

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

*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.*]

<sup>82</sup> 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

Have done the time more benefit, and graced  
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  
Than to rejoice the former Queen is well?<sup>1</sup>  
What holier than — for royalty's repair,  
For present comfort, and for future good —  
To bless the bed of majesty again  
With a sweet fellow to't?

*Paul.* There is none worthy,  
Respecting<sup>2</sup> her that's gone. Besides, the gods  
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes;  
For has not the divine Apollo said,  
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,  
That King Leontes shall not have an heir  
Till his lost child be found? which that it shall,  
Is all as monstrous to our human reason  
As my Antigonus to break his grave  
And come again to me; who, on my life,  
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel  
My lord should to the Heavens be contrary,

<sup>1</sup> *Is well* is an old phrase for *is dead*; that is, *happy*, or *at rest*. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii, 5: "We use to say the dead are well."

<sup>2</sup> *Respecting*, here, is *in comparison with*; the only instance, I think, of the word so used. But the Poet often has *in respect of* in just the same sense. See *As You Like It*, page 81, note 13.

Oppose against their wills. — [*To LEON.*] Care not for issue;  
The crown will find an heir: great Alexander  
Left his to th'<sup>3</sup> worthiest; so his successor  
Was like to be the best.

*Leon.* Thou good Paulina,  
Who hast the memory of Hermione,  
I know, in honour, O, that ever I  
Had squared me to thy counsel! then, even now,  
I might have look'd upon my Queen's full eyes;  
Have taken treasure from her lips, —

*Paul.* And left them  
More rich for what they yielded.

*Leon.* Thou speak'st truth.  
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,  
And better used, would make her sainted spirit  
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage —  
Where we offend her now — appear, soul-vex'd,  
And begin, *Why to me?*

*Paul.* Had she such power,  
She had just cause.

*Leon.* She had; and would incense me  
To murder her I married.

*Paul.* I should so.  
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark  
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't  
You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even your ears  
Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd  
Should be, *Remember mine.*

<sup>3</sup> This elision of *the*, so as to make it coalesce with the preceding word into one syllable, has occurred many times in this play, and ought, perhaps, to have been noted before. So we have *by th'*, *do th'*, *for th'*, *from th'*, *on th'*, *wi' th'*, and others. See *The Tempest*, page 47, note 16.

*Leon.* Stars, stars,  
And all eyes else dead coals! Fear thou no wife;  
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

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

*Leon.* Never, Paulina; so be 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,  
Affront<sup>4</sup> 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 your Queen: she shall not be so young  
As was your former; but she shall be such  
As, walk'd your first Queen's ghost, it should take joy  
To see her in your arms.

*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 fair'st I've yet beheld, — desires access

<sup>4</sup> *Affront* is *meet* or *encounter*. Shakespeare uses this word with the same meaning in *Hamlet*, iii. 1: "That he, as 'twere by accident, may here *affront* Ophelia." And in *Cymbeline*: "Your preparation can *affront* no less than what you hear of." Lodge, in the Preface to his *Translation of Seneca*, says, "No soldier is counted valiant that *affronteth* not his enemy."

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 framed, but forced  
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<sup>5</sup>  
Give way to what's seen now! Sir, you yourself  
Have said and writ so, — but your writing now  
Is colder than that theme, — *She had not been,*  
*Nor was not to be equall'd.* Thus your verse  
Flow'd with her beauty once: 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,  
To say you've seen a better.

*Gent.* Pardon, madam:  
The one I have almost forgot, — your pardon;  
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,  
Will have your tongue too. This is such a creature,  
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal  
Of all professors else;<sup>6</sup> make proselytes  
Of whom she but bid follow.

*Paul.* How! not women?

*Gent.* Women will love her, that she is a woman

<sup>5</sup> This, if the text be right, must mean, as Edwards observes, "thy beauties, which are buried in the grave"; the *container* for the *contained*.

<sup>6</sup> Put them out of heart and hope by surpassing them.

More worth than any man ; men, that she is  
The rarest of all women.

*Leon.* Go, Cleomenes ;  
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,  
Bring them to our embracement. [*Exeunt CLEO. and others.*  
Still, 'tis strange

He thus should steal upon us.

*Paul.* Had our Prince,  
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had pair'd  
Well with this lord : there was not full a month  
Between their births.

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

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

Your mother was most true to wedlock, Prince ;  
For she did print your royal father off,  
Conceiving you : were I but twenty-one,  
Your father's image is so hit in you,  
His very air,<sup>7</sup> that I should call you brother,  
As I did him, and speak of something wildly  
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome !  
And your fair princess-goddess ! O, alas,  
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth  
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as  
You gracious couple do ! and then I lost —  
All mine own folly — the society,

<sup>7</sup> *Air* for *look, appearance, or total expression*. So in the preceding scene: "See'st thou not the *air* of the Court in these enfoldings?"

Amity too, of your brave father, whom,  
Though bearing misery, I desire my life  
Once more to look on him.<sup>8</sup>

*Flo.* By his command  
Have I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him  
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,<sup>9</sup>  
Can send his brother : and, but <sup>10</sup> infirmity —  
Which waits upon worn times — hath something seized  
His wish'd ability, he had himself  
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his  
Measured 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've done thee stir  
Afresh within me ; and these thy offices,  
So rarely kind, are as interpreters  
Of my behindhand slackness ! — Welcome hither,  
As is the Spring to th' earth. And hath he too  
Exposed this paragon to th' fearful usage —  
At least ungentle — of the dreadful Neptune,  
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less  
Th' adventure of her person ?

*Flo.* Good my lord,<sup>11</sup>

<sup>8</sup> Here we have a relative clause with the *object* doubled, *whom* and *him*. See page 144, note 78. — The meaning in the text is, "whom I desire to live to see again, though life is a misery to me."

<sup>9</sup> *At friend* is plainly equivalent to *on terms of friendship*. And why not *at friend* as well as "at feud" ? which is a common phrase.

<sup>10</sup> The exceptive *but*; equivalent to *be out that*, or *but that*. Often so. See *The Tempest*, page 47, note 16.

<sup>11</sup> We should say, "my good lord." But such inversions occur continually in Shakespeare, and other writers of his time. So we have "gentle my brother," "sweet my sister," "dear my mother," "gracious my lord," &c.

She came from Libya.

*Leon.* Where the warlike Smalus,  
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and loved?

*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 blessèd gods  
Purge all infection from our air whilst you  
Do climate here! You have a holy<sup>12</sup> 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,

<sup>12</sup> *Holy* for *just, righteous, or good*. Often so. See *The Tempest*, page 135, note 11.

Bohemia greets you from himself by me;  
Desires you to attach his son, who has—  
His dignity and duty both cast off—  
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with  
A shepherd's daughter.

*Leon.* Where's Bohemia? speak.

*Lord.* Here in your city; I now came from him:  
I speak amazedly; and it becomes  
My marvel and my message. To your Court  
Whiles he was hastening,—in the chase, it seems,  
Of this fair couple,—meets he on the way  
The father of this seeming lady, and  
Her brother, having both their country quitted  
With this young Prince.

*Flo.* Camillo has betray'd me;  
Whose honour and whose honesty till now  
Endured 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.<sup>13</sup> 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 Heaven sets spies upon us, will not have  
Our contract celebrated.

*Leon.* You are married?

*Flo.* We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;

<sup>13</sup> *Question*, again, for *talk or conversation*. See page 104, note 4.

The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first :  
The odds for high and low's alike.<sup>14</sup>

*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<sup>15</sup> you owed no more to time  
Than I do now : with thought of such affections,  
Step forth mine advocate ; at your request  
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

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

*Paul.* Sir, my liege,  
Your eye hath too much youth in't : not a month

<sup>14</sup> An obscure passage ; but probably meaning that the *liklihood* or *chance* of success in a "course of true love" is the same for all ranks of people. *Odds* is, properly, the difference between two or more things ; hence it not unnaturally draws into the sense of *probability*. We have a like use of *odds* in *Cymbeline*, v. 2 : "If thy gentry, Britain, go before this lout as he exceeds our lords, the *odds* is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods."

<sup>15</sup> *Since* where present usage requires *when*, and meaning *the time when*. Repeatedly so. See *A Midsummer*, page 46, note 23.

'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.<sup>16</sup> — [*To FLORIZEL.*] But your  
petition

Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father :  
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,  
I'm friend to them and you : upon which errand  
I now go toward him ; therefore follow me,  
And mark what way I make :<sup>17</sup> 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?

*I 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.

<sup>16</sup> The Poet seems rather fond of the idea here suggested. The reason why Leontes takes so quickly and so strongly to Perdita is, because he instinctively and unconsciously recognises in her a new edition, as it were, of Hermione. He cannot keep his eyes off the stranger, and while looking on her cannot keep his thoughts off her mother, as if he almost felt the presence of the one in the other. The same thing occurs between the exiled Duke and the disguised Rosalind in *As You Like It* ; also between the King and the disguised Imogen in *Cymbeline*. Scott has a very charming instance of the same subtle tricks of association in *The Antiquary*, where Oldbuck's heart goes out instantly to Lovell on first meeting with him ; and he cannot imagine why it is so until, near the end, he finds Lovell to be the son of a woman whom he had tenderly loved, and whose sad death he had deeply mourned, many years before.

<sup>17</sup> "Observe how I speed," or "what progress I make."

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

*1 Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the King and Camillo were very notes of admiration: <sup>1</sup> they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked as they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroy'd: a notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance <sup>2</sup> were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one it must needs be. Here comes a gentleman that happily <sup>3</sup> knows more. —

*Enter another Gentleman.*

The news, Rogero?

*2 Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfilled; the King's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it. Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward: he can deliver you more. —

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

How goes it now, sir? this news, which is call'd true, is so

<sup>1</sup> Were *real* signs and tokens of *wonder*. *Very*, for *veritable* or *true*, occurs repeatedly; as also *admiration* for *wonder*, the classical sense of the word. See *The Tempest*, page 140, note 29.

<sup>2</sup> *Importance* for *import*, the thing *imported* or *meant*. The word is so used again in *Cymbeline*, i. 5: "Upon *importance* of so slight and trivial a nature." Also in Bishop Stillingfleet's *Rational Account*, Part i., chapter 7: "Men cannot come to the natural sense and *importance* of the words used in Scripture, unless they rely on the authority of men for the signification of those words."

<sup>3</sup> The Poet often uses *happily* for *haply*, that is, *perhaps*.

like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: has the King found his heir?

*3 Gent.* Most true, if ever truth were pregnant <sup>4</sup> 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; <sup>5</sup> the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother; the affection <sup>6</sup> 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?

*2 Gent.* No.

*3 Gent.* Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner, that it seem'd 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 <sup>7</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Pregnant* here means *full of proof, convincing*: several times used thus by Shakespeare; as in *Othello*, ii. 1: "It is a most *pregnant* and unforced position."

<sup>5</sup> *Character* for *handwriting*. So in *Hamlet*, iv. 4: "*Laer*. Know you the *hand*? *King*. 'Tis Hamlet's *character*." And in the Poet's 59th Sonnet: "Since mind at first in *character* was done."

<sup>6</sup> *Affection* in one of the classical senses of the verb to *affect*; that is, native tendency, bent of mind, aspiration, or aptitude.

<sup>7</sup> To *embrace* is one of the old senses of to *clip*. See *The Tempest*, page 120, note 15.

her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit<sup>8</sup> of many king's reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

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

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

*1 Gent.* What became of his bark and his followers?

*3 Gent.* Wreck'd the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But, O, the noble combat that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd: 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 her.

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

*3 Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes—caught the water, though not the fish—was when, at the relation of the Queen's death, with the manner how she came to't,—bravely confess'd and lamented by the King,—how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an

<sup>8</sup> *Conduit* is *fountain*; and figures of men and women, in bronze or marble, were often used for fountains. See *As You Like It*, page 112, note 13.

*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 sorrow'd: if all the world could have seen't, the woe had been universal.

*1 Gent.* Are they returned to the Court?

*3 Gent.* No: the Princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself eternity,<sup>9</sup> and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they say one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer. Thither with all greediness of affection are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

*2 Gent.* I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed<sup>10</sup> house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

*1 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* Gentlemen.]

<sup>9</sup> *Eternity* here means *immortality*. It would seem that a painted statue was no singularity in that age: Ben Jonson, in his *Magnetic Lady*, makes it a reflection on the bad taste of the city.

*Rut.* I'd have her statue cut now in white marble.

*Sir Moth.* And have it painted in most orient colours.

*Rut.* That's right! *all city statues must be painted*,  
Else they be worth nought in their subtle judgments.

Sir Henry Wotton, who had travelled much, calls it an *English barbarism*. But painted statues were known to the Greeks, as appears from the accounts of Pausanias and Herodotus.

<sup>10</sup> *Removed* is *retired*, *solitary*, or *sequestered*. Repeatedly so. See *As You Like It*, page 91, note 42.



*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;<sup>11</sup> told him I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what: but, he at that time overfond of the shepherd's daughter, — so he then took her to be, — who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscover'd. But 'tis all one to me; for, had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits. Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

*Enter the Shepherd and Clown, richly dressed.*

*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 call'd me brother; and then the two Kings call'd my father brother; and then the Prince my brother and the Princess my sister

<sup>11</sup> That is, aboard Prince Florizel's *ship*. In iv. 3, the Prince says to Camillo, "most opportune to our need, I have a vessel rides fast by," &c.

call'd 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 luck, being in so preposterous estate<sup>12</sup> 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 of thy hands,<sup>13</sup> 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.

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

*Clo.* Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not

<sup>12</sup> *Estate* and *state* were used interchangeably. *Preposterous* is the Clown's blunder, perhaps intentional, for *prosperous*: for this Clown is a most Shakespearian compound of shrewdness and simplicity, and has something of the "allowed Fool" in his character; by *instinct*, of course.

<sup>13</sup> A *bold, courageous* fellow. Autolycus chooses to understand the phrase in one of its senses, which was that of *nimble handed*, working with his hands, a fellow skilled in thievery. See *Twelfth Night*, page 35, note 4.

wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. [*Trumpets within.*] Hark! the Kings and the Princes, our kindred, are going to see the Queen's picture.<sup>14</sup> Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters.<sup>15</sup>

[*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 homé: but, that you have vouchsafed, With your crown'd brother and these your contracted Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit, It is a surplus of your grace, which never My life may last to answer.

*Leon.* O Paulina, We honour you with trouble.<sup>1</sup> But we came

<sup>14</sup> The words *picture* and *statue* were sometimes used indiscriminately; which Collier thinks may have grown from the custom of painting statues. So in Heywood's *If you know not me, you know Nobody*:

Your ship, in which all the king's *pictures* were,  
From Brute unto our Queen Elizabeth,  
*Drawn in white marble*, by a storm at sea  
Is wreck'd, and lost.

<sup>15</sup> It was a common petitionary phrase to ask a superior to be *good lord* or *good master* to the supplicant. So, in *2 Henry IV.*, iv. 3, Falstaff says to Prince John, "I beseech you, when you come to the Court, *stand my good lord*"; that is, "be my friend or patron."

<sup>1</sup> *Trouble*, and not *honour*, is the emphatic word here. "The honour we are doing you puts you to trouble." A similar thought occurs in *Macbeth*,

To see the statue of our Queen: your gallery Have we pass'd through, not without much content In many singularities; but we saw not That which my daughter came to look upon, The statue of her mother.

*Paul.* As she lived peerless, So her dead likeness, I do well believe, Excels whatever yet you look'd upon, Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it Lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare To see the life as lively mock'd as ever Still sleep mock'd death: behold, and say 'tis well.

[*PAULINA draws back a curtain, and discovers HERMIONE standing 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! — Hide 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.

*Polix.* O, not by much.  
*Paul.* So much the more our carver's excellence; Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her As<sup>2</sup> she lived now.

*Leon.* As now she might have done,

i. 6: "The love that follows us sometime is our trouble, which still we thank as love."

<sup>2</sup> *As for as if* occurs very often in Shakespeare.

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 ashamed : 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 conjured to remembrance, and  
 From thy admiring<sup>3</sup> 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 colours  
 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  
 It kill'd itself much sooner.

*Polix.* 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.

<sup>3</sup> *Admiring* is *wondering*, here, as usual. See page 158, note 1.

*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.  
 Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already<sup>4</sup> —  
 What was he that did make it? — See, my lord,  
 Would you not deem it breathed? and that those veins  
 Did verily bear blood?

*Polix.* Masterly done :  
 The very life seems warra upon her lip.

*Leon.* The fixure of her eye has motion in't,<sup>5</sup>  
 And we are mock'd with art.

*Paul.* I'll draw the curtain :  
 My lord's almost so far transported, that  
 He'll think anon it lives.

*Leon.* O sweet Paulina,  
 Make me to think so twenty years together !  
 No settled senses of the world can match  
 The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.

*Paul.* I'm sorry, sir, I've thus far stir'd you ; but  
 I could afflict you further.

<sup>4</sup> 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 *anon* it moves, is, "May I die, if I do not think it moves already." — STAUNTON.

<sup>5</sup> The idea seems to be, that the spectators have a *sense* of mobility in a *vision* of fixedness ; that is, they *think* it a statue, yet *feel* as if it were the living original ; and seem to discern the *power* without the *fact* of motion. — I have never seen this play on the stage ; but can well believe the present scene to be, in the acting, one of the most impressive in the whole range of Shakespeare's theatre ; as perhaps Hermione herself is, upon the whole, the grandest structure of womanhood ever conceived by the wit of man. And in this superb scene the reader almost fancies the spectators turning into marble, as they fancy the marble turning into flesh.

*Leon.* Do, Paulina ;  
For this affliction has a taste as sweet  
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,  
There is an air comes from her : what fine chisel  
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,  
For I will kiss her.

*Paul.* Good my lord, forbear :  
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet ;  
You'll mar it, if you kiss it ; stain your own  
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

*Leon.* No, not these twenty years.

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

*Paul.* Either forbear,  
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you<sup>6</sup>  
For more amazement. If you can behold it,  
I'll make the statue move indeed, descend  
And take you by the hand : but then you'll think, —  
Which I protest against, — I am assisted  
By wicked powers.

*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 required  
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still ;  
Or those that think it is unlawful business  
I am about,<sup>7</sup> let them depart.

<sup>6</sup> *Resolve you* is *make up your mind, or be fully prepared*. So in *Macbeth*, iii. 1 : " *Resolve yourselves* apart : I'll come to you anon."

<sup>7</sup> Alluding to the old statutes against practising magic, which was regarded as a conspiring with "wicked powers," and so was punished as a capital crime. See *As You Like It*, page 127, note 6.

*Leon.* Proceed :  
No foot shall stir.

*Paul.* Music, awake her ; strike ! — [*Music.*  
'Tis time ; descend ; be stone no more ; approach ;  
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come ;  
I'll fill your grave up : stir ; nay, come away ;  
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him  
Dear life redeems you. — You perceive she stirs :

[*HERMIONE comes down 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 woo'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.

*Polix.* She embraces him.

*Cam.* She hangs about his neck :  
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

*Polix.* Ay, and make't manifest where she has lived,  
Or how stol'n from the dead.

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

*Herm.* 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 preserved? where lived? 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 preserved  
 Myself to see the issue.

*Paul.*                    There's time enough for that;  
 Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble  
 Your joys with like relation.—Go together,  
 You precious winners all; your exultation  
 Partake to every one.<sup>8</sup> 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,  
 And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine;  
 But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her,  
 As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said many  
 A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far,—  
 For him, I partly know his mind,—to find thee  
 An honourable husband.—Come, Camillo,  
 And take her by the hand; whose<sup>9</sup> worth and honesty  
 Is richly noted; and here justified  
 By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—

<sup>8</sup> A singular use of *partake*; meaning, of course, *impart, communicate, or extend the participation of*. So in *Pericles*, i. 1: "Our mind *partakes* her private actions to your secrecy."

<sup>9</sup> *Whose* refers, not to Paulina, but to Camillo; as appears by what follows.

What! look upon my brother: both your pardons,  
 That e'er I put between your holy looks  
 My ill suspicion.—This is your son-in-law,  
 And son unto the King, who—Heavens directing—  
 Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,  
 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 dissever'd; hastily lead away.

[*Exeunt.*]