

*Pins and poking-sticks of steel,*³³
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but, being enthrall'd 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.

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

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

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets³⁴ where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole,³⁵ to whistle-off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering. Clammer your tongues,³⁶ and not a word more.

³³ These *poking-sticks* are described by Stubbes in his *Anatomic of Abuses*, Part ii.: "They be made of yron and steele, and some of brasse, kept as bright as silver, yea, some of silver itselfe; and it is well if in processe of time they grow not to be of gold." Stowe informs us that "about the sixteenth yeare of the queene began the making of *steele poking-sticks*, and until that time all lawndresses used setting stickes made of wood or bone." They were heated and used for setting the plaits of ruffs.

³⁴ *Placket* has been variously explained. Sometimes it appears to have meant an *apron*. According to Halliwell, the term is still in use for a *petty-coat*, and in some places for a *shift*, a *slit* in the pettycoat, a *pocket*, &c.

³⁵ The fire-place for drying malt was a favourite place for gossiping.

³⁶ In reference to the strange word *clammer*, Mr. Joseph Crosby writes me as follows: "It is a pure North-of-England provincialism. The original word *clam*, or *clamm*, means to *choke up*, to stick or fasten together; and

Mop. I have done. Come, you promis'd me a tawdry-lace and a pair of sweet gloves.³⁷

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money?

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

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

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

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print a-life,³⁸ for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife long'd to eat adders' heads and toads carbonado'd.³⁹

Mop. Is it true, think you?

our word *clammy* comes from the same root. I have heard the expression, 'The mill is *clammed*,' that is, *stopped*, because the 'race,' that is, the stream of water driving it, 'is choked up.' It is strange, I think, that our common word *clammy* never suggested the origin and meaning of *clam* or *clammer* to any of the Editors. It exactly corresponds to our American slang phrase *dry up*. I have, myself, heard *clammed* used of a person *starved with hunger*; meaning that his bowels were so empty that they *clammed* or stuck together." — Sometimes the word was spelt *clem*; and in further illustration of the point, I quote a passage from Massinger's *Roman Actor*, ii. 1: "And yet I, when my entrails were *clemm'd* with keeping a perpetual fast, was deaf to their loud windy cries." See Critical Notes.

³⁷ A *tawdry-lace* was a sort of necklace worn by country wenches. So in *The Faithful Shepherdess*: "The primrose chaplet, *tawdry lace*, and ring." Spenser, in his *Shepherd's Kalendar*, mentions it as an ornament for the waist: "And gird your waste, for more fineness, with a *tawdrie lace*." *Tawdries* is used sometimes for *necklaces* in general. — Sweet or perfumed gloves are often mentioned by Shakespeare.

³⁸ *A-life* is *as my life, mightily*. — That any one should be sure a thing is true because of its being in print, seems rather odd to us.

³⁹ *Carbonado'd* is *stashed* or *cut across*, as a piece of meat for broiling. The Poet has it repeatedly so.

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

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

Aut. Here's another ballad, Of a fish, that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish: the ballad is very pitiful, and as true.⁴⁰

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

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

Clo. Lay it by too: another.

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

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man*: there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

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.

Aut. *Get you hence, for I must go;*

Where, it fits not you to know.

Dor. *Whither?* *Mop.* *O, whither?* *Dor.* *Whither?*

⁴⁰ All extraordinary events were then turned into ballads. In 1604 was entered on the Stationers' books, "A strange report of a monstrous fish that appeared in the form of a woman from her waist upward."

Mop. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
Thou to me thy secrets tell:

Dor. *Me too, let me go thither.*

Mop. *Or thou go'st to th' grange or mill:*

Dor. *If to either, thou dost ill.*

Aut. *Neither.* *Dor.* *What, neither?* *Aut.* *Neither.*

Dor. *Thou hast sworn my love to be;*

Mop. *Thou hast sworn it more to me:*

Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: my father and the gentlemen are in sad⁴¹ talk, and we'll not trouble them.—Come, bring away thy pack after me.—Wenches, I'll buy for you both.—Pedler, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls. [*Exit with DORCAS and MOPSA.*]

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.—

[Sings.] *Will you buy any tape, or lace for your cape,*

My dainty duck, my dear-a?

Any silk, any thread, any toys for your head,

Of the new'st and finest, finest wear-a?

Come to the pedler; money's a meddler,

That doth utter⁴² all men's ware-a? [*Exit.*]

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three goat-herds, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made them-

⁴¹ *Sad* for earnest or serious; a common usage of the time.

⁴² A *meddler* is a *busybody*, one who has his finger in every one's dish.—To *utter*, as the word is here used, is to *publish*, to *offer for sale*, or to *make current*. Here the word is used as a causative verb, or in the sense of causing things to pass from hand to hand.

selves all men of hair ;⁴³ they call themselves Saltiers :⁴⁴ and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry⁴⁵ of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o' the mind, — if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, — it will please plentifully.

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

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

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the King ; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.⁴⁶

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

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

Enter twelve Rustics habited like Satyrs, who dance, and then exeunt.

Polix. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.⁴⁷ —
[*To CAM.*] Is it not too far gone ? 'Tis time to part them. 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,

⁴³ It is most probable that they were dressed in goat-skins. A dance of satyrs was no unusual entertainment in Shakespeare's time, or even at an earlier period. Bacon, *Essay* 37, says of antimasques, "They have been commonly of fools, *satyrs*, baboons, wild men, antics, beasts, sprites, witches, Ethiopes, pigmies, turquets, nymphs, rustics, Cupids, statues moving, and the like."

⁴⁴ *Saltiers* is probably the Servant's blunder for *satyrs*.

⁴⁵ A *gallimaufry* is a medley, jumble, or hotchpotch.

⁴⁶ *Squire* or *square* was in common use for a carpenter's measuring-rule.

⁴⁷ This is an answer to something which the Shepherd is supposed to have said to Polixenes during the dance.

And handled love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks : I would have ransack'd
The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance ; you have let him go,
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 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 loved ! I take thy hand, — this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or Ethiop's tooth, or the fann'd snow that's bolted
By th' northern blasts twice o'er.

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

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.
Polix. 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 knowledge
More than was ever man's — I would not prize them

Without her love ; for her employ them all ;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.⁴⁸

Polix. 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 th' 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.

Polix. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you :
Have you a father?

Flo. I have : but what of him?

Polix. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does nor shall.

Polix. Methinks a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more ;

⁴⁸ That is, *commit* them to her service, or condemn them to their own destruction. See page 82, note 16.

Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age and altering rheums? can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?⁴⁹
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.

Polix. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial : reason my son
Should choose himself a wife ;⁵⁰ but as good reason
The father — all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity — should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this ;
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Polix. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Polix. 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.

Polix. [*Discovering himself.*] Mark your divorce, young sir,

⁴⁹ That is, reason or converse about his own affairs. So in *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 3: "Let me *dispute* with thee of thy estate."

⁵⁰ It is reason, or reasonable, that my son should choose, &c.

Whom son I dare not call ; thou art too base
To be acknowledged : thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook ! — Thou old traitor,
I'm sorry that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week. — And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who, of force, must know
The royal fool thou copest with, —

Shep. O, my heart !

Polix. — I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and
made

More homely than thy state. — For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack, — as never
I mean thou shalt, — we'll bar thee from succession ;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far'⁵¹ 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.*

Per. Even here undone !

I was not much afeard ; for once or twice
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,

⁵¹ *Far'*, in the old spelling, *farre*, that is, *farther*. The ancient comparative of *fer* was *ferrer*. This in the time of Chaucer was softened into *ferre*: "Thus was it peinted, I can say no *ferre*."

The selfsame Sun that shines upon his Court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on's alike. — [*To FLO.*] Will't please you, sir, be gone?
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 further,
But milk my ewes and weep.⁵²

Cam. Why, how now, father !
Speak ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. — [*To FLO.*] O sir,
You have undone a man of fourscore-three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet ; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones ! but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels-in dust.⁵³ — [*To PERDL.*] O cursèd
wretch,

That knew'st this was the Prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him ! — Undone ! undone !
If I might die within this hour, I've lived
To die when I desire.⁵⁴

[*Exit.*

⁵² Coleridge says, "O, how more than exquisite is this whole speech ! And that profound nature of noble pride and grief venting themselves in a momentary peevishness of resentment towards Florizel: 'Wilt please you, sir, be gone ?'" For my part, I should say, how more than exquisite is every thing about this unfledged angel !

⁵³ In the old burial service, it was the custom for *the priest* to throw earth on the body in the form of a cross, and then sprinkle it with holy water.

⁵⁴ Some of the critics have been rather hard on the old Shepherd, for what they call his characteristic selfishness in thinking so much of his own life, though he be fourscore and three, and showing so little concern for Perdita and Florizel. But it is the thought, not so much of dying, as of dying like a

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;
More straining on for plucking back; not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech, — which I do guess
You do not purpose to him; — and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his Highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think Camillo?

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus!
How often said my dignity would last
But till 'twere known!

Flo. It cannot fail but by
The violation of my faith; and then
Let Nature crush the sides o' the earth together,
And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks: —
From my succession wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advised.

Flo. I am, and by my fancy:⁵⁵ if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;

felon, that troubles and engrosses his mind. His unselfish honesty in the treatment of his foundling is quite apparent throughout. The Poet was wiser than to tempt nature overmuch, by making the innate qualities of his heroine triumphant over the influences of a selfish father.

⁵⁵ Here, as often, *fancy* means *love*.

If not, my senses, better pleased with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the Sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound sea hides
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair beloved: 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 oppórtune to our need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepared
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. — [*Taking her aside.*
[*To CAMILLO.*] I'll hear you by-and-by.

Cam. He's irremovable,
Resolved 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 serious business, that
I leave out ceremony.

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

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserved: it is my father's music
To speak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompensed as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the King,
And, through him, what is near'st 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 discontenting⁵⁶ 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.

⁵⁶ *Discontenting* for *discontented*; an instance of the indiscriminate use of active and passive forms. See *The Tempest*, page 60, note 59.

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

Flo. Not any yet:
But as th' unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do,⁵⁷ 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, forgiveness,
As 'twere i' the father's person; kisses the hands
Of your fresh Princess; o'er and o'er divides him
'Twi' his unkindness and his kindness; th' 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 comfort. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,

⁵⁷ This *unthought-on accident* is the unexpected discovery made by Polixenes. — *Guilty to*, though it sound harsh to our ears, was the phraseology of Shakespeare. So in *The Comedy of Errors*, iii. 2:

But, lest myself be *guilty to* self-wrong,
I'll stop my ears against the mermaid's song.

Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down :
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say ; that he shall not perceive
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I'm bound to you :
There is some sap in this.⁵⁸

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 :⁵⁹
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.

Per. One of these is true :
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.⁶⁰

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

⁵⁸ Where there is *sap* there is *life*, and while there is *life* there is *hope*. The phrase was common, and occurs again in *Antony and Cleopatra*, iii. 13: "There's *sap* in't yet."

⁵⁹ That is, "as you shake off one *misery*, you are *sure* to take on another." In what follows, Camillo means that it is better to steer for some fixed harbourage than to sail at random.

⁶⁰ Here, as often, to *take in* is to *conquer* or *subdue*.

I' the rear our birth.

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 so in Sicilia.

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this : I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there : it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed,⁶¹ as if
The scene you play'd were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want, one word.

[*They talk aside.*]

Re-enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha ! what a fool Honesty is ! and Trust, his
sworn brother, a very simple gentleman ! I have sold all my
trumpery ; not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, po-
mander, brooch, table-book,⁶² ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-
tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting : they

⁶¹ *Appointed*, here, is *furnished* or *accoutred*. Often so, both the verb and the noun.

⁶² *Pomanders* were little balls of perfumed paste, worn in the pocket, or hung about the neck, and even sometimes suspended to the wrist, according to Phillips. They were used as amulets against the plague or other infections, as well as for mere articles of luxury. — A *table-book* was a set of tablets, to be carried in the pocket, for writing memoranda upon.

throng'd who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed,⁶³ and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture;⁶⁴ and what I saw, to my good use I remember'd. 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 pettitoes⁶⁵ till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: I would⁶⁶ have filed keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoobub⁶⁷ 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.

[CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, and PERDITA come forward.]

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

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

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per.

Happy⁶⁸ be you!

All that you speak shows fair.

⁶³ This alludes to the beads often sold by the Romanists, as made particularly efficacious by the touch of some relic.

⁶⁴ *In picture* seems to be used here as a sort of equivoque; the sense of *in picking* being implied.

⁶⁵ The sense of *pettitoes* is *petty toes*; here used humorously for *feet*.

⁶⁶ *Would* for *could*. The auxiliaries *could*, *should*, and *would*, were very often used indiscriminately. So later in this scene: "About his son, that *should* have married a shepherd's daughter"; *should* for *would*. See *The Tempest*, page 83, note 30.

⁶⁷ *Whoobub* is an old equivalent for *hubbub*.

⁶⁸ *Happy* in the sense of *prosperous*, *fortunate*, or *successful*; like the Latin *felix*. Repeatedly so.

Cam. [Seeing AUTOLYCUS.] Who have we here?
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 discase thee instantly,—thou must think
there's a necessity in't,—and change garments with this gen-
tleman: 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 gentlemen is half flay'd
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 con-
science take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[FLORIZEL and AUTOLYCUS exchange garments.]

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to ye!⁶⁹—you must retire yourself⁷⁰
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;

⁶⁹ "May my use of the word *fortunate* be prophetic, and come home to you as such!"

⁷⁰ "Withdraw yourself." So the Poet often uses *retire*.

Dismantle you ; and, as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming ; that you may —
For I do fear eyes over us — to shipboard
Get undescried.

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

Cam. No remedy. —
Have you done there ?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat. —

[*Giving it to PERDITA.*]

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 review Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us ! —
Thus we set on, Camillo, to th' sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed the better.

[*Excunt FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and CAMILLO.*]

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it : to have an open
ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-
purse ; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the
other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth
thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot !
what a boot is here with this exchange ! Sure, the gods do

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

Re-enter the Clown and Shepherd.

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

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 punish'd 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 not how much an ounce.

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

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

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

Clo. Pray heartily he be at the palace.

Aut. [*Aside.*] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: let me pocket up my pedler's excrement.⁷¹ [*Takes off his false beard.*]—How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

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

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

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

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.⁷²

Clo. Your Worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.⁷³

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

Aut. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. 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-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-

⁷¹ *Excrement*, from the Latin *exresco*, was applied to such outgrowths of the human body as hair, nails, &c. See *The Merchant*, page 142, note 16.

⁷² To give one the lie commonly meant to accuse him of lying, or to call him a liar. But Autolycus appears to be punning on the phrase, using it in the sense of dealing in lies, or cheating by means of falsehood, as he himself has often done in selling his wares. Giving the lie in this sense is paid with money, and not with stabbing, as it is in the other sense. And, in lying his customers out of their cash, Autolycus has had his lies well paid for; therefore he did not give them the lie.

⁷³ "Taken with the manner" is an old phrase for taken in the act.

contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or touse⁷⁴ from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pie; and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the King.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

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

Clo. [*Aside to Shep.*] Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant: say you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant,⁷⁵ cock nor hen.

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

Yet Nature might have made me as these are;
Therefore I'll not disdain.

Clo. [*Aside to Shep.*] This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. [*Aside to Clo.*] His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

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

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

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the King; and which he shall

⁷⁴ "Think'st thou, because I wind myself into thee, or draw from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier?" To touse is to pluck or draw out. As to touse or teize wool, *Carpere lanam*.

⁷⁵ It appears that pheasants were in special favour as presents of game to persons in authority, when any thing was wanted of them. Halliwell aptly illustrates the text by the following from the *Journal* of the Rev. Giles Moore, 1665: "I gave to Mr. Cripps, Solicitor, for acting for me in obtaining my qualification, and effecting it, £1 10s.; and I allowed my brother Luxford for going to London thereupon, and presenting my lord with two brace of pheasants, 10s."

know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The King is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself: for, if thou 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,⁷⁶ 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 germane⁷⁷ to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it⁷⁸ be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

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

Aut. He has a son; who shall be flay'd alive; then,

⁷⁶ That is, if he be not at large *under bonds* to appear and answer on a given day. *Hand-fast* is here equivalent to *main-prize*.

⁷⁷ *Germane* is related or *akin*; used both of persons and of things.

⁷⁸ The doubling of the subject in relative clauses, as *which* and *it* in this place, is common in the old writers; and sometimes happens with good writers even now, though probably through inadvertence. So, again, in the next scene: "*Which* that *it* shall, is all as monstrous," &c.

'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's-nest; there stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recover'd again with aqua-vitæ or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims,⁷⁹ shall he be set against a brick-wall, the Sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me—for you seem to be honest plain men—what you have to the King: being something gently considered,⁸⁰ 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. [*Aside to Shep.*] He seems to be of great authority: close with him; give him gold: an though⁸¹ 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 *flay'd 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?

⁷⁹ Meaning the hottest day predicted by the almanac. Malone says, "Almanacs were in Shakespeare's time published under this title: 'An Almanack and Prognostigation made for the year of our Lord God 1575.'"

⁸⁰ "Gently considered" here means *liberally bribed*. The use of *consideration* for *recompense* has been made familiar to readers of romance by old Trapbois, in *The Fortunes of Nigel*.

⁸¹ *An though* is here equivalent, apparently, to *although*.

Clo. In some sort, sir : but, though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it.⁸²

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

Clo. [*Aside to Shep.*] 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 perform'd ; 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. [*Aside to Shep.*] We are bless'd in this man, as I may say, even bless'd.

Shep. [*Aside to Clo.*] 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 but luck may turn to my advancement ? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him : if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the King concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious ; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't. To him will I present them : there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*]

⁸² The Clown, however uncorrupted with the sophistications of pen and ink, and though he may "have a mark to himself, like an honest plain-dealing man," is no clod-pole : his pun on *case* in this instance is something keen.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Sicilia.* A Room in the Palace of LEONTES.

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and others.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd A saint-like sorrow : no fault could you make, Which you have not redeem'd ; indeed, paid down More penitence than done trespass : at the last, Do as the Heavens have done, forget your evil ; With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember Her and her virtues, I cannot forget My blemishes in them ; and so still think of The wrong I did myself : which was so much, That 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 ! Kill'd ! — she I kill'd ! I did so : but thou strikest me Sorely, to say I did ; it is as bitter Upon thy tongue as in my thought : now, good now, Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady : You might have spoke a thousand things that would