

SCENE IV.

I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:
 'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
 Some remedies for life. *Apollo*, pardon
 My great prophaneness 'gainst thine oracle!
 I'll reconcile me to *Polixenes*,
 New woo 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
 Unclass'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,
 Which you knew great, and to the certain hazard
 Of all incertainties himself commended,
 No richer than his honour: how he glisters
 Through my dark rust! and how his piety
 Does my deeds make the blacker!

SCENE V.

Enter Paulina.

Pau. Wo the while!
 O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
 Break too!

Lord. Alas! what fit is this, good lady?

Pau. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
 What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling? burning
 In leads or oils? what old or newer torture

Must