.

"It were much to be hoped that Shakespeare should become more and more of a study, and that every boy and girl should have a thorough knowledge of at least one play of Shakespeare before leaving school. It would be one of the best lessons in human life, without the chance of a polluting or degrading experience. It would also have the effect of bringing back into the too pale and formal English of modern times a large number of pithy and

vigorous phrases which would help to develop as well as to reflect vigor in the characters of the readers. Shakespeare used the English language with more power than any other writer that ever lived—he made it do more and say more than it had ever done; he made it speak in a more original way; and his combinations of words are perpetual provocations and invitations to originality and to newness of insight."—J. M. D. MEIKLEJOHN, M.A., *Professor of the Theory, History, and Practice of Education in the University of St. Andrews.*

Shakespeare's Grammar.

Shakespeare lived at a time when the grammar and vocabulary of the English language were in a state of transition. Various points were not yet settled; and so Shakespeare's grammar is not only somewhat different from our own but is by no means uniform in itself. In the Elizabethan age, "Almost any part of speech can be used as any other part of speech. An adverb can be used as a verb, 'They *askance* their eyes;' as a noun, 'the *backward* and abysm of time;' or as an adjective, 'a *seldom* pleasure.' Any noun, adjective, or neuter [intrans.] verb can be used as an active [trans.] verb. You can 'happy' your friend, 'malice' or 'foot' your enemy, or 'fall' an axe on his neck. An adjective can be used as an adverb; and you can speak and act 'easy,' 'free,' 'excellent;' or as a noun, and you can talk of 'fair' instead of 'beauty,' and 'a pale' instead of 'a paleness.' Even the pronouns are not exempt from these metamorphoses. A 'he' is used for a man, and a lady is described by a gentleman as 'the fairest *she* he has yet beheld.' In the second place, every variety of apparent grammatical inaccuracy meets us. *He* for *him*, *him* for *he*; *spoke* and *took* for *spoken* and *taken*; plural nominatives with singular verbs; relatives omitted where they are now considered necessary; unnecessary antecedents inserted; *shall* for *will*, *should* for *would*, *would* for *wish*; *to* omitted after '*I ought*,' inserted after '*I durst*;' double negatives; double comparatives ('more better,' &c.) and superlatives; *such* followed by *which* [or *that*], *that* by *as*, *as* used for *as if*; *that* for *so that*; and lastly some verbs apparently with two nominatives, and others without any nominative at all."—Dr. Abbott's *Shakesperian Grammar*.

Shakespeare's Versification.

Shakespeare's Plays are written mainly in what is known as *unrimed*, or *blank-verse*; but they contain a number of riming, and a considerable number of prose lines. As a general rule, rime is much commoner in the earlier than in the later plays. Thus, *Love's Labor's Lost* contains nearly 1,100 riming lines, while (if we except the songs) *Winter's Tale* has none. *The Merchant of Venice* has 124.

In speaking we lay a stress on particular syllables: this stress is called *accent*. When the words of a composition are so arranged that the accent recurs at regular intervals, the composition is said to be *metrical* or *rhythmical*. Rhythm, or Metre, is an embellishment of language which, though it does not constitute poetry itself, yet provides it with a suitably elegant dress; and hence most modern poets have written in metre. In blank verse the lines consist u-

ay of ten syllables, of which the second, fourth, sixth, eighth, and tenth are accented. The line consists, therefore, of five parts, each of which contains an unaccented followed by an accented syllable, as in the word *attend*. Each of these five parts forms what is called a *foot* or *measure*; and the five together form a *pentameter*. "Pentameter" is a Greek word signifying "five measures." This is the usual form of a line of blank verse. But a long poem composed entirely of such lines would be monotonous, and for the sake of variety several important modifications have been introduced.

(*a*) After the tenth syllable, one or two unaccented syllables are sometimes added; as—

"*Me-thought* | *you said* | *you nei* | *ther lend* | *nor bor* l *row.*"

(*b*) In any foot the accent may be shifted from the second to the first syllable, provided two accented syllables do not come together.

"*Pluck' the* | *young suck'* | *ing cubs'* | *from the'* | *she bear'.* |"

(*c*) In such words as "yesterday," "voluntary," "honesty," the syllables *-day*, *-ta-*, and *ty* falling in the place of the accent, are, for the purposes of the verse, regarded as truly accented.

"*Bars' me* | *the right'* | *of vol'-* | *un-ta'* | *ry choos'* | *ing.*"

(*d*) Sometimes we have a succession of accented syllables; this occurs with monosyllabic feet only.

"*Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark.*"

(*e*) Sometimes, but more rarely, two or even three unaccented syllables occupy the place of one; as—

"*He says* | *he does,* | be-ing *then* | *most flat* | *ter-ed.*"

(*f*) Lines may have any number of feet from one to six.

Finally, Shakespeare adds much to the pleasing variety of his blank verse by placing the pauses in different parts of the line (especially after the second or third foot), instead of placing them all at the ends of lines, as was the earlier custom.

N. B.—In some cases the rhythm requires that what we usually pronounce as one syllable shall be divided into two, as *fi-er* (fire), *su-er* (sure), *mi-el* (mile), &c.; *too-elve* (twelve), *jaw-ee* (joy), &c. Similarly, *she-on* (-tion or -sion).

It is very important to give the pupil plenty of ear-training by means of formal scansion. This will greatly assist him in his reading.

PLAN OF STUDY

FOR

'PERFECT POSSESSION.'

To attain to the standard of 'Perfect Possession,' the reader ought to have an intimate and ready knowledge of the subject. (See opposite page.)

The student ought, first of all, to read the play as a pleasure; then to read it over again, with his mind upon the characters and the plot; and lastly, to read it for the meanings, grammar, &c.

With the help of the scheme, he can easily draw up for himself short examination papers (1) on each scene, (2) on each act, (3) on the whole play.

1. The Plot and Story of the Play.

(*a*) The general plot;

(*b*) The special incidents.

2. The Characters: Ability to give a connected account of all that is done and most of what is said by each character in the play.

3. The Influence and Interplay of the Characters upon each other.

(*a*) Relation of A to B and of B to A;

(*b*) Relation of A to C and D.

4. Complete Possession of the Language.

(*a*) Meanings of words;

(*b*) Use of old words, or of words in an old meaning;

(*c*) Grammar;

(*d*) Ability to quote lines to illustrate a grammatical point.

5. Power to Reproduce, or Quote.

(*a*) What was said by A or B on a particular occasion;

(*b*) What was said by A in reply to B;

(*c*) What argument was used by C at a particular juncture;

(*d*) To quote a line in instance of an idiom or of a peculiar meaning.

6. Power to Locate.

(*a*) To attribute a line or statement to a certain person on a certain occasion;

(*b*) To cap a line;

(*c*) To fill in the right word or epithet.

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE WINTER'S TALE.

The Winter's Tale appears to have first seen public light in the spring of 1611; and the internal evidence from style and thought shows, even if no external evidence were forthcoming, that it must have been one of Shakespeare's latest plays, written not merely when his wisdom of life and his power over language were most complete, but when, after all his struggles, inward and outward, he had reached that perfection of peace which his latest plays so delightfully reflect.

For the materials of his plot, Shakespeare has, as frequently, been content to take a well known novel of the time, in the present instance, that of *Pandosto*, or *Dorastus and Fawnia*, by Robert Greene; but, though closely following the story in its main incidents, more especially in the earlier portions, he has introduced characters (Antigonus, Paulina, and Autolycus) which have no antitypes in the novel, and by his spiritual treatment of the subject has made it as much his own

as if he had drawn upon his invention for the whole story.

In regard to the general spirit of *The Winter's Tale*, no other criticism with which I am acquainted sums it up so well as Professor Dowden's words when, in reference to the plays of Shakespeare's final period, he speaks of their "pathetic yet august serenity." Of the same group he further remarks that in each of them "While grievous errors of the heart are shown to us, and wrongs of man as cruel as those of the great tragedies, at the end there is a resolution of the dissonance, a reconciliation. This is the word which interprets Shakespeare's latest plays—reconciliation, 'word over all, beautiful as the sky.' It is not, as in the earlier comedies—*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *As You Like It*, and others—a mere *dénouement*. The resolution of the discords in these latest plays is not a mere stage necessity, or a necessity of composition, resorted to by the dramatist to effect an ending of his play, and little interesting his imagination or his heart. Its significance here is ethical and spiritual; it is a moral necessity." And again, "Over the beauty of youth and the love of youth, there is shed, in these plays of Shakespeare's final period, a clear yet tender luminousness, not elsewhere to be perceived in his writings. In his earlier plays, Shakespeare writes concerning young men and maidens, their loves, their mirth, their griefs, as one who is among them, who has a lively, personal interest in their concerns, who

can make merry with them, treat them familiarly, and, if need be, can mock them into good sense. There is nothing in these early plays wonderful, strangely beautiful, pathetic about youth and its joys and sorrows. In the histories and tragedies, as was to be expected, more massive, broader, or more profound objects of interest engaged the poet's imagination. But in these latest plays, the beautiful pathetic light is always present. There are the sufferers, aged, experienced, tried —Queen Katherine, Prospero, Hermione. And over against these there are the children absorbed in their happy and exquisite egoism,—Perdita and Miranda, Florizel and Ferdinand, and the boys of old Belarius."

Greene's novel, so far from resembling Helena's description of herself and Hermia,

> "Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
> But yet a union in partition,"

is in reality two stories lightly linked together by the circumstance that the same persons play a part in both. The former of the two stories, that of Leontes' jealousy and his vengeance upon Hermione, occupies the first three acts; the latter story, dealing with the loves of Perdita and Florizel, and the reconciliation of Hermione and Leontes born of those loves, completes the play. Gervinus very aptly speaks of the "wasp-like body of Greene's story," and remarks, "While Shakespeare has at other times permitted in his dramas the existence of a two-fold action, connected by a common

idea, it was not necessary, in the instance before us, to sever the wasp-like body of Greene's story, nor could he have entirely concentrated the two actions; he could but connect them indistinctly by a leading idea in both, although the manner in which he has outwardly connected them is a delicate and spirited piece of art, uniting, as he has done, tragedy and comedy, making the one elevate the other, and thus enriching the stage with a tragi-comic pastoral, a combination wholly unknown even to the good Polonius."

The curtain rises upon the Court of Leontes, King of Sicily, which his friend Polixenes, King of Bohemia, is preparing to leave, after having paid a visit of nine months' length. Failing to persuade him to stay longer, Leontes urges his queen to see whether her influence with their guest may not be more powerful than his own. Hermione, obeying, succeeds. Hereupon Leontes gives way to an outburst of passionate jealousy during which he communicates to his old servant, Camillo, his certain assurance of his wife's disloyalty, and after much importunity obtains from him a promise to poison Polixenes. The promise is, however, given merely in order that time may be gained to facilitate the escape of Polixenes, in company with whom Camillo determines to flee from his master's wrath. Foiled in this point, Leontes can only wreak his vengeance upon his wife, whom he consigns to prison, pending her trial for adultery and conspiracy. Meanwhile ambassadors are dispatched to Delphos to

procure the response of the Oracle as to Hermione's guilt or innocence. On their return, the trial proceeds, Hermione defends herself with a noble eloquence, and the response, being read out, declares her entire innocence, brands Leontes as a tyrant, and foretells the consequences of his cruelty. But not even this is able to shake Leontes' confidence in his own penetration. Or, if he is at all shaken, the vindictive feelings he has been hugging to his heart will not allow him to confess his error :—

> "There is no truth at all i' the oracle ;
> The sessions shall proceed ; this is mere falsehood,"

is his answer to the rejoicings of the lords. The words are scarce spoken when news is brought of Mamillius' sudden death. Leontes quails before this evident token of heaven's wrath ; and his tenderness towards Hermione returns as she goes off into a swoon. But a greater blow is to follow. In a few minutes Paulina, who had accompanied Hermione when borne out of the court of justice, re-enters with the news of her death, and heaps the bitterst reproaches upon the now deeply-penitent King. The queen, of course, had not really died ; but the moment had come for putting into execution the stratagem, which we may suppose to have been already planned, whereby she is to be concealed from the king's knowledge until such time as his repentance and expiation should seem to be adequate to the enormity of his crime. The act

closes with a scene in which Antigonus, with the infant Perdita, lands on the coast of Bohemia, he, on condition of her life being spared, having consented to the king's terms

> "That thou bear it
> To some remote and desert place quite out
> Of our dominions, and that there thou leave it,
> Without more mercy, to it own protection
> And favor of the climate."

Antigonus' literal discharge of the king's command has hardly been performed when he is pursued and torn to pieces by a bear. His death is followed by the entrance of a shepherd who discovers Perdita, and carries her home to his cottage to be brought up as his own child.

We have now gone far enough in the story to take a retrospect of Hermione's bearing as seen in the matter which caused Leontes' outburst of jealousy, and her subsequent bearing when accused of, and brought to trial for, an offense of which she knew herself so clear. In reality, and to any one not predisposed, whether by temperament or by imagined evidence, to suspicions wholly unjust, her behavior towards Polixenes is nothing more than that of a pure-minded woman, who, enjoying to the full the friendship of a high-souled and altogether admirable man, is also persuaded that the greater her kindness to her guest, the better will she please a husband between whom and herself there had been mutual love and trust throughout a long course of years. Conscious of her complete loy-

alty, she is less afraid to be outspoken in her intercourse with one of the opposite sex than would have been the case were there any coquetry in her nature. Hence her playful persistency in the friendly passage at arms with Polixenes, hence the undisguised marks of intimacy shown towards him when, he having yielded to her persuasion, they converse together in Leontes' presence, and are seen by him as they retire to the garden.

It should, I think, be here noted, inregard to the courtesies which pass between them, that in Shakespeare's day,—and of course the manners here portrayed are those of that day,—the fashions in vogue admitted in some respects of a more demonstrative familiarity of outward behavior than would accord with the reserved decorum of modern life. This we must bear in mind when considering Leontes' comments on the behavior of Hermione and Polixenes; for, omitting those instances which had their existence in Leontes' imagination only, the familiarities which they make no attempt to conceal, and which he so painfully misconstrues, are such as under the social code of the present day would be rightly taken to mean something more than mere friendship. So unconscious, however, is Hermione of anything like immodesty, that up to the moment when she tells Leontes that he will find them together in the garden, neither she nor Polixenes is in the least aware that their behavior had given rise to the faintest suspicion in his

mind. It is therefore with something more than surprise, with an absolute incredulity, that she receives the first manifestation of her husband's jealousy. "What is this? Sport?" she says in answer to his words,

> "Give me the boy: I 'm glad you did not nurse him:
> Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
> Have too much blood in him."

Leontes then proceeds to speak without any ambiguity of charge, telling her that she is with child by Polixenes. Even this plain accusation is treated as something that cannot be really, seriously, maintained by him: it would be enough, she says, for her to deny the imputation, and he would believe her, whatever his inclination to doubt. Further scorn heaped upon her only provokes the calmly indignant reply that Leontes does "but mistake." And when at last, pouring out all his abundance of vituperation, he orders her to prison, her theme is the grief that he will feel when he comes to a just knowledge of the wrong he has done her, and the patience that it behoves her to show under circumstances so untoward that she can only believe "There 's some ill planet reigns," some supernatural influence which has distraught her once loving and tender husband. Hurried off to prison, she bears herself with that dignity which under all changes of fortune is so peculiarly characteristic of her, though her grief is at the same time so terrible as to cause her to be delivered of a child "something before her

time." Then, when still scarcely in a condition to go about, even if surrounded with all the comforts and attentions to which she had been used, she is summoned before a court of justice to be tried for her life "'fore who please to come and hear," and to be treated by her husband in terms of shameless brutality. In answer to her arraignment, though well aware that denial of her guilt is not likely to avail her much, she touchingly asserts her continence and chastity during her past life, appealing to the divine powers in support of her asseveration, and even to that husband from whose vindictive unreason she is suffering so keenly. Life and honor are at stake with her; for the former she cares nothing, now that her husband's love has forsaken her; for the latter, more especially that her children must be partakers in the result of the trial, she will fight with such weapons as are in her hands. She asks, therefore, whether before Polixenes' visit she had ever been guilty of aught that should invite suspicion; she points out that to him she had shown only such love as became a lady like herself, only such love as Leontes himself had enjoined her to show; she denies all knowledge of any conspiracy between Polixenes and Camillo; she bewails the loss of her children, her boy from whose presence she is "barr'd like one infectious," her new-born girl, from her breast "hal'd out to murder;" she refers to the indignities to which she has been subjected; and closes her defense by reiterating her indifference to life while yet so care-

ful of her honor, and by invoking the oracle to protect her against condemnation upon mere surmise, against a judgment which shall be "rigor and not law."

The jealousy of Leontes has been contrasted with that of Othello; and the points are many in which the character of the passion exhibited differs radically in the two men. In the case of Othello, the first suspicions are prompted by another, and fortified with a fiendish ingenuity of suggestion and circumstantial evidence sufficient to convince almost any husband, more especially a husband so diffident as was Othello of his power to please a woman. In the case of Leontes, the suspicious circumstances are wholly of his own creation; and the only person (Camillo) whom he takes into his confidence when he first openly gives way to his passion, uses every possible argument to convince him that he is the subject of a thoroughly baseless and unworthy delusion. Secondly, the jealousy of Othello is pathetic, tender, as far as possible impersonal, and carrying with it "confusion and despair at the loss of what had been to him the fairest thing on earth" (Dowden). The jealousy of Leontes is hard, vindictive, eminently selfish, and unaccompanied by any reluctance as to the course he is about to pursue.

There are other circumstances in which this contrast might be developed; and it will, I think, be worth while to notice at some length one point which does not seem to have received from the critics such investi-

gation as it deserves. I refer to the birth and growth of the passion in Leontes' mind. By general consent that passion appears to be regarded as something sudden, almost instantaneous,—the outcome of a single incident. Thus Gervinus remarks, "The idea of his wife's faithlessness arises in Leontes from the quick result of her entreaty to Polixenes to prolong his stay a little. . . . This actually is the whole ground for Leontes' jealousy." According to Dowden, "Hermione is suspected of a sudden, and shameless dishonor." . . . Hudson, who discusses the point more at length, writes, "In the delineation of Leontes there is an abruptness of change which strikes us, at first view, as not a little a-clash with nature, . . . his jealousy shoots in comet-like, as something unprovided for in the general ordering of his character, which causes this feature to appear as if it were suggested rather by the exigencies of the stage than by the natural workings of human passion. And herein the poet seems at variance with himself; his usual method being to unfold a passion in its rise and progress, so that we go along with it freely from its origin to its consummation. And certainly there is no accounting for Leontes' conduct, but by supposing a predisposition to jealousy in him, which, however, has been hitherto kept latent by his wife's clear, firm, serene discreetness, but which breaks out into sudden and frightful activity as soon as she, under a special pressure of motives, slightly over-acts the confidence of friendship." How-

ever reluctantly, this critic seems to accept the idea that Leontes' jealousy was a sudden and almost unaccountable birth. Such suddenness, if established, of course enhances the madness of the consequent action. But is it established? I venture to doubt this. In the novel, at all events, Leontes' doubts are gradual and of considerable duration; there was no suddenness of jealousy on the king's part. Has Shakespeare in Leontes' jealousy given us a picture of what is unnatural, almost monstrous? In the first place, I think that his familiarity with the novel may perhaps have unconsciously led him to treat that which was so well known to himself as if it were equally well known to those for whom he was writing; and, the interest of the story beginning at the moment when Leontes' jealousy first openly manifests itself, he may not have thought it necessary to show in any detailed manner what the stages of that jealousy had been. He could not have failed to note the minuteness of description with which Greene records the progress of the passion in Leontes' mind; nor are we in this matter without echoes in the play of the language of the novel. For instance, when Leontes says,

> "I 'm angling now,
> Though you perceive me not how I give line,"

we have but a dramatic version of the narrative, "Hee began to watch them more narrowely to see if he coulde gette any true or certaine proofe to confirme his

doubtfull suspition"; just as Camillo's words of advice, after promising to poison Polixenes,

> "Go then; and with a countenance as clear
> As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,"

and Leontes' answer,

> "I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me,"

are but the equivalent of another sentence in Greene, "Whereupon, desirous to revenge so great an injury, he thought best to dissemble the grudge with a faire and friendly countenance, and so under the shape of a friend to shew him the kicke of a foe"; while Hermione's remark of surprise,

> "You look
> As if you held a brow of much distraction,"

is paralleled by the "lowring countenance" and "unaccustomed frowns" of the novel. If, as Hudson apologetically remarks, "Shakespeare had a course of action marked out for him in the tale," we may *a priori* suppose that he would be likely to follow it so far as it accorded with nature; and, in a matter of this kind, however it might be in others, he could have nothing to gain by increasing the improbabilities of the plot. But, further, I hold that in the play itself we have plain indications that the growth of Leontes' passion had been a gradual one. These indications are, no doubt, retrospective, but none the less clear for

that. Consider, first, Leontes' speech to Camillo in the second scene of the first act :—

> "To bide upon 't, thou art not honest ; or,
> If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,
> Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
> From course requir'd ; or else thou must be counted
> A servant grafted in my serious trust
> And therein negligent · or else a fool
> *That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,*
> *And tak'st it all for jest.*"

Surely, this is the language not of a man who has on a sudden discovered or doubted his wife's loyalty, but of one who has long doubted, and who, for that reason, cannot understand that what has seemed so full of suspicion to him, should not have been equally suspicious to others also. His next speech is even more decisively contemptuous of those who have been blind to things staring himself so fully in the face :—

> "Ha' not you seen, Camillo,—
> *But that's past doubt, you have, or your eye-gla*
> *Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,—or heard,*
> *For, to a vision so apparent, rumor*
> *Cannot be mute,—or thought,—for cogitation*
> *Resides not in that man that does not think,—*
> *My wife is slippery?* If thou wilt confess,
> Or else be impudently negative,
> To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then say
> My wife 's a hobby-horse, deserves a name
> As rank as any flax-wench that puts to
> Before her troth-plight :"

that is, in plain language, you must have constantly

seen, as I have, their questionable familiarities; you must have constantly heard that talked about which was so evident to everybody in the court; you must have constantly ruminated over a subject which cannot but have entered into the mind of any one capable of thinking at all. And when Camillo still upholds the honor of his mistress and rebukes the unjustifiable suspicions to which he has been made to listen, Leontes bursts forth with a narration of overt acts which from time to time have come before his eyes:—

> "Is whispering nothing?
> Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
> Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
> Of laughing with a sigh?—a note infallible
> Of breaking honesty—horsing foot on foot?
> Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
> Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
> Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only,
> That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
> Why, then the world and all that 's in 't is nothing;
> The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
> My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
> If this be nothing."

Some of the familiarities here mentioned are such as Leontes observed immediately after Polixenes had yielded to Hermione's entreaty to stay; but there are others of them that cannot but refer to an earlier experience, and to passages in their intercourse of considerable duration. In fact, Leontes' words indicate more than anything else a long-continued watchfulness

that makes him alert to misconstrue any courtesies however innocent, and alert also to imagine familiarities which he could not have seen. Lastly, when Camillo refuses to poison Polixenes because he cannot be brought to "believe this crack to be in" his "dread mistress," Leontes fiercely turns upon him with the question whether any man, and he himself of all men, would be fool enough to cherish a maddening conviction unless he had good and sufficient proof of that which caused him such torture :—

> "*Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,*
> *T' appoint myself in this vexation,* sully
> The purity and whiteness of my sheets,—
> Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted
> Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps,—
> Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,
> Who I do think is mine and love as mine,
> *Without ripe moving to 't? Would I do this?*
> *Could man so blench?*"

Are these the arguments of one who on the spur of the moment would jump to the condemnation of his wife, more especially such a wife as Hermione, and a wife for all these years acknowledged by him to be what we know Hermione was? Do they not rather indicate a long brooding of jealousy, a thorough consciousness of the terrible step he is taking, a conviction that the evidence which had been accumulating for months is by this latest proof of Hermione's influence over Polixenes now made irrefragable? It is no answer to say that his jealousy was baseless and unrea-

soning. The demon having once been allowed entrance into his bosom, constant communing with it would only confirm and exaggerate suspicions which, if sudden, would probably have yielded to Camillo's arguments. When dwelt upon,

> "Trifles light as air
> Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
> As proofs of holy writ;"

and in the blind perversity and obstinate tenacity of belief shown by one hitherto so free from anything like distrust, it seems to me that we must rather recognize his inability any longer to control the fierce current which had for some time past been threatening to carry him away.

We now come to the second part of the story which occupies the last two acts. Sixteen years having elapsed since the trial of Hermione, Time, with a passing reference to what has happened in the interval, comes forward as Chorus to apologize for the demand made upon the spectators' imagination, and to explain the change of scene, which is now laid in Bohemia. Here we find Camillo imploring Polixenes to allow him to return to Sicily, there to end his days, and Polixenes as earnestly pressing Camillo not to leave him. Among other arguments which the king uses is his anxiety about his son, Florizel, whom he suspects of having fallen in love with a certain shepherd's daughter. Camillo yields to the king's entreaties; and, with the intervention of a scene which introduces

that delightful rogue, Autolycus, we come to the sheep-shearing festival at which Perdita, as the shepherd's putative daughter, presides. During the progress of this festival, Florizel in the presence of Polixenes and Camillo, who have come there disguised, is on the point of formally betrothing himself to Perdita, when the king, unmasking, puts an end to the project. Upon the king's subsequent departure, Florizel and Perdita determine to elope together. Camillo, desirous on every account, and more especially as a means of procuring his own return home, to effect a reconciliation between the two kings, suggests to the runaways that they should proceed to Sicily, Florizel making pretense of a mission of peace from Polixenes. So soon as they shall have sailed, he promises to himself to betray their intentions to the king, and so induce him to follow them. Florizel and Perdita take Camillo's advice, and the fifth act opens upon their arrival at Leontes' court, where they are received with every mark of kindness. Polixenes and Camillo are, however, in quick pursuit and reach Sicily close at their heels. By means of the clothes and ornaments which the old shepherd had preserved, Perdita's real birth is discovered and Leontes' consent is given to her marriage with Florizel. But before the wedding takes place the two kings, with Perdita, Florizel, Camillo, etc., pay a visit to the chapel in which Paulina wishes to show them the statute of Hermione, executed, as she alleges, by that cunning sculptor, Julio

Romano. The seeming statute proves to be Hermione herself, who for sixteen years has been attended upon by Paulina, and who, now that the oracle has been fulfilled and Leontes' sin expiated by his long penitence, restores herself to her husband's arms amid general reconciliation and rejoicing.

In regard to Perdita, having nothing new to put forward, I leave the student to Mrs. Jameson's admirable sketch of her character; referring him to the same critic also for an explanation of the one circumstance in the latter half of the play which has given rise to some discussion, viz., Hermione's long-enduring and self-imposed banishment from her husband. It may however be of some use to my readers if, in reference to the festival which occupies so prominent a part in the delineation of Perdita's character, some account is given of those held in especial honor in bygone days.

Apart from festivals of a purely religious origin, such as Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, Hallowmas, All Souls Day, etc., etc., and festivals partly religious, partly patriotic, such as St. George's Day, St. Patrick's Day, St. David's Day, St. Crispin's Day, etc., held in honor of the eponymous hero or saint, there were others, some of which have now fallen into much disuse, that celebrated a particular season of the year. Of these the more important were May-Day, Sheep-Shearing Time, Midsummer, Harvest-Home, and to all of these Shakespeare has frequent

allusion. May-Day and Harvest-Home still retain much of their popularity, and are celebrated probably in every village of any size, though the encroachment of the town upon the country has shorn even these of some of their enthusiasm. Sheep-Shearing Time com mences as soon as the warm weather is so far settlec that the sheep may, without danger, lay aside their winter clothing; the following tokens being laid down by Dyer in his "Fleece" (book i.) to mark out the proper time :—

> "If verdant elder spreads
> Her silver flowers; if humble daisies yield
> To yellow crowfoot and luxuriant grass,
> Gay shearing time approaches."

Our ancestors, who took advantage of every natural holiday, to keep it long and gladly, celebrated the time of sheep-shearing by a feast exclusively rural.

In our play, the festivities begin with Perdita's presentation of emblematical flowers to the elder of her guests, and the season is defined by her in the words—

> "The year growing ancient,
> Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
> Of trembling winter;"

and again—

> "Here's flowers for you;
> Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
> The marigold, that goes to bed wi' th' sun
> And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
> Of middle summer, and I think they 're given
> To men of middle age":

while for her younger guests she wishes she had some of the flowers that Proserpina "frighted" let "fall from Dis's wagon." Then comes the dance of shepherds and shepherdesses, the traffic with the pedler in all sorts of fairings, songs and ballads among them, and finally, though the scene is interrupted, the "gallimaufry of gambols," as the old shepherd calls the dance of the twelve satyrs. Mr. Wise, who quarrels with Shakespeare for "unaccountably" placing the festival in "middle summer" instead of at the latter end of spring, tells us that the passage in which the shepherd speaks of the welcome his wife used to give to all, "might to this day stand as a description of a harvest-supper at some of the old Warwickshire farmhouses"; and Dr. Furnivall notices how happily the scene "brings Shakespeare before us, mixing with his Stratford neighbors at their sheep-shearing and country sports, enjoying the vagabond pedler's gammon and talk, delighting in the sweet Warwickshire maidens, and buying them "fairings," telling goblin stories to the boys . . . and opening his heart afresh to all the innocent mirth and the beauty of nature around him." The picture is indeed one that betrays in every line Shakespeare's comprehensive sympathy; and the more it is, dwelt upon and felt, the more fully will his nature be understood. In the case of those to whom life in England is known only through books, it cannot be expected that they should take in all the beauty of this wonderful idyll; yet Indian students will find much in

their own folk-lore and festivals of a similar origin that will help them to understand what Perdita's feast means to such as from their boyhood have known the sweet charm of English country-side landscape, brightened by the simple revels of its peasantry. However deeply the noble character and undeserved suffering of Hermione may be felt, the first thought that comes into an Englishman's mind when *The Winter's Tale* is mentioned, is the thought of Perdita among her flowers and her friends. This it is that gives its *beauty* to the play. Elsewhere we are moved to more intense pity, to profounder thought, to stronger impulses of various sympathy ; but, in beauty, *Cymbeline* alone of all Shakespeare's marvelous creations seems to me to take rank above *The Winter's Tale.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEONTES, *king of Sicilia.*
MAMILLIUS, *young prince of Sicilia.*
CAMILLO, }
ANTIGONUS, } *four Lords of Sicilia.*
CLEOMENES, }
DION, }
POLIXENES, *king of Bohemia.*
FLORIZEL, *prince of Bohemia.*
ARCHIDAMUS, *a Lord of Bohemia.*
Old Shepherd, *reputed father of Perdita.*
Clown, *his son.*
AUTOLYCUS, *a rogue.*
A Mariner.
A Jailer.
HERMIONE, *queen to Leontes.*
PERDITA, *daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*
PAULINA, *wife to Antigonus.*
EMILIA, *a lady attending on Hermione.*
MOPSA, } *shepherdesses.*
DORCAS, }
Other Lords and Gentlemen, Ladies, Officers, and Servants, Shepherds, and Shepherdesses.

Time, as Chorus.

SCENE : *Sicilia, and Bohemia*

THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I

SCENE I. *Antechamber in* LEONTES' *palace.*

Enter CAMILLO *and* ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves; for indeed— 10

Cam. Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence —in so rare—I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that indeed physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A room of state in the same.*

Enter LEONTES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, POLIXENES, CAMILLO, *and* Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star have been
The shepherd's note since we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one "We thank you" many thousands more
That go before it.
Leon. Stay your thanks a while;
And pay them when you part. 10
Pol. Sir, that 's to-morrow.
I 'm question'd by my fears of what may chance
Or breed upon our absence; that may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say
"This is put forth too truly!" besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.
Leon. We 're tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to 't.
Pol. No longer stay.
Leon. One seven-night longer. 20
Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.
Leon. We 'll part the time between 's then; and in that
I'll no gainsaying.

Pol. Press me not, beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder
30 Were in your love a whip to me; my stay
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.
Leon. Tongue-tied our queen? speak you.
Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him you are sure
All in Bohemia 's well; this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd: say this to him,
He 's beat from his best ward.
40 *Leon.* Well said, Hermione.
Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We 'll thwack him hence with distaffs.
Yet of your royal presence [*To Polixenes*] I 'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I' ll give him my commission
To let him there a month behind the gest
Prefix'd for 's parting: yet, good deed, Leontes,
50 I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind

What lady-she her lord.—You 'll stay?
Pol. No, madam.
Her. Nay, but you will?
Pol. I may not, verily.
Her. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say "Sir, no going." Verily,
You shall not go: a lady's "Verily" is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet? 60
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread "Verily,"
One of them you shall be.
Pol. Your guest, then, madam:
To be your prisoner should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit
Than you to punish.
Her. Not your jailer, then, 70
But your kind hostess. Come, I 'll question you
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys:
You were pretty lordings then?
Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not by lord
The verier wag o' the two?
80 *Pol.* We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd
That any did. Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly "Not guilty;" the imposition clear'd
Hereditary ours.
Her. By this we gather
90 You have tripp'd since.
Pol. O my most sacred lady!
Temptations have since then been born to's; for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young playfellow.
Her. Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your queen and I are devils: yet go on;
The offenses we have made you do we 'll answer,
100 If you first sinn'd with us and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.
Leon. Is he won yet?
Her. He 'll stay, my lord.
Leon. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dear'st, thou never spokest
To better purpose.

Her. Never?
Leon. Never, but once.
Her. What! have I twice said well? when 110
was 't before?
I prithee tell me; cram 's with praise, and make 's
As fat as tame things: one good deed dying
tongueless
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: you may rides
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal:
My last good deed was to entreat his stay:
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were
Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose: when? 120
Nay, let me have 't; I long.
Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to
death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand
And clasp thyself my love: then didst thou utter
"I am yours for ever."
Her. 'T is grace indeed.
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose
twice:
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other for some while a friend. 130
[*Giving her hand to Polixenes.*
Leon. [*Aside*] Too hot, too hot!
To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.
I've *tremor cordis* on me: my heart dances;
But not for joy; not joy. This entertainment

May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent; 't may, I grant;
But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practic'd smiles,
140 As in a looking-glass, and then to sigh, as 't were
The mort o' the deer; O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows! Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?
Mam. Ay, my good lord.
Leon. I' fecks!
Why, that 's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd thy nose?
They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf
150 Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling
Upon his palm!—How now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf?
Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.
Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash and the shoots that I have,
To be full like me: yet they say we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say anything: but were they false
As o'er-dy'd blacks, as wind, as waters, false
As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes
160 No bourn 'twixt his and mine, yet were it true
To say this boy were like me. Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye: sweet villain!

Most dear'st! my collop! Can thy dam?—
may,'t be?—
Affection, thy intention stabs the center:
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with dreams; how can this be?—
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing: then 't is very credent
Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou
dost,
And that beyond commission, and I find it, 170
And that to the infection of my brains
And hardening of my brows.
Pol. What means Sicilia?
Her. He something seems unsettled.
Pol. How, my lord!
What cheer? how is 't with you, best brother?
Her. You look
As if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you mov'd, my lord?
Leon. No, in good earnest. 180
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
It's tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methought I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat, my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous:
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest 190
friend,
Will you take eggs for money?
Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will! why, happy man be 's dole!
My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince as we
Do seem to be of ours?
Pol. If at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter,
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy,
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December,
And with his varying childness cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.
Leon. So stands this squire
Offic'd with me: we two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps. Hermione,
How thou lovest us, show in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:
Next to thyself and my young rover, he 's
Apparent to my heart.
Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden: shall 's attend you there?
Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you 'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky. [*Aside*] I'm angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!
How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband!
[*Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione, and Attendants.*
Gone already!

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd 220
one!
Go, play, boy, play: thy mother plays, and I
Play too, but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamor
Will be my knell. Go, play, boy, play. There
have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now.
Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there is
none;
It is a "pest'lent" planet, that will strike
Where 't is predominant; many thousand on 's 230
Have the disease, and feel 't not. How now,
boy!
Mam. I am like you, they say.
Leon. Why, that 's some comfort.
What, Camillo there?
Cam. Ay, my good lord.
Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou 'rt an honest
man. [*Exit Mamillius.*
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.
Cam. You 'd much ado to make his anchor
hold:
When you cast out, it still came home.
Leon. Didst note it? 240
Cam. He would not stay at your petitions;
made
His business more material.
Leon. Didst perceive it?
[*Aside*] They 're here with me already, whisper-
ing, rounding,

"Sicilia is a so-forth :" 't is far gone,
When I shall gust it last. How came 't, Camillo,
That he did stay ?
Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.
Leon. At the queen's be 't : "good" should be pertinent ;
But, so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine ?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks : not noted, is 't,
But of the finer natures ? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary ? lower messes
Perchance are to this business purblind ? say.
Cam. Business, my lord ! I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.
Leon. Ha !
Cam. Stays here longer.
Leon, Ay, but why ?
Cam. To satisfy your highness and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.
Leon. Satisfy
The entreaties of your mistress ! satisfy !
Let that suffice. I 've trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the near'st things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils ; wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleansed my bosom ; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd ; but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.
Cam. Be 't forbid, my lord !
Leon. To bide upon 't, thou art not honest ; or,

If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd; or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust
And therein negligent; or else a fool
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn 280
And tak'st it all for jest.
Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence, 290
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 't was a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'T is none of mine. 300
Leon. Ha' not you seen, Camillo,—
But that's past doubt, you have, or your eyeglass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,—or heard,—
For, to a vision so apparent, rumor
Cannot be mute,—or thought,—for cogitation

Resides, not in that man that does not think,—
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then say
My wife's a hobby-horse: say 't and justify 't.
Cam. I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate were sin
As deep as that, though true.
Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughing with a sigh?—a note infallible
Of breaking honesty—horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world and all that 's in 't is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.
Cam. Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes,
For 't is most dangerous.
Leon. Say it be, 't is true.
Cam. No, no, my lord.
Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:

I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil
Inclining to them both. Were my wife's liver 345
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.
Cam. Who does infect her?
Leon. Why, he that wears her like her medal hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: who, if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honor as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer,—whom I from meaner form 355
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship, who mayst see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven,
How I am gallèd,—mightst bespice a cup
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.
Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a lingering dram that should not work
Maliciously like poison; but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress, 360
So sovereignly being honorable.
I have loved thee,—
Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot!
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
T' appoint myself in this vexation, sully,

The purity and whiteness of my 'name,'—
Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps,—
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,
370 Who I do think is mine and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to 't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?
Cam. I must believe you, sir:
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't:
Provided that, when he 's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.
380 *Leon.* Thou dost advise me
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I 'll give no blemish to her honor, none.
Cam. My lord,
Go then; and, with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia
And with your queen. I am his cup-bearer
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.
Leon. This is all:
390 Do 't and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do 't not, thou split'st thine own.
Cam. I'll do 't, my lord.
Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me. [*Exit.*
Cam. O miserable lady! But, for me,

What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes; and my ground to do 't
Is the obedience to a master, one
Who in rebellion with himself will have
All that are his so too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example 400
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourish'd after, I 'd not do 't; but since
Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear 't. I must
Forsake the court: to do 't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Re-enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange: methinks
My favor here begins to warp. Not speak?
Good day, Camillo. 410
Cam. Hail, most royal sir!
Pol. What is the news i' the court?
Cam. None rare, my lord.
Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province and a region
Lov'd as he loves himself: e'en now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me, and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding 420
That changeth thus his manners.
Cam. I dare not know, my lord.
Pol. How! dare not! do not. Do you know, and dare not

Be intelligent to me? 't is thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know you must,
And cannot say you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror
Which shows me mine chang'd too; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
430 Myself thus alter'd with 't.
Cam. There is a sickness
Wihch puts some of us in distemper, but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.
Pol. How! caught of me!
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I 've look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman, thereto
440 Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we 're gentle,— I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison 't not
In ignorant concealment.
Cam. I may not answer.
Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I cónjure thee, by all the parts of man
450 Which honor does acknowledge, whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm

Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.
Cam. Sir, I 'ill tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honor and by him
That I think honorable: therefore mark my counsel,
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me 460
Cry lost, and so good night!
Pol. On, good Camillo.
Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.
Pol. By whom, Camillo?
Cam. By the king.
Pol. For what?
Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen 't or been an instrument
To vice you to 't, that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly. 470
Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly and my name
Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savor that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard or read!
Cam. Swear this thought over
By each particular star in heaven and 480
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon

As or by oath remove or counsel shake
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but I am sure 't is safer to
Avoid what 's grown than question how 't is born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies inclosèd in this trunk which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night!
Your followers I will whisper to the business,
And will by twos and threes at several posterns
Clear them o' the city. For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honor of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy hand:
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbor mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago. This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she 's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person 's mighty,
Must it be violent; and, as he does conceive
He is dishonor'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must

In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father if
Thou bear'st my life off hence: let us avoid.
Cam. It is in mine authority to command 520
The keys of all the posterns: please your highness
To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A room in* LEONTES' *palace.*

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, *and* Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'T is past enduring.
First Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?
Mam. No, I'll none of you.
First Lady. Why, my sweet lord?
Mam. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if
I were a baby still.—I love you better.
Sec. Lady. And why so, my lord?
Mam. Not for because 10

Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.
Sec. Lady. Who taught you this?
Mam. I learnt it out of women's faces. Pray now
What color are your eyebrows?
First Lady. Blue, my lord.
Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.
Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now
I am for you again: pray you, sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.
Mam. Merry or sad shall 't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A sad tale 's best for winter: I have one
Of sprites and goblins.
Her. Let 's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down: come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites; you're powerful at it.
Mam. There was a man—
Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard: I will tell it softly;
Yond crickets shall not hear it.
Her. Come on, then,
And giv 't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, *with* ANTIGONUS, Lords, *and* others.

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?
First Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ships. 40
Leon. How blest am I
In my just censure, in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge! how accurs'd
In being so blest! There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
Th' abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the 50 spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pandar:
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All 's true that is mistrusted: that false villain
Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him:
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. How came the posterns
So easily open?
First Lord. By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so 60
On your command.

Leon. I know 't too well.
Give me the boy: I 'm glad you did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.
Her. What is this? sport?
Leon. Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her;
Away with him! . . . You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
70 To say, "She is a goodly lady," and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
"'Tis pity she 's not honest, honorable."
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
Which on my faith deserves high speech, and straight
The shrug, the hum or ha, these petty brands
That calumny doth use—O, I am out—
That mercy does, for calumny will sear
Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums and ha's,
When you have said, "She 's goodly," come between
80 Ere you can say "She 's honest:" but be 't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She 's an adultress.
Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.
Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing!
Which I 'll not call a creature of thy place,

Lest barbarism, making me the precedent, 90
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar: I have said
She 's an adultress; I have said with whom:
More, she 's a traitor, and Camillo is
A federary with her; one that knows
What she should shame to know herself
But with her most vile principal, that she 's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy 100
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly then to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No, no; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The center is not big enough to bear 110
A school-boy's top. Away with her! to prison!
He who shall speak for her 's afar off guilty
But that he speaks.

Her. There 's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favorable. Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities: But I have
That honorable grief lodg'd here which burns 120
Worse than tears drown: beseech you all, my
lords,

With thoughts so qual'fied as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The king's will be perform'd!
Leon. Shall I be heard?
Her. Who is 't that goes with me? Beseech your highness,
My women may be with me; for you see
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know your mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears
As I come out: this action I now go on
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now
I trust I shall. My women, come; you 've leave.
Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence!
[*Exit Queen, guarded; with Ladies.*
First Lord. Beseech your highness, call the queen again.
Ant. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.
First Lord. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do 't, sir,
Please you t' accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' the eyes of heaven and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.
Ant. If it prove
She 's otherwise, I 'll keep my stables where

I lodge my wife; I 'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel and see her no farther trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false 150
If she be.
Leon. Hold your peaces.
First Lord. Good my lord,—
Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abus'd and by some putter-on
That will be damn'd for 't; would I knew the villain!
Leon. Cease; no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see 't and feel 't
As you feel doing thus; and see withal 160
[*Grasping his arm.*
The instruments that 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.
Leon. What! lack I credit?
First Lord. I'd rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honor true than your suspicion,
Be blam'd for 't how you might. 170
Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative

Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness
Imparts this; which if you, or stupefied
Or seeming so in skill, cannot or will not
Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on 't is all
180 Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You 'd only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,—
Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation
190 But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed,—doth push on this proceeding.
Yet, for a greater confirmation,—
For in an act of this importance 't were
Most piteous to be wild,—I have dispatch'd in post
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency: now from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had
Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?
200 *First Lord.* Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfi'd and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to th' minds of others, such as he

Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to th' truth. So have we thought it good
From our free person she should be confin'd,
Lest that the treach'ry of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise us all. 210
Ant. [*Aside*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A prison.*

Enter. PAULINA, *a* Gentleman, *and* Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison, call to him;
Let him have knowledge who I am. [*Exit Gent.*
Good lady,
No court in Europe is too good for thee;
What dost thou then in prison?

Re-enter Gentleman, *with the* Jailer.

Now, good sir,
You know me, do you not?
Jail. For a worthy lady
And one whom much I honor.
Paul. Pray you then 10
Conduct me to the queen.
Jail. I may not, madam:
To th' contrary I have express commandment.
Paul. Here 's ado,
To lock up honesty and honor from

Th' access of gentle visitors! Is 't lawful, pray you,
To see her women? any of them? Emilia?
Jail. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
20 Shall bring Emilia forth.
Paul. I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves.
[*Exeunt Gentleman and Attendants.*
Jail. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.
Paul. Well, be't so, prithee. [*Exit Jailer.*
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain
As passes coloring.
[*Re-enter* Jailer, *with* EMILIA.
Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?
30 *Emil.* As well as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together: on her frights and griefs,
Which never tender lady hath borne greater,
She is something before her time deliver'd.
Paul. A boy?
Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lusty and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in 't; says, "My poor prisoner,
I 'm innocent as you."
Paul. I dare be sworn:
40 These dangerous unsafe lunes i' the king, beshrew them!
He must be told on 't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I'll take 't upon me.
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister
And never to my red-look'd anger be

The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen:
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show 't the king and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loud'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child: 50
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honor and your goodness is so evident
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue: there 's no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I 'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design, 60
But durst not tempt a minister of honor,
Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I 'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from 't
As boldness from my bosom, let 't not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it!
I 'll to the queen: please you, come something nearer.

Jail. Madam, if 't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it, 70
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
This child was prisoner to the womb and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence

Freed and enfranchis'd, not a party to
The anger of the king, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.
Jail. I do believe it.
Paul. Do not you fear: upon mine honor, I
80 Will stand 'twixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A room in* LEONTES' *palace.*

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, *and* Servants.

Leon. Nor night nor day no rest: it is but weakness
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness. If
The cause were not in being,—part o' the cause,
She the adultress; for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof; but she
I can hook to me:—say that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. Who's there?
10 *First Serv.* My lord?
Leon. How does the boy?
First Serv. He took good rest to-night;
'T is hop'd his sickness is discharg'd.
Leon. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonor of his mother,
He straight declinèd, droopèd, took it deeply,
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on 't in himself,
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,

And downright languish'd. Leave me solely: go,
See how he fares. [*Exit Serv.*] Fie, fie! no thought of him: 20
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance; let him be
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh if I could reach them, nor
Shall she within my power.

[*Enter* PAULINA, *with a child.*

First Lord. You must not enter.
Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me: 30
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.
Ant. That's enough.
Sec. Serv. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded
None should come at him.
Paul. Not so hot, good sir
I come to bring him sleep. 'T is such as you,
That creep like shadows by him and do sigh
At each his needless heavings, such as you 40
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as med'cinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humor
That presses him from sleep.
Leon. What noise there, ho?

Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference
About some gossips for your highness.
Leon. How!
Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me:
I knew she would.
Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
She should not visit you.
Leon. What, canst not rule her?
Paul. From all dishonesty he can: in this,
Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me for committing honor, trust it,
He shall not rule me.
Ant. La you now, you hear:
When she will take the rein I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.
Paul. Good my liege, I come;
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counselor, yet that dare
Less appear so in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours: I say, I come
From your good queen.
Leon. Good queen!
Paul. Good queen, my lord,
Good queen; I say good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.
Leon. Force her hence.
Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes

First hand me: on mine own accord I'll off;
But first I'll do my errand. The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 't is; commends it to your blessing. [*Laying down the child.*
Leon. Out!
A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd!
Paul. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that as you
In so entitling me, and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.
Leon. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.
Thou dotard! thou art woman-tir'd, unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard;
Take 't up, I say; give 't to thy crone.
Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon 't!
Leon. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So I would you did; then 't were past all doubt
You 'd call your children yours.
Leon. A nest of traitors!
Ant. I 'm none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I, nor any
But one that 's here, and that 's himself, for he

The sacred honor of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not—
For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to 't—once remove
110 The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak or stone was sound.

Leon. A callat
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband
And now baits me! This brat is none of mine:
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it, and together with the dam
Commit them to the fire!

Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
120 So like you, 't is the worse. Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip,
The trick of 's frown, his forehead, nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of 's chin and cheek, his smiles,
The very mold and frame of hand, nail, finger:
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colors
No yellow in 't, lest she suspect, as he does,
130 Her children not her husband's!

Leon. A gross hag!

And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd
That wilt not stay her tongue.
Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.
Leon. Once more, take her hence.
Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.
Leon. I'll ha' thee burnt. 140
Paul. I care not.
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in 't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen,
Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy, something savors
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.
Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant, 150
Where were her life? she durst not call me so
If she did know me one. Away with her!
Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I 'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 't is yours: Jove send her
A better guiding spirit! What needs these hands?
You that are thus so tender o'er his follies
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so: farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*
Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.

160 My child? away with 't! Even thou that hast
A heart so tender o'er it take it hence
And see it instantly consum'd with fire:
Even thou and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 't is done,
And by good testimony, or I 'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go take it to the fire;
170 For thou set'st on thy wife.
Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in 't.
Lords. We can: my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.
Leon. You 're liars all.
First Lord. Beseech your highness, give us better credit:
We 've always truly serv'd you, and beseech you
So to esteem of us, and on our knees we beg,
180 As recompense of our dear services
Past and to come, that you do change this purpose,
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: we all kneel.
Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows:
Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? better burn it now
Than curse it then. But be it; let it live.
It shall not neither. You, sir, come you hither;

You that have been so tenderly officious
With Lady Margery, your midwife there, 190
To save this bastard's life,—for 't is a bastard
So sure as this beard's gray,—what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?
Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo
And nobleness impose: at least thus much
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left
To save the innocent: any thing possible.
Leon. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword
Thou wilt perform my bidding. 200
Ant. I will, my lord.
Leon. Mark and perform it, see'st thou! for the fail
Of any point in 't shall not only be
Death to thyself but to thy lewd-tongued wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence, and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place quite out
Of our dominions, and that there thou leave it
Without more mercy, to it own protection 210
And favor of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.
Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe:

Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
220 Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! And blessing
Against this cruelty fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!
[*Exit with the child.*

Leon. No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please your highness, posts
From those you sent to the oracle are come
An hour since: Cleomones and Dion,
230 Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

First Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account,

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 't is good speed; foretells
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath
240 Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A sea-port in Sicilia.*

Enter CLEOMENES *and* DION.

Cleo. The climate 's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.
Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,—
Methinks I so should term them,—and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' the offering!
Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense
That I was nothing.
Dion. If th' event of the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O be 't so!—
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on 't.
Cleo. Great Apollo
Turn all to th' best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.
Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business: when the oracle,
Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,
Shall the contents discover, something rare

Even then will rush to knowledge. Go: fresh horses!
And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A court of Justice.*

Enter LEONTES, Lords, *and* Officers.

Leon. This sessions, to our great grief we pronounce,
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: the party tried
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd. Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt or the purgation.
Produce the prisoner.
Off. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
10 Appear in person here in court. Silence!

Enter HERMIONE, *guarded;* PAULINA *and* Ladies *attending.*

Leon. Read the indictment.
Off. [*Reads*] Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretense whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to

the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst 20
counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to
fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot
me
To say, "Not guilty:" mine integrity
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus: if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do, 30
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,
Who least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me,
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter, 40
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life and honor 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honor,
'T is a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I 50
Have strain'd to appear thus: if one jot beyond

The bound of honor, or in act or will
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry fie upon my grave!
Leon. I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did
Than to perform it first.
60 *Her.* That's true enough;
Though 't is a saying, sir, not due to me.
Leon. You will not own it.
Her. More than mistress of
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
With whom I am accused, I do confess
I lov'd him as in honor he requir'd;
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me, with a love even such,
70 So and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done I think had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend, whose love had spoke,
E'en since it could speak, from an infant, freely
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
80 Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.
Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in 's absence.
Her. Sir,

You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.
Leon. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it. As you were past all shame,—
Those of your fact are so—so past all truth: 90
Which to deny concerns more than avails; for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it,—which is indeed
More criminal in thee than it,—so thou
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.
Her. Sir, spare your threats:
The bug which you would fright me with I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favor, 100
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I'm barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in it most innocent mouth,
Hal'd out to murder: myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet: with immodest hatred
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried 110
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed.

But yet hear this; mistake me not; no life,
I prize it not a straw, but for mine honor,
Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you
120 'T is rigor and not law. Your honors all,
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge!

First Lord. This your request
Is altogether just: therefore bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my father:
O that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes
130 Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, *with* CLEOMENES *and* DION.

Off. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by th' hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest, and that since then
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal
Nor read the secrets in 't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals and read.

140 *Off.* [*Reads*] Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a

jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.

Lords. Now blessèd be the great Apollo!

Her. Praisèd!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Off. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle: 150
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the business?

Serv. O sir, I shall be hated to report it!
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is gone.

Leon. How! gone!

Serv. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [*Hermione swoons.* 160
How now there!

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen: look down
And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharged; she will recover:
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.

[*Exeunt Paulina and Ladies with Hermione.*

Apollo, pardon
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!
170 I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,
New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death and with
Reward did threaten and encourage him,
180 Not doing 't and being done: he, most humane
And fill'd with honor, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the certain hazard
Of all uncertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honor: how he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
190 Break too!
First Lord. What fit is this, good lady?
Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling?
In leads or oils? what old or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves

To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine, O, think what they have done,
And then run mad indeed, stark mad! for all 200
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 't was nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant
And damnable ungrateful: nor was 't much,
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honor,
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter
To be or none or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire ere done 't: 210
Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honorable thoughts,
Thoughts high for one so tender, cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: but the last,—O lords,
When I have said, cry, "woe!"—the queen, the queen,
The sweet'st, dear'st creature 's dead, and vengeance for 't
Not dropp'd down yet.

First Lord. The higher powers forbid! 220

Paul. I say she 's dead; I 'll swear 't. If word nor oath
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly or breath within, I 'll serve you

As I would do the gods. But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
230 Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

First Lord. Say no more:
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for 't:
240 All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas! I 've show 'd too much
The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd
To the noble heart. What 's gone and what 's past help
Should be past grief: do not receive affliction
At my petition; I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen—lo, fool again!—
250 I 'll speak of her no more nor of your children;
I 'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: take your patience to you,
And I 'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well

When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son:
One grave shall be for both: upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I 'll visit 260
The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation; so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come and lead me
Unto these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Bohemia. A desert country near the sea.*

Enter ANTIGONUS *with a Child, and a* Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touched upon
The deserts of Bohemia?
Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We 've landed in ill time: the skies look grimly
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry
And frown upon 's.
Ant. Their sacred wills be done! Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark: I 'll not be long before
I call upon thee. 10

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too far i' the land: 't is like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon 't.
Ant. Go thou away:
I 'll follow instantly.
Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [*Exit.*
Ant. Come, poor babe:
I've heard, but not believ'd, the spirits o' the dead
May walk again: if such things be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so becoming in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity. She did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: "Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I prithee, call 't. For this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more." And so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,

I did in time collect myself and thought
This was so and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squared by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of King Polixenes, it should be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well! 50
There lie, and there thy character: there these;
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And still rest thine. The storm begins: poor wretch,
That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
To loss and what may follow! Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds; and most accurs'd am I
To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell!
The day frowns more and more: thou 'rt like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamor! 60
Well may I get aboard! This is the chase:
I 'm gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear.*

Enter a Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the between but wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting—Hark you now! Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt

this weather? They have scared away two of
70 my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master: if anywhere I have them, 't is by the seaside, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an 't be thy will! what have we here? Mercy on 's, a barne; a very pretty barne! A boy or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: I 'll take it up for pity: yet I 'll tarry till my son come; he hallooed but even now. Whoa, ho, hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!

80 *Shep.* What, art so near? If thou 'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, some hither. What ailest thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land! but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky: betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but
90 that 's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you 'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land-service, to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-dragoned

it: but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them; and how the poor gentleman roared and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now: I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman: he 's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by to have helped the old man!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship side to have helped her: there your charity would have lacked footing.

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou mettest with things dying, I with things new-born. Here 's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open 't. So, let 's see: it was told me I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changeling: open 't. What's within, boy?

Clo. You 're a made old man: if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you 're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 't will prove so: up with 't, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go: come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings. I 'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentle-

man, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I 'll bury it.

Shep. That 's a good deed. If thou mayest discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

Shep. 'T is a lucky day, boy, and we 'll do good deeds on 't. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

PROLOGUE.

Enter TIME, *the* Chorus.

Time. I that please some, try all, both joy and terror
Of good and bad, that make and unfold error,
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years and leave the growth untri'd
Of that wide gap, since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was
Or what is now receiv'd: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do

To th' freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between: Leontes leaving,—
The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving
That he shuts up himself,—imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be 20
In fair Bohemia; and remember well
I mention'd a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering: what of her ensues
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known when 't is brought forth. A shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is th' argument of Time. Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now; 30
If never, yet that Time himself doth say
He wishes earnestly you never may. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. *Bohemia. The palace of* POLIXENES.

Enter POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 't is a sickness denying thee any thing; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is sixteen years since I saw my country: though I have for the most part been aired

abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur
10 to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now: the need I have of thee thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, as too
20 much I cannot, to be more thankful to thee shall be my study, and my profit therein the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prithee speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou callest him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawest thou the Prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less un-
30 happy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have missingly noted he is of late much retired from court and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far that I have eyes under 40 my service which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage. 50

Pol. That 's likewise part of my intelligence; but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command. 60

Pol. My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A road near the* Shepherd's *cottage.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark that tirra-lirra chants,
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel and in my time wore three-pile; but now I a oumt of service;

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget,
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus; who being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway: beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see: every 'leven wether tods;

every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

Aut. [*Aside*] If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

Clo. I cannot do 't without counters. Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar, five pound of currants, rice,—what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mis- 40 tress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers, three-man song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases; but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron to color the warden pies; mace; dates?—none, that 's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun. 50

Aut. O that ever I was born! [*Groveling on the ground.*]

Clo. I' the name of me—

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating 60 may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money

and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horseman or a footman?

Aut. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he has left with thee: if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service.
70 Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

Aut. O, good sir, tenderly, O!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now! canst stand?

Aut. [*Picking his pocket*] Softly, dear sir; good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.
80 *Clo.* Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good, sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir; I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money or any thing I want: offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go
90 about with troll-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince: I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there 's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it to

make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he com- 100 passed a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue; some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that 's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohe- 110 mia: if you had but looked big and spit at him, he 'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way? 120

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well: I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir! [*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I 'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another

and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled
and my name put in the book of virtue!

130 [*Sings*] Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The* Shepherd's *cottage.*

Enter FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on 't.
Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me:
O, pardon, that I name them! Your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscur'd
10 With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up: but that our feasts
In every mess have folly and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired, swoon, I think,
To show myself a glass.
Flo. I bless the time

When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.
Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference forges dread; your great-ness 20
Hath not been us'd to fear. E'en now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way as you did: O, the Fates!
How would he look, to see his work so noble
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?
Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken 30
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires
Run not before mine honor, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.
Per. O, but, sir, 40
Your resolution cannot hold, when 't is
Oppos'd, as it must be, by th' power o' the king:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak, that you must change this purpose
Or I my life.
Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,

With these forc'd thoughts, I prithee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast. Or I 'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's. For I cannot be
50 Mine own nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle:
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as 't were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

60 *Flo.* See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let' s be red with mirth.

Enter Shepherd, Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, *and others, with* POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO *disguised.*

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,
Both dame and servant; welcom'd all, serv'd all;
Would sing her song and dance her turn; now here
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire

With labor, and the thing she took to quench it
She would to each one sip. You are retir'd 70
As if you were a feasted one and not
The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid
These unknown friends to 's welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast; come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.
Per. [*To Pol.*] Sir, welcome:
It is my father's will I should take on me 80
The hostess-ship o' the day. [*To Cam.*] You 're welcome, sir.
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Reverend sirs,
For you there 's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savor all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!
Pol. Shepherdess,–
A fair one are you—well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.
Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,— 90
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors,
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden 's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?
Per. For I have heard it said
There is an art which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.
Pol. Say there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean
But nature makes that mean: so o'er that art
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather; but
The art itself is nature.
Per. So it is.
Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.
Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say 't were well; and only therefore
Desire to breed by me. Here 's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' th' sun
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they 're given
To men of middle age. You 're very welcome.
Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing

Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my fair'st friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring that 130 might
Become your time of day; and yours and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenhoods growing. O Proserpina,
For th' flowers now that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's wagon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarri'd, ere they can behold 140
Bright Phœbus in his strength—a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er!
Flo. What, like a corse?
Per. No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse; or if, not to be buried,
But quick and in mine arms. Come, take your 150 flowers:
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals: sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.
Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,

I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function: each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you 're doing in the present deed,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peepeth fairly through 't
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear as I have purpose
To put you to 't.—But come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out: good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up!
Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with!
Mop. Now, in good time!
Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our manners.—
Come, strike up! 190

[*Music. Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?
Shep. They call him Doricles; and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report and I believe it;
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter:
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water as he 'll stand and read
As 't were my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose 200
Who loves another best.
Pol. She dances featly.
Shep. So she does any thing; though I report it
That should be silent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he shall come in. I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of dildos and fadings, "jump her and thump her;" and where some stretched-mouthed rascal would, as it were, mean mischief and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, "Whoop, do me no harm, good man;" puts him off, slights him, with "Whoop, do me no harm, good man."

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Serv. He hath ribbons of all the colors i' the rainbow; points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross: inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns: why, he sings 'em over as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a

smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand and the work about the square on 't.

Clo. Prithee bring him in; and let him ap- 240
proach singing.

Per. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in 's tunes. [*Exit Servant.*

Clo. You have of these pedlers, that have more in them than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses; 250
Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry: come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but, being en- 260
thralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 't is well they are whispering. Clammer your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry-lace and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way and lost all my money?

Aut. And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print o' life, for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife longed to eat adders' heads and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: and let 's first see more ballads; we 'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here 's another ballad of a fish, that appeared on the coast on Wednesday the forescore of April, forty thousand fathom above

water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman and was turned into a cold fish. The ballad is very pitiful and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty 310 one.

Mop. Let 's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why this is a passing merry one and goes to the tune of "Two maids wooing a man:" there 's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 't is in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou 'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 't is in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on 't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you most know 't is 320 my occupation; have at it with you.

SONG.

A. Get you hence, for I must go
Where it fits not you to know.
D. Whither? *M.* O, whither? *D.* Whither?
M. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell.
D. Me too, let me go thither.
M. Or thou goest to the grange or mill.
D. If to either, thou dost ill.
A. Neither. *D.* What, neither? *A.* Neither. 330
D. Thou hast sworn my love to be.
M Thou hast sworn it more to me:
Then whither goest? say, whither?

Clo. We 'll have this song out anon by ourselves: my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we 'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I 'll buy for you both. Pedler, let's have the first choice. Follow me, girls. [*Exit with Dorcas and Mopsa.*

340 *Aut.* And you shall pay well for 'em.

[*Follows singing.*

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedler;
Money 's a medler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant.

350 *Serv.* Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair, they call themselves Saltiers, and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in 't; but they themselves are o' the mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we 'll none on 't: here has been 360 too much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squier.

Shep. Leave your prating: since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now. 370

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*

Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. O, father, you 'll know more of that hereafter.
[*To Cam.*] Is it not too far gone? 'T is time to part them.
He 's simple and tells much. [*To Flor.*] How now, fair shepherd!
Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The pedler's silken treasury and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go 380
And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:

The gift she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already
But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime loved! I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as dove's down and as white as it,
Or Ethiop's tooth, or the fann'd snow that's bolted
By th' northern blasts twice o'er.
Pol. What follows this?—
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before! I 've put you out:
But to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.
Flo. Do, and be witness to 't.
Pol. And this my neighbor too?
Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and all:
That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love; for her employ them all;
Commend them and condemn them to her service
Or to their own perdition.
Pol. Fairly offer'd.
Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter
Say you the like to him?
Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.
Shep. Take hands, a bargain! 420
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to 't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.
Flo. O, that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.
Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours. 430
Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you;
Have you a father?
Flo. I have: but what of him?
Pol. Knows he of this?
Flo. He neither does nor shall.
Pol. Methinks a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid 440
With age and altering rheums? can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing

But what he did being childish?
Flo. No, good sir;
He has his health and ampler strength indeed
Than most have of his age.
Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: reason my son
Should choose himself a wife, but as good reason
The father, all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity, should hold some counsel
In such a business.
Flo. I yield all this;
But for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 't is not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.
Pol. Let him know 't.
Flo. He shall not.
Pol. Prithee, let him.
Flo. No, he must not.
Shep. Let him, my son: he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.
Flo. Come, come, he must not.
Mark our contract.
Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[*Discovering himself.*
Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd: thou a scepter's heir
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook!—Thou old traitor,
I am sorry that by hanging thee I can

But shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
The royal fool thou copest with,—
Shep. O, my heart!
Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers, and made
More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack, as never
I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from succession; 480
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off: mark thou my words:
Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,—
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too
That makes himself, but for our honor therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces, 490
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to 't. [*Exit.*
Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard; for once or twice
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike. Will 't please you, sir, be gone?
I told you what would come of this: beseech you,

500 Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I 'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes and weep.
Cam. Why, how now, father!
Speak ere thou diest.
Shep. I cannot speak nor think
Nor dare to know that which I know. O sir!
You have undone a man of fourscore-three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet, yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
510 To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust.—O cursed wretch,
That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him! Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I 've liv'd
To die when I desire. [*Exit.*
Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am,
520 More straining on for plucking back, not following
My leash unwillingly.
Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech, which I do guess
You do not purpose to him; and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,

Come not before him.
Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo? 530
Cam. Even he, my lord.
Per. How often have I told you 't would be thus!
How often said my dignity would last
But till 't were known!
Flo. It cannot fail but by
The violation of my faith; and then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together
And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks:
From my succession wipe me, father; I
Am heir to my affection. 540
Cam. Be advis'd.
Flo. I am, and by my fancy: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.
Cam. This is desperate, sir.
Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd, for all the sun sees or 550
The close earth wombs or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honor'd friend,
When he shall miss me,—as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,—cast your good counsels

Upon his passion : let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know
And so deliver, I am put to sea
With her whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And most oppórtune to our need I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.
Cam. O my lord !
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.
Flo. Hark, Perdita. [*Drawing her aside.*
I' ll hear you by and by.
Cam. He 's irremovable,
Resolv'd for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn,
Save him from danger, do him love and honor,
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.
Flo. Now, good Camillo ;
I am so fraught with curious business that
I leave out ceremony.
Cam. Sir, I think
You 've heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father ?
Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd : it is my father's music
To speak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompens'd as thought on.
Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king

And through him what is nearest to him, which 590
is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction:
If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration, on mine honor
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress, from the whom, I see,
There 's no disjunction to be made, but by—
As heavens forfend!—your ruin; marry her,
And, with my best endeavors in your absence,
Your discontenting father strive to qualify 600
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man
And after that trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you 'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as th' unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess 610
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me:
This follows, if you will not change your purpose
But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,
And there present yourself and your fair princess,
For so I see she must be, 'fore Leontes:
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
Leontes opening his free arms and weeping 620
His welcomes forth; asks thee, the son, forgive-
ness,

As 't were i' the father's person ; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess ; o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness ; the one
He chides to hell and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What color for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him ?

630 *Cam.* Sent by the king your father
To greet him and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you as from your father shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I 'll write you down :
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say ; that he shall not perceive
But that you have your father's bosom there
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I 'm bound to you :
640 There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores, most certain
To miseries enough ; no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one to take another :
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you 'll be loth to be : besides you know
Prosperity 's the very bond of love,
650 Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.
Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not at your father's house these seven years
Be born another such.
Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding as
She is i' the rear our birth. 660
Cam. I cannot say 't is pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.
Per. Your pardon, sir; for this
I'll blush you thanks.
Flo. My prettiest Perdita!
But O, the thorns we stand upon! Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The med'cine of our house, how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son, 670
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.
Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed 's if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want, one word.
[*They talk aside.*

Re-enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a coun- 680

terfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown, who wants but something to be a reasonable
690 man, grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me that all their other senses stuck in ears: I could have filed keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy I picked and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the
700 king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[*Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita come forward.*

Cam. Nay, but my letters, by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you 'll procure from King Leontes—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All that you speak shows fair.

Cam. Who have we here?
[*Seeing Autolycus.*

We'll make an instrument of this, omit 710
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now, why, hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow! why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here 's nobody will steal that from thee: yet for the outside of thy poverty we must make an exchange; therefore 720
discase thee instantly,—thou must think there 's a necessity in 't,—and change garments with this gentleman: though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there 's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir. [*Aside*] I know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, prithee, dispatch: the gentleman is half flayed already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir? [*Aside*] I smell the trick on 't. 730

Flo. Dispatch, I prithee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.

[*Florizel and Autolycus change garments.*

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to ye!—you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat
And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face,
Dismantle you, and, as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may— 740

For I do fear eyes over—to shipboard
Get undescri'd.
Per. I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.
Cam. No remedy.—
Have you done there?
Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.
Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat.
[*Giving it to Perdita.*
750 Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend.
Aut. Adieu, sir.
Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot!
Pray you, a word.
Cam. [*Aside*] What I do next shall be to tell the king
Of this escape and whither they are bound;
Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.
760 *Flo.* Fortune speed us!
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.
Cam. The swifter speed the better.
[*Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.*
Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot! What a boot is here with
770 this exchange! Sure the gods do this year con-

nive at us, and we may do any thing extempore. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity, stealing away from his father with his clog at his heels: if I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would do 't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Re-enter Clown *and* Shepherd.

Aside, aside; here is more matter for a hot brain: every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging yields a careful man work. 780

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! There is no other way but to tell the king she 's a changeling and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to, then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found 790 about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her. This being done, let the law go whistle: I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him, and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much 800 an ounce.

Aut. [*Aside*] Very wisely, puppies!

Shep. Well, let us to the king: there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. [*Aside*] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. [*Aside*] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: let me pocket
810 up my pedler's excrement. [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

820 *Aut.* A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an 't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me or no, I am a court-
830 ier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these infoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odor from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Thinkest thou, for that

I insinuate, or toaze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pe; and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king. 840

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an 't like you.

Clo. Advocate 's the court-word for a pheasant: say you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we that are not simple men!

Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I will not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely. 850

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I 'll warrant; I know by the picking on 's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what 's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him. 860

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labor.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air

himself: for, if thou beest capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 't is said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly: the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an 't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled

at, their offenses being so capital? Tell me, for you seem to be honest plain men, what you have to the king: being something gently con- 900
sidered, I 'll bring you where he is abroad, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man besides the king to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and, though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember "stoned," and "flayed alive." 910

Shep. An 't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I 'll make it as much more and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety.—Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but, though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out 920
of it.

Aut. O, that 's the case of the shepherd's son: hang him, he 'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king and show our strange sights: he must know 't is none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does when the business is performed, and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you. 930

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand: I will but look upon the hedge and follow you.

Clo. We are blest in this man, as I may say, even blest.

Shep. Let 's before as he bids us: he was provided to do us good.

[*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in
940 my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion, gold and a means to do the prince my master good; which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title and what shame else belongs to 't. To him will I
950 present them: there may be matter in it.

[*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A room in* LEONTES' *palace.*

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, *and Servants.*

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass: at th' last,
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them forgive yourself.
Leon. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself; which was so much, 10
That heirless it hath made my kingdom and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.
Paul. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or from the all that are took something good
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd.
Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strikest me 20
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought: now, good now,
Say so but seldom.
Cleo. Not at all, good lady:
You might have spok'n a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit and grac'd
Your kindness better.
Paul. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.
Dion. If you would not so, 30
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance

Of his most sovereign name; consider little
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom and devour
Incertain lookers on. What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former queen is well?
What holier than, for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good,
To bless the bed of majesty again
40 With a sweet fellow to 't?
Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that 's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes;
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is 't not the tenor of his oracle,
That King Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? which that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason
As my Antigonus to break his grave
50 And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'T is your counsel
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. [*To Leontes.*] Care
not for issue;
The crown will find an heir: great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.
Leon. Good Paulina
Who hast the mem'ry of Hermione,
I know, in honor, O, that ever I
60 Had squar'd me to thy counsel! then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes,
Have taken treasure from her lips—

Paul. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.
Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage,
Where we're offenders now, appear soul-vex'd,
And begin, "Why to me?" 70
Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.
Leon. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.
Paul. I should so.
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be, "Remember mine." 80
Leon. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else dead coals! Fear thou no wife;
I'll have no wife, Paulina.
Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry but by my free leave?
Leon. Never, Paulina; so be blest my spirit!
Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.
Cleo. You tempt him over-much.
Paul. Unless another,

90 As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.
Cleo. Good madam,—
Paul. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No rem'dy, but you will,— give me the office
To choose your queen: she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.
100 *Leon.* My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bid'st us.
Paul. That
Shall be when your first queen 's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself Prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess,
The fair'st I 've yet beheld, desires access
To your high presence.
Leon. What with him? he comes not
110 Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train?
Gent. But few,
And those but mean.
Leon. His princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.
Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself 120
Above a better gone, so must thy grave
Give way to what 's seen now! Sir, you yourself
Have said and writ so, but your writing now
Is colder than that theme, "She had not been,
Nor was not to be equal'd;"—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once: 't is shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you 've seen a better.
Gent. Pardon, mādam:
The one I have almost forgot,—your pardon,—
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye, 130
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else, make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.
Paul. How! not women?
Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.
Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honor'd friends, 140
Bring them to our embracement. Still, 't is strange [*Exeunt Cleomenes and others.*
He thus should steal upon us.
Paul. Had our prince,
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he 'd pair'd

Well with this lord: there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. Prithee, no more; thou know'st
He dies to me again when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.

Re-enter CLEOMENES *and others, with* FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess,—goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood begetting wonder as
You, gracious couple, do: and then I lost—
All mine own folly—the society,
Amity too, of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia and from him
Give you all greetings that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
Which waits upon worn times hath something seized
His wish'd ability, he had himself

The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd to look upon you; whom he loves—
He bade me say so—more than all the scepters
And those that bear them living.
Leon. O my brother,
Good gentleman! the wrongs I 've done thee stir
Afresh within me, and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters 180
Of my behind-hand slackness. Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to th' fearful usage,
At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
Th' adventure of her person?
Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.
Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honor'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd? 190
Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence,
A prosp'rous south-wind friendly, we have cross'd
To execute the charge my father gave me
For visiting your highness: my best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival and my wife's in safety
Here where we are. 200
Leon. The blessèd gods
Purge all infection from our air whilst you

Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's blest,
As he from heaven merits it, with you
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
210 Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has—
His dignity and duty both cast off—
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.
220 *Leon.* Where's Bohemia? speak.
Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him:
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hastening, in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.
Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
230 Whose honor and whose honesty till now
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay 't so to his charge:
He 's with the king your father.
Leon. Who? Camillo?
Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death. 240
Per. O my poor father!
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.
Leon. You are married?
Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:
The odds for high and low 's alike.
Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?
Flo. She is, 250
When once she is my wife.
Leon. That "once," I see by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking
Where you were tied in duty, and as sorry
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.
Flo. Dear, look up:
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us with my father, power no jot 260
Hath she to change our loves.—Beseech you, sir,

Remember since you owed no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I 'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in 't: not a month
270 'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made. [*To Florizel.*] But your petition
Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father:
Your honor not o'erthrown by your desires,
I 'm friend to them and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore follow me
And mark what way I make: come, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before* LEONTES' *palace.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS *and a* Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

First Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the

chamber; only this methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

First Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: a notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman that haply knows more.
The news, Rogero?

Sec. Gent. Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward: he can deliver you more. How goes it now, sir? this news which is called true is so like an old tale that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: has the king found his heir?

Third Gent. Most true, if ever truth were

pregnant by circumstance: that which you hear you 'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione's, her jewel about the neck of it, the letters of Antigonus found with it which they know to be his
40 character, the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother, the affection of nobleness which nature shows above her breeding, and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

Sec. Gent. No.

Third Gent. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another,
50 so and in such manner that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenances of such distraction that they were to be known by garment, not by favor. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, "O, thy mother, thy mother!" then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then
60 again worries he his daughter with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it and undoes description to do it.

Sec. Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

Third Gent. Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence, which seems much, to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows.

First Gent. What became of his bark and his followers?

Third Gent. Wrecked the same instant of their master's death and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But O, the noble combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: she lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing as if she would pin her to her heart that she might no more be in danger of losing.

First Gent. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

Third Gent. One of the prettiest touches of all and that which angled for mine eyes, caught the water though not the fish, was when, at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to 't bravely confessed and lamented by the king, how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolor to another, she did, with an "Alas," I would fain say, bleed tears, for I am sure my heart wept

blood. Who was most marble there changed color; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen 't, the woe had been universal.

First Gent. Are they returned to the court?

Third Gent. No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer: thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

Sec. Gent. I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither and with our company piece the rejoicing?

First Gent. Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye some new grace would be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge, Let 's along.

[*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel and I know not what: but he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter. so he then

took her to be, who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 't is all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd *and* Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms 140 of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? say you see them not and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born: give me the lie, do, and try 150 whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have: but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother; and then the two kings called my father brother; and then 160 the prince my brother and the princess my sister called my father father; and so we wept, and

there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 't were hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship
170 and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

180 *Clo.* Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I 'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend: and I 'll swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt be drunk: but I 'll swear it, and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy
190 hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred

are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we 'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A chapel in* PAULINA'S *house.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!
Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well I meant well. All my services
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd
With your crown'd brother and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.
Leon. O Paulina, 10
We honor you with trouble: but we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.
Paul. As she lived peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon

Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold, and say 't is well.

[Paulina draws a curtain, and discovers Hermione standing like a statue.

I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder: but yet speak; first, you, my liege.
Comes it not something near?
Leon. Her natural posture!—
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she
In thy not chiding, for she was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems.
Pol. O, not by much.
Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes her
As she lived now.
Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, warm life,
As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her!
I am asham'd: does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it? O royal piece
There 's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance and

From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee.
Per. And give me leave,
And do not say 't is superstition, that 50
I kneel and then implore her blessing. Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.
Paul. O, patience!
The statue is but newly fix'd, the color 's
Not dry.
Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow 60
But kill'd itself much sooner.
Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you as he
Will piece up in himself.
Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you,—for the stone is mine—
I 'd not have show'd it.
Leon. Do not draw the curtain. 70
Paul. No longer shall you gaze on 't, lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.
Leon. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it? See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breathed? and that those veins

Did verily bear blood?
Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.
80 *Leon.* The fixture of her eye has motion in 't,
As we are mock'd with art.
Paul. I'll draw the curtain:
My lord 's almost so far transported that
He 'll think anon it lives.
Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together!
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.
Paul. I 'm sorry, sir, I 've thus far stirr'd you: but
90 I could afflict you farther.
Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: what fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.
Paul. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You 'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own
100 With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?
Leon. No, not these twenty years.
Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker-on.
Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I 'll make the statue move indeed, descend

And take you by the hand: but then you 'll think—
Which I protest against—I am assisted
By wicked powers. 110
Leon. What you can make her do
I am content to look on: what to speak
I am content to hear; for 't is as easy
To make her speak as move.
Paul. It is required
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;
Or those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.
Leon. Proceed:
No foot shall stir. 120
Paul. Music, awake her; strike! [*Music.*
'T is time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
'll fill your grave up: stir, nay, come away,
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive she stirs:
[*Hermione comes down.*
Start not; her actions shall be holy as
You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand: 130
When she was young you woo'd her; now in age
Is she become the suitor?
Leon. O, she 's warm!
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.
Pol. She embraces him.
Cam. She hangs about his neck:
If she pertain to life let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make 't manifest where she has lived,
140 Or how stol'n from the dead.
Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale: but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
Please you to interpose, fair madam: kneel
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.
Her. You gods, look down
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
150 Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
Myself to see the issue.
Paul. There 's time enough for that;
Lest they desire upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
160 Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that 's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.
Leon. O, peace, Paulina!
Thou should'st a husband take by my consent
As I by thine a wife: this is a match,
And made between 's by vows. Thou hast found mine;

But how, is to be question'd ; for I saw her,
As I thought, dead, and have in vain said many
A prayer upon her grave. I 'll not seek far— 170
For him, I partly know his mind– to find thee
An honorable husband. Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand, whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted and here justifi'd
By us,a pair of kings. Let 's from this place.
What! look upon my brother: both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. This is your son-in-law
And son unto the king, who, heavens directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina, 180
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand an answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time since first
We were dissever'd : hastily lead away. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES.

ACT I.

Scene I.

2. **Bohemia**: here, and throughout the play, Hanmer substitutes *Bithynia* for *Bohemia*.

Ib. **On the like . . . on foot**, on an occasion like to that in which I am now employed.

4. **Bohemia**, the King of Bohemia, Polixenes.

9. **Wherein . . . loves**: though it will not be in our power to entertain you with the same magnificence, the sincerity of our love shall atone for our shortcomings.

11. **Beseech you**, pray continue what you were saying.

12. **In the freedom . . . knowledge**: I speak freely, being so fully conscious of our inability to vie with you in this respect.

15. **Sleepy drinks**, soporifics.

19. **You pay . . . freely**, you thank us too lavishly for our hospitality which is so readily given.

23. **Sicilia . . . Bohemia.** It is impossible for Leontes to be too kind to Polixenes.

26. **Such an affection . . . now**, an affection so strong was then implanted in their breasts that it cannot but manifest itself now in loving deeds towards each other. For **such . . . which**, see Abbott's Shak. Gr. § 278.

27. **Mature dignities, and royal necessities**, the high position which on growing up they have been called upon to fill.

29. **Their encounters . . . attorneyed**, their meetings by proxy, by the interchange of embassies. An *attorney* is one appointed or constituted, and then one appointed to act for another.

33. **Over a vast.** Delius and Schmidt understand this as equivalent to a *vast sea*. But *vast* was formerly used in the sense of a waste place, a wide tract of uncultivated land.

34. **Opposed winds**, opposite quarters of the earth.

36. **I think . . . it.** I believe that malicious suggestions c'

designing persons would not be able to interrupt the continuance of their love for each other.

38. **Of your**, etc., as we should say "*in* your," etc.

40. **Into my note**, under my notice.

43. **Physics the subject**, the people collectively. As Delius points out, the phrase is merely an adaptation of the words in the novel (Greene's *Dorastus and Fawnia*) from which the plot is taken: "Fortune . . . . lent them a sonne so adorned with the gifts of nature, as the perfection of the childe greatly augmented the love of the parents, and *the joy of their commons.*"

Scene II.

1–3. **Nine changes . . . burden**: Nine times has the shepherd noted the changes of the moon, *i. e.*, nine months have gone by, since I left my throne without an occupant. *Watery*, from her influence upon the tides.

5, 6. **And yet . . . debt**: and still we should depart eternally in your debt.

6–9. **And therefore . . . before it.** A cipher at the right hand, and not at the left as in decimal notation, multiplies the value of the figure.

13, 14. **I am . . . absence.** My fears constantly torture me with questions as to what may suddenly happen, or gradually develop itself, owing to my prolonged absence.

14, 16. **That may blow . . . truly!** This is generally taken as a wish, O that no nipping winds may blow (no sharp storm of trouble burst upon me) to make me say, "I had only too good reason for my presentiments!" **Sneaping** is connected with *snap*, *snip*, *snub*, and *snuff* in the sense of cutting off the wick of a candle.

17. **To tire**, so as to tire.

Ib. **Your royalty**, your royal hospitality.

18, 19. **We are . . . to 't.** We are made of better stuff than to have our hospitality taxed beyond its strength by any visit, however long, from one so dear to us.

21. **One seven-night**, we still use "fortnight," but "seven-night" is almost obsolete. **Very sooth**, "sooth" and "good sooth" are used by Shakespeare without any preposition.

23. **Part**, halve. **I 'll no gainsaying**, I will take no refusal.

25–28. **There is . . . it.** Under ordinary circumstances your words would carry more persuasion with me than those of any one else in the world; and now too I should yield if what you asked were something of urgent importance to yourself, even though my own interests dictated a refusal.

29. **Do even drag,** not only draw me homeward, but *drag* me.

29, 30. **Which to hinder . . . to me.** To hinder which (*i. e.*, my return home) would be to make your love to me a punishment. **Whip,** in this metaphorical sense of scourge, instrument of correction, is frequent in Shakespeare.

31. **To save both,** the inconvenience to himself as well as "the charge and trouble" to Leontes.

34, 35, **Until . . . stay,** until he had bound himself in the strongest possible way not to remain, and *then* to have attacked him and compelled him to yield.

36. **Charge,** adjure.

37, 38. **This satisfaction . . . proclaim'd,** the news yesterday received from Bohemia satisfactorily proved this.

39. **His best ward,** you beat down his strongest guard, a fencing term. For **beat,** see Abb. § 343.

41. **To tell . . . strong.** If he were to say that his anxiety to go was caused by his desire to see his son, that would be ar argument difficult to get over.

42–44. **But let him . . . distaffs.** Let him *only* say so, and he is free to go; let him *only* swear it, and we will not merely let him go but will forcibly drive him away: *distaffs*, because it is a woman who is speaking.

45, 46. **Yet of . . . week,** still, in spite of all I will be bold enough to claim the loan of your presence here for a week longer.

46–49. **When . . . parting,** when you carry him off for a visit to you, I will authorize him to stay a month longer than the time fixed at his starting. **To let him** is used reflexively. **Gests,** or rather *gists*, from the Fr. *giste* (which signifies both a bed and a lodging-place), were the names of the houses or towns where the king or prince intended to lie every night during his progress.

50, 51. **I love thee . . . her lord,** I love you not one whit less than any lady whatsoever loves her husband. **Jar o' the clock,** tick of the clock; lit. I am not one moment behind any woman in the world in loving, etc. **On what,** in an elliptical expression like this, see Abb. § 255.

56. **Limber,** flexible, that can easily be bent or turned. "Closely allied to *limp*, flexible, and similarly formed from the same Teut. base LAP, to hang loosely down; the *p* being weakened to *b* for ease of pronunciation. The suffix *-er* is adjectival, as in *bitt-er*, *fai-r*" (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*).

57. **Though you . . . oaths,** though you should endeavor by the strength of your oaths to bring the stars down from their sphere: an allusion to the belief that witches and sorcerers

could by their oaths and incantations call down the moon from the sky.

60. **Will you go yet?** are you still determined upon going?

62. **So,** in that case.

63. **Save your thanks,** not be put to the expense of thanks.

Ib. **Behind,** *i.e.* behind the present, in the future.

79. **Verier,** more complete, thorough.

81. **What we changed;** the thoughts we *inter*changed were pure and innocent.

85, 86. **And our . . . blood;** had not our innocent disposition been stirred to a higher pitch by stronger animal passion, we, etc. **Rear'd** here seems to involve the idea not only of being *raised*, but also the secondary idea of being *brought up*.

87, 88. **The imposition . . . ours,** "That is, were the penalty remitted which we inherit from the transgression of our first parents" (Staunton).

96. **Grace to boot!** God help us! show his grace to us! *Boot* is a substantive, and signifies profit, advantage. Hermione is humorously indignant at the inference, to be drawn from Polixenes' words, that his and Leontes' sins were due to their becoming acquainted with their wives.

97. **Of this . . . conclusion,** do not carry your argument to its legitimate conclusion or you will be obliged to say that your queen and I are devils, *i.e.*, in having tempted you to swerve from the path of virtue.

112. **As fat . . . things,** those animals that are kept to be fattened for the table.

Ib. **Tongueless,** in a passive sense, not talked of.

114–116. **You may . . . acre,** a slight kindness will get a great deal more out of us than any amount of harshesss. **Heat,** travel over, from the substantive which means a measured distance to be raced over.

116. **But to the goal,** but to come to the point.

118. **It has . . . sister,** I at some time previous did a deed that in goodness was akin to this.

119. **O, would . . . Grace!** Would speak of it as a gracious deed.

123. **Three crabbed . . . death,** a reference to the sourness of the wild apple.

125. **And clasp . . . love.** The custom of joining hands as a token of betrothal.

127. **'Tis grace indeed.** Then the name of that deed of mine is really "grace," as I hoped you would christen it.

132. **To mingle . . . bloods.** This extreme intimacy of friendship indicates a reciprocity of passionate feeling.

133. **Tremor cordis,** trembling, throbbing of the heart.

134–137. **This entertainment . . . agent.** This cordiality

may wear the look of innocence; its freedom *may* be the outcome of genuine friendship, of goodness of heart, that ever-teeming soil, and so be becoming to one who shows it.

139. **Practic'd smiles**, studied, not natural.

141. **The mort o' the deer**, a long-drawn breath like that drawn by the huntsman in sounding the horn at the death of the deer.

142. **Nor my brows!** A reference to the belief that horns grew on the forehead of a man whose wife had been unfaithful to him; said to have arisen out of the story of Actæon, who, spying Diana bathing, was punished by having horns grow out of his forehead.

145. **I' fecks**, supposed to be a corruption of *in faith*.

146. **Why . . . bawcock.** A burlesque term of endearment, probably from the Fr. *beau coq*, fine cock.

147. **A copy out**, an exact model of mine. **Captain**, a humorous term of affection.

148. **Not neat, but cleanly.** "Leontes, seeing his son's nose smutch'd, cries, *we must be neat;* then recollecting that *neat* is an ancient term for *horned* cattle, he says, *not neat, but cleanly*" (Johnson).

149, 150. **And yet . . . neat.** And yet the term is applicable to you, for it is given generically, not only to the bull and the cow, but also to the calf. **Still Virginalling.** "The virginals (probably so called because chiefly played upon by young girls), resembled in shape the 'square' pianoforte of the present day, as the harpsichord did the 'grand.'" (Chappell's *Pop. Music of the Olden Times.*)

151. **Wanton calf**, frolicsome, sportive.

154, 155. **Thou want'st . . . like me.** "You tell me that you are like me; that you are my calf. I am the horned bull: thou wantest *the rough head and the horns* of that animal, completely to resemble your father" (Malone). 'Pash, the head.

158. **As o'er-dy'd blacks.** Three interpretations have been given: (1) mourning dyed too much and so becoming rotten; (2) faded or damaged stuffs dyed black in order to hide their real condition; (3) black things painted with another color through which the ground will soon appear. The first of these three interpretations is probably the best.

159, 160. **As dice . . . mine.** As one who sets no boundary between what is his and what mine would wish the dice with which he played to be. **Bourn**, boundary, limit.

161. **Sir page**, like "sweet villain!"

162. **Welkin**, properly the sky, hence, here, sky-colored, blue.

163. **Collop**, properly a slice of meat and so a part of one's own flesh, as a wife in reference to her husband is said to be "bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh."

164–172. **Affection . . . brows.** The meaning probably is, Imagination, thy intensity pierces to the very center, goes to the very root of one's being; thou makest that to be possible which no one could have believed to be so; thou dost work in concert with dreams, strange as this may seem ("how can this be?"), art in league with what is unreal and dost link thyself with what is non-existent: then, this being so, it is easy to believe that thou mayest co-operate with what has real existence (here, the supposed guilt of his wife); and thou dost so even beyond all warrant, and I feel your influence to such a degree that my brain has become infected by thee, and I imagine myself to be a cuckold. **Credent** for *credible.*

174. **Something unsettled**, somewhat disturbed in mind.

177, 178. **You look . . . distraction**, the look of your brow is that of a man much agitated. **Mov'd**, excited.

181–183. **How sometimes . . . bosoms!** How sometimes natural affection will betray its weakness and make a man the laughing-stock of those less tender-hearted.

184. **Recoil**, go back in imagination.

185. **Unbreech'd**, without breeches, being too young for that article of dress.

186. **Muzzled**, with its sheath carefully fastened on so as to prevent its getting loose and so wounding me.

189. **This kernel**, this seed which will one day grow to the full fruit.

190. **Squash**, an immature peascod.

191. **Will you . . . money?** "To take eggs for money" seems to have been used in two senses, (1) to allow oneself to be cajoled, (2) to put up with an affront.

193. **Happy man be 's dole!** may happiness be his portion, that which is doled or dealt out to him by the fates.

197. **My exercise**, he is that which constantly occupies my attention. **My mirth, my matter**, the subject of my mirthful and of my serious movements.

198. **Now my sworn . . . enemy**, at one moment the dearest of friends, at the next my bitter foe (said of course playfully to indicate his varying moods).

199. **My parasite**, one who fawns upon me for entertainment.

201. **Varying childness**, the varying moods of his young mind. **Thick**, thicken, curdle.

203–4. **In squire and offic'd** there is an allusion to the duties of an attendant upon a knight.

209. **Apparent to my heart,** the heir apparent being the person who, if he survive the ancestor. must be his heir, the term is here used as most nearly akin, closest, to his affections.

211. **Shall 's,** a not uncommon use in Shakespeare, who also has the converse *we* for *us*.

212, 213. **To your own . . . sky.** Occupy yourselvès in any way you are inclined: in the concluding words there is the secondary meaning, "I shall detect your practices however secret you may be."

213, 214. **I 'm angling . . . line.** I am only "playing" you as a fisherman plays a fish, letting out plenty of line, which the fish would quickly snap if it were drawn tight at once.

215. **Go to,** generally an exclamation of impatience or contempt.

216. **Neb,** according to Steevens, the *mouth;* according to Dyce, the *nose;* lit. the beak, bill of a bird.

218. **Allowing,** in the frequent Shakespearian sense of *approving*.

220. **Inch-thick . . . one!** "Inch-thick" and "knee-deep" are both expressive of excess.

220. **A fork'd one,** a cuckold.

229, 230. **It is a . . . predominant:** a reference to astrology, in which so-called science "predominant" is a technical term; the star which rules these matters is a lustful one and will strike those born under it, do what they may.

238, 239. **You'd . . . home.** You had a great deal of trouble in persuading him: **His anchor,** the anchor by which you hoped to secure him: **Still came home,** a nautical metaphor, repeatedly failed to take hold of the bottom; came away when a strain was put upon it.

241. **At your petitions,** at your demand. **Made . . . material,** represented his business at home as of more importance, more urgent.

244. **They 're here with me already.** "By 'they 're *here with me* already,' the King means,—the people are already mocking me with this opprobrious gesture (the cuckold's emblem with their fingers), and whispering." etc. (Staunton).

The cuckold's emblem, to which Staunton refers, was the holding of the fingers in the form of a V.

Ib. **Rounding.** "The name Runic was so called from the term which was used by our barbarian ancestors to designate the mystery of alphabetic writing. This was Run, sing., Rune, pl. . . . This word Run signified mystery or secret; and a verb of this root was in use down to a comparatively recent date in English literature, as an equivalent for the verb to *whisper*. . . . It was also used of any kind of discourse; but mostly of private and privileged communication

in council or conference. . . . This *rown* became *rownd* and *round* on the principle of N attracting D to follow it. . . . (Earle, *Phil. of the Eng. Tongue*, 93, 4).

245. **"Sicilia is a so-forth."** "This was a phrase employed when the speaker wished to escape the utterance of an obnoxious term. . . ." (Steevens.) The obnoxious term here was of course "cuckold."

Ib. **'T is far gone'. . . last**: matters have come to a pretty pass when they are *so* bad that no one dare speak of them to me.

250. **Taken**, conceived, taken in, by any clear-sighted persons besides yourself.

252, 253. **For thy . . . blocks.** Your conception (conceit) is one that quickly absorbs, imbibes, facts which for the common herd would have no significance: *blocks*, wooden-headed fellows, blockheads, as we say; the *block* on which hats were formed being a wooden model of the human head.

254. **But of**, except by the keener intelligences. **By some severals . . . extraordinary?** by certain particular persons who have more brains than the ordinary person.

255. **Lower messes**, those who sat at the lower end of the table, below the great salt, or at tables where the charge was less; hence people of inferior rank, and so of inferior intelligence.

266. **Let that suffice**, that is enough, I don't wish to hear more.

272. **In that which seems so.** He modifies his use of the word *integrity* by saying, "in thy integrity, or rather in that which seems so, but is not."

274. **To bide upon 't**, "equivalent to 'my abiding opinion is'" (Dyce).

276. **Which hoxes . . . behind**, which lames honest action, prevents the course of straightforward action. *Hough* or *hock* is the joint in the hind leg of a quadruped between the knee and fetlock, and *hough*, the verb, to cut the hamstring of a horse, has been corrupted into *hox*. **Restraining**, *sc.* it.

278. **A servant . . . trust**, one who though placed in so intimate relation with matters of importance that he ought to become, as it were, part and parcel of them, is yet negligent about them.

287. **Puts forth**, shoots out, as a bud, leaf, branch.

287–295. **In your . . . wisest**, to deal with all these charges, I would say, If ever I was obstinately negligent in your affairs, such negligence is to be put down to folly, not to intentional betrayal of your interests; if ever, again, my folly was of a deliberate, persistent character, this was due to a want of consideration of [illegible] be expected; if, lastly, I ever

hesitated through fear to do a thing the (successful) issue of which I doubted, anything the execution of which *when done* cried out against the non-performance *of it before*, the fear then shown by me was such as often infects even the very wisest of men.

299. **By its own visage**, in its own likeness, as it really was.

302. **Eye-glass** means here the retina of the eye.

307, 308. You can avoid confessing only by impudently declaring that you have neither eyes nor ears nor thought.

310. **Hobby-hores**, a cant name for a wanton.

Ib. **Say 't and justify 't**, say that she is unchaste, and prove your assertion, as you can easily do.

312. **Clouded so**, her character so blackened. **Without . . . taken**, without taking immediate vengeance on the slanderer.

315, 316. **Which to . . . true**, to repeat which would be a sin as heinous as that of which you accuse her, even if your accusation were a true one.

321. **Breaking honesty**, virtue giving way.

324. **Blind . . . web**, one of the popular names for cataract, a film growing over the eye.

327. **Bohemia**, Polixenes.

338. **A hovering temporizer**, a mere time-server.

342. **The running of one glass**, the time which the sand in the hour-glass takes to run from one bulb into the other.

344, 345. **Why he . . . neck.** Steevens, whom Dyce follows, says that Polixenes wore her as he would have worn a *medal of her*, round his neck.

346. **Bare eyes**, etc., had, or owned, eyes that were as fully open to what concerned my honor as to their own advantages, they would do that which should put a stop to any further iniquities between Polixenes and Hermione.

350, 351. **Whom I . . . worship**, whom I have raised from lower degree and advanced to an honorable position.

354. **A lasting wink**, death.

355. **Were cordial**, would revive my spirits as a cordial, a drink given to stimulate the heart, would do.

360. **Crack**, flaw in her virtue. **Dread**, for whom I have such respectful awe.

361. **So . . . honorable**, who is of such supreme honor, the primary meaning of the word *sovereign.*

Ib. Malone's interpretation is as follows: "This refers to what Camillo has just said relative to the queen's chastity, 'I cannot . . . mistress.' Not believe it, replies Leontes; make that (*i.e.*, Hermione's disloyalty) a subject of debate or discussion, and go rot! Dost thou think I am such a fool as to torment myself and to bring disgrace on me and my children without sufficient grounds!"

364. **So muddy**, in the sense of troubled in mind; *unsettled* continues the metaphor of water the bottom of which has been disturbed, and which has not had time to settle and clear itself.

368. To complete the meter of this line, Walker would insert *vipers* between *nettles* and *tails:* Steevens proposes "goads *and* thorns, nettles *and* tails."

371. **Ripe moving**, the most complete provocation to do so.

372. **Blench**, be so fitful, pass so weakly from one course to another.

374. **Will fetch off**, make away with him, *i e.*, by poison.

377–379. **And thereby . . . yours.** And in order by so doing to close the malicious mouths of those who otherwise would spread all manner of malicious reports in, etc.

384. **Clear**, free from all appearance of suspicion.

385. **Keep with**, associate with.

391. **Split'st thine own.** Dost crack thine own by being only half loyal to me.

403. **Nor brass**, etc., no record of any kind. **One**, example.

405. **To do 't . . . breakneck**, to do it and to leave it undone are equally fatal to me.

406. **Happy star . . . now!** May some good Providence care for my country.

409. **To warp**, to be twisted out of shape. **Not speak?** would he not speak to me, referring to Polixenes' having passed him without a word as they met.

413. **None rare**, none of any unusual nature.

423. **Do not.** You must mean *do not*, not *dare not.*

424. **Intelligent**, communicative. **'T is thereabouts**, that is, you must mean you dare not communicate to me what you know, for, etc.

427. **Complexions**, looks; Shakespeare uses the word in a wider sense than that it has nowadays.

430. **Alter'd**, rather in the way he is treated than in himself.

432. **Distemper**, state of perturbation.

436. **Make me . . . basilisk.** Do not represent me as having the eye of the basilisk; a fabulous serpent whose look killed those on whom it fell.

438. **Regard**, look.

439–442. **Thereto . . . gentle**, in addition to that an accomplished scholar, a qualification which lends as much ornament to our gentle birth as the noble names of our parents, by descent from whom we get the right to the title of gentlemen. **Success** = succession, here only.

445. **Ignorant concealment**, the secrecy of ignorance, *ignorant* being used in a proleptic sense.

448–451. **All the parts . . . of mine**, all the duties which hon-

orable men acknowledge, among which to grant this request of mine is not the least imperative.

452, 453. **What incidency . . . me,** what falling of harm is slowly coming near me? what danger is impending over me?

454. **If to be,** *i.e.*, prevented.

457. **Charg'd in honor,** bound by that sense of honor to which you, an honorable man, have appealed.

460; 461. **Or both . . . night!** or both yourself and I may bid farewell to all hopes of life; *good night*, in the sense of "farewell for ever," is frequent in Shakespeare.

463. **I am . . . you.** The construction is apparently a confusion between "I am appointed he who should murder you," and, "He appointed *me* to murder you."

468, 469. **Or been an . . . to 't,** or been an instrument employed to screw you up to the perpetration of the deed; *vice* was not used in the restricted sense of more modern times, but might mean any kind of machinery.

471, 472. **O, then . . . jelly,** if such was the case, may the purest blood in my veins become curdled into a clotted mass.

473. **His,** Judas Iscariot, the betrayer of Christ (*the Best*).

475, 476. **That may . . . arrive,** a stench so rank that my approach would be offensive even to those whose sense of smell is dullest.

479–481. **Swear . . . influences,** "swear-over," a tmesis for "over-swear." *Influence*, one of the technical terms of astrology.

486. **The standing of,** etc., accusative of duration of time.

487. **How should . . . grow?** how is it possible that he should have come to entertain such a belief?

491. **This trunk,** my body.

492. **Bear along impawn'd,** carry off with you as a pledge of my fidelity.

493. **Whisper to the business,** prepare them for our departure by giving them instructions secretly.

494. **At several . . . city,** get them out of the city by different posterns so as to avoid notice.

497. **By this discovery,** by my having revealed this to you. **Be not uncertain,** do not waver.

499, 500. **Which if . . . stand by,** and if you should test my information by speaking to Leontes, I dare not stay to see the result.

501, 502. **Thereon . . . sworn,** and whose death as a sequel to his conviction has been predetermined.

505, 506. **Be pilot . . . mine,** be my guide in this matter, and you shall ever have your abode near me.

507. **My hence departure,** an inversion.

509. **As she's rare,** in proportion to her rare excellence.

513. **Profess'd to him,** made professions of friendship.

515–517. **Good expedition . . . suspicion.** The meaning probably is that given by Malone: "Good expedition befriend me by removing me from a place of danger, and comfort the queen by removing the object of her husband's jealousy; the queen, who is the subject of his conversation, but without reason the object of his suspicion!" **Part of his theme,** Polixenes being the other part.

519. **Bear'st my life off,** get me away safe from this country. **Avoid,** depart, or perhaps separate.

522. **To take the urgent hour,** to seize the opportunity while there is yet time to do so.

ACT II.

Scene I.

5. **I 'll none of you,** I will have nothing to do with you.

11. **Brows,** eyebrows.

12. **So that,** provided that.

13, 14. **But in a . . . pen,** arched like a bow, and delicately shaded as though drawn with a pen.

21. **What wisdom . . . you?** said playfully; what are these subjects you are so wisely discussing?

22. **Am for you,** am ready to play with you again.

30. **You 're powerful at it,** I know well how clever you are in frightening us with these goblins.

36. **Give 't me . . . ear,** whisper it to me.

39. **Scour,** hurry, scamper off.

41, 42. **How blest . . . opinion!** said ironically: "just censure" and "true opinion" are identical in meaning, "censure" in Elizabethan English more often having a colorless than a condemnatory sense.

43, 44. **Alack, for . . . blest!** that certainty I was so anxious to gain has now, when gained, turned out a curse.

44-47. **There may . . . infected:** A spider may be in the cup, and, so long as he knows nothing about it, a man may go away, having drunk, without absorbing any poison.

49. **Cracks his gorge,** retches with violence, as if he would split his throat.

50. **Hefts,** heavings, retchings.

53. **All 's true . . . mistrusted:** all my fears had only too good a foundation.

55. **Discover'd,** revealed to Polixenes.

56. **Remain a pinch'd thing,** a thing pinch'd out of clouts, a puppet for them to move and actuate as they please. To *pinch* was in Shakespeare's day used in a stronger sense than it now has, *e.g.*, 1 *H. IV.* i. 3. 229, "Save how to gall and *pinch* this Bolingbroke."

60, 61. **Which often. . . command,** which has often had the same efficacy as your express order.

64. **Some signs of me,** some marks of personal resemblance.

65. **Too much blood in him,** too large a share in his physical constitution.

73. **Without-door form,** external appearance.

74. **Straight,** forthwith, immediately.

79, 80. **When you . . . honest.** Before you have time to add to your commendations of her beauty your admiration of her character, you are interrupted by these marks of contempt involuntarily exhibited either in gesture or in words.

84. **Most replenish'd,** most complete.

85. **He were . . . villain,** his villany would become double what it was before.

87, 88. **You have . . . Leontes.** It is not I that have made a mistake, but you; and your mistake is taking Polixenes for me.

89. **A creature of thy place,** one occupying your lofty position.

90. **Barbarism,** abstract for concrete, ill-bred people.

92, 93. **And mannerly . . . beggar.** And between the prince and the beggar make no such distinction as good manners dictate when speaking of them.

97, 98. **What she . . . principal,** what she ought to be ashamed of even if no one except her vile seducer were privy to that knowledge, and not we as well.

100. **That vulgars . . . titles,** whom the lower classes speak of in the coarsest language.

104, 105. **That you . . . me!** That you have publicly declared me to be an adultress. **Gentle my lord,** for this transposition see Abb. § 13.

106. **To say,** by saying.

109. **In those . . . upon,** in the matter of those proofs on which I rest my belief.

110, 111. **The center . . . top.** The earth, "as the supposed center of the world" (Schmidt), is not firm enough to bear the weight of a school-boy's top.

112. **He who . . . speaks.** "Far off guilty signifies guilty in a remote degree" (Johnson). **But that,** in merely speaking.

114. **Aspect** like, *influence*, *predominant*, a technical term in astrology.

118, 119. **The want of . . . pities,** and possibly this inability

of mine to weep may have the effect of drying up the fountain of your pity.

120, 121. **Which burns . . . drown,** which burns with a fierceness that no flow of tears could quench.

122, 123. **With thoughts . . . me,** judge me with thoughts so tempered with mercy as your charitable disposition may dictate.

125. **Shall I be heard?** Do you mean to obey my orders and carry her off to prison?

126. **Beseech . . . with me,** I entreat your majesty to let my women-servants attend me to prison.

128. **Good fools,** my foolish but faithful servants.

131, 132. **This action . . . grace,** my going to prison has been permitted by God for the chastisement and purifying of my nature.

137. **Your justice,** what you conceive to be justice.

145–147. **If it prove . . . with her,** if Hermione prove unfaithful, I'll never trust my wife out of my sight; I 'll always go in *couples* with her; and in that respect my house shall resemble a stable where dogs are kept in pairs.

148. **Than when . . . her,** will not trust her beyond my sight and touch.

155. **Some putter-on,** some instigator who has an object in deceiving you.

161. **Instruments,** the fingers.

166. **What! . . . credit?** do you venture to say you do not believe me?

168. **Upon this ground,** in this matter.

170. **Be blam'd . . . might,** however men might blame you for so hastily suspecting her.

173–175. **Our . . . this,** it is not that we as king exercise our prerogative of demanding your advice, but that out of our natural goodness we impart this information, and our determination in the matter.

181–183. **And I wish . . . overture.** Antigonus assenting says, It is so, and I only wish that in judging of her guilt or innocence you had been led by such a feeling to confine the matter to your own breast without disclosing it to any one else.

184. **Art most . . . age,** have become a dotard.

188–191. **Which was . . . deed,** which was a thing as palpable as ever amounted to well-founded suspicion, suspicion that wanted for confirmation nothing but the actual sight. **Approbation** = proof, frequent in Shakespeare.

194. **Wild,** rash.

197. **Of stuff'd sufficiency,** "of abilities more than enough" (Johnson).

198. **Will bring all**, everything that is necessary. **Had**, being received.

204. **Whose . . . truth**, who from ignorant credulity is not able to arrive at the truth.

206. **From our free person**, we have decided that she should be shut up where she cannot approach us who are accessible to all.

207, 208. **Lest that . . . perform.** For fear that she may have been left behind to carry into execution the treachery planned by Polixenes and Camillo.

210. **Raise us**, excite us, cause a commotion among us; yes, says Antigonus, aside, a commotion of laughter, if the real truth were known.

Scene II.

1. Call to him, summon him.

8. **For**, as being.

14-16. **Here 's ado . . . visitors!** A pretty fuss you are making in your conscientious anxiety to prevent Hermione from seeing me!

26, 27. **Here 's such . . . coloring.** Your endeavor to make that appear a stain which is not really so is beyond all excuse; a pun upon the word *color* in its literal sense. **Passes** = surpasses, exceeds; frequent in Shakespeare.

30, 31. **As well as . . . together.** As well as it is possible for one so great to be while in such miserable circumstances. *To hold together*, to exist without falling to pieces. **On**, upon, in consequence of.

32. **Which . . . greater**, than which no delicate lady like her has ever borne greater.

33. **Something**, somewhat.

36. **Lusty**, strong and likely to live. **The queen . . . in 't**, we should now say either "finds much comfort *in* it," or "receives much comfort *from* it."

39. **I dare be sworn**, of that I am certain.

40. **These . . . them!** Curses on these mad freaks of the king! **Lunes**, a Fr. word borrowed by Shakespeare, and apparently peculiar to him.

43-45. **If I . . . more.** If I do not upbraid him soundly, may my tongue never again serve me to express my anger. **Red-look'd anger**, anger manifested by a heightened color.

46. **Commend . . . queen.** Give my commendation to her, or, Say that I commend myself to her, meaning that I commit

and recommend myself to her affectionate remembrance. At the same time, in considering the question of the origin and proper meaning of the English phrase, the custom of what was called *Commendation* in the Feudal System is not to be overlooked: the vassal was said to commend himself to the person whom he selected for his lord.

55. **Free undertaking**, spontaneous **Miss**, fail to meet with.

58. **Presently**, at once.

60. **Hammer 'd . . . design**, was trying to shape out some such plan.

61. **Minister of honor**, any person of high position about the court.

Scene III.

2. **To bear . . . thus**, to submit to be tortured in this way without making any effort to avenge myself.

4. **Harlot**, orig. used of either sex indifferently; in fact, more commonly of men in Mid. Eng. It has not either a very bad sense, and means little more than "fellow."

5, 6. **Out of . . . brain**, beyond the aim of any attempt that I can make against him. *Blank* and *level* are terms of archery. **Plot-proof**, as we say "*shot*-proof," *i.e.*, proof against shot.

6, 7. **But she . . . me**, but her (as we should say) I *can* get hold of, though I cannot reach him. **Say that**, suppose that, etc. **A moiety**, Lat. *medietas*, but here, used loosely for a part, not the precise half.

16. **Threw off**, at once lost his former good spirits.

19. **Solely**, alone.

20. **Him**, Polixenes.

30. **Be second to me**, second me in my efforts instead of hindering me.

33. **Free**, innocent, pure.

34. **That's enough**, enough and more than enough; for he is absurdly jealous.

46, 47. **Needful . . . highness**, "gossips" here in the sense of sponsors at baptism. **For your highness**, *i.e.*, who are to act as sponsors at the baptism of your newly-born child.

56. In this matter, unless he imitate you in committing his wife to prison for doing what is honorable, be sure he shall not restrain me. *Commit* and *committing* are used in two different senses, and in the latter case the sarcasm consists in applying to the word *honor* a term which is properly applied to what is dishonorable, sinful, criminal.

60–62. **La you now . . . stumble,** you see she does not hesitate to scold even your highness: when once she takes the bit between her teeth, I never try to rein her in; but, unlike other jades, she will not stumble when thus given the rein.

66–68. **Yet that dare . . . yours,** a counselor, and yet one who in the matter of encouraging your ailments dares to appear less loyal than some of those who make the greatest professions of loyalty.

73, 74. **And would . . .you,** and would by combat in the lists establish her innocence, if I were a man, even the weakest in your court. **To make good** a thing, to establish or maintain it.

76, 77. **Let him . . . me,** let him who cares nothing about his eyes be the first to lay hands upon me, for assuredly I will scratch them out of his face.

82. **A mankind witch.** The epithet *mankind* was applied even to beasts in the sense of "*ferocious*"

87, 88. **Which . . . honest.** And if I am as honest as you are mad, I shall easily pass muster for honesty among people of the present day, for there can be little question as to your madness.

91, 92. **Thou art . . . here.** Thou art henpecked, and driven from thy roost by this noisy mate of thine. "*Partlet* is the name of the hen in the old story-book of *Reynard the Fox*" (Steevens).

94–97. **For ever . . . upon 't!** For ever accursed be your hands if you venture to take up by the name of bastard the princess upon whom he has sought to fix that stigma.

103. **Nor I, nor any,** etc. The only traitor here is himself, for he has been untrue to himself, his queen, his son, his daughter, in casting a slur upon them that pierces more deeply than the thrust of a sword.

107–110. **And will not . . . opinion,** and will not of his own accord, and it is impossible to compel him. **Remove the root of his opinion,** is equivalent to "root out his opinion."

112. **Callat,** a drab, a jade, etc.

119. **And, might we,** etc. And if we might apply the old proverb to you, we should say, In being like you it is all the worse.

121. **Print,** type; **matter** and **copy** are also technical terms here.

123. **The trick of 's frown,** the peculiar form of his frown.

128. **The ordering of the mind,** the regulating of its complexion, character. **Yellow,** the color of jealousy.

129, 130. **Lest she. . . husband's.** The expression is merely a general way of praying that she may not, when grown to womanhood, have a mind diseased with jealousy as Leontes' is.

132. **Lozel.** An idle, loose fellow, a runagate. . . . *Lozel* is from A. S. *losian*, to be *lost*, to run away.

138, 139. **A most . . . more.** No husband, however bad, can do more, be more tyrannical.

155. **What needs.** There is no need of your being so officious in pushing me out.

181. **This purpose,** of throwing the babe into the fire.

184. **I am . . . blows :** I am, it seems, in your opinions, like a feather to be blown here and there by every wind ; said with the ironical contempt of one who believes strongly in his own firmness, though he immediately afterwards justifies by his vacillation the very opinion at which he is sneering.

188. **It shall . . . neither,** and yet it shall not.

190. **With Lady . . . there.** Margery, as a homely name, is applied contemptuously to Paulina, who is also in the same spirit called not Antigonus' wife but his midwife, with reference to her anxiety to save the life of the babe.

195. **May undergo . . . impose,** anything that I am capable of undertaking, and that you may honorably enjoin upon me.

199. **By this sword ;** the handle of the sword being in the form of a cross, it was customary to swear by it.

204. **Lewd-tongu'd,** scurrilous, foul-mouthed. On the history of the word *lewd* see Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*

206. **Liege-man,** "faithful, subject, true, bound by feudal tenure" (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*).

218, 219. **Kites and ravens . . . wolves and bears,** in the former expression there is probably a reference to Elijah's being fed by ravens (see *Kings*, xvii. 4, 6), in the latter to Romulus and Remus suckled by wolves.

221, 222. **Sir, be . . . require,** to a greater extent than this deed deserves. A sort of farewell, as though Antigonus knew that he was never to see the king again.

230. **Well,** safely.

233. **Beyond account,** such as has never been known before.

236, 237. **Will have . . . appear,** has determined in his divine will that the truth shall quickly be made known.

243. **Think . . . bidding.** Take care that it is performed.

ACT III.

Scene I.

2. **Isle,** Shakespeare may or may not have known his geography better, but he takes the "Isle of Delphos" from Greene's Novel.

5. **For most it caught me**, for that was what most attracted my attention. It comprehends the dresses and the manner in which they were worn by the priests.

9. **I' the offering**, when being offered.

13. **That I was nothing**, that I was utterly bewildered.

17. **The time . . . on 't.** If the event prove fortunate to the queen, *the time which wehave spent in our journey is worth the trouble it hath cost us.*

19. **These proclamations**, from the Novel (quoted by Delius), "He therefore caused a generall *proclamation* to be made," etc.

22, 23. **The violent . . . business.** The headstrong manner in which Leontes has proceeded will clear up all doubts, or at all events will settle the matter once for all.

24–26. **Thus**, he touches or points to the sealed packet containing the oracle: **divine**, priest: **discover**, reveal: **something rare . . . knowledge**, some unexpected and important disclosure will suddenly burst upon us.

Scene II.

4, 5. **Let us . . . tyrannous**, the fact that we proceed with such open justice ought to free us from the charge of being tyrannical.

18. **The pretense**, the design, intention.

23. **Am to say**, have to say.

27–29. **Mine integrity . . . receiv'd.** That is, my *virtue* being accounted *wickedness*, my assertion of it will pass but for a *lie*.

29. **But thus**, but as I have to speak, this is what I say.

33. **Patience**, endurance such as mine.

34. **Who least . . . do so**, and yet you are least willing to own to such knowledge.

36. **Which is more**, my misery. **Can pattern**, can parallel, give an example of.

38. **To take**, so constructed as to interest greatly.

39. **Fellow**, sharer. **Owe** = own, as frequently in Elizabethan English.

43, 44. **For life . . . spare**, as for life, I regard it exactly as I regard grief, as a thing which I would gladly get rid of.

44, 45. **For honor . . . for**, as regards honor, it is a heritage from me to my children, and it is for this only, as being a matter of importance, that I fight.

50, 51. **With what . . . thus.** Staunton paraphrases, "By what unwarrantable familiarity have I lapsed, that I should be made to stand as a public criminal thus."

51–53. **If one jot . . . inclining**, if I have lapsed (strain'd) a hair's breadth beyond the limit of virtue, inclining towards that excess either in act or intention.

56–59. **I ne'er heard . . . first.** I never heard that any of these bolder vices (*i.e.*, the perpetrators of them) lacked shamelessness in denying their deeds equal to that shown in committing them.

61. **Due to me**, applicable to me.

63–65. **More than . . . acknowledge.** To Leontes' taunt that the saying *does* apply to her, only she will not admit it, Hermione replies, "It is not for me to acknowledge myself possessor of more than belongs to me under the title of fault; to these 'bolder vices' I have no claim." **Comes to me**, by inheritance from our first parents.

71. **Had been**, would have been.

72. **Disobedience**, referring to him, ingratitude to his friend.

75–77. **Now. . . how.** As for conspiracy, I am an utter stranger to its taste; I should not know that conspiracy was conspiracy even if I were brought into close contact with it.

80. **Wotting no more**, *i.e.*, if they know no more.

85. **Stands in . . . dreams**; not exactly *within the reach*, as Johnson says, but in a direct line with, and so in danger of being hit.

89. **But dream'd it**, merely dreamed it; with grim irony.

91. **Which . . . avails.** To deny which may be a matter of importance to you, but will have no effect upon me.

92. **Like to itself**, with the disgrace that properly belongs to it.

95. **In whose . . . passage**, in the most merciful administration of which you need not expect anything less than death.

99. **Commodity**, gain, advantage, as frequent in Shakespeare.

101. **I do . . . lost**, I regard as lost.

105. **Starr'd . . . unluckily**, born under a most unlucky star.

107. **Every post**, every public notice-board.

108–110. **With immodest . . . fashion**, with immoderate malice refused those privileges which are allowed to women of all ranks when in child-birth.

112. **Strength of limit**, the limited degree of strength customary for women to acquire before going abroad after child-bearing.

116–120. **But for . . . law.** But as regards my honor, which I *am* anxious to free from stain, I tell you that if it shall turn out that I be condemned with no other proofs than those which your jealous fancies call into being, such condemnation is mere vengeful harshness and not law.

154. **To report it**, for reporting it.

155, 156. **With mere . . . speed,** at the mere idea and fear of the queen's evil plight; the old sense of *speed* was "help" "success," but like the latter word it was often qualified by "good," "evil." etc.

164. **Her heart . . . o'ercharged:** it is merely excess of emotion that has caused her to faint.

175. **For the minister,** as the agent.

177, 178. **Tardied . . . command,** delayed the execution of the command which I desire to be so swiftly carried out.

182. **Unclasp'd my practice,** revealed my plot.

185. **No richer . . . honor;** having no other possession than his honor.

189. **My lace,** the lacing of her stays.

194. **In leads or oils,** cauldrons of molten lead or boiling oil.

198. **Fancies . . . nine,** in opposition to "jealousies"; fancies so baseless that even a boy would be ashamed to entertain them, nay, even girls of nine would regard them as absurd and childish.

201. **Spices of it,** slight tastes of it, your jealousy.

203. **That did . . . ungrateful.** Johnson explains this, "*It* showed thee first a fool, then inconstant and ungrateful."

205. **Thou wouldst . . . king.** You wished to taint Camillo's honor in order that he might not hesitate to kill a king.

209, 210. **Though . . . done 't:** though even a devil in the midst of the fire would have shed tears ere he would have done such a deed.

216. **Laid to thy answer;** brought against you as a crime for which you will have to answer.

217. **When I have said,** when I have spoken that which I have to speak.

219. **Not . . . yet,** as we might have expected. **Forbid,** that she should be dead.

223. **Tincture . . . eye,** color in her lip or brightness in her eye.

229. **Ten . . . together,** during the space of, etc. **Naked, fasting,** though these knees that knelt were bare, and though the suppliants to whom they belonged were fasting all the time.

230, 231. **And still . . . perpetual,** and though it were ever winter, and winter in a state of perpetual storm.

232. **To look . . . wert.** Even to turn their eyes in your direction, much less to pardon you.

238. **Howe'er . . . speech.** Whatever may be the result, you are to blame for speaking so bitterly.

252. **Take your . . . nothing.** Arm yourself with patience, and you shall hear no more reproaches from me.

254-256. **Thou didst . . . thee.** You spoke nothing but what

was well when most plainly you spoke out the truth ; and such plain speaking I can better brook than to be pitied by you.

260. **Our**, speaking as a king.

Scene III.

1. **Perfect**, certain, well assured.

12. **Loud weather**, stormy, boisterous.

14. **Keep**, dwell.

30. **Became . . . spouts**, burst forth in torrents of tears. **The fury spent**, her passionate outbreak being over.

32. **Better disposition**; in opposition to the natural bent of your kindly nature.

36. **For the babe**, since the babe is. **For weep** Dyce would read *wend*.

37. **Perdita**, lost one.

39. **Put on**, enjoined thee.

43–45. **Dreams . . . this.** Dreams are mere empty nothings, and yet for this once I will allow my belief to be shaped, guided by this one. **Superstitiously**, most religiously.

50. **Right**, true. **Blossom**, fair floweret.

51. **Character**, that which marks what you are—the writing afterwards discovered with Perdita.

52, 53. **Which may . . . thine.** This (the bundle containing clothes and money which he lays down beside her) may serve for your maintenance and ever remain with you (possibly as marks of identification).

60. **A savage clamor**, of the dogs and hunters pursuing the bear.

61. **Well . . . aboard !** May I get safely aboard ! **The chase**, that which they are pursuing, the quarry.

63–65. **I would . . . rest.** I wish there were no age between mere boyishness (ten years) and years of discretion (three and twenty), or that youths would sleep out the interval.

65. **In the between**, in the intervening years. **The ancientry**, the old folk, himself to wit.

67. **Any but these . . . brains**, any but such addle-pated, scatter-brained youths.

71. **If anywhere I have them**, if I am likely to find them anywhere, it will be by the seaside feeding upon the ivy bushes.

74. **Barne**, another spelling of *bairn*, child. **A boy or a child**, "I am told that, in some of our inland counties, a *female infant*, in contradistinction to a *male*, one, is still termed, among the peasantry,—a child" (Steevens).

81. **When thou art . . . rotten,** not merely during your life, but even after death, so wonderful is it.

95. **For the land-service,** for what happened on shore.

99. **Flap-dragoned it,** swallowed it as gallants in their revels swallow a flap-dragon.

118. **A bearing-cloth,** the cloth or mantle in which the child was usually borne to the font at baptism. **Squire's child,** one of high degree.

121. **Changeling,** a child left by the fairies in the place of one they had carried off. One of the foremost dangers supposed to hover round the new-born infant was the propensity of witches and fairies to steal the most beautiful and well-favored children, and to leave in their places such as were ugly and stupid.

123. **A made old man,** one whose fortune is made.

124. **You 're well to live,** you have a happy life before you.

128. **The next way,** the nearest way.

134. **Curst,** savage.

136. **Mayest discern,** canst discover.

138. **To the sight of him,** to see him.

139. **Marry,** a corruption of "by Mary," the Virgin Mary, for the sake of evading the statute against profane swearing.

ACT IV.

Prologue.

4. **To use my wings,** to fly over a wide space of years.

9–11. **Let me pass . . . receiv'd.** Receive me for the same that I was even before the most ancient order of things, or that which is now accepted among mankind.

12. **Them,** the ancient order of things.

13. **Reigning,** in vogue, in fashion.

14. **The glistering . . . present,** the brand-new gloss of the present time.

15. **Now seems,** *i.e.*, stale.

16, 17. **And give . . . between,** and represent to you such an altered state of things that you might imagine you had slept through the interval which must have elapsed.

25. **Equal with wondering,** so as to be the matter for wonder.

26. **I list not,** I do not care to, etc.

28. **And what . . . adheres,** all that belongs to her, everything in her history.

29. **Argument,** subject. **Allow,** approve, accept favorably.

Scene I.

2. **'T is a sickness . . . this.** It is pain enough to deny you anything, but it will be much worse to grant this request of yours.

9. **Or I o'erween . . . so,** if it is not presumption in me to think so. **Which,** *i.e.*, the belief that I might be able to lighten his sorrow.

19. **Considered,** in the way of reward.

21, 22. **My profit . . . friendships.** I will for the future be more liberal of recompense; as I confer favors on thee I shall increase the friendship between us.

23–25. **Whose very . . . penitent,** for the very mention of it brings me bitter pain in the remembrance of, etc.

30. **Gracious,** when the conduct of their children is not such as they can view with satisfaction.

31. **Approved,** proved.

37. **Frequent to,** addicted to, given to.

44–46. **That from . . . estate.** Who from the humblest position in life, and to the utter astonishment of his neighbors, has grown to very great wealth.

55. **Question,** conversation.

59. **The thoughts of Sicilia,** of going there.

Scene II.

STAGE DIRECTION. **Autolycus** "was the son of Mercury, and as famous for all arts of fraud and thievery as his father" (Steevens).

2. **Doxy,** the female companion of a tramp or beggar.

4. **For the red . . . pale.** The red blood of spring reigns in the place of the pale blood of winter.

7. **Doth set . . . edge;** probably means sharpens my inclination to steal; *pugging*, generally explained as "thieving."

9. **Tirra-lirra,** an imitation of the notes of the lark.

14. **Three-pile,** three-piled velvet, velvet of the richest and costliest kind.

16–18. By the light of the pale moon I am able to carry on my petty thefts, and when I wander here and there (*i.e.*, seem to be going wrong, to have lost my way), I am then going in what is the right path *for me*, *i.e.*, I am most successful in my thieving.

19–22. **If tinkers . . . it.** If such fellows as tinkers are allowed to live and to wander about the country carrying with them their leathern sack, then there is no reason why I should

not give an account of my occupation, or openly avow it when put in the stocks.

23. **My traffic . . . linen.** When I am on the tramp, people may expect to have their sheets stolen, just as when the kite is building they may expect to have odd pieces of linen carried off if left on the drying lines after washing, or exposed anywhere in the open air. He is the human kite that carries off anything that comes in his way.

25. **Littered under Mercury**, born when the planet Mercury was in the ascendant; he applies to himself the term (*littered*) which is technically used of puppies, and the young of wild beasts.

27–30. **Gallows . . . thought of it.** "The resistance which a highwayman encounters in the fact, and the punishment which he suffers on detection, withhold me from daring robbery" (Johnson); as for the future life, I don't allow any thoughts of it to trouble me.

31. **Every 'leven . . . tods.** This has been rightly expounded to mean that the wool of *eleven sheep* would weigh a tod, or 28 lb. Each fleece would, therefore, be 2 lb. 8 oz. 11½ dr.

34. **If the springe . . . mind.** If my device does not fail, I shall catch this fellow.

36. **Counters**, small circular pieces of metal formerly used by the uneducated in all but the simplest calculations.

38. **Five pound**, in cases of time, distance, or weight, many substantives in A. S. in Shakespeare, and even with us, have the same form in the plural as in the singular.

42. **Three-man song-men**, singers of catches in three parts.

44. **Means**, "The mean in music was the intermediate part between the tenor and the treble. Chappell's *Pop. Mus. of the Olden Time*" (Dyce, *Gloss.*).

47. **Warden pies.** Steevens says, "*Wardens* are a species of large pears . . . usually eaten roasted."

48. **That 's out of my note**, that is not mentioned in the memorandum she gave me.

Ib. **Race**, root. **Raisins of the sun**, dried in the sun.

60. **A million . . . matter**, when you come to reckon it, a million of beating amounts to a good deal; an adage worthy of Dogberry.

67. **He should be a footman**, used in the contemptuous sense of a menial.

69. **It hath . . . service**, it must have belonged to one who had seen very hot service in the wars.

75. **Kills my heart**, utterly crushes me.

90. **Troll-my-dames.** "The old English title of this game was *pigeon-holes;* as the arches in the machine through which

the balls are rolled resemble the cavities made for pigeons in a *dove-house*" (Steevens).

96. **And yet . . . abide.** "Equivalent to—And yet it will barely, or with difficulty remain" (Staunton).

99. **Ape-bearer**, one who goes about exhibiting monkeys.

100. **Compassed . . . Son**, managed to set up a puppet show representing the story of the Prodigal Son in the New Testament. **Motion**, so called because the puppets were moved about at the will of the exhibitor.

102. **Land and living**, land and property.

103. **Having flown over**, having lightly passed over without remaining in any of them for more than a short time.

106. **Out upon him!** shame upon him. **Prig**, thief.

107. **Wakes.** In days gone by, the church-wake was an important institution, and was made the occasion for a thorough holiday. Each church, when consecrated, was dedicated to a saint, and on the anniversary of that day was kept the wake.

114. **I am false . . . way**, my heart fails me in any matter of that kind.

120. **Bring thee on the way**, conduct you.

126. **I 'll be with you**, you 'll find me there plying my trade of pick-pocket.

127. **Cheat**, piece of roguery. **Bring out**, lead up to, be the introduction to.

128. **Unrolled**, struck off the roll of vagabonds, as though it were an honorable fraternity such as the Inns of Court, or the various trade guilds.

131. **Hent**, take, in the sense of leaping over.

Scene III.

1. **Weeds**, dress.

7. **Your extremes**, the extravagance of his conduct in obscuring himself in "a swain's wearing," while he "pranked" her up "most goddess-like."

9. **The gracious . . . land**, "The *object* of all men's *notice* and *expectation*" (Johnson).

10. **Wearing**, dress.

11. **Prank'd up**, decked out in a fanciful manner.

11–13. **But that . . . custom**, if it were not that at each of the tables at our feasts some foolish jests and practices prevail, which the feasters justify on the ground that such things are customary, I should blush, etc.

19. **Cause**, to bless the time, not to regret it.

20, 21. **To me . . . fear.** To me the terrible difference of rank that there is between us causes fear.

26. **Borrow'd flaunts,** borrowed finery.

30. **Humbling . . . love,** divesting themselves of their divinity when under the power of love.

47. **Forc'd thoughts,** far-fetched.

48, 49. **Or I 'll . . . father's.** If I may be your husband, I will be my father's son ; if not, not.

53. **Strangle . . . while.** Let the sights around you choke, kill, all such thoughts in your mind.

55. **Lift . . . countenance,** look up cheerfully.

62. **And let 's . . . mirth.** Let us enjoy ourselves till our cheeks become flushed with merriment.

64. **Pantler,** the manager of the pantry, just as *butler* is one who attends to bottles.

65. **Dame,** hostess, lady of the feast.

68. **On his . . . his,** dancing first with one partner and then with another.

69. **The thing . . . it,** ale or beer, of which she would drink a small draught to each of her guests.

70, 71. **You are . . . one,** you keep yourself in the background as though you were a guest instead of the hostess.

72. **Bid . . . welcome,** bid welcome to, make welcome, these unknown friends.

78. **As your . . . prosper,** as you hope that your flocks may increase and multiply.

83. **Rosemary and rue.** Rosemary was in high favor for its evergreen leaves, and its fine aromatic scent remaining a long time after picking. Rue was valued chiefly for its healing properties.

92. **Trembling winter,** the epithet is a transferred one, and applies to the effect produced by winter.

94. **Nature's bastards,** because of their pied color.

99. **For I have heard,** etc. Because I have heard, etc. Perdita objects to the gilly-flower because being a cross between the white and the red, it is not a pure flower. The *art* is simply the transmission of the pollen from one flower to another of different color ; which may either be done by the hand of man, or by nature, by means of the air, and by bees. There we have the whole theory of grafting clearly put by the pen of experience.

104. **But nature . . . mean ;** except, unless, nature, etc.

108, 109. **And make . . . race,** and cause a tree of inferior kind to conceive, become pregnant, by a bud of nobler stock ; *bark*, part for the whole, but with an allusion to the process of grafting by cutting into the bark.

115. **I 'll not put,** etc. I have no more wish for such flowers

than I have that I should be admired by this youth if I had painted my face; and therefore I will take no means to rear them.

116. **Dibble**, garden tool for making holes in the ground.

120. **Hot lavender**, strongly smelling.

121, 122. **The marigold . . . weeping**; that closes its petals when the sun goes down, and opens them, wet with dew, as he rises; "compounded of *Mary* and *gold*.

131. **Become . . . day**, be suitable to your age; she is addressing a young girl.

134, 135. **For the flowers . . . wagon!** Would that I had the flowers, etc.

136. **Take**, captivate, conquer.

137. **Violets dim**, *dim* serving to subordinate the colors to the perfume, and perhaps meaning "half-hidden from the eye," retiring, modest.

138, 139. **But sweeter . . . breath.** Mason points out that "as Shakespeare joins in the comparison the breath of Cytherea with the eyelids of Juno, it is evident that he does not allude to the color, but to the fragrance, of violets."

139–141. **Pale primroses . . . strength.** "The English Primrose is one of a large family of more than fifty species, represented in England by the Primrose, the Oxlip, the Cowslip, and the Bird's-eye Primrose of the north of England and Scotland" (Ellacombe, *P. L.*). **That die**, etc., *i.e.*, before the sun acquires its full strength in the month of June.

142. **Bold oxlips.** ". . . The *oxlip* has not a weak flexible stalk like the *cowslip*, but erects itself boldly in the face of the sun" (Steevens). Its scientific name is *primula elatior*.

143, 144. **Lilies . . . one!** This shows that Shakespeare, like many other contemporary writers, classed the "flower-de-luce" among lilies, but the modern authorities seem to agree in pronouncing it an iris. By some the word is said to be a corruption of *fleur de Louis*, being spelt either *fleur de-lys* or *fleur-de-lis*.

150. **Quick**, alive.

152. **Whitsun pastorals.** "Apart from its observance as a religious festival, Whitsuntide was, in times past, celebrated with much ceremony. In the Catholic times of England, it was usual to dramatize the descent of the Holy Ghost, which this festival commemorates. For the history of the word *Whitsunday*, lit. *White* Sunday, see Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*

153. **Does . . . disposition**, the wearing of this robe has changed my nature and inspired me with ideas I never had before.

155. **Still betters**, ever improves.

158, 159. **And for . . . too**: in the arranging, disposing, of

your affairs I could wish that your directions were given in song.

161. **Still**, ever.

162. **And own . . . function**, and give yourself no other occupation.

162, 165. **Each your . . . queens.** Each movement of yours, every trait of manner, so unique of its kind, so individual to yourself, that all your acts are queens, sovereign in nature, supreme in excellence.

167. **Large**, liberal, exaggerated.

169. **Give you out**, shows you to be.

173, 174. **As little . . . to 't.** As little reason to fear my intentions as I have purpose to compel you to that feeling (fear).

177. **I 'll swear for 'em.** I will answer for the constancy of turtles like ourselves.

183, 184. **That makes . . . cream.** That causes the blood to flush up in her cheeks; in plain truth she is the very queen of milk-maids.

186, 187. **Marry . . . with!** you will need to fill your mouth with garlic to endure her breath when you kiss her.

188. **Now, in good time!** used here by Mopsa in much indignation at Dorcas' unkind reflection upon her.

189. **We stand . . . manners:** we must have no quarreling now, we are bound to behave well.

193, 194. **And boasts . . . feeding:** and he declares that he owns a valuable tract of pasturage. **But I have it . . . it,** I have it merely on his own report, yet I believe it.

196. **Like sooth**, like one who may well be believed.

197, 198. **For never . . . eyes;** for never did the moon look down upon the water with a gaze so fixed and steadfast as his when he stands reading my daughter's soul through her eyes.

202. **Featly**, gracefully.

205. **Do light upon her**, manage to get her as his wife.

206. **Which . . . of**, unexpected wealth; though probably the old shepherd has a secondary reference to Perdita's being sprung of a nobler family than his own.

211. **You 'll tell**, you can count. **As he had**, as though he had.

214. **He could . . . better**, he could never come at a more opportune moment.

219. **Of all sizes**, as though he were talking of fitting a person with a garment, he goes on immediately to speak of a milliner fitting his customers with gloves. **Milliner:** in Shakespeare's time milliners were men; the word is supposed to come from *Milan*, in Italy, famous in early days for its small wares, milliner signifying a seller of such wares.

222. **Dildos and fadings.** The commentators quote songs in which "dildo" is the burden, or refrain; and passages from Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Shirley to show that a "fading" was an Irish jig.

223–225. **And where . . . matter,** and where some wide-mouthed (licentiously-spoken) fellow would try to break in with some indelicate jest, etc. "Gap" here means parenthesis, and is in keeping with "break into."

228. **Do me no harm.** This was the name of an old song. Slights him, puts him off in a contemptuous manner.

229. **Brave fellow,** fine fellow.

230. **Admirable conceited,** a man of fine fancies, conceits.

231. **Unbraided wares,** various meanings have been given to the word, *e.g.*, "anything besides laces which were braided," "wares not ornamented with braid," "smooth and plain goods, not twisted into braids," "things not braided but woven."

233. **Points,** with a quibble upon the word in the sense of tags (used to fasten the hose or breeches to the doublet, but sometimes serving merely for ornament, like the "frogs" on military uniforms in the present day), and legal points, knotty points of law.

235. **By the gross,** a gross is twelve score. **Inkles,** "a kind of inferior tape." **Caddis,** "worsted ribbon or galloon" (Dyce, *Gloss.*).

244, 245. **You have . . . sister.** You will find among these pedlers some that have more in them than you would expect.

245. **Or go about to think,** or take the trouble to imagine.

248. **Cyprus,** "a fine transparent stuff, similar to crape, either white or black, but more commonly the latter."

249. **Gloves . . . roses.** Presents of scented gloves were common in old days.

251. **Bugle bracelet,** made of bugles, elongated heads of black or colored glass; they may be seen nowadays in great profusion on ladies' dresses, shoes, bonnets, etc.

Ib. **Necklace amber,** amber beads for necklaces, another modern fashion.

253. **Quoifs and stomachers,** the former are caps, the latter, decorations of the lower part of the "body" of a lady's dress ending in a point. **Golden** here means ornamented with gold.

255. **Poking sticks,** made of steel, iron, or brass, were used when heated to iron cut the plaits in ruffs, frills, etc.

260–262. **But being . . . gloves,** but being thus a bond slave to love, my condition will also involve my bringing into bondage, taking captive (buying) certain, etc.

263. **Against this feast,** in anticipation of, in preparation for.

270, 271. **Will they wear . . . faces?** Will they openly show to strangers what they ought to keep for their friends?

272. **Kiln-hole.** Skeat (*Ety. Dict.*) explains "kiln" as a large oven for drying corn, bricks, etc.; . . . from "A. S. *cyln*, a drying house. . . . Merely borrowed from Latin *culina*, kitchen; whence the sense was easily transferred to that of 'drying-house.'"

274. **'T is well . . . whispering,** it is a good thing that they are too much engaged in discussing their own affairs to hear these recriminations of yours.

276. **Clammer your tongues.** Mr. Joseph Crosby writes to Mr. Henry Hudson: It [clammer] is a pure North-of-England provincialism. The original word *clam* or *clamm* means to choke, to stick or fasten together. I have heard the expression, The mill is clammed, *i.e.*, stopped, because the race, the stream of water driving it, is choked up.

278. **A tawdry lace,** "tawdry" is a corruption of *St. Awdry*, which again is a corruption of *Ethelreda;* and a "tawdry lace," *i.e.*, necklace, was so called as being bought at St. Awdry's fair.

286. **Parcels of charge,** valuable parcels.

289. **O' life,** on my life, by my life.

292. **Carbonadoed,** cut into slices and broiled.

298. **Anon,** immediately; A. S. *on án*, *on* in the sense of *in* and *án* old form of *one*.

316. **Westward,** in the west country, the west of England, for Shakespeare is thinking of his own country and its customs.

328. **Grange.** Granges were the chief farm-houses of wealthy proprietors.

334. **We 'll have this song out,** will sing it right through.

335. **In sad talk,** serious, as frequent in Shakespeare.

349. **Utters,** a legal term for "sells by retail."

350. **Is,** on the singular form for the plural at the beginning of a sentence, see Abb. § 335.

353. **Saltiers,** the clown's corruption of *satyrs*.

354. **Gallimaufry,** "a strange medley, a confused jumble, a hotch-potch" (Fr. *gallimafrée*) (Dyce, *Gloss.*).

358. **That know . . . bowling,** to over-refined persons; an allusion to the smooth lawns on which *bowls* were played.

362. **You weary . . . us;** the actors whom the old shepherd is hindering from performing their pastoral play.

365–367. **Not the worst . . . squier.** And even the least agile of the three can jump twelve feet and a half by the measure; *squier*, rule or measure, Fr. *esquierre*.

372. **O, father . . . hereafter.** You 'll hear more about this

matter, the intimacy between Perdita and Florizel, hereafter.

374. **Tells much**, speaks out his whole mind.

381. **Marted**, bargained for.

382. **Interpretation should abuse**, if she should be inclined to put a wrong interpretation upon your conduct in not offering her any presents.

383. **You were straited**, you would be placed in a difficulty how to answer her.

384, 385. **If you make . . . her.** At least if you attach importance to making her happy.

396. **What follows this?** To what declaration is this a prelude?

398. **The hand was**, etc., on the omission of the relative, see Abb. § 244.

406. **Thereof most worthy**, and most worthy of being so crowned.

407. **That ever . . . swerve.** That ever caused women to turn their eyes to look at him.

409. **For her employ**, would employ.

418. **By the pattern . . . his.** By the unsullied nature of my own thoughts I estimate his.

425. **O, that . . . daughter.** If her portion is to be equal to mine, it can only be so by reason of her great virtue, for, in the matter of worldly wealth, I shall, when one (my father) is dead, have more than you can even dream of now.

428. **Contract . . . witnesses.** The ceremony of betrothal apparently was as a rule performed in the presence of a priest, but from this passage it seems to have been valid if witnesses of any kind were present.

433. **But what of him?** What has he to do with the mat-

439, 440. **Incapable . . . affairs**, incapable of taking part in matters in which reason and judgment are required.

441. **Altering rheums**, rheumatic affections which have changed and disabled him.

442. **Dispute . . . estate**, reason upon his own affairs.

443. **Lies he not bed-rid.** "A.S. *bed*, a bed, and *ridda*, a knight, a rider; thus the sense is a bed-rider, a sarcastic term for a disabled man" (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*).

450. **Reason . . . wife**, it is reasonable that my son, etc.

453. **Should . . . counsel**, should be called in to give his advice in the matter.

457. **I not acquaint**, I do not choose to tell him.

460, 464. **He shall not . . . choice**, he will not have any reason to regret the choice you have made.

468. **I dare not call**, I am ashamed to call.

470. **That thus . . . sheep-hook!** That desirest to marry the

daughter of a shepherd; *sheep-hook*, the crook carried by shepherds to extricate sheep when they get into a place from which without help they cannot get out; the emblem of his occupation for the man himself.

472. **One week**, but a very short time, he being already so near death.

472, 473. **Fresh . . . witchcraft**, opposed to "old traitor"; you so young and fair, and yet so full of trickery; *witchcraft* has here the double sense of that which is enchanting, bewitching, and that which exercises the evil influence ascribed to witches.

474. **Thou copest with**, have to do with, deal with.

482. **Far than**, I will not admit that you are so far akin as to be sprung from the common ancestors of all mankind. Skeat points out that the forms *farther* and *farthest* are due to confusion with *further* and *furthest*, the comparative and superlative of *fore*. Shakespeare uses this contracted form (*far*) of the comparative as he uses "near" for "nearer."

485. **From the dead . . . it**, deadly, if the reading is sound, but "dread" would be more like Shakespeare. **Enchantment**, personified.

486, 488. **Yea, him too . . . thee**, yea, worthy too of him who (if the honor of my family were not concerned therein) shows himself unworthy of you.

492. **As thou . . . to 't**, as thou art unfit from your tender age to suffer such a fate.

499. **I told you . . . this**; what would be the result of our love-making.

501. **I 'll queen . . . farther**, I 'll play the part of queen not a moment longer on *it* indefinite see Abb. § 226.

513, 514. **And would'st . . . him.** And still, in spite of that knowledge, dared to plight your faith to him.

518. **Delay'd**, hindered for a time from carrying out my purpose.

520. **More straining . . . unwillingly.** Like a greyhound that has caught sight of the hare but is held back by the gamekeeper, I only struggle the harder to get free from the leash.

534. **But till . . . known!** Only till it became known what our relations to each other were.

535. **But by . . . faith**; except by my breaking my promise.

540. **I am heir . . . affection.** All the inheritance I covet is that of my love.

542. **Fancy**, love, as frequent in Shakespeare.

547. **But it does . . . vow**: Staunton says that *as* is to be understood between *but* and *it*.

551. **Close earth**, secret, as if unwilling to give up her treasures.

556. **Cast your, etc.,** so as to allay his passion. The idea is that of casting oil on the troubled waters.

558. **Tug,** one against the other.

564, 565. **Shall nothing . . . reporting.** It will not do you any good to know, nor do I care to tell you.

573. **To serve my turn,** to suit my own purposes.

575. **Purchase,** as being something of great value to him.

579. **Fraught,** laden with, burdened with, like a ship with its cargo on board. **Curious,** needing all care.

582, 583. **You have . . . father?** He is referring rather to his helping Polixenes to escape from Sicily than to services rendered since.

587. **To have . . . thought on.** To reward them in a degree adequate to his appreciation of them.

591. **Embrace . . . direction:** accept the advice I give you.

594. **Receiving,** entertainment.

598. **As heavens forfend!** which heaven forbid!

600. **Your discontenting . . . liking.** Malone explains: "And where you may, by letters, intreaties, etc., endeavor to soften your incensed father and reconcile him to the match; to effect which my best services shall not be wanting in your absence." Rowe proposed to insert *I 'll*, Hanmer, *I will*, before *strive*. Such insertion seems necessary, for one can hardly believe it is Florizel who is to strive to "qualify" his father's wrath. **Discontenting,** discontented, but with a stronger sense than we give that word now: in "bring him up to," the idea probably is that of screwing an instrument up to a certain pitch.

605. **And after . . . to thee,** and besides that, etc.

609. **But as . . . do,** but as the sudden accident of the discovery made by Polixenes has to answer for what we rashly are about to do, etc.

611. **Ourselves . . . chance,** "As *chance* has driven me to these extremities, so I commit myself to *chance*, to be conducted through them" (Johnson).

602. **Opening his . . . arms,** opening his arms to embrace her heartily.

621. **Ask thee . . . person,** asks of thee forgiveness, as though he were asking your father (of whom it was needed).

623–626. **O'er and o'er . . . time.** His talk is divided between two subjects, his unkindness formerly shown to your father, and the kindness he now feels towards him and you; the former he banishes with execrations to hell, the latter he desires may grow with a speed greater than that of thought, or of swiftly fleeting time.

628, 629. **What color . . . him?** What pretext shall I make

for thus visiting him? There may be an idea of a ship hoisting its colors as a signal.

630. **Sent by**, etc., you will pretend that, etc. **Comforts**, comfortable assurances.

635. **Point you forth**, indicate to you. **Every sitting**, on each occasion that he gives you audience.

637. **But that you have**, that you have not. **Bosom**, his inmost thoughts.

640. **Some sap**, some life, some virtue.

643. **Unpath'd**, not before sailed over, or the dangers of which are laid down in no chart.

644. **Most certain . . . enough**, the only thing certain in your voyage being that you will meet with abundance of troubles.

645. **Shake off one**, get free from one misery.

646. **Nothing so certain**, by no means so certain.

646–648. **Who do . . . to be**, which do their duty most truly when they hold fast on being thrown out, though whenever they are thrown out and do so hold fast, they will only be detaining you where you will be unwilling to stay, all places having become hateful to you.

649. **Prosperity . . . alters.** Prosperity is the very security of love, the freshness of whose complexion and heart is quickly changed by affliction.

654. **Take in**, conquer, subdue, as frequent in Shakespeare.

656. **These seven years**, for many years to come; indefinite.

660. **She is i' the rear our birth.** Some editors insert the preposition *of* before *our*, Grant White writing it '*f* only. Even if the preposition be omitted altogether, the ellipse, though somewhat harsh, is intelligible; she is as forward in respect to education and manners, as she is backward in respect to birth compared to me.

665. **I 'll blush you thanks**, I 'll pay my thanks in blushes.

669. **How shall we do?** We should say either, "What shall we do?" or, "How shall we act?"

674. **There**, *i.e.*, in Sicily.

675. **Appointed**, fitted out, equipped.

676. **As if . . . mine.** As if you were playing a part written by me and for which therefore it would be only fair that I should furnish you with the requisite properties.

680. **My trumpery**, my worthless goods. Fr. *tromper*, to deceive.

681. **Pomander**, "a little ball made of perfumes, and worn in the pocket, or about the neck to prevent infection in times of plague" (Grey). **Table-book**, tablets, memorandum-book.

683. **To keep . . . fasting**; the stomach of his pack was quite empty.

685. **As if . . . hallowed.** An allusion to the relics of saints,

etc., believed to possess some virtue against disease, etc.

687. **Best in picture**, best to look at, fullest.

689. **Wants but something**, wits, sense, in order to become a reasonable man.

691. **Stir his pettitoes**, move an inch; properly used of the feet of pigs when cut off to be cooked and eaten.

693. **All their . . . ears**, they seemed to have lost all their senses but that of hearing.

695. **My sir's song**, my gentleman's, that fine fellow, the clown. **The nothing of it**, its empty nonsense.

697. **Lethargy**, of all their senses except that of hearing.

699. **Whoo-bub**, outcry, noise; the ordinary modern spelling is "hubbub," as *whooping-cough* is sometimes spelt "hooping-cough."

700. **My choughs**, these idiots who were as eager after my worthless wares as choughs after chaff. **The whole army**, as we often say, "the whole host."

712. **Why, hanging**, that is the mildest punishment I can expect.

718, 719. **Yet . . . exchange**; yet in regard to the outward symbols of your poverty, viz., your dress, we must compel you to make an exchange with us.

721. **discase thee**, undress.

723, 724. **Though the . . . boot.** Though in the value of the clothes he is already a loser by the bargain, yet here is something in addition for you; saying which Camillo gives him money.

728. **Half flayed already**, already half undressed.

732. **Indeed . . . earnest.** You have indeed already given me something in advance, but I am almost ashamed to take it.

735, 736. **Let my . . . ye!** may the prophecy I have just uttered, viz., "fortunate mistress!" prove a true one.

739, 740. **Dismantle . . . seeming**; strip yourself of your holiday garment, and make yourself as unlike yourself as possible.

741. **For I . . . over.** This is explained by Grant White to mean "over-seeing eyes."

743. **I see . . . part**, I see that, as circumstances are, I must take a part in the play that is being performed.

746. **Have you . . . there?** said to Florizel, have you completed the exchange of dresses?

752. **What have . . . forgot!** we have forgotten something of importance; they then whisper aside.

758. **Review**, see again.

758. **A woman's longing.** That eager desire which pregnant women feel for different kinds of food.

768. **What an exchange . . . boot!** even without the money given in addition this exchange would have been a great bargain.

771. **Extempore**, without any previous meditation, design.

773. **Clog**, the same uncomplimentary term is applied by Bertram to Helena, *A. W.* ii. 5. 58.

778. **Hot brain**, quick, eager.

779. **Session**, sitting of a court of justice, assize. **Yields, . . . work**, yields opportunities for one so industrious in his profession as myself.

792. **Let the law go whistle**: you can afford to laugh at the law.

796. **To go about**, to have the intention of, etc.

800. **I know how much.** Hanmer inserts *not* after "know," which in modern phraseology would be necessary in order to give that indefinite sense which is here intended.

804. **Fardel**, bundle.

810. **Excrement**, his beard; the word was used of anything that *grew out* of the body, *e.g.*, hair, nails of the hand, etc.

816. **Of what having**, what your property, possessions. **Discover**, reveal.

819. **Plain fellow**, simple, humble.

822. **And they often . . . lie.** "To give a person the lie" is ordinarily to accuse him of lying. But the words "let me have no lying" show that here "give us the lie" means "lie to us," and the braggadocio Autolycus certainly would not confess that tradesmen accuse "us soldiers" of lying. In any case Autholycus' play upon the words is the same—that as they were *paid* for giving the lie, they could not strictly speaking be said to *give* the lie. If the order of the words is right here, "not stabbing steel" probably means "not, *as might be expected of us*, with stabbing steel." It looks, however, as if the words "stamped coin" and "stabbing steel" had been transposed.

826. **If you . . . manner.** "To be taken with the manner" is a law-term meaning "to be caught in the fact." But the clown's words are by no means clear. He would scarcely dare to charge Autolycus with having been about to lie to them i' he had not caught himself in the act. "To have given us one'f must therefore mean "to have charged us with lying," and "if you . . . manner" *may* mean, "if you had not arrested yourself in the act of doing so, and taken the sting out of the 'lie direct' by the remainder of your speech."

831. **Enfoldings**, garments, an affectation used in order to impress his simple hearers.

835. **Insinuate or toaze**, "toaze," "toze" and "touse" seem to be only varieties of "tease," to card or comb wool;

do you think because I wind myself into your business or pluck it from you that, etc.

836. **Cap-a-pe**, from head to foot.

843. **Court-word . . . pheasant**, Malone would read "present"; and it seems more likely that the old shepherd should have misheard the word than that the clown should have so interpreted "advocate." According to Steevens the clown supposes his father, as being a suitor from the country, should have brought a present of *game*, a form of bribery which Reed says was commonly employed.

853. **I know by . . . teeth.** Toothpicks were introduced from the continent, and were regarded as one of the marks of a traveled man of fashion.

861. **Age**, old man, abstract for concrete.

869. **Hand-fast.** "In custody (properly, in *mainprize*, in the custody of a friend on security given for appearance)" (Dyce. *Gloss.*).

876. **Germane . . . times**, related to him however remote the relationship.

878, 880. **An old . . . grace!** To think that an old wretch of a shepherd should have the presumption to dream of making such a grand marriage! **Sheep-whistling**, who tends sheep, though it is the dogs not the sheep that obey the call of the whistle.

885, 886. **Has the old . . . sir?** Said in order to ascertain what punishment awaited himself.

892. **Prognostication**, the almanac. "Almanacks were in Shakespeare's time published under this title: 'An almanack and *Prognostication* made of the year of our Lord, 1595'" (Malone).

895. **He is to behold him**, where the sun will beat upon him from the south and behold him befouled by the flies till he expires.

899. **What have . . . king**, what business with him.

900. **Being . . . considered**, if you make me a suitable present.

901. **Tender your persons**, offer, present, your persons, introduce you.

905. **Close with him**, accept his offer.

907. **Led by the nose**, gulled, but also with a reference to the way in which bears were led.

909. **No more ado**, make no more fuss about it, don't hesitate.

917. **Moiety**, here in its literal sense, half; Lat. *medietas*.

919. **Though my case**, etc. "Case" is used first in the sense of position, circumstances, and secondly for body.

922. **O, that 's**, etc. Autolycus still pretends not to know

who the clown is, and says, "O, that 's only what is to be done to the clown, don't bother yourself about his fate."

924. **Comfort, good comfort!** May we have good comfort. Dyce marks this as an "aside" to the shepherd. The clown may perhaps also mean that it is a pretty kind of comfort that Autolycus offers them.

940. **Courted,** by Fortune, who seems to be in love with me.

943. **Turn back . . . advancement,** in return for my doing the prince good, I shall probably derive advantage myself.

944. **Aboard him,** aboard the ship on which he is. **To shore them again,** to land them, put them on shore, again.

946. **The complaint,** etc., of Florizel's having resisted them. **Concerns him nothing,** is of no importance to him.

950. **Matter in it,** something important, or of advantage, may result from it.

ACT V.

Scene I.

6. **With them,** like them.

9. **My . . . them,** my faults in regard to them.

15. **The wrong,** the injury.

21, 22. **It is as bitter . . . thought.** The word "kill'd" comes to me with as bitter pain from your mouth as the thought in my mind that I did kill her.

25–27. **That would . . . better,** which would have been more suitable to the time and would have exhibited your kindness more gracefully.

31, 32. **Nor the . . . name,** the perpetuation of his name in the person of an heir.

34, 35. **May drop . . . on,** may fall (like a pestilence) and destroy the bystanders, who will be paralyzed by the anarchy likely to ensue.

36. **Is well,** is at rest, happy in another world.

37. **Royalty's repair,** the renovation of royalty.

42. **Respecting . . . gone,** looking back to her who is gone.

43. **Will . . . fulfilled,** are determined that their secret purposes shall be fulfilled.

47. **Which,** etc., and that it shall be found is as, etc.

55. **So his successor,** in that way his successor was likely, etc.

60. **Had squared . . . counsel!** had acted in accordance with.

70. **Why to me?** Why do you show to me a successor to

my rights, and one whom you treat better than you treated me?

73. **She had**, she would have.

77. **What dull . . . in 't**, what you saw in an eye so dull (compared to mine) to admire.

78, 79. **That even . . . me**, that even ears like yours, so unfeeling, should be split by my words.

91. **Affront**, confront, meet.

95. **No remedy . . . will**, nothing being able to stop your doing so.

110. **Like to . . . greatness**, in a manner worthy of a king's son.

111. **So . . . circumstance.** Without ceremony.

112. **Fram'd**, designed, premeditated.

121. **Above a . . . gone**, as being superior to a better time that is past.

121, 122. **So must . . . now!** So must you, now that you are dead, endure to be depreciated in comparison with what is living.

124. **Is colder . . . theme**, "than the lifeless body of Hermione, the *theme* or *subject* of your writing" (Malone).

135. **Not women?** Surely you do not mean that women would be her proselytes?

148. **He dies . . . of**, when his name is mentioned, all the bitter sorrow I felt at his death is revived in me.

164–166. **Whom . . . him.** For the supplementary pronoun, see Abb. 249; although my life is burdened with woe, still I desire that it may be prolonged so that I may once more see, etc.

179–181. **And these . . . slackness.** And these acts of good will on your part, of such rare kindness, only make clear to me the remissness of my behavior in not having before confessed my fault and asked your pardon.

183. **Paragon**, "a model of excellence . . . A singular word, owing its origin to two prepositions united in a phrase. Span. *para*, for, to, towards, itself a compound prep. answering to O. Span. *pora*, from Lat. *pro*, *ad* (see Diez); and *con*, with, from Lat. *cum*, with. Thus it is really equivalent to the three Lat. prepositions *pro*, *ad*, *cum*" (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*).

191, 192. **Whose daughter . . . her**; whom his tears (the sincerity of his grief) when he was parting from her showed beyond all doubt to be his daughter.

195. **For visiting**, to visit.

203. **Do climate here**, remain under our skies.

206. **Taking . . . note**, wrathfully bearing in mind.

216. **Attach**, lay hands upon.

222, 223. **I speak . . . message.** I speak in a confused

way, but it, my manner of speech, is in keeping with the astonishment I feel, and the message I bring.

231. **Endur'd all weathers**, been proof against all attacks. **Lay ... charge**, tell him so plainly, for you will have the opportunity in a few minutes.

236. **Has there . . . question**, is now in conversation with the shepherd and his son.

243. **Our contract celebrated**, it had already been once interrupted, and she fears that the heavens are determined it shall never be ratified.

245. **We are not . . . alike.** We are not married, nor are we even likely to be so; the stars will descend from their place in the sky and kiss the valleys sooner than fate will allow our marriage-contract to be complete. The chances of good luck are the same for the high-born as for the humble, the fact of my being a king's son does not necessarily cause fortune to favor me.

256. **Worth**, here = high birth.

259. **Visible an enemy**, who is so clearly hostile to us.

262. **Owed . . . time**, were no greater a debtor in point of years, were no older.

265. **As trifles**, as though they were trifles.

269. **Your eye . . . in 't.** You look upon her too much with the admiration of youth. **Such gazes**, such admiring looks.

278. **Mark what . . . make**, see what effect my pleading may have upon him and act accordingly.

Scene II.

2. **This relation**, the narration of this story.

5. **After a . . . amazedness**, at first the king and Camillo were so amazed at the story that no notice was taken of us, but after a little time we were all ordered to leave the room.

10. **Broken delivery**, disconnected.

12. **Were very . . . admiration**, betokened the greatest astonishment.

14. **Cases**, sockets.

17–21. **A notable . . . needs be**; they were evidently strongly moved by wonder, but no one, however wise, without further guide than his eye, could tell whether their behavior indicated joy or sorrow, though it was evident that one of these two feelings had been excited in the strongest degree possible.

28. **That ballad-makers . . . it.** That even the ingenuity of ballad-makers would find it difficult to relate the circumstances.

35. **Pregnant**, clear, evident, full of proof, convincing.

41. **Affection of nobleness**, the natural instinct of nobleness so much above what could be expected of her bringing up.

48. **Cannot be spoken of**, which no words could worthily describe.

50, 51. **That it seemed . . . of them**, the various successive phases of joy were so exquisite that it seemed as if sorrow wept at having to part with them.

56. **Joy of . . . daughter**, joy derived from the finding of his daughter.

57. **As if that . . . loss**, as if that joy were now turned into sorrow by the reminiscences it called up.

60. **Clipping her**, embracing her.

62. **Weather-bitten**, eaten away, corroded by changes of temperature, storms, etc.

64. **Undoes . . . do it**, beggars description to portray it.

68–70. **Which will . . . open.** Like one of those old fabulous stories which are always ready to be rehearsed by gossips even though no one will believe them, or even listen to them.

97. **How attentiveness . . . daughter**, how, as she listened attentively to her father's story, her heart was wrung.

98. **From one sign**, etc., passing from one manifestation of grief to another. **With an "Alas,"** with the utterance of the one word Alas!

101. **Who was . . . marble**, the most hard-hearted of those present.

110. **Julio Romano**, a famous Italian painter, born A.D. 1492, died A.D. 1546.

112. **Custom**, trade.

Ib. **Ape**, imitator.

122. **Piece the rejoicing**, make complete.

126. **Unthrifty . . . knowledge**, carelessly omitting to store up what we might for our knowledge.

137. **It would . . . discredits.** If I had found out this secret and been the first to communicate it, my doing so would not have found favor in their eyes in the midst of my many and notorious evil doings.

167. **Preposterous**, for "prosperous."

181. **Franklins.** "*Franklin* is a *freeholder*, or *yeoman*, a man above a *villain*, but not a *gentleman*" (Johnson).

185. **Tall fellow . . . hands**, stout, brave.

192–194. **If I do not . . . me not.** I assure you it astonishes me immensely that you, not being a tall fellow, should venture to be drunk.

197. **We 'll be . . . masters.** "The Clown conceits himself already a man of consequence at court. It was the fashion for an inferior, or suitor, to beg of the great man, after his humble commendations, that he would be *good master* to him. Thus

Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, when in prison, in a letter to Cromwell to relieve his want of clothing: 'Furthermore, I beseeche you to be *gode master* unto one in my necessities'" (Whalley).

Scene III.

5. **Paid home**, thoroughly paid.

11. **We honor . . . trouble.** You speak of the honor we do you, but that honor is one that brings trouble with it.

13, 14. **Not without . . . singularities**, not without great admiration of the many rare works of art it contains.

22. **As lively mock'd**, imitated to the life as perfectly as sleep imitates death.

26. **Comes . . . near ?** Is it not a fairly good likeness ?

38–40. **As now . . . soul.** Which she might have done (*i. e.*, have lived), and been to me as great a source of comfort now in living as in being dead she is a source of anguish.

41. **Life of majesty**, in all the majesty of warm life.

48. **Standing . . . thee**, now herself more like stone than flesh and blood.

57. **Too sore laid on**, too thickly laid on.

63-65. **Let him . . . himself.** Let him (myself) who was the cause of this have the power by his sympathy to divert upon himself so much of the grief as he may justly make his own.

80. **The fixure . . . in 't.** Though the eye, as the eye of a statue, is necessarily fixed, yet it seems to have motion.

83. **Transported**, carried out of himself, ravished with wonder.

87, 88. **No settled . . . madness.** No sanity however perfect could rival in its sweetness such insanity.

94, 95. **What fine . . . breath ?** a question of appeal equivalent to "No chisel, however fine, could so cut marble as to represent breath."

105. **Presently**, at once. **Resolve you**, be prepared for.

115. **It is . . . faith.** I call upon you to arouse to the utmost your powers of belief.

117. **Or**, this is usually accepted for *on* as given by the folios. If, with the Camb. Ed., *on* be retained, the meaning will be, "Forward."

125, 126. **Bequeath . . . you.** Leave to death that numbness which you have simulated up to this moment, for the dear life, to which you now return in your reconciliation with your husband, redeems you from death.

130. **You kill her double**, by shunning her now you will kill her a second time.

138. **If she . . . life,** if she has relationship with life; if she and life have anything to do with each other.

145. **Please . . . madam:** be pleased to come and stand between Hermione and Leontes: *madam* is generally and more properly used of a married woman.

156–158. **There 's . . . relation.** There will be time enough for that hereafter; for if you begin to listen to that story, all the rest may wish, the impulse being once given, to weary you with similar stories.

166, 167. **This is . . . vows.** This is an agreement made between us, and ratified by oath.

168. **Is questioned,** is what I must extract from you by questions.

176. **What! . . . brother.** "This unfolds a charming and delicate trait of action in Hermione; remembering how sixteen sad years agone her innocent freedom with Polixenes had been misconstrued, and keenly sensible, even amidst the joy of her present restoration to child and husband, of the bitter penalty they had involved, she now turns from him, when they meet, with feelings of mingled modesty and apprehension" (Staunton).

179. **Heavens directing,** heaven having wished it.

A Text-Book on English Literature,

With copious extracts from the leading authors, English and American. With full Instructions as to the Method in which these are to be studied. Adapted for use in Colleges, High Schools, Academies, etc. By Brainerd Kellogg, A.M., Professor of the English Language and Literature in the Brooklyn Collegiate and Polytechnic Institute, Author of a "Text-Book on Rhetoric," and one of the Authors of Reed & Kellogg's "Graded Lessons in English," and "Higher Lessons in English." Handsomely printed. 12mo. 478 pp.

The Book is divided into the following Periods:

Period I.—Before the Norman Conquest, 670–1066. Period II.—From the Conquest to Chaucer's death, 1066–1400. Period III.—From Chaucer's death to Elizabeth, 1400–1558. Period IV.—Elizabeth's reign, 1558–1603. Period V.—From Elizabeth's death to the Restoration, 1603–1660. Period VI.—From the Restoration to Swift's death, 1660–1745. Period VII.—From Swift's death to the French Revolution, 1745–1789. Period VIII.—From the French Revolution, 1789, onwards.

Each Period is preceded by a Lesson containing a brief resumé of the great historical events that have had somewhat to do in shaping or in coloring the literature of that period.

Extracts, as many and as ample as the limits of a text-book would allow, have been made from the principal writers of each Period. Such are selected as contain the characteristic traits of their authors, both in thought and expression, and but few of these extracts have ever seen the light in books of selections—none of them have been worn threadbare by use, or have lost their freshness by the pupil's familiarity with them in the school readers.

It teaches the pupil how the selections are to be studied, soliciting and exacting his judgment at every step of the way which leads from the author's diction up through his style and thought to the author himself, and in many other ways it places the pupil on the best possible footing with the authors whose acquaintance it is his business, as well as his pleasure, to make.

Short estimates of the leading authors, made by the best English and American critics, have been inserted, most of them contemporary with us.

The author has endeavored to make a practical, common-sense text-book: one that would so educate the student that he would know and enjoy good literature.

Effingham Maynard & Co., Publishers,

A Treatise on Physiology and Hygiene.

For Educational Institutions and the General Reader. By Joseph C. Hutchison, M.D., President of the New York Pathological Society; Vice-President of the New York Academy of Medicine; Surgeon to the Brooklyn City Hospital; and late President of the Medical Society of the State of New York. Fully Illustrated with numerous elegant Engravings. 12mo. 300 pages.

1. *The Plan of the Work* is to present the leading facts and principles of human Physiology and Hygiene in language so clear and concise as to be readily comprehended by pupils in schools and colleges, as well as by general readers not familiar with the subject. 2. *The Style* is terse and concise, yet intelligible and clear; and all useless technicalities have been avoided. 3. *The Range of Subjects Treated* includes those on which it is believed all persons should be informed, and that are proper in a work of this class. 4. *The Subject-matter* is brought up to date, and includes the results of the most valuable of recent researches. Neither subject—Physiology or Hygiene—has been elaborated at the expense of the other, but each rather has been accorded its due weight, consideration, and space. 5. *The Engravings* are numerous, of great artistic merit, and are far superior to those in any other work of the kind, among them being two elegant colored plates, one showing the Viscera in Position, the other, the Circulation of the Blood. 6. *The Size* of the work will commend itself to teachers. It contains about 300 pages, and can therefore be easily completed in one or two school terms.

"This book is one of the very few school-books on these subjects which can be unconditionally recommended. It is accurate, free from needless technicalities, and judicious in the practical advice it gives on Hygienic topics. The illustrations are excellent."—**Boston Journal of Chemistry.**

"Its matter is judiciously selected, lucidly presented, attractively treated, and pointedly illustrated by memorable facts; and, as to the plates and diagrams, they are not only clear and intelligible to beginners, but beautiful specimens of engraving. I do not see that any better presentation of the subject of physiology could be given within the same compass."—**Prof. John Ordronaux, Professor of Physiology in the University of Vermont, and also in the National Medical College, Washington, D. C.**

The above work is the most popular work and most widely used text-book on these subjects yet published.

Effingham Maynard & Co., Publishers,

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Feb. 2009

PreservationTechnologies

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

Language Lessons—Grammar—Composition—Rhetoric—Literature.

A COMPLETE COURSE IN FOUR BOOKS.

I. Graded Lessons in English. An Elementary English Grammar. 164 pp., 16mo. Bound in Linen.

II. Higher Lessons in English. 280 pages, 16mo. Bound in Cloth. By ALONZO REED, A. M., Instructor in English Grammar in Brooklyn Collegiate and Polytechnic Institute; and BRAINERD KELLOGG, A. M., Professor of English Language and Literature in Brooklyn Collegiate and Polytechnic Institute.

A COMPLETE COURSE IN GRAMMAR AND COMPOSITION, IN ONLY TWO BOOKS. The two books completely cover the ground of grammar and composition, from the time the scholar usually begins the study until it is finished in the High School or Academy.

A Text-Book on Rhetoric. Supplementing the development of the Science with exhaustive practice in Composition. A Course of Practical Lessons adapted for use in the High Schools and Academies and in the Lower Classes of Colleges. By BRAINERD KELLOGG, A. M., Professor of English Language and Literature in the Brooklyn Collegiate and Polytechnic Institute, and one of the authors of Reed & Kellogg's "Graded Lessons in English," and "Higher Lessons in English." 276 pages, 12mo.

A Text-Book on English Literature, adapted for use in High Schools and Academies, and in the Lower Classes of Colleges By BRAINERD KELLOGG, A. M., Professor of the English Language and Literature in the Brooklyn Collegiate and Polytechnic Institute; author of "A Text-Book on Rhetoric," and one of the authors of Reed & Kellogg's "Graded Lessons in English," and "Higher Lessons in English."

PUBLISHED BY CLARK & MAYNARD,

734 Broadway, New York.

A HAND-BOOK OF MYTHOLOGY:

Myths and Legends of Ancient Greece and Rome.

ILLUSTRATED FROM ANTIQUE SCULPTURES. BY E. M. BERENS. 330 PP. 16MO, CLOTH.

The author in this volume gives in a very graphic way a lifelike picture of the deities of classical times as they were conceived and worshiped by the ancients themselves, and thereby aims to awaken in the minds of young students a desire to become more intimately acquainted with the noble productions of classical antiquity.

In the legends which form the second portion of the work, a picture, as it were, is given of old Greek life; its customs, its superstitions, and its princely hospitalities at greater length than is usual in works of the kind.

In a chapter devoted to the purpose, some interesting particulars have been collected respecting the public worship of the ancient Greeks and Romans, to which is subjoined an account of their principal festivals.

The greatest care has been taken that no single passage should occur throughout the work which could possibly offend the most scrupulous delicacy, for which reason it may safely be placed in the hands of the young.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

"The importance of a knowledge of the myths and legends of ancient Greece and Rome is fully recognized by all classical teachers and students, and also by the intelligent general reader; for our poems, novels, and even our daily newspapers abound in classical allusions which this work of Mr. Berens' fully explains. It is appropriately illustrated from antique sculptures, and arranged to cover the first, second and third dynasties, the Olympian divinities, Sea Divinities, Minor and Roman divinities. It also explains the public worship of the ancient Greeks and Romans, the Greek and Roman festivals. Part II. is devoted to the legends of the ancients, with illustrations. Every page of this book is interesting and instructive, and will be found a valuable introduction to the study of classic authors and assist materially the labors of both teachers and students. It is well arranged and wisely condensed into a convenient-sized book, 12mo, 330 pages, beautifully printed and tastefully bound."—"*Journal of Education,*" *Boston, Mass.*

"It is an admirable work for students who desire to find in printed form the facts of classic mythology."—*Rev. L. Clark Seelye, Pres. Smith College, Northampton, Mass.*

"The subject is a difficult one from the nature and extent of the materials and the requirements of our schools. The author avoids extreme theories and states clearly the facts with modest limits of interpretation. I think the book will take well and wear well."—*C. F. P. Bancroft, Ph.D., Prin. Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.*

PRICE, BY MAIL, POST-PAID, $1.00.