SHAKESPEARE'S
PLAY
A WINTER'S TALE
EDITED BY
HOWARD STAUNTON
ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GILBERT
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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 (Mus. 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 ther howe Lyontes the Kinge of Cicillia was overcom with jelosy of his wife with the Kinge of Bohemia, his frind, that came to see him, and howe he contrived his death, and wold have had his cup-berer to have poisoned, 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 aunswer of Apollo that she was gilless, and that the kinge was jelouse, &c., and howe, except the child was found againe that was loste, 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 sonn married that wentch: 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 jewells found about her, she was known to be Leontes daughter, and was then 16. yers old.

"Remember also the rog [rogue] that cam in all totterd like roll pixvi * and howe he fayned him sicke and to have him robbed of all that he had, and howe he cosened the por man of all his money, and after cam to the shop ther [sheep she] with a pedlers packe, and ther cosened them again of all their money; and how he changed apparell with the Kinge of Bomia, his sonn, and then hoe he turned courtier, &c. Beware of trustinge feined beggars or fawninge fellouse."†

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 5th 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 Elizabeth, 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 playe called Winters Tale, formerly allowed of by Sir George Bucke and likewise by mee on Mr. Hemminges his worde that there was nothing prophane added or reformed, thoighe 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, "Coll Pixci."
† From a carefully executed copy made from the original by Mr. Halliwell.

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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 by a pleasant Historie, that although by the meannes of sinister fortune, Truth may be concealed yet by Time in sight of fortune it is most manifestly revealed. Pleasant for age to avoide drouste thoughts, profitable for youth to eschue other wanton pastimes, and bringing to both a desired content.

Persons Represented.

Leontes, King of Sicilia.
Mamillius, Son to Leontes.
Camillo,
Antigonus,
Cleomenes,
Dion,
Another Sicilian Lord.
Rogero, a Sicilian Gentleman.
An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
Poliixenes, King of Bohemia.
Florizel, Son to Polixenes.
Archidamus, a Bohemian Lord.
Paulina's Steward.

A Mariner.
Gaoler.
An old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clown, Son to the old Shepherd.
Autolycus, a Rogue.
Time, as Chorus.
Hermione, Queen to Leontes.
Perdita, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
Paulina, Wife to Antigonus.

Emilia,
Two Ladies,
Mopsa,
Dobca,

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

SCENE,—Sometimes in Sicilia; sometimes in Bohemia.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. An Antechamber in Leontes' Palace.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

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

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

SCENE II.—The same. A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter Leonatus, Polixenes, Hermione, Mamilius, Camillo, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the wat'ry star have been The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne Without a burden: time as long again Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks; And yet we should, for perpetuity, Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher, Yet standing in rich place, I multiply, With one we-thank-you, many thousands more That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks awhile, And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow. I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance Or breed upon our absence; that may blow No sneaking winds at home, to make us say,

a — shook hands, as over a vast; b — one that, indeed, physics the subject, c — Subject, d — that may blow

No sneaking winds at home, to make us say, 'This is put forth too truly!' e — 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. We'll part the time between's then; and in that

I'll no gainsaying.

Pol. Press me not, beseech you, so;

There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world, So soon as yours could win me: so it should now, Were there necessity in your request, although I were needful I denied it. My affairs 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. Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until [sir, 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 by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him, He's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione. Her. To tell him 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 distress. Yet of your royal presence [To Polixenes.] I'll adventure The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia You take my lord, I'll give him my commission, To let him there a month, behind the gest* Prefix'd for's parting; yet, good deed, Leonatus, I love thee not a jar 'o' the clock behind What lady-she her lord.—You'll stay?

* — Prefix'd, for's parting; b — the God of this great vast, rebuke these surges.

f — a <s>well</s> named, w<sup>2</sup> the name of the scroll containing the route and restings-places of royalty during a progress, and Hermione's meaning may be,—when he visits Bohemia he shall have my licence to prolong his sojourn a month beyond the time prescribed for his departure. But gest, or fest, also signified a show or revelry, and it is not impossible that the sense intended was,—he shall have my permission to remain a month after the farewell entertainment.

g — What lady-she her lord.—Mr. Collier's annotator suggests, prosaically enough, "What lady should her lord." The difficulty in the expression arises, we apprehend, solely from the omission of the hyphen in "lady-she:" that restored, the sense is unmistakable—"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. 3,—

"I'll kiss him for the honour of my couTry, With any she in Corinth."
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<td>Hen.</td>
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<td>Pol.</td>
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<td>Should yet say, Sir, no going. Verily,</td>
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<td>Hen.</td>
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<td>Pol.</td>
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<td>Hen.</td>
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<td>Pol.</td>
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<td>Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.</td>
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<td>Our praises are our wages: you may ride us</td>
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<td>Hen.</td>
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<td>With one soft kiss a thousand furloongs, ere</td>
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| Hen. | Than you to punish. | With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal; —
| Pol. | Not your gaoler, then, | My last good deed was to entreat his stay; |
| Pol. | But your kind hostess. Come, I’ll question you | What was my first? it has an elder sister, |
| Pol. | Of my lord’s tricks and yours when you were boys: | Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace! |
| Pol. | You were pretty lordings then? | But once before I spoke to the purpose: when? |
| Pol. | We were, fair queen, | Nay, let me have’t; I long. |
| Hen. | Two lads that thought there was no more behind, | Leon. | Why, that was when |
| Hen. | But such a day to-morrow as to-day, | Three crabbed months had sow’d themselves to |
| Hen. | And to be boy eternal. | death, |
| Hen. | Was not my lord the verier wag o’ the two? | Ere I could make thee open thy white hand, |
| Pol. | We were as twinn’d lambs that did frisk | And clasp myself my love; then didst thou utter, |
| Pol. | i’ the sun, | I am yours for ever. |
| Hen. | And blest the one at th’ other: what we chang’d | Hen. | ’Tis Grace, indeed! — |
| Hen. | Was innocence for innocence; we knew not | Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose |
| Hen. | The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream’d | twice; |
| Hen. | That any did. Had we pursu’d that life, | The one for ever earn’d a royal husband; |
| Hen. | And our weak spirits n’e’r been higher rear’d | The other for some while a friend. |
| Hen. | With stronger blood, we should have answer’d | [Giving her hand to Polixenes. |
| Hen. | heaven | [Aside.] Too hot, too hot! |
| Hen. | Boldly, Not guilty; the imposition clear’d, | To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods. |
| Hen. | Hereditary ours.* | I have tremor cordis on me,—my heart dances,— |
| Hen. | By this we gather, | But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment |
| Hen. | You have tripp’d since. | May a free face put on; derive a liberty |
| Pol. | O, my most sacred lady, | From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom, |
| Pol. | Temptations have since then been born to us! | And well become the agent: 't may, I grant: |
| Pol. | In those unfrug’d days was my wife a girl; | But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers, |
| Pol. | Your precious self had then not cross’d the eyes | As now they are; and making practis’d smiles, |
| Pol. | Of my young play-fellow. | As in a looking-glass;—and then to sigh, as ’t were |
| Hen. | Grace to boot! | The mort o’ the deer; 4 O, that is entertainment |
| Hen. | Of this make no conclusion, lest you say | My bosom likes not, nor my brows!—Mamillius, |
| Hen. | Your queen and I are devils: yet, go on; | Art thou my boy? |
| Hen. | The offences we have made you do, we’ll answer, | Mam. | Ay, my good lord. |

* the imposition clear’d, Hereditary ours. |

That is, were the penalty remitted which we inherit from the transgression of our first parents.

4 The mort o’ the deer] The mort o’ most 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 " neat."
Leon. I' fecks? Why, that's my bawcock. 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 Polixenes 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, 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, as wind, as waters;—false
As dice are to 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: sweet villain!
Most dearest! my collop?—Can thy dam?
may't be
Affection thy intention stabs the centre?
Thou dost make possible things not so held?
Communicat'st with dreams?—How! can this be?

* I' fecks! A popular corruption of "in faith," it is supposed.
— a turfed head or brow.
"As o'er-dyed blacks,—" absurdly changed by Mr. Collier's
annotator to, "our dead blacks." "Blacks" 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

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— text be admissible, we should read, "oft dyed blacks." Thus,
in Webster's "Dutchess of Malfi," Act V. Sc. 2,—
"I do not think but sorrow makes her look
Like to an oft dy'd garment."

— welkin eye: That is, sky-coloured eye.
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing? Then 't is very credent,
Thou mayst co-join with something; * and thou dost,—
And that beyond commission; b and I find it,—
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. How, my lord!

What cheer? how is't with you, best brother? e

* Can thy dam—may't be
Affection thy intention stab's the centre?
Thou dost make possible things not so held?
Communicat'st with dreams?—How! can this be!—
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing? Then 't is very credent,
Thou mayst co-join with something; &c.)

"Affection" here means imagination; "intention" signifies n tense or intensity; and the allusion, though the commentators have all missed it, is plainly to that mysterious principle 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, Leontes asks, "Can it be possible a mother's vehement imagination should penetrate even to the womb, and there imprint 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.

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

Pol. How, my lord!
What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?]

"In the folio, the words 'What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?' have the prefix 'Leo,'" Hanmer assigned them to Polixenes. Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight restore them—very injudiciously, I think—to Leontes. (I suspect that the true reading here is—

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

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

Drue.

4—mehought I did recoi—] Mr. Collier, upon the strength of a MS. annotation in Lord Ellesmere's copy of the first folio, prints "my thoughts I did recoi," but "mehoughts" of the original was often used for "mehought." So, in the folio text of "Richard III." Act I. Sc. 4,—

4 Me thoughts that I had broken from the tower," &c.

And in the same scene,—

"Me thoughts I saw a thousand fearfull wrackes," &c.
Lea 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, a 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
dole!—My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?
POL. If at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, mine soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December;
And with his varying childlessness in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.
LEON. So stands this squire
Off'd with me. We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:
Next to thyself and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.
HER. If you would seek us,
We are yours? the garden: shall's attend you
there?
LEON. To your own bents dispose you: you'll
be found,
Be you beneath the sky.—[Aside.] I 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!—
[Exeunt 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 kiss me to my grave; contempt and glamour
Will be my knell.—Go play, boy, play.—There
have been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckold's ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
(Now, while I speak this) holds his wife by th' arm,
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 Mamilius.
Camillo, this great sir 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; whispering, rounding,
Sicilia is a—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, isn't,
But of the finer natures? by some several

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a 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 peaseeed,

b Will you take eggs for money?] This was a proverbial phrase,
implying, Will you suffer yourself to be caleded?

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

d To her allowing husband?] That is, probably, her allowed, her
lawful husband.

e fork'd one.] A horned one. So in "Othello," Act III.
Sc. 5,—

"Even then this fork'd plague is fated to us
When we do quicken."
THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I.

Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes*
Perchance are to this business purblind? say.
Cam. Business, my lord? I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.
Leon. Ha?
Cam. Stays here longer.
Leon. Ay, but why?
Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.
Leon. Satisfy
The entreaties of your mistress?—satisfy!—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the near'st things to my heart, as well
My chamber-counsels, wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleane'd my bosom.—I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.
Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!
Leon. To bide upon't—thou art not honest: or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,
Which boxxes* honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd; or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool, [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, 't was a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.
Leon. Have not you seen, Camillo,
(But that's past doubt,—you have, or your eye-
glass

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* lower messes—] Meaning inferior persons; such as sat at meals below the salt.
*b To bide upon't—] This expression appears to mean, as Mr. Dyce has shown by examples,—My abiding opinion is.
*c boxxes—] To box or boxeth is to hamstring.
*d its—] The comparatively frequent use of the impersonal "it", (though, for the most part, with the apostrophe, it's,) in this piece, while it is found but rarely in any of the other plays; in many, not at all; may be taken as an indication that "The
Is 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 flax-wench that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say't, and justify't.
Cam. I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so. without
My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate were sin
As deep as that, though true.
Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning check to check? is meeting noes?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these
things,
If this be nothing.
Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseases opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.
Leon. Say it be; 'tis true.
Cam. No, no, my lord.
Leon. It is; you lie, you lie!
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both. Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.
Cam. Who does infect her?
Leon. Why, he that wears her like her medal,
hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: who—if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thirsts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,

(*) Old text, Holy-Horse.

Winter's Tale" was one of the poet's latest productions. See note (3), p. 330, Vol. I.

— that does not think it—] The section of the second folio, as least in some copies of that edition; the first has, "—that don't
not thinks," &c.

f the pin and web.—] Has before been explained to mean the disorder of the sight called a cataract.

203
His cupbearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship; who mayst see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am gaull'd,—mightest bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.
CAM. Sir, my lord,*
I could do this; and that with no rash potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work
Maliciously like poison: but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignty being honourable.
I have lov'd thee,§
LEON. Make that thy question, and go rot!
Dost think I am so muddily, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation? sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,—
Which to preserve is sleep; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?
Give scandal to the blood of 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 bencil?
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;—
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart.
Do't not, thou split'st at thine own.
CAM. I'll do't, my lord.
LEON. I will seem friendly, as thou hast adv
vis'd me.(3) [Exit.
CAM. O miserable lady!—But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes; and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master; one;
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have

* Sir, my lord.—] With his usual ignorance of Shakespearean phraseology, Mr. Collier's ever-meddling annotator, both here and in Act III. Sc. 1, where Perdita says—"Sir, my gracious lord," &c., for "Sir," reads "Sure." And Mr. Collier, mindless of Paulina's "Sir, my liege, your eye hath too much youth," &c. in Act V. Sc. 1, of this very play; of Prospero's—"Sir, my liege, do not infect your mind," &c.; of Hamlet's—"Sir, my good friend," &c., chooseth to adopt the substitution, and tells us, "Sure" is "evidently 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 Leontes 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 success we are gentle.—] By succession from whom we derive gentility.
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison 't not
In ignorant concealment.

CAM. I may not answer.

POL. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well! I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo? I conjure thee, by all the parts of man Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare What incidency thou dost guess of harm Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near; Which way to be prevented, if to be; If not, how best to bear it.

CAM. Sir, I 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!

POL. On, good Camillo.

CAM. I am appointed him to murder you! a

POL. By whom, Camillo?

CAM. By the king.

POL. For what?

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

As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice 'you to',—that you have touch'd his queen Forbiddenly.

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

Turn then my freshest reputation to A savour that may strike the dullest nostril Where I arrive, and my approach be shun'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection That e'er was heard or read!

CAM. Swear his thought over c By each particular star in heaven, and By all their influences, you may as well Forbid the sea for to obey the moon, As, or by oath remove, or counsel shake The fabric of his folly, whose foundation Is pud'd upon his faith, and will continue The standing of his body.

POL. How should this grow? CAM. I know not; but I am sure 'tis safer to Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born. If therefore you dare trust my honesty,— That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night! Your followers I will whisper to the business; And will, by twos and threes, at several posterns,

a I am appointed him to murder you! I am the agent fixed upon to murder you.

b To vice you to't,—] To screw you to it. So in "Twelfth Night," Act V. Sc. 1. —

"— I partly know the instrument That screws me from my true place in your favour."

c Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best!] That is, with the name of Judas.

d Swear his thought over—] Theobald suggested,—"Swear this thought, over," which, besides being foreign to the mode of expression in Shakespeare's time, is a change quite uncalled for; to swear over—over-swear, is merely to over-swear.
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.

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

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-'a'en suspicion!\(^b\) Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'st my life off hence: let us avoid.

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

[Exeunt.\(^4\)]
ACT II.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. The Palace.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, and Ladies.

Her. 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? It has been customary, since the time
of Rowe, to read,—"Who taught you this?" though in the old text
the presoun 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 apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these 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!
Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you?—Come,
sir, now
I am for you again: pray you, sit by us,
And tell's a tale.
Mam. Merry, or sad, shall't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A sad tale's best for winter:
I have one of sprites and goblins.
Her. Let's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down:—come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites; you're powerful
at it.
Mam. There was a man,—
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!— Alack, for lesser knowledge!—how accurs'd In being so bless'd!—There may be in the cup A spider steep'd;* and one may drink, depart,* And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge Is not infected: but if one present 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 true that is mistrusted:—that false villain, Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him; He has discover'd my design, and I Remain a pinch'd thing;* yea, a very trick For them to play at will.—How came the posterns So easily open?—

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 Mamilitus, with some of the Attendants. With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes Has made thee swell thus.

HER. But I'd say he had not,—

---

* A spider steep'd, &c. 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. So, in Middleton's "No Wit, no Help like a Woman," Act II. Sc. 1.—

"Even when my lip touch'd the contracting cup, Even then to see the spider!"

---

And I'll be sworn,—you would believe my saying, Howe'er you lean to the wayward.

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 sear 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 be't known, From him that has most cause to grieve it should be, She's an adventess!

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, Least 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 adventess; I have said with whom: More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is A federary* 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.
ACT II.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

SCENE I.

HER. There's some ill planet reigns: I must be patient till the heavens look With an aspect more favourable. — Good my lords, I am not prone to weeping, as our sex Commonly are,—the want of which vain dew Perchance shall dry your pities,—but I have That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burrs Worse than tears drawn: beseech you all, my lords, With thoughts so qualifié as your charities Shall best instruct you, measure me; — and so The king's will be perform'd!

LEON. Shall I be heard? [To the Guards.]

HER. Who is't that goes with me? — Beseech your highness, My women may be with me, for, you see, My plight requires it.—Do not weep, good fools; There is no cause: when you shall know your mistress Has desert'd prison, then abound in tears As I come out: this action I now go on Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord: I never wish'd to see you sorry; now [Leave. I trust I shall;[1] My women, come; you have Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence!

[Exeunt Queen and Ladies, with Guards.

1 LORD. Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

ANT. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer, Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 LORD. For her, my lord, I dare my life lay down, and will do't, 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.

Leon. Hold your peace.

[* If it go so She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where I lodge my wife; I'll go to 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 faintest perception of what it means. The accepted explanation, that by "I'll keep my stables where I lodge my wife," etc. Anti- gonus 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!" sets gravity completely at defiance. What he means—and the excessive garrulousness of the idea can hardly be excused—is, unquestionably, that if Hermione be proved incontinent he should believe every woman is unchaste; his own wife as licentious as Semiramis, ("Equum adamantum a Semiramide," Sec.—Plyng, 1. viii. e. 42.) and where he lodger 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 has seen its application here.

For example:

b "Iironio, keep the gate."—Comedy of Errors, Act II. Sc. 2.

c "Keep the door close, sirrah."—Henry VIII. Act V. Sc. 1.

1 LORD. Good my lord,—

ANT. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves, You are abus'd, and by some putter-on, That will be damn'd for 't; would I knew the villain, I would land-damm'em 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 geld '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.

Leon. Cease! no more.

You smell this business with a sense as cold As is a dead man's nose: but I do see 't and feel 't, As you feel doing thus; and see withal The instruments that feel.6

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 dungi earth.

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 damn'd for 't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we Commune with you of this, but rather follow Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness Imparts this: which, if you (or stupefied, Or seeming so in skill) cannot or will not Relish a truth, like us, inform yourselves We need no more of your advice: the matter, The loss, the gain, the ordering on 't, is all Properly ours.

ANT. And I wish, my liege, You had only in your silent judgment tried it, Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?

Either thou art most ignorant by age,

1 "I thank you: keep the door."—Hamlet, Act IV. Sc. 5.
2 "Gratiano, keep the house," etc.—Othello, Act V. Sc. 2.
3 "— and by some putter-on,—" "Putter-on" appears to have been a term of reproach, implying an instigator, or plotter. It occurs again in "Henry VIII."—Act I. Sc. 2. See note (b), p. 650, Vol. II.
4 "land-damm him." "Land-damm" may almost with certainty be pronounced corrupt. The only tolerable attempt to extract sense from it, as it stands, is that of Rann, who conjectured that it meant "condemned to the punishment of being built up in the earth"—a torture mentioned in "Titus Andronicus," Act V. Sc. 3,—
5 "Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him," etc.
6 — and see withal The instruments that feel.

A stage direction of some kind is required at these words. Hunter gives, "Laying hold of his arm;" Dr. Johnson, "Striking his brows."
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd, sight only, 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, 'twere
Most piteous to be wild) I have dispatch'd in post
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency.
Now, from the oracle
They will bring all;
whose spiritual counsel
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

1 Lobd. Well done, my lord.

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
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it
good,
From our free person she should be confin'd,
Lest 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.

Ant. [Aside.] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [Exit.]

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. 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
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. [Exit Attendants.}
GAOL. And, madam, I must be present at your conference.

PAUL. Well, be it so, pray thee. [Exit 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 borne greater) She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

PAUL. A boy?

EMIL. A daughter; and a goodly babe, Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives Much comfort in't: says, My poor prisoner, I am innocent as you.

PAUL. I dare be sworn:— These dangerous unsafe lunes* i' the king! be- shrow them! He must be told on 't, and he shall: the office Becomes a woman best; I'll take 't upon-me: If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister, And never to my red-look'd anger be The trumpet any more.—Pray you, Emilia, Command 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 loudest. We do not know How he may soften at the sight o' 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.

* These dangerous unsafe lunes— To remedy the apparent tautology in this line, Mr. Collier's annotator would have us read, —still more tautologically,—

** These dangerous unsafe lunes,** &c. But the old text needs no alteration; "dangerous," like its syno-

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 o' the cause, She the adulteress; for the harlot kind 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? 1 ATTEND. 

[Advancing.] My lord! LEON. How does the boy? 1 ATTEND. He took good rest to-night; 'T is 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 mesoley:—go, See how he fares. [Exit Attend.]—Fie, fie! no thought of him;— The very thought of my revenges that way Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty, And in his parties, his alliance,—let him be, Until a time may serve: for present vengeance, Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow: They should not laugh, if I could reach them: nor Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, with a Child.

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

sym "perilous," was sometimes used for being, contentious, mischievous; and in some such sense may very well stand here. b — out of the blank

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

Ant. That's enough.

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. 'T is such as you,—

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

Leon. What* noise there ho?

(*) First folio, who.
ACT II.}

THE WINTER'S TALE.

[Scene i]

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 professes
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dares
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; commends it to your blessing.
[laying down the child.
Leon. Out! A mankind! witch! Hence with her, out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd!—
Paul. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that as you
In so entitling me: and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.
Leon. Traitors!—
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.—
Thou dotard! [To Antigonus.] thou art woman-tir'd, unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here:—take up the bastard;
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.
Paul. Unwaverable 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 'twere past
all doubt
You'd call your children yours.
Leon. A nest of traitors!—Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor 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 callat,
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire!
Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
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 he does,
Her children not her husband's!
Leon. A gross hag!—
And, losel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.
Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.
Leon. Once more, take her hence!—Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.
Leon. I 'll have thee burn'd.
Paul. I care not:
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in 't. I 'll not call you tyrant;

*—in comforting your evils,—] "Comforting" is here employed in the old and forensic sense of encouraging, abetting, &c.
—a mankind! witch!] See note (b), p. 167.
—honest—] That is, chaste.
—woman-tir'd,—] As we say, hen-pecked.
—by that forced baseness—] By that false appellation, bastard.

Overbury quotes this "old proverb" in his character of "A Sergeant":—"The devill taketh him his white sonne; he is so like him, that he is the worst for it, and bee lokes after his father."—Overbury's Works, Ed. 1616.

Said to be derived from the Saxon losian, to lose, and to mean an abandoned, worthless fellow.
ACT II.

WINTER'S TALE. [SCENE III.]

But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation [savours
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy] something
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

LEON. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,
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 wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

ANT. I did not, sir:
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. [credit:
1 LORD. Beseech your highness, give us better
We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech a
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 let it live:—
It shall not neither. You, sir, come you hither;
[To ANTONIOUS.
You that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life,—for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey, b—what will you ad
venturer
To save this brat's life?

b — and beseech —] Here again in the old text the elision of you
is marked by an apostrophe; thus, beseech 't.
1 — So sure as this beard's grey, —] Unless we read according to
a marginal annotation in Lord Ellesmere's copy of the first folio,
—"plug beard," we must suppose the king to point to, or touch the
beard of Antigonus; he himself, who twenty-three years before
the play began was unbreached, could hardly have a grey beard.

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 will perform my bidding.

ANT. I will, my lord.

LEON. Mark, and perform it, seest thou; for the fail
Of any point in 't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'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 its 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 4 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 savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! — and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! (c)

LEON.

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

2 ATTEND. Please your highness, posts,
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: 't is good speed; foretells
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
 Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath
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.
Enter Cleomenes and Dion.

Cleo. The climate's delicate; the air most sweet;
Fertile the isle; the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
(Methinks I so should term them) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i'the offering!

Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o'the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If 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! [Exeunt.

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.

Offi. 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 crier, is evident. Compare the opening of the scene of Queen Katharine's trial in "Henry VIII."
Enter Hermione, guarded; Paulina and Ladies, attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Offi. [Reads.] Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia; and — pretence — That is, plot, design, &c. So, in "Macbeth," Act II. Sc. 1. —

conspiring 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.

Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice
Her. Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say, Not guilty; mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus,—If powers divine
Behold our human actions (as they do),
I doubt not, then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know
(Who least will seem to do so) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd
And play'd to take spectators; for behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter, The mother to a hopeful prince,—here staidling, To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it As I weigh grief, a which I would spare: for honour, 't is a derivative from me to mine, And only that I stand for. I appeal To your own conscience, air, 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 near'st of kin Cry Fire! upon my grave!"

Leon. I ne'er heard yet That any of these bolder vices wanted Less impudence to gainsay what they did, Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough; Though 't is a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not

At all acknowledge. For Polixenes, (With whom I am 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 yourself commanded: Which not to have done, I think had been in me Both disobedience and ingratitude To you and toward your friend; whose love had spoke, Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely, That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy, I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd For me to try how: all I know of it, Is that Camillo was an honest man; And why he left your court, the gods themselves, Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know What you have underta'en to do in's absence.

Hrn. Sir, You speak a language that I understand not:

My life stands in the level of your dreams, Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams; You had a bastard by Polixenes, And I but dream'd it:—as you were past all shame, (Those of your fact are so,) so past all truth; Which to deny, concerns more than avails; for as Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself, No father owning it, (which is, indeed, More criminal in thee than it) so thou Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage, Look for no less than death."

Her. Sir, spare your threats; The bug which you would fright me with, I seek. To me can life be no commodity: The crown and comfort of my life, your 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, Hal'd out to murder: myself on every post Proclaim'd a trumpet; with immodest hatred, The child—bed privilege denied, which 'longs To women of all fashion:—lastly, hurried Here to this place, 't the open air, before I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege, Tell me what blessings I have here alive, That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed. But yet hear this; mistake me not:—no life,— I prize it not a straw:—but for mine 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 'tis rigour, and not law.—Your honours all, I do refer me to the oracle: Apollo be my judge! (2)

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

[Exeunt certain Officers.]

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

This is not remarkably periscipuous; the sense appears to be,—By what unwarrantable familiarity have I lapsed, that I should be made to stand as a public criminal thus! ° —in the level—To be in the level is to be within the range or compass;—"and therefore when under his covert or perturbation he is gotten within his level and hath the wind's fit and certaine, then hee shall make choice of his mark," &c.—MARKHAM'S Huber's Prevention, 1631, p. 45. 4 (Phase of your fact)—Those of your crime. Thus is "Pericles," Act IV. Sc. 3,—

"Becoming well thy fact." ° —in it most innocent mouth,— See note (b), p. 214.
Re-enter Officers, with Cleomenes and Dion.

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

Offl. [Reads.] Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.

[Reads.]

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo! Here. Praised! Leon. Hast thou read truth? Offl. 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.

Att. My lord the king, the king! Leon. What is the business? Att. O sir, I shall be hated to report it! The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear Of the queen's speed, is gone.

Leon. How! gone?

Att. 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:— Beseech you tenderly apply to her Some remedies for life.—

[Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Hermione.

Apollo, pardon My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!— I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;

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

b No richer than his honour, how he glistereth Through my rust! and how his piety Does my deeds make the blacker! The force of this is miserably enfeebled by the punctuation herefores adopted.—

New woe my queen; recall the good Camillo, Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy; For, being transported by my jealousies To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose Camillo for the minister, to poison My friend Polixenes: which had been done, But that the good mind of Camillo tardied My swift command, though I with death, and with Reward, did threaten and encourage him, Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane, And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest Uncasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here, Which you knew great; and to the hazard Of all uncertainties himself commended. No richer than his honour, how he glistereth Through my rust! and how his piety Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter Paulina.

Paul. Woe the while! Paul. What studied tortures, tyrant, hast for me? What wheels? racks? fires? what flagging? boiling In leads or oils? what old or newer torture Must I receive, whose every word deserves To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny Together working with thy jealousies,— Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle For girls of nine!—O, think what they have done, And then run mad indeed,—stark mad! for all Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it. That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 't was nothing,— That did but show thee of a fool,=" inconstant And damnable ingratitude; nor was 't much, Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour To have him kill a king;—poor trespasses, More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter, To be or none, or little,—though a devil Would have shed water out of fire, ere done 't; 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,—O, lords,

"— and to the hazard Of all uncertainties himself commended. No richer than his honour. How he glistereth," &c. That did but show thee of a fool,—] Theobald proposed to read,—"of a soul;" and Warburton,—"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;" "And damnable ingratitude;] That is, "damnable ingratitude."
When I have said, cry, Woe!—the queen, the queen,
The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead; and vengeance for't
Not dropp'd down yet!

1 Lord. The higher powers forbid!
Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll swear't. If word nor oath
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O, thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter,
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

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

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;
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
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; b I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,—
Sir, royal sir,—forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—
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

a When I have said, cry, Woe!"—the queen, the queen,

b "do not receive affliction

At my petition;"

We should perhaps read,—"do not review affliction," &c., but certainly not—

"do not receive affliction

At repetition;"

as suggested by Mr. Collier's annotator.

c Those art perfect, then,—""Perfect" is commonly used by our old writers for confident, well assured; thus in "Cymbeline,"

Act III. Sc. 1.=""I am perfect that the Pannonsians and Dalmatians are—"" &c.

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?

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

Ant. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get aboard;

Look to thy bark; I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. 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:

Mar. I'll follow instantly.

Ant. I am glad at heart

To be so rid o' the business. [Exit.

Ant. Come, poor babe:—

I have heard (but not believ'd) the spirits o' the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appeard to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some, another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so becoming: 4 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
Become two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,

4 So fill'd, and so becoming:] Mr. Collier's annotator suggests, and Mr. Collier adopts, an alteration which at once destroys the meaning of the poet, and converts a beautiful image into one pre-eminently ludicrous:

"So fill'd, and so over-running!"

"So becoming" here means, so self-restrained: not as it is usually explained, so decent, or so dignified. Compare the following in

"Roméo and Juliet," Act IV. Sc. 2,—

"I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;
And gave him what became love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty."
ACT III.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it, crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I pr'ythee, call 't. For this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more:—and so, with shrieks, She melted into air. Affrighted much, I did in time collect myself; and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys;
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously, I will be 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!—

[Putting down the Child.]

There lie; and there thy character: * there these;—
[Putting 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 accurs'd am I
To be by oath enjöin'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!—[See a Bear.] This is the chase!
I am gone for ever! [Exit, pursued by the Bear.

Enter an old Shepherd.

Sheep. 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 wenches with child, wronging the ancients,
Stealing, fighting:—Hark you now!—
Would any but these bored brains of nineteen and
two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have
scared away two of my best sheep, which I fear
the wolf will sooner find than the master; if any
Where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browzing
Of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will!—What have we here? [Taking up the Babe.] Mercy on's, a barne; a very pretty barne! A boy or a child. I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scapo. This has been some stir-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll carry till my son come; he hols'ed but even now.—Whoa, ho hoa!

Clo. [Without.] Hillow, loa!

Sheep. What, art so near? If thou 'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither.

Enter Clown.

What ailest thou, man?

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

Sheep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore!—but that's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the ship baring the moon with her mainmast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hoghead. 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.

Sheep. Name of mercy! when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under

Which may, if Fortune please, both breed thee pretty.

*—poor October

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 line, "There lie," &c. being, of course, parenthetical. From the punctuation hitherto adopted.

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

a — thy character:) Some cipher and the name,"Perrdits," by which the child hereafter might be recognized.

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

Which may, if Fortune please both breed thee, (pretty)!
And still rest thine."

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

C — 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."—Stevens.

In support of this, Mr. Halliwell quotes the following from Hole's Mind. Glossary of Devonshire Words, collected about 1780.

a child, a female infant.

d — the sea flap-dragoned it:—"
This may mean,—swallowed it as our old revelers did a flap-dragon.
water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman, —he’s at it now.

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

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

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but

(*) Old text, mod.
your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 't will prove so: up with 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 curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

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

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

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

[Exeunt.]

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

"A prince's secrets are like fairy favours, Wholesome if kept; but poison if discover'd."
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
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 glistening of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing

As you had slept between. Leontes leaving,—
The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving;
That he shuts up himself;—imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia;" and remember well,
I mentioned a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering: what of her ensues
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known when '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.

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 epitaph being ingraven, Pandosto
would once a day repair to the tombe, and there with watry
plaintes bewails his misfortune, covering no other companion but
sorrow, nor no other harmonie but repentance. But leaving him
to his dolorous passions, at last let us come to shew the tragical
discourse of the young infant." Compare, too, the corresponding
lines in Sabie's "Fisherman's Tale," 1595,—

"He having thus her funerals dispatcht,
Liv'd in vast solitarie, and perpetuall griefe,
Sighing, and crying out against the Fates:
Amid these woes, whomse now I meanes to leave,
And make recourse unto this little babe," &c.
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 fiftein years since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some ally, or I o'erween to think so,—which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov' st 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

--- but I have missingly noted.---] Hamlet, with some plausibility, reads,—"missingly noted," and Mr. Collier's annotator imposes the same substitution.

§ — but I fear the angle that plucks our son thither.} "But," in callest him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawest thou the prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less 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 missingly noted, he is of late much retired from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

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

--- this place, is the Saxon Rotan=to beat, and the King's meaning,--- The attractions of that girl form part of my intelligence, and they are, I apprehend, the angle which draws the prince there.
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.

**Pol.** My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves.

[Exeunt.

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

Enter Autolycus, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,—
With hey! the doxy over the dale,—
Why then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.
The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Both set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.
The lark that tirra-lirra chants,—
With hey! with hey! the thrush and the jay,—
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile; but now I 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 most go right.
If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sour-skin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

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

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see:—every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

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

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 nosegays for the shearers,—three-man song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases; but one Puritan among them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron, to colour the warden pies; mace,—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!

[Groveling on the ground.

Clo. I the name of me—

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

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

Aut. O, sir, the loathsomeness of them 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 ta'en 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, dear sir; [Picks his pocket.] good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three-quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or 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 trol-ty-may-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipped out of the court; they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married e — every 'leven wether tods: he means, every eleven wethers yields a tod, i.e. twenty-eight pounds of wool.

f — three-man song-men: Singers of songs in three parts.

g — warden pies: Wardens was the old name for a species of pears.

h — and yet it will no more but abide: Equivalent to,—And yet it will barely, or with difficulty, remain.
a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

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

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

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

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

Clo. How do you now?

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

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

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

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

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir!—[Exit Clown.]
—Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too. If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue!

[Singing

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tares in a mile-a.]

[Exit

a — let me be unrolled,—] Struck off the roll of vagabonds, and entered on the book of true men.
b hent the stile-a] "Hent" is from the Saxon hemian, — to take
SCENE III.—The same. Before a Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter Florizel and Perdita.

FLO. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life; no shepherdess; but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

PER. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremities, it not becomes 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 goddes-like prank'd up: but that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired; swoon,* I think,
To show myself a glass.

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

PER. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me, the difference forges dread; your greatness
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 bow'r'd-flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

FLO. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Become a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and blest; and the fire-ro'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now:—(6)—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,

* swoon, I think,
To show myself a glass.

No Hamner; and to our mind the emendation is so convincingly true, that we are astonished it should ever have been questioned.

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

FLO. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these fore'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 any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say No. Be merry, gentle!*
Strangle such thoughts as these with 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!

FLO. 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, Mopsa, Dorcas, and other Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

SHEP. Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant: welcom'd all; serv'd all;
Would sing her song and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now, 't the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; 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 sirs,

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

* Be merry, gentle! Mr. Collier's annotator, in his rage for
reformation, changes this to, "Be merry, girl." The meaning is
obviously,—Be merry, gentle one!

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

Sir, the year growing ancient,—

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

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ACT IV.

WINTER'S TALE.

[SCENE III.]

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 malady Most incident to maids;—bold oxtips, and The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds, The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack, To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend, To strew him o'er and o'er!

Flo. What! like a corpse?

Per. No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corpse; 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 pastoral: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

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

Per. O, Doricles!

Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You wou'd me the false way.

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

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-award: nothing she does or
Seems,
But smack's of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something

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, a
Which some call nature’s bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden’s barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bank of bower kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather; but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

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

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well; and only therefore
Desire to breed by me.—Here’s flowers for you:
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, b 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 1 of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!

You’d be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my fairst 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,
The flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dare, and take

a gillyvors. — An ancient and popular form of ‘gillyflowers.’
b The marigold. — The sun-flower. "Some calle it, Sponsus Solis, the Spouse of the Sunne, because it sleepe's and is awakened with him."—Loffroy's Book of Notable Things.

c And the true blood which peeps fairly through it, — Mr. Collier's annotator, as "necessary to the measure," proposes,——

"which peeps so fairly," &c. But the rhythm does not require the addition; we need only make a slight transposition, and read,—"And the true blood which through it fairly peeps."

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

Clo. Come on, strike up!

Dom. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with.

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our
manners.—
Come, strike up!

[Music.

Here a Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

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

Sheep. They call him Doricles; and boasts
himself
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth. He says, he loves my
daughter;
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As '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.

Sheep. 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.

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

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

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

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

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

Serv. He hath ribands of all the colours i' the
rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bo-
homia can learnedly handle, though they come to
him by the gross; inkles, caddisses, cambrics,
lawns; why, he sings 'em over, as they were
gods or goddesses; you would think, a smock were
a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and
the work about the square on 't.

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him ap-
proach singing.

Perl. Forewarn him that he use no scrurilous
words in 's tunes.

[Exit Servant.

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

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

Enter Autolycus, singing.

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

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

Mop. 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.

---

\[\text{Note: See Puttenham's "Arte of Poesie," Lib. III. c. xii., under Parenthesis, or the Insertour.}

a — unbraided woods
b — the square on 't

g — a foot gap
h — a foot gap

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more;—which will shame you to give him again.

Cl. O. 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.

* Clamour your tongues,—] Some will have this to be a corruption of chamour or chambre, from the French chambert to clamor: others suspect it to be only a misprint for charm; but from the following line in Taylor, the Water Poet, first cited by Mr. Hunter,—

"Clamour the promulgation of your tongues." it would seem to have been a familiar phrase.
Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a
tawdry lace a and a pair of sweet gloves.
Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozened
by the way, and lost all my money?
Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners
abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.
Cleo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose
nothing here.
Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many
parcels of charge.
Clo. What hast here? ballads?
Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad
in print a'-life; for then we are sure they are true.
Aut. 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 carbonadoed.
Mop. Is it true, think you?
Aut. Very true; and but a month old.
Dor. Bless me from marrying an usurer!
Aut. 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.
Aut. 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: (8) 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.
Dor. Is it true too, think you?
Aut. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses
more than my pack will hold.
Aut. Lay it by too: another.
Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty
one.
Mop. Let's have some merry ones.
Aut. Why, this is a passing b merry one, and
goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man:'
there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it;
'tis in request, I can tell you.
Mop. We can both sing it; if thou'llt bear a
part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.
Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.
Aut. 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.

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

WINTER'S TALE.

[ACT IV.]

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 wiser.
M. Or thou go'st to the grange, or will:
D. If to either, thou dost ill.
A. Neither.
D. What, neither?
A. Neither.
M. Thou hast sworn my love to be;
M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:
Then whither go'st? say, whither?

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

[Exit with Mopsa and Dorcas.

AUT. And you shall pay well for 'em.

Singing.

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

Re-enter Servant.

SERV. Master, there is three carters, three
shepherds, three neatherds, three swineherds,
that have made themselves all men of hair; (10) 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
of the mind, (if it be not too rough for some that
know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

SHEP. Away! we'll none on 't; here has been
too much homely follyery already.—I know, sir, we
weary you.

FOL. You weary those that refresh us: pray,
let's see these four three 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. *

SHEP. Leave your prating: since these good

e — said.— For grave, serious.
d — Saltiers: The rustic's blunder for Salters.
e — the squire: The foot-rule: French, esquire. 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 excurt.

Pol. O, father, you’ll know more of that hereafter.—

Is it not too far gone?—”Tis time to part them.  
[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 knucks: I would have ran-  
sack’d  
The pedlar’s silken treasury, and have pour’d it  
To her acceptance; you have let him go,  
And nothing marted with him. If your lass  
Interpretation should abuse, and call this  
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited  
For a reply, at least, if you make a care  
Of happy holding her.  

FLO. Old sir, I know  
She prizes not such trifles as these are:  
The 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 fann’d snow,  
That’s bolted 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  
More than was ever man’s,—I would not prize

Without her love; for her, employ them all;  
Commend them, and coödemn them, to her service,  
Or to their own perdition!

Pol. Fairly offer’d.  
CAM. This shows a sound affection.  
SHEP. But, my daughter,  
Say you the like to him?

PER. I cannot speak  
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:  
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out  
The purity of his.

SHEP. Take hands, a bargain!—  
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to t:  
I give my daughter to him, and will make  
Her portion equal his.

FLO. O, that must be  
I the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,  
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;—  
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,  
Contract us ‘fore these witnesses.

SHEP. Come, your hand;—  
And, daughter, yours.

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?  

Know man from man? dispute his own estate?  
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing  
But what he did, being childish?

FLO. No, good sir;  
He has his health, and ampler strength indeed  
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,  
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong  
Something unfaith: reason, my son  
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,  
The father (all whose joy is nothing else  
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel  
In such a business.

FLO. I yield all this;  
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,  
Which ’t is not fit you know, I not acquaint  
My father of this business.

a O, father, you’ll know more of that hereafter.—] This we must suppose to be a continuation of some discourse begun between Polixenes and the old Shepherd while the dance proceeded.  
b — bolted. — [Sifed.  
c — more than you can dream of yet;

Enough then for your wonder.]  

We have shown before, in several instances, that ‘yet’ was fre-
Pol. Let him know't.
Flo. He shall not.
Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.
Flo. No, he must not.
Shep. Let him, my son; he shall not need to
grieve
At knowing of thy choice.
Flo. Come, come, he must not:—
Mark our contract.
Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[Discovering himself.
Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd: thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook!—Thou old
traitor,
I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can
But shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh
piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who, of force, must know
The royal fool thou cop't with;—
Shep. O, my heart!
Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers, and
made
More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt never see this knock, (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; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou
These 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.
Pcr. Even here undone! b
I was not much afeard: 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?
[To 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.

a That thou no more shalt never see this knock, (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.
b 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

(*) First folio, my.

with the high-born spirit by which Perdita is unconsciously sus-
tained in this terrible moment, if it were read,—
Even here undone,
I was not much afeard; for once or twice," &c.

—by my fancy:— That is, by my leer.
— but it does fulfil my vow,—] As is understood,— "but as it
does fulfil my vow, I needs must think it honesty."
ACT IV.

WINTER'S TALE.

Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion. Let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver,—I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most opportune to our* need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

CAM. O, my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need!

FLO. Hark, Perdita.—

[Lo CAMILLO.]

CAM. He's irremovable

Resolv'd for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

FLO. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony. [Going.

CAM. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, 'tis the love
That I have borne your father?

FLO. Very nobly
Have ye.'d deserv'd: it is my father's music,
To speak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompens'd as thought on.

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

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

CAM. Have you thought on
A place, whereeto you'll go?

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

FLO. Worthy Camillo,
What 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. Sir
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say; that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

FLO. I 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 loth to be: besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

PEN. One of these is true:

(*) Old text, there.

"Irremovable" is here employed adverbially; "He's irre-
removably resolved," &c. So in Act III. Sc. 2,—"And damnable
ungrateful."
I think affliction may subdue the check,
But not take in the mind.

**Cam.** Yea, say you so? There shall not, at your father's house, these seven years,
Be born another such.

**Flo.** My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding as She is i' the rear of our birth.a

**Cam.** I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress To most that teach.

**Per.** Your pardon, sir; for this
I'll blush you thanks.

**Flo.** My prettiest Perdita!—
But, O, the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo,—Preserver of my father, now of me,
The 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 table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting; they tirong who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his petition till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless; 't was nothing to geld a cod-piece of a purse; I would have filed keys off that hang in chains: no bearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothingd of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoobub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[**Cam. Flo. and Per.** come forward.]

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

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

**Cam.** Shall satisfy your father.

**Per.** Happy be you!

All that you speak shows fair.

**Cam.** Who have we here?—

[**Seeing Autolycus.**

We'll make an instrument of this; omit
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, pr'ythee, dispatch: the gentleman is half flayed already.

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

**Flo.** Dispatch, I pr'ythee.

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

**Cam.** Unbuckle, unbuckle.

[**Flo. 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 o'er your brows; muzzle your face;
Dismantle you; and, as you can, dis liken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may
(For I do fear eyes over*) to shipboard
Get undescribed.

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

---

a — i' the rear of our birth. The original has, — "i' th' rear of our birth."b Nor shall appear in Sicilia. It is usual to print this with a break after: Sicilia; ‘the proper remedy, we believe, is to insert "so," which appears to have dropped out at press, — "Nor shall appear so in Sicilia."c A pomander was a ball of perfumes, "Pomme d'ambre," carried in the pocket, worn round the neck, or suspended from the wrist.d — the nothing of it. It has been suggested that "nothing" in this piece is a mephit for nothing; but like mephit for mephit, it is only the old mode of spelling that word.e * (For I do fear eyes over) Rowe reads, — "eyes over you:" a MS. note in Lord Elternmore's copy of the first folio has, "eyes over;" and Mr. Collier's annotator proposes the same alteration.
ACT IV.

WINTER'S TALE.

[Scene III.]

CAM. No remedy.—

Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,

He would not call me son.

CAM. Nay, you shall have no hat.—

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.

[Execute 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 had this been without boot! what

a boot is here with this exchange! Sure, the
gods do this your 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 withal, I

would not do't: I hold it the more knavery to

conceal it; and therein am I constant to my
profession.—Aside, aside!—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 fardeI* 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.8—[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 fardeI, 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 follows, 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 stabbing
steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

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

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

AUT. Whether it like me or no, I am a cour-
tier. See'st 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-colour from
me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt?
Thinkest thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from
thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I
am courtier cap-a-pè; 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!

(*) Old text, at.

"and with his royal finger, thus, daily with my excrement, with
my mustachio."

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

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Sheep. 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.

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

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

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Sheep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace: he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself: for if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.
Shep. So 'tis said, sir,—about his son, that
should have married a shepherd's daughter.

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

Clo. Think you so, sir?

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

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

Aut. 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 prognostication 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 traitorly 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!

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

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

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

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

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

Clo. Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king, and show our strange sights: he must know '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.

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

Clo. We are 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.

Aut. 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 bow 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 it. To him will I present them; there may be matter in it.

[Exit.

* If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly? The only critic who has noticed the term "hand-fast" is Mr. R. G. White; and he quite mistakes its meaning. To be in "hand-fast" is a main prize, is to be at large only on security given.

* * * * *

b — prognostication proclaims,—] The hottest day predicted by the almanac. "Almanacks were in Shakespeare's time published under this title, 'An Almanack and Prognostication made for the year of our Lord God 1595.'"—MALONE
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 performed
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
Her blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

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

To make a perfect woman, she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.
Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did so; but thou 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 wed 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' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy

* True, too true, my lord:] A correction of Theobald; the old editions having,—
Than to rejoice the former queen is well? And all eyes else dead coals!—fear thou no wife; I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear Never to marry but by my free leave?

Leon. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit! Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another, as like Hermione as is her picture,

Afront his eye.

Cleo. 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.

Leon. 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 Florizel, Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she The fairest I have yet beheld) desires access To your high presence.

Leon. 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 fram'd, but fore'd By need and accident. What train?

Gent. But few, And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him? Gent. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think, That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O, Hermione, As every present time doth boast itself 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.


—and on this stage

Theobald reads,—
Have I here touch’d Sicilia; and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,¹
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 bade me say so) more than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them, living.

Leon. O, my brother,
(Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done thee
stir
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 Salmus,
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-wind friendly) we have cross’d,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness. My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss’d;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife’s, in safety
Here where we are.

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,

¹—a king, at friend,—] This has been variously and needlessly altered; the most recent change is,—"a king as friend;" but "a king at friend" means a king on terms of friendship, and is as much the phraseology of Shakespeare’s age as "to friend,"—
ACT V]

THE WINTER'S TALE.

[SCENE II.

Bohemia greets you from himself by me; Desires you to attach his son, who has (His dignity and deckt both cast off) Fle'd from his father, from his hopes, and with A shepherd's daughter.

LEON. Where's Bohemia? speak! LORD. Here in your city; I now came from him: I speak amazedly; and it becomes My marvel and my message. To your court While he was hast'ning, (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. LORD. Lay't so to his charge; He's with the king your father. LEON. Who? Camillo? LORD. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now Has these poor men in question. Never saw I Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth; Forswear themselves as often as they speak: Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them With divers deaths in death.

PER. 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. My lord, Is this the daughter of a king?

FLO. She is,

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.  

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a Sir, my liege,—See note (a), p. 204.

b If the importance were joy or sorrow,—The meaning seems to be,—A mere spectator could never have said whether their emotion were of joyful or sorrowing significance.

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'erthrown 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. [Exeunt.

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

Enter Autolycus and a Gentleman.

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

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

Rog. 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 wept 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 worries he his daughter with clipping* her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings’ reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which makes report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

Rog. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, 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 avouches the shepherd’s son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his, that Paulina knows.

Gent. What became of his bark and his followers?

Stew. Wrecked the same instant of their

* with clipping her: That is, embracing her. So in “Coriolanus.” Act i. Sc. 6.
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.

STEW. 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 dole 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 has been universal.

GENT. Are they returned to the court?

STEW. No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself eternity, and could but 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.

ROO. 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 unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

[Exeunt.

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

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

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

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

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

SHEP. And so have I, boy.

CLO. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother; and then the two kings called my father brother; and then the prince my brother, and the princess my sister, called my father father; and so we wept,—and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

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

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

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

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

CLO. Thou wilt amend thy life?

AUT. Ay, an it like your good worship.

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

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

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

SHEP. How if it be false, son?

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

* a tall fellow of thy hands,—] See note (q), p. 237, Vol. II.
AUT. I will prove so, sir, to my power.
CLO. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if
I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be
drank, 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 lively 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.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
ACT V.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

[SCENE III.]

LEON. Do not draw the curtain!
PAUL. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.
LEON. Let be! let be!
WILL I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it?—See, my lord!
Would you not deem it breath'd? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?
PAUL. Masterly done!
The very life seems warm upon her lip.
LEON. The figure of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with art!
PAUL. I'll draw the curtain;
My lord's almost so far transported that He'll think anon it lives.
LEON. O, sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together!
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone!
PAUL. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stir'd you: but
I could afflict you further.
LEON. Do, Paulina!
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her! What fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.
PAUL. Good my lord, forbear!
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet; (1)
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

"Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—"
Mr. Collier's annotator, and Mr. Collier, and all the advocates of the intercalated 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," &c. is neither more nor less than an imprecation, equivalent to—"Would I may die," &c.; and the king's real meaning, in reference to Paulina's remark, that he will think soon 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 hundred-fold, of similar forms of speech:—

"—and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought—" &c.
The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act IV. Sc. 4.

"Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot."
Henry VIII. Act II. Sc. 3.

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

"Would I with thunder presently might die
So I might speak."
Sumner's Last Will and Testament,

"—Let me suffer death
If in my apprehension—" &c.
Bacon's and Fletcher's Play of The "Night-Walker," Act III. Sc. 8.

"Would I were dead," &c.
"If I do know," &c.
Ben Jonson's Tale of a Tub, Act II. Sc. 1.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

[Scene III.]

LEON. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty (warm life,
As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her!
I am asham'd,—does not the stone rebuke me,—
For being more stone than it?—O, royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty; which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee!

PER. And give me leave;
And do not say 'tis superstition that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

PAUL. O, patience!
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.

CAM. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.

POL. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you as he
Will piece up in himself.

PAUL. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you (for the stone is mine)
I'd not have show'd it.

[Scene III.]

Let be! let be!
WILL I would be 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 wrinkled" 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 where, in delirious rapture, he clasps the figure to his bosom and faintly murmurs,—

"O, she's warm!"

must appear consummately. Mr. Collier and his annotator, however, are not satisfied. To them the elegant abruption,—

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

is but a blot, and so, to add "to the force and clearness of the speech of Leontes," they atom the torrent of his passion in mid-stream and make him drift out.—

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

Can anything be viler? Conceive Leontes whimpering 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, to his imagination, it was flesh and blood! Was it thus Shakespeare wrought? The insertion of such a line in such a place is absolutely monstrous, and implies, both in the forger and the utterer, an entire incompetence to appreciate the finer touches of his genius. But it does more, for it betrays the most discreditable ignorance of the current phraseology of the poet's time. When Leontes says —

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THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT V.

LEON. No, not those twenty years! P'ER. So long could I
Stand by, a looker-on.

PAUL. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I'll make the statute move; indeed, descend
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think
(Which I protest against) I am assisted
By wicked powers.

LEON. What you can 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.

PAUL. 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.

LEON. Proceed!
No foot shall stir.

PAUL. Music, awake her, strike!—

[Music.
'T is 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 redeems you.—You perceive she stirs;
[HERMIONE slowly descends from the pedestal.
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 wo'd her; now in age
Is she become the suitor!

LEON. O, she's warm!

[Embracing her.

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

POL. She embraces him!
CAM. She hangs about his neck!

If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

POL. Ay, and make 't manifest where she has
liv'd,
Or how stol'n from the dead!

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

Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—

Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady;

Our Perdita is found.

[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 wast in being,—have preserv'd
Myself, to see the issue.

PAUL. There's time enough for that:
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake a 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 honourable husband.—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand:—whose b 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
pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, whom heavens directing,
Is troth-plight 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 disserver'd: hastily lead away. [Exeunt.
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS

ACT I.

(1) SCENE II.—

Still virginalling

_Upon his palm_]

By "virginalling," Leontes meant that Hermione was tapping or fingerling 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 piano forte, was stringed, and played on with keys, formerly called jacks;—

"Where be these rascals that skip up and down,
Faster than virginall jacks?"

_Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks, Act IV. Sc. I._

It was of an oblong shape, somewhat resembling a small square piano-forte, 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 modest, 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 Egitus [Polixenes] King of Sicilia. After describing the visit paid by the latter to Pandosto, and the "honest familiarity" which sprang up between him and Bellaria [Hermione], the novelist proceeds to exпатiate 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, judging that it was not for honest affection, but for disorderable fancy, so that hee began to watch them more narrowly to see if he could gete any true and certaine proofs to confirm his doubtful suspicion. While thus he noted their looks and gestures and suspected their thoughts and meanings, they two soe closely, who doubted nothing of this his treacherous intent, frequented daily eache others companie, which drave him into such a frantick passion, that he beganne to bear a secret hate to Egitus and a lowing countenance to Bellaria; who marveilling at such unacustomed frowes, began to cast byeond the moone, and to enter into a thousand sundrie thoughts, which way she should offend her husband: but finding in her selfe a clear conscience ceased to mase, until such time as she might finde opportunitie to demande the cause of his dumps. In the meane time Pandostoe minde was so farre charged with jealousy, that he did no longer doubt, but was assured, (as he thought) that his friend Egitus had entered a wrong poinct in his tables, and so had played him false play."—

(3) SCENE II.—

I'll do't, my lord.

LEON. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.] Compare the corresponding circumstances as related in the _Lovel._—"Devising with himself a long time how he might best profane Egitus without suspicion of treacherous mur-

dor, hee concluded at last to poison him; which opinion pleasing his humour, he became resolute in his determination, and the better to bring the matter to pass he called unto him his cupbearer, with whom in secret he brake the matter, promising to him for the performance thereof to give him a thousand crowns of yearly revenues.

All this companion, eyther being for the good of Egitus or willing for fashion sake to deny such a bold request, began with great reasons to persuade Pandosto from his determine mischief, showing him what an offence mutter was to the Gods; how such unnatural son and more disclose the heavens than men, and that causeless cruelty did sildone or never escape without revenge: he layd before his face that Egitus was his friend, a king, and one that had came into his kingdom by the consent of perpetuall amitt within them; that he had and dirst shew him a most friendly countenance; how Egitus was not onely honored of his own people by obedienc, but also loved of the Bohemians for his curtesye, and that hee now should without any just or manifest cause poynson him, it would not onely be a great dishonour to his majestie, and a meanes to sow perpetuall enmity between the Sicilians and the Bohemians, but also his own subjechts would reigne at such treacherous cruelty. These and such like persuasions of Franien (for so was his cupbearer called) could no whit pravelie to diswade him from his devellish enterprise, but remaining resolute in his determination (his fury so fired with rage as it could not be appeased with reason), he began with bitter taunts to take up his man, and to lay before him two baies, preferment and death; saying that if he would poynson Egitus he would aduance him to high dignities; if he refused to doe it of an obstatine minde, no torture should be too great to requite his disobedience. Franien, seeing that to persuade Pandosto any more was but to strive against the stream, concerning whom he was as an opportune would give him leave to dispatch Egitus: wherewith Pandosto remained somewhat satisfied, hoping now he should be fully revenged of such mistrusted injuries, intending also as soon as Egitus was dead to give his wife a see of the same; and thence he would count him as a faithfull servant that with such care had kept his masters credite. Egitus had not fully heard Franien tell forth his tale, but a quaking fear possessed all his linnes, thinking that there was some treacherous 

(4) SCENE II. — Come, sir, away! [Exeunt.] The betrayall of the king's jealous design is thus related in the story:—"Lingring thus in doubtfull fear, in an evening he went to Egitus lodging, and desireth to breake with him of certaine affaires that touched the king, after all were commanded out of the chamber, Franien made manifest the whole conspiracie which Pandosto had deviseing against him, desiring Egitus not to account him a traitor for bewraying his maisters counsile, but to think that he did it for conscience: hoping that although his maister, inflamed with rage or incensed by some sinister ruytiers or slanderous speeches, had imagined such causeless mischief, yet when time should pacifie his anger, and try those tallebearers but flattering parasites, then he would count him as a faithfull servant that with such care had kept his masters credite. Egitus had not fully heard Franien tell forth his tale, but a quaking fear possessed all his linnes, thinking that there was some treachery wrought, and that Franien did but shadow his craft with these false colours: wherefore he began to waxe in choller,
and said that he doubted not Pandosto, sith he was his friend, and there had never as yet beene any breach of
amity. He had not sought to invade his lands, to conspire
with his enemies, to dissuade his subjects from their alle-
giance; but in word and thought he rested at all times: he knew not therefore any cause that should move
Pandosto to seake his death, but suspected it to be a com-
 pacted knavery of the Bohemians to bring the king and
him to odds.

Pandosto staying him in the midst of his tale, told
him that to daily with princes was with the swannes to
sing against their death, and that if the Bohemians had
intended any such mischief, it might have beene better
brought to passe then by revealing the conspiracies;
therefore his Majestie did ill to misconstrue of his good
meaning, sith his intent was to hinder treason, not to
become a traitor; and to confirm his promises, if it 
 pleased his Majestie to fly into Sicilia for the safegarde
of his life, hee would goe with him, and if then he found
not such a practice to be pretended, let his imagined
treacherie be rayplyed with most monstros torments.
Egisitus hearing the solemn protestations of Franion,
began to consider that in love and kingdomes neither
faith nor lawe is to be respected, doubting that Pandosto
thought by his death to destroy his men, and with speedy
warre to invade Sicilia. These and such doubts
throughly weegyled &e gave great thanks to Franion,
promising if hees might with life returne to Sicunya, that
he would create him a duke in Sicily, craving his counsel
how hee might escape out of the countrie."

ACT II.

(1) SCENE I.—

Adieu, my lord: 
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now
I trust I shall.]

"Whereupon he began to imagine that Franion and his
wife were malign'd with Egisitus, that the former affection
shew bare him was the onely means of his secret departure; in so much that incensed with rage he
commandes that his wife should be carried straight
to prison until they heard further of his pleasure.
The guards, unwilling to lay their hands one such a vertuous
princesse and yet fearing the kings fury, went very
sorrowfull to fulfill their charge. Comming to the
queenes lodging they found her playing with her yong
sonne Garinter, unto whom with teares doing the mes-
sage, Bellaria, astonish'd at such a hard censure and
finding her cleeere conscience a sure advocate to please in
her cause, went to the prison most willingly, where with
sighes and teares shee past away the time till she might
come to her triall.

"But Pandosto, whose reason was suppressed with rage
and whose unbridled follie was increas'd with fury, seeing
Franion had bewray'd his secrets, and that Egisitus might
well be rayled on, but not revenged, determined to
wreak all his wrath on poore Bellaria. He therefore
caus'd a general proclamation to be made through all his
realms that the queen and Egisitus had, by the help of
Franion, not onely committ'd most incestuous adultery,
but also had conspire the kings death: whereupon the
traitor Franion was fle'd away with Egisitus, and Bellaria
was most justly imprisioned. This proclamation being
once blazed through the country, although the vertuous
disposition of the queene did hale discredit the contents,
yet the sudden and speedy passage of Egisitus, and the
secret departure of Franion, induced them (the circum-
stances thoroughly consider'd) to thinke that both the
proclamation was true, and the king greatly injur'd; yet
they pitied her case, as sorrowful that so good a lady
should be cross'd with such adverse fortune. But the
king, whose restless rage would remit no pitty, thought
that although he might sufficiently requite his wives
falsehood with the bitter plague of pinching penury, yet
his minde should never be gluttet with revenge till he
might have fit time and opportunity to repay the
treachery of Egisitus with a total injury. But a cursed
cow hath oftimes short hornes, and a willing minde
but a weake arm; for Pandosto, although he felt that
revenge was a spurre to warre, and that envy alwaies
produceth steel, yet he saw that Egisitus was not only of
great puissance and prowess to withstand him, but had
also many kings of his alliance to ayde him if neede should
serve, for he married the Emperours daughter of Russia." 
—Pandosto. The Triumph of Time, 1588.

(2) SCENE III.—Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! In the
novel, as in the play, the unhappy queen, while in prison,
gives birth to a daughter, which the king at first deter-
mines shall be burnt, but being diverted from this bloody
purpose by the remonstrance of his nobles, he resolves to
set the hapless infant afloat upon the sea:—"The guard
left her in this perplexitie, and carried the child to the
king, who quite devoide of pitty commanded that without
delay it should bee put in the boat, having neither saile nor
other [ruder f.'] to guid 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 sweete countenance of the yong babe, began
to accuse the king of rigor, and to pity the childs hard
fortune; but feare constrained them to that which their
nature did abhorre, so that they placed it in one of the
ends of the boat, and with a fewe greenes bows made a
homenly caben to shrowd it as they could from wind and
weather. Having thus trimmed the boat they tied it to
a ship and so that, putting a strong guard on board over
the coarde; which they had no sooner done, but
there arose a mightie tempest, which tossed the little
boate so vehemently in the waves that the ship men
thought it could not continue long without sinking:
yes, the storm grew so great, that with much labour
and peril they got to the shore."
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

she might have lawe and justice, for mercy shee nether craved nor hoped for; and that those perjured wretches which had falsely accused her to the King might be brought before her face to give in evidence. But Pandosto, whose rage and jealousy was such as no reason nor equity could appease, told her, that for her accusers they were of such credite as their worde were sufficient witnesses, and that the soudaine and secret flight of Egistus and Franion confirmed that which they had confessed; and for as her, it was her parte to deny such a monstrous crime, and to be impudent in forswearing the fact, since she had past all shame in committing the fault: but her state countenance should stand for no coyne, for as the bastard which she bare was served, so she should with some cruel death be required."—Pandosto. The Triumph of Time, 1588.

(2) SCENE II.——

_Your honours all,_
_I do ye me to the oracle:_
_A pollo be my judge!_

The extracts here given will show that in most of the incidents connected with the arraignement of the queen, the great dramatist varies but little from the story. He has made one important change, however, without which we should have had but little scene or plot: 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 response of the oracle is declared.

"The noble men which sat in judgement said that Bellaria spake 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 tried by her peers) then let her have such punishment as the extremity of the law will assigne to such malefactors. The king presently made answer that in this case he might and would dispence with the law, and that the jury being once panneld they should take his word for sufficient evidence, otherwise he would make the proudest of them repent it. The noble men seeing the king in choler were all whist; but Bellaria, whose life then hung in the ballance, fearing more perpetual infamy than momentarie death, told the king if his furie might stand for a law that it were vaines to have the jury yeeld their verdict; and therefore she fell downe upon her knees, and desired the king that for the love he bare to his young sonne Garinter, whom she 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, there to enquire of the oracle of Apollo whether she had committed adultery with Egistus or conspired to payson him with Franion I and if the god Apollo, who by his divine essence knew all secrets, gave answere that she was guilty, she 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 he would bee counted of all his subjects more wilfull than wise: he therefore agreed that with as much speede as might be there should be certaine Embassadors dispatched to the Lie of Delphos, and in the same season he commanded that his wife should be kept in close prison."——

(3) SCENE 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 tale:——

"The oracle."

"Suspition is no profe: Jealousie is an unequal judge: Bellaria is chast: Egistus blameless: Franion a true subject: Pandosto treacherous: His babe Innocent, and the king shall live long without an heire, if that which is lost be not found."

(4) SCENE III.——They have scarred away two of my best sheep,— if anywhere I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browning of ley.] This is one of the instances, proving that Shakespeare had the novel before him while composing his drama. In the first edition of the novel the original is transferred to the copy. After recounting how the babe, which had been left to the merdes of the "gasftfull seas," had floated two whole daies without succour, ready at every puff to bee drowned in the sea, till at last the tempest ceased and the little boate was driven with the tyde into the coaste of Syellia, where sticking upon the sandes it rested, the novelist proceeds to tell that, "It fortuned a poore necessarie woman that dwellit in Syellia, who got his living by other mens flockes, missing one of his sheeps, and thinking it had strayed to 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 undone him (for he was so poore a sheep was halfe his substance), wandered downe towarde the sea cliffe to see if perchance the sheepe was browning on the sea vey, whereon they greatly doe feede: but not finding her there, as he was ready to returne to his focke hee heard a child criye, but knowing there was no house nere, he thought he had mistaken the sound and that it was the bleating of his sheepe. Wherefore looking more narrowly, as he cast his eye to the sea, he spied a little boate, from whence, as he attentively listned, he might heare the cry to come. Standing a good while in a maze, at last he went to the shore, and wading to the boate, as he looked in he saw the little babe lying al alone ready to die for hunger and cold, wrapped in a mantle of scarlet richely imbrodered with golde, and having a chayne about the necke."

ACT IV.

(1) SCENE II.—"Trol-my-dame.] A game more anciently known as "Pigeon-holes," because the balls were driven through arches on the board resembling the apertures in a dovecote. It is mentioned in a treatise, quoted by Farmer, on "Buckstone Bataes;"——"The ladies, gentle women, wyves, maydes, if the weather be not agreeable, may have in the end of a benche eleven holes made, into the which to trulle pumpkins, either wyocolt or softyl, after their own discretion: the pastyme trulle in Madame is termed;" and an illustration, showing the board and mode of play, were formerly preferred to Emblem No. II. in Quarles' "Emblems," 1659, which begins:——

_"Prepost'rous fool, thou troust'ls amiss;_ 
_Thou err'st; that's not the way, 'tis this."_

(2) SCENE III.—_An ape-bearer.] In explanation of a passage in Massinger's play of "The Bodman," Act III. Sc. 3, Gifford has an amusing note on the excellence displayed by our ancestors in the education of animals:——"Banks's horse far surpassed all that have been brought up in the academy of Mr. Astley: and the apes of these days are mere crows to their progenitors. The apes of Massinger's time were gifted with a pretty smattering of politics and philosophy. The widow Wild had one of them: "He would come over for all my friends, but was the dog—"
These lines are from a letter found in a collection of "An Anthology Against Monopoly." It is said to have been written by a group of war veterans in order to present their views on the matter. The letter is written in a poetic and emotional tone, expressing the writers' feelings of injustice and frustration. It is signed "Mr. Knight," and is dated as follows: "Mr. Knight in his 'Peculiar Shakespeare.'".

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Illustrative Comments

"So in the tale—'It happened not long after that there was a meeting of all the farmers' daughters at the Golden Lion, a poor humble inn."

(c) Scene III—

The guests declared the love, love, love.

Jog, on jog on the footpath, sirrah!"
(7) **Scene III.** —  

**O. Prosperina.**

*For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou livest still From Did's waggon!*

See the passage in Ovid’s Metamorphoses, lib. v.

"... ut summa vestem laxavit ab era Collecti floris tuncius ecclere remissus,"

and the following translation by Shakespeare’s contemporary, Golding:—

"Neare Enna walkes there stands a lake Perquas is the name, Garter heretofor did not make use of it to the same. A wood environ every side the water round about, and with his leaves as with a veil doth keep the sun heat out. The boughs doe yeeld a coole fresh aire: the moistuise of the ground Yields sundrie flowers. continually spring is all the yeare there found. While in this garden Prosperina was taking her pastime, In gathering either violace, bloe, or lilasse white as linen, And while of maidenlie desire she did her maid and lap Endevouring to out-gather her companions there. By hap Dido spied her, lod’r her, caught up, and all at once well neere: So haste, hot, and swift a thing is love, as may appere. The lady with a wailing voice aitright did often call Her mother and her waiting maids, but mother most of all. And as she from the upper part her garment would have rest By chances down she fairest flowers with her feet, which flowers were:"

(8) **Scene III.** — *Poking-sticks of old.*— "These *poking-sticks* were heated in the fire, and made use of to adjust the plats of ruffs. In Marston’s *Malecontent* [Act V. Sc. 3] 1604, is the following instance: *There is such a deale a pinning these ruffes, when the fine cold fall is come upon you, if you take a nap in an afternoon, your falling band requires no *poking-stick* to recover his form,* &c. Again, in Middle-ton’s *Cromwell* [Act I. Sc. 3] 1602: *You ruff must off, and for that purpose, get *poking-sticks* with fair long lesses, lest they scorch your [lily-sweating] hands.* Again, in the Second Part of Stubbes’s *Anatomy of Abuses*, 1590, no date: *They (*poking-sticks*) be made of yron and stealle, and some of brass, kept as bright as silver, yea some of silver itselfe, and it is well if in processe of time they grow not to be gold. The fashion whereafter they be made, I cannot reasome to any thing so well as to a supple or a little squibbe which little children used to squirt out water withal; and when they come to starching and setting of their ruffles, then must this instrument be heated in the fire, the better to stifon the ruff,* &c.—*Stevens.*

(9) **Scene III.** — *Of a fish, that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the fourscore of April, dec.*— *The Shakespearean era was the age of ballads, broadsides, and fugitive pieces on all kinds of wonders, which were either gross exaggerations of facts or mere inventions. The present dialogue seems to be a general, not a particular, satire; 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 discrision of a rare or rather most monstrous fishe, taken on the east cost of Holland the xvi, of November, anno 1598.* In 1600 was published a prose broadside, containing,—*An true description of this marvelous strange fishe, which was taken on Thursday was seminight, the 16. day of June, this present month, in the years of our Lord God, 1599.—Finis. Q. R. Inscribed at London by Mr. C. Isodon, beneath the conduit, at the signe of Saint John Evangelist, by Thomas Colwell.* In 1604 was entered on the books of the Stationers’ Company: *A strange reporte of a monstrous fishẹ swimming in the form of a woman, from her waist upward, scene in the sea; and in May of the same year, a ballad called a ballad of a strange and monstrous fishe scene in the sea on Friday the 17 of Feb. 1599. In 1604, with Henry Herbert’s office-book, which contains a register of all the shows of London from 1625 to 1642, is *a licence to Francis Sharet to shew a strange fishe for a year, from the 10th of March, 1603.*—*Halliwell.*

(10) **Scene III.** — *Men of hair.*— A dance in which the performers were disguised as satyrs, not unusually formed a feature of the entertainment on festival occasions in olden time, and this species of masquerade is connected with a very tragic incident, graphically told by Froissart, which occurred at the French court in 1602:—

"It fortune that, soon after the retaining of the foresaid knight, a marriage was made in the king’s house between a young knight of Vermandois and one of the queen’s gentlewomen; and because they were both of the king’s house, the king’s uncles, and other lords, ladies, and damoiselles, made great triumph: there was the Dukes of Orleans, Berry, and Bourgoyne, and their wives, dancing and making great joy. The king made a great supper to the lords and ladies, and the queen kept her estate, desiring every man to be merry; and there was a squire of Normandy, called Hogreymen Gensay, he advised to make some pastime. The day of the marriage, which was on a Tuesday before Candlemas, he provided for a mummery against night: he devised six coats made of linen cloth, covered with pitch, and thereon flix-like hair, and had them ready in a chamber. The king put on one of them, and the Earl of Jofy, a young lusty knight, another, and Sir Charles of Poitiers the third, who was son to the earl of Valtenois, and Sir Juan of Poix another, and the son of the Duke of Orleans. Such a variety as the monarch himself had on the sixth; and when they were thus arrayed in these sad coats, and sewed fast in them, they seemed like wild woodhouses, fill of hair from the top of the head to the sole of the foot. They show’d the French king, and was well content with the square for it. They were apparelled in these coats secretly in a chamber: for a man knew thereof but such as helped them. When Sir Juan of Poix had well devised these coats, he said to the king,—Sir, command straightly that no man approach near us with any torch or fire, for if the fire fasten in one of these coats, we shall all be burnt without remedy.”

The king answered and said,—*Juan, yo speak well and wisely; it shall be done as ye have devised;* and incontinent sent for an usher of his chamber, commanding him to go into the chamber where the ladies danced, and to command all the vessels holding torches to stand up by the walls, and none of them to approach near to the woodhouses 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 of the harness that was coming thither, but thought to behold the dancing, and begin to do sport. Therewith the king with the five other came in; they were so disguised in flix that no man knew them: five of them were fastened one to another; the king was loose, and went before and led the device.

*When they entered into the hall every man took so great heed to them that they forgot the torches: the king departed from his company and went to the ladies to sport with them, as youth required, and so passed by the queen and came to the Duchess of Berry, who took and held him by the arm, to know what he was, but the king would not show his name. Then the duchess said, Ye shall not escape me till I know your name. In this mean season great mischief fell on the other, and by reason of the Duke of Orleans; howbeit, it was by ignorance, and against his will, for of the hushu 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 near, that it might be put into the flix (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 bodies so dry and firm, that the flesh, that they began to burn and to cry for help: none durst come near them; they that did burn their hands by reason of the heat of the pitch: one of them called...* —Savages.
ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

Nanthorillet advised him how the botry was whereby; 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 peril, 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 there 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. Whither wilt ye go? quoth she; ye see well how your company burns. What are ye? I am the king, 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 Powle in Paris, where there was two burnt to death in the place, and other two, the bastard of Foix and the Earl of Jovy, borne to their lodgings, and died within two days after in great misery and pain."

ACT V.

(1) Scene III.—The rudeness upon her lip is yet.] 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. 2400. In those remains there appears to have been the same intention as that shown in the coloured Monumental Effigies 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 statue of Hermione; 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-

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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, Shakspeare 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 Polyxenes, who is on a visit to his court; makes an attempt on his life, from which Polyxenes 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 Polyxenes' 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 Polyxenes 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 Polyxenes; 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. Shakspeare 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, so 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.