

From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adult'refs.

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.

Leo. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for *Leontes*. O thou thing!
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Left barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar. I have said,
She's an adult'refs; I have said with whom:
More, she's a traitor; and *Camillo* is
A federary with her, one that knows
What she should be asham'd to know herself,
But with her most vile principal; that she's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
The vulgar 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 thoroughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leo. No, if I do 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 far off guilty
In that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns;
I must be patient, till the heavens look
With aspect of more favour. Good my lords,

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