SHAKESPEARE'S

PLAY

A WINTER'S TALE

EDITED BY

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THE WINTER'S TALE.

The first edition of this play known is that of the folio, 1623; and the earliest notice of its performance is an entry in the manuscript Diary (Ms. Ashmol. Oxon.) of Dr. Simon Forman, who thus describes the plot of the piece, which he witnessed at the Globe Theatre, May 15th, 1611:—

"Observe the howe Lyontes the Kinge of Cicillia was overcome with jcelose of his wife with the Kingo of Bohemia, his friend, that came to see him, and howe he contrived his death, and wold have had his cup-bearer to have poisen, who gave the Kinge of Bohemia warning thereof and fled with him to Bohemia.

"Remember also howe he sent to the orakell of Apollo, and the answer of Apollo that she was gildeless, and that the kinge was jelouse, &c., and howe, except the child was found againe that was lost, the kinge should die without yssue; for the child was caried into Bohemia, and there laid in a forrest, and brought up by a sheppard, and the Kinge of Bohemia, his son married that westch: and howe they fled into Cicillia to Leontes, and the sheppard having showed [by] the letter of the nobleman whom Leontes sent, it was that child, and [by] the jewels found about her, she was known to be Leontes daughter, and was then 16. yrs old.

"Remember also the rog [rogue] that cam in all toterted like roll pixid* and howe he fayned him sicke and to have him robbed of all that he had, and howe he cooned the por man of all his money, and after cam to the shop ther [sheep shears?] with a pedlers packe, and ther coosed them again of all their money; and howe he changed apparell with the Kinge of Dornia, his son, and then how he turned courtier, &c. Beware of trustinge feinded beggars or fawming folowse."†

In the same year, as we learn from a record in the Accounts of the Revels at Court, it was acted at Whitehall:—

"The kings
players.

The 6th of November: A play called
ye winters nightes Tayle." [1611.]

The accounts of Lord Harrington, Treasurer of the Chamber to James I., show that it was again acted at Court, before Prince Charles, the Lady Elisabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector, in May, 1613.

And it is further mentioned in the Office Book of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, under the date of August the 19th, 1623:—

"For the kings players. An olde playes called Winters Tale, formerly allowed of by Sir George Bucke and likewyse by mee on Mr. Hemminges he wrotes that there was nothing prophanes added or reforme, though the allowed booke was missing: and therefore I returned it without a fee, this 19th of August, 1623."

* This was no doubt some noted vagabond, whose nick-name has not come down to us correctly. Mr. Collier prints it, "Cell Fitert."  
† From a carefully executed copy made from the original by Mr. Halliwell.
PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

From these facts Mr. Collier infers, and his inference is strengthened by the style of the language and the structure of the verse, that "The Winter’s Tale" was a novelty at the time Forman saw it played at the Globe, and had "been composed in the autumn and winter of 1610-11, with a view to its production on the Bankside, as soon as the usual performances by the king's players commenced there."

The plot of "The Winter's Tale" is founded on a popular novel by Robert Greene, first printed in 1588, and then called "Pandosto: The Triumph of Time," &c., though in subsequent impressions intituled, "The History of Dorastus and Fawnia." In this tale we have the leading incidents of the play, and counterparts, though insufferably dull and coarse ones, of the principal personages. But Shakespeare has modified the crude materials of his original with such judgment, and vivified and ennobled the characters he has retained with such incomparable art, that, as usual, he may be said to have imposed rather than to have incurred an obligation by adopting them.

* PANDOSTO THE TRIUMPH OF TIME. Wherein is Discovered a pleasant History, that although by the meanes of sinister fortune, Truth may be concealed yet by Time to seepth of fortune it is most manifestly revealed. Proceeds for age to age by curious thoughts, profitable for youth to excite other wanton passions, and bringing to both a desired content.

Temporibus clita vertit. By Robert Greene, Maister of Artes in Cambridge. Once twelvemonth past manuscript with stops. Imprinted at London by Thomas Otwin for Thomas Cudeman, dwelling at the signe of the Bible, more unto the North doore of Paul's, 1588.

Persons Represented.

LEONTES, King of Sicilia.
MAMILLIUS, Son to Leontes.
CAMILLO,
ANTIGonus, Sicilian Lords.
CLEOMENES, Dion,
Another Sicilian Lord.
ROGERO, a Sicilian Gentleman.
An Attendant on the young Prince Mamilius.
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
POLIXENES, King of Bohemia.
FLORIZEL, Son to Polixenes.
ARCHIDAMUS, a Bohemian Lord.
Paulina's Steward.

A Mariner.
Gazer.
An old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clown, Son to the old Shepherd.
AUFOLIUS, a Page.
Time, as Chorus.
HELMIONE, Queen to Leontes.
PERDITA, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
PULINA, Wife to Antigonus.
EMILIA,
Two Ladies,
MOPSA,
Two attendants.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs for a Dance; Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

SCENE.—Sometimes in Sicilia; sometimes in Bohemia.
ACT I.

SCENE I.—Sicilia.  An Antechamber in Leonato’s 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,—

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, unintel-

ligent of our insufficiency, 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 herself 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
THE WINTER'S TALK

"This is put forth too truly!" Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.
Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to.
Pol. No longer stay.
Leon. One seven-night longer.
Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.
Leon. We'll part the time between 'thou' and
then in that
I'll engraft you.
Pol. Press me not, beseech you, so;
There is no tongue that moves, nono, 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 affriss
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder,
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.
Herm. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace
until
[air,
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia's well; this satisfaction
The gone day proclaimed; say this to him,
He's beat from his best warm.
Leon. Well said, Hermione.
Herm. 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 Polonius.] I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give my commission,
To let him there a month, behind the gate
Pref'd for your parting: yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady-shall her lord. —You'll stay?

to justify my apprehensions, and make me say, "I predicted
too truly!" but Mr. Dyer and Mr. Collier suspected, with reason, that
the passage is corrupt.
4 To let — To stay.
5 — behind the gate — A "gate" was the name of the scroll
containing the roads and meeting places of royalty tending a "progress;
and Hermione's meaning may be — when he visits Bohemia he
shall have my license to pass his adjourn a month beyond the
time prescribed for his departure. But, here, also remembered a show or ceremony, and it is impossible that the sense intended
was — shall have my permission to remain a month after the
forthREW entertainment.
6 What lady-shall her lord — . Mr. Collier's annotator suggests,
practically enough. "What lady should her lord." The difficulty
in the expression arises, we apprehend, solely from the omission of the
hyphen in "lady-shall;" that restored, the sense is unmis-
takable. — I love thee not a tick of the clock behind whatever
high-born woman does her husband. So in Massinger's play of
"The Bondman," Act i. Sc. 1 —
7 "I'll kiss him for the honour of my cow try
With any she in Cornish."
THE WINTER'S TALE

[Scene II.]

Pol. Nay, but you will?

Ple. No, madam.

Pol. Nay, I may not, verily.

Ple. 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's as potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?

For me to keep you as a prisoner, not like a guest; so you shall pay your face 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. To be your guest then, madam: which is for me less easy to commit than to punish.

Ple. Not your gouler, then, but your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys: you were pretty lordlings 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.

Ple. Not my lord the verier wag o' the two?

Pol. We were as twin'd lambs that did frisk it the sun, and beat the one at th' other: what we chang'd was innocence for innocence; we knew not the doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd that any did. Had we pursu'd 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.

Ple. By this we gather, you have trip'd since.

Pol. O, my most sacred lady, Temptations have since then been born to us! for in those unbridled days was my wife a girl; your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes of young play-fellow.

Ple. Grace to boot! Of this make no conclusion, lest you say your queen and I are devils: yet, go on; the offences we have made you do, we'll answer.

*—— the imposition clear'd, hereditary ours.

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.

Len. Is he won yet?

Pol. He'll stay, my lord. Len. At my request he would not. Hermione, my dear'st, thou never spok'st to better purpose.

Len. Never?

Len. Never, but once.

Ple. What! I have twice said well? when was't before?

I pray thee, tell me. Cram us with prais, and make us as fat as tame things: one good deed dying tongueless, slaughters a thousand waiting upon that. Our praises are our wages: you may ride us 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? Nay, let me have't; I long.

Len. Why, that was when three crabb'd months had sord'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.

Ple. 'Tis 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.

[Giving her hand to Polixenes.]

Len. [Aside.] Too hot, too hot! To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods. I have 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 padding palms and pinching fingers, as now they are; and making prattle's smiles, 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! — Mamillus, Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

* — bounty, fertile bosom. — Hämmer and Mr. Collier's annotator read. — — bounteous fertile bosom. — 4. The mort o' the deer. The mort o' the deer was a particular strain blown by the huntsmen when the deer was killed. There is perhaps, also, a latent play on the word "deer," akin to that in the ensuing speech on "next."
LEON.

I'fecks? a

Why, that's my sawcock. What, hast smutched 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, Are all call'd neat. Still virginalling

Observing Politekness and Hermione.

Upon his palm? (I)—How now, you wanton calf?

Art thou my calf?

MAM. Yes, if you will, my lord.

LEON. Thou want'st a rough pash, b 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-dyed blacks, c as wind, as waters;—false As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes 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: d sweet villain!

Most dear'st! my collap?—Can thy dam?— may'st be Affection thy intention stabs the centre? Thou dost make possible things not so hold? Communicat'st with dreams?—How! can this be?—

a I'fecks! A popular corruption of "in faith," it is supposed.

b — a rough pash. — That is, a twisted head of beef.

c As o'er-dyed blacks. — Abnormally changed by Mr. Collier's annotator to "our shed blacks." "Shed" was the common term for mourning habiliments formerly; and by "o'er-dyed blacks" were meant such garments as had become rotten and faded by frequent immersion in the dye. If any change in the

text be admissible, we should read, "off dy'd blacks." Thus, in Webster's "Dutches of Math," Act IV, Sc. 2—

"I do not think but sorrow makes her look, Like to an off dy'd garment."  

— welkin eye; d That is, sky-coloured eye.
With what's unreal thou conjoine art.
And followst nothing? Then 'tis very credent,
Thou mayst co-join with something;* and thou dost.
And that beyond commission; and I find it. -
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia? How, my lord!
Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. What cheer? how is 't with you, best brother?*

* Can thy dart—may'st be
Affection thy intention wakes the eye?
Then dost make possible things not so sure?
Commission's w'r with dream's;—How! can this be!—
With what's unseen thou concise act.
And followst nothing? Then 'tis a very credent,
Thou mayst co-join with something; &c.

Affectation here means illusionation: "intention" signifies intention to do: and the illusion, though the commissariots have all misled it, is plainly so to mysterious principles of nature by which a parent's features are transmitted to the offspring. Pursuing the train of thought induced by the acknowledged likeness between the boy and himself, Leonidas asks, "Can it be possible a mother's vehement imagination should penetrate even to the womb, and these impress upon the embryo what stamp she chooses? Such apprehensive fantasy, then," he goes on to say, "we may believe will readily co-join with something tangible, and it does," &c. &c.

"And that beyond commission?" Commission, here, as in a former passage of the scene, "I'll give him my commission," means earnest permission, authority.

Her. You look as if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you mov'd, my lord? (2)

Leon. No, in good earnest.—
[Aside.] How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its 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,

* Fox, How, my lord!
What cheer! how is 't with you, best brother?
"In the folio, the word 'What cheer! how is 't with you, best brother!' have the prefix. 'Leon,'" observed Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight restore them—very injudiciously, I think,—to Leonidas. (I suspect that the true reading here is—

Pol. He, my lord!
What cheer! how is 't with you?" &c.

for Leonidas is standing apart from Polixenes and Hermione; and "how," as I have already noticed, was frequently the old spelling of "how."—DRYDEN.

* methought* I did recoil.—Mr. Collier, upon the strength of a MS. annotation in Lord Ellesmere's copy of the first folio, prints "my thoughts I did recoil;" but "methoughts" of the original was often used for "methought." So, in the folio text of "Richard III." Act I. Sc. 4. The MS. reads: "Mr. thoughts that I had broken from the tower," &c.

And in the same scene,—
"My thoughts I saw a thousand fearfull wrackes." &c

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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 friend,
Will you take eggs for money?"

MAM. No, my lord, I'll fight.

LEON. You will? why, happy man be's done!—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 parrot, mine soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December;
And with his varying childless eues in me
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

LEON. So stands this squire
Oft't with me. We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
How thou lov'st'th, show in our brother's, welcome.
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:
Next to thyself and your young lover, he's
Apparent to my heart.

HER. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden: shall'st attend you there?

LEON. To your own bouts dispose you: you'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky.—[Aside.] I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!

[Observing POLIXENES and HERMIONE.
How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband! Gone already!—

[Exit POLIXENES, HERMIONE, and ATTENDANTS.

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one.

Go play, boy, play,—thy mother plays, and I Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will miss me to my grave; contempt and clamour
Will be my knell.—Go play, boy, play.—There have been,

---This squash,—A "squash" is an immature pea-pod. The word occurs again in "Twelfth Night," Act I. Sc. 5,—

—As a squash before it is a pease,


Will you take eggs for money? This was a proverbial phrase,
Implying. Will you suffer yourself to be caught?

—Apparent to my heart.] Nearest to my affections.

—A fork'd one.] A banded one. So, in "Othello," Act III.

Sc. 3.—

—Even this fork'd plague is fated to us When we do quibe.

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckold ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present, (Now, while I speak this) holds his wife by th' hand.

That little thinks she has been sluic'd in's absence,
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't
Whiles other men have gates, and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will. Should all despair,
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind Would hang themselves. Physic for't there's none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike Where 't is predominant; and 't is powerful, think it,
From east, west, north, and south: be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know,'t
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage: many a thousand on's
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, Mamilius; thou'rt an honest man.—

[Exit MAMILLIUS.

Camillo, this great air will yet stay longer.

CAM. You had much ado to make his anchor hold:
When you cast out, it still came home.

LEON. Didst note it?

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, ringing,
Sicilia is.—so-forth: 'Tis 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 several

I am like you, they say.] So the second son; the first read, 

"I am like you say." 

They're here with me already; whispering, &c.] That is, say

the modern editors. "Not Polixenes and Hermione, but casual observers" &c. "They are aware of my condition!" Strange forgetfulness of a common form of speech. By "They're here with me already," the king means,—the people are already mocked with me this opprobrious gesture (the cuckold's emblem with their fingers), and whispering, &c. So in "Coriolanus," Act III. Sc. 2, 

"Go to them, with this honest in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them).
See also note (a), p. 100 of the present Volume.

But so it is, it is not.] But as you apply the word, it is not pertinent.
ACT I.  

THE WINTER'S TALE.  

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.  
· LION. Ha?  
CAM. Stays here longer.  
· LION. Ay, but why?  
CAM. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties  
Of our most gracious mistress.  
LION. Satisfy  
The entreaties of your mistress?—satisfy!  
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,  
With all the near'st things to my heart, as well  
My chamber-councillors, wherein, priest-like, thou  
Hast clean'd my bosom.—I from thee departed  
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been  
Decoy'd in thy integrity, decoy'd!  
In that which seems so.  
CAM. Be it forbid, my lord!  
LION. To hide upon's—thou art not honest: or,  
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,  
Which horses' honesty behind, restraining  
From course requir'd; or else thou must be counted  
A servant graffed in my serious trust,  
And therein negligent; or else a fool, [drawn,  
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake  
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,  
Sometimes 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,  
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, 'twas 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,  
Bo please me wither; let me know my trespasses  
By its own visage: if I then deny it,  
'Tis none of mine.  
LION. Have you not seen, Camillo,  
(But that's past doubt,—you have, or your eyeglass  
In thicker than a cuckold's horn) or heard,  
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour  
Cannot be mute) or thought, (for cogitation  
Resides not in that man that does not think it *)  
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 hobbyhorse; * deserves a name  
As rank as any flav-wench that puts to  
Before her troth-plight: say't, and justly'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.  
LION. Is whispering nothing?  
Is leaning back to cheek? Is meeting noses?  
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career  
Of laughter with a sigh? ( a note infallible  
Of breaking honesty)horning 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  
nothingings,  
If this be nothing.  
CAM. Good my lord, be cur'd  
Of this disass'd opinion, and betimes;  
For 'tis most dangerous.  
LION. Say it be; 'tis true.  
CAM. No, no, my lord.  
LION. It is; you lie, you lie!  
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;  
Pronounce thee a gross loath, 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  
Infected as her life, she would not live  
The running of one glass.  
CAM. Who does infect her?  
LION. Why, he that wears her like her medal,  
handing  
About his neck, Bohemia: who—if I  
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes  
To see alike mine honour as their profits,  
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that  
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,  
(*) Old text, Help-Horse.  

Winter's Tale" was one of the poet's latest productions. See  
note (2) p. 329, Vol. I.  
* —that does not think it—The section of the second folio,  
at least in some copies of that edition; the first has, "—that don't  
think," &c.  
* —to the ple and web.— Has here been explained to mean the  
disorder of the sight called a cataract.  

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His cupbearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have honied, and rear'd to worship; who mayst see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am gaill'd,—mightest beaupice 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 ling'ring dram, that should not work
Maliciously like poison: but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee, 3—
LEON. Make that thy question, and go rot!
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexatia? sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,—
Which to preserve is sleep; which being spotted,
Is goods, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?
Give scoundal 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 blech?
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.
LEON. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her honour, 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 cupbearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.
LEON. This is all:—
Don't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Don't not, thou split'st thine own.
CAM. I'll do't, my lord.
LEON. I will seem friendly, as thou hast ad-
vised me. (Exit)
CAM. O miserable lady!—But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the prisoner
Of good Polixenes; and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master: one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have

—Sir, my lord.—* With his usual ignorance of Shakespearean
phrasing, Mr. Collier's ever-muddling annotator, both here and in
Act III. Sc. I, where Perdita says—"Sir, my gracious lord," Sc.,
for "Sir," reads "Sure." And Mr. Collier, mindless of Paulina's
"Sir," my liege, your eye hath too much youth," Sc. in Act V.
Sc. 1, of this very play; of Prospero's—"Sir, my liege, do not
infect your mind," Sc.: of Hamlet's—"Sir, my good friend," Sc.,
chooses to adopt the substitution, and tells us, "Sure" is "evid-
ently the true text!"

* I have lov'd thee. — * These words, though forming a part of
Camillo's speech in the old copies, are sometimes assigned to
Lenotes in modern editions.

** For to yourself, what you do know, you must
And cannot say you dare not.)

That is—* For what you know, you must not and cannot say you
dare not tell yourself.

* In whose consent we are penit. — * By succession from whom
we derive gentility.
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not
In ignorant concealment.

CAM. I may not answer.

POZ. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo?
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honours does acknowledge,—whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidence 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 will tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: therefore, mark my counsel,
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me
Cry lost, and so good night!

POZ. On, good Camillo.

CAM. I am appointed him to murder you! *

POZ. By whom, Camillo?

CAM. By the king.

POZ. For what?

CAM. He thinks, nay, with all confidence, he swears,

As he had seem'd, or been an instrument
To vice you to,'—that you have touch'd his queen
Forbidden.

POZ. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best!*

CAM. I will tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: therefore, mark my counsel,
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me
Cry lost, and so good night!

POZ. On, good Camillo.

CAM. I am appointed him to murder you! *

POZ. By whom, Camillo?

CAM. By the king.

POZ. For what?

CAM. He thinks, nay, with all confidence, he swears,

* I am appointed him to murder you! I am the agent fixed
upon to murder you.
* To vice you to,'—To serve you to it. So in "Twelfth
* I partly know the instrument
That saves me from my true place in your favour.
* Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best! That is, with the
name of Judas.
* Swear his thought over.—Thotbald suggested.—"Swear this
thought over," which, besides being foreign to the mode of expres-
sion in Shakespeare's time, is a change quite uncalled for; to swear
over and over again, is merely to repeat.

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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 honour 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 condemned by the king’s own mouth,
Thereon his execution sworn.

Poz. I do believe thee;
I saw his heart in’s face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places* shall
Still neighbour 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,

a — places— By “places” are perhaps meant *ignites*, or
honour.

b Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-omen suspicion!]

Washington gives.—

— and comfort

Must it be great; and, as his person’s mighty,
Must it be violent: and as he does conceive
He is dishonour’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-omen suspicion! *b* Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bear’st my life off hence: let us avoid.

Camil. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns. Please your high-
ness
To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away!

[Exit(4)

The gracious queen’s;]

Hammer and Mr. Collier’s answers—

“Good expedition be my friend! Heaven comfort,” &c.,
the latter substituting “dream” for “there.” But we are still
wise—his cares, his enmity—of the genuine text, now, it may be
scoured, irreconcilable.
ACT II.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. The Palace.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, and Ladies.

Herm. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me
"Tis past enduring.

1 Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 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.

2 Lady. And why so, my lord?

Mam. Not for because
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.

2 Lady. Who taught you this?*

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray
now
What colour are your eyebrows?

* Who taught you this? I It has been customary, since the time
of Rowe, to read,—"Who taught you this!" though in the old text
the pronoun is only indicated by an apostrophe.

1 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.

2 Lady. Hark ye;
The queen your mother rounds space: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of those days; and then you'd wanton with
us,
If we would have you.

1 Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk: good time encounter her!

Herm. 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?

Herm. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter:
I have one of sprites and goblins.

Herm. 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,—
THE WINTER’S TALE.

ACT II.

Sc. 1.

HER. Nay, come, sit down; then on.
MAM. Dwelt by a churchyard;—I will tell it softly;
Young crickets shall not hear it.
HER. Come on then,
And give’t me in mine ear.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and others.

LEON. Was he met there? his train? Camillo
with him?
[never
1 LORD. Behind the tuft of pines I met them;
Saw I men scour so on their way: I ey’d them
Even to their ships.
LEON. How bless’d am I
In my just censure!—in my true opinion!—
Allack, for lesser knowledge!—how accurs’d
In being so bless’d!—There may be in the cup
A spider steep’d, 1 and one may drink, depart, 2
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
The abhor’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
spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander:—
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All’s 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: 3 yes, a very trick
For them to play at will.—How came the posterns
So easily open?
1 LORD. By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail’d than so,
On your command.
LEON. I know’t too well.—
Give me the boy;—I am 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!—and let her sport herself
[Exit Mamilles, with some of the Attendants.
With that she’s big with; for ’tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.
HER. But I say he had not,—

And I’ll be sworn,—you would believe my saying,
How’er you lean to the mayward.
LEON. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say, she is a goodly lady, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
’Tis pity she’s not honest, honourable:
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 fear
Virtue itself:—these shrugs, these hums and ha’s,
When you have said she’s goodly, come between,
 Ere you can say she’s honest: but he’s known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She’s an adventuress!
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,
Look barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinction leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have said
She’s an adventuress; I have said with whom:
More, she’s a traitor; and Camillo is
A federary 4 with her; and 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 vulgar’s give bold’st titles; ay, and privy
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 throughly then, to say
You did mistake.
LEON. No! if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A schoolboy’s top.—Away with her to prison!
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty
But that he speaks.

1 A spider steep’d.—It was a prevalent belief anciently that spiders were venomous, and that a person might be poisoned by drinking any liquid in which one was infused. From the context it would appear, however, that to render the draught fatal, the victim ought to see the spider. No, in Middleton’s “No Wit, no Help like a Woman’s,” Act II. Sc. 3.

2 Even when my lips touch’d the contracting cup.

3 — and one may drink, depart, &c.] Mr. Collier’s annotator

4 — a pinch’d thing.] That is, a restrained,613pped, severe thing.
ACT II.

THE WINTER'S TALE. [SCENE 2]

Good my lord,—

1 Lord. 

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves;

You are abus'd, and by someputer-on;—

That will be damn'd for't; would I knew the villain,

I would land-damn him. Be she honour-flaw'd,—

I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;

The second, and the third, nine, and some five;

If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,

I'll gold 'em all; fourteen they shall not see,

To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;

And I had rather glib myself than they

Should not produce fair issue.

2 Leon. Cease I 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

The instruments that feel. 4

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.

2 Leon. What! lack I credit?

1 Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,

Upon this ground; and more it would content me

To have her honour true than your suspicion,

Be bland'd for 't how you might.

2 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

Imports this: which, if (you or stupified,

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

Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,

You had only in your silent judgment tried it,

Without more overture.

2 Leon. How could that be?

Either thou art most ignorant by age,

[Exeunt Leon. and Ladies, with Guards.

1 Leon. Beseech your highness, call the queen

again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, air, lest your justice

prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,

Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 Leon. For her, my lord,

I dare my life lay down, and will not, sir,

Please you to 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,

If she be.

2 Leon. Hold your peace.

1 Leon. Hold your peace.

2 Leon. If it go on

1 Leon. She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where

I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her.

A prodigious amount of nonsense has been written on this unfortunate passage, but not a single editor or critic has shown the slightest perception of what it means. The accepted explanation, that by "I'll keep my stables where I lodge my wife," St. Anselm declares that he will have his stables in the same place with his wife; or, as some writers express it, he will "make his stable or dog-kennel of his wife's chamber," is simply gravity completely at defiance. What he means—and the executive greatness of the idea can hardly be exceeded—is, unquestionably, that if Hermione be proved innocent he should believe every woman is unfaithful; his own wife as licentious as femaline; ("quinqua adessum e feminam.") St. Pliny, i. 43.) and where he lodged her he would "keep," that is, guard, or fasten the entry of his stables. This sense of the word "keep" is so common, even in Shakespeare, that it is amazing no one should have seen its application here. For example—

"To keep the gate."—Comedy of Errors, Act II. Sc. 2.
"Keep the door close, sirrah."—Henry VIII. Act V. Sc. 1.

Exeunt.
Or thou were born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd, sight only, sought for approbation;)*
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 pitious to be wild) I have dispatch'd in post
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Olympeus 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?
1 Long. Well done, my lord.
1 Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it
good,
From our free person she should be confin'd,
Lost that the treachery 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.
Asr. [Aside.] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [Exeunt.

* That lack'd, sight only, sought for approbation;—The meaning
is.—That wanted, seeing excepted, nothing for proof.

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SCENE II.—The same. The outer Room of a
Prison.

Enter Paulina and Attendants.

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

Re-enter Attendant, with the Gaoler.

You know me, do you not?
Gaol. For a worthy lady,
And one who much I honour.
Paul. Pray you, then,
Conduct me to the queen.
Gaol. I may not, madam: to the contrary
I have express commandment.
Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from... [you,
The access of gentle visitors!—Is't lawful, pray
To see her women? any of them? Emilia?
Gaol. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.
Paul. I pray now, call her.—
Withdraw yourselves. [Exeunt Attendants.
WINTER'S TALE.

ACT II.

GAOL.  And, madam, I must be present at your conference.

PAUL. Well, be it so, pr'ythee. [Exeunt Gaoler. Here's such ado to make no stain a stain, As passes colouring.

Re-enter Gaoler, with EMILIA.

DEAR gentlewoman, How fares our gracious lady? EMIL. As well as one so great and so forlorn May hold together; on her frights and griefs, (Which never tender lady hath born 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 am innocent as you.

PAUL. I dare be sworn— These dangerous unsafe lunacies the king I shew 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-looking 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 the lordest. We do not know How he may soften at the sight of the child; The silence often of pure innocence Persuades, when speaking fails.

EMIL. Most worthy madam, Your honour and your goodness is so evident, That your free undertaking cannot miss A thriving issue: there is no lady living [ship So meet for this great errand. Please your lady- 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, But durst not tempt a minister of honour, 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 bless'd for it! I'll to the queen: please you, come something nearer. [the babe, GAOL. Madam, if 't please the queen to send I know not what I shall incur to pass it, 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. GAOL. I do believe it. PAUL. Do not you fear; upon mine honour, I Will stand betwixt you and danger. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same. A Room in the Palace.

ANTIGONUS, Lords, and other Attendants, in waiting behind.

Enter LEONTES.

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 of the cause, She the adulteress; 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?  I ATTEND. [Advancing.] My lord! LEON. How does the boy? I ATTEND. He took good rest to-night; 'Tis hop'd his sickness is discharg'd. LEON. To see his nobleness! Conceiving the dishonour of his mother, He straight declin'd, droop'd, 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 meditately, go, See how he fares. [Exeunt.Attend.]—Fie, fie! no thought of him:— The very thought of my revenge, 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 I, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, with a Child.

1 LORD. You must not enter. PAUL. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:

nyr "perils," was sometimes used for biting, nauseat, abominable; and in some such sense may very well stand here.

"level," are terms in grammar; the former means mark, the latter range.
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
More true than he is jealous.

ANT. That's enough.

2 ATTEND. 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. 'Tis such as you,——

That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless hearings,—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awakening: I
Do come with words as medicinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.

LEON. What noise there ho?

(*) First folio, &c.
ACT II.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

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 honour) 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 counsellor; yet that darest 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 'tis; commend it to your blessing.

[Leaving down the Child. Out! A man kind! 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 [76 Antigonus], thou art woman-tir'd,* unrooted 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.

ANT. A nest of traitors! Ant. I am none, by this good light.

PAUL. Not I; nor any, But one, that's here, and that's himself; for he The sacred honour 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 The root of his opinion, which is rotten, As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

LEON. A callant, 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, So like you, 'tis 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 his chin and cheek; his smiles; The very mould 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 colours No yellow in 't, lest she suspect, as she does, Her children not her husband's!

LEON. A gross dog!— And, losel,* thou art worthy to be hang'd, That wilt not stay her tongue.

ANT. Hang all the husbands That cannot do that feast, you'll leave yourself Hardy one subject.

LEON. Once more, take her hence! PAUL. A most unworthy and unnatural lord Can do no more.

LEON. I'll have thee burn'd.

PAUL. It is an heretic that makes the fire, Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;

* A man kind! witch! See note (v), p. 187.
* A man kind! witch! See note (v), p. 187.
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* A man kind! witch! See note (v), p. 187.
* A man kind! witch! See note (v), p. 187.
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation [ignorance]
Than your own weak—hing’d fancy) something
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
You, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,
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; ’tis yours: Jove
send her
[hands?—
A better guiding spirit—What needs these 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.—
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 ’tis done
(And by good testimony) or I’ll seize thy life,
With what thou else call’st thine. If thou refuse,
And will encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett’st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sire:—
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in ’t.

1 Lord. We can:—my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You’re liars all. [Exeunt:
1 Lord. Beseech your highness, give us better
We have always truly serv’d you; and beseech
So to esteem of us: and on our knees we beg,
(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;
(To Antigonus.)

You that have been so tenderly o’erloving
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard’s life,—for ’tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard’s grey,  9—what will you ad-venture
To save this brat’s life?

Ant. Anything, 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:—anything possible.

Leon. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.
Leon. Mark, and perform it, seest thou; for
Of any point in ’t shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lerd-tong’d wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman 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’s own protection
And favour 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’st 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,
Casting their savagery 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[2]

[Exit, with the Child.

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

2 Attend. Please your highness, post;
From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv’d from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

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

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: ’tis 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
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.—Sicilia. A Street in some Town.

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 worship. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was! 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 the event o’ the journey
Prove as successful to the queen.—O, be it so!—
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on’t.

CLEO. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the 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! [Exit.

SCENE II.—The same. A Court of Justice.

LEONTES, Lords, and Officers discovered, properly seated.

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.

OFFER. It is his highness’ pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!*

* Silence!] In the old copies this word stands as a stage direction; but that it was intended for a command, to be spoken by

the officer, or by the ordinary cryer, is evident. Compare the opening of the scene of Queen Katharine’s trial in “Henry VIII.”

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Enter Hermione, guarded; Paulina and Ladies, attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Off. [Reads.] Hermione, queen to the worthy Leonidas, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia; and conspire with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

*pretense*—That is, plot, devise, &c. So, in "Macbeth,"

Act II, Sc. 1.—

Against the undivulged presence' light Of treasonous mality.
Hark. 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),
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 devils'
And play'd to take spectators; for behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
ACT III.

WINTER'S TALE

[SCENE 11.

A moitiy of the throne, a great king's daughter, the mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing, to praise and talk for life and honour 'fore who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it. As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour, 'Tis 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 have strain'd, to appear thus: if one jot beyond the bound of honour, or in act or will, that way inclining, harden'd be the hearts of all that hear me, and my heart's of kin Cry Fie! upon my grave!

LEON. I ne'er heard yet that any of these bolder voices wanted less impudence to gainsay what they did, than to perform it first.

HAN. That's true enough;
though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

LEON. You will not own it.

HAN. More than mistresses of which comes to me in name of fault, I must not at all acknowledge. For Polixenes, (with whom I am accus'd) I do confess I lov'd him,—as in honour he requir'd,—with such a kind of love as might become a lady like me; with a love, even such, so and no other, as you are 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, even since it could speak, from an infant, freely, that it was yours. Now, for conspiracy, I know not how it taints; though it be dishonourable to 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, wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

LEON. You knew of his departure, as you know what you have undert'en to do in's absence.

HAN. Sir, you speak a language that I understand not:

As I weigh grief, which I would spare:
It is surprising this passage should have passed without question,
for 'tis not a sin, an error. Hormone means that life to her is as little estimation as the most trivial thing which she would part with; and she expresses the same sentiment shortly after, in similar terms,—'Tis no life.

I prize it not a straw.

Could she speak of 'grief' as a tribe, of no moment or importance?

With what encounter so uncurrent I have strain'd, to appear thus:

My life stands in the level of your dreams;
Which I 'll lay down:
Your actions are my dreams;
And I but dream'd it:—as you were past all shame,
(Those of your fact are so,) so past all truth;
Which to deny, concerns more than avail's; 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.(1)

HAN. 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 favour,
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 am barr'd, like one infectious: my third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in it *most innocent mouth,
Haul'd out to murder: myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred,
The child-bed privilege denied, which long's
To women of all fashion;—lastly, hurried
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: no mistake me not;—no life,—
I prize it not a straw:—but for mine honour,
(Which I would free) if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises,—all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake,—I tell you
'T is rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge! (3)

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

HAN. 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
Of pity, not revenge!

This is not remarkably peremptory: the same appears to be,—by what unaccountable familiarity have I lapsed, that I should be made to stand as a public criminal thus?
—'Tis in the level:—To be on the level is to be within the range or compass:—'and therefore when under covert or partial shade he is gotten within his joint and the Whitsun fit and certain, then hear she shall make choice of his mark.'—Sr.—Marram's
Engrosser's Precedents, 103, p. 46.

* (Those of your fact)—Those of your crime. Thus, in
"Periodic," Act IV., Sc. 3.——

"Becoming well thy fact."
ACT III.

WINTER'S TALE.

[Scene 11.]

Re-enter Officers, with Cleomenes and Dion.

OFTL. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphi; and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the 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. and DION. All this we swear.

LEON. Break up the seals, and read.

OFTL. [Reads.] Hermione is chaste; Polixeines 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. (b)

LORDS. Now blessed be the great Apollo! Hurr. Praised!

LEON. Hast thou read truth? OFTL. Ay, my lord; even so.
As it is here set down.

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

Enter an Attendant, hastily.

ATTEN. My lord the king, the king!

LEON. What is the business?

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

LEON. How! gone?

ATTEN. Is dead.

LEON. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [HERMIONE faints.]

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'ercharg'd; she will recover:
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion ——
Beecesh you tenderly apply to her
Some remedics for life.—

[Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Hermion.]

Apollo, pardon

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—
I'll reconcile me to Polixeines;

(a) Of the queen's speed, —— Of the queen's fate, hap, fortune.

(b) No richer than his honour, how be glisters
Through my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

The force of this is miserably enchased by the punctuation herebefore adopted,—

New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
For, being transported by my jealouies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixeines: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death, and with
Beward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,
And still'd with honour, to my kindly guest
Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended.
No richer than his honour, how he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker! (c)

Re-enter Paulina.

PAUL. Woes the while!
O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

LORD. What fit is this, good lady?
PAUL. What studied tormentes, tyrant, hast for me?

What wheels? racks? fires? what staving? (c) boils
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 good and idle
For girls of nine,—Oh, think what they have done,
And then run mad indeed,—stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixeines, 'twas nothing,—
That did but show thee of a fool, (b) inconstant
And damnable ingratitude! nor was't much,
Thou wouldst have poison'd and good Camillo's honour
To help him kill a king—poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crow's thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little,—though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire! are done t;
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honourable 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,—Oh, lords,

"— and to the hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour. How be glisters," &c.

That did but show thee of a fool,—Theobald proposed to read, "'of a soul,'" and Wotton,—"show thee of a
fool," but any change would be to destroy a form of speech
characteristic of the author's time: "of a fool," is the same as
"for a fool." (b)

(c) And damnable ingratitude. That is, "damnably ingrateful."
ACT III.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

When I have said, cry, Woé!—the queen, the queen,
The sweetest, dearest creature's dead; and vengeance for 't
Not dropt'd down yet!

1 Lord. The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll swear 't. If
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 repeat these things: for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore bate thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
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 bitterness.

1 Lord. Say no more;
How'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for 't; I do repent. Alas, I have 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,—forego a foolish woman:

The love I bore your queen,—Io, fool again!—
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. Pr'ythee, 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
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
To these sorrows.

[Exeunt.


Enter ANTIGONUS with the Babe; and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect* then, our ship hath
touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?

Man. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threat'ning present blusters; in my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done I—Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long before
I call upon them.

Man. Make your best haste; and go not
Too far'the land: 'tis 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.

Man. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business.

Ant. Come, poor babe:—
I have heard (but not believe'd) the spirits of the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appeard to me last night; for no'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some, another;
I never saw a visage 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,

* As suggested by Mr. Collier's annotator.

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THE WINTER'S TALE.

Act III.

[Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor bales, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it, crying; and, for thy
babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I pr'ythee, call 't. For this ungentle business,
Put on thy by my lord; thou never shall 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, yes, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!—
[Leaving down the Child.
There lie; and there thy character:—there these:—
[Leaving down a bundle.
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 accur'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.—
[Noise without of Hunters and Dogs.
A savage clamour!—
Well may I get aboard!—[Sect a Bear.] This is
the chase!
I am gone for ever! [Exit, pursued by the Bear.

Enter an old 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 getting wench's with child, wronging the
ancientry, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now!—
Would any but these boil'd brains of nineteen and

two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have
scared away two of my best sheep, which, if I fear
the wolf will sooner find than the master; if any-
where I have them, 't is by the sea-side, browsing
of ivy.(

Good luck, an' t be thy will!—What
have we here? [Taking up the Babe.] Mercy on's,
a barn: a very pretty barn! A boy or a child,
I wonder! A how it takes up the shore!—but
that's not to the point. O, the most piteous
ey of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and
to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with
her mainmast, and anon swallowed with yest
and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hosehead.
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?
Cleo. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw
these sights: the men are not yet cold under

---

a — thy character: Some elphers and the name, "Perdita," by
which the child hereafter might be recognised.
b — Blossom, speed thee well!
There lie; and there thy character: there these:—
And still rest thine.

The meaning is manifestly—" Poor Blossom, good speed to thee! which may happen, despite thy present desolate condition, if Fortune please to adopt thee, (thou pretty one!) and remain thy constant friend: the intermediate like,—" There lie," &c. below, of course, parenthesized. From the punctuation Luther adopted,—

Blossom, speed thee well!
There lie; and there thy character: there these;
---

two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have
scared away two of my best sheep, which, if I fear
the wolf will sooner find than the master; if any-
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— 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?
Cleo. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw
these sights: the men are not yet cold under

---

the editors, one and all, must have supposed Antigonus to antic-
ypate that the rich clothes, &c. which he leaves with the child, might
heed it beautiful and prove of permanent utility to it in its after
course of life.

" A boy or a child, I wonder! " 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."—Brayshire.

In support of this, Mr. Halliwell quotes the following from
Holin's MS. Glossary of Dymchurch Words, collected about 1796.

" A child, a female infant."
— the sea flap-dragoned it:—)
This may mean,—swallowed it as our old seafellers did a flap-dragon.
water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman,—he’s at it now.
Sirr. Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!
Cleo. I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her; there your charity would have lacked footing.
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?
Cleo. You’re a made* old man; if the sins of

[*] Old text, most.
your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Suz. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with it, 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 gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never

* This is fairy gold,—keep it close.] To divulge the possession of fairy gifts was supposed to entail misfortune. Thus, Ben Jonson,—

"A prince's secrets are like fairy favors, Wholesome if kept; but poison if discovered."

curst* but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Suez. 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.

Suez. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't.

[Exeunt.

* — the next way.] "The next way" meant the nearest way.
— curst—] That is, malicious, dangerous.
ACT IV.

Enter Time as 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 untried
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 the 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 ailed 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
In fair Bohemia;* and remember well,
I mentioned a son of 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 ennemies
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known when 'tis brought forth:—a shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of Time. Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never, yet that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly you never may. [Exit.

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*It is hardly credible that, in every edition, not excepting even that of Mr. Dyce, which is immeasurably superior to most others in the article of punctuation, these lines should stand thus,—

"... Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving
That he shuts up himself; imagine me," Sc. 1
If the absurdity of representing Leontes as "leaving" the consequences of his foolish jealousies, and at the same time as so "grieving" over them that he shuts himself up, were not enough to

indicate the poet's meaning, how could any editor possibly miss it who had bestowed a moment's reflection on the parallel passage in the original story?—"This epiloque being ingraven, Pantost would once a day repair to the tombe, and there with weeping plaintes bewails his misfortune, covering no other companion but sorrow, nor no other harmony but repentance. But leaving him to his dolorous passions, at last let us come to scene the tragicall discourse of the young infant." Comedy, too, the corresponding lines in Sable's "Fisherman's Tale," 1590;—

"He having thus her funerall dispatch'd,
Liev'd in vast dolor, and perpetual groans,
Sighing, and crying out against the Fates;
And make recourse unto this little babe," Sc.

This indicates that the poet intended this scene to be a commentary on the previous events and the consequences thereof. The use of Time as a narrator allows the story to be told in a broader context, emphasizing the passage of time and the effects it has on the characters. Time's role as a witness to the events serves to highlight the significance of the present moment and the impact it has on the future.
SCENE I.—Bohemia. A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.

Enter Polixenes and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee anything; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country; though I have, for the most part, been 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 ally, or I o'erween to think so,—which is another spur 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 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, pr'ythee speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou called 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 unhappy, 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 missing * 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 my service which look upon his removals, 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 neighbours, 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.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence; but * I fear the angle that plucks our son thither.

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* — but I have missing * noted, — Banister with some probability, reads — 'meaningly noted,' and Mr. Collier's annotator proposes the same substitution.

* — but I fear the angle that plucks our son thither.] "But," in 225

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this place, is the Stein nutztes in bad, and the King’s meaning, — 

— The attribution of that first from part of my intelligence, and they are, I apprehend, the angle which draws the prince there.

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q
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. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

CAM. I willingly obey your command.

POR. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves.

SCENE II.—The same. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,—
With hey! the daisy over the date,—
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 hay! the sweet birds, O, how they sung!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a diet for a king.

The lark that tirra-lirra chants,—
With hey! with hey! the thrush and the ray,—
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 am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear? [Singing.
The pale moon shines by night;
And when I wander here and there,
I then do meet 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 linens. My father named me Autolycus; who, being as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drape I purchased this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat:4 gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway; beasting 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 liver wether tods;* every tod yields—pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock’s mine.

[Aside.

Clo. I cannot do without counters.—Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? [Reads.] Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice.—What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegay for the shearsers,—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 colour the warden pies; race,—dates,—none, that’s out of my note; [Reads.] 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.

Aut. O, that ever I was born!

Clo. I the name of me—

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rag’s; 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 loathsomeomen of them offend me more than the stripes I have received; which are mighty ones and millions.

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

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel tell from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What by, a horse-man or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man by the garments he has left with thee; if this be a horse-man’s coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I’ll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

[Helping him up.

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. Softly, dutch sir; [Picks his pocket.] good sir, softly. You ha’ done me a charitable office.

Clo. Doest 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 anything 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 about with triol-ny-dames; (1) I know 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 abide; (2)

Aut. Vice, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; (2) then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son, (3) and married

* — every liver wether tods: He means, every eleventh wether sheds a tod, & c. twent. eight pounds of wool.
* — three-man song:—Singers of songs in three parts.
* — warden pie:—Wardens was the old name for a species of pears.

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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.

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

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

Clop. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but looked big and spit at him, he’d have run.

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

Clop. How do you now?

Aur. 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.

Clop. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aur. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir; I must fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

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

| Singing |

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hunt the stole-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your soul tires in a mile-a. (4) [Exit

1. — let me be unrolled. —1 Struck off the roll of vagabonds, and entered on the book of true men.
2. Hunt the stole-a. —2 Hunt” is from the Saxon siewen. —to tire.
SCENE III.—The same. Before a Shepherd’s Cottage.

Enter Florizel and Perdita.

Flor. 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 extremities, it does not become me,—
O, pardon, that I name them—your high self,
The gracious mark o’ the land, you have obscure’d
With a swain’s wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank’d up: but that our feasts
In every maze have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired; swoon! the I think,
To show myself a glass.

Flor. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father’s ground.(6)

Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me, the difference forges dread; your great
Hath not been us’d to fear. Even 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 faults, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flor. I apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbly their deities to love, have taken
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 honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O, but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when ’tis
Oppos’d, as it must be, by the power of the king;
One of these two must be necessaries,

WINTER’S TALE.

Which then will speak,—that you must change
this purpose,
Or I my life.

Flor. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc’d thoughts, I pr’ythee, darken not
The mirth o’ the feast: or I’ll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father’s; for I cannot be
Mine own, nor anything to say, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say No. Be merry, gentle! a
Strangle such thoughts as these with anything
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O, lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

Flor. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let’s be red with mirth.

Enter Shepherd, with Polixenes and Camillo
disguised; Clown, Mopha, Dorcas, and
other Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Shep. Flor, 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 labour, and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip. You are retir’d
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us 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. Sir, welcome!

[To Polixenes.
It is my father’s will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o’ the day,—You’re welcome, sir!
[To Camillo.
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sir,

The old copies have, "— worse, I think."

Be merry, gentle! Mr. Collier’s annotator, in his rage for
reformation, changes this to, "— Be merry, gentle!" The meaning is
obviously,—Be merry, gentle one!
For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

— well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

POL.
(A fair one are you) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

PEN.
Sir, the year growing ancient,

From the reply of Perdita, we might conjecture that Polonius
had asked reproachfully,—"'Will you fit our ages with flowers of
winter?"
ACT IV.

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?

PBR. For I have heard it said,
There is an art which, in their piousness, 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 acon 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.

PBR. So it is.

POL. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.

PBR. You’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
therefore
Desire to breed by me.—Here’s flowers for you:
Hot lavender, mint, savory, marjoram;
The marigold,* that goes to bed wi’ the sun,
And with him rises weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age: ye’re very welcome.

CAM. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

PBR. Out, alas!
You’d be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my
fair’est friend,
I would I had some flowers o’ the spring, that
might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing:—O, Proserpina,(7)
For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let’tst fall
From Div’s waggon! daffodil,
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 unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength,—a madly
Most incident to maids:—bold oxlips, and
The crown-empire: 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?

PBR. 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
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 better’s 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
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 are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

FLO. O, Dories! Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps fairly through
it,*
Do plainly give you out an unstead’d shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Dories,
You wo’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.

PBR. I’ll swear for’em.

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

CAM. He tells her something

* giIlyvors,—] An ancient and popular form of “gillyflowers.”
* The marigold,—] The sunflower. “Some calls it, Spermcosa Salis, the Spereal of the Sunne, because it sleepes and is awakened with him.”—LeRoy’s Book of Notable Things.
* And the true blood which peeps fairly through it,—] Mr. Collier’s annotation, as “necessary to the measure,” proposes.

4 As little skill—] As little reason, &c
That makes her blood look out: a good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

CLO. Come on, strike up!

DON. Mopas 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! [Music.

Heres a Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

POL. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?

SAXV. 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 so 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 ’twere, my daughter’s eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

POL. She dances feastly,
SAXV. So she does anything; 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 a Servant.

SAXV. 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 grow to his tunes.

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

SAXV. 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 stretch-mouth’d
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-
conceived fellow. Has he any unbraided warce3
SAXV. He hath ribands of all the colours of the
rainbow; points,4 more than all the lawyers in Bo-
henia can learnedly handle, though they come to
him by the gross; inkles, caddises,5 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 above-hand, and
the work about the square6 on’t.

CLO. Pr’ythee, bring him in; and let him ap-
proach singing.

PEK. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous
words in ’s tunes.

[Exit Servant.

CLO. You have of these pedlars, that have more
in them than you’d think, sister.

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

Enter Autolycus, singing.

Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cyprus black as e’er was crove;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bangle-bracelet, necklace amber;
Perfume for a lady’s chamber;
Golden guineas and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel;8
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 Mopas, thou
shouldst take no money of me; but being en-
thralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of
certain ribands and gloves.

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

DON. He hath promised you more than that, or
there be liars.
Mor. He hath paid you all he promised you; may be, he has paid you more;—which will shame you to give him again.

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? "Tis well they are whispering Clamour* your tongues, and not a word more.

a Clamour your tongues.—] Some will have this to be a corruption of clamour or chambray, from the French chambray, to exfecta; others suspect it to be only a misprint for clamor; but From the following line in Taylor, the Water Poet, first cited by it would seem to have been a familiar phrase.

Mr. Hunter.—

"Clamour the promulgation of your tongues."
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?
Att. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners
abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.
Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose
nothing here.
Att. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many
packages of charge.
Clo. What hast here? ballads?
Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad
in print a'-life; for then we are sure they are true.
Att. Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a
usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-
bags at a burden; and how she longed to eat
adders' heads, and toads carbomedoed.
Mop. Is it true, think you?
Att. Very true; and but a month old.
Don. Bless me from marrying a usurer!
Clo. Here's the midwife's name to't; one mist-
tress Taleporter; and five or six honest wives that
were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?
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.
Att. Here's another ballad, Of a fish, that ap-
peared upon the coast on Wednesday the fourscore
of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung
this ballad against the hard hearts of maids:9 it
was thought she was a woman, and was turned into
a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh with one
that loved her: the ballad is very pitiful, and as true.
Don. Is it true too, think you?
Att. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses
more than my pack will hold.
Clo. Lay it by too: another.
Att. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty
one.
Mop. Let's have some merry ones.
Att. Why, this is a passing* merry one, and
goes to the tune of 'Two maid's 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; 'tis in three parts.
Don. We had the tune on't a month ago.
Att. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis
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 go'st to the grange, or mill:
D. If to either, thou dost ill.
A. Neither.
D. What, neither?
A. Neither.
D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;
M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:
Then whither go'st thou say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by our-
selves: my father and the gentlemen are in sad a
talk, and we'll not trouble them. Come, bring
away thy pack after me. — Wench, I'll buy for
you both. — Pedler, let's have the first choice.—
Follow me, girls.

[Exit with Mopsa and Dornas.

Att. And you shall pay well for 'em.

[Singing.
Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cope,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the newest and finest, finest wear-a?
Come to the pedler;
Money's a meedler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a. [Exit.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three
shepherds, three neathers, three swineherds, that
have made themselves all men of hair;40 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
the mind, (if it be not too rough for some that
know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.
Serv. Away! we'll none on't; here has been
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 squire.*
Serv. Leave your prating: since these good

* — a tawdry lace. — A sort of ornament worn by women round
the neck or waist, and so called, it is said, after St. Audrey
(Escholada).
* — a passing merry one. — As we should now call it, a sur-
passingly merry one, an exceeding merry one.

† — sad. — For grave, serious.
4 — Saltiers. — The rustics' blunder for Salters.
5 — the squire. — The foot-cote: French, squire. See note
men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

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

Re-enter Servant, with twelve Rustics, habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then extenuat.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.—* [Aside.] He’s simple and tells much.—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 ran-

The pedlar’s silken treasury, and pour’d it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing parted with him. If your less
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 gifts 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 lov’d! I take thy hand,—this
hand,
As soft as dove’s down, and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian’s tooth, or the faun’sd snow,
That’s boil’d* by the northern blasts twice o’er.

Pol. What follows this?—
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before!—I have put you out:
But to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to’t.

Pol. And this my neighbour 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 know-

ledge
[them,
More than was ever man’s,—I would not prize

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.

Serv. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?—

Flo. 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.

Serv. Take hands, a bargain!—

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.

Serv. Come, your hand;—

And, daughter, yours.

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
With age and altering rheums? can he speak? hear?

Know man from man? dispute his own estate?*

Flo. 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 unfruit: 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 ‘tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

---

* O, father, you‘ll know more of that hereafter.—] This we must suppose to be a continuation of some discourse begun be-
tween Poliness and the old Shepherd while the dance proceeded.
* — belted.—[Riued.
* — more than you can dream of yet;

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ACT IV.

WINTER'S TALE

[FRIEZE]

POL. Let him know 't.

FLO. He shall not.

POL. Pr'ythee, let him.

FLO. No, he must not.

SHERK. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve.

At knowing of thy choice.

FLO. Come, come, he must not—

Mark our contract.

FLO. Mark your divorce, young sir,

[Discovering himself.]

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd: thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus afflicts a sheep-hook!—Thou old traitor,
I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can
But shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piec
Of excellent witchcraft, who, of force, must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with—

SHERK. O, my heart!

FLO. 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 never see this knack, (as never

I mean thou shalt) we'll bar thee from succession;
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; yes, him too,
That makes enough, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever hennesforth thou
Those rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop* his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to 't. [Exit.

PER. Even here undone!*

I was not much afraid: for once or twice
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.—Will 't please you, sir, be gone?

[FLO FLORIZEL.

I told you what would come of this: beseech you,
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.

(*) Old text, hope.

* That thou no more shalt never see this knack, (as never

I mean thou shalt)—

The first "never" appears to have crept in by the inadvertence of the compositor, whose eye caught it from the end of the line.

* Even here undone! This is the accepted punctuation, and it ought not to be lightly tampered with; yet some readers may possibly think with us that the passage would be more in harmony

CAM. Why, how now, father!

SHERK. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir,

[To FLORIZEL.

You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet,—yes,
To die upon the bed my father died,
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!

[To PERDITA.

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 have liv'd
To die when I desire. [Exit.

FLO. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afraid; or delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;
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 do not purpose it.

CAM. Think, Camillo?

FLO. I think, Camillo?

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.

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 fulfill my vow, a
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo.
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may

(*) First folio, my.

with the high-born spirit by which Perdita is unceasingly res
tailed in this terrible moment, if it were read.—

Even here undone.

* — by my fancy. ] That is, by my fancy.

* — but it does fulfill my vow,—] As is understood,—" but w &
does fulfill my vow, I needs must think it honesty."
ACT IV.

WINTER'S TALE.

[SCENE III.]

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, wheroeto you 'll go?
Flo. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
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
His welcomes forth; asks thee, the son, forgiven,
As 'twere 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 colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him and to give him comforts. Sirs,
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 am bound to you;
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 lost to be: besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Pnr. One of these is true:

—By these means:—I, for the old copies read-
ing, "her need."—

He's 'immoveable
Resolvd for flight.)
ACT IV.

WINTER’S TALE.

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 ? the rear of our birth. a

CAM. 
I cannot say, ’tis pity 
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress 
To most that teach.

PAN. 
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 medicine of our house!—how shall we do ?
We are not furnish’d like Bohemia’s son ;
Nor shall appear in Sicilia. b

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, as if 
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir, 
That you may know you shall not want,—one 
word.

[They talk aside.

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 counterfeit 
stone, not a riband, glass, pomander, c 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 beneficence 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 man) grew so in love 
with the wenches’ song, that he would not stir his 
petitoes till he had both tune and words; which 
so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their 
other senses stuck in ear : you might have pinned 
a placket, it was senseless; ’twas nothing to gold 
a cod-piece of a purse; I would have filed keys 
off that hung in chains: no bearing, no feeling, 
but my sir’s song, and admiring the nothing d of 
it. So that, in this time of lurchary, I picked and

—cut most of their festival purses; and had not the 
old man come in with a whoolub against his 
dughter and the king’s son, and scared my 
oughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive 
in the whole army.

[CAM. FLO. and PAN. 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.

PAN. 
Happy be you !

All that you speak shows fair.

CAM. 
Who have we here?—

[Seeing AUTOLYcus.

We’ll make an instrument of this; omit 
Nothing may give us aid.

AUT. [Aside.] 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, discourse 
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. [Giving money.

AUT. I am a poor fellow, sir.—[Aside.] I know 
ye well enough.

CAM. 
Nay, prythee, dispatch: the gentleman 
is half flayed already.

AUT. 
Are you in earnest, sir?—[Aside.] I smell 
the trick on ’t.

FLO. 
Dispatch, I prythee.

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

CAM. 
Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[Fllo. and Autol. exchange 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 over your brows; muffle your face; 
Dissimulate you; and, as you can, disilken 
The truth of your own seeming; that you may 
(For I do fear eyes over *) to shipboard 
Get undescribed.

PAN. 
I see the play so lies 
That I must bear a part.

a — ’t is the rear of our birth.) The original bas,—” ’t he rear our 

b Nor shall appear in Sicilia: It is usual to print this with a 

—’s Sicilia;’ the proper remedy, we believe, is to insert 

—’s Sicilia.”

— pomander. — A pomander was a ball of perfumes: ‘ Pomme 

— d’amore,” carried in the pocket, worn round the neck, or suspended 

from the wrist.

- the nothing of it.) It has been suggested that “ nothing “ in 

— this place is a misprint for nothing: but like much for make, it is 

— only the old mode of spelling that word.

— [For eyes over *) Rawe reads,—” eyes over you,” “ a 

— Ms. note in Lord Ellesmere’s copy of the first folio bas, ” eyes 

— over; “ and Mr. Collier’s annotator proposes the same alteration.
ACT IV.

WINTER'S TALK.

SCENE III.

CAM. No remedy.—
FLO. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.
CAM. Nay, you shall have no hat.—
Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.
AUT. Adieu, sir.
FLO. O, Perdita, what have we twain forgot!
Pray you, a word. [They converse apart.]
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 re-view Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.
FLO. Fortune speed us!—
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.
CAM. The swifter speed the better.

[Exit FLO. PER. and CAM.

AUT. I understand the business, I hear it: to
have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand,
is necessary for a cutpurse; 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 has this been without boot! what
a boot is here with this exchange! Sure, the
 gods do this year connive at us, and we may do
 anything 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 a
piece of honesty to acquaint the king wthal, I
would not do't: I hold it the more knavery to
conceal it; and therein am I constant to my
profession.—Aside, said!—here is more matter
for a hot brain: every lane's end, every shop,
church, session, hanging, yields a careful man
work.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

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 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 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. I know not what impediment this com-
plaint may be to the flight of my master.
CLO. Pray heartily he be at palace.
AUT. Though I am not naturally honest, I am
so sometimes by chance.—let me pocket up my
pedler's excrement.**[Aside. Taking 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 anything that is fitting to be known,
discover.
CLO. We are but plain fellows, sir.
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 stapling
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 courtier.
See't thou not the air of the court in these
enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of
the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from
me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt?
Thinkest thou, for that I insinuate, or* teaze from
thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I
am courtier cap-a-p'p; and one that will either
push on or pluck back thy business there: where-
upon I command thee to open thy affair.
SHEP. My business, sir, is to the king.
AUT. What advocate hast thou to him?
SHEP. I know not, an't like you.
CLO. [Aside to the Shepherd.] 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!

*—[fardel—] A bundle, pack, or barden.
**—[excrement:] He means beard. We have a similar appli-
cation of the word in "Love's Labour's Lost," Act V. Sc. 1.

(*) Old text, af.

"and with his royal finger, thus, daily with my excrement, with
my mustachio."
Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I'll not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

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

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.

Auv. The fardele there? what's i' the fardele? Wherefore that box?

Surn. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardele 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.

Auv. Ague, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Auv. The king is not at the palace: he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself: for if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.
THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT IV.

SHEP. So 'tis said, sir,—about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

APR. 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?

APR. 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?

APR. He has a son,—who shall be flayed alive; then, 'pointed 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 aquavite, or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prophetic proclaims, shall 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 traitorously rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the king: being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, 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!

APR. 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.

CLO. After I have done what I promised?

APR. Ay, sir.

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

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

APR. 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 'tis 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.

APR. 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 blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

SHEP. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.

APR. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in 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 present them; there may be matter in it. [Exit.
ACT V.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. A Room in the Palace of Leontes.

Enter Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina, and others.

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 the 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,
That hearseless it hath made my kingdom:
And destroy'd the sweetest companion that ever man
Bred his hopes out of.

PAUL. True, too true, my lord:*
If, one by one, you wept all the world,
Or from the all that are took something good,

* True, too true, my lord:) A correction of Theobald; the old editions having—

To make a perfect woman, she, you kill'd,
Would be unparalleled.

leon. I think so. Kill'd I
She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought. Now, good
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady;
You might have spoken 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 weep again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little
What dangers, by his highness' fall of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy

"Destroy'd the sweetest Companion, that one man
Bred his hopes out of true.
PAUL. Too true (my Lord)."
THE WINTER'S TALE

ACT V.

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
With a sweet fellow to 't?

Paul.
There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfilled 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,
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.—Care not for issue;
[To Leontes.]
The crown will find an heir. Great Paulina
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leontes. Good Paulina,—
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
Had swear'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.
Leontes. 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 offenders now) appear,* soul- vex'd,
And begin, Why to me?
Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.*
Leontes. She had; and would impose me
To murder her I married.
Paul. I should so:
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eyes; and tell me for what dull part in 't
You chose her; then I'd shrick, that ever your
ears
Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be, Remember mine! Leontes.
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?
Leontes. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!
Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to
his oath.
Clo. You tempt him over-much.
Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.
Clo. Good madam,—
Paul. I have done.*
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy but you will,—give me the office
To choose you a 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.
Leontes. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bidd'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
(Fiorizol),
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld) desires access
To your high presence.
Leontes. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'Tis not a visitation fraud'd, but fore'd
By need and accident. What train?
Gent. But few,
And those but mean.
Leontes. 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
Above a better gone, so must thy grave*
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself

— and on this stage
(Where we offend her now) appear, &c. —

* She had just cause.) The first and second folio have,—"She
had just such cause."

* Paul. I have done.) In the old editions, the words, "I have
done," form part of the preceding speech; they were properly
assigned by Capell.

* (Give way to what's seen now.)

* (Grave) has been changed by some editors to grave, by others to
praise; to the destruction of a very fine idea.
THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT IV.

[Scene I.]

Have said, and write so, (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme,) 'She had not been,
Nor was not to be equal'd;—thus your verse
Flows with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seen a better.

GENT. Pardon, madam; the one I have almost forgot; (your pardon)
the other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
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? We 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 honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embraces. Still 'tis strange,

[Exeunt Cleomenes, Lords, and Gentleman.

He thus should steal upon us.

PAUL. Had our prince
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.

LEON. Pr'ythee, no more; cease; 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
Un furnish me of reason. — They are come.—

Re-enter Cleomenes, 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,—goddesse!—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
seiz'd
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measure'd to look upon you; whom he loves
(He bids me say so) more than all the sleetpees,
And those that bear them, living.

LEON. O, my brother,
(Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done thee
sir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness!—Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage,
At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

LEON. Where the warlike Simalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him,
Whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence
(A prosperous south-west friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting his 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.

LEON. The blessed 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 bless'd
(As he from heaven merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
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,

"I know that we shall have him well to friend,"—Julius Caesar
Act III. Sc. i. ; "Had I admittance and opportunity to friend,"—
Cymbeline, Act I. Sc. 4.

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Bohemia greets you from himself by me;  
Desire you to attach his son, who has  
(Has dignity and derty both cast off)  
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with  
A shepherd's daughter.  

_Leon._  
Where's Bohemia? speak!  

_Lead._ Here in your city; I now came from him:  
I speak amazely; and it becomes  
My marvell and my message. To your court  
While he was hast'ring, (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;  
Whose honour and whose honesty, till now,  
Endur'd all weathers.  

_Lead._ Lay't so to his charge;  
He's with the king your father.  

_Leon._ Who? Camillo?  

_Lead._ 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.  

_Par._ O, my poor father!—  
The heavens set 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._ Is this the daughter of a king?  

_Flo._ She is,  

_Leon._ 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  
Hath she to change our loves.—Beseech you, sir,  
Remember since you ow'd 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  
'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.—But your petition  

_To Florizel._  
Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father;  
Your honour not o'errun by your desires,  
I am 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.  

[Exit.]

**SCENE II.—The same. Before the Palace of Leontes.**

_Enter Autolycus and a Gentleman._

**Act.** Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?  

_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 amazement,  
we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought I heard the shepherd say he found the child.  

**Act._ I would most gladly know the issue of it.  

_Gent._ I make a broken delivery of the business;—but the changes I perceived in the king and Camilo 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  

*joy or sorrow,*—but in the extremity of the one it must needs be.—Here comes a gentleman that happily knows more:  

_Enter Rogero._

_The news, Rogero?  

_Rog._ Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found; such a

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*Sir, my liege.—] See note (a), p. 204.  
  *—joy or sorrow,—] The meaning seems to be,—A mere spectator could never have said whether their emotion were of joyful or sorrowing significance.  

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deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it. — Here comes the lady Paulina's steward; he can deliver you more.

Enter Paulina's Steward.

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?

Stew. 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 Antinous, found with it, which they know to be his 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?

Ros. No.

Stew. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner, that it seemed sorrow went to take leave of them,—for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. 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 again worships 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 lanes report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

Ros. What pray you, became of Antinous, that carried hence the child?

Stew. 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 arranches 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.

Ger. What became of his bark and his followers?

Stew. 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.

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

Skep. 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 dolore 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 colour; some swooned, all sorrowed; if all the world could have seen 't, the woe had been universal.

Gent. Are they returned to the court?

Skep. No: 'tis 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.

Ros. 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?

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

[Exeunt.

Art. 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 abroad the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what; but he at that time, over-fond 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 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other dis-credits. Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Skep. 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 whether I am not now a gentleman born.

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

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

Skep. 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 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.

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

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

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

Skep. Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Art. 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.

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

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

Skep. 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 wouldest be a tall fellow of thy hands.

--- a tall fellow of thy hands.--- See note (b), p. 287, Vol. II. 247
Act. I will prove so, sir, to my power.
Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou dar'st 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.—The same. *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 vouch-
saf'd,
With your crown'd brother, and these your* con-
tracted
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,
We honour 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 liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Exceeds whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely,* apart. But here it is,—prepare

(*) Old text, Lonely.
To see the life as truly mock'd as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold! and say 'tis well.

[Paulina undraws a curtain, and discovers Hermione as 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.

Paul. O, not by much.

Leon. So much the more our carver's excellence;
THE WINTER’S TALE.

ACT V.

LEON. Do not draw the curtain!
PAUL. No longer shall you gaze on’t, lest your fancy
May think anom it moves.
LEON. Let be! let be!
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it?—
To a reader of taste and sensibility, the art by which the emotions of Leontes are developed in this situation, from the moment when with an apparent feeling of disappointment he first beholds the "so much writhed" statue, and gradually becomes impressed, amazed, enthralled, till at length, borne along by a wild, tumultuous throng of indefinable sensations, he reaches that grand climax which, in delirious rapture, he claps the figure to his bosom and faints murmurs,—

"O, she’s warm!
Let be! let be!
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it?"

must appear consummate. Mr. Collier and his annotator, however, are not satisfied. To them the eloquent abruptness,—

"but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it?"

A but a blot, and so, to add "to the force and clearness of the speech of Leontes," they stomp the terror of his passion in midstream and make him drive out,—

"Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
I am but dead, stone looking upon stone."

Can anything beelier? Conceive Leontes whispering of himself as "dead," just when the thick pulsation of his heart could have been heard! and speaking of the statue as a "stone" at the very moment when, in his imagination, it was life and blood! Was it thus Shakespeare wrote? The insertion of such a line in such a place is absolutely monstrous, and implies, both in the figure and the utterance, an entire incommensurate appreciation of the finer touches of his genius. But it does more, for it betrays the most indiscrete ignorance of the current phraseology of the poet’s time. When Leontes said—

"Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—

Mr. Collier’s annotator, and Mr. Collier, and all the advocates of the internalized line, assume him to mean,—"I should desire to die, only that I am already dead or holding converse with the dead;" whereas, in fact, the expression, "Would I were dead," is neither more nor less than an emphasis, equivalent to,—"Would I may die." And; and the king’s real meaning, in reference to Paulina’s remark, that he will think worse it moves, is, "May I die, if I do not think it moves already." In proof of this, take the following examples, which might easily be multiplied a hundredfold, of similar forms of speech—

"And, would, I might be dead, if I so thought."—Sc.
The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act IV. Sc. 6.

"Would I had no being, if this salute my blood a jot."—Henry VIII. Act II. Sc. 8.

"The gods rebuke me, but it is titles To wash the eyes of kings."
Antony and Cleopatra, Act V. Sc. 1.

"Would I with thunder presently might die So I might speak."—Summer’s Last Will and Testament.

"Let me refer death If in my apprehension—"—Sc.

"Would I were dead."—Sc.
Ban Jovens’s Tale of a Tub, Act II. Sc. 1.
ACT V.

THE WINTER’S TALE.

[Scene III]

LEON. No, not these twenty years!

PAUL. So long could I
Stand by, a looker-on.

LEON. Either forbear,
Quit presently the church, 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 think
(Which I protest against) I am assisted
By wicked powers.

PAUL. What can she make her do,
I am content to look on; what to speak,
I am content to hear; for ’tis as easy
To make her speak as move.

LEON. It is requir’d
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;
Or those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

PAUL. Proceed!
No foot shall stir.

Music, awake her, strike!—

’Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel! Come;
I’ll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to Death your numbness, for from him
Dear Life redeemest thou. You perceive she stirr’d;
[HERMIONE slowly descends from the portal.
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:
When she was young you wou’d her; now in age
Is she become the suivor!

LEON. O, she’s warm!

[Embracing her.

If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

PAUL. She hangs about his neck!
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.
Or how sto’n from the dead!

PAUL. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hoisted at
Like an old tale; but it appears she lives,

(* Old text, Om.

#Partake—] That is, participate.
#— whose worth and honesty, &c.] “Whose” refers to Camillus, not to Paulina.
#— look upon my brother:—] This unfolds a charming

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.

[Presenting PERDITA, who kneels to HERMIONE.
HER. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
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 wert 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
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 shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife: this is a match, [mine;
And made between’s by vows. Thou hast found
But how, is to be question’d,—for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said
A prayer upon her grave. I’ll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honorable husband.—Come, Camillus,
And take her by the hand:—whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted; and here justified
By us, a pair of kings.—Let’s from this place.—
What!—look upon my brother:—both your pardon,
That ever I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, whom heavens directing,
Is troth-plicit to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform’d in this wide gap of time, since first
We were disover’d: hastily lead away.

[Exeunt.

and delicate trait of action in Hermione; remembering how six-
teen years ago her innocent freedoms with Polixenes had
been misunderstood, and kindly 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.
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS

ACT I.

(1) SCENE II.—

Still virginalling

Upon his palm]

By "virginalling," Leontes meant that Hermione was tapping or fingering on the hand of Polixenes, in the manner of a person playing on the "Virginals." This instrument, which, with the spinet and harpsichord, Mr. Chappell tells us was the precursor of the modern pianoforte, was stringed, and played on with keys, formerly called jacks."

"Where be those rascal's that skip up and down,
Faster than virginal jacks?"

—The Age of Chivalry, or Merry Tricks, Act IV, Sc. 1.

It was of an oblong shape, somewhat resembling a small square pianoforte, and, from the repeated mention of it in books of Shakespeare's age, as well as long afterwards, must have been in general vogue among the opulent. The name, as Nares supposed, was most probably derived from its being chiefly used by young girls.

(2) SCENE II.—Are you mor'd, my lord? [In Greene's novel, the theme of which, it will be seen from our extracts, Shakespeare pretty closely followed, except in the repulsive catastrophe, the scene of action is reversed; Pandosto [Leontes] being King of Bohemia, and Egistus [Polixenes] King of Sicilia. After describing the visit paid by the latter to Pandosto, and the "honest familiarity" which sprung up between him and Bellaria [Hermione], the novelist proceeds to expatiate on the effects of this familiarity upon the mind of Pandosto:—

"He then began to measure all their actions, and to misconstrue of their too private familiarity, judges that he began not for honest affection, but for discordant fancy, so that he began to watch them more narrowly to see if he could get some true and certain proofs to confirm his doublet suspicion. While thus he noted their looks and gestures and suspected their thoughts and meaning, they two sweet souls, who doubted nothing of this his treasonous intent, frequented daily each other companies, which drew him into such a frantic passion, that he began to bear a secret hate to Egistus and a lowing countenance to Bellaria; who marvelling at such uncustomed frowns, began to cast beyond the moans, and to enter into a thousand sundrie thoughts, which way she should offend her husband: but finding in her selfe cleare conscience ceased to muse, until such time as she might find fit opportunitie to demand the cause of hisumps. In the mean time Pandostees minde was so farre charged with jealousy, that he did no longer doubt, but was assured, (as he thought) that his friend Egistus had entered a wrong partie in his table, and so had played him false play."

(3) SCENE II.—I'll do't, my lord.

LEON. I will see Egistus fasten't, hast advis'd me.] Compare the corresponding circumstances as related in the novel:—"Deriving with himself a long time how he might best proceed, Egistus without suspicion of treasonous mur-der, hee concluded at last to poyson him; which opinion pleasing his humour, he became resolute in his determina-
tion, and the better to bring the matter to passe he called unto him his cup-bearer, with whom in secret he broke the matter, promising to him for the performance thereof to give him a thousand crownes of yeares revenues."

"His cup-bearer, eyther being of a good conscience or inability for such aks to deny such a boldly request, began with great reasons to persuade Pandosto from his determinate mischief, showing him what an offences mur-
therr was to the Gods; how such unnatural actions did more displeas the heavens than men, and that causeless cruelly did sildone or never escape without revenge: he labyrd before his face that Egistus was his friend, a King, and one that was come into his kingdom to continue a league of perpetuall amities betwixt them; that he had and durt shew him a most friendly countenace; for Egistus was not only honoured of his owne people by obedience, but also loved of the Bohemians for his curtesies, and that if he now should without any just or manifest cause poyson him, it would not only be a great dishonour to his majestie, and a meane to sow perpetuall enmite between the Scylisians and the Bohemians, but also his owne sub- jects would repose at such treasonous cruelty. These and such like persuasions of Fraxion (for so was his cup-
bearer called) could no wht prevail to dissuade him from his devious enterprise, but remaining resolute in his determination (his fury so fired with rage as it could not be appeasewith reason), he began with bitter taunts to take up his man, and to lay before him two bailes, prefer-
ment and death; saying that if he would poyson Egistus he would advance him to high dignities; if he refused to doe it of an obstinate mindes, no torture should be too great to require it from the disobedience. Fraxion, seeing not to persuade Pandosto any more was but to strive against the streams, comitted as soon as an opportunity would give him leave to dispatch Egistus: wherewith Pandosto remained some-
what satisfied, hoping now he should be fully revenged of such injuries, intending also as soon as Egistus was dead to give them the same sentence, and so be rid of those which were the cause of his restlesse sorrow."

(4) SCENE II. — Come, sir, away! [Exeunt.] The brea-
ystal of the king's jealous design is thus related in the story. Looking thus in double fear; in an evening he went to Egistus lodging, and desiring to break with him of certaine aires that touched the king's anger all were commanded out of the chamber, Fraxion made manifest the whole conspiracie which Pandosto had devised against him, desiring Egistus not to account him a traytor for bewraying his maisters counsale, but to think that he did it for conscience: hoping that although his maister, inflamed with rage or incensed by some sinister reports or slanderous speeches, had imagined suchcauseless susc-
chiefs, yet when these should pacifie his anger, and try those talebearers but flattering paradise, then he would count him as a faithful servant that with such rare had his maister's good name; Egistus had not fair thought Fraxion tell for his tale, but a quaking faire possessed all his limnes, thinking that there was some treason wrought, and that Fraxion did but shadow his craft with these false colours: wherefore he began to waxe in choller,
and added that he doubted not Pandosto, sith he was his friend, and there had never yet been any breach of amity. He had not sought to invade his lands, to conspire against his enemies, to disawe his subjects from their allegiance; but, in word and thought he rested his at all times: he knew not therefore any cause that should move Pandosto to seek his death, but suspected it to be a contemplated knavery of the Bohemians to bring the king and him to odds.

"Francon staying him in the midst of his talks, told him that to daily with princes was with the swans to sing against their death, and that if the Bohemians had intended any such mischief, it might have been better brought to pass then by revealing the conspirators; therefore his Majestie did ill to misconstrue of his good meaneng, sith his intent was to hisSer treason, not to brooch strait, yet it had to say that Egistus was not one of great puissance and prowess to withstand him, but had also many kings of his alliance to aide him if need should serve, fled hast, married the Princess, daughter of Buissal."

—Pandosto. The Triumph of Time, 1638.

(2) SCENE III.—Pore thing, condamne'd to lose f] In the novel, as in the play, the unhappy queen, while in prison, gives birth to a daughter, which the king at first determines shall be burnt, but being diverted from this bloody purpose by the remonstrance of his nobles, he receives to act like a parent, but when upon the sea the ship on which the queen left her in this perplexity, and carried the child to the king, who quite dehade of pity commanded that without delay it should be put in the boat, having neither sail nor other [radder] to guild it and so to be carried into the midst of the sea, and there left to the wind and wave as the destinies please to appoint. The very ship-men, seeing the sweetest countenance of the yong babe, began to accuse the king of rigor, and to pity the child's hard fortune; but fearing constrayned them to that which their nature did abhorre, so that they placed it in one of the ends of the boat, and with a few greene boxxes made a homely shaven to shrowd it as they could from wind and weather. Being they wrapped the boat they tied it to a ship and so hauled it into the mynne sea, and then cast in sunder the cordes; which they had no sooner done, but there arose a mighty tempest, which tossed the little boat so vehemently in the waves that the ship men thought they could not hold the poor child; but no, yes, the storm grew so great, that with much labour and peril they got to the shore."
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

she might have laws and justice, for mercy shee never
graced nor hoped for; and that those perjured witches
which had falsely accused her to the king might be
brought before her face to give in evidence. But Pan-
dosto, whose rage and jealousy was such as no reason nor
equality could appease, told her, that for her accusers
they were of such credit as their words were sufficient
witness, and that the sodain and secret flight of Egipius
and Francon confirmed that which they had confessed;
and as for her, it was her parte to deny such a monstrous
crime, and to be impudent in verdeathing the fact, since
shee had past at all shame in committing the fault: but her
state countenance should stand for no noyce, for as the
best part which shee bare was servad, so shee should with
some cruell death be required."—Pandosto. The Triumph
of Time, 1688.

(2) Scenen II.—

—Your honour all,
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge!"

Ti a extracte here given will show that in most of the inci-
dents connected with the arrangement of the piece, the
great dramatist varies but little from the story. He has
made one important change, however, without which we
should have lost the finest scene in the play; for in the
novel the unfortunate lady, overcome with grief for the
death of her eldest child, expires in the public court shortly
after the reply of the oracle is declared.

"The noble men which late in judgement said that Bel-
laris spoke reason, and intreated the king that the accusers
might be openly examined and sworn, and if then the
evidence were such as the jury might find her guilty, (for
seeing she was a prince, she ought to be tryed by her peers)
then let her have such punishment as the extremities of the
law will assign to such malefactors. The king presently
made answer that in this case he would and would dis-
pence with the law, and that the jury being once pannesh
they should take their word and evidence, otherwise he
would make the proudest of them repent it. The
noble men seeing the king in choler were all silent; but
Bellaria, whose life then hung in the balanace, fearing more
perpetual infancy than momentarie death, told the king if
his hurt might stand for a law that they were valle to have
the jury yield their verdict; and therefore she fell down
uponder his knees, and desired the king that for the love he
bore to his young sonne Garlinth, whom shee brought into
the world, that hee would grant her a request; which
was this, that it would please his majestie to send sixe of
his noble men whom he best trusted to the Isle of Delphos,
to there enquire of the oracle of Apollo whether she had
committed adultery with Egipius or conspired to posyon
him with Francon! and if the god Apollo, who by his
divine assence knew al secrets, gave answere that she was
without, shee were content to suffer any torment were it
never so terrible. The request was so reasonable that
Pandosto could not for shame deny it, unless we would
be counted of all his subjects more wilfull then wise: he
therefore agreed that with as much speede as might be
there should be certain Embassadors dispatched to the
Isle of Delphos, and in the meanes season he commanded
that his wife shuld be kept in close prison."—

(3) Scenen II.—And the king shall live without an heir,
If that which is lost be not found.' The answer of the
oracle in the play is almost literally the same as that in the
verse:

"THE ORACLE.

"Suspition is no proofs: Jealousie is an unequal judge:
Bellaria is chast: Egipius blameless: Francon a true sub-
ject: Pandosto treachersou: His baze innocence, and
the king shall live long without an heir, if that which is lost be
not founds."—

(4) Scenen III.—They have scared away two of my best
sheep,—If anyhers I have them, tis by the sea-side,
breeding of voy. This is one of the instances, proving that
Sheakespeare had the novel before him while composing his
drama, in which the identical expression of the original
was transferred to the copy. After recounting how the baby,
which had lain left to the mercies of the "guastful seamen,"
"feasted two whole daies without succour, reddie at every
puff to be drowned in the sea, till at last the tempest
ceased and the little boaste was driven with the tide into
the coaste of Syclia, where sticking upon the sandes it
rested," the novelist proceeds to tell that, "It fortunated a
poore mercurius sheepeherd that dwelld in Syclia, who
got his living by other messe fockes, missed one of his
sheepes, and thinking it had strayed into the covert that was
hard by, sought very diligently to find that which he could
not see, fearing either that the wolves or eagles had un-
done him: for hee as a poore sheepe was hale in his
substance, wandered downe toward the sea clifffes to see if
perchance the sheepe was breseeing on the sea sey, whereas
they greatly doe feede; but not finding her there, as he was
ready to returne to his focke hee heard a childe cry, but
knowing there was no house nere, he thought he had mis-
taken the sound and that it was the bleeting of his sheepe.
Wherefore looking more narrowly, as he cast his eye to
the sea, he spred a little boste, from whence, as he attent-
ively listened, he might heare the crye to come. Standing
a good while in a mane, at last he went to the sheare, and
wading to the boste, as he looked in he saw the little baby
lying asleep ready to die for hunger and colds, wrapsed
in a mantle of scarlet richely embroidered with golds, and
having a chayne about the necke."—

ACT IV.

(1) Scenen II.—Ted my daman. A game more anciently
known as "Pigeon-holes," because the balls were driven
through arches on the board resembling the apertures in a
dove-cote. It is mentioned in a treatise, quoted by Par-
er, on "Backstone Bakes;"—"The ladyes, gentle wo-
men, wyves, mayde, if the weather be not agreeable, may
have in the ende of a benche eleven holes made, into the
which to trumble pumices, or for windinge obers, often
their own discretion: the pasteyme brestes in adance is
turned;" and an illustration, showing the board and mode
of play, can be seen in No. II. in Quarles' "Emblems," 1656, which begins:—

"Prepost'rous fool, thou browst'st smiles:  Thou erist; that's not the way, 'tis this."—

(2) Scenen II.—An ape-label. In explanation of a
passage in Massinger's play of "The Bondman," Act III.
Sc. 3, Gifford has an amusing note on the excellen
displayed by our ancestors in the education of animals:—

"Banke's horse far surpassd all that have been brought
up in the academy of Mr. Astley; and the apes of these
days are mere down to their progenitors. The ape of
Massinger's time was gifted with a pretty smattering of
greek and philosophy. The widow Wind had one among
them:—

"He would come over for all my friends, but was the "dog-

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god's thing to my enemies; he would sit upon his tale
and laugh, and take no notice of the Pope's name.
"—The Farmer's Wedding.
Another may be found in "Sam Allin:"
"May you have vict'rs; remember, noble captain,
You skip when I shall shake my whip. New, sir,
What do you do for the Pope of Rome?
What can you do for the Pope of Rome?"
So retrench not, be moveth not; he wageth not.
What can you do for the town of Geneva, sirrah?
"(Captain holds up his hand," etc.

The occupation of the apes-bearer, then, was to instruct apes in their tumbling, and to exhibit the learned animals for a consideration to the public. The course of tuition must have required no little patience on the part of the teacher, and great dexterity in the pupil; for it usually ended in giving to the apes-bearer an absolute control over the creature, which, by means of some secret correspondence between them, could be made to express either anger or good-humour at the keeper's will. This perfect mastery gave occasion for a saying attributed to James I.—"If I have Jack-a-napes, I can make him bite you; if you have Jack-a-napes, you can make him bite me." In the Indulgence of King James, the steeple-keeper speaks of "a juggler with a well-educated ape, to come over the chain for a King of England, and back again for the prince; and sit still for the Pope and the King of Spain." This evolution of coming over, etc., was performed by the animal's placing his forepaws on the ground, and turning over the chain on his head, and going back again in the same fashion, as the feat is represented in illuminated manuscripts of the fourteenth century.

(3) SCENE II.—Then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son.] A "Motion," though sometimes used to denote a puppet, more frequently signified a puppet-show. In these exhibitions, the successors of the ancient Mysteries, scriptural subjects appear to have been the most attractive. In Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair," Act V. Sc. I., the master of a puppet-show explains,—"O, the motions that I Lanthorn Leatherhead have given light to in my time since my master, Pod, died! I Jove's majestic thing, and so was Nineveh and the City of Norwich, and Bodem and Gomorrah," etc. Mr. Halliwell has given an engraving representing the performance of a Motion of the Prodigal Son, copied from an English woodcut of the seventeenth century; and Strutt, in his "Sports and Pastimes," reprints a Bartholomew Fair showman's bill, which affords a ready picture of what was done in later times. At Crawley's Booth, over against the Crown Tavern in Smithfield, during the time of Bartholomew Fair, will be presented a little opera called the Old Cross of the World, yet newly revived; with the addition of Noah's Flood; also several fountains playing water during the time of the play. The last scene represents Noah and his family coming out of the Ark with all the beasts two and two, and all the fowls of the air seen in a prospect sitting upon trees; likewise over the Ark is seen the Sun rising in a most glorious manner: moreover, a multitude of Angels will be seen in a double rank, which presents a double prospect, one for the sun, the other for a palace, where will be seen six Angels ringers of bells. Likewise Machines descend from above, double and treble, with Dives rising out of Hell, and Lazarus seen in Abraham's bosom." etc.

(4) SCENE II.—
"Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stills, O; A merrily heart goes
All the day, Your and tares in a mile, O.

(5) SCENE III.—
I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across Thy father's ground.

So in the tale—"It happened not long after this that there was a meeting of all the farmers' daughters in Sydells, where Fawne was also hidden as the mistress of the feast, who having attired her self in her best garments, went among the rest of her companions to the merry meeting, there spending the day in such homely pastimes as shepherd's use. As the evening grew on, and their sports ceased, each taking their leave at other. Fawne, desiring one of her companions to bear her company, went home by the fire to see if they were well fed, and as they returned it fortuned that Dorsetus (who all that day had been hawking, and kild's store of game) encountered by the way these two maidens, and casting his eye sedately on Fawne—he was half afraid fearing that with Acteon he had seen Diana; for he thought such exquisite perfection could not be found in any mortal creature."

(6) SCENE III.—
The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and beloved it; the green Neptune
A ram, and blasted; and the fair-riding god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now."

Literally, this is from the novel; but mark the change affected by the few but admirably chosen epithets.
"And yet, Dorsetus, shame not at thy shepherds weeds; the heavenly gods have sometimes earthly thoughts. Neptune became a ram, Jupiter a bull, Apollo a shepherd: they gods, and yet in love; and thou a man appointed to love."
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

(7) SCENE III.—

O, Prosperpina,

For the flowers now, that, freighted, thin let's fail
From Dido's waggon!"

See the passage in Ovid's Metamorphoses, lib. v. Collecti fere tunciae cœlestis remisses,—"

and the following translation by Shakespeare's contemporaries, Golding:

"When season, there stands a lake Pergusa is the name, Carthage heareth not more songs of swans than doth the same. A wood environeth every side the water round about, And with his leaves as with a veil doth keep the sun heat out. The bound twigs yield a cool fresh size: the insinuations of the ground. Pergusa consistit flowers. continual spring is all the year there found. While in this garden Prosperpina was taking her pastime, in gathering either violet sort, or lilies white as line, And while of maidenly desire she filled her hand and lap Endevount to out-gather her companions there by. If Dis strike her, lov't her, caught up, and all at once well So heath, hot, and swift a thing is love, as may appear. The fair blossom white, that could not speak, nor voice. Her mother and her waiting maids, but mother most of all. And as she from the upper part her garment would have cast By chance she let her slip slip downs, and out the flowers went."

(8) SCENE III—Poking-sticks of steel. "These poking-sticks were held in the fire, and made use of to adjust the plaits of ruffs. In Marston's 'Malcontent,' [Act V, Sc. 3] 1604, is the following instance: 'There is such a dame; a pinning these ruffs, when the fine clean fall is worth all; and again, if you should choose to take a map in an afternoon, your falling band requires no poking-stick to recover his form,' &c. Again, in Middleton's comedy of 'Blurt, Master Constable,' [Act III, Sc. 3] 1602: 'Fellows, the ruff must stand in print; and for that purpose, get poking-sticks with fair long handles, lest they scorched your [lily-sweating] hands.' Again, in the Second Part of Shudder's Anatomy of Absence, [Act r, No date: 'They (poking-sticks) be made of yron and steel, as strong as rushes, kept as bright as silver, yea some of silver itself, and it is well if in process of time they grow not to be gold. The fashion wherewith they be made, I cannot resemble to any thing so well as to a squint or a little squibbe which little children used to squirt out water within;' and when they come to starching and setting of their ruffles, then must this instrument be seasoned in the fire, the better to stiffen the ruffs,' &c."

(9) SCENE III—Of a fish, that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the fourteenth of April, &c.] 'The Shakespearean era was the age of ballads, broadsides, and fugitive pieces on all kinds of wonders, which were current,—at least, they were numerous—corrections of facts or mere inventions. The present document belongs to that period, not a little, satiric, but it may be curiously illustrated by an early ballad of a fish, copied from the unique exemplar preserved in the Miller collection, entitled,—The description of a rare or rather monstrous fish, taken on the east cost of Holland the year 1599. In 1639 was published a prose broadside, containing,—A true description of this monstrous strange fish, which was taken on Wednesday was smurknight, the 16 day of June, this present month, in the year of our Lord God, 1639. Finis, Q. C. R.—Imprinted at London, in Fleetstreet, beneath the conduit, at the sign of Saint John Evangelist, by Thomas Colwell.' In 1604 was entered on the books of the Starver Company: 'A strange report of a monstrous fish that appeared in the form of a woman, from her week upturned, seen in the sea; and in May of the same year, 'a ballad called a ballad of a strange and monstrous fish seen in the sea on Friday the 17th of Febr. 1604.' Here also, a broadside poem, which contains a register of all the shows of London from 1602 to 1642, is a licence to Francis Sharrett to show a strange fish for a year, from the 10th of March, 1632.'—HALLIWELL.

(10) SCENE III.—Men of hair.] A dance in which the performers wear grotesque diadems, diaphanous drapery, a feature of the entertainment on festival occasions in olden time, and this species of masquèrde is connected with a very tragic incident, graphically told by Froissart, which occurred at the French court in 1592—"It soon after the retaining of the forswaid knight, a marriage was made in the king's house between a young knight of Vermansardi and one of the queen's gentlemeny; and as he was in the chamber, where the king's uncle, and other lords, ladies, and ladies, assembled. So great a triumph: there was the Duke of Orleans, Berry, and Bourgoyne, and their wives, dancing and making great joy. The king made a grand supper to the lords and ladies, and the queen kept her estate disiring every man to be merry: and there was a square of Normandy, called Hugremery, he advised to make some amends for the marriage, which was not made, a Tuesday before Candlemas, he provided for a mummery against night: he devised six costs made of linen cloth, were covered with pitch, and theron flax-like hair, and had them ready in a chamber. The king put on one of them, and Sir John of Vours, a young, lusty knight, and Sir Charles of Polliers the third, who was son to the earl of Valentineys, and Sir Juan of Focht another, and the son of the Lord Nauorthilliet had on the fifth, and the square himself had on the sixth; and when they were thus arrayed in these said costs, and sewed fast in them, they seemed like wild woodhousees, full of hair from the top of the head to the sole of the foot. This device pleased the French king, and was well content with the square for it. They were apparelled in these costs secretly in a chamber, but no man knew there's, not such an auspiced them. When Sir Juan of Focht had well devised these costs, he said to the king,—Sir, command straightly that no man should put yon torches withifty torches, until the fire fasten in any of these costs, we shall all be burnt without formed that, soon after the fire was lighted, and said,—Juan, ye speak well and wisely: it shall be done as ye have devised; and incontinent sent for an usher of his chamber, commanded him to light fifty torches, and command all the varlets holding torches to stand up by the walls, and none of them to approach near to the woodhousees that should come thither to dance. The usher did the king's commandment, which was fulfilled. Soon after the Duke of Orleans entered into the hall, accompanied with four knights and six torches, and knew nothing of the king's commandment for the torches, nor any of the mummers that was on the physician, but though aIn the mean season great mischief fell on the other, and by reason of the Duke of Orleans; howbeit, it was by ignorance, and against the will, for if he had considered before the mischief that fell, he would not have done as he did for all the good in the world: but he was so desirous to know what personages the five were that danced, he put one of the torches that his servant held so near, that the heat of the fire entered into the flux (wherein if fire take there is no remedy, and suddenly was on a bright flame, and so each of them set fire on other; the pitch was so fastened to the linen cloth, and their shirts so dry and fine, and so joining to the shirt, that fastened to the hand, and to cry for help, he began to burn and to cry, and another, having burnt some comes near them; they that did burn their hands by reason of the heat of the pitch: one of them called *Savages.*
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

Nanthorhuliet advised him how the botry was thereby; he fled thither, and cast himself into a vessel full of water, wherein they rinsed pots, which saved him, or else he had been dead as the other were; yet he was sore hurt with the fire. When the queen heard the cry that they made, she doubted her of the king, for she knew well that he should be one of the six; therewith she fell into a swoon, and knights and ladies came and comforted her. A piteous noise was in the hall. The Duchess of Berry delivered the king from that peril, for she did cast over him the train of her gown, and covered him from the fire. The king would have gone from her. Whitner will ye go? quoth she; ye see well how your company burns. What say ye? shall ye quoth he. Haste ye, quoth she, and get you into other apparel, and come to the queen. And the Duchess of Berry had somewhat comforted her, and had showed her how she should see the king shortly. Therewith the king came to the queen, and as soon as she saw him, for joy she embraced him and fell in a swoon; then she was borne to her chamber, and the king went with her. And the bastard of Foix, who was all on a fire, cried ever with a loud voice. Save the king, save the king! Thus was the king saved. It was happy for him that he went from his company, for else he had been dead without remedy. This great mischief fell thus about midnight in the hall of Saint Powie in Paris, where there was two burnt to death in the place, and other two, the bastard of Foix and the Earl of Jowry, borne to their lodgings, and died within two days after in great misery and pain."

ACT V.

(1) SCENE III.—The maudinace upon her kip is set.] However general the distaste for colouring sculpture in the present day, there can be no denying that the practice is of very high antiquity; since the painted low reliefs found in such profusion in the Egyptian tombs are usually assigned to the period B.C. 2490. In those remains there appears to have been the same intention as that shown in the coloured Monumental Elegies of the later middle ages and the sixteenth century; namely, the production of a perfect and substantial image of the person represented, painted with his natural complexion and apparelled "in his habit as he lived." In this view of the custom it may be divested of much of its bad taste; especially if we suppose that really eminent artists were frequently employed as well on the painting of the figure as on the modelling and carving it. The later commentators only have taken this the true view of the status of Hermon; though they have all pointed out the poet's error in representing Giulio Romano as a sculptor. We are inclined to doubt, however, whether Shakespeare committed any mis-
take upon the subject: when he calls the statue "A place many years in doing, and now newly performed," he may have remembered that Vasari, Romano's contemporary, has recorded that "over his paintings he sometimes consumed months and even years, until they became wearisome to him." And when he represents this artist as colouring sculpture, he may have recollected the same authority states, that Giulio Romano built a house for himself in Mantua, opposite to the church of St. Barnaba, "The front of this he adorned with a fantastic decoration of coloured effigies; causing it at the same time to be painted and adorned with stucco-work within." It will be readily admitted that when the practice of making painted effigy portraits and busts was established, the greatest talent as well as the most inferior might be employed on the colouring; and Vasari adds further, that Giulio Romano would not refuse to set his hand to the most trifling matter, when the object was to do a service to his lord or to give pleasure to his friends.
CRITICAL OPINIONS ON THE WINTER’S TALE.

"The Winter’s Tale" is as appropriately named as 'The Midsummer Night's Dream.' It is one of those tales which are peculiarly calculated to beguile the dreary leisure of a long winter evening, and are even attractive and intelligible to childhood, while, animated by fervent truth in the delineation of character and passion, and invested with the embellishments of poetry, lowering itself, as it were, to the simplicity of the subject, they transport even manhood back to the golden age of imagination. The calculation of probabilities has nothing to do with such wonderful and fleeting adventures, when all end at last in universal joy: and, accordingly, Shakespeare has here taken the greatest licence of anachronisms and geographical errors; not to mention other incongruities, he opens a free navigation between Sicily and Bohemia, makes Giulio Romano the contemporary of the Delphic oracle. The piece divides itself in some degree into two plays. Leontes becomes suddenly jealous of his royal bosom-friend Polixenes, who is on a visit to his court; makes an attempt on his life, from which Polixenes only saves himself by a clandestine flight;—Hermione, suspected of infidelity, is thrown into prison, and the daughter which she there brings into the world is exposed on a remote coast;—the accused queen, declared innocent by the oracle, on learning that her infant son has pined to death on her account, falls down in a swoon, and is mourned as dead by her husband, who becomes sensible, when too late, of his error: all this makes up the first three acts. The last two are separated from these by a chasm of sixteen years; but the foregoing tragical catastrophe was only apparent, and this serves to connect the two parts. The princess, who has been exposed on the coast of Polixenes' kingdom, grows up among low shepherds; but her tender beauty, her noble manners, and elevation of sentiment, bespeak her descent; the Crown Prince Florizel, in the course of his hawking, falls in with her, becomes enamoured, and courts her in the disguise of a shepherd; at a rural entertainment Polixenes discovers their attachment, and breaks out into a violent rage; the two lovers seek refuge from his persecutions at the court of Leontes in Sicily, where the discovery and general reconciliation take place. Lastly, when Leontes beholds, as he imagines, the statue of his lost wife, it descends from the niche: it is she herself, the still living Hermione, who has kept herself so long concealed; and the piece ends with universal rejoicing. The jealousy of Leontes is not, like that of Othello, developed through all its causes, symptoms, and variations; it is brought forward at once full grown and mature, and is portrayed as a distempered frenzy. It is a passion whose effects the spectator is more concerned with than its origin, and which does not produce the catastrophe, but merely ties the knot of the piece. In fact, the poet might perhaps have wished slightly to indicate that Hermione, though virtuous, was too warm in her efforts to please Polixenes; and it appears as if this germ of inclination first attained its proper maturity in their children. Nothing can be more fresh and youthful, nothing at once so ideally pastoral and princely, as the love of Florizel and Perdita; of the prince, whom love converts into a voluntary shepherd; and the princess, who betrays her exalted origin without knowing it, and in whose hands nosegays become crowns. Shakespeare has never hesitated to place ideal poetry side by side of the most vulgar prose: and in the world of reality also this is generally the case. Perdita's foster-father and his son are both made simple boors, that we may the more distinctly see how all that ennobles her belongs only to herself. Autolycus, the merry pedlar and pickpocket, is inimitably portrayed, is necessary to complete the rustic feast, which Perdita on her part seems to render meet for an assemblage of gods in disguise."—Schlegel.
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