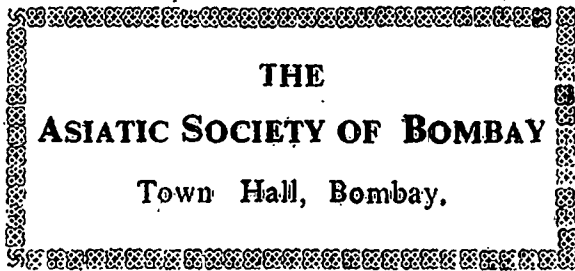




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P L A Y S

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE THIRTEENTH.

CONTAINING

KING HENRY VI. PART I.

KING HENRY VI. PART II.



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KING HENRY VI.

PART I.\*



\* KING HENRY VI. PART I.] The historical transaction contained in this play, take in the compass of above thirty years. I must observe, however, that our author, in the three parts of *Henry VI.* has not been very precise to the date and disposition of his facts; but shuffled them, backwards and forwards, out of time. For instance; the lord Talbot is killed at the end of the fourth Act of this play, who in reality did not fall till the 13th of July, 1445: and *The Second Part of Henry VI.* opens with the marriage of the king, which was solemnized eight years before Talbot's death, in the year 1445. Again, in the Second Part, dame Eleanor Cobham is introduced to insult Queen Margaret; though her penance and banishment for sorcery happened three years before that princess came over to England. I could point out many other transgressions against history, as far as the order of time is concerned. Indeed, though there are several master-strokes in these three plays, which incontestibly betray the workmanship of Shakspeare; yet I am almost doubtful, whether they were entirely of his writing. And unless they were wrote by him very early, I should rather imagine them to have been brought to him as a director of the stage; and so have received some finishing beauties at his hand. An accurate observer will easily see, the diction of them is more obsolete, and the numbers more mean and prosaic, than in the generality of his genuine compositions. THEOBALD.

Having given my opinion very fully relative to these plays at the end of *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* it is here only necessary to apprise the reader what my hypothesis is, that he may be the better enabled, as he proceeds, to judge concerning its probability. Like many others, I was long struck with the many evident *Shakspearianisms* in these plays, which appeared to me to carry such decisive weight, that I could scarcely bring myself to examine with attention any of the arguments that have been urged against his being the author of them. I am now surprized, (and my readers perhaps may say the same thing of themselves,) that I should never have adverted to a very striking circumstance which distinguishes this *first* part from the other parts of *King Henry VI.* This circumstance is, that none of these Shaksperian passages are to be found here, though several are scattered through the two other parts. I am therefore decisively of opinion that *this* play was not written by Shakspeare. The reasons on which that opinion is founded, are stated at large in the Dissertation above referred to. But I would here request the reader to attend particularly to the verification of this piece, (of which almost every line has a pause at the end,) which is so different from that of Shakspeare's undoubted plays, and of the greater part of the two succeeding pieces as *altered* by him, and so exactly corresponds with that of the tragedies written by others before and about the time of his first commencing author, that



this alone might decide the question, without taking into the account the numerous classical allusions which are found in this first part. The reader will be enabled to judge how far this argument deserves attention, from the several extracts from those ancient pieces which he will find in the Essay on this subject.

With respect to the *second* and *third* parts of *King Henry VI.* or, as they were originally called, *The Contention of the Two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, they stand, in my apprehension, on a very different ground from that of this first part, or, as I believe it was anciently called, *The Play of King Henry VI.—The Contention*, &c. printed in two parts, in quarto, 1600, was, I conceive, the production of some playwright who preceded, or was contemporary with Shakspeare; and out of that piece he formed the two plays which are now denominated the *Second* and *Third* Parts of *King Henry VI.*; as, out of the old plays of *King John* and *The Taming of the Shrew*, he formed two other plays with the same titles. For the reasons on which this opinion is formed, I must again refer to my Essay on this subject.

This old play of *King Henry VI.* now before us, or as our author's editors have called it, the *first* part of *King Henry VI.* I suppose, to have been written in 1599, or before. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. II. The disposition of facts in these three plays, not always corresponding with the dates, which Mr. Theobald mentions, and the want of uniformity and consistency in the series of events exhibited, may perhaps be in some measure accounted for by the hypothesis now stated. As to our author's having accepted these pieces as a *Director* of the stage, he had, I fear, no pretension to such a situation at so early a period. MALONE.

The chief argument on which the first paragraph of the foregoing note depends, is not, in my opinion, conclusive. This historical play might have been one of our author's earliest dramatick efforts: and almost every young poet begins his career by imitation. Shakspeare, therefore, till he felt his own strength, perhaps servilely conformed to the style and manner of his predecessors. Thus, the captive eaglet described by Rowe:

“ — a while endures his cage and chains,  
“ And like a prisoner with the clown remains:  
“ But when his plumes shoot forth, his pinions swell,  
“ He quits the rustick and his homely cell,  
“ Breaks from his bonds, and in the face of day  
“ Full in the sun's bright beams he soars away.”

What further remarks I may offer on this subject, will appear in the form of notes to Mr. Malone's Essay, from which I do not wantonly differ,—though hardily, I confess, as far as my sentiments may seem to militate against those of Dr. Farmer.

STEVENS,

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

---

*King Henry the Sixth.*

*Duke of Gloster, Uncle to the King, and Protector.*

*Duke of Bedford, uncle to the King, and Regent of France.*

*Thomas Beaufort, Duke of Exeter, great Uncle to the King.*

*Henry Beaufort, great Uncle to the King, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.*

*John Beaufort, Earl of Somerset; afterwards, Duke.*

*Richard Plantagenet, eldest Son of Richard late Earl of Cambridge; afterwards Duke of York.*

*Earl of Warwick. Earl of Salisbury. Earl of Suffolk.*

*Lord Talbot, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury:*

*John Talbot, his Son.*

*Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.*

*Mortimer's Keeper, and a Lawyer.*

*Sir John Fastolfe. Sir William Lucy.*

*Sir William Glauksdale. Sir Thomas Gargrave.*

*Mayor of London. Woodville, Lieutenant of the Tower.*

*Vernon, of the White Rose, or York Faction.*

*Basset, of the Red Rose, or Lancaster Faction.*

*Charles, Dauphin, and afterwards King of France.*

*Reignier, Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.*

*Duke of Burgundy. Duke of Alençon.*

*Governor of Paris. Bastard of Orleans.*

*Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.*

*General of the French Forces in Bourdeaux.*

*A French Sergeant. A Porter.*

*An old Shepherd, Father to Joan la Pucelle.*

*Margaret, Daughter to Reignier; afterwards married to King Henry.*

*Countess of Auvergne.*

*Joan la Pucelle, commonly called Joan of Arc.*

*Fiends appearing to La Pucelle, Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants both on the English and French.*

*SCENE, partly in England, and partly in France.*

FIRST PART OF  
KING HENRY VI.

---

ACT I. SCENE I.

Westminster Abbey.

*Dead march. Corpse of King Henry the Fifth discovered, lying in state; attended on by the Dukes of BEDFORD, GLOSTER, and EXETER; the Earl of WARWICK,<sup>1</sup> the Bishop of Winchester, Herald, &c.*

*BED.* Hung be the heavens with black,<sup>2</sup> yield day  
to night!

Comets, importing change of times and states,

<sup>1</sup> — *earl of Warwick;*] The *Earl of Warwick* who makes his appearance in the first scene of this play is *Richard Beauchamp*, who is a character in *King Henry V.* The Earl who appears in the subsequent part of it, is *Richard Nevil*, son to the *Earl of Salisbury*, who became possessed of the title in right of his wife, *Anne*, sister of *Henry Beauchamp*, Duke of Warwick, on the death of *Anne* his only child in 1449. *Richard*, the father of this *Henry*, was appointed governor to the king, on the demise of *Thomas Beaufort*, Duke of Exeter, and died in 1439. There is no reason to think that the author meant to confound the two characters. RITSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Hung be the heavens with black,*] Alluding to our ancient stage-practice when a tragedy was to be expected. So, in Sid-

Brandish your crystal tresses<sup>3</sup> in the sky;  
 And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,  
 That have consented<sup>4</sup> unto Henry's death!

ney's *Arcadia*, Book II: "There arose, even with the funne, a vaile of darke cloudes before his face, which shortly had *blacked over all the face of heaven*, preparing (as it were) a mournfull stage for a tragedie to be played on." See also Mr. Malone's *Historical Account of the English Stage*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Brandish your crystal tresses*—] *Crystal* is an epithet repeatedly bestowed on comets by our ancient writers. So, in a Sonnet, by Lord Steffine, 1604:

"When as those *chrystal* comets whiles appear."

Spenser, in his *Fairy Queen*, Book I. c. x. applies it to a lady's face:

"Like sunny beams threw from her *chrystal* face."

Again, in an ancient song entitled *The falling out of Lovers is the renewing of Love*:

"You *chrystal* planets shine all clear

"And light a lover's way."

"There is also a *white comet* with silver haire," says Pliny, as translated by P. Holland, 1601. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *That have consented*—] If this expression means no more than that the stars gave a bare *consent*, or *agreed* to let King Henry die, it does no great honour to its author. I believe to *consent*, in this instance, means to act in concert. *Consensus*, Lat. Thus *Erato* the muse, applauding the song of Apollo, in Lyly's *Midas*, 1592, cries out: "O sweet *consent!*" i. e. sweet union of sounds. Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. IV. c. ii.

"Such musick his wise words with time *consented.*"

Again, in his translation of Virgil's *Culex*:

"Chaunted their sundry notes with sweet *consent.*"

Again, in Chapman's version of the 24th Book of Homer's *Odyssey*:

"——— all the sacred nine

"Of deathless muscs, paid thee dues divine:

"By varied turns their heavenly voices venting;

"All in deep passion for thy death *consenting.*"

*Consented*, or as it should be spelt, *concented*, means, *have thrown themselves into a malignant configuration, to promote the death of Henry*. Spenser, in more than one instance, spells this word as it appears in the text of Shakespeare, as does Ben Jonson, in his *Epithalamion on Mr. Weston*. The following lines,

Henry the fifth,<sup>5</sup> too famous to live long!<sup>6</sup>  
 England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

" — shall we curse the planets of mishap,

" That *plotted* thus," &c.

seem to countenance my explanation; and Falstaff says of Shallow's servants, that " — they flock together in *consent*, like so many wild geese." See also *Tully de Natura Deorum*, Lib. II. ch. xlvi: "Nolo in stellarum ratione multus vobis videri, maximèque earum quæ errare dicuntur. Quarum tantus est *conventus* ex dissimilibus motibus," &c.

Milton uses the word, and with the same meaning, in his *Penseroso*:

" Whose power hath a true *consent*

" With planet, or with element." STEEVENS.

Steevens is right in his explanation of the word *consented*. So, in *The Knight of the burning Pestle*, the Merchant says to Merrythought:

" ——— too late, I well perceive,

" Thou art *consenting* to my daughter's loss."

and in *The Chances*, Antonio, speaking of the wench who robbed him, says:

" And also the fiddler who was *consenting* with her."

meaning the fiddler that was her accomplice.

The word appears to be used in the same sense in the fifth scene of this Act, where Talbot says to his troops:

" You all *consented* unto Salisbury's death,

" For none would strike a stroke in his revenge."

M. MASON.

*Consent*, in all the books of the age of Elizabeth, and long afterwards, is the usual spelling of the word *concent*. See Vol. X. p. 96, n. 3; and *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Act V. sc. i. In other places I have adopted the modern and more proper spelling; but, in the present instance, I apprehend, the word was used in its ordinary sense. In the second Act, Talbot, reproaching the soldiery, uses the same expression, certainly without any idea of a *malignant configuration*:

" You all *consented* unto Salisbury's death." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Henry the fifth*,] Old copy, redundantly,—*King Henry* &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — too famous to live long!] So, in *King Richard III*:

" So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long."

STEEVENS.

*GLO.* England ne'er had a king, until his time.  
 Virtue he had, deserving to command :  
 His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams ;  
 His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings ;<sup>7</sup>  
 His sparkling eyes replete with wrathful fire,  
 More dazzled and drove back his enemies,  
 Than mid-day sun, fierce bent against their faces.  
 What should I say ? his deeds exceed all speech :  
 He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquered.

*EXE.* We mourn in black ; Why mourn we not  
 in blood ?

Henry is dead, and never shall revive :  
 Upon a wooden coffin we attend ;  
 And death's dishonourable victory  
 We with our stately presence glorify,  
 Like captives bound to a triumphant car.  
 What ? shall we curse the planets of mishap,  
 That plotted thus our glory's overthrow ?  
 Or shall we think the subtle-witted French <sup>8</sup>  
 Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,  
 By magick verses have contriv'd his end ?

*WIN.* He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.  
 Unto the French the dreadful judgment day

<sup>7</sup> *His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings ;]* So, in  
*Troilus and Cressida :*

“ The dragon wing of night o'er spreads the earth.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *the subtle-witted French &c.]* There was a notion prevalent a long time, that life might be taken away by metrical charms. As superstition grew weaker, these charms were imagined only to have power on irrational animals. In our author's time it was supposed that the Irish could kill rats by a song.

JOHNSON.

So, in Reginald Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584 :  
 “ The Irishmen addit themselves, &c. yea they will not flicke  
 to affirme that they can rime either man or beast to death.”

STEEVENS.

So dreadful will not be, as was his fight.  
 The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought :  
 The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

*GLO.* The church ! where is it ? Had not church-  
 men pray'd,  
 His thread of life had not so soon decay'd :  
 None do you like but an effeminate prince,  
 Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

*WIN.* Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art pro-  
 tector ;  
 And lookest to command the prince, and realm.  
 Thy wife is proud ; she holdeth thee in awe,  
 More than God, or religious churchmen, may.

*GLO.* Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh ;  
 And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,  
 Except it be to pray against thy foes.

*BED.* Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds  
 in peace !  
 Let's to the altar :—Heralds, wait on us :—  
 Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms ;  
 Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.—  
 Posterity, await for wretched years,  
 When at their mothers' moist eyes<sup>9</sup> babes shall suck ;  
 Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>9</sup> ——— moist eyes —] Thus the second folio. The first, re-  
 dundantly,—*moisten'd*. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears,*] Mr. Pope—*ma-  
 rish*. All the old copies read, *a nourish* : and considering it is  
 said in the line immediately preceding, that babes shall suck at  
 their mothers' moist eyes, it seems very probable that our author  
 wrote, *a nourice*, i. e. that the whole isle should be one common  
*nurse*, or *nourisher*, of tears : and those be the nourishment of  
 its miserable issue. THEOBALD.

Was there ever such nonsense ! But he did not know that *ma-  
 rish* is an old word for marth or sea ; and therefore very judi-  
 ciously thus corrected by Mr. Pope. WAREBURTON.

And none but women left to wail the dead.—  
 Henry the fifth! thy ghost I invoke;  
 Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!  
 Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!  
 A far more glorious star thy soul will make,  
 Than Julius Cæsar, or bright<sup>2</sup>—

We should certainly read—*marsh*. So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*:

“Made mountains *marsh*, with spring-tides of my tears.”

RITSON.

I have been informed, that what we call at present a *stew*, in which fish are preserved alive, was anciently called a *nourish*. *Nourice*, however, Fr. a nurse, was anciently spelt many different ways, among which *nourish* was one. So, in *Syr Eglamour of Artois*, bl. l. no date:

“Of that chylde she was blyth,

“After *nourishes* she sent believe.”

A *nourish* therefore in this passage of our author may signify a nurse, as it apparently does in the *Tragedies of John Bochas*, by Lydgate, B. I. c. xii:

“Athenes when it was in his floures

“Was called *nourish* of philosphers wife.”

—*Jubæ tellus generat, leonum*

*Arida nutrit.* STEEVENS.

Spenser, in his *Ruins of Time*, uses *nourice* as an English word:

“Chaucer, the *nourice* of antiquity.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Than Julius Cæsar, or bright*—] I can't guess the occasion of the hemistich and imperfect sense in this place; 'tis not impossible it might have been filled up with—*Francis Drake*, though that were a terrible anachronism (as bad as Hector's quoting Aristotle in *Troilus and Cressida*); yet perhaps at the time that brave Englishman was in his glory, to an English-hearted audience, and pronounced by some favourite actor, the thing might be popular, though not judicious; and, therefore, by some critick in favour of the author, afterwards struck out. But this is a mere slight conjecture. POPE.

To confute the slight conjecture of Pope, a whole page of vehement opposition is annexed to this passage by Theobald. Sir Thomas Hanmer has stopped at *Cæsar*—perhaps more judiciously. It might, however, have been written—*or bright Berenice*.

JOHNSON.



*Enter a Messenger.*

*MESS.* My honourable lords, health to you all !  
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,  
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture :  
Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,<sup>3</sup>  
Paris, Guyfors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

*BED.* What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's  
corse ?

Speak softly ; or the loss of those great towns  
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

*GLO.* Is Paris lost ? is Rouen yielded up ?  
If Henry were recall'd to life again,  
These news would cause him once more yield the  
ghost.

*EXE.* How were they lost ? what treachery was  
us'd ?

*MESS.* No treachery ; but want of men and mo-  
ney.

Among the soldiers this is muttered,—  
That here you maintain several factions ;  
And, whilst a field should be despatch'd and fought,

Pope's conjecture is confirmed by this peculiar circumstance, that two blazing stars (the *Julium fidus*) are part of the arms of the *Drake* family. It is well known that families and arms were much more attended to in Shakspeare's time, than they are at this day. M. MASON.

This blank undoubtedly arose from the transcriber's or compositor's not being able to make out the name. So, in a subsequent passage the word *Nero* was omitted for the same reason. See the Dissertation at the end of the third part of *King Henry VI.*

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,]* This verse might be completed by the insertion of *Rouen* among the places lost, as *Gloster* in his next speech infers that it had been mentioned with the rest. STEEVENS.

You are disputing of your generals.  
 One would have ling'ring wars, with little cost;  
 Another would fly swift but wanteth wings;  
 A third man thinks,<sup>4</sup> without expence at all,  
 By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.  
 Awake, awake, English nobility!  
 Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot:  
 Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;  
 Of England's coat one half is cut away.

*EXE.* Were our tears wanting to this funeral,  
 These tidings would call forth her flowing tides.<sup>5</sup>

*BED.* Me they concern; regent I am of France:—  
 Give me my sleeed coat, I'll fight for France.—  
 Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!  
 Wounds I will lend the French, instead of eyes,  
 To weep their intermissiue miseries.<sup>6</sup>

*Enter another Messenger.*

2 *MESS.* Lords, view these letters, full of bad  
 mischance,  
 France is revolted from the English quite;  
 Except some petty towns of no import:  
 The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;  
 The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;  
 Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part;  
 The duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

<sup>4</sup> *A third man thinks,*] Thus the second folio. The first omits the word—*man*, and consequently leaves the verse imperfect.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — her *flowing tides.*] i. e. England's flowing tides.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *their intermissiue miseries.*] i. e. their miseries, which have had only a short intermission from Henry the Fifth's death to my coming amongst them. WARBURTON.

*EXE.* The Dauphin crowned king ! all fly to him !  
 , whither shall we fly from this reproach ?

*GLO.* We will not fly, but to our enemies'  
 throats :—

Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

*BED.* Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forward-  
 nefs ?

An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,  
 Wherewith already France is over-run.

*Enter a third Messenger.*

*3 MESS.* My gracious lords,—to add to your la-  
 ments,  
 Wherewith you now bedew king Henry's hearse,—  
 I must inform you of a disinal fight,  
 Betwixt the stout lord Talbot and the French.

*WIN.* What ! wherein Talbot overcame ? is't so ?

*3 MESS.* O, no ; wherein lord Talbot was o'er-  
 thrown :

The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.  
 The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,  
 Retiring from the siege of Orleans,  
 Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,<sup>7</sup>  
 By three and twenty thousand of the French  
 Was round encompassed and set upon :  
 No leisure had he to enrank his men ;  
 He wanted pikes to set before his archers ;  
 Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,  
 They pitched in the ground confusedly,

<sup>7</sup> *Having full scarce &c.*] The modern editors read—*scarce full*, but, I think, unnecessarily. So, in *The Tempest* :

“ — Prospero, master of a *full* poor cell.”

To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.  
 More than three hours the fight continued ;  
 Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,  
 Enacted wonders <sup>8</sup> with his sword and lance.  
 Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him ;  
 Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he flew :<sup>9</sup>  
 The French exclaim'd, The devil was in arms ;  
 All the whole army stood agaz'd on him :  
 His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,  
 A Talbot ! a Talbot ! cried out amain,  
 And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.<sup>1</sup>  
 Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,  
 If sir John Fastolfe <sup>2</sup> had not play'd the coward ;

<sup>8</sup> ——— above human thought,  
 Enacted wonders—] So, in *King Richard III* :  
 “ The king *enacts* more wonders than a man.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — he flew :] I suspect the author wrote *flew*.

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.*] Again, in the fifth Act of this play :

“ So, rushing in *the bowels* of the French.”

The same phrase had occurred in the first part of *Jeronimo*, 1605 :

“ Meet, Don Andrea ! yes, in *the battle's bowels*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *If sir John Fastolfe &c.*] Mr. Pope has taken notice, “ That Falstaff is here introduced again, who was dead in *Henry V*. The occasion whereof is, that this play was written before *King Henry IV*. or *King Henry V*.” But it is the historical Sir John Fastolfe (for so he is called in both our Chronicles,) that is here mentioned ; who was a lieutenant general, deputy regent to the duke of Bedford in Normandy, and a knight of the garter ; and not the comick character afterwards introduced by our author, and which was a creature merely of his own brain. Nor when he named him *Falstaff* do I believe he had any intention of throwing a slur on the memory of this renowned old warrior.

THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald might have seen his notion contradicted in the very line he quotes from. *Fastolfe*, whether truly or not, is

He being in the vaward, (plac'd behind,<sup>3</sup>  
 With purpose to relieve and follow them,)  
 Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.  
 Hence grew the general wreck and massacre;  
 Enclosed were they with their enemies:  
 A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,  
 Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;  
 Whom all France, with their chief assembled  
 strength,  
 Durst not presume to look once in the face.

said by Hall and Holinshed to have been degraded for cowardice. Dr. Heylin, in his *Saint George for England*, tells us, that "he was afterwards, upon good reason by him alledged in his defence, restored to his honour."—"This Sir John Fastolfe," continues he, "was without doubt, a valiant and wise captain, notwithstanding the stage hath made merry with him." FARMER.

See Vol. XI. p. 194, n. 3; and Oldys's *Life of Sir John Fastolfe* in the *General Dictionary*. MALONE.

In the 18th Song of Drayton's *Polyolion* is the following character of this *Sir John Fastolph*:

"Strong *Fastolph* with this man compare we justly may;  
 "By Salisbury who oft being seriously employ'd—  
 "In many a brave attempt the general foe annoy'd;  
 "With excellent success in Main and Anjou fought,  
 "And many a bulwarke there into our keeping brought;  
 "And chosen to go forth with Vadamont in warre,  
 "Most resolutely tooke proud Renate duke of Barre."

STEEVENS.

For an account of this Sir John Fastolfe, see Anstis's *Treatise on the Order of the Garter*; Parkins's *Supplement to Blomfield's History of Norfolk*; Tanner's *Bibliotheca Britannica*; or Capel's notes, Vol. II. p. 221; and Sir John Fenn's *Collection of the Passion Letters*. REED.

<sup>3</sup> *He being in the vaward, (plac'd behind,]* Some of the editors seem to have considered this as a contradiction in terms, and have proposed to read—the *rearward*,—but without necessity. Some part of the van must have been behind the foremost line of it. We often say the *back front* of a house. STEEVENS.

When an army is attacked in the *rear*, the *van* becomes the *rear* in its turn, and of course the *reserve*. M. MASON.

*BED.* Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,  
For living idly here, in pomp and ease,  
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,  
Unto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

3 *MESS.* O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,  
And lord Scales with him, and lord Hungerford:  
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took, likewise.

*BED.* His ranfome there is none but I shall pay:  
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne,  
His crown shall be the ranfome of my friend;  
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.—  
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;  
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,  
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:  
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,  
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3 *MESS.* So you had need; for Orleans is be-  
sieg'd;  
The English army is grown weak and faint:  
The earl of Salisbury craveth supply,  
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,  
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

*EXE.* Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry  
sworn;  
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,  
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

*BED.* I do remember it; and here take leave,  
To go about my preparation. [*Exit.*]

*GLO.* I'll to the Tower, with all the haste I can,  
To view the artillery and munition;  
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [*Exit.*]

*EXE.* To Eltham will I, where the young king  
is,

Being ordain'd his special governor ;  
 And for his safety there I'll best devise. [Exit.

WIN. Each hath his place and function to attend :

I am left out ; for me nothing remains.  
 But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office ;  
 The king from Eltham I intend to send,  
 And sit at chiefest stern of publick weal.<sup>4</sup>

[Exit. Scene closes.

<sup>4</sup> *The king from Eltham I intend to send,  
 And sit at chiefest stern of publick weal.*] The King was not at this time so much in the power of the Cardinal, that he could send him where he pleased. I have therefore no doubt but that there is an error in this passage, and that it should be read thus :

*The king from Eltham I intend to send,  
 And sit at chiefest stern of publick weal.*

This slight alteration preserves the sense, and the rhyme also with which many scenes in this play conclude. The King's person, as appears from the speech immediately preceding this of Winchester, was under the care of the Duke of Exeter, not of the Cardinal :

“ *Exe.* To Eltham will I, where the young king is,  
 “ Being ordain'd his special governor.” M. MASON.

The second charge in the *Articles of Accusation* preferred by the Duke of Gloster against the Bishop, (Hall's *Chron. Hen. VI.* f. 12, b.) countenances this conjecture. MALONE.

The disagreeable clash of the words—*intend* and *send*, seems indeed to confirm the propriety of Mr. M. Mason's emendation.

STEEVENS.

## SCENE II.

France. *Before Orleans.*

*Enter CHARLES, with his Forces; ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and Others.*

*CHAR.* Mars his true moving,<sup>5</sup> even as in the heavens,

So in the earth, to this day is not known :

Late did he shine upon the English side ;

Now we are victors upon us he smiles.

What towns of any moment, but we have ?

At pleasure here we lie, near Orleans ;

Otherwhiles, the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,

Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

*ALEN.* They want their porridge, and their fat  
bull-beeves :

Either they must be dieted like mules,

And have their provender tyed to their mouths,

Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

*REIG.* Let's raise the siege ; Why live we idly  
here ?

Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear :

Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury ;

And he may well in fretting spend his gall,

Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

*CHAR.* Sound, found alarum ; we will rush on  
them.

<sup>5</sup> *Mars his true moving, &c.*] So, Nash, in one of his prefaces before *Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, 1596 : " You are as ignorant in the true movings of my muse, as the astronomers are in the true movings of Mars, which to this day they could never attain to." STEEVENS.



Now for the honour of the forlorn French :—  
 Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,  
 When he sees me go back one foot, or fly.

[*Exeunt.*

*Alarums; Excursions; afterwards a Retreat.*

*Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and Others.*

CHAR. Who ever saw the like? what men have  
 I?—

Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would ne'er have fled,  
 But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

REIG. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;  
 He fighteth as one weary of his life.  
 The other lords, like lions wanting food,  
 Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.<sup>6</sup>

ALEN. Froissard, a countryman of ours, records,  
 England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,<sup>7</sup>  
 During the time Edward the third did reign.

<sup>6</sup> ———as their hungry prey.] I believe it should be read:  
 ———as their hungred prey. JOHNSON.

I adhere to the old reading, which appears to signify—the prey  
 for which they are hungry. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,] These were two  
 of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers;  
 and their exploits are rendered so ridiculously and equally extra-  
 vagant by the old romancers, that from thence arose that saying  
 amongst our plain and sensible ancestors, of giving one a Row-  
 land for his Oliver, to signify the matching one incredible lic  
 with another. WARBURTON.

Rather, to oppose one hero to another; i. e. to give a person  
 as good a one as he brings. STEEVENS.

The old copy has—breed. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

More truly now may this be verified ;  
 For none but Samsons, and Goliasses,  
 It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten !  
 Lean raw-bon'd rascals ! who would e'er suppose  
 They had such courage and audacity ?

*CHAR.* Let's leave this town ; for they are hair-  
 brain'd slaves,  
 And hunger will enforce them to be more eager :<sup>8</sup>  
 Of old I know them ; rather with their teeth  
 The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.

*REIG.* I think, by some odd gimmals<sup>9</sup> or de-  
 vice,  
 Their arms are fet, like clocks,<sup>1</sup> still to strike on ;

<sup>8</sup> *And hunger will enforce them to be more eager :*] The preposition *to* should be omitted, as injurious to the measure, and unnecessary in the old elliptical mode of writing. So, A& IV. fc. i. of this play :

“ Let me persuade you take a better course.”

i. e. *to take &c.* The error pointed out, occurs again in p. 31 :

“ Piel'd priest, dost thou command me *to be shut out?*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *gimmals*—] A *gimmel* is a piece of jointed work, where one piece moves within another, whence it is taken at large for an *engine*. It is now by the vulgar called a *gimcrack*.

JOHNSON.

In the inventory of the jewels, &c. belonging to Salisbury cathedral, taken in 1536, 28th of Henry VIII. is “ A faire chest with *gimmals* and key.” Again: “ Three other chests with *gimmals* of silver and gilt.” Again, in *The Vow-breaker, or The faire Maide of Clifton*, 1636 :

“ My actes are like the motionall *gymmals* :

“ Fixt in a watch.”

See also *King Henry V.* A& IV. fc. ii. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Their arms are fet, like clocks,*] Perhaps our author was thinking of the clocks in which figures in the shape of men struck the hours. Of these there were many in his time.

MALONE.

To go like *clockwork*, is still a phrase in common use, to express, a regular and constant motion. STEEVENS.

Else ne'er could they hold out so, as they do.  
By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone.

*ALEN.* Be it so.

*Enter the Bastard of Orleans.*

*BAST.* Where's the prince Dauphin, I have news  
for him.

*CHAR.* Bastard of Orleans,<sup>2</sup> thrice welcome to us.

*BAST.* Methinks, your looks are sad, your cheer  
appall'd;<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Bastard of Orleans.] That this in former times was not a term of reproach, see Bishop Hurd's *Letters on Chivalry and Romance*, in the third volume of his Dialogues, p. 233, who observing on circumstances of agreement between the heroick and Gothick manners, says that "Bastardy was in credit with both." One of William the Conqueror's charters begins, "*Ego Gulielmus cognomento Bastardus.*" And in the reign of Edward I. John Earl Warren and Surrey being called before the King's Justices to show by what title he held his lands, *produxit in medium gladium antiquum evaginatum—et ait, Ecce Domini mei, ecce warrantum meum! Antecessores mei cum Willō Bastardo venientes conquesti sunt terras suas, &c.* Dugd. Orig. Jurid. p. 13. Dugd. Bar. of Engl. Vol. I. Blount 9.

"Le Bastarde de Savoy," is inscribed over the head of one of the figures in a curious picture of the Battle of Pavia, in the Ashmolean Museum. In Fenn's *Paston Letters*, Vol. III. p. 72-3, in the articles of impeachment against the Duke of Suffolk, we read of the "Erle of Danas, bastard of Orlyauunce—"

VAILLANT.

Bastardy was reckoned no disgrace among the ancients. See the eighth *Iliad*, in which the illegitimacy of Teucer is mentioned as a panegyrick upon him, ver. 284:

"Καί σε, νόθον περ ἔοντα, κομισσάτο ὦ ἐνὶ οἴκῳ."

STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— your cheer appall'd;] *Cheer* is jollity, gaiety.

M. MASON.

*Cheer*, rather signifies—countenance. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

"All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer."

See Vol. IV. p. 414, n. 9. STEVENS.

Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence ?  
 Be not difmay'd, for succour is at hand :  
 A holy maid hither with me I bring,  
 Which, by a vifion fent to her from heaven,  
 Ordained is to raife this tedious fieve,  
 And drive the Englifh forth the bounds of France.  
 The fpirit of deep prophecy ſhe hath,  
 Exceeding the nine fibyls of old Rome ;<sup>4</sup>  
 What's paſt, and what's to come, ſhe can deſcry.  
 Speak, ſhall I call her in ? Believe my words,<sup>5</sup>  
 For they are certain and unfaillible.

*CHAR.* Go, call her in : [*Exit Baſtard.*] But, firſt,  
 to try her ſkill,  
 Reignier, ſtand thou as Dauphin in my place :  
 Queſtion her proudly, let thy looks be fierc :—  
 By this means ſhall we found what ſkill ſhe hath.  
[*Retires.*]

*Enter LA PUCELLE, Baſtard of Orleans, and  
 Others.*

*REIG.* Fair maid, is't thou wilt do theſe wond'rous  
 feats ?

*PUC.* Reignier, is't thou that thinkeſt to beguile  
 me ?—

Where is the Dauphin ?—come, come from behind ;

<sup>4</sup> — nine fibyls of old Rome ;] There were no *nine fibyls* of Rome ; but he confounds things, and miſtakes this for the nine books of Sibylline oracles, brought to one of the Tarquins.  
 WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> — Believe my words,] It ſhould be read :  
 — Believe her words. JOHNSON.

I perceive no need of change. The Baſtard calls upon the Dauphin to believe the extraordinary account he has juſt given of the prophetick ſpirit and prowefs of the Maid of Orleans.

I know thee well, though never seen before.  
 Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me :  
 In private will I talk with thee apart ;—  
 Stand back, you lords, and give us leave a while.

*REIG.* She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

*PVC.* Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,

My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.  
 Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd  
 To shine on my contemptible estate :<sup>6</sup>  
 Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,  
 And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,  
 God's mother deigned to appear to me ;  
 And, in a vision full of majesty,<sup>7</sup>  
 Will'd me to leave my base vocation,  
 And free my country from calamity :  
 Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success :  
 In complete glory she reveal'd herself ;  
 And, whereas I was black and swart before,  
 With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,  
 That beauty am I bless'd with, which you see.<sup>8</sup>  
 Ask me what question thou canst possible,  
 And I will answer unpremeditated :  
 My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,  
 And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.

<sup>6</sup> *To shine on my contemptible estate :*] So, in *Daniel's Complaint of Rosamond*, 1594 :

“ ——— thy king &c.

“ *Lightens forth glory on thy dark estate.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *a vision full of majesty,*] So, in *The Tempest* :

“ This is a most *majestick vision*—.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *which you see.*] Thus the second folio. The first, injudiciously as well as redundantly,—which you may see.

STEEVENS.

Resolve on this:<sup>9</sup> Thou shalt be fortunate,  
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

*CHAR.* Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high  
terms;

Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,—  
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me;  
And, if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;  
Otherwise, I renounce all confidence.

*Puc.* I am prepar'd: here is my keen-edg'd  
sword,

Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;<sup>1</sup>  
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's church-  
yard,  
Out of a deal of old iron I chose forth.<sup>2</sup>

*CHAR.* Then come o'God's name, I fear no wo-  
man.

<sup>9</sup> *Resolve on this:*] i. e. be firmly persuaded of it. So, in  
*King Henry VI.* P. III:

“ ——— I am *resolv'd*

“ That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Deck'd with five flower-de-luces &c.*] Old copy—*fine*; but  
we should read, according to Holinshed,—*five* flower-de-luces.  
“ — in a secret place there among old iron, appointed the hir  
sword to be sought out and brought her, that with *five* floure-de-  
lices was graven on both sides,” &c. STEEVENS.

The same mistake having happened in *A Midsummer-Night's  
Dream*, and in other places, I have not hesitated to reform the  
text, according to Mr. Steevens's suggestion. In the MSS. of  
the age of Queen Elizabeth, *u* and *n* are undistinguishable.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Out of a deal of old iron &c.*] The old copy yet more re-  
dundantly—Out of a *great* deal &c. I have no doubt but the  
original line stood, elliptically, thus:

*Out a deal of old iron I chose forth.*

The phrase of hospitals is still an *out door*, not an *out of door*  
patient. STEEVENS.

*Puc.* And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.  
[*They fight.*]

*CHAR.* Stay, stay thy hands; thou art an Amazon,  
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

*Puc.* Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

*CHAR.* Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:  
Impatiently I burn with thy desire;<sup>3</sup>  
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.  
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,  
Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be;  
'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

*Puc.* I must not yield to any rites of love,  
For my profession's sacred from above:  
When I have chafed all thy foes from hence,  
Then will I think upon a recompense.

*CHAR.* Mean time, look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

*REIG.* My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

*ALEN.* Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock;  
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

*REIG.* Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?

<sup>3</sup> *Impatiently I burn with thy desire;*] The amorous constitution of the Dauphin has been mentioned in the preceding play:

“ *Doing* is activity, and he will still be *doing*.”

COLLINS.

The Dauphin in the succeeding play is *John*, the elder brother of the present speaker. He died in 1416, the year after the battle of Agincourt. RITSON.

*ALEN.* He may mean more than we poor men do know :  
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

*REIG.* My lord, where are you ? what devise you on ?  
Shall we give over Orleans, or no ?

*PUC.* Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants !  
Fight till the last gasp ; I will be your guard.

*CHAR.* What she says, I'll confirm ; we'll fight it out.

*PUC.* Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.  
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise :  
Expect Saint Martin's summer,<sup>4</sup> halcyon days,  
Since I have entered into these wars.  
Glory is like a circle in the water,  
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,  
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Expect Saint Martin's summer,*] That is, expect prosperity after misfortune, like fair weather at Martlemas, after winter has begun. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Glory is like a circle in the water,  
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,  
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.*] So, in *Noſce Teipſum*, a poem by Sir John Davies, 1599 :

“ As when a ſtone is into water caſt,  
“ One circle doth another circle make,  
“ Till the laſt circle reach the bank at laſt.”

The ſame image, without the particular application, may be found in *Silius Italicus*, Lib. XIII :

“ Sic ubi perumpſit ſtagnantem calculus undam,  
“ Exiguus format per prima volumina gyros,  
“ Mox tremulum vibrans motu gliſcente liquorem  
“ Multiplicat crebros ſinuati gurgitis orbēs ;  
“ Donec poſtremo laxatis circulus oris,  
“ Contingat geminas patulo curvamine ripas.”

MALONE.

This was a favourite ſimile with Pope. It is to be found alſo



With Henry's death, the English circle ends;  
 Dispersed are the glories it included.  
 Now am I like that proud insulting ship,  
 Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.<sup>6</sup>

CHAR. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?<sup>7</sup>  
 Thou with an eagle art inspired then.  
 Helen, the mother of great Constantine,  
 Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters,<sup>8</sup> were like thee.

in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, Book VIII. st. 63, of Sir John Harrington's translation :

“ As circles in a water cleare are spread,  
 “ When sunne doth shine by day, and moone by night,  
 “ Succeeding one another in a ranke,  
 “ Till all by one and one do touch the banke.”

I meet with it again in Chapman's *Epistle Dedicatorie*, prefixed to his version of the *Iliad* :

“ ————— As in a spring,  
 “ The plyant water, mov'd with any thing  
 “ Let fall into it, puts her motion out  
 “ In perfect circles, that mone round about  
 “ The gentle fountaine, one another rayfing.”

And the same image is much expanded by Sylvester, the translator of *Du Bartas*, 3d part of 2d day of 2d week.

HOLT WHITE.

<sup>6</sup> — like that proud insulting ship,

Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.] This alludes to a passage in Plutarch's *Life of Julius Cæsar*, thus translated by Sir Thomas North: “ Cæsar hearing that, straight discovered himselfe unto the maister of the pynnase, who at the first was amazed when he saw him; but Cæsar, &c. said unto him, Good fellow, be of good cheere, &c. and fear not, for thou hast Cæsar and his fortune with thee.” STREVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?] Mahomet had a dove, “ which he used to feed with wheat out of his ear; which dove, when it was hungry, lighted on Mahomet's shoulder, and thrust its bill in to find its breakfast; Mahomet persuading the rude and simple Arabians, that it was the Holy Ghost that gave him advice.” See Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World*, Book I. P. I. ch. vi. *Life of Mahomet*, by Dr. Prideaux.

GREY.

<sup>8</sup> Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters.] Meaning the four daughters of Philip mentioned in the *Acts*. HANMER.

Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,  
How may I reverently worship thee enough?<sup>9</sup>

*ALEN.* Leave off delays, and let us raise the  
siege.

*REIG.* Woman, do what thou canst to save our  
honours;  
Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.

*CHAR.* Presently we'll try:—Come, let's away  
about it:  
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

London. *Hill before the Tower.*

*Enter, at the Gates, the Duke of GLOSTER, with  
his Serving-men, in blue Coats.*

*GLO.* I am come to survey the Tower this day;  
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.<sup>1</sup>—  
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?  
Open the gates; Gloster it is that calls.

[*Servants knock.*]

*1 WARD.* [*Within.*] Who is there that knocks  
so imperiously?

*1 SERV.* It is the noble duke of Gloster.

<sup>9</sup> *How may I reverently worship thee enough?* Perhaps this unmetrical line originally ran thus:

*How may I reverence, worship thee enough?*  
The climax rises properly, from *reverence*, to *worship*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *there is conveyance.*] *Conveyance* means *theft*.

HANMER.

So Pistol, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: “*Convey* the wife it call: *Steal!* foh; a fico for the phrase.” STEEVENS.

C. WARD. [*Within.*] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

1 SERV. Answer you so the lord protector, villains?

1 WARD. [*Within.*] The Lord protect him! so we answer him:

We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

GLO. Who willed you? or whose will stands, but mine?

There's none protector of the realm, but I.—  
Break up the gates,<sup>2</sup> I'll be your warrantize:  
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

*Servants rush at the Tower Gates. Enter, to the Gates, WOODVILLE, the Lieutenant.*

WOOD. [*Within.*] What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

GLO. Lieutenant, is it you, whose voice I hear?  
Open the gates; here's Gloster, that would enter.

WOOD. [*Within.*] Have patience, noble duke;  
I may not open;

<sup>2</sup> Break up the gates,] I suppose to break up the gate is to force up the portcullis, or by the application of petards to blow up the gates themselves. STEEVENS.

To *break up* in Shakspeare's age was the same as to *break open*. Thus, in our translation of the Bible: "They have *broken up*, and have passed through the *gate*." *Micah*, ii. 13. So again, in *St. Mattheu*, xxiv. 43: "He would have watched, and would not have suffered his house to be *broken up*."

WHALLEY.

Some one has proposed to read—

*Break open the gates,——*

but the old copy is right. So Hall, HENRY VI. folio 78, b: "The lusty Kentishmen hoppyng on more friends, *brake up* the gaytes of the King's Bench and Marthalia," &c. MALONE

The cardinal of Winchester forbids :  
 From him I have express commandement,  
 That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.

*GLO.* Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore  
 me ?

Arrogant Winchester ? that haughty prelate,  
 Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could  
 brook ?

Thou art no friend to God, or to the king :  
 Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

*I SERV.* Open the gates unto the lord protector ;  
 Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not  
 quickly.

*Enter WINCHESTER, attended by a Train of  
 Servants in tawny Coats.*<sup>3</sup>

*WIN.* How now, ambitious Humphry ? what  
 means this ?<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — *tawny coats.*] It appears from the following passage in a comedy called, *A Maidenhead well lost*, 1634, that a *tawny coat* was the dress of a *summoner*, i. e. an apparitor, an officer whose business it was to summon offenders to an ecclesiastical court :

“ Tho I was never a *tawny-coat*, I have play'd the *summoner's* part.”

These are the proper attendants therefore on the Bishop of Winchester. So, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 822 : “ — and by the way the *bishop* of London met him, attended on by a goodly company of gentlemen in *tawny-coats*,” &c.

*Tawny* was likewise a colour worn for mourning, as well as *black* ; and was therefore the suitable and sober habit of any person employed in an ecclesiastical court :

“ A crone of bayes shall that man weare

“ That triumphs over me ;

“ For *blacke* and *tawnie* will I weare,

“ Whiche *mournyng colours* be.”

The Complaint of a Lover wearyng *blacke* and *tawnie* ; by E. O. [i. e. the Earl of Oxford.] *Paradise of Dainty Devises*, 1576.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *How now, ambitious Humphry ? what means this ?*] The

*GLO.* Piel'd priest,<sup>5</sup> dost thou command me to be shut out?

*WIN.* I do, thou most usurping proditor,  
And not protector of the king or realm.

*GLO.* Stand back, thou manifest conspirator;  
Thou, that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;  
Thou, that giv'st whores indulgences to sin:<sup>6</sup>

first folio has it—*umpheir*. The traces of the letters, and the word being printed in *Italicks*, convince me that the Duke's christian name lurked under this corruption. THEOBALD.

<sup>5</sup> Piel'd *priest*,] Alluding to his shaven crown. POPE.

In Skinner (to whose *Dictionary* I was directed by Mr. Edwards) I find that it means more: *Pill'd* or *peel'd* *garlick*, *cui pellis, vel pili omnes ex morbo aliquo, præsertim è lue venerea, defluerunt*.

In Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, the following instance occurs:

“ I'll see them p—'d first, and *pil'd* and double *pil'd*.”

STEEVENS.

In Weever's *Funeral Monuments*, p. 364, Robert Baldocke, bishop of London, is called a *peel'd* priest, *pidide* clerk, seemingly in allusion to his shaven crown alone. So, *bald-head* was a term of scorn and mockery. TOLLET.

The old copy has—*piel'd* priest. *Piel'd* and *pil'd* were only the old spelling of *peel'd*. So, in our poet's *Rape of Lucrece*, 4to. 1594:

“ His leaves will wither, and his sap decay,

“ So must my soul, her bark being *pil'd* away.”

See also Florio's *Italian Dictionary*, 1598: “ *Pelare*. To *pill* or pluck, as they do the feathers of fowle; to *pull off* the hair or *skin*.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Thou, that giv'st whores indulgences to sin* :] The public stewes were formerly under the district of the bishop of Winchester.

POPE.

There is now extant an old manuscript (formerly the office-book of the court-leet held under the jurisdiction of the bishop of Winchester in Southwark,) in which are mentioned the several fees arising from the brothel-houses allowed to be kept in the bishop's manor, with the customs and regulations of them. One of the articles is:

“ *De his, qui custodiunt mulieres habentes nefandam infirmitatem.*”

I'll canvas thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,<sup>7</sup>  
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

*WIN.* Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a  
foot;

This be Damascus, be thou curfed Cain,<sup>8</sup>  
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

"*Item.* That no steward keep any woman within his house, that hath any sickness of brenning, but that she be put out upon pain of making a fyne unto the lord of C shillings." *URTON.*

<sup>7</sup> *I'll canvas thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,*] This means, I believe—*I'll tumble thee into thy great hat, and shake thee, as bran and meal are shaken in a sieve.*

So, Sir W. D'Avenant, in *The Cruel Brother*, 1630:

"I'll sift and winnow him in an old hat."

To *canvas* was anciently used for to *sift*. So, in *Hans Beer-pot's invisible Comedy*, 1618:

"—— We'll *canvas* him.——"

"—— I am too big——."

Again, in the Epistle Dedicatory to *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, &c. 1596: "*—canvaze him and his ancell brother Gabriell, in ten sheets of paper,*" &c.

STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* Dol Tearsheet says to Falstaff—"If thou dost, I'll *canvas* thee between a pair of sheets." *M. MASON.*

Probably from the materials of which the bottom of a *sieve* is made. Perhaps, however, in the passage before us *Gloster* means, that he will toss the cardinal in a sheet, even while he was invested with the peculiar badge of his ecclesiastical dignity.—Coarse sheets were formerly termed *canvass sheets*. See *K. Henry IV.* P. II. A& II. sc. iv. *MALONE.*

<sup>8</sup> *This be Damascus, be thou curfed Cain,*] About four miles from Damascus is a high hill, reported to be the same on which Cain slew his brother Abel. *Maundrel's Travels*, p. 131.

POPE.

Sir John Maundeville says: "And in that place where *Damascus* was founded, *Kaym* sloughe *Abel* his brother." *Maundeville's Travels*, edit. 1725, p. 148. *REED.*

"*Damascus* is as moche to faye as shedyng of blood. For there *Chaym* slowe *Abell*, and hydde hym in the sonde." *Poly-chronicon*, fo. xii. *RITSON.*

*CLO.* I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee  
back :

Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth  
I'll use, to carry thee out of this place.

*WIN.* Do what thou dar'st ; I heard thee to thy  
face.

*GLO.* What ? am I dar'd, and bearded to my  
face ?—

Draw, men, for all this privileged place ;  
Blue-coats to tawny-coats. Priest, beware your  
beard ;

[*GLOSTER and his Men attack the Bishop.*  
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly :  
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat ;  
In spite of pope or dignities of church,  
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

*WIN.* Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the  
pope.

*GLO.* Winchester goose,<sup>9</sup> I cry—a rope ! a rope !—  
Now beat them hence, Why do you let them stay ?—  
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—  
Out, tawny coats !—out, scarlet hypocrite !<sup>2</sup>

<sup>9</sup> ——— *Winchester goose,*] A strumpet, or the consequences of  
her love, was a Winchester goose. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *a rope ! a rope !*] See *The Comedy of Errors*, Act IV.  
sc. iv. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *out, scarlet hypocrite !*] Thus, in *King Henry VIII.*  
the Earl of Surrey, with a similar allusion to Cardinal Wolsey's  
habit, calls him—“*scarlet sin.*” STEEVENS.

*Here a great Tumult. In the midst of it, Enter the Mayor of London,<sup>3</sup> and Officers.*

*MAY.* Fye, lords ! that you, being supreme magistrates,  
Thus contumeliously should break the peace !

*GLO.* Peace, mayor ; thou know'st little of my wrongs :  
Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,  
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

*WIN.* Here's Gloster too, a foe to citizens ;<sup>4</sup>  
One that still motions war, and never peace,  
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines ;  
That seeks to overthrow religion,  
Because he is protector of the realm ;  
And would have armour here out of the Tower,  
To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

*GLO.* I will not answer thee with words, but  
blows. [*Here they skirmish again.*]

*MAY.* Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous  
strife,  
But to make open proclamation :—  
Come, officer ; as loud as e'er thou can'st.

<sup>3</sup> — *the Mayor of London,*] I learn from Mr. Pennant's LONDON, that this Mayor was John Coventry, an opulent mercer, from whom is descended the present Earl of Coventry.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Here's Gloster too, &c.*] Thus the second folio. The first folio, with less spirit of reciprocation, and feebler metre,—Here is Gloster &c. STEEVENS.



OFF. *All manner of men, assembled here in arms this day, against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.*

GLO. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law:  
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

WIN. Gloster, we'll meet; to thy dear cost, be  
sure:<sup>5</sup>

Thy heart-blood I will have, for this day's work.

MAY. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away:<sup>6</sup>—  
This cardinal is more haughty than the devil.

GLO. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou  
may'st.

WIN. Abominable Gloster! guard thy head;  
For I intend to have it, ere long. [Exeunt.

MAY. See the coast clear'd, and then we will  
depart.—

<sup>5</sup> *Gloster, we'll meet; to thy dear cost, be sure:]* Thus the second folio. The first omits the epithet—*dear*; as does Mr. Malone, who says that the word—*sure* “is here used as a dissyllable.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *I'll call for clubs, if you will not away:]* This was an outcry for assistance, on any riot or quarrel in the streets. It hath been explained before. WHALLEY.

So, in *King Henry VIII*: “—— and hit that woman, who cried out, *clubs!*” STEEVENS.

That is, for peace-officers armed with clubs or staves. In affrays, it was customary in this author's time to call out *clubs, clubs!* See *As you like it*, Vol. VIII, p. 166, n. 3. MALONE.

Good God ! that nobles should such stomachs<sup>7</sup> bear !  
I myself fight not once in forty year.<sup>8</sup> [ *Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

France. *Before Orleans.*

*Enter, on the Walls, the Master-Gunner and his Son.*

*M. Gun.* Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is be-  
sieg'd ;  
And how the English have the suburbs won.

*Son.* Father, I know ; and oft have shot at them,  
Howe'er, unfortunate, I mis'd my aim.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *stomachs* —] *Stomach* is pride, a haughty spirit of re-  
sentment. So, in *King Henry VIII.*:

“ ——— he was a man

“ Of an unbounded *stomach*——.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— that *nobles should such stomachs bear !*

*I myself fight not once in forty year.*] Old copy—*these*  
nobles. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

The Mayor of London was not brought in to be laughed at, as is plain by his manner of interfering in the quarrel, where he all along preserves a sufficient dignity. In the line preceding these, he directs his Officer, to whom without doubt these two lines should be given. They suit his character, and are very expressive of the pacific temper of the city guards. WARBURTON.

I see no reason for this change. The Mayor speaks first as a magistrate, and afterwards as a citizen. JOHNSON.

Notwithstanding Warburton's note in support of the dignity of the Mayor, Shakspeare certainly meant to represent him as a poor, well-meaning, simple man, for that is the character he invariably gives to his Mayors. The Mayor of London, in *Richard III.* is just of the same stamp. And so is the Mayor of York, in the Third Part of this play, where he refuses to admit Edward as King, but lets him into the city as Duke of York, on which Glotter says—

“ A wise stout captain ! and persuaded soon.

“ *Hast.* The good old man would fain that all were well.”

Such are all Shakspeare's Mayors. M. MASON.

*M. GUN.* But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd  
by me :

Chief master-gunner am I of this town ;  
Something I must do, to procure me grace.  
The prince's espials<sup>9</sup> have informed me,  
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,  
Wont, through a secret grate of iron bars  
In yonder tower, to overpeer the city ;<sup>1</sup>  
And thence discover, how, with most advantage,  
They may vex us, with shot, or with assault.  
To intercept this inconvenience,  
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd ;  
And fully even these three days have I watch'd,  
If I could see them. Now, boy, do thou watch,  
For I can stay no longer.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *The prince's espials*—] *Espials* are spies. So, in Chaucer's *Freres Tale* :

“ For subtilly he had his *espiaille*.” STEEVENS.

The word is often used by Hall and Holinshed. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Wont, through a secret grate of iron bars &c.*] Old copy—*went*. See the notes that follow Dr. Johnson's. STEEVENS.

That is, the English *went* not *through a secret grate*, but *went to over-peer the city through a secret grate* which is in *yonder tower*. I did not know till of late that this passage had been thought difficult. JOHNSON.

I believe, instead of *went*, we should read—*wont*. The third person plural of the old verb *wont*. *The English—wont*, that is, *are accustomed—to over-peer the city*. The word is used very frequently by Spenser, and several times by Milton.

TYRWHITT.

The emendation proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt is fully supported by the passage in Hall's *Chronicle*, on which this speech is formed. So, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584 :

“ — the usual time is nie,

“ When *wont* the dames of fate and destinie

“ In robes of chearfull colour to repair—.”

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *Now, boy, do thou watch,*  
*For I can stay no longer.*] The first folio reads .

If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;  
And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [*Exit.*]

*SON.* Father, I warrant you; take you no care;  
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

*Enter, in an upper Chamber of a Tower, the Lords  
SALISBURY and TALBOT,<sup>3</sup> Sir WILLIAM  
GLANSDALE, Sir THOMAS GARGRAVE, and  
Others.*

*SAL.* Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!  
How wert thou handled, being prisoner?  
Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd?  
Discourse, I pr'ythee, on this turret's top.

*TAL.* The duke of Bedford had a prisoner,  
Called—the brave lord Ponton de Santrailles;

*And even these three days have I watcht  
If I could see them. Now do thou watch,  
For I can stay no longer. STEEVENS.*

Part of this line being in the old copy by a mistake of the transcriber connected with the preceding hemistich, the editor of the second folio supplied the metre by adding the word—*boy*, in which he has been followed in all the subsequent editions.

MALONE.

As I cannot but entertain a more favourable opinion than Mr. Malone of the numerous emendations that appear in the second folio, I have again adopted its regulation in the present instance. This folio likewise supplied the word—*fully*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *Talbot,*] Though the three parts of *King Henry VI.* are deservedly numbered among the feeblest performances of Shakspeare, this first of them appears to have been received with the greatest applause. So, in *Pierce Pennilefs's Supplication to the Devil*, by Nash, 1592: "How would it have joyed brave *Talbot* (the terror of the French,) to thinke that after he had lien two hundred years in his tombe, he should triumph againe on the stage, and have his bones new embalmed with the teares of ten thousand spectators at least (at several times,) who in the tragedian that represents his person, imagine they behold him fresh bleeding?" STEEVENS.

For him I was exchang'd and ransomed.  
 But with a baser man of arms by far,  
 Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me :  
 Which I, disdain'g, scorn'd ; and craved death  
 Rather than I would be so pil'd esteem'd.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> ——— *so pil'd esteem'd.*] Thus the old copy. Some of the modern editors read, but without authority—*so vile-esteem'd.*—*So pill'd*, may mean—*so pillag'd, so stripp'd of honours* ; but I suspect a corruption, which Mr M. Mason would remedy, by reading either *vile* or *ill-esteem'd*.

It is possible, however, that Shakspeare might have written—*Philistin'd* ; i. e. treated as contumeliously as Samson was by the *Philistines*.—Both Samson and Talbot had been prisoners, and were alike insulted by their captors.

Our author has jocularly formed more than one verb from a proper name ; as for instance, from *Aufidius*, in *Coriolanus* : “ ——— I would not have been *sofidius'd* for all the chests in Corioli.” Again, in *King Henry V.* Pistol says to his prisoner : “ Master Fer ? I'll *fer* him,” &c. Again, in *Hamlet*, from *Herod*, we have the verb “ *out-herod*.”

Shakspeare, therefore, in the present instance, might have taken a similar liberty.—To fall into the hands of the *Philistines* has long been a cant phrase, expressive of danger incurred, whether from enemies, association with hard drinkers, gamblers, or a less welcome acquaintance with the harpies of the law.

Talbot's idea would be sufficiently expressed by the term—*Philistin'd*, which (as the play before us appears to have been copied by the ear,) was more liable to corruption than a common verb.

I may add, that perhaps no word will be found nearer to the sound and traces of the letters, in *pil-esteem'd*, than *Philistin'd*.

*Philistine*, in the age of Shakspeare, was always accented on the first syllable, and therefore is not injurious to the line in which I have hesitatingly proposed to insert it.

I cannot, however, help smiling at my own conjecture ; and should it excite the same sensation in the reader who journeys through the barren desert of our accumulated notes on this play, like Addison's traveller, when he discovers a checrful spring amid the wilds of sand, let him—

“ ——— blefs his stars, and think it luxury.” STEEVENS.

I have no doubt that we should read—*so pile-esteem'd* : a Latinism, for which the author of this play had, I believe, no occasion to go to Lily's *Grammar* : “ *Flocci, nauci, nihili, pili*,

In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.  
 But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart!  
 Whom with my bare fists I would execute,  
 If I now had him brought into my power.

*SAL.* Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.

*TAL.* With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts.

In open market-place produc'd they me,  
 To be a publick spectacle to all;  
 Here, said they, is the terror of the French,  
 The scare-crow that affrights our children so.<sup>5</sup>  
 Then broke I from the officers that led me;  
 And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,  
 To hurl at the beholders of my shame.  
 My grisly countenance made others fly;  
 None durst come near for fear of sudden death.  
 In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;

&c. his verbis, *æstimo*, pendo, peculiariter adjiciuntur; ut,—  
*Nec hujus facio, qui me pili æstimat.* Even if we suppose no  
 change to be necessary, this surely was the meaning intended to  
 be conveyed. In one of Shakspeare's plays we have the same  
 phrase, in *English*,—vile-esteem'd. MALONE.

If the author of the play before us designed to avail himself of  
 the Latin phrase—*pili æstimo*, would he have only half translated  
 it? for what correspondence has *pile* in English to a single *hair*?  
 Was a single hair ever called—*a pile*, by any English writer?

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — the terror of the French,

*The scare-crow that affrights our children so.*] From Hall's  
*Chronicle*: "This man [Talbot] was to the French people a  
 very scourge and a daily terror, insomuch that as his person was  
 fearful, and terrible to his adversaries present, so his name and  
 fame was spiteful and dreadful to the common people absent;  
 insomuch that women in France to feare their yong children,  
 would crye, the *Talbot* commeth, the *Talbot* commeth." The  
 same thing is said of King Richard I. when he was in the Holy  
 Land. See Camden's *Remaines*, 4to. 1614, p. 267. MALONE.

So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,  
 That they suppos'd, I could rend bars of steel,  
 And spurn in pieces posts of adamant :  
 Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,  
 That walk'd about me every minute-while ;  
 And if I did but stir out of my bed,  
 Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

*SAL.* I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd ;  
 But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.  
 Now it is supper-time in Orleans :  
 Here, through thi grate, I can count every one,<sup>6</sup>  
 And view the Frenchmen how they fortify ;  
 Let us look on, the fight will much delight thee.—  
 Sir Thoms. Gargrave, and sir William Glanfdale,  
 Let me have your exprefs opinions,  
 Where is best place to make our battery next.

*GAR.* I think, at the north gate ; for there stand  
 lords.

*GLAN.* And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

*TAL.* For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,  
 Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.<sup>7</sup>

[*Shot from the Town. SALISBURY and Sir  
 THO. GARGRAVE fall.*]

*SAL.* O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched finners !

*GAR.* O Lord, have mercy on me, woeful man !

*TAL.* What chance is this, that suddenly hath  
 cross'd us ?—

Speak, Salisbury ; at least, if thou canst speak ;

<sup>6</sup> *Here, through this grate, I can count every one,*] Thus the second folio. The first, very harshly and unmetrically, reads :

*Here, thorough this grate, I count each one.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *enfeebled.*] This word is here used as a quadrifyllable.

MALONE.

How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?  
 One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side struck off!<sup>8</sup>—  
 Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand,  
 That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy!  
 In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;  
 Henry the fifth he first train'd to the wars;  
 Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,  
 His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.—  
 Yet liv'it thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth  
 fail,

One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace:<sup>9</sup>  
 The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.—  
 Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,  
 If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!—  
 Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.—  
 Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?  
 Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.  
 Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;  
 Thou shalt not die, whiles——  
 He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me;  
 As who should say, *When I am dead and gone,*  
*Remember to avenge me on the French.*—  
 Plantagenet, I will; and Nero-like,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>8</sup> — *thy cheek's side struck off!*] Camden says in his *Remaines*, that the French scarce knew the use of great ordnance, till the siege of Mans in 1455, when a breach was made in the walls of that town by the English, under the conduct of this earl of Salisbury; and that he was the first English gentleman that was slain by a cannon-ball. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *One eye thou hast &c.*] A similar thought occurs in *King Lear*:

“ —— my lord, you have one eye left,  
 “ To see some mischief on him.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *and Nero-like.*] The first folio reads:  
*Plantagenet, I will; and like thee*—— STEEVENS.

In the old copy, the word *Nero* is wanting, owing probably to the transcriber's not being able to make out the name. The



Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn :  
Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[*Thunder heard; afterwards an Alarum.*

What stir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?  
Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?

*Enter a Messenger.*

*MESS.* My lord, my lord, the French have gathered  
their'd head :

The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,—  
A holy prophets, new risen up,—  
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[*SALISBURY groans.*

*TAL.* Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth  
groan !

It irks his heart, he cannot be reveng'd.—  
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you :—  
Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,<sup>2</sup>

editor of the second folio, with his usual freedom, altered the line thus :

——— and Nero-like will———. MALONE.

I am content to read with the second folio (not conceiving the emendation in it to be an arbitrary one,) and omit only the needless repetition of the word—*will*. Surely there is some absurdity in making Talbot address Plantagenet, and invoke Nero, in the same line. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,] *Puzzel* means a dirty wench or a drab, from *puzza*, i. e. malus factor, says Minthen. In a translation from Stephens's *Apology for Herodotus*, in 1607, p. 98, we read—"Some filthy queans, especially our *puzzles* of Paris, use this other theft." TOLLET.

So, Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1595 : "No nor yet any droye nor *puzzel* in the country but will carry a notegay in her hand."

Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,  
 And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—  
 Convey me Salisbury into his tent,  
 And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen  
 dare.<sup>3</sup>

[*Exeunt, bearing out the Bodies.*]

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Commendatory Verses*, prefixed to the works of Beaumont and Fletcher :

“ Lady or *Puffill*, that wears mask or fan.”

As for the conceit, miserable as it is, it may be countenanced by that of James I. who looking at the statue of Sir Thomas Bodley in the library at Oxford. “ *Pii Thomæ Godly nomine insignivit, eoque potius nomine quam Bodly, deinceps merito nominandum esse censuit.*” See *Rex Platonicus*, &c. edit. quint. Oxon. 1635, p. 187.

It should be remembered, that in Shakspeare's time the word *dauphin* was always written *dolphin*. STEVENS.

There are frequent references to Pucelle's name in this play :

“ I 'scar'd the dauphin and his *trull*.”

Again :

“ Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless *courtezan* !”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.] Perhaps the conjunction—*and*, or the demonstrative pronoun—*these*, for the sake of metre, should be omitted at the beginning of this line, which, in my opinion, however, originally ran thus :

*Then try we what these dastard Frenchmen dare.*

STEVENS.

## SCENE V.

*The same. Before one of the Gates.*

*Alarum. Skirmishings. TALBOT pursueth the Dauphin, and driveth him in: then enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, driving Englishmen before her. Then enter TALBOT.*

*TAL.* Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?

Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;  
A woman, clad in armour, chafeth them.

*Enter LA PUCELLE.*

Here, here she comes:—I'll have a bout with thee;

Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:  
Blood will I draw on thee,<sup>4</sup> thou art a witch,  
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

*Puc.* Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace thee. *[They fight.]*

*TAL.* Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?  
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,  
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,  
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

*Puc.* Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:  
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.

\* *Blood will I draw on thee,*] The superstition of those times taught that he that could draw the witch's blood, was free from her power. JOHNSON.

O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.  
 Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved<sup>5</sup> men;  
 Help Salisbury to make his testament:  
 This day is ours, as many more shall be.

[PUCELLE enters the Town, with Soldiers.

TAL. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's  
 wheel;<sup>6</sup>

I know not where I am, nor what I do:  
 A witch, by fear,<sup>7</sup> not force, like Hannibal,  
 Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists:  
 So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,  
 Are from their hives, and houses, driven away.  
 They call'd us, for our fierceness, English dogs;  
 Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

[A short Alarum.

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,  
 Or tear the lions out of England's coat;  
 Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:  
 Sheep run not half so timorous<sup>8</sup> from the wolf,  
 Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard,  
 As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

[Alarum. Another Skirmish.

It will not be:—Retire into your trenches:  
 You all consented unto Salisbury's death,  
 For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—

<sup>5</sup> — hunger-starved—] The same epithet is, I think, used by Shakspeare. The old copy has—*hungry*-starved. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> —like a potter's wheel;] This idea might have been caught from *Psalms* lxxxiii. 13: “—Make them like unto a wheel, and as the stubble before the wind.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — by fear, &c.] See Hannibal's stratagem to escape by fixing bundles of lighted twigs on the horns of oxen, recorded in *Livy*, Lib. XXII. c. xvi. HOLT WHITE.

<sup>8</sup> — so timorous—] Old copy—*treacherous*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,  
 In spite of us, or aught that we could do.  
 O, would I were to die with Salisbury!  
 The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

[*Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt TALBOT and his  
 Forces, &c.*]

## SCENE VI.

*The same.*

*Enter, on the Walls, PUCELLE, CHARLES,  
 REIGNIER, ALENÇON, and Soldiers.*

*Puc.* Advance our waving colours on the walls;  
 Rescu'd is Orleans from the English wolves:<sup>9</sup>—  
 Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

<sup>9</sup> — from the *English* wolves: &c.] Thus the second folio  
 The first omits the word—*wolves*. STEEVENS.

The editor of the second folio, not perceiving that *English* was  
 used as a trisyllable, arbitrarily reads—*English wolves*; in which  
 he has been followed by all the subsequent editors. So, in the  
 next line but one, he reads—*bright Astræa*, not observing that  
*Astræa*, by a licentious pronunciation, was used by the author of  
 this play, as if written *Asteræa*. So *monstrous* is made a tri-  
 syllable;—*monsterous*. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, *Two Gentlemen  
 of Verona*, Vol. IV. p. 201, n. 5. MALONE.

Here again I must follow the second folio, to which we are  
 indebted for former and numerous emendations received even by  
 Mr. Malone.

Shakspeare has frequently the same image. So, the French in  
*King Henry V.* speaking of the *English*: “They will eat like  
*wolves*, and fight like devils.”

If Pucelle, by this term, does not allude to the hunger or  
 fierceness of the English, she refers to the *wolves* by which their  
 kingdom was formerly infested. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II.

“Peopled with *wolves*, thy old inhabitants.”

CHAR. Divinest creature, bright Astræa's daughter,  
 How shall I honour thee for this success?<sup>3</sup>  
 Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,<sup>4</sup>

As no example of the proper name—*Astræa*, pronounced as a quadrissyllable, is given by Mr. Malone, or has occurred to me, I also think myself authorized to receive—*bright*, the necessary epithet supplied by the second folio. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *like Adonis' gardens,*] It may not be impertinent to take notice of a dispute between four critics, of very different orders, upon this very important point of the gardens of Adonis. Milton had said:

“ Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd,  
 “ Or of reviv'd Adonis, or——.”

which Dr. Bentley pronounces spurious; for that the Κήποι Αδωνιδος, the gardens of Adonis, so frequently mentioned by Greek writers, Plato, Plutarch, &c. were nothing but portable earthen pots, with some lettuce or fennel growing in them. On his yearly festival every woman carried one of them for Adonis's worship; because Venus had once laid him in a lettuce bed. The next day they were thrown away, &c. To this Dr. Pearce replies, That this account of the gardens of Adonis is right, and yet Milton may be defended for what he says of them: for why (says he) did the Grecians on Adonis' festival carry these small gardens about in honour of him? It was, because they had a tradition, that, when he was alive, he delighted in gardens, and had a magnificent one: for proof of this we have Pliny's words, xix. 4: “ Antiquitas nihil prius mirata est quam Hesperidum hortos, ac regum Adonidis & Alcinoi.” One would now think the question well decided: but Mr. Theobald comes, and will needs be Dr. Bentley's second. A learned and reverend gentleman (says he) having attempted to impeach Dr. Bentley of error, for maintaining that there never was existent any magnificent or spacious gardens of Adonis, an opinion in which it has been my fortune to second the Doctor, I thought myself concerned, in some part, to weigh those authorities alledged by the objector, &c. The reader sees that Mr. Theobald mistakes the very question in dispute between these two truly learned men, which was not whether Adonis' gardens were ever existent, but whether there was a tradition of any celebrated gardens cultivated by Adonis. For this would sufficiently justify Milton's mention of them, together with the gardens of Alcinoüs, confessed by the poet himself to be fabulous. But hear their own words. *There was no such*

That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.—  
 France, triumph in thy glorious prophets!—  
 Recover'd is the town of Orleans :  
 More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

*REIG.* Why ring not out the bells throughout the  
 town ?<sup>2</sup>

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,  
 And feast and banquet in the open streets,  
 To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

*ALEN.* All France will be replete with mirth and  
 joy,  
 When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

*CHAR.* 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is  
 won ;

*garden* (says Dr. Bentley) *ever existent, or even feign'd.* He adds the latter part, as knowing that that would justify the poet ; and it is on that assertion only that his adversary Dr. Pearce joins issue with him. *Why* (says he) *did they carry the small earthen gardens ? It was because they had a tradition, that when alive he delighted in gardens.* Mr. Theobald, therefore, mistaking the question, it is no wonder that all he says, in his long note at the end of his fourth volume, is nothing to the purpose ; it being to shew that Dr. Pearce's quotations from Pliny and others, do not prove the real *existence* of the gardens. After these, comes the Oxford editor ; and he pronounces in favour of Dr. Bentley, against Dr. Pearce, in these words, *The gardens of Adonis were never represented under any local description.* But whether this was said at hazard, or to contradict Dr. Pearce, or to rectify Mr. Theobald's mistake of the question, it is so obscurely expressed, that one can hardly determine. *WARBURTON.*

<sup>2</sup> *Why ring not out the bells throughout the town ?*] The old copy, unnecessarily as well as redundantly, reads—

*Why ring not out the bells aloud &c.*

But if the bells rang out, they must have rang aloud ; for to ring out, as I am informed, is a technical term with that signification. The disagreeable jingle, however, of out and without, induces me to suppose the line originally stood thus :

*Why ring not bells aloud throughout the town ?*

STEVENSON.

For which, I will divide my crown with her :  
 And all the priests and friars in my realm  
 Shall, in procession, sing her endless praise.  
 A statelier pyramid to her I'll rear,  
 Than Rhodope's,<sup>3</sup> or Memphis', ever was :  
 In memory of her, when she is dead,  
 Her ashes, in an urn more precious  
 Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Than Rhodope's,*] *Rhodope* was a famous strumpet, who acquired great riches by her trade. The least but most finished of the Egyptian pyramids (says Pliny, in the 36th Book of his *Natural History*, ch. xii.) was built by her. She is said afterwards to have married Psammethichus, King of Egypt. Dr. Johnson thinks that the Dauphin means to call *Joan of Arc* a strumpet, all the while he is making this loud praise of her.

Rhodope is mentioned in the play of *The Costly Whore*, 1633 :

“ ————— a base *Rhodope*,  
 “ Whose body is as common as the sea  
 “ In the receipt of every lustful spring.”

I would read :

*Than Rhodope's of Memphis ever was.* STEEVENS.

The brother of Sappho was in love with *Rhodope*, and purchased her freedom (for she was a slave in the same house with Æsop the fabulist) at a great price. *Rhodope* was of Thrace, not of Memphis. Memphis, a city of Egypt, was celebrated for its pyramids :

“ *Barbara Pyramidum fileat miracula Memphis.*”

MART. *De Spectaculis Libel.* Ep. I. MALONE.

The question, I apprehend, is not where *Rhodope* was born, but where she obtained celebrity. Her Thracian birth-place would not have rescued her from oblivion. STEEVENS.

The emendation proposed by Mr. Steevens must be adopted. The meaning is—not that *Rhodope* herself was of Memphis, but—that her *pyramid* was there. I will rear to her, says the Dauphin, a pyramid more stately than that of Memphis, which was called *Rhodope's*. Pliny says the pyramids were six miles from that city ; and that “ the fairest and most commended for workmanship was built at the cost and charges of *one Rhodope*, a verie strumpet.” RITSON.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *coffer of Darius,*] When Alexander the Great took



Transported shall be at high festivals  
 Before the kings and queens of France.<sup>5</sup>  
 No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,  
 But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.  
 Come in; and let us banquet royally,  
 After this golden day of victory.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

the city of Gaza, the metropolis of Syria, amidst the other spoils and wealth of Darius treasured up there, he found an exceeding rich and beautiful little chest or casket, and asked those about him what they thought fittest to be laid up in it. When they had severally delivered their opinions, he told them, he esteemed nothing so worthy to be preserved in it as Homer's *Iliad*. Vide *Plutarchum in Vita Alexandri Magni*. THEOBALD.

The very words of the text are found in Pattenham's *Arte of English Poetrie*, 1589: "In what price the noble poems of Homer were holden with Alexander the Great, insomuch as everie night they were layd under his pillow, and by day were carried in the rich jewel cofer of Darius, lately before vanquished by him in battaile." MALONE.

I believe, we should read, with Pattenham, "jewel-coffer," and not, as in the text, "jewel'd coffer." The *jewel-coffer* of Darius was, I suppose, the *cabinet* in which he kept his *gems*.

To a *jewelled* coffer (i. e. a coffer ornamented with *jewels*) the epithet *rich* would have been superfluous.

My conjecture, however, deserves not much attention; because Pliny, Lib. II, ch. 29, informs us, that this casket, when found, was full of precious oils, and was decorated with *gems* of great value. STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Before the kings and queens of France.*] Sir Thomas Hanmer supplies the obvious defect in this line, by reading—

*Ever before the kings &c.* STEVENS.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*The same.*

*Enter to the Gates, a French Sergeant, and Two Sentinels.*

**SERG.** Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant :  
If any noise, or soldier, you perceive,  
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign,  
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.<sup>6</sup>

1 **SENT.** Sergeant, you shall. [*Exit Sergeant.*]  
Thus are poor servitors  
(When others sleep upon their quiet beds,  
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

*Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, and Forces,  
with scaling Ladders; their Drums beating a dead  
march.*

**TAL.** Lord regent,—and redoubted Burgundy,—  
By whose approach, the regions of Artois,  
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,—  
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,  
Having all day carous'd and banqueted :  
Embrace we then this opportunity ;  
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,  
Contriv'd by art, and baleful forcery.

<sup>6</sup> — court of guard.] The same phrase occurs again in *Othello*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, &c. and is equivalent to the modern term—*guard-room* STEEVENS

*BED.* Coward of France!—how much he wrongs  
his fame,  
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,  
To join with witches, and the help of hell.

*BUR.* Traitors have never other company.—  
But what's that Pucelle, whom they term *io* pure?

*TAL.* A maid, they say.

*BED.* A maid! and be so martial!

*BUR.* Pray God, she prove not masculine ere  
long;  
If underneath the standard of the French,  
She carry armour, as she hath begun.

*TAL.* Well, let them practise and converse with  
spirits:

God is our fortress; in whose conquering name,  
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

*BED.* Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.

*TAL.* Not all together: better far, I guess,  
That we do make our entrance several ways;  
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,  
The other yet may rise against their force.

*BED.* Agreed; I'll to yon corner.

*BUR.* And, I to this.

*TAL.* And here will Talbot mount, or make his  
grave.—

Now, Salisbury! for thee, and for the right  
Of English Henry, shall this night appear  
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The English scale the Walls, crying St. George!  
a Talbot! and all enter by the Town.*]

*SENT.* [*Within.*] Arm, arm! the enemy doth  
make assault!

*The French leap over the Walls in their Shirts.*  
*Enter, several ways, BASTARD, ALENÇON,*  
*REIGNIER, half ready, and half unready.*

*ALEN.* How now, my lords? what, all unready  
 so?<sup>7</sup>

*BAST.* Unready? ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well.

*REIG.* 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our  
 beds,

Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.<sup>8</sup>

*ALEN.* Of all exploits, since first I follow'd arms,  
 Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprize  
 More venturous, or desperate than this.

*BAST.* I think, this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

<sup>7</sup> — unready so?] *Unready* was the current word in those times for *undressed*. JOHNSON.

So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1638: "Enter Sixtus and Lucrece *unready*."

Again, in *The Two Maids of More-clacke*, 1609:

"Enter James *unready* in his night-cap, garterless," &c.

Again, in *A Match at Midnight*, 1633, is this stage direction:

"He makes himself *unready*."

"Why what do you mean? you will not be so uncivil as to *unbrace* you here?"

Again, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606:

"You are not going to bed, I see you are not yet *unready*."

Again, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611:

"Here Jupiter puts out the lights, and makes himself *unready*."

*Unready* is equivalent to the old French word—*di-pret*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.*] So, in *King Lear*:

"Or, at the chamber door I'll beat the drum—."

STEEVENS.

*REIG.* If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.

*ALEN.* Here cometh Charles; I marvel, how he sped.

*Enter CHARLES and LA PUCELLE.*

*BAST.* Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

*CHAR.* Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?  
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,  
Make us partakers of a little gain,  
That now our loss might be ten times so much?

*PUC.* Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?

At all times will you have my power alike?  
Sleeping, or waking, must I still prevail,  
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?—  
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,  
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

*CHAR.* Duke of Alençon, this was your default;  
That, being captain of the watch to-night,  
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

*ALEN.* Had all your quarters been as safely kept,  
As that whereof I had the government,  
We had not been thus shamefully surpriz'd.

*BAST.* Mine was secure.

*REIG.* And so was mine, my lord.

*CHAR.* And, for myself, most part of all this night,

Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,  
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,  
About relieving of the sentinels:  
Then how, or which way, should they first break in?

*Puc.* Question, my lords, no further of the case,  
How, or which way; 'tis fure, they found some  
place

But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.  
And now there rests no other shift but this,—  
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,  
And lay new platforms<sup>9</sup> to endamage them.

*Alarum.* Enter an English Soldier, crying, a Talbot!  
a Talbot! They fly, leaving their Clothes behind.

*SOLD.* I'll be so bold to take what they have left.  
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;

<sup>9</sup> — platforms—] i. e. plans, schemes. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> Enter an English Soldier crying, a Talbot! a Talbot!] And afterwards:

“The cry of *Talbot* serves me for a sword.”

Here a popular tradition, exclusive of any chronicle-evidence, was in Shakspeare's mind. Edward Kerke, the old commentator on Spenser's *Pastorals*, first published in 1579, observes in his notes on *June*, that Lord Talbot's “nobleneſſe bred ſuch a terrour in the hearts of the French, that oftentimes greate armies were deſaited and put to flight, at the only hearing of his name: inſomuch that the French women, to affray their children, would tell them, that the TALBOT cometh.” See alſo ſc. iii.

T. WARTON.

The ſame is ſaid in Drayton's *Miferics of Queen Margaret*, of Lord Warwick:

“And ſtill ſo fearful was great *Warwick's* name,  
“That being once cry'd on, put them oft to flight,  
“On the king's army till at length they light.”

STEEVENS.

In a note on a former paſſage, p. 40, n. 5, I have quoted a paſſage from Hall's *Chronicle*, which probably furniſhed the author of this play with this circumſtance. It is not mentioned by Holinſhed, (Shakspeare's hiſtorian,) and is one of the numerous proofs that have convinced me that this play was not the production of our author. See the Eſſay at the end of *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* It is ſurely more probable that the writer

For I have loaden me with many spoils,  
Using no other weapon but his name.

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.

Orleans. *Within the Town.*

*Enter* TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, a Captain,  
*and Others.*

*BED.* The day begins to break, and night is fled,  
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.  
Here found retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.  
[*Retreat sounded.*]

*TAL.* Bring forth the body of old Salisbury;  
And here advance it in the market-place,  
The middle centre of this cursed town.—  
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;<sup>2</sup>  
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,  
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.  
And, that hereafter ages may behold  
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,

of this play should have taken this circumstance from the Chronicle which furnished him with this plot, than from the Comment on Spenser's *Pastorals*. MALONE.

This is one of the floating atoms of intelligence which might have been orally circulated, and consequently have reached our author through other channels, than those of Spenser's annotator, or our English Chronicler. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Now have I paid my vow unto his soul; &c.*] So, in the old spurious play of *King John*:

“ Thus hath king Richard's son perform'd his vow,

“ And offer'd Austria's blood for sacrifice

“ Unto his father's ever-living soul.” STEEVENS.

Within their chiefest temple I'll erect  
 A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd :  
 Upon the which, that every one may read,  
 Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans ;  
 The treacherous manner of his mournful death,  
 And what a terror he had been to France.  
 But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,  
 I muse, we met not with the Dauphin's grace ;  
 His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc ;  
 Nor any of his false confederates.

*BED.* 'Tis thought, lord Talbot, when the fight  
 began,  
 Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,  
 They did, amongst the troops of armed men,  
 Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

*BUR.* Myself (as far as I could well discern,  
 For smoke, and dusky vapours of the night,)  
 Am sure, I fear'd the Dauphin, and his trull ;  
 When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,  
 Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,  
 That could not live asunder day or night.  
 After that things are set in order here,  
 We'll follow them with all the power we have.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*MESS.* All hail, my lords ! which of this princely  
 train  
 Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts  
 So much applauded through the realm of France ?

*TAL.* Here is the Talbot ; who would speak  
 with him ?

*MESS.* The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne,  
 With modesty admiring thy renown,  
 By me entreats, good lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe



To visit her poor castle where she lies ;<sup>3</sup>  
That she may boast, she hath beheld the man  
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

*BUR.* Is it even so ? Nay, then, I see, our wars  
Will turn unto a peaceful comick sport,  
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.—  
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

*TAL.* Ne'er trust me then ; for, when a world of  
men  
Could not prevail with all their oratory,  
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd :—  
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks ;  
And in submission will attend on her.—  
Will not your honours bear me company ?

*BED.* No, truly ; it is more than manners will :  
And I have heard it said,—Unbidden guests  
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

*TAL.* Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,  
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.  
Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*]—You perceive  
my mind.

*CAPT.* I do, my lord ; and mean accordingly.  
[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>3</sup> ——— where she lies ;] i. e. where she dwells. MALONE

## SCENE III.

Auvergne. *Court of the Castle.*

*Enter the Countess and her Porter.*

*COUNT.* Porter, remember what I gave in charge ;  
And, when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

*PORT.* Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

*COUNT.* The plot is laid : if all things fall out  
right,  
I shall as famous be by this exploit,  
As Scythian Thomyris by Cyrus' death.  
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,  
And his achievements of no less account :  
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,  
To give their censure<sup>4</sup> of these rare reports.

*Enter Messenger and TALBOT.*

*MESS.* Madam,  
According as your ladyship desir'd,  
By message crav'd, so is lord Talbot come.

*COUNT.* And he is welcome. What ! is this the  
man ?

*MESS.* Madam, it is.

*COUNT.* Is this the scourge of France ?  
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,

<sup>4</sup> — *their censure* —] i. e. their opinion. So, in *King Richard III.*

“ And give your *cessures* in this weighty business.”

STEEVENS.

That with his name the mothers fill their babes ?<sup>5</sup>  
 I see, report is fabulous and false :  
 I thought, I should have seen some Hercules,  
 A second Hector, for his grim aspect,  
 And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.  
 Alas ! this is a child, a silly dwarf :  
 It cannot be, this weak and writhled<sup>6</sup> shrimp  
 Should strike such terror to his enemies.

*TAL.* Madam, I have been bold to trouble you :  
 But, since your ladyship is not at leisure,  
 I'll sort some other time to visit you.

*COUNT.* What means he now ?—Go ask him,  
 whither he goes.

*MESS.* Stay, my lord Talbot ; for my lady craves  
 To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

*TAL.* Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,  
 I go to certify her, Talbot's here.

*Re-enter Porter, with Keys.*

*COUNT.* If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

*TAL.* Prisoner ! to whom ?

<sup>5</sup> *That with his name the mothers fill their babes ?*] Dryden has transplanted this idea into his *Don Sebastian, King of Portugal* :

“ Nor shall Sebastian's formidable name  
 “ Be longer us'd, to lull the crying babe.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *writhled*—] i. e. *wrinkled*. The word is used by Spenser. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*wrized*, which has been followed in subsequent editions. MALONE.

The instance from Spenser, is the following :

“ Her *writhled* skin, as rough as maple rind.”

Again, in Marston's fourth Satire :

“ Cold, *writhled* old, his lives wet almost spent.”

STEEVENS.

*COUNT.* To me, blood-thirsty lord ;  
 And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.  
 Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,  
 For in my gallery thy picture hangs :  
 But now the substance shall endure the like ;  
 And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,  
 That hast by tyranny, these many years,  
 Wasted our country, slain our citizens,  
 And sent our sons and husbands captive.<sup>7</sup>

*TAL.* Ha, ha, ha !

*COUNT.* Laughest thou, wretch ? thy mirth shall  
 turn to moan.

*TAL.* I laugh to see your ladyship so fond,<sup>8</sup>  
 To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow,  
 Whereon to practice your severity.

*COUNT.* Why, art not thou the man ?

*TAL.* I am indeed.

*COUNT.* Then have I substance too.

*TAL.* No, no, I am but shadow of myself :<sup>9</sup>  
 You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here ;  
 For what you see, is but the smallest part  
 And least proportion of humanity :  
 I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,  
 It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,  
 Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *capture.*] So, in *Soliman and Perseda* :  
 “ If not destroy'd and bound, and *capture*,  
 “ If *capture*, then forc'd from holy faith.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *so fond,*] i. e. so foolish. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II :  
 “ *Fondly* brought here, and foolishly sent hence.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *I am but shadow of myself :*] So, in *K. Henry VIII* :  
 “ I am the *shadow* of poor Buckingham.” STEEVENS.

*COUNT.* This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;<sup>1</sup>

He will be here, and yet he is not here:  
How can these contrarieties agree?

*TAL.* That will I show you presently.<sup>2</sup>

*He winds a Horn. Drums heard; then a Peal of Ordnance. The Gates being forced, enter Soldiers.*

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded,  
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?  
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,  
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks;  
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,  
And in a moment makes them desolate.

*COUNT.* Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:  
I find, thou art no less than fame hath bruited,<sup>3</sup>  
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.  
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;  
For I am sorry, that with reverence  
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

*TAL.* Be not disdain'd fair lady; nor misconstrue  
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake  
The outward composition of his body.

<sup>1</sup> *This is a riddling merchant &c.]* So, in *Romeo and Juliet* .

“What faucy merchant was this?”

See a note on this passage, Act II. sc. iv. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *That will I show you presently.]* The deficient foot in this line may properly be supplied, by reading:

*That, madam, will I show you presently.* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *bruited,]* To bruit is to proclaim with noise, to announce loudly. So, in *Macbeth*:

“— one of greatest note

“Seems bruited.” STEEVENS.

What you have done, hath not offended me :  
 No other satisfaction do I crave,  
 But only (with your patience,) that we may  
 Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have ;  
 For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

COUNT. With all my heart ; and think me honoured  
 To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

London. *The Temple Garden.*

*Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and  
 WARWICK ; RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VER-  
 NON, and another Lawyer.*<sup>4</sup>

PLAN. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means  
 this silence ?  
 Dare no man answer in a case of truth ?

SUF. Within the Temple hall we were too loud ;  
 The garden here is more convenient.

PLAN. Then say at once, If I maintain'd the  
 truth ;  
 Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in the error ?<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> ——— and another Lawyer.] Read—a lawyer. This lawyer was probably Roger Nevyle, who was afterward hanged. See *W. Wyrcester*, p. 478. RITSON.

<sup>5</sup> Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in the error ?] So all the editions. There is apparently a want of opposition between the two questions. I once read :

*Or else was wrangling Somerset i'th' right ?* JOHNSON.

Sir T. Hanmer would read :

*And was not ———.* STEPHENS

*SUF.* 'Faith, I have been a truant in the law ;  
And never yet could frame my will to it ;  
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.

*SOM.* Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then be-  
tween us.

*WAR.* Between two hawks, which flies the higher  
pitch,  
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,  
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,  
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,<sup>6</sup>  
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,  
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment :  
But in these nice sharp quilllets of the law,  
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

*PLAN.* Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance :  
The truth appears so naked on my side,  
That any purblind eye may find it out.

*SOM.* And on my side it is so well apparell'd,  
So clear, so shining, and so evident,  
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

*PLAN.* Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loath  
to speak,  
In dumb significant<sup>7</sup> proclaim your thoughts :  
Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,  
And stands upon the honour of his birth,

<sup>6</sup> — bear him *best*,] i. e. regulate his motions most adroitly.  
So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ He bears him like a portly gentleman.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> In *dumb significant* —] I suspect, we should read—*signifi-  
cance*. MALONE.

I believe the old reading is the true one. So, in *Love's La-  
bour's Lost* : “ Bear this *significant* [i. e. a letter] to the country  
maid, Jaquenetta.” STEEVENS.

If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,  
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.<sup>8</sup>

SOM. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,  
But dare maintain the party of the truth,  
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

WAR. I love no colours;<sup>9</sup> and, without all colour

<sup>8</sup> *From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.*] This is given as the original of the two badges of the houses of York and Lancaster, whether truly or not, is no great matter. But the proverbial expression of *saying a thing under the rose*, I am persuaded came from thence. When the nation had ranged itself into two great factions, under the *white* and *red* rose, and were perpetually plotting and counterplotting against one another, then, when a matter of faction was communicated by either party to his friend in the same quarrel, it was natural for him to add, that he *said it under the rose*; meaning that, as it concerned the faction, it was religiously to be kept secret. WARBURTON.

This is ingenious! What pity, that it is not learned too!—The rose (as the fables say) was the symbol of silence, and consecrated by Cupid to Harpocrates, to conceal the lewd pranks of his mother. So common a book as Lloyd's *Dictionary* might have instructed Dr. Warburton in this: “Huic Harpocrati Cupido Veneris filius parentis suæ rosam dedit in munus, ut scilicet si quid licentius dictum, vel actum sit in convivio, sciant tacenda esse omnia. Atque idcirco veteres ad finem convivii *sub rosa*, Anglicè *under the rose*, transacta esse omnia ante digressum contestabantur; cujus formæ vis eadem esset, atque ista, Νησιουανδρινα στυκτηται. Probant hanc rem versus qui reperiantur in mar- more :

“ Est rosa flos Veneris, cujus quo furta laterent

“ Harpocrati matris dona dicavit amor.

“ Inde rosam mensis hospes suspenderit amicis,

“ Convivæ ut sub ea dicta tacenda sciant.” UPTON.

<sup>9</sup> *I love no colours;*] *Colours* is here used ambiguously for *tints* and *decolours*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: “ —I do fear colourable colours.” STEEVENS.



Of base insinuating flattery,  
I pluck this white rose, with Plantagenet.

*SUF.* I pluck this red rose, with young Somerfet;  
And say withal, I think he held the right.

*VER.* Stay, lords, and gentlemen; and pluck no  
more,

Till you conclude—that he, upon whose side  
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,  
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

*SOM.* Good master Vernon, it is well objected;<sup>1</sup>  
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

*PLAN.* And I.

*VER.* Then, for the truth and plainness of the  
case,

I pluck this pale, and maiden blossom here,  
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

*SOM.* Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;  
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,  
And fall on my side so against your will.

*VER.* If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,  
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,  
And keep me on the side where still I am.

<sup>1</sup> — *well objected*;] Properly thrown in our way, justly proposed. JOHNSON.

So, in Goulart's *Admirable Histories*, 4to. 1607: "And because Sathan transfigures himselfe into an angell of light, I *objected* many and sundry questions unto him." Again, in Chapman's version of the 21st Book of Homer's *Odyssey*:

"Excites Penelope t'*object* the prize,

"(The bow and bright steeles) to the woers' strength."

Again, in his version of the seventeenth *Iliad*:

"*Objecting* his all-dazeling shield," &c.

Again, in the twentieth *Iliad*:

"—— his worst shall be withstood,

"With sole *objection* of myselfe."—— STEVENS.

*SOM.* Well, well, come on: Who else?

*LAW.* Unless my study and my books be false,  
The argument you held, was wrong in you;

[*To SOMERSET.*  
In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.

*PLAN.* Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

*SOM.* Here, in my scabbard; meditating that,  
Shall die your white rose in a bloody red.

*PLAN.* Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit  
our roses;  
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing  
The truth on our side.

*SOM.* No, Plantagenet,  
'Tis not for fear; but anger,—that thy cheeks<sup>2</sup>  
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses;  
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

*PLAN.* Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

*SOM.* Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

*PLAN.* Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his  
truth;  
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

*SOM.* Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding-  
roses,  
That shall maintain what I have said is true,  
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

*PLAN.* Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,  
I scorn thee and thy fashion,<sup>3</sup> peevish boy.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *but anger,—that thy cheeks &c.*] i. e. it is not for fear that my cheeks look pale, but for anger; anger produced by this circumstance, namely, that *thy cheeks blush, &c.* MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *I scorn thee and thy fashion,*] So the old copies read, and rightly. Mr. Theobald altered it to *façion*, not considering that by *fashion* is meant the badge of the red rose, which Somerset

*SUF.* Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

*PLAN.* Proud Poole, I will ; and scorn both him  
and thee.

*SUF.* I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

*SOM.* Away, away, good William De-la-Poole !  
We grace the yeoman, by conversing with him.

*WAR.* Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him,  
Somerset ;  
His grandfather was Lionel, duke of Clarence,<sup>4</sup>

said he and his friends would be distinguished by. But Mr. Theobald asks, *If faction was not the true reading, why should Suffolk immediately reply—*

*Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.*

Why? because Plantagenet had called Somerset, with whom Suffolk sided, *peevish boy*. WARBURTON.

Mr. Theobald, with great probability, reads—*faction*. Plantagenet afterward uses the same word :

“ ——— this pale and angry rose—

“ Will I for ever, and my *faction*, wear.”

In *King Henry V.* we have *pation* for *paçtion*. We should undoubtedly read—and thy *faction*. The old spelling of this word was *faccion*, and hence *fashion* easily crept into the text.

So, in Hall's *Chronicle*, EDWARD IV. fol. xxii : “ ——— whom we ought to believe to be sent from God, and of hym onely to bee provided a kynge, for to extinguiſh both the *faccions* and *partes* [i. e. parties] of Kyng Henry the VI. and of Kyng Edward the fourth.” MALONE.

As *fashion* might have been meant to convey the meaning assigned to it by Dr. Warburton, I have left the text as I found it, allowing at the same time the merit of the emendation offered by Mr. Theobald, and countenanced by Mr. Malone.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *His grandfather was Lionel, duke of Clarence,*] The author mistakes. Plantagenet's paternal grandfather was Edmund of Langley, Duke of York. His maternal grandfather was Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, who was the son of Philippa the daughter of Lionel, Duke of Clarence. The duke therefore was his maternal great great grandfather. See Vol. XI. p. 225, n. 5.

MALONE

Third son to the third Edward king of England;  
Spring creifless yeomen<sup>5</sup> from fo deep a root ?

*PLAN.* He bears him on the place's privilege,<sup>6</sup>  
Or durft not, for his craven heart, fay thus.

*SOM.* By him that made me, I'll maintain my  
words

On any plot of ground in Chrifendom :  
Was not thy father, Richard, earl of Cambridge,  
For treason executed in our late king's days ?<sup>7</sup>  
And, by his treason, ftand'ft not thou attainted,  
Corrupted, and exempt<sup>8</sup> from ancient gentry ?  
His trespafs yet lives guilty in thy blood ;  
And, till thou be reftor'd, thou art a yeoman.

*PLAN.* My father was attached, not attainted ;  
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor ;  
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerfet,

<sup>5</sup> *Spring creifless yeomen* —] i. e. thofe who have no right to arms. *WARBURTON.*

<sup>6</sup> *He bears him on the place's privilege,*] The Temple, being a religious houfe, was an afylum, a place of exemption, from violence, revenge, and bloodfhed. *JOHNSON.*

It does not appear that the Temple had any peculiar privilege at this time, being then, as it is at prefent, the refidence of law-ftudents. The author might, indeed, imagine it to have derived fome fuch privilege from its former inhabitants, the Knights Templars, or Knights Hofpitalers, both religious orders : or blows might have been prohibited by the regulations of the Society : or what is equally probable, he might have neither known nor cared any thing about the matter. *RITSON.*

<sup>7</sup> *For treason executed in our late king's days ?*] This unmetrical line may be fomewhat harmonized by adopting a practice common to our author, and reading—*execute* inftead of *executed*. Thus, in *King Henry V.* we have *create* inftead of *created*, and *contaminate* inftead of *contaminated*. *STEEVENS.*

<sup>8</sup> *Corrupted, and exempt* —] *Exempt* for *excluded*.

Were growing time once ripen'd<sup>9</sup> to my will,  
 For your partaker Poole,<sup>1</sup> and you yourself,  
 I'll note you in my book of memory,<sup>2</sup>  
 To scourge you for this apprehension:<sup>3</sup>  
 Look to it well; and say you are well warn'd.

*SOM.* Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still:  
 And know us, by these colours, for thy foes;  
 For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.

*PLAN.* And, by my foul, this pale and angry rose,  
 As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>9</sup> ——— time *once ripen'd* —] So, in *The Merchant of Venice*.

“ ——— stay the very riping of the time.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *For your partaker Poole,*] *Partaker* in ancient language, signifies one who *takes part* with another, an *accomplice*, a *confederate*. So, in *Psalms* 1: “When thou sawest a thief thou didst consent unto him, and hast been *partaker* with the adulterers.”

Again, in Marlow's translation of the first Book of *Lucan*, 1600:

“ Each side had great *partakers*; Cæsar's cause

“ The Gods abetted—;”

Again, in Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, Lib. II: “ ——— his obsequies being no more solemnized by the teares of his *partakers*, than the blood of his enemies.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *I'll note you in my book of memory,*] So, in *Hamlet*:

“ ——— the *table of my memory*.”

Again:

“ ——— shall live

“ Within the *book and volume of my brain*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *To scourge you for this apprehension:*] Though this word possesses all the copies, I am persuaded it did not come from the author. I have ventured to read—*reprehension*: and Plantagenet means, that Somerset had *reprehended* or reproached him with his father the Earl of Cambridge's treason. THEOBALD.

Apprehension, i. e. opinion. WARBURTON.

So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

“ ——— how long have you profess'd *apprehension* ?”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *this pale and angry rose,*  
*As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

Will I for ever, and my faction, wear;  
 Until it wither with me to my grave,  
 Or flourish to the height of my degree.

*SUF.* Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition!

And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*]

*SOM.* Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious Richard. [*Exit.*]

*PLAN.* How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it!

*WAR.* This blot, that they object against your house,

Shall be wip'd out<sup>s</sup> in the next parliament,  
 Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster:

And, if thou be not then created York,  
 I will not live to be accounted Warwick.

Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,  
 Against proud Somersset, and William Poole,  
 Will I upon thy party wear this rose:

And here I prophecy,—This brawl to-day,  
 Grown to this faction, in the Temple garden,  
 Shall send, between the red rose and the white,  
 A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

*PLAN.* Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,  
 That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

“ Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.—

“ And, trust me, love, in mine eye so do you :

“ Dry sorrow drinks our blood.” STEEVENS.

A badge is called a *cognifance* à *cognoscendo*, because by it such persons as do wear it upon their sleeves, their shoulders, or in their hats, are manifestly known whose servants they are. In heraldry the *cognifance* is seated upon the most eminent part of the helmet. TOLLET.

,<sup>s</sup> *Shall be wip'd out*—] Old copy—*whip't*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

*VÉR.* In your behalf still will I wear the same.

*LAW.* And so will I.

*PLAN.* Thanks, gentle fir.<sup>6</sup>

Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say,  
This quarrel will drink blood another day.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE V.

*The same. A Room in the Tower.*

*Enter MORTIMER,<sup>7</sup> brought in a Chair by Two Keepers.*

*MOR.* Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,

\* — gentle fir.] The latter word, which yet does not complete the metre, was added by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

Perhaps the line had originally this conclusion:

“ — Thanks, gentle fir; *thanks both.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Enter Mortimer,*] Mr. Edwards, in his MS. notes, observes, that Shakspeare has varied from the truth of history, to introduce this scene between Mortimer and Richard Plantagenet. Edmund Mortimer served under Henry V. in 1422, and died unconfined in Ireland in 1424. Holinshed says, that Mortimer was one of the mourners at the funeral of Henry V.

His uncle, Sir John Mortimer, was indeed prisoner in the Tower, and was executed not long before the Earl of March's death, being charged with an attempt to make his escape in order to stir up an insurrection in Wales. STEEVENS.

A *Remarker* on this note [the author of the next] seems to think that he has totally overturned it, by quoting the following passage from Hall's *Chronicle*: “ During whiche parliament [held in the third year of Henry VI. 1425,] came to London Peter Duke of Quimber,—whiche of the Duke of Exeter, &c. was highly fested—. During whych season Edmond Mortymer, the last Erle of Marche of that name, (whiche long tyme had

Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.<sup>8</sup>—

bene refrayned from hys liberty and finally waxed lame,) diseased without yssue, whose inheritance descended to Lord Richard Plantagenet," &c. as if a circumstance which Hall mentioned to mark the *time* of Mortimer's death, necessarily explained the *place* where it happened also. The fact is, that this Edmund Mortimer did *not* die in London, but at Trim in Ireland. He did not however die in confinement (as Sandford has erroneously asserted in his *Genealogical History*. See *King Henry IV.* P. I. Vol. XI. p. 225, n. 5.); and whether he ever was confined, (except by Owen Glendower,) may be doubted, notwithstanding the assertion of Hall. Hardyng, who lived at the time, says he was treated with the greatest kindness and care both by Henry IV. (to whom he was a *ward*,) and by his son Henry V. See his *Chronicle*, 1453, fol. 229. He was certainly at liberty in the year 1415, having a few days before King Henry sailed from Southampton, divulged to him in that town the traitorous intentions of his brother-in-law Richard Earl of Cambridge, by which he probably conciliated the friendship of the young king. He at that time received a general pardon from Henry, and was employed by him in a naval enterprize. At the coronation of Queen Katharine he attended and held the sceptre.

Soon after the accession of King Henry VI. he was constituted by the English Regency chief governor of Ireland, an office which he executed by a deputy of his own appointment. In the latter end of the year 1424, he went himself to that country, to protect the great inheritance which he derived from his grandmother Philippa, (daughter to Lionel Duke of Clarence,) from the incursions of some Irish chieftains, who were aided by a body of Scottish rovers; but soon after his arrival died of the plague in his castle at Trim, in January 1424-5.

This Edmond Mortimer was, I believe, confounded by the author of this play, and by the old historians, with his kinsman, who was perhaps about thirty years old at his death. Edmond Mortimer at the time of his death could not have been above thirty years old; for supposing that his grandmother Philippa was married at fifteen, in 1376, his father Roger could not have been born till 1377; and if he married at the early age of sixteen, Edmond was born in 1394.

This family had great possessions in Ireland, in consequence of the marriage of Lionel Duke of Clarence with the daughter of the Earl of Ulster, in 1360, and were long connected with that country. Lionel was for some time Viceroy of Ireland, and was created by his father Edward III. Duke of Clarence, in conse-



Even like a man new haled from the rack,

quence of possessing the honour of *Clare*, in the county of *Thomond*. Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, who married Philippa the duke's only daughter, succeeded him in the government of Ireland, and died in his office, at St. Dominick's Abbey, near Cork, in December 1381. His son, Roger Mortimer, was twice Vicegerent of Ireland, and was slain at a place called *Kenles*, in *Oslory*, in 1398. Edmund his son, the Mortimer of this play, was, as has been already mentioned, Chief Governor of Ireland, in the years 1423, and 1424, and died there in 1425. His nephew and heir, Richard Duke of York, (the Plantagenet of this play,) was in 1449 constituted Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for ten years, with extraordinary powers; and his son George Duke of Clarence (who was afterwards murdered in the Tower) was born in the Castle of Dublin, in 1450. This prince filled the same office which so many of his ancestors had possessed, being constituted Chief Governor of Ireland for *life*, by his brother King Edward IV. in the third year of his reign.

Since this note was written, I have more precisely ascertained the age of Edmond Mortimer, Earl of March, uncle to the Richard Plantagenet of this play. He was born in December 1392, and consequently was thirty-two years old when he died. His ancestor, Lionel Duke of Clarence, was married to the daughter of the Earl of Ulster, but not in 1360, as I have said, but about the year 1353. He probably did not take his title of *Clarence* from his great Irish possessions, (as I have suggested) but rather from his wife's mother, Elizabeth le Clare, third daughter of Gilbert de Clare Earl of Gloster, and sister to Gilbert de Clare, the last (of that name) Earl of Gloster, who founded Clare Hall in Cambridge.

The error concerning Edmund Mortimer, brother-in-law to Richard Earl of Cambridge, having been "*kept in captivity untill he died*," seems to have arisen from the legend of Richard Plantagenet, Duke of Yorke, in *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1575, where the following lines are found :

" His cursed son ensued his cruel path,  
 " And kept my guiltless *cousin* strait in *durance*,  
 " For whom my father hard entreated hath,  
 " But living hopeles of his life's assurance,  
 " He thought it best by politick procurance  
 " To slay the king, and to restore his friend ;  
 " Which brought himself to an infamous end.

So fare my limbs with long imprisonment :

“ For when king Henry, of that name the first,  
 “ Had tane my father in his conspiracie,  
 “ He, from Sir Edmund all the blame to shift,  
 “ Was faine to say, the French king Charles, his ally,  
 “ Had hired him this traiterous act to try ;  
 “ For which condemned shortly he was slain :  
 “ In helping right this was my father’s gain.”

MALONE.

It is objected that Shakspeare has varied from the truth of history, to introduce this scene between Mortimer and Richard Plantagenet ; as the former served under Henry V. in 1422, and died *unconfined* in *Ireland*, in 1424. In the third year of Henry the Sixth, 1425, and during the time that Peter Duke of Coimbra was entertained in London, “ Edmonde Mortimer (says Hall) the last erle of Marche of that name (*which longe tyme had bene restrained from hys liberty*, and fynally waxed lame,) diseased without yssue, whose inheritance descended to lord Richard Plantagenet,” &c. Holinshed has the same words ; and these authorities, though the fact be otherwise, are sufficient to prove that Shakspeare, or whoever was the author of the play, did not intentionally vary from the truth of history to introduce the present scene. The historian does not, indeed, expressly say that the Earl of March died in the *Tower* ; but one cannot reasonably suppose that he meant to relate an event which he knew had happened to a *free man* in *Ireland*, as happening to a *prisoner* during the time that a particular person was in *London*. But, wherever he meant to lay the scene of Mortimer’s death, it is clear that the author of this play understood him as representing it to have happened in a *London prison* ; an idea, if indeed his words will bear any other construction, a preceding passage may serve to corroborate : “ The erle of March (he has observed) was *ever kepte in the courte* under such a keeper that he could nether doo or attempte any thyng agaynste the kyng wythout his knowledge. and dyed without issue.” I am aware, and could easily show, that some of the most interesting events, not only in the *Chronicles* of Hall and Holinshed, but in the *Histories* of Rapin, Hume, and Smollet, are perfectly fabulous and unfounded, which are nevertheless constantly cited and regarded as incontrovertible facts. But, if modern writers, standing, as it were, upon the shoulders of their predecessors, and possessing innumerable other advantages, are not always to be depended on, what allowances ought we not to make for those who had neither *Rymer*, nor *Dugdale*, nor *Sandford* to consult, who could have

And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,<sup>9</sup>  
 Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,  
 Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.  
 These eyes,—like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,<sup>1</sup>—  
 Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent :<sup>2</sup>  
 Weak shoulders, overborne with burd'ning grief ;  
 And pithless arms,<sup>3</sup> like to a wither'd vine  
 That droops his sapless branches to the ground :—

no access to the treasuries of *Cotton* or *Harley*, nor were permitted the inspection of a public record? If this were the case with the historian, what can be expected from the dramatist? He naturally took for *fact* what he found in *history*, and is by no means answerable for the misinformation of his authority.

RITSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.*] I know not whether Milton did not take from this hint the lines with which he opens his tragedy. JOHNSON.

Rather from the beginning of the last scene of the third Act of the *Phœnissæ* of Euripides :

*Tirustias.* “ Ἦγᾶ πάροιθε, δὴγάτερ, ὡς τυφλῶ ποδῶι

“ Ὀφθαλμὸς εἰ σὺ, ναυδάταισιν ἄστρον ὡς.

“ Δευρὸν εἰς τὸ λευρὸν πέδον ἰχθυος τιθεῖσ' ἔμδν,” &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — pursuivants of death,] *Pursuivants.* The heralds that, forerunning death, proclaim its approach. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> — like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,] So, in *King Richard II* :

“ My oil-dry'd lamp, and time-bewasted light—.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — as drawing to their exigent :] *Exigent*, end.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Doctor Dodypoll*, a comedy, 1600 :

“ Hath driven her to some desperate exigent.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *And pithless arms,*] *Pith* was used for *marrow*, and figuratively, for *strength*. JOHNSON.

In the first of these senses it is used in *Othello* :

“ For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith—”

And, figuratively, in *Hamlet* :

“ And enterprizes of great pith and moment—.”

STEEVENS.

Yet are these feet—whose strengthless stay is numb,  
 Unable to support this lump of clay,—  
 Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,  
 As witting I no other comfort have.—  
 But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come ?

1 *KEEP.* Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will  
 come :

We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber ;  
 And answer was return'd that he will come.

*MOR.* Enough ; my soul shall then be satisfied.—  
 Poor gentleman ! his wrong doth equal mine.  
 Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,  
 (Before whose glory I was great in arms,)  
 This loathsome sequestration have I had ;<sup>4</sup>  
 And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,  
 Depriv'd of honour and inheritance :  
 But now, the arbitrator of despairs,  
 Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,<sup>5</sup>  
 With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence ;  
 I would, his troubles likewise were expir'd,  
 That so he might recover what was lost.

<sup>4</sup> *Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,—*  
*This loathsome sequestration have I had ;*] Here again, the  
 author certainly is mistaken. See p. 73, n. 7. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *the arbitrator of despairs,*  
*Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries ;*] That is, he that  
 terminates or concludes misery. The expression is harsh and  
 forced. JOHNSON.

The same idea is expressed with greater propriety in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife  
 “ Shall play the *umpire, arbitrating* that,” &c.

STEEVENS.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

I KEEP. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

MOR. Richard Plantagenet, my friend? Is he come?

PLAN. Ay, noble unclé, thus ignobly us'd,  
Your nephew, late-despised<sup>6</sup> Richard, comes.

MOR. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,  
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:  
O, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,  
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—  
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great  
flock,

Why didst thou say—of late thou wert despis'd?

PLAN. First, lean thine aged back against mine  
arm;

And, in that case, I'll tell thee my disease.<sup>7</sup>  
This day, in argument upon a case,

<sup>6</sup> — late-despised—] i. e. lately despised. M. MASON.

<sup>7</sup> — I'll tell thee my disease.] *Disease* seems to be here *uneasiness*, or *discontent*. JOHNSON.

It is so used by other ancient writers, and by Shakspeare in *Coriolanus*. Thus likewise, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. III. c. v :

“ But labour'd long in that deep ford with vain *disease*.”  
That to *disease* is to *disturb*, may be known from the following passages in Chapman's version of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* :

“ But brother, hie thee to the ships, and Idomen *disease*.”  
i. e. wake him. B. VI. edit. 1598. Again, *Odysf.* Book VI :

“ — with which he declin'd

“ The eyes of any waker when he pleas'd,

“ And any sleeper, when he wisk'd, *diseas'd*.”

Again, in the ancient metrical history of *The Battle of Flodden* :

“ He thought the Scots might him *disease*

“ With constituted captains meet.” STEVENS.

Some words there grew 'twixt Somers't and me :  
 Among which terms he us'd his lavish tongue,  
 And did upbraid me with his father's death ;  
 Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,  
 Else with the like I had requited him :  
 Therefore, good uncle,—for my father's sake,  
 In honour of a true Plantagenet,  
 And for alliance' sake,—declare the cause  
 My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

*MOR.* That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd  
 me,  
 And hath detain'd me, all my flow'ring youth,  
 Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,  
 Was curst instrument of his decease.

*PLAN.* Discover more at large what cause that  
 was ;  
 For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.

*MOR.* I will ; if that my fading breath permit,  
 And death approach not ere my tale be done.  
 Henry the fourth, grandfather to this king,  
 Depos'd his nephew Richard ;<sup>8</sup> Edward's son,

\* — his nephew Richard ;] Thus the old copy. Modern editors read—his *cousin*—but without necessity. *Nephew* has sometimes the power of the Latin *nepos*, and is used with great laxity among our ancient English writers. Thus in *Othello*, Iago tells Brabantio—he shall “ have his *nephews* (i. e. the children of his own daughter) neigh to him.” STEEVENS.

It would be surely better to read *cousin*, the meaning which *nephew* ought to have in this place. Mr. Steevens only proves that the word *nephews* is sometimes used for *grand-children*, which is very certain. Both *uncle* and *nephew* might, however, formerly signify *cousin*. See the *Menegiana*, Vol. II. p. 193. In *The Second Part of the troublesome Raigne of King John*, Prince Henry calls his *cousin* the Bastard, “ *uncle*.” RITSON.

I believe the mistake here arose from the author's ignorance ; and that he conceived Richard to be Henry's nephew.

The first-begotten, and the lawful heir  
 Of Edward king, the third of that descent :  
 During whose reign, the Percies of the north,  
 Finding his usurpation most unjust,  
 Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne :  
 The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,  
 Was—for that (young king Richard<sup>9</sup> thus remov'd,  
 Leaving no heir begotten of his body,)  
 I was the next by birth and parentage ;  
 For by my mother I derived am  
 From Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son<sup>1</sup>  
 To king Edward the third, whereas he,  
 From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,  
 Being but fourth of that heroick line.  
 But mark ; as, in this haughty great attempt,<sup>2</sup>  
 They laboured to plant the rightful heir,  
 I lost my liberty, and they their lives.  
 Long after this, when Henry the fifth,—  
 Succeeding his father Bolingbroke,—did reign,  
 Thy father, earl of Cambridge,—then deriv'd  
 From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,—  
 Marrying my sifter, that thy mother was,  
 Again, in pity of my hard distress,  
 Levied an army ;<sup>3</sup> weening to redeem,

<sup>9</sup> — *young king Richard*—] Thus the second folio. The first omits—*king*, which is necessary to the metre. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *the third son* —] The article—*the*, which is necessary to the metre, is omitted in the first folio, but found in the second. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *in this haughty great attempt,*] *Haughty* is *high*. JOHNSON.

So, in the fourth Act :

“ Valiant and virtuous, full of *haughty* courage.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Levied an army* ;] Here is again another falsification of history. Cambridge levied no army, but was apprehended at Southampton, the night before Henry sailed from that town for

And have inſtall'd me in the diadem :  
 But, as the reſt, ſo fell that noble ear!  
 And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,  
 In whom the title reſted, were ſuppreſs'd.

*PLAN.* Of which, my lord, your honour is the  
 laſt.

*MOR.* True; and thou ſeeſt, that I no iſſue have ;  
 And that my fainting words do warrant death :  
 Thou art my heir ; the reſt, I wiſh thee gather :<sup>4</sup>  
 But yet be wary in thy ſtudious care.

*PLAN.* Thy grave admoniſhments prevail with  
 me :  
 But yet, methinks, my father's execution  
 Was nothing leſs than bloody tyranny.

*MOR.* With ſilence, nephew, be thou politick ;  
 Strong-fixed is the houſe of Lancaſter,  
 And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.<sup>5</sup>  
 But now thy uncle is removing hence ;  
 As princes do their courts, when they are clòy'd  
 With long continuance in a ſettled place.

*PLAN.* O, uncle, 'would ſome part of my young  
 years  
 Might but redeem the paſſage of your age !<sup>6</sup>

France, on the information of this very Edmund Mortimer,  
 Earl of March. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Thou art my heir ; the reſt, I wiſh thee gather .]* The ſenſe  
 is—I acknowledge thee to be my heir ; the conſequences which  
 may be collected from thence, I recommend it to thee to draw.  
 HEATH.

<sup>5</sup> *And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.]* Thus Milton, *Par.*  
*Loſt*, Book IV :

“ Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremov'd.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *O, uncle, 'would ſome part of my young years*  
*Might but redeem &c.]* This thought has ſome reſemblance  
 to that of the following lines, which are ſuppoſed to be addreſſed



*MOR.* Thou dost then wrong me; as the slaught'rer doth,  
Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill.<sup>7</sup>  
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;  
Only, give order for my funeral;  
And so farewell; and fair be all thy hopes!<sup>8</sup>  
And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and war!  
[Dies.]

by a married lady who died very young, to her husband. The inscription is, I think, in the church of Trent:—

“Immutura peri; sed tu diuturnior annos

“Vive meos, conjux optime, vive tuos.” MALONE.

This superstition is very ancient. Some traces of it may be found in the traditions of the Rabbins; it is enlarged upon in the *Alcestes* of Euripides; and such offers ridiculed by *Juvenal*, Sat. XII. Dion Cassius in *Vit. Hadrian*, fol. edit. Hamburg, Vol. II. p. 1160, insinuates, “That Hadrian sacrificed his favourite *Antinous* with this design.” See *Reimari Annotat. in loc*: “De nostris annis, tibi Jupiter augeat annos,” said the Romans to Augustus. See Lister's *Journey to Paris*, p. 221. VAILLANT.

<sup>7</sup> — as the slaught'rer doth,

Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill.] The same thought occurs in *Hamlet*:

“Like to a murdering-piece, in many places

“Gives me superfluous death.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — and fair be all thy hopes!] Mortimer knew Plantagenet's hopes were fair, but that the establishment of the Lancasterian line disappointed them: sure, he would wish, that his nephew's fair hopes might have a fair issue. I am persuaded the poet wrote:

— and fair befall thy hopes! THEOBALD.

This emendation is received by Sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton. I do not see how the readings differ in sense. *Fair* is *lucky*, or *prosperous*. So we say, a *fair* wind, and *fair* fortune.

JOHNSON.

Theobald's emendment is unnecessary, and proceeded from his confounding Plantagenet's hopes with his pretensions. His *pretensions* were well founded, but his *hopes* were not.

M. MASON.

*PLAN.* And peace, no war, befall thy parting  
foul!

In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,  
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.—  
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;  
And what I do imagine, let that rest.—  
Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself  
Will see his burial better than his life.—

[*Exeunt* Keepers, *bearing out* MORTIMER.]

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,  
Chok'd with ambition<sup>2</sup> of the meaner sort:—  
And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,  
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,—  
I doubt not, but with honour to redress:  
And therefore haste I to the parliament;  
Either to be restored to my blood,  
Or make my ill<sup>1</sup> the advantage of my good.

[*Exit.*]

<sup>2</sup> *Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort:* So, in the preceding scene:

“Go forward, and be *chok'd with thy ambition.*”

STEVENS.

We are to understand the speaker as reflecting on the ill fortune of Mortimer, in being always made a tool of by the Percies of the North in their rebellious intrigues; rather than in asserting his claim to the crown, in support of his own princely ambition.

WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> *Or make my ill —*] In former editions:

*Or make my will th' advantage of my good.*

So all the printed copies; but with very little regard to the poet's meaning. I read:

*Or make my ill th' advantage of my good.*

Thus we recover the *antithesis* of the expression. THEOBALD.

My *ill*, is my ill usage. MALONE.

This sentiment resembles another of Falstaff, in *The Second Part of King Henry IV*: “I will turn diseases to commodity.”

STEVENS.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*The same. The Parliament-House.*<sup>2</sup>

*Flourish. Enter King HENRY, EXETER, GLOSTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, and SUFFOLK; the Bishop of Winchester, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, and Others. GLOSTER offers to put up a Bill;<sup>3</sup> Winchester snatches it, and tears it.* ..

*WIN.* Com'it thou with deep premeditated lines,  
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,  
Humphrey of Gloster? if thou canst accuse,  
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,  
Do it without invention suddenly;  
As I with sudden and extemporal speech  
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

*GLO.* Presumptuous priest! this place commands  
my patience,  
Or thou should'st find thou hast dishonour'd me.  
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd  
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,

<sup>2</sup> *The Parliament-House.*] This parliament was held in 1426, at Leicester, though the author of this play has represented it to have been held in London. King Henry was now in the fifth year of his age. In the first parliament which was held at London shortly after his father's death, his mother Queen Katharine brought the young King from Windsor to the metropolis, and sat on the throne of the parliament-house with the infant in her lap. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— put up a Bill;] i. e. articles of accusation, for in this sense the word *bill* was sometimes used. So, in Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596: "That's the cause we have so manie bad workmen now &daies: put up a bill against them next parliament." MALONE.

That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able  
*Verbatim* to rehearse the method of my pen :  
 No, prelate ; such is thy audacious wickedness,  
 Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,  
 As very infants prattle of thy pride.  
 Thou art a most pernicious usurer ;  
 Froward by nature, enemy to peace ;  
 Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems  
 A man of thy profession, and degree ;  
 And for thy treachery, What's more manifest ?  
 In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,  
 As well at London bridge, as at the Tower ?  
 Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,  
 The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt  
 From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

*WIN.* Gloster, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouch-  
 safe

To give me hearing what I shall reply.  
 If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,<sup>4</sup>  
 As he will have me, How am I so poor ?  
 Or how haps it, I seek not to advance  
 Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling ?  
 And for dissention, Who preferreth peace  
 More than I do,—except I be provok'd ?  
 No, my good lords, it is not that offends ;  
 It is not that, that hath incens'd the duke :  
 It is, because no one should sway but he ;  
 No one, but he, should be about the king ;  
 And that engenders thunder in his breast,  
 And makes him roar these accusations forth.  
 But he shall know, I am as good——

*GLO.*

As good ?

<sup>4</sup> If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,] I suppose this  
 redundant line originally stood—

Were I covetous, ambitious, &c. STEEVENS.

Thou bastard of my grandfather! 5—

*WIN.* Ay, lordly fir; For what are you, I pray,  
But one imperious in another's throne?

*GLO.* Am I not the protector,<sup>6</sup> faucy priest?

*WIN.* And am I not a prelate of the church?

*GLO.* Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,  
And useth it to patronage his theft.

*WIN.* Unreverent Glosler!

*GLO.* Thou art reverent  
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

*WIN.* This Rome shall remedy.<sup>7</sup> "

*WAR.* Roam thither then.<sup>8</sup>

*SOM.* My lord, it were your duty to forbear.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *Thou bastard of my grandfather,*] The Bishop of Winchester was an illegitimate son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, by Katharine Swynford, whom the Duke afterwards married.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — the *protector,*] I have added the article—*the*, for the sake of metre. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *This Rome shall remedy.*] The old copy, unmetrically—  
*Rome shall remedy this.*

The transposition is Sir Thomas Haumer's. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Roam thither then.*] *Roam* to Rome. To *roam* is supposed to be derived from the cant of vagabonds, who often pretended a pilgrimage to Rome. JOHNSON.

The jingle between *roam* and *Rome* is common to other writers. So, in Nath's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599: "— three hundred thousand people *roamed* to Rome for purgatorie pills," &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.* &c.] This line, in the old copy, is joined to the former hemistich spoken by Warwick. The modern editors have very properly given it to Somerset, for whom it seems to have been designed:

*Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.*

*WAR.* Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

*SOM.* Methinks, my lord should be religious,  
And know the office that belongs to such.

*WAR.* Methinks, his lordship should be humbler ;

It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

*SOM.* Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.

*WAR.* State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that ?  
Is not his grace protector to the king ?

*PLAN.* Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue ;  
Lest it be said, *Speak, firrah, when you should ;*  
*Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords ?*  
Else would I have a sling at Winchester. [*Aside.*]

*K. HEN.* Uncles of Gloster, and of Winchester,  
The special watchmen of our English weal ;  
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,  
To join your hearts in love and amity.  
O, what a scandal is it to our crown,  
That two such noble peers as ye, should jar !  
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,  
Civil dissention is a viperous worm,  
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.—

[*A Noise within ;* Down with the tawny coats !  
What tumult's this ?

*WAR.* An uproar, I dare warrant,  
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.

[*A Noise again ;* Stones ! Stones !

was as erroneously given in the next speech to Somerset, instead of Warwick, to whom it has been since restored. STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

*Enter the Mayor of London, attended.*

*MAY.* O, my good lords,—and virtuous Henry,—  
Pity the city of London, pity us!  
The bishop and the duke of Gloster's men,  
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,  
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones;  
And, banding themselves in contráry parts,  
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,  
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:  
Our windows are broke down in every freet,  
And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops.

*Enter, skirmishing, the Retainers of GLOSTER and  
Winchester, with bloody pates.*

*K. HEN.* We charge you, on allegiance to our-  
self,  
To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep the  
peace.  
Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

*1 SERV.* Nay, if we be  
Forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.

*2 SERV.* Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.  
[*Skirmish again.*]

*GLO.* You of my household, leave this peevish  
broil,  
And set this unaccustom'd fight<sup>1</sup> aside.

*1 SERV.* My lord, we know your grace to be a  
man

<sup>1</sup> — unaccustom'd fight —] *Unaccustom'd* is *unseemly, in-*  
*decent.* JOHNSON. 11

Just and upright ; and, for your royal birth,  
 Inferior to none, but his majesty :<sup>2</sup>  
 And, ere that we will suffer such a prince,  
 So kind a father of the commonweal,  
 To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,<sup>3</sup>  
 We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,  
 And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

1 *SERV.* Ay, and the very parings of our nails  
 Shall pitch a field, when we are dead.

[*Skirmish again.*

*GLO.* Stay, stay, I say !<sup>4</sup>  
 And, if you love me, as you say you do,  
 Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

*K. HEN.* O, how this discord doth afflict my  
 soul !—  
 Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold  
 My sighs and tears, and will not once relent ?

The same epithet occurs again in *Romeo and Juliet*, where it  
 seems to mean—*such as is uncommon, not in familiar use* :

“ Shall give him such an *unaccustom'd* dram.”

STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *but his majesty* :] Old copy, redundantly—  
 — *but to his majesty*.

Perhaps the line originally ran thus :

“ To none inferior, but his majesty.” STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *an inkhorn mate,*] A bookman. JOHNSON.

It was a term of reproach at the time towards men of learning  
 or men affecting to be learned. George Pettie in his *Introduction*  
 to *Guazzo's Civil Conversation*, 1586, speaking of those he calls  
*nice travellers*, says, “ if one chance to derive anie word from  
 the Latine, which is insolent to their ears, (as perchance they  
 will take that phrase to be) they forthwith make a jest at it, and  
 tearme it an *Inkhorne tearme*.” REED.

<sup>4</sup> *Stay, stay, I say !*] Perhaps the words—*I say*, should be  
 omitted, as they only serve to disorder the metre, and create a  
 disagreeable repetition of the word—*say*, in the next line.

STEVENS.



Who should be pitiful, if you be not ?  
Or who should study to prefer a peace,  
If holy churchmen take delight in broils ?

*WAR.* My lord protector, yield ;<sup>5</sup>—yield Win-  
chester ;—

Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,  
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.  
You see what mischief, and what murder too,  
Hath been enacted through your enmity ;  
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

*WIN.* He shall submit, or I will never yield.

*GLO.* Compassion on the king commands me  
sloop ;

Or, I would see his heart out, ere the priest  
Should ever get that privilege of me.

*WAR.* Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke  
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,  
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear :  
Why look you still so stern, and tragical ?

*GLO.* Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

*K. HEN.* Fye, uncle Beaufort ! I have heard you  
preach,

That malice was a great and grievous sin :  
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,  
But prove a chief offender in the same ?

*WAR.* Sweet king !—the bishop hath a kindly  
gird.<sup>6</sup>—

<sup>5</sup> *My lord protector, yield ;*] Old copy—*Yield, my lord pro-  
tector.* This judicious transposition was made by Sir T. Hanmer.  
STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *hath a kindly gird.*] i. e. feels an emotion of kind re-  
morse. JOHNSON.

A *kindly gird* is a gentle or friendly reproof. Falstaff ob-  
serves, that “men of all sorts take a pride to *gird* at him :” and,

For shame, my lord of Winchester! relent;  
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

*WIN.* Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;  
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

*GLO.* Ay; but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.—  
See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;  
This token serveth for a flag of truce,  
Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers:  
So help me God, as I dissemble not!

*WIN.* So help me God, as I intend it not!

[*Aside.*

*K. HEN.* O loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster,<sup>7</sup>  
How joyful am I made by this contract!—  
Away, my masters! trouble us no more;  
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1 *SERV.* Content; I'll to the surgeon's.

2 *SERV.* And so will I.

3 *SERV.* And I will see what physick the tavern  
affords. [*Exeunt Servants, Mayor, &c.*

*WAR.* Accept this scroll, most gracious sove-  
reign;

in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Baptista says: "Tranio hits you now:" to which Lucentio answers:

"I thank thee for that *gird*, good Tranio." STEEVENS.

The word *gird* does not here signify *reproof*, as Steevens supposes, but a *twitch*, a *pang*, a *yearning of kindness*.

M. MASON.

I wish Mr. M. Mason had produced any example of *gird* used in the sense for which he contends. I cannot supply one for him, or I most readily would. STEEVENS.

Mr. Malone in a note on a passage in *Coriolanus*, Act I. sc. i. says; that to *gird* means to *pluck*, or *twinge*, and informs us that Cotgrave makes *gird* and *twinge* synonymous. M. MASON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *kind duke of Gloster.*] For the sake of metre, I could wish to read—

——— most *kind duke* &c. STEEVENS.

Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet  
We do exhibit to your majesty.

*GLO.* Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick ;—for,  
sweet prince,

An if your grace mark every circumstance,  
You have great reason to do Richard right :  
Especially, for those occasions  
At Eltham-place I told your majesty.

*K. HEN.* And those occasions, uncle, were of  
force :

Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,  
That Richard be restored to his blood.

*WAR.* Let Richard be restored to his blood ;  
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

*WIN.* As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

*K. HEN.* If Richard will be true, not that alone,<sup>8</sup>  
But all the whole inheritance I give,  
That doth belong unto the house of York,  
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

*PLAN.* Thy humble servant vows obedience,  
And humble service, till the point of death.

*K. HEN.* Stoop then, and set your knee against  
my foot ;

And, in requerdon<sup>9</sup> of that duty done,  
I girt thee with the valiant sword of York :  
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet ;  
And rise created princely duke of York.

*PLAN.* And so thrive Richard, as thy foes may fall !

<sup>8</sup> — *that alone,*] By a mistake probably of the transcriber, the old copy reads—*that all alone.* The correction was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *reguerdon* —] Recompence, return. JOHNSON.

It is perhaps a corruption of—*regardum*, middle Latin. See Vol. VII. p. 63, n. 2. STEVENS.

And as my duty springs so perish they  
That grudge one thought against your majesty !

*ALL.* Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of  
York !

*SOM.* Perish, base prince, ignoble duke of York !  
[*Aside.*]

*GLO.* Now will it best avail your majesty,  
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France :  
The presence of a king engenders love  
Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends ;  
As it disanimates his enemies.

*K. HEN.* When Gloster says the word, king Henry  
goes ;  
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

*GLO.* Your ships already are in readiness.  
[*Exeunt all but EXETER.*]

*EXE.* Ay, we may march in England, or in France,  
Not seeing what is likely to ensue :  
This late dissention, grown betwixt the peers,  
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,<sup>1</sup>  
And will at last break out into a flame :  
As fester'd members rot but by degrees,  
Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away,  
So will this base and envious discord breed.<sup>2</sup>  
And now I fear that fatal prophecy,  
Which, in the time of Henry, nam'd the fifth,  
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—  
That Henry, born at Monmouth, should win all ;  
And Henry, born at Windsor, should lose all :

<sup>1</sup> Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love.]

“ Ignis suppositos cineri doloso.” *Hor.* MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> So will this base and envious discord breed.] That is, so will  
the malignity of this discord propagate itself, and advance.

JOHNSON.

Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish  
His days may finish ere that hapless time.<sup>3</sup> [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

France. *Before Rouën.*

*Enter LA PUCELLE disguised, and Soldiers dressed like Countrymen, with Sacks upon their Backs.*

*Puc.* These are the city gates, the gates of Rouën,<sup>4</sup>  
Through which our policy must make a breach :  
Take heed, be wary how you place your words ;  
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men,  
That come to gather money for their corn.  
If we have entrance, (us, I hope, we shall,)  
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,  
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,  
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

*1 SOLD.* Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the  
city,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *His days may finish &c.]* The Duke of Exeter died shortly after the meeting of this parliament, and the Earl of Warwick was appointed governor or tutor to the King in his room.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *the gates of Rouën,]* Here, and throughout the play, in the old copy, we have *Roan*, which was the old spelling of *Rouen*. The word, consequently, is used as a monosyllable. See *King Henry V.* Act III. sc. v. MALONE.

I do not perceive the necessity of considering *Rouën* here as a monosyllable. Would not the verse have been sufficiently regular, had the scene been in England, and authorized Shakspeare to write (with a disyllabical termination, familiar to the drama)—  
*These are the city gates, the gates of London ?*

STEEVENS

<sup>5</sup> *Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,]* Falstaff has the

And we be lords and rulers over Roüen ;  
Therefore we'll knock. [Knocks.

GUARD. [Within.] *Qui est là ?*<sup>6</sup>

PUC. *Paisans, pauvres gens de France :*  
Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

GUARD. Enter, go in ; the market-bell is rung.  
[Opens the Gates.

PUC. Now, Roüen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to  
the ground.

[PUCELLE, &c. enter the City.

Enter CHARLES, Bastard of Orleans, ALENÇON,  
and Forces.

CHAR. Saint Dennis blefs this happy stratagem !  
And once again we'll sleep secure in Roüen.

BAST. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her praclifants ;<sup>7</sup>  
Now she is there, how will she specify  
Where is<sup>8</sup> the best and safest passage in ?

ALEN. By thrusting out a torch from yonder  
tower ;

same quibble, showing his bottle of sack : " Here's that will sack  
a city." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Qui est là ?*] Old copy—*Chc la.* For the emendation I am  
answerable. MALONE.

Late editions—*Qui va là ?* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Here enter'd Pucelle, and her praclifants :*] *Practice*, in the  
language of that time, was *treachery*, and perhaps in the softer  
sense *stratagem*. *Praclifants* are therefore *confederates in stra-*  
*tagems.* JOHNSON.

So, in the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew :*

" Sirs, I will *praclice* on this drunken man."

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Where is —*] Old copy—*Here is.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE

Which, once discern'd, shows, that her meaning  
 is,—  
 No way to that,<sup>9</sup> for weakness, which she enter'd.

*Enter LA PUCELLE on a Battlement: holding out  
 a Torch burning.*

*Puc.* Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,  
 That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen;  
 But burning fatal to the Talbotites.     "

*BAST.* See, noble Charles! the beacon of our  
 friend,  
 The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

*CHAR.* Now shine it like a comet of revenge,  
 A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

*ALEN.* Defer no time, Delays have dangerous  
 ends;  
 Enter, and cry—*The Dauphin!*—presently,  
 And then do execution on the watch. [*They enter.*

*Alarums. Enter TALBOT, and certain English.*

*TAL.* France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy  
 tears,<sup>1</sup>  
 If Talbot but survive thy treachery.—  
 Pucelle, that witch, that damned forcerefs,

<sup>9</sup> *No way to that,]* That is, *no way equal to that, no way so fit as that.* JOHNSON.

So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

“ There is no woe to his correction.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *France, thou shalt rue this &c.]* So, in *King John* :

“ France, thou shalt rue this hour” &c. STEEVENS.

Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,  
That hardly we escap'd the pride of France.<sup>2</sup>

[*Exeunt to the Town.*

*Alarum: Excursions. Enter, from the Town, BEDFORD, brought in sick, in a Chair, with TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and the English Forces. Then, enter on the Walls, LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, Bastard, ALENÇON,<sup>3</sup> and Others.*

*Puc.* Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?

I think, the duke of Burgundy will fast,  
Before he'll buy again at such a rate:

<sup>2</sup> *That hardly we escap'd the pride of France.*] *Pride* signifies the *haughty power*. The same speaker says afterwards, Act IV. sc. vi:

“ And from the *pride* of *Gallia* rescu'd thee.”

One would think this plain enough. But what won't a puzzling critick obscure! Mr. Theobald says—*Pride of France is an absurd and unmeaning expression*, and therefore alters it to *prize of France*; and in this is followed by the Oxford editor.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton, I believe, has rightly explained the force of the word—*pride*, which indeed is as unfamiliarly used by Chapman, in his version of the tenth *Iliad*:

“ And therefore will not tempt his fate, nor ours, with further *pride*.”

Again, in the eleventh *Iliad*:

“ ——— he died

“ Far from his newly-married wife, in aid of foreign *pride*.”

Our author, however, in *King Henry V.* has the same phrase:

“ ——— could entertain

“ With half their forces the full *pride of France*.”

STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— Alençon,] *Alençon* Sir T. Hamner has replaced here, instead of *Reignier*, because *Alençon*, not *Reignier*, appears in the ensuing scene. JOHNSON.



'Twas full of darnel ;<sup>4</sup> Do you like the taste ?

*BUR.* Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless cour-  
tezan !

I trust, ere long, to choke thee with thine own,  
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

*CHAR.* Your grace may starve, perhaps, before  
that time.

*BED.* O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this  
treason !

*PUC.* What will you do, good grey-beard ? break  
a lance,  
And run a tilt at death within a chair ?

*TAL.* Foul fiend of France, and hag of all de-  
spite,  
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours !  
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,  
And twit with cowardice a man half dead ?  
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,  
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

*PUC.* Are you so hot, sir ?—Yet, Pucelle, hold  
thy peace ;  
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.—  
[*TALBOT, and the rest, consult together.*  
God speed the parliament ! who shall be the speaker ?

<sup>4</sup> ——— darnel ;] So, in *King Lear* :

“ *Darnel*, and all the idle weeds that grow

“ In our sustaining corn.”

“ *Darnel* (says Gerard) *hurteth the eyes, and maketh them dim*, if it happen either in *corne for breade*, or *drinke*.” Hence the old proverb—*Lolio visitare*, applied to such as were *dim-sighted*. Thus also, *Ovid*, *Fast.* I. 691 :

“ *Et careant lolis oculos vitiantibus agri.*”

*Pucelle* means to intimate, that the corn she carried with her, had produced the same effect on the guards of Rouen ; otherwise they would have seen through her disguise, and defeated her stratagem. STEEVENS.

*TAL.* Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field?

*PUC.* Belike, your lordship takes us then for fools, To try if that our own be ours, or no.

*TAL.* I speak not to that railing Hecaté,  
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest;  
Will ye, like foldiers, come and fight it out?

*ALEN.* Signior, no.

*TAL.* Signior, hang!—base muleteers of France!  
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,  
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

*PUC.* Captains, away: let's get us from the walls;  
For Talbot means no goodnes, by his looks.—  
God be wi' you, my lord! we came, fir, but to tell  
you<sup>s</sup>  
That we are here.

[*Exeunt LA PUCELLE, &c. from the Walls.*]

*TAL.* And there will we be too, ere it be long,  
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!—  
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,  
(Prick'd on by publick wrongs, sustain'd in France,)  
Either to get the town again, or die:  
And I,—as sure as English Henry lives,  
And as his father here was conqueror;  
As sure as in this late-betrayed town  
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried;  
So sure I swear, to get the town, or die.

*BUR.* My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

*TAL.* But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,

<sup>s</sup> — we came, fir, but to tell you —] The word—*fir*, which is wanting in the first folio, was judiciously supplied by the second. STEEVENS.

The valiant duke of Bedford :—Come, my lord,  
We will bestow you in some better place,  
Fitter for sickness, and for crazy age.

*BED.* Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me :  
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen,  
And will be partner of your weal, or woe.

*BUR.* Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade  
you.

*BED.* Not to be gone from hence ; for once I  
read,  
That stout Pendragon, in his litter,<sup>6</sup> sick,  
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes :  
Methinks, I should revive the soldiers' hearts,  
Because I ever found them as myself.

*TAL.* Undaunted spirit in a dying breath !—  
Then be it so :—Heavens keep old Bedford safe !—  
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,

<sup>6</sup> ——— once I read,

*That stout Pendragon, in his litter, &c.]* This hero was Uther Pendragon, brother to Aurelius, and father to King Arthur.

Shakspeare has imputed to Pendragon an exploit of Aurelius, who, says Holinshed, “ even sicke of a fluxe as he was, caused himselfe to be carried forth in a litter : with whose presence his people were so encouraged, that encountering with the Saxons they wan the victorie.” *Hist. of Scotland*, p. 99.

Harding, however, in his *Chronicle* (as I learn from Dr. Grey) gives the following account of Uther Pendragon :

“ For which the king ordain'd a horse-litter  
“ To bear him so then unto Verolame,  
“ Where Ocea lay, and Oysa also in fear,  
“ That saint Albones now hight of noble fame,  
“ Bet down the walles ; but to him forth they came,  
“ Where in battayle Ocea and Oysa were slayn.  
“ The field he had, and thereof was full fayne.”

STEVENS.

But gather we our forces out of hand,  
And fet upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt* BURGUNDY, TALBOT, and *Forces*,  
leaving BEDFORD, and *Others*.

*Alarum : Excurfions. Enter* Sir JOHN FASTOLFE,  
and a Captain.

CAP. Whither away, fir John Faftolfe, in fuch  
haffe ?

FAST. Whither away ? to fave myfelf by flight ;<sup>7</sup>  
We are like to have the overthrow again.

CAP. What ! will you fly, and leave lord Talbot ?

FAST. Ay,  
All the Talbots in the world, to fave my life.

[*Exit*.

CAP. Cowardly knight ! ill fortune follow thee !  
[*Exit*.

<sup>7</sup> — *save myfelf by flight ;*] I have no doubt that it was the *exaggerated* representation of Sir John Faftolfe's *cowardice* which the author of this play has given, that induced Shakspeare to give the name of Falftaff to his knight. Sir John Faftolfe did indeed fly at the battle of *Patay* in the year 1429 ; and is reproached by Talbot in a fubfequent fcene, for his conduct on that occafion ; but no hiftorian has faid that he fled before Rouen. The change of the name had been already made, for throughout the old copy of this play, this flying general is erroneoufly called *Falftaffè*. MALONE.

*Retreat: Excursions. Enter, from the Town, LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES, &c. and Excunt, flying.*

*BED.* Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please;  
For I have seen<sup>8</sup> our enemies' overthrow.  
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?  
They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,  
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[*Dies,*<sup>9</sup> and is carried off in his Chair.

*Alarum: Enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and Others.*

*TAL.* Lost, and recover'd in a day again!  
This is a double honour, Burgundy:  
Yet, heavens have glory for this victory!

*BUR.* Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy  
Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects  
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monument.

*TAL.* Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?  
I think, her old familiar is asleep:  
Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his  
gleeks?  
What, all a-mort?<sup>1</sup> Rouën hangs her head for  
grief,●

<sup>8</sup> *Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please; For I have seen* —] So, in *St. Luke*, ii. 29: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Dies, &c.*] The Duke of Bedford died at *Rouen* in September, 1435, but not in any action before that town. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *What, all a-mort?*] i. e. quite dispirited; a frequent Gallicism. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

"What, sweeting! all a-mort?" STEEVENS.

That such a valiant company are fled.  
 Now will we take some order<sup>2</sup> in the town,  
 Placing therein some expert officers;  
 And then depart to Paris, to the king;  
 For there young Harry, with his nobles, lies.

*BUR.* What wills lord Talbot, pleaseth Bur-  
 gundy.

*TAL.* But yet, before we go, let's not forget  
 The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,  
 But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen;  
 A braver soldier never couched lance,<sup>3</sup>  
 A gentler heart did never sway in court:  
 But kings and mightiest potentates, must die;  
 For that's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>2</sup> ——— take *some order* —] i. e. make some necessary dispositions. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

“ Whilst to take order for the wrong I went.”

See also *Othello*, sc. ult. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *A braver soldier never couched lance,*] So, in a subsequent scene, p. 111:

“ A stouter champion never handled sword.”

The same praise is expressed with more animation in the Third Part of this play:

“ ——— braver men

“ Ne'er spur'd their courfers at the trumpet's found.”

STEEVENS.

KING HENRY VI.

105

SCENE III.

*The same. The Plains near the City.*

*Enter CHARLES, the Bastard, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, and Forces.*

*Puc.* Dismay not, princes, at this accident,  
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered:  
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,  
For things that are not to be remedied.  
Let frantick Talbot triumph for a while,  
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;  
We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,  
If Dauphin, and the rest, will be but rul'd.

*CHAR.* We have been guided by thee hitherto,  
And of thy cunning had no diffidence;  
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

*BAST.* Search out thy wit for secret policies,  
And we will make thee famous through the world.

*ALEN.* We'll set thy statue in some holy place,  
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed faint;  
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

*Puc.* Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:

By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,  
We will entice the duke of Burgundy  
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.

*CHAR.* Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,  
France were no place for Henry's warriors;  
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,

But be extirped from our provinces.<sup>4</sup>

*ALEN.* For ever should they be expuls'd from  
France,<sup>5</sup>

And not have title to an earldom here.

*Puc.* Your honours shall perceive how I will  
work,

To bring this matter to the wished end.

[*Drums heard.*

Hark! by the found of drum, you may perceive  
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

*An English March. Enter, and pass over at a distance, TALBOT and his Forces.*

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread;  
And all the troops of English after him.

*A French March. Enter the Duke of BURGUNDY and Forces.*

Now, in the rearward, comes the duke, and his;  
Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind.  
Summon a parley, we will talk with him.

[*A Parley sounded.*

*CHAR.* A parley with the duke of Burgundy.

<sup>4</sup> *But be extirped from our provinces.] To extirp* is to root out. So, in Lord Sterling's *Darius*, 1603:

"The world shall gather to *extirp* our name."

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *expuls'd from France,] i. e. expelled.* So, in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*:

"The *expulsed* Apicata finds them there."

Again, in Drayton's *Muses Elizium*:

"And if you *expulse* them there,

"They'll hang upon your braided hair." STEEVENS.



*BUR.* Who craves a parley with the Burgundy ?

*PUC.* The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

*BUR.* What say'st thou, Charles ? for I am marching hence.

*CHAR.* Speak, Pucelle ; and enchant him with thy words.

*PUC.* Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France !  
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

*BUR.* Speak on ; but be not over-tedious.

*PUC.* Look on thy country, look on fertile  
France,

And see the cities and the towns defac'd  
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe !

As looks the mother on her lowly babe,<sup>6</sup>

When death doth close his tender dying eyes,

See, see, the pining malady of France ;

Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,

Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast !

O, turn thy edged sword another way ;

Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help !

One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,

Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign  
gore ;

Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,

And wash away thy country's stained spots !

<sup>6</sup> *As looks the mother on her lowly babe,*] It is plain Shakspeare wrote—*lovely babe*, it answering to *fertile France* above, which this domestic image is brought to illustrate. WARBURTON.

The alteration is easy and probable, but perhaps the poet by *lowly babe* meant the *babe* lying *low* in death. *Lowly* answers as well to *towns defaced* and *wasting ruin*, as *lovely* to *fertile*.  
JOHNSON.

*BUR.* Either she hath bewitch'd me with her  
words,  
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

*PUC.* Besides, all France and France exclaims on  
thee,  
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.  
Who join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation,  
That will not trust thee, but for profit's sake?  
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,  
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,  
Who then, but English Henry, will be lord,  
And thou be thrust out, like a fugitive?  
Call we to mind,—and mark but this, for proof;—  
Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe?  
And was he not in England prisoner?  
But, when they heard he was thine enemy,  
They set him free,<sup>7</sup> without his ransome paid,  
In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends.  
See then! thou fight'st against thy countrymen,  
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.  
Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord;  
Charles, and the rest, will take thee in their arms.

*BUR.* I am vanquished; these haughty words of  
hers  
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *They set him free, &c.*] A mistake: The Duke was not liberated till *after* Burgundy's decline to the French interest; which did not happen, by the way, till some years after the execution of this very Joan la Pucelle; nor was that during the regency of York, but of Bedford. RITSON.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *these haughty words of hers*  
*Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,*] How these lines came hither I know not; there was nothing in the speech of Joan haughty or violent, it was all soft entreaty and mild expostulation. JOHNSON.

*Haughty* does not mean *violent* in this place, but *elevated*,

And made me almost yield upon my knees.—  
 Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!  
 And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:  
 My forces and my power of men are yours;—  
 So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

*Puc.* Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn  
 again!<sup>9</sup>

*high-spirited.* It is used in a similar sense, in two other passages in this very play. In a preceding scene Mortimer says:

“ But mark; as in this *haughty*, great attempt,  
 “ They laboured to plant the rightful heir—.”

And again, in the next scene, Talbot says:

“ Knights of the Garter were of noble birth,  
 “ Valiant, and virtuous; full of *haughty* courage.”

At the first interview with Joan, the Dauphin says:

“ Thou hast astonish'd me with thy *high terms* ;”

meaning, by her *high terms*, what Burgundy here calls her *haughty words*. M. MASON.

That *haughty* signifies *elevated or exalted*, may be ascertained by the following passage in a very scarce book entitled, *A Courtlie Controverfie of Cupid's Cautels*, &c. Translated out of French, by H. W. [Henry Wotton] Gentleman, 4to. 1578, p. 235:

“ Among which troupe of base degree, God forbid I should place you deare lady Parthenia, for both the *haughtie* blood whereof you are extraught, and also the graces wherewith the heauens with contention have enobled you, worthily deserueth your person should be preferred of all men, among the most excellent Princesses.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again!* The inconstancy of the French was always the subject of satire. I have read a dissertation written to prove that the index of the wind upon our steeples was made in form of a cock, to ridicule the French for their frequent changes. JOHNSON.

So afterwards:

“ In Fraunce, amongst a *fickle wavering* nation.” MALONE

In *Othello* we have the same phrase:

“ Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,  
 “ *And turn again.*” STEEVENS.

*CHAR.* Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship  
makes us fresh.

*BAST.* And doth beget new courage in our  
breasts.

*ALEN.* Pucelle hath bravely plaid her part in  
this,  
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

*CHAR.* Now let us on, my lords, and join our  
powers;  
And seek how we may prejudice the foe.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*Paris.* *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, and other Lords,  
VERNON, BASSET, &c. To them TALBOT, and  
some of his Officers.*

*TAL.* My gracious prince,—and honourable  
peers,—  
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,  
I have a while given truce unto my wars,  
To do my duty to my sovereign:  
In sign whereof, this arm—that hath reclaim'd  
To your obedience fifty fortresses,  
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,  
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,—  
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet;  
And, with submissive loyalty of heart,  
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,  
First to my God, and next unto your grace.

*K. HEN.* Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,<sup>1</sup>  
That hath so long been resident in France ?

*GLO.* Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

*K. HEN.* Welcome, brave captain, and victorious  
lord !

When I was young, (as yet I am not old,)  
I do remember how my father said,<sup>2</sup>  
A stouter champion never handled sword.  
Long since we were resolved of your truth,<sup>3</sup>  
Your faithful service, and your toil in war ;  
Yet never have you tasted our reward,  
Or been reguerdon'd<sup>4</sup> with so much as thanks,  
Because till now we never saw your face :  
Therefore, stand up ; and, for these good deserts,  
We here create you earl of Shrewsbury ;  
And in our coronation take your place.

[*Exeunt King HENRY, GLOSTER, TALBOT,  
and Nobles.*]

*VER.* Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,  
Disgracing of these colours that I wear<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,*] Sir Thomas Hanmer supplies the apparent deficiency, by reading—

*Is this the fam'd lord Talbot, &c.*

So, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ My well fam'd lord of Troy—.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *I do remember how my father said,*] The author of this play was not a very correct historian. Henry was but nine months old when his father died, and never saw him. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — resolved of your truth,] i. e. confirmed in opinion of it. So, in the Third Part of this play :

“ ——— I am resolv'd

“ That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Or been reguerdon'd*—] i. e. rewarded. The word was obsolete even in the time of Shakspeare. Chaucer uses it in the *Boke of Boethius*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — these colours that I wear—] This was the badge of a

In honour of my noble lord of York,—  
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

*BAS.* Yes, fir; as well as you dare patronage  
The envious barking of your saucy tongue  
Against my lord, the duke of Somersset.

*VER.* Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

*BAS.* Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

*VER.* Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that.  
[Strikes him.]

*BAS.* Villain, thou know'st, the law of arms is  
such,  
That, who so draws a sword, 'tis present death;<sup>6</sup>

*rose*, and not an officer's scarf. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*,  
Act III. scene the last:

“ And wear his *colours* like a tumbler's hoop.”

TOLLET.

<sup>6</sup> *That, who so draws a sword, 'tis present death;*] Shakspeare wrote:

— *draws a sword i'th' presence 't's death;*

i. e. in the court, or in the presence chamber. WARBURTON.

This reading cannot be right, because, as Mr. Edwards observed, it cannot be pronounced. It is, however, a good comment, as it shows the author's meaning. JOHNSON.

I believe the line should be written as it is in the folio:

*That, who so draws a sword,—*

i. e. (as Dr. Warburton has observed,) with a menace in the court, or in the presence chamber.

Johnson, in his collection of *Ecclesiastical Laws*, has preserved the following, which was made by Ina, king of the West Saxons, 693: “ If any one fight in the king's house, let him forfeit all his estate, and let the king deem whether he shall live or not.” I am told that there are many other ancient canons to the same purpose. Grey. STEEVENS.

Sir William Blackstone observes that, “ by the ancient law before the Conquest, *fighting in the king's palace*, or before the king's judges, was *punished with death*. So too, in the old Gothic constitution, there were many places privileged by law, *quibus major reverentia et securitas debetur, ut templa et judicia*,

Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.  
 But I'll unto his majesty, and crave  
 I may have liberty to venge this wrong;  
 When thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy cost.

*VER.* Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as  
 you;  
 And, after, meet you sooner than you would.  
 [Exeunt.

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The same. A Room of State.*

*Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER, YORK,  
 SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, WAR-  
 WICK, TALBOT, the Governour of Paris, and  
 Others.*

*GLO.* Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

*WIN.* God save king Henry, of that name the  
 sixth!

*GLO.* Now, governour of Paris, take your oath,—  
 [Governour kneels.

*que sancta habebantur,—arces et aula regis,—denique locus  
 quilibet presente aut adventante rege. And at present with us,  
 by the Stat. 33 Hen. VIII. c. xii. malicious striking in the king's  
 palace, wherein his royal person resides, whereby blood is drawn,  
 is punishable by perpetual imprisonment and fine, at the king's  
 pleasure, and also with loss of the offender's right hand, the so-  
 lemn execution of which sentence is prescribed in the statute at  
 length." Commentaries, Vol. IV. p. 124. "By the ancient  
 common law, also before the Conquest, striking in the king's  
 court of justice, or drawing a sword therein, was a capital felony."  
*Ibid.* p. 125. READ.*

That you elect no other king but him :  
 Esteem none friends, but such as are his friends ;  
 And none your foes, but such as shall pretend <sup>7</sup>  
 Malicious practices against his state :  
 This shall ye do, so help you righteous God !  
 [*Exeunt Gov. and his Train.*]

*Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE.*

*FAST.* My gracious sovereign, as I rode from  
 Calais,  
 To haste unto your coronation,  
 A letter was deliver'd to my hands,  
 Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.

*TAL.* Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and  
 thee !  
 I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,  
 To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,<sup>8</sup>  
 [*Plucking it off.*]  
 (Which I have done) because unworthily  
 Thou wast installed in that high degree.—  
 Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest :  
 This dastard, at the battle of Patay,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> — *such as shall pretend* —] To *pretend* is to *design*, to *intend*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth* :

“ What good could they *pretend* ?” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,*] Thus the old copy.  
 STEEVENS.

The last line should run thus :

— *from thy craven leg,*

i. e. thy mean, dastardly leg. WHALLEY.

<sup>9</sup> — *at the battle of Patay,*] The old copy has—*Poictiers*.  
 MALONE.

The battle of Poictiers was fought in the year 1377, the 31st  
 of King Edward III. and the scene now lies in the 7th year of



When but in all I was six thousand strong,  
 And that the French were almost ten to one,—  
 Before we met, or that a stroke was given,  
 Like to a trusty squire, did run away;  
 In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;  
 Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,  
 Were there surpriz'd, and taken prisoners.  
 Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;  
 Or whether that such cowards ought to wear  
 This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no.

*GLO.* To say the truth, this fact was infamous,  
 And ill becoming any common man;  
 Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

*TAL.* When first this order was ordain'd, my  
 lords,  
 Knights of the garter were of noble birth;  
 Valiant, and virtuous, full of haughty courage,<sup>1</sup>  
 Such as were grown to credit by the wars;  
 Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,

the reign of King Henry VI. viz. 1428. This blunder may be justly imputed to the players or transcribers; nor can we very well justify ourselves for permitting it to continue so long, as it was too glaring to have escaped an attentive reader. The action of which Shakspeare is now speaking, happened (according to Holinshed) "neere unto a village in Beautie called *Pataie*," which we should read, instead of *Poictiers*. "From this battell departed without anie stroke striken, *Sir John Fastolfe*, the same yeere by his valianteste elected into the order of the garter. But for doubt of misdealing at this brunt, the duke of Bedford tooke from him the image of St. George and his garter," &c. Holinshed, Vol. II. p. 601. Monstrelet, the French historian, also bears witness to this degradation of Sir John Fastolfe.

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ——— haughty courage,] *Haughty* is here in its original sense for *high*. JOHNSON.

But always resolute in most extremes.<sup>2</sup>  
 He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,  
 Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,  
 Profaning this most honourable order ;  
 And should (if I were worthy to be judge,)  
 Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain  
 That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

*K. HEN.* Stain to thy countrymen ! thou hear'st  
 thy doom :

Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight ;  
 Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.—

[*Exit FASTOLFE.*]

And now, my lord protector, view the letter  
 Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.

*GLO.* What means his grace, that he hath chang'd  
 his style ? [*Viewing the superscription.*]  
 No more but, plain and bluntly,—*To the king ?*  
 Hath he forgot, he is his sovereign ?  
 Or doth this churlish superscription  
 Pretend some alteration in good will ?<sup>3</sup>  
 What's here ?—*I have, upon especial cause,—*

[*Reads.*]

*Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,  
 Together with the pitiful complaints  
 Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—  
 Forsaken your pernicious faction,  
 And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of  
 France.*

<sup>2</sup> ——— in most extremes.] i. e. in greatest extremities. So, Spenser :

“ ——— they all repair'd, both *most* and least.”

See Vol. X. p. 274, n. 8. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Pretend *some alteration in good will ?*] Thus the old copy. To *pretend* seems to be here used in its Latin sense, i. e. to *hold out*, to *stretch forward*. It may mean, however, as in other places, to *design*. Modern editors read—*portend*. STEEVENS.

O monstrous treachery! Can this be so;  
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,  
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

*K. HEN.* What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

*GLO.* He doth, my lord; and is become your foe.

*K. HEN.* Is that the worst, this letter doth contain?

*GLO.* It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

*K. HEN.* Why then, lord Talbot there shall talk with him,

And give him chastisement for this abuse:—

My lord, how say you? <sup>4</sup> are you not content?

*TAL.* Content, my liege? Yes; but that I am prevented,<sup>5</sup>

I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

*K. HEN.* Then gather strength, and march unto him straight:

Let him perceive, how ill we brook his treason;  
And what offence it is, to flout his friends.

*TAL.* I go, my lord; in heart desiring still,  
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit.*]

<sup>4</sup> *My lord, how say you?* Old copy—

*How say you, my lord?*

The transposition is Sir T. Hamner's. STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *I am prevented,*] *Prevented* is here, *anticipated*; a Latinism. MALONE.

So, in our Liturgy: "*Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings.*"

Prior is, perhaps, the last English poet who used this verb in its obsolete sense:

"Else had I come, *preventing* Sheba's queen,

"To see the comeliest of the sons of men."

Solomon, Book II. STEVENS.

*Enter VERNON and BASSET.*

*VER.* Grant me the combat, gracious fovereign !

*BAS.* And me, my lord, grant me the combat too !

*YORK.* This is my fervant ; Hear him, noble prince !

*SOM.* And this is mine ; Sweet Henry, favour him !

*K. HEN.* Be patient, lords ; and give them leave to speak.—

Say, gentlemen, What makes you thus exclaim ?  
And wherefore crave you combat ? or with whom ?

*VER.* With him, my lord ; for he hath done me wrong.

*BAS.* And I with him ; for he hath done me wrong.

*K. HEN.* What is that wrong whereof you both complain ?

First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

*BAS.* Crossing the sea from England into France,  
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,  
Upbraided me about the rose I wear ;  
Saying—the sanguine colour of the leaves  
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,  
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth,<sup>6</sup>  
About a certain question in the law,  
Argu'd betwixt the duke of York and him ;

<sup>6</sup> — *did repugn the truth,*] To *repugn* is to resist. The word is used by Chaucer. STEEVENS.

It is found in Bullokar's *English Expofitor*, 8vo. 1616.

With other vile and ignominious terms :  
 In confutation of which rude reproach,  
 And in defence of my lord's worthiness,  
 I crave the benefit of law of arms.

*VER.* And that is my petition, noble lord :  
 For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit,  
 To set a gloss upon his bold intent,  
 Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him ;  
 And he first took exceptions at this badge,  
 Pronouncing—that the paleness of this flower  
 Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

*YORK.* Will not this malice, Somerset, be left ?

*SOM.* Your private grudge, my lord of York, will  
 out,  
 Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

*K. HEN.* Good Lord ! what madness rules in brain-  
 sick men ;  
 When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,  
 Such factious emulations shall arise !—  
 Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,  
 Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

*YORK.* Let this dissention first be tried by fight,  
 And then your highness shall command a peace.

*SOM.* The quarrel toucheth none but us alone ;  
 Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

*YORK.* There is my pledge ; accept it, Somerset.

*VER.* Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

*BAS.* Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

*GLO.* Confirm it so ? Confounded be your strife !  
 And perish ye, with your audacious prate !  
 Presumptuous vassals ! are you not atham'd,  
 With this immodest clamorous outrage  
 To trouble and disturb the king and us ?

And you, my lords,—methinks, you do not well,  
 To bear with their perverse objections ;  
 Much less, to take occasion from their mouths  
 To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves ;  
 Let me persuade you take a better course.

*EXE.* It grieves his highness ;—Good my lords ;  
 be friends.

*K. HEN.* Come hither, you that would be combatants :

Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favour,  
 Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause.—  
 And you, my lords,—remember where we are ;  
 In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation :  
 If they perceive dissention in our looks,  
 And that within ourselves we disagree,  
 How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd  
 To wilful disobedience, and rebel ?  
 Beside, What infamy will there arise,  
 When foreign princes shall be certified,  
 That, for a toy, a thing of no regard,  
 King Henry's peers, and chief nobility,  
 Desiro'd themselves, and lost the realm of France ?  
 O, think upon the conquest of my father,  
 My tender years ; and let us not forego  
 That for a trifle, that was bought with blood !  
 Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.  
 I see no reason, if I wear this rose,

[*Putting on a red Rose.*]

That any one should therefore be suspicious  
 I more incline to Somerset, than York :  
 Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both :  
 As well they may upbraid me with my crown,  
 Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.  
 But your discretions better can persuade,  
 Than I am able to instruct or teach :

And therefore, as we hither came in peace,  
 So let us still continue peace and love.—  
 Cousin of York, we institute your grace  
 To be our regent in these parts of France :—  
 And good my lord of Somerset, unite  
 Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot ;—  
 And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,  
 Go cheerfully together, and digest  
 Your angry choler on your enemies.  
 Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest,  
 After some respite, will return to Calais ;  
 From thence to England ; where I hope ere long  
 To be presented, by your victories,  
 With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* KING HENRY, GLO. SOM.  
 WIN. SUP. and BASSET.

*WAR.* My lord of York, I promise you, the king  
 Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

*YORK.* And so he did ; but yet I like it not,  
 In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

*WAR.* Tush ! that was but his fancy, blame him not ;  
 I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

*YORK.* And, if I wist, he did,<sup>7</sup>—But let it rest ;  
 Other affairs must now be managed.

[*Exeunt* YORK, WARWICK, and VERNON.

<sup>7</sup> *And, if I wist, he did,*] In former editions :

*And, if I wist, he did*—.

By the pointing reformed, and a single letter expunged, I have  
 restored the text to its purity :

*And, if I wis, he did*—.

Warwick had said, the King meant no harm in wearing Somerset's  
 rose : York testily replies, " Nay, if I know any thing, he did  
 think harm." THEOBALD.

This is followed by the succeeding editors, and is indeed plau-  
 sible enough ; but perhaps this speech may become sufficiently  
 intelligible without any change, only supposing it broken :

*EXE.* Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy  
voice :

For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,  
I fear, we should have seen decipher'd there  
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,  
Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.  
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees  
This jarring discord of nobility,  
This should'ring of each other in the court,  
This factious bandying of their favourites,  
But that it doth presage some ill event.<sup>8</sup>  
'Tis much,<sup>9</sup> when scepters are in children's hands ;

*And if—I wish—he did——.*

or, perhaps :

*And if he did—I wish——.* JOHNSON.

I read—*I wish*, the pret. of the old obsolete verb *I wis*, which is used by Shakspere in *The Merchant of Venice* :

“ There be fools alive, *I wis*,

“ Silver'd o'er, and so was this.” STEEVENS.

York says, he is not pleas'd that the King should prefer the red rose, the badge of Somerset, his enemy ; Warwick desires him not to be offend'd at it, as he dares say the King *meant no harm*. To which York, yet unsatisfi'd, hastily adds, in a menacing tone, —*If I thought he did* ;—but he instantly checks his threat with, *let it rest*. It is an example of a rhetorical figure, which our author has elsewhere used. Thus, in *Coriolanus* :

“ An 'twere to give again—But 'tis no matter.”

Mr. Steevens is too familiar with Virgil, not to recollect his—

*Quos ego—sed motos præstat componere, stultus.*

The author of the *Revisal* understood this passage in the same manner. RITSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *it doth presage some ill event.*] That is, it doth presage to him that sees this discord, &c. that some ill event will happen.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> 'Tis much,] In our author's time this phrase meant—'Tis strange, or wonderful. See, *As you like it*, Vol. VIII. p. 150, n. 8. This meaning being included in the word *much*, the word *strange* is perhaps understood in the next line : “ But more strange,” &c. The construction, however, may be, But 'tis *much more*, when, &c. MALONE.



But more, when envy breeds unkind division ;<sup>1</sup>  
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

France. *Before Bourdeaux.*

*Enter TALBOT, with his Forces.*

*TAL.* Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter,  
Summon their general unto the wall.

*Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter, on the Walls, the  
General of the French Forces, and Others.*

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,  
Servant in arms to Harry king of England ;  
And thus he would,—Open your city gates,  
Be humble to us ; call my sovereign yours,  
And do him homage as obedient subjects,  
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power :  
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,  
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,  
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire ;<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *'Tis much*, is a colloquial phrase, and the meaning of it, in many instances, can be gathered only from the tenor of the speech in which it occurs. On the present occasion, I believe, it signifies—*'Tis an alarming circumstance, a thing of great consequence, or of much weight.* STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *when envy breeds unkind division ;*] Envy in old English writers frequently means *enmity*. *Unkind* is unnatural. See Vol. VII. p. 403, l. 30; and Vol. VIII. p. 77, n. 8. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire ;*] The author of this play followed Hall's *Chronicle* : " The Goddess

Who, in a moment, even with the earth  
 Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,  
 If you forsake the offer of their love.<sup>3</sup>

GEN. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,  
 Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge!  
 The period of thy tyranny approacheth.  
 On us thou canst not enter, but by death:  
 For, I protest, we are well fortified,  
 And strong enough to issue out and fight:  
 If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,  
 Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:  
 On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,  
 To wall thee from the liberty of flight;  
 And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,  
 But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,  
 And pale destruction meets thee in the face.  
 Ten thousand' French have ta'en the sacrament,

of warre, called Bellona—hath these three *hand maides* ever of necessitie attendyng on her; *Bloud, Fire, and Famine*; whiche thre damofels be of that force and strength that every one of them alone is able and sufficient to torment and afflict a proud prince; and they all joyned together are of puissance to destroy the most populous country and most richest region of the world."

MALONE.

It may as probably be asserted that our author followed *Holinshed*, from whom I have already quoted a part of this passage in a note on the first Chorus to *King Henry V.* See *Holinshed*, p. 567. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— [*the offer of their love.*] Thus the old editions. Sir T. Hanmer altered it to *our*. JOHNSON.

"*Their love*" may mean, the peaceable demeanour of my three attendants; their forbearing to injure you. But the expression is harsh. MALONE.

There is much such another line in *King Henry VIII*:

"If you omit the offer of the time."

I believe the reading of Sir T. Hanmer should be adopted.

STEEVENS.

To rive their dangerous artillery<sup>4</sup>  
 Upon no christian soul but English Talbot.  
 Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,  
 Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit:  
 This is the latest glory of thy praise,  
 That I, thy enemy, due thee withal;<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *To rive their dangerous artillery*—] I do not understand the phrase—to *rive* artillery; perhaps it might be to *drive*; we say to *drive a blow*, and to *drive at a man*, when we mean to express furious assault. JOHNSON.

To *rive* seems to be used, with some deviation from its common meaning, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV. sc. ii:

“The soul and body *rive* not more at parting.”

STEEVENS.

*Rive* their artillery seems to mean charge their artillery so much as to endanger their bursting. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Ajax bids the trumpeter blow so loud, as to crack his lungs and split his brazen pipe. TOLLET.

To *rive* their artillery means only to *fire* their artillery. To *rive* is to *burst*; and a cannon, when fired, has so much the appearance of bursting, that, in the language of poetry, it may be well said to burst. We say, a cloud bursts, when it thunders.

M. MASON.

<sup>5</sup> — due thee withal;] To *due* is to *endue*, to *deck*, to *grace*. JOHNSON.

Johnson says in his Dictionary, that to *due* is to *pay as due*; and quotes this passage as an example. Possibly that may be the true meaning of it. M. MASON.

It means, I think, to honour by giving thee thy *due*, thy merited elogium. *Due* was substituted for *dew*, the reading of the old copy, by Mr. Theobald. *Dew* was sometimes the old spelling of *due*, as *Hew* was of *Hugh*. MALONE.

The old copy reads—*dew* thee withal; and perhaps rightly. The *dew of praise* is an expression I have met with in other poets.

Shakspeare uses the same verb in *Macbeth*:

“To *dew* the sovereign flow'r, and down the weed.”

Again, in *The Second Part of King Henry VI*:

“————— give me thy hand,

“That I may *dew* it with my mournful tears.”

STEEVENS.

For ere the glafs, that now begins to run,  
 Finish the procefs of his fandy hour,  
 Thefe eyes, that fee thee now well coloured,  
 Shall fee thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.

[*Drum afar off.*

Hark ! hark ! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,  
 Singſ heavy muſick to thy timorous ſoul ;  
 And mine ſhall ring thy dire departure out.

[*Exeunt General, &c. from the Walls.*

*TAL.* He fables not,<sup>6</sup> I hear the enemy ;—  
 Out, ſome light horſemen, and peruſe their wings.—  
 O, negligent and heedleſs diſcipline !  
 How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale ;  
 A little herd of England's timorous deer,  
 Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs !  
 If we be Engliſh deer, be then in blood :<sup>7</sup>  
 Not rafcal-like,<sup>8</sup> to fall down with a pinch ;  
 But rather moody-mad, and deſperate ſtags,  
 Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of ſteel,<sup>9</sup>

\* *He fables not,*] This expreſſion Milton has borrowed in his *Maſque at Ludlow Caſtle* :

“ She fables not, I feel that I do fear——.”

It occurs again in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599 :

“ —— good father, fable not with him.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —— *be then in blood :*] Be in high ſpirits, be of true mettle.  
 JOHNSON.

This was a phraſe of the foreſt. See *Lorr's Labour's Loſt*, Vol. VII. p. 88, n. 1 :

“ The deer was, as you know, *in janguis, blood.*”

Again, in Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 1616 : “ Tenderlings. The ſoft tops of a deere's horns, when they are *in blood.*”

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Not rafcal-like,*] A rafcal deer is the term of chaſe for lean poor deer. JOHNSON.

See Vol. XII. p. 79, n. 4. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —— *with heads of ſteel,*] Continuing the image of the deer, he ſuppoſes the lances to be their horns. JOHNSON.



And cannot help the noble chevalier :  
 God comfort him in this necessity !  
 If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

*Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.*<sup>3</sup>

*Lucy.* Thou princely leader of our English  
 strength,

may read—And I am *flouted*; I am mocked, and treated with contempt. JOHNSON.

To *lout*, in Chaucer, signifies to *submit*. To *submit* is to *let down*. So, Dryden :

“ Sometime the hill *submits* itself a while

“ In small descents,” &c.

To *lout* and *underlout*, in Gawin Douglas's version of the *Æneid*, signifies to be *subdued*, *vanquished*. STEEVENS.

A *lout* is a country fellow, a clown. He means that Somerset treats him like a hind. RITSON.

I believe the meaning is : I am treated with contempt like a *lout*, or low country fellow. MALONE.

Mr. Malone's explanation of the word—*louted*, is strongly countenanced by the following passage in an ancient libel upon priests, intitled, *I playne Piers which cannot flatter, a Plowman Men me call*, &c :

“ No christen booke

“ Maye thou on looke,

“ Yf thou be an Englishe frunt ;

“ Thus dothe alyens us *loutte*

“ By that ye sprede aboute,

“ After that old sorte and wonte.”

Again, in the last poem in a collection called *The Phoenix Nest*, 4<sup>o</sup>. 1593 :

“ So love was *louted*,”

i. e. baffled. Again, in Arthur Hall's translation of the first Book of Homer, 4<sup>o</sup>. 1581 :

“ You wel shal know of al these folke I wil not be the *lout*.”

Agamemnon is the speaker. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Enter Sir William Lucy.*] In the old copy we have only—*Enter a Messenger*. But it appears from the subsequent scene that the messenger was Sir William Lucy. MALONE.

Never so needful on the earth of France,  
 Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot ;  
 Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,<sup>4</sup>  
 And hemm'd about with grim destruction :  
 To Bourdeaux, warlike duke ! to Bourdeaux, York !  
 Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's ho-  
 nour.

YORK. O God ! that Somersct—who in proud  
 heart

Doth stop my cornets—were in Talbot's place !  
 So should we save a valiant gentleman,  
 By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.  
 Mad ire, and wrathful fury, makes me weep,  
 That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

LUCY. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord !

YORK. He dies, we lose ; I break my warlike  
 word :

We mourn, France smiles ; we lose, they daily get ;  
 All 'long of this vile traitor Somersct.

LUCY. Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's  
 soul !

And on his son, young John ; whom, two hours  
 since,

I met in travel toward his warlike father !  
 This seven years did not Talbot see his son ;  
 And now they meet where both their lives are  
 done.<sup>5</sup>

YORK. Alas ! what joy shall noble Talbot have,  
 To bid his young son welcome to his grave ?

<sup>4</sup> — girdled with a waist of iron,] So, in *King John*:  
 “ ——— those sleeping stones,  
 “ That as a waist do girdle you about——.”

<sup>5</sup> — are done.] i. e. expended, consumed. The word is  
 yet used in this sense in the Western counties. MALONE.

Away! vexation almost stops my breath,<sup>6</sup>  
 That funder'd friends greet in the hour of death.—  
 Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,  
 But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.—  
 Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away,  
 'Long all of Somersfet, and his delay. [Exit.

*Lucr.* Thus, while the vulture<sup>6</sup> of sedition  
 Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,  
 Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss  
 The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,  
 That ever-living man of memory,  
 Henry the fifth:—Whiles they each other cross,  
 Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss. [Exit.

## SCENE IV.

*Other Plains of Gascony.*

*Enter SOMERSET, with his Forces; an Officer of  
 TALBOT'S with him.*

*Som.* It is too late; I cannot send them now:  
 This expedition was by York, and Talbot,  
 Too rashly plotted; all our general force  
 Might with a fall of the very town  
 Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot  
 Hath sullied all his glors of former<sup>7</sup> honour,<sup>7</sup>  
 By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:

<sup>6</sup> — the vulture—] Alluding to the tale of Prometheus.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — all his glors of former honour,] Our author very frequently employs this phrase. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: “—the new glors of your marriage.” It occurs also in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and in *Macbeth*, &c. STEEVENS.



York set him on to fight, and die in flame,  
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

*OFF.* Here is fir William Lucy, who with me  
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

*Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.*

*SOM.* How now, fir William? whither were you  
sent?

*LUCY.* Whither, my lord? from bought and sold  
lord Talbot;<sup>8</sup>

Who, ring'd about<sup>9</sup> with bold adverfity,  
Cries out for noble York and Somersct,  
To beat affailing death from his weak legions.<sup>1</sup>  
And whiles the honourable captain there  
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,  
And, in advantage ling'ring,<sup>2</sup> looks for refcuc,  
You, his falfe hopes, the trust of England's ho-  
nour,

<sup>8</sup> ——— *from' bought and fold Lord Talbot* ;] i. e. from one utterly ruined by the treacherous practices of others. So, in *King Richard III.*

“ Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold,

“ For Dickon thy mafter is *bought and fold.*”

The expreffion appears to have been proverbial. See Vol. X. p. 314, u. 4. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *ring'd about*—] Environed, encircled. JOHNSON.

So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

“ Earrings the barky fingers<sup>s</sup> of the elun.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *his weak legions.*] Old copy—*regions.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *in advantage ling'ring,*] Protracting his resistance by the advantage of a strong post. JOHNSON.

Or, perhaps, endeavouring by every means that he can, with *advantage* to himself, to linger out the action, &c. MALONE.

Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.<sup>3</sup>  
 Let not your private discord keep away  
 The levied succours that should lend him aid,  
 While he, renowned noble gentleman,  
 Yields<sup>4</sup> up his life unto a world of odds:  
 Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy,<sup>5</sup>  
 Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,  
 And Talbot perisheth by your default.

*Som.* York set him on, York should have sent him  
 aid.

*Lucr.* And York as fast upon your grace ex-  
 claims ;  
 Swearing that you withhold his levied host,  
 Collected for this expedition.

*Som.* York lies ; he might have sent and had the  
 horse :  
 I owe him little duty, and less love ;  
 And take foul scorn, to fawn on him by sending.

*Lucr.* The fraud of England, not the force of  
 France,  
 Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot :  
 Never to England shall he bear his life ;  
 But dies, betrayed to fortune by your strife.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *worthless emulation.*] In this line, *emulation* signifies merely *rivalry*, not struggle for superior excellence. JOHNSON.

So Ulysses, in *Troilus and Cressida*, says that the Grecian chiefs were—

“ ——— grown to an envious fever  
 “ Of pale and bloodless *emulation.*” M. MASON.

<sup>4</sup> *Yields*—] Thus the second folio: the first—*yield*.  
 STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— and *Burgundy*,] *And*, which is necessary to the metre, is wanting in the first folio, but is supplied by the second.  
 STEEVENS.

*SOM.* Come, go; I will despatch the horsemen  
straight:

Within six hours they will be at his aid.

*LUCY.* Too late comes rescue; he is ta'en, or  
slain:

For fly he could not, if he would have fled;  
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

*SOM.* If he be dead, brave Talbot then adieu!

*LUCY.* His fame lives in the world, his shame in  
you. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

*The English Camp near Bourdeaux.*

*Enter TALBOT and JOHN his Son.*

*TAL.* O young John Talbot! I did send for thee,  
To tutor thee in stratagems of war;  
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,  
When saplets age, and weak unable limbs,  
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.  
But,—O malignant and ill-boding stars!—  
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,<sup>6</sup>  
A terrible and unavoyd<sup>7</sup> danger:

<sup>6</sup> — a feast of death,] To a field where death will be *feasted*  
with slaughter. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Richard II*:

“ This *feast of battle*, with mine adversary.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — unavoyd—] for *unavoidable*. MALONE.

So, in *King Richard II*:

“ And *unavoyd* is the danger now.” STEEVENS.

Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse ;  
 And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape  
 By sudden flight : come, dally not, begone.

*JOHN.* Is my name Talbot ? and am I your son ?  
 And shall I fly ? O, if you love my mother,  
 Dishonour not her honourable name,  
 To make a bastard, and a slave of me :  
 The world will say—He is not Talbot's blood,  
 That basely fled, when noble Talbot flood.<sup>8</sup>

*TAL.* Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

*JOHN.* He, that flies so, will ne'er return again.

*TAL.* If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

*JOHN.* Then let me stay ; and, father, do you fly :  
 Your loss is great, so your regard<sup>a</sup> should be ;  
 My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.  
 Upon my death the French can little boast ;  
 In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.  
 Flight cannot stain the honour you have won ;  
 But mine it will, that no exploit have done :  
 You fled for vantage every one will swear ;  
 But, if I bow, they'll say—it was for fear.  
 There is no hope that ever I will stay,  
 If, the first hour, I shrink, and run away.  
 Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,  
 Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *noble Talbot flood.*] For what reason this scene is written in rhyme, I cannot guess. If Shakspeare had not in other plays mingled his rhymes and blank verses in the same manner, I should have suspected that this dialogue had been a part of some other poem which was never finished, and that being loath to throw his labour away, he inserted it here.

JOHNSON.

<sup>a</sup> ——— *your regard*—] Your care of your own safety.

JOHNSON.

*TAL.* Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

*JOHN.* Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

*TAL.* Upon my blessing I command thee go.

*JOHN.* To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

*TAL.* Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

*JOHN.* No part of him, but will be shame in me.

*TAL.* Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

*JOHN.* Yes, your renowned name; Shall flight abuse it?

*TAL.* Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

*JOHN.* You cannot witness for me, being slain.  
If death be so apparent, then both fly.

*TAL.* And leave my followers here, to fight, and die?

My age was never tainted with such shame.

*JOHN.* And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?

No more can I be sever'd from your side,  
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:  
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;  
For live I will not, if my father die.

*TAL.* Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,  
Born to eclipse<sup>1</sup> thy life this afternoon.

<sup>1</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ fair son,  
*Born to eclipse* [i.e.] An apparent quibble between *son* and *sun*. So, in *King Richard III*:

“ And turns the sun to shade;—alas, alas!—

“ Witness my son, now in the shade of death.”

STEVENS.

Come, side by side together live and die ;  
 And foul with foul from France to heaven fly.  
 [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VI.

*A Field of Battle.*

*Alarum: Excursions, wherein TALBOT'S Son is hemmed about, and TALBOT rescues him.*

*TAL.* Saint George and victory ! fight, soldiers,  
 fight :  
 The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,  
 And left us to the rage of France his sword.  
 Where is John Talbot ?—pause, and take thy  
 breath ;  
 I gave thee life, and rescu'd thee from death.

*JOHN.* O twice my father ! twice am I thy son :<sup>2</sup>  
 The life, thou gav'st me first, was lost and done ;<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *O twice my father ! twice am I thy son :*] A French epigram, on a child, who being shipwrecked with his father saved his life by getting on his parent's dead body, turns on the same thought. After describing the wreck, it concludes thus :

“ ————aprez mille efforts,  
 “ J'aperçus prez de moi flotter des membres morts ;  
 “ Helas ! c'etoit mon pere.  
 “ Je le connus, je l'embrassai,  
 “ Et sur lui jusq' au port heureusement pouffé,  
 “ Des ondes et vents j'evoitai la furie.  
 “ Que ce pere doit m'etre cher,  
 “ Qui m'a deux fois donné la vie,  
 “ Une fois sur la terre, et l'autre sur la mer !”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— and done ;] See p. 129, n. 5. MALONE.

Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,  
To my determin'd time<sup>4</sup> thou gav'st new date.

*TAL.* When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword  
struck fire,<sup>5</sup>

It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire  
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,  
Quicken'd with youthful spleen, and warlike rage,  
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,  
And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.  
The ireful bastard Orleans—that drew blood  
From thee, my boy; and had the maidenhood  
Of thy first fight—I soon encountered;  
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed  
Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,  
Bespoke him thus: *Contaminated, base,  
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,  
Mean and right poor; for that pure blood of mine,  
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:—*  
Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,  
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care;  
Art not thou weary, John? How dost thou fare?  
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,  
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?  
Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead;  
The help of one stands me in little stead.  
O, too much folly is it, well I wot,  
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.

<sup>4</sup> *To my determin'd time—*] i. e. ended. So, in *K. Henry II*  
Part II:

“ Till his friend, sickness hath determin'd me.”

STEEVENS.

The word is still used in that sense by legal conveyancers.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,*] So,  
in Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, 1596:

“ Made fire to fly from Hertford's bargonet ”

SKELTON.

If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,  
 To-morrow I shall die with mickle age :  
 By me they nothing gain, an if I stay,  
 'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day :<sup>6</sup>  
 In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,  
 My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame :  
 All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay ;  
 All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

JOHN. The sword of Orleans hath not made me  
 smart,  
 These words of yours draw life-blood from my  
 heart :<sup>7</sup>

On that advantage, bought with such a shame,  
 (To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,)<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup> 'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day :] The structure of this line very much resembles that of another, in *King Henry IV.* P. II :

“ \_\_\_\_\_ to say,  
 “ Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart,  
 These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart :*]

“ Are there not poisons, racks, and flames, and swords ?  
 “ That Emma thus must die by Henry's words ?” *Prior.*

MALONE.

So, in this play, Part III :

“ Ah, kill me with thy *weapon*, not with *words*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> On that advantage, bought with such a shame,  
 (To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,)] This passage seems to lie obscure and disjointed. Neither the grammar is to be justified ; nor is the sentiment better. I have ventured at a slight alteration, which departs so little from the reading which has obtained, but so much raises the sense, as well as takes away the obscurity, that I am willing to think it restores the author's meaning :

Out on that vantage,——. THEOBALD.

Sir T. Hanmer reads :

O what advantage,——



Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,  
 The coward horse, that bears me, fall and die!  
 And like me to the peasant boys of France;<sup>9</sup>  
 To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance!  
 Surely, by all the glory you have won,  
 An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:  
 Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;  
 If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

TAL. Then follow thou thy desperate fire of  
 Crete,  
 Thou Icarus;<sup>1</sup> thy life to me is sweet:

which I have followed, though Mr. Theobald's conjecture may be well enough admitted. JOHNSON.

I have no doubt but the old reading is right, and the amendment unnecessary; the passage being better as it stood originally, if pointed thus:

*On that advantage, bought with such a shame,  
 (To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,)  
 Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,  
 The coward horse, that bears me, fall and die!*

The dividing the sentence into two distinct parts, occasioned the obscurity of it, which this method of printing removes.

M. MASON.

The sense is—Before young Talbot fly from his father, (in order to save his life while he destroys his character,) *on*, or for the sake of, *the advantages* you mention, namely, preserving our household's name, &c. may my coward horse drop down dead! MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *And like me to the peasant boys of France;*] *To like one to the peasants*, is, to compare, to level by comparison; the line is therefore intelligible enough by itself, but in this sense it wants connection. Sir T. Hanmer reads,—*And leave me*, which makes a clear sense and just consequence. But as change is not to be allowed without necessity, I have suffered *like* to stand, because I suppose the author meant the same as *make like*, or *reduce to a level with*. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry IV.* Part II: “—when the Prince broke thy head for *liking* his father to a singing man” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *thy desperate fire of Crete,  
 Thou Icarus;*] So, in the Third Part of this play:

If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;  
And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

*Another Part of the same.*

*Alarum: Excursions. Enter TALBOT wounded,  
supported by a Servant.*

TAL. Where is my other life?—mine own is  
gone;—

O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?—  
Triumphant death, sinear'd with captivity!<sup>2</sup>  
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee:—  
When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,  
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,  
And, like a hungry lion, did commence;  
Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience;

“What a peevish fool was that of Crete?”

Again:

“I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus—.” STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Triumphant death, sinear'd with captivity!* That is, death stained and dishonoured with captivity. JOHNSON.

Death stained by my being made a captive and dying in captivity. The author, when he first addresses death, and uses the epithet *triumphant*, considers him as a person who had triumphed over him by plunging his dart in his breast. In the latter part of the line, if Dr. Johnson has rightly explained it, death must have its ordinary signification. “I think light of my death, though rendered disgraceful by captivity,” &c. Perhaps, however, the construction intended by the poet was—Young Talbot's valour makes me, sinear'd with captivity, smile, &c. If so, there should be a comma after *captivity*. MALONE.

But when my angry guardant stood alone,  
Tend'ring my ruin,<sup>3</sup> and assail'd of none,  
Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,  
Suddenly made him from my side to start  
Into the clust'ring battle of the French :  
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench  
His overmounting spirit ; and there dièd  
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

*Enter Soldiers, bearing the Body of JOHN TALBOT.*<sup>4</sup>

*SERV.* O my dear lord ! lo, where your son is  
borne !

*TAL.* Thou antick death,<sup>5</sup> which laugh'st us here  
to scorn,

<sup>3</sup> Tend'ring *my ruin,*] Watching me with tenderness in my fall. JOHNSON.

I would rather read—

Tending *my ruin,* &c. TYRWHITT.

I adhere to the old reading. So, in *Hamlet*, Polonius says to Ophelia :

“ —Tender yourself more dearly.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *King Henry VI.* Part II :

“ I tender to the safety of my liege.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *the Body of John Talbot.*] This John Talbot was the eldest son of the first Earl by his second wife, and was Viscount Lisle, when he was killed with his father, in endeavouring to relieve Chatillon, after the battle of Bourdeaux, in the year 1453. He was created Viscount Lisle in 1451. John, the Earl's eldest son by his first wife, was slain at the battle of Northampton, in 1460. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Thou antick death,*] The *fool*, or *antick* of the play, made sport by mocking the graver personages. JOHNSON.

In *King Richard II.* we have the same image :

“ — within the hollow crown

“ That rounds the mortal temples of a king

Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,  
 Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,  
 Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,<sup>6</sup>  
 In thy despite, shall 'scape mortality.—  
 O thou whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,  
 Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath :  
 Brave death by speaking, whether he will, or no ;  
 Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.—  
 Poor boy ! he smiles, methinks ; as who should  
 say—  
 Had death been French, then death had died to-  
 day.

“ Keeps *death* his court : and there the *antick* sits  
 “ Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp.”

STEVENS.

It is not improbable that Shakspeare borrowed this idea from one of the cuts to that most exquisite work called *Imagines Mortis*, commonly ascribed to the pencil of Holbein, but without any authority. See the 7th print. DOUCE.

<sup>6</sup> — winged through the lither sky,] *Lither* is *flexible* or *yielding*. In much the same sense Milton says :

“ — He with broad sails

“ Winnow'd the *buxom* air.”

That is, the obsequious air. JOHNSON.

*Lither* is the comparative of the adjective *lithe*.

So, in Lyly's *Eudymion*, 1591 :

“ — to breed numbness or *litherness*.”

*Litherness* is *limberness*, or *yielding weakness*.

Again, in *Look about you*, 1600 :

“ I'll bring his *lither* legs in better frame.”

Milton might have borrowed the expression from Spenser or Gower, who uses it in the Prologue to his *Confessio Amantis* :

“ That unto him whiche the head is,

“ The membres *buxom* thall bowe.”

In the old service of matrimony, the wife was enjoined to be *buxom* both at bed and board. *Buxom*, therefore, anciently signified obedient or yielding. Stubbs, in his *Anatomic of Abuses*, 1595, uses the word in the same sense : “ — are so *buxome* to their shameless desires,” &c. STEVENS.

Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms ;  
 My spirit can no longer bear these harms.  
 Soldiers, adieu ! I have what I would have,  
 Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.  
[Dies.

*Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers and Servant, leaving the two Bodies. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, Bastard, LA PUCELLE, and Forces.*

CHAR. Had York and Somersset brought rescue  
 in,  
 We should have found a bloody day of this.

BAST. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-  
 wood,<sup>7</sup>  
 Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood !<sup>8</sup>

PVC. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said,  
*Thou maiden youth be vanquish'd by a maid :*  
 But—with a proud, majestic high scorn,—  
 He answer'd thus ; *Young Talbot was not born*  
*To be the pillage of a giglot wench :<sup>9</sup>*  
 So, rushing in the bowels of the French,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>7</sup> ——— *raging-wood,*] That is, raging mad. So, in Heywood's *Dialogues, containing a Number of effectual Proverbs,* 1502 :

“ She was, as they say, horn-wood.”

Again, in *The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art,* 1570 :

“ He will fight as he were wood.” STREVENSON.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *in Frenchmen's blood !*] The return of rhyme where young Talbot is again mentioned, and in no other place, strengthens the suspicion that these verses were originally part of some other work, and were copied here only to save the trouble of composing new. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *of a giglot wench :*] *Giglot* is a wanton, or a strumpet.  
 JOHNSON.

The word is used by Gascoigne and other authors, though now quite obsolete.

He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

*BUR.* Doubtless, he would have made a noble knight :

See, where he lies inherf'd in the arms  
Of the most bloody nurfer of his harms.

*BAST.* Hew them to pieces, hack their bones  
afunder ;  
Whofe life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

*CHAR.* O, no ; forbear : for that which we have  
fled  
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

*Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY, attended ; a French Herald preceding.*

*LUCY.* Herald,  
Conduēt me to the Dauphin's tent ; to know  
Who hath obtain'd<sup>2</sup> the glory of the day.

*CHAR.* On what fubmiffive meffage art thou fent ?

*LUCY.* Submission, Dauphin ? 'tis a mere French  
word ;  
We Englifh warriors wot not what it means.

So, in the play of *Orlando Furiofo*, 1504 :

“ Whofe choice is like that Greekiſh *giglot's* love,

“ That left her lord, prince Menelaus.”

See Vol. VI. p. 404, n. 7. STEEVENS,

<sup>1</sup> — in the bowels of the French,] So, in the firſt part of  
*Jeronimo*, 1005 :

“ Meet, Don Andrea ! yes, in the *battle's* bowels.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Herald,*

*Conduēt me to the Dauphin's tent ; to know*

*Who hath obtain'd* —] Lucy's meffage implied that he knew  
who had obtained the victory : therefore Sir T. Hanmer reads :

*Herald, conduēt me to the Dauphin's tent.* JOHNSON.

I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,  
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

*CHAR.* For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison  
is.

But tell me whom thou seek'st.

*LUCY.* Where is the great Alcides<sup>3</sup> of the field,  
Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury?  
Created, for his rare success in arms,  
Great earl of Washford,<sup>4</sup> Waterford, and Valence;  
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,  
Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdun of Alton,  
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of Shef-  
field,  
The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge;  
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,  
Worthy Saint Michael, and the golden fleece;  
Great marshal to Henry the sixth,  
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

<sup>3</sup> *Where is the great Alcides*—] Old copy—*But where's*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. The compositor probably caught the word *But* from the preceding line. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Great earl of Washford*,] It appears from Camden's *Britannia* and Holinshed's *Chronicle of Ireland*, that Wexford was anciently called *Wexford*. In Crompton's *Mansion of Magnanimitie* it is written as here, *Washford*. This long list of titles is taken from the epitaph formerly fixed on Lord Talbot's tomb in Rouen in Normandy. Where this author found it, I have not been able to ascertain, for it is not in the common historians. The oldest book in which I have met with it is the tract above mentioned, which was printed in 1599, posterior to the date of this play. Numerous as this list is, the epitaph has one more, which, I suppose, was only rejected because it would not easily fall into the verse, "Lord Lovetoft of Worfop." It concludes as here,—“Lord Falconbridge, Knight of the noble order of St. George, St. Michael, and the golden fleece, Great Marshall to King Henry VI. of his realm in France, who died in the battle of Bourdeaux, 1453.” MALONE.

*Puc.* Here is a filly flatly style indeed!  
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,<sup>5</sup>  
Writes not so tedious a style as this.—  
Him, that thou magnifiest with all these titles,  
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.

*Lucr.* Is Talbot slain; the Frenchmen's only  
scourge,  
Your kingdom's terrour and black Nemesis?  
O, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,  
That I, in rage, might shoot them at your faces!  
O, that I could but call these dead to life!  
It were enough to fright the realm of France:  
Were but his picture left among you here,  
It would amaze<sup>6</sup> the proudest of you all.  
Give me their bodies; that I may bear them hence,  
And give them burial as befits their worth.

*Puc.* I think, this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,  
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.  
For God's sake, let him have 'em;<sup>7</sup> to keep them  
here,  
They would but stink, and putrefy the air.

*CHAR.* Go, take their bodies hence.

*LUCY.* I'll bear them hence: .

<sup>5</sup> *The Turk, &c.*] Alluding probably to the ostentatious letter of Sultan *Solyman the Magnificent*, to the Emperor Ferdinand, 1562; in which all the *Grand Seignor's* titles are enumerated. See Knolles's *History of the Turks*, 5th edit. p. 789. GREY.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *amaze* —] i. e. (as in other instances) confound, throw into consternation. So, in *Cymbeline*:

“ I am *amaz'd* with matter ———.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *let him have 'em*;] Old copy—*have him*. So, a little lower,—do with *him*. The first emendation was made by Mr. Theobald; the other by the editor of the second folio.



But from their ashes shall be rear'd  
A phœnix<sup>8</sup> that shall make all France afeard.

*CHAR.* So we be rid of them, do with 'em what  
thou wilt.<sup>9</sup>

And now to Paris, in this conquering vein ;  
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>8</sup> *But from their ashes shall be rear'd*

*A phœnix &c.*] The defect in the metre shews that some word  
of two syllables was inadvertently omitted ; probably an epithet  
to *ashes*. MALONE.

So in the Third Part of this play :

“ My ashes, as the phœnix, shall bring forth

“ A bird that will revenge upon you all.”

Sir Thomas Hanmer, with great probability reads :

*But from their ashes, Dauphin; &c.* STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *So we be rid of them, do with 'em what thou wilt.*] I sup-  
pose, for the sake of metre, the useless words—*with 'em* should  
be omitted. STEVENS.

ACT V. SCENE I.<sup>1</sup>

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, and EXETER.*

*K. HEN.* Have you perus'd the letters from the  
 pope,  
 The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac?

*GLO.* I have, my lord; and their intent is this,—  
 They humbly sue unto your excellence,  
 To have a godly peace concluded of,  
 Between the realms of England and of France.

*K. HEN.* How doth your grace affect their motion?

*GLO.* Well, my good lord; and as the only means  
 To stop effusion of our Christian blood,  
 And 'stablish quietness on every side.

*K. HEN.* Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought,  
 It was both impious and unnatural,  
 That such immanity<sup>2</sup> and bloody strife  
 Should reign among professors of one faith.

*GLO.* Beside, my lord,—the sooner to effect,  
 And surer bind, this knot of amity,—  
 The earl of Armagnac—near knit to Charles,

<sup>1</sup> In the original copy, the transcriber or printer forgot to mark the commencement of the fifth Act; and has by mistake called this scene, Scene II. The editor of the second folio made a very absurd regulation by making the Act begin in the middle of the preceding scene, (where the Dauphin, &c. enter, and take notice of the dead bodies of Talbot and his son,) which was inadvertently followed in subsequent editions. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *immanity* —] i. e. barbarity, savageness. STEEVENS.

A man of great authority in France,—  
Proffers his only daughter to your grace  
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

*K. HEN.* Marriage, uncle! alas! my years are  
young;<sup>3</sup>  
And sifter is my study and my books,  
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.  
Yet, call the ambassadors; and, as you please,  
So let them have their answers every'one:  
I shall be well content with any choice,  
Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

*Enter a Legate, and Two Ambassadors, with WINCHESTER, in a Cardinal's Habit.*

*LEX.* What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,  
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree!<sup>4</sup>  
Then, I perceive, that will be verified,  
Henry the fifth did sometime prophecy,—

<sup>3</sup> — *my years are young*;] His majesty, however, was twenty-four years old. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *What! is my lord of Winchester install'd, And call'd unto a cardinal's degree!*] This, (as Mr. Edwards has observed in his MS. notes,) argues a great forgetfulness in the poet. In the first Act Gloucester says:

“ I'll canvas thee in thy broad *cardinal's* hat :”  
and it is strange that the Duke of Exeter should not know of his advancement. STEVENS.

It should seem from the stage-direction prefixed to this scene, and from the conversation between the Legate and Winchester, that the author meant it to be understood that the bishop had obtained his cardinal's hat only just before his present entry. The inaccuracy, therefore, was in making Gloucester address him by that title in the beginning of the play. He in fact obtained it in the fifth year of Henry's reign. MALONE.

*If once he come to be a cardinal,  
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.*

*K. HEN.* My lords ambaffadors, your feveral  
fuits  
Have been confider'd and debated on.  
Your purpofe is both good and reasonable:  
And, therefore, are we certainly refolv'd  
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;  
Which, by my lord of Wincheſter, we mean  
Shall be transported preſently to France.

*GLO.* And for the proffer of my lord your maſ-  
ter,—  
I have inform'd his highnefs ſo at large,  
As—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,  
Her beauty, and the value of her dower,—  
He doth intend ſhe ſhall be England's queen.

*K. HEN.* In argument and proof of which con-  
tract,  
Bear her this jewel, [*To the Amb.*] pledge of my  
affection.  
And ſo, my lord protector, ſee them guarded,  
And ſafely brought to Dover; where, inſhipp'd,  
Commit them to the fortune of the ſea.

[*Exeunt King HENRY and Train; GLOSTER,  
EXETER, and Ambaffadors.*]

*WIN.* Stay, my lord legate; you ſhall firſt re-  
ceive  
The ſum of mōney, which I promiſed  
Should be deliver'd to his holinefs  
For clothing me in theſe grave-ornaments.

*LEG.* I will attend upon your lordſhip's leiſure.

*WIN.* Now, Wincheſter will not ſubmit, I trow,  
Or be inferior to the proudeſt peer.  
Humphrey of Gloſter, thou ſhalt well perceive,

That, neither in birth,<sup>5</sup> or for authority,  
 The bishop will be overborne by thee :  
 I'll either make thee sloop, and bend thy knee,  
 Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

France. *Plains in Anjou.*

*Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, LA  
 PUCELLE, and Forces, marching.*

*CHAR.* These news, my lords, may cheer our  
 drooping spirits :  
 'Tis said, the stout Parisians do revolt,  
 And turn again unto the warlike French.

*ALEN.* Then march to Paris, royal Charles of  
 France,  
 And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

*PUC.* Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us ;  
 Else, ruin combat with their palaces !

*Enter a Messenger.*

*MESS.* Success unto our valiant general,  
 And happiness to his accomplices !

*CHAR.* What tidings send our scouts ? I pr'ythee,  
 speak.

*MESS.* The English army, that divided was

<sup>5</sup> *That, neither in birth,*] I would read—*for birth.* That is, thou shalt not rule me, though thy birth is legitimate, and thy authority supreme. JOHNSON.

Into two parts,<sup>6</sup> is now conjoin'd in one ;  
And means to give you battle presently.

*CHAR.* Somewhat too fudden, sirs, the warning  
is ;

But we will presently provide for them.

*BUR.* I trust, the ghost of Talbot is not there ;  
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

*Puc.* Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd :—  
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine ;  
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

*CHAR.* Then on, my lords ; And France be fortunate !  
[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*The same. Before Angiers.*

*Alarums : Excursions. Enter LA PUCELLE.*

*Puc.* The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen  
fly.—  
Now help, ye charming spells, and periapts ;<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> — *parts,*] Old copies—*parties.* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *ye charming spells, and periapts ;*] Charms sowed up.  
*Exch.* xiii. 18 : “ Woe to them that sow pillows to all arm-holes,  
to hunt souls.” POPE.

*Periapts* were worn about the neck as preservatives from disease or danger. Of these, the first chapter of *St. John's Gospel* was deemed the most efficacious.

Whoever is desirous to know more about them, may consult Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 230, &c.

STEEVENS.

The following story, which is related in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1595, proves what Mr. Steevens has asserted : “ A cardinal seeing a priest carrying a cudgel under his gown, reprimanded

And ye choice spirits that admonish me,  
 And give me signs of future accidents! [*Thunder.*  
 You speedy helpers, that are substitutes  
 Under the lordly monarch of the north,<sup>8</sup>  
 Appear, and aid me in this enterprize!

*Enter Fiends.*

This speedy quick appearance argueth proof  
 Of your accustom'd diligence to me.  
 Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd  
 Out of the powerful regions under earth.<sup>9</sup>  
 Help me this once, that France may get the field.  
 [*They walk about, and speak not.*

him. His excuse was, that he only carried it to defend himself against the dogs of the town. Wherefore, I pray you, replied the cardinal, serves *St. John's Gospel*? Alas, my lord, said the priest, these curs understand no Latin." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— [*monarch of the north,*] The north was always supposed to be the particular habitation of bad spirits. Milton, therefore, assembles the rebel angels in the north. JOHNSON.

The boast of Lucifer in the xivth chapter of *Isaiah* is said to be, that he *will sit upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north.* STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Out of the powerful regions under earth,*] I believe Shakspeare wrote—*legions.* WARBURTON.

The *regions under earth* are the infernal regions. Whence else should the fiends have selected or summoned her fiends?

STEEVENS.

In a former passage, *regions* seems to have been printed instead of *legions*; at least all the editors from the time of Mr. Rowe have there substituted the latter word instead of the former. See p. 131, n. 1. The word *cull'd*, and the epithet *powerful*, which is applicable to the *fiends* themselves, but not to their place of residence, show that it has an equal title to a place in the text here. So, in *The Tempest*:

" ——— But one *fiend* at a time,

" I'll fight their *legions* o'er." MALONE.

O, hold me not with silence over-long !  
 Where<sup>1</sup> I was wont to feed you with my blood,  
 I'll lop a member off, and give it you,  
 In earnest of a further benefit ;  
 So you do condescend to help me now.—

[*They hang their heads.*  
 No hope to have redress ?—My body shall  
 Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.

[*They shake their heads.*  
 Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,  
 Entreat you to your wonted furtherance ?  
 Then take my soul ; my body, soul, and all,  
 Before that England give the French the foil.

[*They depart.*  
 See ! they forsake me. Now the time is come,  
 That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,<sup>2</sup>  
 And let her head fall into England's lap.  
 My ancient incantations are too weak,  
 And hell too strong for me to buckle with :  
 Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.  
 [*Exit.*

*Alarums. Enter French and English, fighting.*  
 LA PUCELLE and YORK fight hand to hand. LA  
 PUCELLE is taken. The French fly.

YORK. Damsel of France, I think, I have you  
 fast :  
 Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,

<sup>1</sup> *Where—*] i. e. *whereas*. So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*:  
 "Where now you're both a father and a son."

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — vail her lofty-plumed crest,] i. e. lower it. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"Vailing her high top lower than her ribs."

See Vol. VII. p. 235, n. 1. STEEVENS.



And try if they can gain your liberty.—  
 A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!  
 See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,  
 As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.<sup>3</sup>

*Puc.* Chang'd to a worfer shape thou canst not be.

*YORK.* O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;  
 No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

*Puc.* A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and  
 thee!

And may ye both be suddenly surpriz'd  
 By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

*YORK.* Fell, banning hag!<sup>4</sup> enchantress, hold thy  
 tongue.

*Puc.* I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse a while.

*YORK.* Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the  
 stake. [*Exeunt.*]

*Alarums.* Enter *SUFFOLK*, leading in *Lady*  
*MARGARET.*

*SUF.* Be' what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.  
[*Gazes on her.*]

O fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly;  
 For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,  
 And lay them gently on thy tender side.  
 I kiss these fingers [*Kissing her hand.*] for eternal  
 peace:<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *As if, with Circe, &c.*] So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:  
 "I think, you all have drank of *Circe's* cup."

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Fell, banning hag!*] To *ban* is to curse. So, in *The Jew*  
*of Malta*, 1633:

"I *ban* their souls to everlasting pains." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *I kiss these fingers for eternal peace:*] In the old copy these  
 lines are thus arranged and pointed:

Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

MAR. Margaret my name; and daughter to a  
king,  
The king of Naples, whosoc'er thou art.

SUF. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.  
Be not offended, nature's miracle,  
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:  
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,  
Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.<sup>7</sup>  
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,  
Go, and be free again as Suffolk's friend.

[*She turns away as going.*

O, stay!—I have no power to let her pass;  
My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.<sup>8</sup>

“ For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,  
“ I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,  
“ And lay them gently on thy tender side.”

by which Suffolk is made to kiss his own fingers, a symbol of peace of which, there is, I believe, no example. The transposition was made, I think, rightly, by Mr. Capell. In the old edition, as here, there is only a comma after “ hands,” which seems to countenance the regulation now made. To obtain something like sense, the modern editors were obliged to put a full point at the end of that line.

In confirmation of the transposition here made, let it be remembered that two lines are in like manner misplaced in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act I. fol. 1623 :

“ Or like a star dis-orb'd; nay, if we talk of reason,  
“ And fly like a chidden Mercury from Jove.”

Again, in *King Richard III.* Act IV. sc. iv :

“ That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,  
“ That excellent grand tyrant of the earth.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> —her wings] Old copy—his. This manifest error I only mention, because it supports a note in Vol. VIII. p. 184, n. 4, and justifies the change there made. *Her* was formerly spelt *hir*; hence it was often confounded with *his*. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.*] Thus, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,<sup>9</sup>  
 Twinkling another counterfeited beam,  
 So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.  
 Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak :  
 I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind :  
 Fye, De la Poole ! disable not thyself ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Hast not a tongue ? is she not here thy prisoner ?  
 Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's fight ?  
 Ay ; beauty's princely majesty is such,  
 Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.<sup>3</sup>

MAR. Say, earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be so,—

“ ————— my heart accords thereto,  
 “ And yet a thousand times *it answers—no.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *As plays the sun upon the glassy streams, &c.*] This comparison, made between things which seem sufficiently unlike, is intended to express the softness and delicacy of Lady Margaret's beauty, which delighted, but did not dazzle ; which was bright, but gave no pain by its lustre. JOHNSON.

Thus, Tasso :

“ Qual raggio in onda, le scintilla unriso  
 “ Negli umidi occhi tremulo—.” HENLEY.

Sidney, in his *Astrophel and Stella*, serves to support Dr. Johnson's explanation :

“ Lest if no vaile these brave gleames did disguise,  
 “ They, sun-like, should more dazzle than delight.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ———— *disable not thyself* ;] Do not represent thyself so weak. To *disable* the judgment of another was, in that age, the same as to destroy its credit or authority. JOHNSON.

So, in *As you like it*, Act V : “ If again, it was not well cut, he *disabled my judgment.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Hast not a tongue ? is she not here thy prisoner ?*] The words—*thy prisoner*, which are wanting in the first folio, are found in the second. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ———— *and makes the senses rough.*] The meaning of this word is not very obvious. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*rough.*

MALONE.

What ransome must I pay before I pass ?  
For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.

*SUF.* How canst thou tell, she will deny thy suit,  
Before thou make a trial of her love ? [*Afide.*

*MAR.* Why speak'st thou not ? what ransome must  
I pay ?

*SUF.* She's beautiful ; and therefore to be woo'd :  
She is a woman ; therefore to be won.<sup>4</sup> [*Afide.*

*MAR.* Wilt thou accept of ransome, yea, or no ?

*SUF.* Fond man ! remember, that thou hast a  
wife ;

Then how can Margaret be thy paramour ? [*Afide.*

*MAR.* I were best leave him, for he will not hear.

*SUF.* There all is marr'd ; there lies a cooling  
card.<sup>5</sup>

*MAR.* He talks at random ; sure, the man is mad.

*SUF.* And yet a dispensation may be had.

*MAR.* And yet I would that you would answer me.

*SUF.* I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom ?  
Why, for my king : Tush ! that's a wooden thing.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *She is a woman ; therefore to be won.*] This seems to be a proverbial line, and occurs in Greene's *Planetomachia*, 1585.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *a cooling card.*] So, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594 :

“ I'll have a present *cooling card* for you.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *a wooden thing.*] Is an awkward business, an undertaking not likely to succeed.

So, in Lyly's *Galathea*, 1592 : “ Would I were out of these woods, for I shall have but *wooden luck*.”

Again, in Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* :

“ Or, seeing, have so *woodden wits* as not that worth to know.”

Again, in *The Knave of Spades*, &c. no date :

“ To make an end of that same *wooden phrase*.”

STEEVENS.

*MAR.* He talks of wood : It is some carpenter.

*SUF.* Yet so my fancy<sup>?</sup> may be satisfied,  
 -And peace established between these realms.  
 But there remains a scruple in that too :  
 For though her father be the king of Naples,  
 Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,  
 And our nobility will scorn the match. [*Aside.*]

*MAR.* Hear ye, captain ? Are you not at leisure ?

*SUF.* It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much :  
 Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.—  
 Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

*MAR.* What though I be enthrall'd ? he seems a  
 knight,  
 And will not any way dishonour me. [*Aside.*]

*SUF.* Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

*MAR.* Perhaps, I shall be rescu'd by the French ;  
 And then I need not crave his courtesy. [*Aside.*]

*SUF.* Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—

*MAR.* Tush ! women have been captivate ere now.  
 [*Aside.*]

*SUF.* Lady, wherefore talk you so ?

*MAR.* I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid* for *quo*.

*SUF.* Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose  
 Your bondage happy, to be made a queen ?

*MAR.* To be a queen in bondage, is more vile,  
 Than is a slave in base servility ;  
 For princes should be free.

*SUF.* And so shall you,

<sup>?</sup> — *my fancy*—] i. e. my love. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

“ Fair Helena in *fancy* following me.”

See Vol. IV. p. 454, D. C. STEEVENS.

If happy England's royal king be free.

*MAR.* Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

*SUF.* I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;  
To put a golden scepter in thy hand,  
And set a precious crown upon thy head,  
If thou wilt condescend to be my—<sup>8</sup>

*MAR.* What?

*SUF.* His love.

*MAR.* I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

*SUF.* No, gentle madam; I unworthy am  
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,  
And have no portion in the choice myself.  
How say you, madam; are you so content?

*MAR.* An if my father please, I am content.

*SUF.* Then call our captains, and our colours,  
forth:

And, madam, at your father's castle walls  
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

[*Troops come forward.*]

*A Parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER, on the Walls.*

*SUF.* See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner.

*REIG.* To whom?

*SUF.* To me.

<sup>8</sup> *If thou wilt condescend to be my—*] I have little doubt that the words—*be my*, are an interpolation, and that the passage originally stood thus:

*If thou wilt condescend to—*  
*What?*

Both sense and measure are then complete. *His love.*  
STEEVENS

*REIG.* Suffolk, what remedy?  
I am a soldier; and unapt to weep,  
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

*SUF.* Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:  
Consent, (and, for thy honour, give consent,)  
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;  
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;  
And this her easy-held imprisonment,  
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

*REIG.* Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

*SUF.* Fair Margaret knows,  
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.<sup>9</sup>

*REIG.* Upon thy princely warrant, I descend,  
To give thee answer of thy just demand.

[*Exit, from the Walls.*]

*SUF.* And here I will expect thy coming.

*Trumpets sounded. Enter REIGNIER, below.*

*REIG.* Welcome, brave earl, into our territories;  
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

*SUF.* Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,  
Fit to be made companion with a king:  
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?

*REIG.* Since thou dost deign to woo her little  
worth,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>9</sup> ——— face, or feign,] “To face (says Dr. Johnson) is to carry a false appearance; to play the hypocrite.” Hence the name of one of the characters in Ben Jonson's *Alchymist*.

MALONE, <sup>1</sup> *W*

So, in *The Taming of the Shrew* :

“Yet have I faced it with a card of ten.” STREVENSON.

<sup>1</sup> Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth, &c.] To woo

To be the princely bride of such a lord ;  
 Upon condition I may quietly  
 Enjoy mine own, the county Maine,<sup>2</sup> and Anjou,  
 Free from oppression, or the stroke of war,  
 My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

*StF.* That is her ransome, I deliver her ;  
 And those two counties, I will undertake,  
 Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

*Relig.* And I again,—in Henry's royal name,  
 As deputy unto that gracious king,  
 Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

*StF.* Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,  
 Because this is in traffick of a king :  
 And yet, methinks, I could be well content  
 To be mine own attorney in this case. [*Aside.*  
 I'll over then to England with this news,  
 And make this marriage to be solemniz'd ;  
 So, farewell, Reignier ! Set this diamond safe  
 In golden palaces, as it becomes.

*Relig.* I do embrace thee, as I would embrace  
 The Christian prince, king Henry, were he here.

*Mar.* Farewell, my lord ! Good wishes, praise,  
 and prayers,  
 Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going.*

*StF.* Farewell, sweet madam ! But hark you,  
 Margaret ;  
 No princely commendations to my king ?

*her little worth—may mean—to court her small share of merit.*  
 But perhaps the passage should be pointed thus :

*Since thou dost deign to woo her, little worth*

*To be the princely bride of such a lord ;*

i. e. little deserving to be the wife of such a prince. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — the county *Maine*,] *Maine* is called a *county* both by  
 Hall and Holinshed. The old copy erroneously reads—*country*.

MALONE.



*MAR.* Such commendations as become a maid,  
A virgin, and his servant, say to him.

*SUF.* Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly<sup>3</sup> directed.

But, madam, I must trouble you again,—  
No loving token to his majesty?

*MAR.* Yes, my good lord; a pure unspotted  
heart,  
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

*SUF.* And this withal. [*Kisses her:*

*MAR.* That for thyself;—I will not so presume,  
To send such peevish tokens<sup>4</sup> to a king.  
[*Exeunt REIGNIER and MARGARET.*

*SUF.* O, wert thou for myself!—But, Suffolk,  
slay;  
Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth;  
There Minotaurs, and ugly treasons, lurk.  
Solicit Henry with her wond'rous praise:  
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount;  
Mad, natural graces<sup>5</sup> that extinguish art;

<sup>3</sup> ——— *modestly*—] Old copy—*modestly*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *To send such peevish tokens*—] *Peevish*, for childish. WARBURTON.

See a note on *Cymbeline*, Act I. sc. vii: "He's strange and peevish." STELVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Mad, *natural graces*—] So the old copy. The modern editors have been content to read—*her natural graces*. By the word *mad*, however, I believe the poet only meant *wild* or *uncultivated*. In the former of these significations he appears to have used it in *Othello*:

"———— he she lov'd prov'd *mad*."

which Dr. Johnson has properly interpreted. We call a wild girl, to this day, a *mud-cap*.

In *Macer's Herball*, *practysyd by Doctor Linacre; Translated out of Laten into Englyshe* &c. bl. l. no date, the epithet

Repeat their semblance often on the seas,  
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,  
Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder.

[*Exit.*

*mad* seems also to be used in an uncommon sense: "The vertue of this herbe [*lactuca leporica*] is thus: yf a hare eat of this herbe in sōmer whan he is *mad*, he shall be hole."

*Mad*, in some of the ancient books of gardening, is used as an epithet to plants which grow rampant and wild.

STEEVENS.

Pope had, perhaps, this line in his thoughts, when he wrote—

"And catch a grace beyond the reach of art."

In *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634, *mad* is used in the same manner as in the text:

"Is it not *mad* lodging in these wild woods here?"

Again, in Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596:  
"—with manic more *madde* tricks of youth never plaid before."

MALONE.

It is possible that Steevens may be right in asserting that the word *mad*, may have been used to express *wild*; but I believe it was never used as descriptive of excellence, or as applicable to grace. The passage is in truth erroneous, as is also the amendment of former editors. That which I should propose is, to read *and*, instead of *mad*, words that might easily have been mistaken for each other:

*Bethink thee of her virtues that surmount,*

*And natural graces, that extinguish art.*

That is, think of her virtues that surmount art, and of her natural graces that extinguish it. M. MASON.

## SCENE IV.

*Camp of the Duke of York, in Anjou.*

*Enter YORK, WARWICK, and Others.*

*YORK.* Bring forth that forcerers, condemn'd to burn,

*Enter LA PUCELLE, guarded, and a Shepherd.*

*SHEP.* Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart<sup>6</sup> outright!

Have I fought every country far and near,  
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,  
Must I behold thy timeless<sup>7</sup> cruel death?

Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

*Puc.* Decrepit miser!<sup>8</sup> base ignoble wretch!

<sup>6</sup> — kills *thy father's heart*—] This phrase occurs likewise in *King Henry V.* and *The Winter's Tale.* STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *timeless*—] is *untimely.* So, in Drayton's *Legend of Robert Duke of Normandy*:

“Thy strength was buried in his *timeless* death.”

STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Decrepit miser*!] *Miser* has no relation to avarice in this passage, but simply means a miserable creature. So, in the interlude of *Jacob and Esau*, 1568:

“But as for these *misers* within my father's tent—.”

Again, in Lord Sterling's tragedy of *Crasus*, 1604:

“Or think't thou me of judgement too remiss,

“A *miser* that in miserie remains,

“The bastard child of fortune, barr'd from bliss,

“Whom heaven doth hate, and all the world disdains?”

Again, in *Holinshed*, p. 760, where he is speaking of the death of Richard III: “And so this *miser*, at the same verie point, had like chance and fortune,” &c. Again, p. 951, among

I am descended of a gentler blood ;  
Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.

*SHEP.* Out, out !—My lords, an please you, 'tis  
not so ;

I did beget her, all the parish knows :  
Her mother liveth yet, can testify,  
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

*WAR.* Graceless ! wilt thou deny thy parentage ?

*YORK.* This argues what her kind of life hath  
been ;

Wicked and vile ; and so her death concludes.<sup>9</sup>

*SHEP.* Fye, Joan ! that thou wilt be so obstacle !<sup>1</sup>  
God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh ;<sup>2</sup>  
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear :  
Deny me not, I pr'ythee, gentle Joan.

*Puc.* Peasant, avaunt !—You have suborn'd this  
man,

the last words of Lord Cromwell : “ —for if I should so doo, I  
were a very wretch and a *miser*.” Again, *ibid* : “ —and so  
patiently suffered the stroke of the ax, by a ragged and butcher-  
like *miser*, which ill-favouredlie performed the office.”

STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *This argues what her kind of life hath been ;*

*Wicked and vile ; and so her death concludes.*] So, in this  
play, Part II. Act III. sc. iii :

“ So bad a death argues a monstrous life.” STEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *that thou wilt be so obstacle !*] A vulgar corruption of  
*obstinate*, which I think has oddly lasted since our author's time  
till now. JOHNSON.

The same corruption may be met with in Gower, and other  
writers. Thus, in Chapman's *May-Day*, 1611 :

“ An *obstacle* young thing it is.”

Again, in *The Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1631 :

“ Be not *obstacle*, old dule.” STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *a collop of my flesh ;*] So, in *The History of Morindos*  
and *Miracola*, 1600, quarto, bl. 1 : “ —yet being his second  
selfe, a collop of his own flesh” &c. RITSON.

Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

*SHEP.* 'Tis true, I gave a noble<sup>3</sup> to the priest,  
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—  
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.  
Wilt thou not stoop? Now curst be the time  
Of thy nativity! I would, the milk  
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her  
breast,  
Had been a little ratbane for thy sake!  
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,  
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!  
Dost thou deny thy father, curst drab?  
O, burn her, burn her; hanging is too good.

[*Exit.*

*YORK.* Take her away; for she hath liv'd too long,  
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

*PRC.* First, let me tell you whom you have con-  
demn'd:

Not me<sup>4</sup> begotten of a shepherd swain,  
But issu'd from the progeny of kings;  
Virtuous, and holy; chosen from above,  
By inspiration of celestial grace,  
To work exceeding miracles on earth.  
I never had to do with wicked spirits;  
But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,  
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,  
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—  
Because you want the grace that others have,  
You judge it straight a thing impossible

<sup>3</sup> — my noble birth.

*Shep.* 'Tis true, I gave a noble—] This passage seems to corroborate an explanation, somewhat far-fetched, which I have given in *King Henry IV.* of the nobleman and royal man.

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> Not me—] I believe the author wrote—Not one. MALONE.

To compass wonders, but by help of devils.  
 No, misconceived!<sup>5</sup> Joan of Arc hath been  
 A virgin from her tender infancy,  
 Chaste and immaculate in very thought;  
 Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,  
 Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

*YORK.* Ay, ay;—away with her to execution.

*WAR.* And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,  
 Spare for no fagots, let there be enough:  
 Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,  
 That so her torture may be shortened.

*Puc.* Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?—  
 Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity;  
 That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.<sup>6</sup>—  
 I am with child, ye bloody homicides:  
 Murder not then the fruit within my womb,  
 Although ye hale me to a violent death.

*YORK.* Now heaven forefend! the holy maid with  
 child?

*WAR.* The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought:  
 Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

*YORK.* She and the Dauphin have been juggling:  
 I did imagine what would be her refuge.

*WAR.* Well, go to; we will have no bastards  
 live;  
 Especially, since Charles must father it.

*Puc.* You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his;  
 It was Alençon, that enjoy'd my love.

<sup>5</sup> *No, misconceived!*] i. e. No, ye misconceivers, ye who mistake me and my qualities. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.*] The useless words—to be, which spoil the measure, are an evident interpolation. STEEVENS.

*YORK.* Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!<sup>7</sup>  
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

*PUC.* O, give me leave, I have deluded you;  
'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,  
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

*WAR.* A married man! that's most intolerable.

*YORK.* Why, here's a girl! I think, she knows  
not well,  
There were so many, whom she may accuse.

*WAR.* It's sign, she hath been liberal and free.

*YORK.* And, yet, forfooth, she is a virgin pure.—  
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee:  
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

*PUC.* Then lead me hence;—with whom I leave  
my curse:

May never glorious sun reflex his beams  
Upon the country where you make abode!  
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!*] *Machiavel* being mentioned somewhat before his time, this line is by some of the editors given to the players, and ejected from the text. JOHNSON.

The character of Machiavel seems to have made so very deep an impression on the dramatick writers of this age, that he is many times as prematurely spoken of. So, in *The Valiant Welchman*, 1615, one of the characters bids *Carudoc*, i. e. *Caradocus*,

“ ——— read *Machiavel* :

“ Princes that would aspire, must mock at hell.”

Again :

“ ——— my brain

“ Italianates my barren faculties

“ To *Machiavelian* blackness.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *darkness and the gloomy shade of death*—] The expression is scriptural: “Whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in *darkness and the shadow of death*.” MALONE.

Environ you ; till mischief, and despair,  
 Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves !<sup>9</sup>  
 [Exit, guarded.]

YORK. Break thou in pieces, and consume to  
 ashes,  
 Thou foul accursed minister of hell !

*Enter Cardinal BEAUFORT, attended.*

CAR. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence  
 With letters of commission from the king.  
 For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,  
 Mov'd with remorse<sup>1</sup> of these outrageous broils,  
 Have earnestly implor'd a general peace  
 Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French ;  
 And here at hand the Dauphin, and his train,  
 Approacheth, to confer about some matter.

YORK. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect ?  
 After the slaughter of so many peers,  
 So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,  
 That in this quarrel have been overthrown,  
 And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,  
 Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace ?  
 Have we not lost most part of all the towns,  
 By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,  
 Our great progenitors had conquered ?—

<sup>9</sup> — till mischief, and despair,

*Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves !* Perhaps Shakspeare intended to remark, in this execration, the frequency of suicide among the English, which has been commonly imputed to the gloominess of their air. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> — remorse—] i. e. compassion, pity. So, in *Measure for Measure* :

“ If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse  
 As mine is to him.” STERVENS.





And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear  
 To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,  
 Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,  
 And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

*ALEN.* Must he be then as shadow of himself?  
 Adorn his temples with a coronet;<sup>4</sup>  
 And yet, in substance and authority,  
 Retain but privilege of a private man?  
 This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

*CHAR.* 'Tis known, already that I am possess'd  
 With more than half the Gallian territories,  
 And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:  
 Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,  
 Detract so much from that prerogative,  
 As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?  
 No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep  
 That which I have, than, coveting for more,  
 Be cast from possibility of all.

*YORK.* Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret  
 means  
 Used intercession to obtain a league;  
 And, now the matter grows to compromise,  
 Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?<sup>5</sup>  
 Either accept the title thou usurp'st,

<sup>4</sup> ——— with a coronet;] *Coronet* is here used for a *crown*.

JOHNSON.

So, in *King Lear*:

“ ——— which to confirm,

“ This *coronet* part between you.”

These are the words of *Lear*, when he gives up his *crown* to Cornwall and Albany. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— upon comparison?] Do you stand to compare your present state, a state which you have neither right or power to maintain, with the terms which we offer? JOHNSON.

Of benefit<sup>6</sup> proceeding from our king,  
 And not of any challenge of desert,  
 Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

*REIG.* My lord, you do not well in obstinacy  
 To cavil in the course of this contract:  
 If once it be neglected, ten to one,  
 We shall not find like opportunity.

*ALEN.* To say the truth, it is your policy,  
 To save your subjects from such massacre,  
 And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen  
 By our proceeding in hostility:  
 And therefore take this compact of a truce,  
 Although you break it when your pleasure serves.  
 [*Aside, to CHARLES.*]

*WAR.* How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?

*CHAR.* It shall:  
 Only reserv'd, you claim no interest  
 In any of our towns of garrison.

*YORK.* Then swear allegiance to his majesty;  
 As thou art knight, never to disobey,  
 Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,  
 Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—  
 [*CHARLES, and the rest, give Tokens of fealty.*]  
 So, now dismiss your army when ye please;  
 Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,  
 For here we entertain a solemn peace. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>6</sup> ——— accept the title thou usurp'st,

Of benefit—] Benefit is here a term of law. Be content to live as the beneficiary of our king. JOHNSON.

## SCENE V.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter King HENRY, in conference with SUFFOLK ;  
GLOSTER and EXETER following.*

*K. HEN.* Your wond'rous rare description, noble  
earl,  
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me :  
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,  
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart :  
And like as rigour in tempestuous gusts  
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide ;  
So am I driven,<sup>7</sup> by breath of her renown,  
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive  
Where I may have fruition of her love.

*SCF.* Tush ! my good lord ! this superficial tale  
Is but a preface of her worthy praise :  
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,  
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them,)  
Would make a volume of enticing lines,  
Able to ravish any dull conceit.  
And, which is more, she is not so divine,  
So full replete with choice of all delights,  
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,  
She is content to be at your command ;  
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,  
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

<sup>7</sup> *So am I driven,*] This simile is somewhat obscure ; he seems to mean, that as a ship is driven against the tide by the wind, so he is driven by love against the current of his interest.

K. HEN. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.

Therefore, my lord protector, give consent,  
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

GLO. So should I give consent to flatter sin.  
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd  
Unto another lady of esteem;  
How shall we then dispense with that contract,  
And not deface your honour with reproach?

SUF. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;  
Or one, that, at a triumph<sup>8</sup> having vow'd  
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists  
By reason of his adversary's odds:  
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,  
And therefore may be broke without offence.

GLO. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than  
that?

Her father is no better than an earl,  
Although in glorious titles he excel.

SUF. Yes, my good lord,<sup>9</sup> her father is a king,  
The king of Naples, and Jerusalem;  
And of such great authority in France,  
As his alliance will confirm our peace,  
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

<sup>8</sup> — at a triumph—] That is, at the sports at which a triumph is celebrated. JOHNSON.

A triumph, in the age of Shakspeare, signified a public exhibition, such as a *mask*, a *revel*, &c. Thus, in *King Richard II*:

“What news from Oxford? hold those jousts and triumphs.”

STEEVENS.

See *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Vol. IV. p. 318, n. 5.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — my good lord,] *Good*, which is not in the old copy, was added for the sake of the metre, in the second folio.

MALONE.

*GLO.* And so the earl of Armagnac may do,  
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

*EXE.* Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberal  
dower;  
While Reignier sooner will receive, than give.

*SUF.* A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your  
king,  
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,  
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.  
Henry is able to enrich his queen,  
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:  
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,  
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.  
Marriage is a matter of more worth,  
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;<sup>1</sup>  
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,  
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:  
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,  
It most<sup>2</sup> of all these reasons bindeth us,  
In our opinions she should be prefer'd.  
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,  
An age of discord and continual strife?  
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> — *by attorneyship*;] By the intervention of another man's choice; or the discretionary agency of another. JOHNSON.

This is a phrase of which Shakspeare is peculiarly fond. It occurs twice in *King Richard III*:

"Be the *attorney* of my love to her."

Again:

"I, *by attorney*, bless thee from thy mother." STELVENS.

<sup>2</sup> It *must*—] The word *It*, which is wanting in the old copy, was inserted by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss*,] The word—*forth*, which is not in the first folio, was supplied, I think, unnecessarily, by the second. *Contrary* was, I believe, used by the author as a quadrisyllable, as if it were written *conterary*; according to which pronunciation the metre is not defective.

And is a pattern of celestial peace.  
 Whom should we match, with Henry, being a king,  
 But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?  
 Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,  
 Approves her fit for none, but for a king:  
 Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,  
 (More than in women commonly is seen,)  
 Will answer our hope in issue of a king;<sup>4</sup>  
 For Henry, son unto a conqueror,  
 Is likely to beget more conquerors,  
 If with a lady of so high resolve,  
 As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in love.  
 Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me,  
 That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

*K. HEN.* Whether it be through force of your report,

My noble lord of Suffolk; or for that  
 My tender youth was never yet attain'd  
 With any passion of inflaming love,  
 I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,  
 I feel such sharp dissention in my breast,  
 Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear,  
 As I am sick with working of my thoughts.<sup>5</sup>

*Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss.*

In the same manner Shakspeare frequently uses *Henry* as a trisyllable, and *hour* and *fire* as dissyllables. See Vol. IV. p. 201, n. 5.

MALONE.

I have little confidence in this remark. Such a pronunciation of the word *contrary* is, perhaps, without example. *Hour* and *fire* were anciently written as dissyllables, viz. *hower—fier*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Will answer our hope in issue of a king;*] The useless word—*our*, which destroys the harmony of this line, I suppose ought to be omitted. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *As I am sick with working of my thoughts.*] So, in Shakspeare's *King Henry V*:

“*Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege.*”

MALONE.

Take, therefore, shipping ; post, my lord, to France ;  
 Agree to any covenants : and procure  
 That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come  
 To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd  
 King Henry's faithful and anointed queen :  
 For your expences and sufficient charge,  
 Among the people gather up a tenth.  
 Be gone, I say ; for, till you do return,  
 I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.—<sup>4</sup>  
 And you, good uncle, banish all offence :  
 If you do censure me by what you were,<sup>6</sup>  
 Not what you are, I know it will excuse  
 This sudden execution of my will.  
 And so conduct me, where from company,  
 I may revolve and ruminare my grief.<sup>7</sup> [Exit.

GLO. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.  
 [Exeunt GLOSTER and EXETER.

SUF. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd : and thus he  
 goes,  
 As did the youthful Paris once to Greece ;  
 With hope to find the like event in love,  
 But prosper better than the Trojan did.  
 Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king ;  
 But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.  
 [Exit.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *If you do censure me &c.*] To *censure* is here simply to *judge*.  
*If in judging me you consider the pass frailties of your own*  
*youth.* JOHNSON.

See Vol. IV. p. 190, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *ruminare my grief.*] *Grief* in the first line is taken generally for *pain* or *uneasiness* ; in the second specially for *sorrow*.  
 JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> Of this play there is no copy earlier than that of the folio in 1623, though the two succeeding parts are extant in two editions in quarto. That the second and third parts were published without the first, may be admitted as no weak proof that the



copies were surreptitiously obtained, and that the printers of that time gave the publick those plays, not such as the author designed, but such as they could get them. That this play was written before the two others is indubitably collected from the series of events; that it was written and played before *Henry the Fifth* is apparent, because in the epilogue there is mention made of this play, and not of the other parts:

“ Henry the sixth in swaddling bands crown'd king,  
 “ Whose state so many had the managing,  
 “ That they lost France, and made his England bleed:  
 “ Which oft our stage hath shown.”

*France is lost* in this play. The two following contain, as the old title imports, the contention of the houses of York and Lancaster.

The second and third parts of *Henry VI.* were printed in 1600. When *Henry V.* was written, we know not, but it was printed likewise in 1600, and therefore before the publication of the first and second parts. The first part of *Henry VI.* had been often *shown on the stage*, and would certainly have appeared in its place, had the author been the publisher. JOHNSON.

That the second and third parts (as they are now called) were printed without the first, is a proof, in my apprehension, that they were not written by the author of the first: and the title of *The Contention of the Houses of York and Lancaster*, being affixed to the two pieces which were printed in quarto 1600, is a proof that they were a distinct work, commencing where the other ended, but not written at the same time; and that this play was never known by the name of *The First Part of King Henry VI.* till Heminge and Condell gave it this title in their volume, to distinguish it from the two subsequent plays; which being altered by Shakspeare, assumed the new titles of *The Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.* that they might not be confounded with the original pieces on which they were formed. This first part was, I conceive, originally called *The Historical Play of King Henry VI.* See the Essay at the end of these contested pieces. MALONE.



KING HENRY VI.

PART II.\*

\* SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.] This and *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* contain that troublesome period of this prince's reign which took in the whole contention betwixt the houses of York and Lancaster: and under that title were these two plays first acted and published. The present scene opens with King Henry's marriage, which was in the twenty-third year of his reign [A. D. 1445:] and closes with the first battle fought at St. Albans, and won by the York faction, in the thirty-third year of his reign [A. D. 1455]: so that it comprizes the history and transactions of ten years. THEOBALD.

This play was altered by *Crowne*, and acted in the year 1681.  
STEEVENS.

In a note prefixed to the preceding play, I have briefly stated my opinion concerning the drama now before us, and that which follows it; to which the original editors of Shakspeare's works in folio have given the titles of *The Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.*

*The Contention of the Two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster* in two parts, was published in quarto, in 1600; and the first part was entered on the Stationers' books, (as Mr. Steevens has observed,) March 12, 1593-4. On these two plays, which I believe to have been written by some preceding author, before the year 1590, Shakspeare formed, as I conceive, this and the following drama; altering, retrenching, or amplifying, as he thought proper. The reasons on which this hypothesis is founded, I shall subjoin at large at the end of *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* At present it is only necessary to apprize the reader of the method observed in the printing of these plays. All the lines printed in the usual manner, are found in the original quarto plays (or at least with such minute variations as are not worth noticing): and those, I conceive, Shakspeare adopted as he found them. The lines to which inverted commas are prefixed, were, if my hypothesis be well founded, retouched, and greatly improved by him; and those with asterisks were his own original production; the embroidery with which he ornamented the coarse stuff that had been awkwardly made up for the stage by some of his contemporaries. The speeches which he new-modelled, he improved, sometimes by amplification, and sometimes by retrenchment.

These two pieces, I imagine, were produced in their present form in 1591. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. II. and the Dissertation at the end of *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* Dr. Johnson observes very justly, that these two parts were not written without a dependence on the first. Undoubtedly not; the old play of *King*

*Henry VI.* (or, as it is now called, *The First Part*;) certainly had been exhibited before these were written in *any form*. But it does not follow from this concession, either that *The Contention of the Two Houses*, &c. in two parts, was written by the author of the former play, or that Shakspeare was the author of these two pieces as they *originally appeared*. MALONE.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

- King Henry the Sixth:*  
*Humphrey, Duke of Gloster, his Uncle.*  
*Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, great*  
*Uncle to the King.*  
*Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York:*  
*Edward and Richard, his Sons.*  
*Duke of Somerset,*  
*Duke of Suffolk,*  
*Duke of Buckingham,* } *of the King's Party.*  
*Lord Clifford,*  
*Young Clifford, his Son,* }  
*Earl of Salisbury,* } *of the York Faction.*  
*Earl of Warwick,*  
*Lord Scales, Governour of the Tower. Lord Say.*  
*Sir Humphrey Stafford, and his Brother. Sir John*  
*Stanley.*  
*A Sea-captain, Master, and Master's Mate, and*  
*Walter Whitmore.*  
*Two Gentlemen, Prisoners with Suffolk.*  
*A Herald. Vaux.*  
*Hume and Southwell, Two Priests.*  
*Bolingbroke, a Conjurer. A Spirit raised by him.*  
*Thomas Horner, an Armourer. Peter, his Man.*  
*Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of Saint Alban's.*  
*Simpcox, an Impostor. Two Murderers.*  
*Jack Cade, a Rebel:*  
*George, John, Dick, Smith, the Weaver, Michael,*  
*&c. his Followers.*  
*Alexander Iden, a Kentish Gentleman.*  
*Margaret, Queen to King Henry.*  
*Eleanor, Duchess of Gloster.*  
*Margery Jourdain, a Witch. Wife to Simpcox.*  
*Lords, Ladies, & Attendants; Petitioners, Aldermen,*  
*a Beadle, Sheriff, & Officers; Citizens, Prentices,*  
*Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.*  
*SCENE, dispersedly in various Parts of England.*

SECOND PART OF  
KING HENRY VI.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

*Flourish of Trumpets: then Hautboys. Enter, on one side, King HENRY, Duke of GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and Cardinal BEAUFORT; on the other, Queen MARGARET, led in by SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, and Others, following.*

*SUF.* As by your high<sup>1</sup> imperial majesty  
I had in charge at my depart for France,  
As procurator to your excellence,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *As by your high &c.]* Vide Hall's *Chronicle*, fol. 66, year 23, init. POPE.

It is apparent that this play begins where the former ends, and continues the series of transactions of which it presupposes the first part already known. This is a sufficient proof that the second and third parts were not written without dependance on the first, though they were printed as containing a complete period of history. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *As procurator to your excellence, &c.]* So, in Holinshed p. 625: "The marquisse of Suffolk, as procurator to king Henric, espoused the said ladie in the church of Saint Martin. At the which marriage were present the father and mother of the bride; the French king himself that was uncle to the husband,

To marry princess Margaret for your grace ;  
 So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,—  
 In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,  
 The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretaigne, and  
 Alençon,  
 Seven earls, twelve barons, twenty reverend bi-  
 shops,—

I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd :  
 And humbly now upon my bended knee,  
 In sight of England and her lordly peers,  
 Deliver up my title in the queen  
 To your most gracious hands, that are<sup>3</sup> the substance  
 Of that great shadow I did represent ;  
 The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,  
 The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

*K. HEN.* Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, queen Mar-  
 garet :

I can express no kinder sign of love,  
 Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life,  
 Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness !  
 For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,  
 ' A world of earthly blessings to my soul,  
 \* If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

' *Q. MAR.* Great king of England, and my gra-  
 cious lord ;

and the French queen also that was aunt to the wife. There  
 were also the dukes of Orleans, of Calabre, of Alanson, and  
 of Britaine, seven earles, twelve barons, twenty bishops," &c.  
 STREVENSON.

This passage Holinshed transcribed *verbatim* from Hall.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *that are*—] i. e. to the gracious hands of you, my so-  
 vereign, who are, &c. In the old play the line stands :

" Unto your gracious *excellence* that are" &c.

MALONE.



- ' The mutual conference<sup>4</sup> that my mind hath had—  
 ' By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams;  
 ' In courtly company, or at my beads,—  
 ' With you mine alder-lievest fovereign,<sup>5</sup>  
 ' Makes me the bolder to salute my king  
 ' With ruder terms; such as my wit affords,  
 ' And over-joy of heart doth minister.

' *K. HEN.* Her sight did ravish: but her grace in  
     speech,  
 ' Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,  
 ' Makes me, from wondering fall to weeping joys;<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *The mutual conference*—] I am the bolder to address you, having already familiarized you to my imagination. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *mine alder-lievest fovereign*,] *Alder-lievest* is an old English word given to him to whom the speaker is supremely attached; *lievest* being the superlative of the comparative *levar*, rather, from *lief*. So, Hall in his *Chronicle*, Henry VI. folio 12: "Ryght hyghe and mighty prince, and my ryght noble, and, after one, *levest* lord." WARBURTON.

*Alder-lievest* is a corruption of the German word *alder-lichste*, beloved above all things, dearest of all.

The word is used by Chaucer; and is put by Marston into the mouth of his Dutch courtellan:

"O mine *alder-lievest* love."

Again:

"——pretty sweetheart of mine *alder-lievest* affection."

Again, in Gascoigne:

"——and to mine *alder-lievest* lord I must indite."

See Mr. Tyrwhitt's Glossary to Chaucer. *Love or lese*, Sax. *dear*; *Alder* or *Aller*, gen. ca. pl. of *all*. STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Makes me, from wondering, fall to weeping joys*;] This *weeping joy*, of which there is no trace in the original play, Shakspeare was extremely fond of; having introduced it in *Much Ado about Nothing*, *King Richard II.* *Macbeth*, and *King Lear*. This and the preceding speech stand thus in the original play in quarto. I transcribe them, that the reader may be the better able to judge concerning my hypothesis; and shall quote a few other passages for the same purpose. To exhibit all the speeches that Shakspeare has altered, would be almost to print the two plays twice:

' Such is the fulness of my heart's content.—  
' Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

*ALL.* Long live queen Margaret, England's happiness!

*Q. MAR.* We thank you all. [*Flourish.*]

*SUF.* My lord protector, so it please your grace,  
Here are the articles of contracted peace,  
Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,  
' For eighteen months concluded by consent.

*GLO.* [*Reads.*] *Imprimis, It is agreed between the French king, Charles, and William de la Poole, marquis of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of England,—that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.—Item,—That the dutchy of Anjou and the county of Maine,<sup>6</sup> shall be released and delivered to the king her father—*

" Queen. The excessive love I bear unto your grace,  
" Forbids me to be lavish of my tongue,  
" Lest I should speake more than becoms a woman.  
" Let this suffice; my blifs is in your liking;  
" And nothing can make poor Margaret miserable  
" Unless the frowne of mightie England's king.  
" *Fr. King.* Her lookes did wound, but now her speech  
" doth pierce.  
" Lovely queene Margaret, sit down by my side;  
" And uncle Glotter, and you lordly peeres,  
" With one voice welcome my beloved queen."

MALONE.

\* — [*and the county of Maine.*] So the chronicles; yet when the Cardinal afterwards reads this article, he says: "It is further agreed—that the dutchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over," &c. But the words in the instrument could not thus vary, whilst it was passing from the hands of the Duke to those of the Cardinal. For the inaccuracy Shakspeare must answer, the author of the original play not having

*K. HEN.* Uncle, how now ?

*GLO.* Pardon me, gracious lord ;  
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,  
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

*K. HEN.* Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

*WIN.* Item,—*It is further agreed between them,—*  
*that the dutchies of Anjou and Maine shall be re-*  
*leased and delivered over to the king her father ; and*  
*she sent over of the king of England's own proper*  
*cost and charges, without having dowry.*

*K. HEN.* They please us well.—Lord marqués,  
kneel down ;

We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,  
And girt thee with the sword.—

Cousin of York, we here discharge your grace  
From being regent in the parts of France,  
Till term of eighteen months be full expir'd.—  
Thanks, uncle Winchester, Gloster, York, and Buck-  
ingham,

Somerfet, Salisbury, and Warwick ;

We thank you all for this great favour done,

In entertainment to my princely queen.

Come, let us in ; and with all speed provide

To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and SUFFOLK.*

*GLO.* Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,  
' To you duke Humphrey must unload his grief,  
' Your grief, the common grief of all the land.  
' What ! did my brother Henry spend his youth,  
' His valour, coin, and people, in the wars ?

been guilty of it. This kind of inaccuracy is, I believe, pecu-  
liar to our poet ; for I have never met with any thing similar in  
any other writer. He has again fallen into the same impropriety  
in *All's well that ends well.* MALONE.

‘ Did he so often lodge in open field,  
 ‘ In winter’s cold, and summer’s parching heat,  
 ‘ To conquer France, his true inheritance?  
 ‘ And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,  
 ‘ To keep by policy what Henry got?  
 ‘ Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,  
 ‘ Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,  
 ‘ Receiv’d deep scars in France and Normandy?  
 ‘ Or hath my uncle Beaufort, and myself,  
 ‘ With all the learned council of the realm,  
 ‘ Studied so long, sat in the council-house,  
 ‘ Early and late, debating to and fro  
 ‘ How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?  
 ‘ And hath his highness in his infancy  
 ‘ Been crown’d<sup>7</sup> in Paris, in despite of foes?  
 ‘ And shall these labours, and these honours, die?  
 ‘ Shall Henry’s conquest, Bedford’s vigilance,  
 ‘ Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?  
 ‘ O peers of England, shameful is this league!  
 ‘ Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame:  
 ‘ Blotting your names from books of memory:  
 ‘ Razing the characters of your renown;  
 ‘ Defacing monuments of conquer’d France;  
 ‘ Undoing all, as all had never been!

‘ *CAR.* Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?

‘ This peroration with such circumstance?<sup>8</sup>  
 ‘ For France, ’tis ours; and we will keep it still.

\* *GLO.* Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;

\* But now it is impossible we should:

Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,  
 ‘ Hath given the dutchies of Anjou and Maine

<sup>7</sup> Been crown’d—] The word *Been* was supplied by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> This peroration with such circumstance? ] This speech crowded with so many instances of aggravation. JOHNSON.

\* Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style

\* Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.<sup>o</sup>

\* *SAL.* Now, by the death of him that died for all,

\* These counties were the keys of Normandy :—  
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son ?

‘ *WAR.* For grief, that they are past recovery :

‘ For, were there hope to conquer them again,

‘ My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.

‘ Anjou and Maine ! myself did win them both ;

‘ Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer :

‘ And are the cities,<sup>1</sup> that I got with wounds,

‘ Deliver’d up again with peaceful words ?

‘ Mort Dieu !

• \* *YORK.* For Suffolk’s duke—may he be suffocate,

\* That dims the honour of this warlike isle !

\* France should have torn and rent my very heart,

\* Before I would have yielded to this league.

‘ I never read but England’s kings have had

‘ Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives :

‘ And our king Henry gives away his own,

‘ To match with her that brings no vantages.

\* *GLO.* A proper jest, and never heard before,

\* That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,

<sup>o</sup> ——— whose large style

Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.] So Holinshed :  
“ King Reigner hir father, for all his long stile, had too short a  
purse to send his daughter honourably to the king hir spouse.”

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> And are the cities, &c.] The indignation of Warwick is natural, and I wish it had been better expressed ; there is a kind of jingle intended in *wounds* and *words*. JOHNSON.

In the old play the jingle is more striking. “ And must that then which we won with our *swords*, be given away with *words* ?” MALONE.

- \* For costs and charges in transporting her!
- \* She should have staid in France, and starv'd in France,
- \* Before——

\* *CAR.* My lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot;

- \* It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

\* *GLO.* My lord of Winchester, I know your mind;

'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,

But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.

Rancour will out: Proud prelate, in thy face

I see thy fury: if I longer stay,

We shall begin our ancient bickerings.<sup>2</sup>—

Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,

I prophesied—France will be lost ere long. [*Exit.*]

*CAR.* So, there goes our protector in a rage.

'Tis known to you, he is mine enemy;

\* Nay, more, an enemy unto you all;

\* And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.

<sup>2</sup> — *bickerings.*] To *bicker* is to *skirmish*. In the ancient metrical romance of *Guy Earl of Warwick*, bl. l. no date, the heroes consult whether they should *bicker* on the walls, or descend to battle on the plain. Again, in the genuine ballad of *Chevy Chase*:

“ Bomen *bickerte* upon the bent

“ With their browd aras cleare.”

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 9:

“ From *bickering* with his folk to keep us Britains back:”

Again, in *The Spanish Masquerado*, by Greene, 1589: “—sundry times *bickered* with our men, and gave them the foyle.”

Again, in Holinshed, p. 537: “At another *bickering* also it chanced that the Englishmen had the upper hand.” Again,

p. 572: “At first there was a sharp *bickering* betwixt them, but in the end victorie remained with the Englishmen.” *Levi pugna congregior*, is the expression by which Barrett in his *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, explains the word to *bicker*.

STEEVENS.

- \* Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
- \* And heir apparent to the English crown ;
- \* Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
- \* And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,<sup>3</sup>
- \* There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
- \* Look to it, lords ; let not his smoothing words
- \* Bewitch your hearts ; be wise, and circumspect.
- ‘ What though the common people favour him,
- ‘ Calling him—*Humphrey, the good duke of Gloster* ;
- ‘ Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice—
- ‘ *Jesus maintain your royal excellence !*
- ‘ With—*God preserve the good duke Humphrey !*
- ‘ I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
- ‘ He will be found a dangerous protector.

\* *Buck.* Why should he then protect our sovereign,

- \* He being of age to govern of himself ?—
- ‘ Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
- ‘ And all together—with the duke of Suffolk,—
- ‘ We'll quickly hoise duke Humphrey from his seat.

\* *Car.* This weighty business will not brook delay ;

\* I'll to the duke of Suffolk presently. [Exit.

- ‘ *Som.* Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride,
- ‘ And greatness of his place be grief to us,
- ‘ Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal ;
- ‘ His insolence is more intolerable
- ‘ Than all the princes in the land beside ;
- ‘ If Gloster be displac'd, he'll be protector.

<sup>3</sup> *And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,*] Certainly Shakespeare wrote—*east*. WARBURTON.

There are wealthy kingdoms in the *west* as well as in the *east*, and the western kingdoms were more likely to be in the thought of the speaker. JOHNSON.

BUCK. Or thou, or I, Somersct will be protector,  
 \* Despight duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET.]

SAL. Pride went before, ambition follows him.<sup>4</sup>  
 ' While these do labour for their own preferment,  
 ' Behoves it us to labour for the realm.  
 ' I never saw but Humphrey duke of Gloster  
 ' Did bear him like a noble gentleman.  
 ' Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal—  
 ' More like a soldier, than a man o'the church,  
 ' As stout, and proud, as he were lord of all,—  
 ' Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself  
 ' Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.—  
 ' Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age!  
 ' Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,  
 ' Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,  
 ' Excepting none but good duke Humphrey.—  
 ' And, brother York,<sup>5</sup> thy acts in Ireland,  
 ' In bringing them to civil discipline;<sup>6</sup>

.<sup>4</sup> *Pride went before, ambition follows him.*] Perhaps in this line there is somewhat of proverbiality. Thus, in A. of Wyncetown's *Chronicle*, B. VIII. ch. xxvii. v. 177 :

"Awld men in thare powerbe sayis,

"*Pryde gys besor*, and schame always

"*Followys*" &c. STEEVENS.

So, in *Proverbs*, xvi. 18 : "Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall." HARRIS.

<sup>5</sup> *And, brother York,*] Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, married Cicely, the daughter of Ralf Nevil, Earl of Westmoreland. Richard Nevil, Earl of Salisbury, was son to the Earl of Westmoreland by a second wife. He married Alice, the only daughter of Thomas Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, who was killed at the siege of Orleans [See this play, Part I. Act I. sc. iii.]; and in consequence of that alliance obtained the title of Salisbury in 1428. His eldest son Richard, having married the sister and heir of Henry Beauchamp Earl of Warwick, was created Earl of Warwick in 1440. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *— to civil discipline;*] This is an anachronism. The present Reine is in 1445, but Richard Duke of York was not viceroy of Ireland till 1440. MALONE.



‘ Thy late exploits, done in the heart of France,  
 ‘ When thou wert regent for our sovereign,  
 ‘ Have made thee fear’d, and honour’d, of the people :—

‘ Join we together, for the publick good ;  
 ‘ In what we can to bridle and suppress  
 ‘ The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,  
 ‘ With Somersets and Buckingham’s ambition ;  
 ‘ And, as we may, cherish duke Humphrey’s deeds,  
 ‘ While they do tend the profit of the land.<sup>7</sup>

\* *WAR.* So God help Warwick, as he loyes the land,

\* And common profit of his country !

\* *YORK.* And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

*SAL.* Then let’s make haste away, and look unto the main.<sup>8</sup>

*WAR.* Unto the main ! O father, Maine is lost ;  
 That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,

\* And would have kept, so long as breath did last :  
 Main chance, father, you meant ; but I meant Maine ;  
 Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt WARWICK and SALISBURY.*

<sup>7</sup> ——— the *profit of the land.*] I think we might read, more clearly—to profit of the land—i. e. to profit themselves by it ; unless *tend* be written for *attend*, as in *King Richard II.*

“ They *tend* the crowne, yet still with me they stay.”

STEEVENS.

Perhaps *tend* has here the same meaning as *tender* in the subsequent scene :

“ I *tender* for the safety of my liege.”

Or it may have been put for *intend* ; while they have the advantage of the commonwealth as their *object*. MALONR.

<sup>8</sup> *Then let’s &c.*] The quarto—without such redundancy—

“ Come, *fonnes*, away, and looke unto the maine.”

STEEVENS.

- YORK. Anjou and Maine are given to the French ;  
 \* Paris is lost ; the state of Normandy  
 \* Stands on a tickle point,<sup>9</sup> now they are gone :  
 \* Suffolk concluded on the articles ;  
 \* The peers agreed ; and Henry was well pleas'd,  
 \* To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.  
 \* I cannot blame them all ; What is't to them ?  
 \* 'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.  
 \* Pirates may makè cheap pennyworths of their pillage,  
 \* And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,  
 \* Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone :  
 \* While as the silly owner of the goods  
 \* Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,  
 \* And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,  
 \* While all is shar'd, and all is borne away ;  
 \* Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own.  
 \* So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,  
 \* While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold.  
 \* Methinks, the realms of England, France, and Ireland,  
 \* Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,  
 \* As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd,  
 \* Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — on a tickle point,] *Tickle* is very frequently used for *ticklish* by poets contemporary with Shakspere. So, Heywood in his *Epigrams on Proverbs*, 1562 :

“ Time is tickell, we may matche time in this,  
 “ For be even as tickell as time is.”

Again, in *Jeronymo*, 1605 :

“ Now stands our fortune on a tickle point.”

Again, in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599 :

“ The rest by turning of my tickle wheel.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — the prince's heart of Calydon.] Meleager. STEEVENS.

According to the fable, Meleager's life was to continue only



## SCENE II.

*The same. A Room in the Duke of Gloster's House.*

*Enter GLOSTER and the Duchefs.*

*Duch.* Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd  
corn,

Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load ?

\* Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his  
brows,

\* As frowning at the favours of the world ?

\* Why are thine eyes fix'd to the fullen earth,

\* Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight ?

‘ What see'st thou there ? king Henry's diadem,

\* Enchas'd with all the honours of the world ?

\* If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,

\* Until thy head be circled with the same.

‘ Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold :—

‘ What, is't too short ? I'll lengthen it with mine :

\* And, having both together heav'd it up,

\* We'll both together lift our heads to heaven ;

\* And never more abase our sight so low,

\* As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

‘ *Glo.* O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy  
lord,

‘ Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts :<sup>2</sup>

‘ And may that thought, when I imagine ill

‘ Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,

‘ Be my last breathing in this mortal world !

<sup>2</sup> Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts :] So, in *K. Henry VIII* :

“ Cromwell, I charge thee fling away ambition.”

STEVENS.

‘ My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

‘ *Duch.* What dream’d my lord? tell me, and  
I’ll requite it

‘ With sweet rehearsal of my morning’s dream.

‘ *Glo.* Methought, this staff, mine office-badge  
in court,

‘ Was broke in twain; by whom, I have forgot,

‘ But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;

‘ And on the pieces of the broken wand

‘ Were plac’d the heads of Edinond duke of Somerset,  
set,

‘ And William de la Poole first duke of Suffolk.

‘ This was my dream; what it doth bode, God  
knows.

‘ *Duch.* Tut, this was nothing but an argument,  
That he that breaks a stick of Gloster’s grove,

‘ Shall lose his head for his presumption.

‘ But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:

Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,

In the cathedral church of Westminster,

And in that chair where kings and queens are  
crown’d;

Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel’d to me,

‘ And on my head did set the diadem.

‘ *Glo.* Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:

\* Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur’d Eleanor!<sup>3</sup>

Art thou not second woman in the realm;

And the protector’s wife, belov’d of him?

\* Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,

\* Above the reach or compass of thy thought?

<sup>3</sup> ——— ill-nurtur’d Eleanor!] *Ill-nurtur’d*, is *ill-educated*.  
So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

“ Were I hard-favour’d, foul, or wrinkled-old,

“ *Ill nurtur’d*, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice.”

MALONE.

And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,  
 \* To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,  
 \* From top of honour to disgrace's feet?  
 Away from me, and let me hear no more.

‘ *DUCH.* What, what, my lord! are you so choleric

‘ With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?  
 ‘ Next time, I’ll keep my dreams unto myself,  
 ‘ And not be check’d.

‘ *GLO.* Nay, be not angry, I am pleas’d again.<sup>4</sup>

*Enter a Messenger.*

‘ *MESS.* My lord protector, ’tis his highness’ pleasure,  
 ‘ You do prepare to ride unto Saint Albans,  
 ‘ Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Nay, be not angry, &c.*] Instead of this line, we have these two in the old play :

“ Nay, Nell, I’ll give no credit to a dream ;  
 “ But I would have thee to think on no such things.”

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.*] *Whereas* is the same as *where* ; and seems to be brought into use only on account of its being a disyllable. So, in *The Tryal of Treason*, 1567 :

“ *Whereas* she is resident, I must needs be.”

Again, in *Daniel’s Tragedy of Cleopatra*, 1594 :

“ That I should pass *whereas* Octavia stands

“ To view my misery,” &c.

Again, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594 :

“ But see *whereas* Lucretius is return’d.

“ Welcome, brave Roman !”

The word is several times used in this piece, as well as in some others ; and always with the same sense.

Again, in the 51st Sonnet of *Lord Sterling*, 1604 :

“ I dream’d the nymph, that o’er my fancy reigns,

“ Came to a part *whereas* I paus’d alone.” STEEVENS.

*GLO.* I go.—Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?

‘ *DUCH.* Yes, good my lord, I’ll follow presently.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and Messenger.*]

‘ Follow I must, I cannot go before,

\* While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.

\* Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,

\* I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,

\* And smooth my way upon their headless necks:

\* And, being a woman, I will not be slack

\* To play my part in fortune’s pageant.

‘ Where are you there? Sir John!<sup>o</sup> nay, fear not,  
man,

‘ We are alone; here’s none but thee, and I.

*Enter HUME.*

*HUME.* Jesu preserve your royal majesty!

‘ *DUCH.* What say’st thou, majesty! I am but  
grace.

*HUME.* But, by the grace of God, and Hume’s  
advice,

‘ Your grace’s title shall be multiplied.

*DUCH.* What say’st thou, man? hast thou as yet  
confer’d

With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch;

And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?

And will they undertake to do me good?

‘ *HUME.* This they have promised,—to show your  
highness

A spirit rais’d from depth of under ground,

<sup>o</sup> — *Sir John* [?] A title frequently bestowed on the clergy.  
See notes on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Vol. V. p. 7, n. 1.

‘ That shall make answer to such questions,  
 ‘ As by your grace shall be propounded him.

‘ *Duch.* It is enough ;? I’ll think upon the ques-  
 tions :

‘ When from Saint Albans we do make return,  
 ‘ We’ll see these things effected to the full.  
 ‘ Here, Hume, take this reward ; make merry, man,  
 ‘ With thy confederates in this weighty cause.  
 [Exit Duchefs.

\* *HUME.* Hume must make merry with the du-  
 chefs’ gold ;

‘ Marry, and shall. But how now, Sir John Hume ?  
 ‘ Seal up your lips, and give no words but—mum !  
 ‘ The business asketh silent secrecy.

\* Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witch :

\* Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.

‘ Yet have I gold, flies from another coast :

‘ I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,

‘ And from the great and new-made duke of Suf-  
 folk ;

? *Duch.* *It is enough ; &c.*] This speech stands thus in the old  
 quarto :

“ *Elean.* Thanks, good sir John,  
 “ Some two days hence, I guess, will fit our time ;  
 “ Then see that they be here.  
 “ For now the king is riding to St. Albans,  
 “ And all the dukes and earls along with him.  
 \* “ When they be gone, then safely may they come ;  
 “ And on the backside of mine orchard here  
 “ There cast their spells in silence of the night,  
 “ And so resolve us of the thing we wish :—  
 “ Till when, drink that for my sake, and so farewell.”

STEEVENS.

Here we have a speech of *ten* lines, with different versification,  
 and different circumstances, from those of the *five* which are  
 found in the folio. What imperfect transcript (for such the quarto  
 has been called) ever produced such a variation ? MALONE.



- ‘ Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,  
 ‘ They, knowing dame Eleanor’s aspiring humour,  
 ‘ Have hired me to undermine the duchefs,  
 ‘ And buz these conjurations in her brain.  
 \* They say, A crafty knave does need no broker;<sup>8</sup>  
 \* Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal’s broker.  
 \* Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near  
 \* To call them both—a pair of crafty knaves.  
 \* Well, so it stands: And thus, I fear, at last,  
 \* Hume’s knavery, will be the duchefs’ wreck;  
 \* And her attainture will be Humphrey’s fall:  
 \* Sort how it will,<sup>9</sup> I shall have gold for all.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE III.

*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter PETER, and Others, with Petitions.*

- ‘ 1 *PET.* My masters, let’s stand close; my lord  
 ‘ protector will come this way by and by, and then  
 ‘ we may deliver our supplications in the quill.<sup>1</sup>

\* — *A crafty knave does need no broker;*] This is a proverbial sentence. See Ray’s *Collection*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Sort how it will,*] Let the issue be what it will.

JOHNSON.

See Vol. XI. p. 132. n. 4.

This whole speech is very different in the original play. Instead of the last couplet we find these lines:

“ But whilst, Sir John; no more of that I trow,  
 “ For fear you lose your head, before you go.”

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — *in the quill.*] *In quill* is Sir Thomas Hanmer’s reading; the rest have—*in the quill*. JOHNSON.

Perhaps our supplications *in the quill*, or *in quill*, means no

‘ 2 *PET.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he’s a  
‘ good man! Jesu blefs him!

*Enter SUFFOLK, and Queen MARGARET.*

\* 1 *PET.* Here ’a comes, methinks, and the  
\* queen with him: I’ll be the first, sure.

‘ 2 *PET.* Come back, fool; this is the duke of  
‘ Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

‘ *SUF.* How now, fellow? would’st any thing  
‘ with me?

‘ 1 *PET.* I pray, my lord, pardon me! I took ye  
‘ for my lord protector.

‘ *Q. MAR.* [Reading the superscription.] *To my*  
‘ *lord protector!* are your supplications to his lord-  
‘ ship? Let me see them: What is thine?

more than our *written* or *penn’d* supplications. We still say, a drawing *in chalk*, for a drawing executed by the use of chalk.

STEEVENS.

*In the quill* may mean, with great exactness and observance of form, or with the utmost punctilio of ceremony. The phrase seems to be taken from part of the dress of our ancestors, whose ruffs were *quilled*. While these were worn, it might be the vogue to say, such a thing is in the *quill*, i. e. in the reigning mode of taste. TOLLET.

To this observation I may add, that after printing began, the similar phrase of a thing being *in print* was used to express the same circumstance of exactness. “All this, (declares one of the quibbling servants in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*.) “I lay *in print*, for in print I found it.” STEEVENS.

*In quill* may be supposed to have been a phrase formerly in use, and the same with the French *en quille*, which is said of a man, when he stands upright upon his feet without stirring from the place. The proper sense of *quille* in French is a nine-pin, and, in some parts of England, nine-pins are still called *cayls*, which word is used in the statute 33 *Henry VIII.* c. 9. *Quelle* in the old British language also signifies any piece of wood set upright. HAWKINS.

‘ 1 *PET.* Mine is, an’t please your grace, against  
 ‘ John Goodman, my lord cardinal’s man, for keep-  
 ‘ ing my house, and lands, and wife and all, from  
 ‘ me.

*SUF.* Thy wife too? that is some wrong, indeed.—  
 What’s your’s?—What’s here! [*Reads.*] *Against*  
*the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of*  
*Melford.*—How now, fir knave?

2 *PET.* Alas, fir, I am but a poor petitioner of  
 our whole township.

*PETER.* [*Presenting his petition.*] Against my  
 master, Thomas Horner, for saying, That the duke  
 of York was rightful heir to the crown.

‘ *Q. MAR.* What say’st thou? Did the duke of  
 ‘ York say, he was rightful heir to the crown?

‘ *PETER.* That my master was?<sup>2</sup> No, forsooth:  
 ‘ my master said, That he was; and that the king  
 ‘ was an usurper.

*SUF.* Who is there? [*Enter Servants.*]—Take  
 this fellow in, and send for his master with a pur-

<sup>2</sup> *That my master was?*] The old copy—that my *mistress*  
 was? The present emendation was supplied by Mr. Tyrwhitt,  
 and has the concurrence of Mr. M. Mason. STEEVENS.

The folio reads—That my *mistress* was; which has been fol-  
 lowed in all subsequent editions. But the context shows clearly  
 that it was a misprint for *master*. Peter supposes that the Queen  
 had asked, whether the duke of York had said that his *master*  
 (for so he understands the pronoun *he* in her speech) was rightful  
 heir to the crown. “That my *master* was heir to the crown!  
 (he replies.) No, the reverse is the case. My master said,  
 that the duke of York was heir to the crown.” In *The Taming*  
*of the Shrew*, *mistress* and *master* are frequently confounded.  
 The mistake arose from these words being formerly abbreviated  
 in MSS; and an M. stood for either one or the other. See Vol  
 IX. p. 54, n. 8. MALONE.

suivant presently :—we'll hear more of your matter before the king. [*Exeunt Servants, with PETER.*]

‘ Q. *MAR.* And as for you, that love to be protected

‘ Under the wings of our protector's grace,

‘ Bègin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[*Tears the Petition.*]

‘ Away, base cullions !—Suffolk, let them go.

\* *ALL.* Come, let's be gone.

[*Exeunt Petitioners.*]

\* Q. *MAR.* My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,

\* Is this the fashion in the court of England ?

\* Is this the government of Britain's isle,

\* And this the royalty of Albion's king ?

\* What, shall king Henry be a pupil still,

\* Under the surly Gloster's governance ?

\* Am I a queen in title and in style,

\* And must be made a subject to a duke ?

‘ I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours

‘ Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,

‘ And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France ;

‘ I thought king Henry had resembled thee,

‘ In courage, courtship, and proportion :

‘ But all his mind is bent to holiness,

\* To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads :

\* His champions are—the prophets and apostles ;

\* His weapons, holy laws of sacred writ ;

\* His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves

\* Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.

\* I would, the college of cardinals

\* Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,

\* And set the triple crown upon his head ;

\* That were a state fit for his holiness.

‘ *SUF.* Madam, be patient : as I was cause

‘ Your highness came to England, so will I  
 ‘ In England work your grace’s full content.

\* *Q. MAR.* Beside the haught protector, have we  
 Beaufort,

\* The imperious churchman; Somerset, Bucking-  
 ham,

\* And grumbling York: and not the least of these,

\* But can do more in England than the king.

\* *SUF.* And he of these, that can do most of all,

\* Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:

\* Salisbury, and Warwick, are no simple peers.

‘ *Q. MAR.* Not all these lords do vex me half so  
 much,

‘ As that proud dame, the lord protector’s wife.

‘ She sweeps it through the court with troops of la-  
 dies,

‘ More like an empress than duke Humphrey’s  
 wife;

Strangers in court do take her for the queen:

\* She bears a duke’s revenues on her back,<sup>3</sup>

\* And in her heart she scorns her poverty:

\* Shall I not live to be aveng’d on her?

\* Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,

‘ She vaunted ’mongst her minions t’other day,

The very train of her worst wearing-gown

Was better worth than all my father’s lands,

\* Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms<sup>4</sup> for his daughter.

‘ *SUF.* Madam, myself have lim’d a bush for her;<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *She bears a duke’s revenues &c.]* See *King Henry VIII.*  
 Act I. sc. i. Vol. XV. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *two dukedoms* —] The duchies of Anjou and Maine,  
 which Henry surrendered to Reignier, on his marriage with  
 Margaret. See sc. i. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *lim’d a bush for her:]* So, in *Arden of Feversham*,  
 1592:

- \* And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
- \* That she will light to listen to the lays,
- \* And never mount to trouble you again.
- \* So, let her rest : And, madam, list to me ;
- \* For I am bold to counsel you in this.
- \* Although we fancy not the cardinal,
- \* Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,
- \* Till we have brought duke Humphrey in disgrace.
- \* As for the duke of York,—this late complaint<sup>6</sup>
- \* Will make but little for his benefit :
- \* So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
- \* And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

*Enter King HENRY, YORK, and SOMERSET, converſing with him ; Duke and Duchefs of GLOSTER, Cardinal BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.*

- K. HEN.* For my part, noble lords, I care not  
which ;  
Or Somerſet, or York, all's one to me.
- YORK.* If York have ill demean'd himſelf in  
France,  
Then let him be deny'd<sup>7</sup> the regentſhip.

“ *Lime your twigs to catch this weary bird.*”  
Again, in *The Tragedy of Mariam*, 1612 :  
“ *A crimſon buſh that ever limes the foul.*” STEEVENS.

In the original play in quarto :

“ I have ſet lime-twigs that will entangle them.”

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *this late complaint* —] That is, The complaint of Peter the armourer's man againſt his maſter, for ſaying that York was the rightful king. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *be deny'd* —] Thus the old copy. I have noted the word only to obſerve, that *deny* is frequently uſed inſtead of *deny*, among the old writers.

*SOM.* If Somersfet be unworthy of the place,  
Let York be regent, I will yield to him.

*WAR.* Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or no,  
Dispute not that : York is the worthier.

*CAR.* Ambitiouſ Warwick, let thy betters ſpeak.

*WAR.* The cardinal's not my better in the field.

*BUCK.* All in this preſence are thy betters, War-  
wick.

*WAR.* Warwick may live to be the beſt of all.

\* *SAL.* Peace, ſon ;—and ſhow ſome reaſon,  
Buckingham,

\* Why Somersfet ſhould be preferr'd in this.

\* *Q. MAR.* Becauſe the king, forſooth, will have  
it ſo.

‘ *GLO.* Madam, the king is old enough himſelf  
‘ To give his cenſure :<sup>b</sup> theſe are no women's matters.

*Q. MAR.* If he be old enough what needs your  
grace

‘ To be protector of his excellence ?

‘ *GLO.* Madam, I am protector of the realm ;

‘ And, at his pleaſure, will reſign my place.

*SUF.* Reſign it then, and leave thine insolence.

‘ Since thou wert king, (as who is king, but thou ?)

‘ The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck :

So, in *Twelfth-Night* :

“ My love can give no place, bide no *denay*.”

STEVENS.

<sup>b</sup> — his *cenſure* :] Through all theſe plays *cenſure* is uſed  
in an indifferent ſenſe, ſimply for judgment or opinion.

JOHNSON.

So, in *King Richard III* :

“ To give your *cenſures* in this weighty buſineſs.”

In other plays I have adduced repeated inſtances to ſhow the  
word was uſed by all contemporary writers. STEVENS.

- \* The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;  
 \* And all the peers and nobles of the realm  
 \* Have been as bondmen to th<sup>e</sup> sovereignty,  
 \* *CAR.* The commons hast thou rack'd; the  
     clergy's bags  
 \* Are lank and lean with thy extortions.  
 \* *SOM.* Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's  
     attire,  
 \* Have cost a mass of publick treasury.  
 \* *BUCK.* Thy cruelty in execution,  
 \* Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,  
 \* And left thee to the mercy of the law.  
 \* *Q. MAR.* Thy sale of offices, and towns in  
     France,—  
 \* If they were known, as the suspect is great,—  
 \* Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.  
     [*Exit GLOSTER. The Queen drops her Fan.*  
 \* Give me my fan:<sup>9</sup> What, minion! can you not?  
     [*Gives the Duchess a box on the Ear.*  
 \* I cry you mercy, madam; Was it you?  
 \* *DUCH.* Was't I? yea, I it was, proud French-  
     woman:  
 \* Could I come near your beauty with my nails,  
 I'd set my ten commandments in your face.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>9</sup> Give me my fan :] In the original play the Queen drops not  
 a fan, but a glove :

“ Give me my glove ; why minion, can you not see ? ”  
 MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> I'd set my ten commandments in your face.] So, in *The  
 Play of the Four P's*, 1569 :

“ Now ten times I beseech him that he sit,  
 “ Thy wifes x com. may serche thy five wits.”

Again, in *Selimus Emperor of the Turks*, 1594 :

“ I would set a tap abroad, and not live in fear of my wife's  
 ten commandments.”



*K. HEN.* Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.

' *DUCH.* Against her will! Good king, look to't in time;

' She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:  
\* Though in this place most master wear no breeches,  
She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd.

[*Exit Duchefs.*]

\* *BUCK.* Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,  
\* And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:  
\* She's tickled now;<sup>3</sup> her fume can need no spurs,  
\* She'll gallop fast enough<sup>4</sup> to her destruction.

[*Exit BUCKINGHAM.*]

*Re-enter GLOSTER.*

\* *GLO.* Now, lords, my choler being over-blown,

Again, in *Westward Hoe*, 1607:

“ — your harpy has *set his ten commandments* on my back.”. STEEVENS.

\* [*Exit Duchefs.*] The quarto adds, after the exit of Eleanor, the following:

“ *King.* Believe me, my love, thou wert much to blame.

“ I would not for a thousand pounds of gold,

“ My noble uncle had been here in place.—

“ But see, where he comes! I am glad he met her not.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *She's tickled now;*] *Tickled* is here used as a trisyllable. The editor of the second folio, not perceiving this, reads—“ her fume *can need* no spurs;”<sup>\*</sup> in which he has been followed by all the subsequent editors. MALONE.

Were Mr. Malone's supposition adopted, the verse would still halt most lamentably. I am therefore content with the emendation of the second folio, a book to which we are all indebted for restorations of our author's metre. I am unwilling to publish what no ear, accustomed to harmony, can endure. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — fast enough —] The folio reads—*farre* enough. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

- \* With walking once about the quadrangle,
- \* I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
- \* As for your spiteful false objections,
- \* Prove them, and I lie open to the law :
- \* But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
- \* As I in duty love my king and country !
- \* But, to the matter that we have in hand :—
- \* I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
- \* To be your regent in the realm of France.

\* *SUF.* Before we make election, give me leave  
 ‘ To show some reason, of no little force,  
 ‘ That York is most unmeet of any man.

‘ *YORK.* I’ll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.  
 ‘ First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride :  
 \* Next, if I be appointed for the place,  
 \* My lord of Somerset will keep me here,  
 \* Without discharge, money, or furniture,  
 \* Till France be won into the Dauphin’s hands.  
 \* Last time, I danc’d attendance on his will,  
 \* Till Paris was besieg’d, famish’d, and lost.

\* *WAR.* That I can witness ; and a fouler fact  
 \* Did never traitor in the land commit.

*SUF.* Peace, head-strong Warwick !

*WAR.* Image of pride, why should I hold my  
 peace ?

*Enter Servants of SUFFOLK, bringing in HORNER  
 and PETER.*

*SUF.* Because here is a man accus’d of treason :  
 Pray God, the duke of York excuse himself !

\* *YORK.* Doth any one accuse York for a traitor ?

\* *K. HEN.* What mean’st thou, Suffolk ? tell me :  
 What are these ?

‘ *Stf.* Please it your majesty, this is the man  
 ‘ That doth accuse his master of high treason :  
 ‘ His words were these ;—that Richard, duke of  
     York,  
 ‘ Was rightful heir unto the English crown ;  
 ‘ And that your majesty was an usurper.

‘ *K. HEN.* Say, man, were these thy words ?

*HOR.* An’t shall please your majesty, I never said  
 nor thought any such matter : God is my witness, I  
 am falsely accused by the villain.

‘ *PET.* By these ten bones,<sup>5</sup> my lords, [ *Holding  
 ‘ up his Hands.*] he did speak them to me in the  
 ‘ garret one night, as we were scouring my lord of  
 ‘ York’s armour.

\* *YORK.* Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,  
 \* I’ll have thy head for this thy traitor’s speech :—  
 ‘ I do beseech your royal majesty,  
 ‘ Let him have all the rigour of the law.

*HOR.* Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the  
 words. My accuser is my prentice ; and when I  
 did correct him for his fault the other day, he did  
 vow upon his knees he would be even with me : I  
 have good witness of this ; therefore, I beseech

<sup>5</sup> *By these ten bones, &c.*] We have just heard a Duchess threaten to set her ten commandments in the face of a Queen. The jests in this play turn rather too much on the enumeration of fingers..

This adjuration is, however, very ancient. So, in the mystery of *Candlemas-Day*, 1512 :

“ But by their *bonys ten*, thei be to you untrue.”

Again, in *The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art*, 1570 :

“ By these *tenne bones* I will, I have sworn.”

It occurs likewise more than once in the *Morality of Hycke Scorne*. Again, in *Monfieur Thomas*, 1637 :

“ By these *ten bones*, sir, by these eyes and tears.”

STEEVENS

your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

*K. HEN.* Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

*GLO.* This doom, my lord, if I may judge.

- ' Let Somersset be regent o'er the French,
- ' Because in York this breeds suspicion :
- ' And let these have a day appointed them<sup>6</sup>
- ' For single combat in convenient place ;
- ' For he hath witness of his servant's malice :
- ' This is the law, and this duke Humphrey's doom.

*K. HEN.* Then be it so.<sup>7</sup> My lord of Somersset,

<sup>6</sup> *And let these have a day appointed them &c.]* In the original play, quarto 1600, the corresponding lines stand thus :

- " The law, my lord, is this. By case it rests suspicious,
- " That a day of combat be appointed,
- " And these to try each other's right or wrong,
- " Which shall be on the thirtieth of this month,
- " With ebon staves and sandbags combating,
- " In Smithfield, before your royal majesty."

An opinion has prevailed that *The whole Contention, &c.* printed in 1600, was an imperfect surreptitious copy of Shakspeare's play as exhibited in the folio ; but what spurious copy, or imperfect transcript taken in short-hand, ever produced such variations as these? MALONE.

Such varieties, during several years, were to be found in every MS. copy of Mr. Sheridan's then unprinted *Duenna*, as used in country theatres. The dialogue of it was obtained piecemeal, and connected by frequent interpolations. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *K. Hen. Then be it so. &c.]* These two lines I have inserted from the old quarto ; and, as I think, very necessarily. For, without them, the King has not declared his assent to Gloster's opinion : and the Duke of Somersset is made to thank him for the regency before the King has deputed him to it. THEOBALD.

The plea urged by Theobald for their introduction is, that otherwise Somersset thanks the King before he had declared his appointment ; but Shakspeare, I suppose, thought Henry's assent might be expressed by a nod. Somersset knew that Humphrey's doom was final ; as likewise did the Armourer, for he, like Somersset, accepts the combat, without waiting for the King's confirma-

We make your grace lord regent o'er the French.

*SOM.* I humbly thank your royal majesty.

*HOR.* And I accept the combat willingly.

*PET.* Alas, my lord, I cannot fight ; \* for God's  
\* sake, pity my case ! the spite of man prevaieth  
\* against me. O, Lord have mercy upon me ! I  
\* shall never be able to fight a blow : O Lord, my  
\* heart !

*GLO.* Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

' *K. HEN.* Away with them to prison : and the  
day

tion of what Gloster had said. Shakspeare therefore not having introduced the following speech, which is found in the first copy, we have no right to insert it. That it was not intended to be preserved, appears from the concluding line of the present scene, in which Henry addresses Somerset ; whereas in the quarto, Somerset goes out, on his appointment. This is one of those minute circumstances which may be urged to show that these plays, however afterwards worked up by Shakspeare, were originally the production of another author, and that the quarto edition of 1600 was printed from the copy originally written by that author, whoever he was. MALONE.

After the lines inserted by Theobald, the King continues his speech thus :

“ \_\_\_\_\_ over the French ;

“ And to defend our rights 'gainst foreign foes,

“ And so do good unto the realm of France.

“ Make haste, my lord ; 'tis time that you were gone :

“ The time of truce, I think, is full expir'd.

“ *Som.* I humbly thank your royal majesty,

“ And take my leave, to post with speed to France.

[Exit Somerset.]

“ *King.* Come, uncle Gloster ; now let's have our horse,

“ For we will to St. Albans presently.

“ Madam, your hawk, they say, is swift of flight,

“ And we will try how she will fly to-day.”

[Exeunt omnes.]

SPILVINS.

‘ Of combat fhall be the laft of the next month.—

\* Come, Somerfet, we’ll fee thee fent away.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*The fame. The Duke of Glofter’s Garden.*

*Enter*<sup>b</sup> MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, and BOLINGBROKE.

\* *HUME.* Come, my mafters ; the duchefs, I tell  
\* you, expects performance of your promifes.

\* *BOLING.* Mafter Hume, we are therefore pro-  
\* vided : Will her ladyfhip behold and hear our ex-  
\* orcifms ?<sup>c</sup>

\* *HUME.* Ay ; What elfe ? fear you not her cou-  
\* rage.

\* *BOLING.* I have heard her reported to be a wo-

<sup>b</sup> *Enter &c.]* The quarto reads :

*Enter Eleanor, Sir John Hum, Roger Bolingbrook a conjurer,  
and Margery Jourdain a witch.*

“ *Eleanor.* Here, fir John, take this fcroll of paper here,

“ Wherein is writ the queftions you fhall ask :

“ And I will ftand upon this tower here,

“ And hear the fpirit what it fays to you ;

“ And to my queftions write the answers down.”

[*She goes up to the tower.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>c</sup> — our exorcifms ?] The word *exorcife*, and its derivatives, are ufed by Shakfpeare in an uncommon fenfe. In all other writers it means to lay fpirits, but in thefe plays it invariably means to raife them. So, in *Julius Cæfar*, Ligarius fays—

“ Thou, like an *exorcift*, haft conjur’d up

“ My mortified fpirit.” M. MASON.

See Vol. VIII. p. 407, n. 3. MALONE.

\* man of an invincible spirit : But it shall be convenient, master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below ; and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit HUME.*] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth :—\* John Southwell, read you ; and let us to our work.

*Enter Duchefs, above.*

\* *DUCH.* Well said, my masters ; and welcome all. To this gear ; the sooner the better.

\* *BOLING.* Patience, good lady ; wizards know their times :

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,

<sup>1</sup> *Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,*] *The silent of the night* is a classical expression, and means an interlunar night.—*Amica silentia lunæ.* So, Pliny, *Inter omnes verò convenit, utilissimè in coitu ejus fieri, quem diem alii interlunii, alii silentis lunæ appellant.* Lib. XVI. cap. 39. In imitation of this language, Milton says :

“ The sun to me is dark,  
 “ And *silent* as the moon,  
 “ When she descends the night,  
 “ Hid in her vacant *interlunar* cave.” *WARBURTON.*

I believe this display of learning might have been spared. *Silent*, though an adjective, is used by Shakespeare as a substantive. So, in *The Tempest*, the *vast* of night is used for the greatest part of it. The old quarto reads, *the silence of the night.* The variation between the copies is worth notice :

“ *Bolingrooke makes a circle.*

“ *Bol.* Dark night, dread night, the *silence* of the night,  
 “ Wherein the furies mask in hellish troops,  
 “ Send up, I charge you, from Cocytus' lake  
 “ The spirit Ascalon to come to me ;  
 “ To pierce the bowels of this centrick earth,  
 “ And hither come in twinkling of an eye !  
 “ Ascalon, ascend, ascend !”

- ‘ The time of night when Troy was set on fire ;  
 ‘ The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs  
   howl ;<sup>2</sup>  
 ‘ And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,  
 ‘ That time best fits the work we have in hand.  
 ‘ Madam, fit you, and fear not ; whom we raise,  
 ‘ We will make fast within a hallow’d verge.  
 [ *Here they perform the Ceremonics appertaining,  
   and make the Circle ; Bolingbroke, or South-  
   well, reads, Conjuro te, &c. It thunders and  
   lightens terribly ; then the Spirit riseth.*

In a speech already quoted from the quarto, Eleanor says, they have—

“ — cast their spells in *silence of the night.*”

And in the ancient *Interlude of Nature*, bl. l. no date, is the same expression :

“ Who taught the nyghtyngall to recorde besyly

“ Her strange entunes in *silence of the nyght ?*”

Again, in *The Faithful Shepherdess* of Fletcher :

“ Through still *silence of the night,*

“ Guided by the glow-worm’s light.” STEVENS.

Stevens’s explanation of this passage is evidently right ; and Warburton’s observations on it, though long, learned, and laborious, are nothing to the purpose. Bolingbroke does not talk of the silence of the *moon*, but of the silence of the *night* ; nor is he describing the time of the month, but the hour of the night.

M. MASON.

<sup>2</sup> — ban-dogs *howl*,] I was unacquainted with the etymology of this word, till it was pointed out to me by an ingenious correspondent in the Supplement to *The Gentleman’s Magazine*, for 1789, who signs himself D. T: “ Shakspeare’s *ban-dog* (says he) is simply a *village-dog*, or *masliff*, which was formerly called a *band-dog*, per syncopen, *bandog*.” In support of this opinion he quotes *Cuius de canibus Britannicis*: “ Hoc genus canis, etiam catenarium, à catena vel ligamento, qua ad januas interdiu detinetur, ne lædat, & tamen latratu terreat, appellatur. —Ruflicos, *Shepherds’ dogs*, *maslives*, and *bandogs*, nominavimus.” STEVENS.

*Ban-dog* is surely a corruption of *band-dog* ; or rather the first *d* is suppressed here, as in other compound words. Cole, in his *Dict.* 1079, renders *ban-dog*, *canis catenatus*. MALONE.



\* *SPIR.* Adsum.

\* *M. JOURD.* Afinath,

\* By the eternal God, whose name and power

\* Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;

\* For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

\* *SPIR.* Ask what thou wilt:—That I had said and done!<sup>3</sup>

*BOLING.* First, of the king. What shall of him become?<sup>4</sup> [*Reading out of a Paper.*]

*SPIR.* The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;

But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[*As the Spirit speaks, SOUTHWELL writes the answer.*]

<sup>3</sup> ——— [*That I had said and done!*] It was anciently believed that spirits, who were raised by incantations, remained above ground, and answered questions with reluctance. See both Lucan and Statius. STEEVENS.

So the Apparition says in *Macbeth*:

“Dismiss me.—Enough!”

The words “That I had said and done!” are not in the old play. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— [*What shall of him become?*] Here is another proof of what has been already suggested. In the quarto 1600, it is concerted between Mother Jourdain and Bolingbroke that *he* should frame a circle, &c. and that *she* should “fall prostrate to the ground,” to “whisper with the devils below.” (Southwell is not introduced in that piece.) Accordingly, as soon as the incantations begin, *Bolingbroke* reads the questions out of a paper, as here. But our poet has expressly said in the preceding part of this scene that Southwell was to read them. Here, however, he inadvertently follows his original as it lay before him, forgetting that consistently with what he had already written, he should have deviated from it. He has fallen into the same kind of inconsistency in *Romeo and Juliet*, by sometimes adhering to and sometimes deserting the poem on which he formed that tragedy. MALONE.

BOLING. *What fate awaits the duke of Suffolk ?*

SPIR. By water shall he die, and take his end.

BOLING. *What shall befall the duke of Somerset ?*

SPIR. Let him shun castles ;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains

Than where castles mounted stand.<sup>5</sup>

' Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

BOLING. Descend to darkness, and the burning lake :

' False fiend, avoid !<sup>6</sup>

[*Thunder and Lightning. Spirit descends.*

<sup>5</sup> *Than where castles mounted stand.*] I remember to have read this prophecy in some old Chronicle, where, I think, it ran thus :

" Safer shall he be on sand,

" Than where castles mounted stand :"

at present I do not recollect where. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *False fiend, avoid !*] Instead of this short speech at the dismissal of the spirit, the old quarto gives us the following :

" Then down, I say, unto the damned pool

" Where Pluto in his fiery waggon sits,

" Riding amidst the sing'd and parched smoaks,

" The road of *Dytas*, by the river Styx ;

" There howle and burn for ever in those flames :

" Rise, Jordane, rise, and slay thy charming spells !—

" "Zounds ! we are betray'd !"

*Dytas* is written by mistake for *Ditis*, the genitive of *Dis*, which is used instead of the nominative by more than one ancient author.

So, in Thomas Drant's translation of the fifth Satire of *Horace*, 1567 :

" And by that meanes made manye soules lord *Ditis* hall  
to seeke." STEEVENS.

Here again we have such a variation as never could have arisen from an imperfect transcript. MALONE.

*Enter YORK and BUCKINGHAM, hastily, with their Guards, and Others.*

‘ *YORK.* Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash.

‘ Beldame, I think, we watch’d you at an inch.—

‘ What, madam, are you there? the king and commonweal

‘ Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains;

‘ My lord protector will, I doubt it not,

‘ See you well guerdon’d for these good deserts.

\* *Duch.* Not half so bad as thine to England’s king,

\* Injurious duke; that threat’st where is no cause.

\* *Buck.* True, madam, none at all. What call you this? [*Shewing her the papers.*

‘ Away with them; let them be clapp’d up close,

‘ And kept asunder:—You, madam, shall with us:—

‘ Stafford, take her to thee.—

[*Exit. Duchefs from above.*

‘ We’ll see your trinkets here all forth-coming;

‘ All.—Away!

[*Exeunt Guards, with SOUTH. BOLING. &c.*

\* *YORK.* Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch’d her well:

\* A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!

? *Lord Buckingham, methinks, &c.*] This repetition of the prophecies, which is altogether unnecessary, after what the spectators had heard in the scene immediately preceding, is not to be found in the first edition of this play. *PERR.*

They are not, it is true, found in this scene, but they are repeated in the subsequent scene, in which Buckingham brings an account of this proceeding to the King. This also is a variation that only could proceed from various authors. *MALONE.*

Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.  
 What have we here? [*Reads.*]

*The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose ;  
 But him outlive, and die a violent death.*

\* Why, this is just,

\* *Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.*

Well, to the rest :

*Tell me,<sup>8</sup> what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk ?*

*By water shall he die, and take his end.—*

*What shall betide the duke of Somerset ?—*

*Let him shun castles ;*

*Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,*

*Than where castles mounted stand.*

\* Come, come, my lords ;

\* These oracles are hardily attain'd,

\* And hardly understood.<sup>9</sup>

‘ The king is now in progress toward Saint Albans,

▪ *Tell me, &c.*] Yet these two words were not in the paper read by Bolingbroke, which York has now in his hand ; nor are they in the original play. Here we have a species of inaccuracy peculiar to Shakspeare, of which he has been guilty in other places. See p. 188-9, where Gloucester and Winchester read the same paper differently. See also Vol. V. p. 327, n. 6. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *These oracles are hardily attain'd,*

*And hardly understood.]* The folio reads—*hardly.*

MALONE.

Not only the lameness of the versification, but the imperfection of the sense too, made me suspect this passage to be corrupt. York, seizing the parties and their papers, says, he'll see the devil's writ ; and finding the wizard's answers intricate and ambiguous, he makes this general comment upon such sort of intelligence, as I have restored the text :

*These oracles are hardily attain'd,*

*And hardly understood.*

i. e. A great risque and hazard is run to obtain them ; and yet, after these *hardly* steps taken, the informations are so perplexed that they are *hardly* to be understood. THEOBALD.

The correction made by Mr. Theobald has been adopted by the subsequent editors. MALONE.



And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.<sup>2</sup>

‘ *K. HEN.* But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,

‘ And what a pitch she flew above the rest!<sup>3</sup>—

‘ To see how God in all his creatures works!

\* Yea, man and birds, are fain of climbing high.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — *the wind was very high;*

*And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.]* I am told by a gentleman, better acquainted with falconry than myself, that the meaning, however expressed, is, that the wind being high, it was ten to one that the old hawk had flown quite away; a trick which hawks often play their masters in windy weather.

JOHNSON.

— *old Joan had not gone out.]* i. e. the wind was so high it was ten to one that old Joan would not have taken her flight at the game. PERCY.

The ancient books of hawking do not enable me to decide on the merits of such discordant explanations. It may yet be remarked, that the terms belonging to this once popular amusement were in general settled with the utmost precision; and I may at least venture to declare, that a mistress might have been kept at a cheaper rate than a falcon. To compound a medicine to cure one of these birds of worms, it was necessary to destroy no fewer animals than a *lamb*, a *culver*, a *pigeon*, a *buck* and a *cat*. I have this intelligence from the *Booke of Haukinge*, &c. bl. l. no date. This work was written by dame Juliana Bernes, prioress of the nunnery of Sopwell, near St. Albans, (where Shakspeare has fixed the present scene,) and one of the editions of it was printed at Westmestre by Wynkyn de Worde, 1496, together with an additional treatise on Filling. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,*

*And what a pitch she flew above the rest!] The variation between these lines and those in the original play on which this is founded, is worth notice:*

“ Uncle Gloster, how high your hawk did soar,

“ *And on a sudden souc'd the partridge down.*”

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *are fain of climbing high.] Fain*, in this place, signifies *fond*. So, in Heywood's *Epigrams on Proverbs*, 1562:

“ *Fayre words make fooles faine.*”

- SUF. No marvel, an it like your majesty,  
 My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;  
 They know their master loves to be aloft,<sup>5</sup>  
 \* And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.  
 ' GLO. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind  
 ' That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.  
 ' CAR. I thought as much; he'd be above the  
 clouds.  
 ' GLO. Ay, my lord cardinal; How think you by  
 that?  
 Were it not good, your grace could fly to heaven?  
 \* K. HEN. The treasury of everlasting joy!  
 ' CAR. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and  
 thoughts  
 ' Beat on a crown,<sup>6</sup> the treasure of thy heart;

Again, in Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

"Her brother's life would make her glad and *fain*."

The word, (as I am informed,) is still used in Scotland.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — to be aloft,] Perhaps alluding to the adage:

"High-flying hawks are fit for princes."

See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — thine eyes and thoughts

Beat on a crown,] To bait or beat, (*bathe*) is a term in falconry. JOHNSON.

To bathe, and to beat, or bate, are distinct terms in this diversion. To bathe a hawk was to wash his plumage. To beat, or bate, was to flutter with his wings. To beat on a crown, however, is equivalent to an expression which is still used—to hammer, i. e. to work in the mind. Shakspeare has employed a term somewhat similar in a preceding scene of the play before us:

"Wilt thou still be hammering treachery?"

But the very same phrase occurs in Lyly's *Maid's Metamorphosis*, 1600:

"With him whose restless thoughts do beat on thee."

Again, in *Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600:

"Since my mind beats on it mightily."

Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,  
That smooth'ft it fo with king and commonweal !

‘ *GLD.* What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown  
perémptory ?

\* *Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ?*

‘ Churchmen fo hot ? good uncle, hide fuch ma-  
lice ;

‘ With fuch holinefs can you do it ?’

‘ *SUF.* No malice, fir ; no more than well be-  
comes

‘ So good a quarrel, and fo bad a peer.

*GLD.* As who, my lord ?

*SUF.* Why, as you, my lord ;

Again, in *Herod and Antipater*, 1622 :

“ I feel within my cogitations *beating*.”

Later editors concur in reading, *Bent on a crown*. I follow  
the old copy. STEEVENS.

So, in *The Tempest* :

“ Do not infect your mind with *beating on*

“ The strangenefs of this bufinefs.”

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634 :

“ This her mind *beats on*.”

I have given thefe instances of this phrafe, becaufe Dr. John-  
fon’s interpretation of it is certainly incorrect. MALONE.

‘ *With fuch holinefs can you do it ?*] Do what ? The verfe  
wants a foot ; we fhould read :

*With fuch holinefs can you not do it ?*

Spoken ironically. By holinefs he means hypocrify : and fays,  
have you not hypocrify enough to hide your malice ?

WARBURTON.

The verfe is lame enough after the emendation, nor does the  
negative particle improve the fenfe. When words are omitted  
it is not often eafy to fay what they were if there is a perfect  
fenfe without them. I read, but fomething at random :

*A churchman, with fuch holinefs can you do it ?*

The tranfcriber faw *churchman* juft above, and therefore  
omitted it in the fecond line. JOHNSON.

— *can you do it ?*] The old play, quarto 1600, reads more  
intelligibly, — “ Good uncle, can you *dote* ?” MALONE.



An't like your lordly lord-protectorship.

*GLO.* Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

*Q. MAR.* And thy ambition, Gloster.

*K. HEN.* I pr'ythee, peace,  
Good queen; and whet not on these furious peers,  
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.\*

*CAR.* Let me be blessed for the peace I make,  
Against this proud protector, with my sword!

*GLO.* 'Faith, holy uncle, 'would 'twere come to  
that! [*Aside to the Cardinal.*]

' *CAR.* Marry, when thou dar'st. [*Aside.*]

' *GLO.* Make up no factious numbers for the matter,

' In thine own person answer thy abuse. [*Aside.*]

' *CAR.* Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an if thou dar'st,

' This evening on the east side of the grove. [*Aside.*]

' *K. HEN.* How now, my lords?

' *CAR.* Believe me, cousin Gloster,  
' Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,  
' We had had more sport.—Come with thy two-hand sword. [*Aside to GLO.*]

*GLO.* True, uncle.

*CAR.* Are you advis'd?—the east side of the grove?

*GLO.* Cardinal, I am with you.‡ [*Aside.*]

\* — *blessed are the peacemakers on earth.*] See *St. Matthew*, ch. v. 9. REED.

‡ — *Come with thy two-hand sword.*

*GLO. True, uncle, are ye advis'd?—the east side of the grove? Cardinal, I am with you.]* Thus is the whole speech placed to Gloster, in all the editions: but, surely, with great inadvert-

*K. HEN.* Why, how now, uncle Gloster  
*GLO.* Talking of hawking; nothing else, my  
 lord.—

Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown  
 for this,

\* Or all my fence shall fail.<sup>9</sup> [*Aside.*]

\* *CAR. Medice teipsum;*  
 ' Protector, see to't well, protect yourself. } [*Aside.*]

*K. HEN.* The winds grow high; so do your stom-  
 achs, lords.<sup>1</sup>

\* How irksome is this musick to my heart!

tence. It is the Cardinal who first appoints the east side of the grove for the place of *duel*: and how finely does it express his rancour and impetuosity, for fear Gloster should mistake, to repeat the appointment, and ask his antagonist if he takes him right! THEOBALD.

The *two-hand sword* is mentioned by Holinshed, Vol. III. p. 833: "— And he that touched the tawnie shield, should cast a spear on foot with a target on his arme, and after to fight with a *two-hand sword*." STEEVENS.

In the original play the Cardinal desires Gloster to bring "his sword and buckler." The *two-hand sword* was sometimes called the *long sword*, and in common use before the introduction of the rapier. Justice Shallow, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, boasts of the exploits he had performed in his youth with this instrument.—See Vol. V. p. 76, n. 3. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *my fence shall fail.*] *Fence* is the art of defence. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

"Despight his nice *fence*, and his active practice."

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.*] This line Shakspeare hath injudiciously adopted from the old play, changing only the word *color* [cholera] to *stomachs*. In the old play the alteration appears not to be concealed from Henry. Here Shakspeare certainly intended that it should pass between the Cardinal and Gloster *aside*; and yet he has inadvertently adopted a line, and added others, that imply that Henry has heard the appointment they have made. MALONE.

KING HENRY VI.

\* When such strings jar, what hope of harmony ?

\* I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

*Enter an Inhabitant of Saint Albans, crying,  
A Miracle !<sup>2</sup>*

*GLO.* What means this noise ?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim ?

*INHAB.* A miracle ! a miracle !

*SCF.* Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

*INHAB.* Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,

Within this half hour, hath receiv'd his sight ;

A man, that ne'er saw in his life before.

‘ *K. HEN.* Now, God be prais'd ! that to believing souls

‘ Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair !

*Enter the Mayor of Saint Albans, and his Brethren ;  
and SIMPCOX, borne between two persons in a  
Chair ; his Wife and a great Multitude following.*

\* *CAR.* Here come the townsmen on procession,

\* To present your highness with the man.

\* *K. HEN.* Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,

<sup>2</sup> ——— crying, *A Miracle !*] This scene is founded on a story which Sir Thomas More has related, and which he says was communicated to him by his father. The impostor's name is not mentioned, but he was detected by Humphrey Duke of Gloster, and in the manner here represented. See his Works, p. 134, edit. 1557. MALONE.

\* Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

\* *GLO.* Stand by, my masters, bring him near  
the king,

\* His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

\* *K. HEN.* Good fellow, tell us here the circum-  
stance,

\* That we for thee may glorify the Lord.

What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

*SIMP.* Born blind, an't please your grace.

*WIFE.* Ay, indeed, was he.

*SUF.* What woman is this?

*WIFE.* His wife, an't like your worship.

*GLO.* Had'st thou been his mother, thou could'st  
have better told.

*K. HEN.* Where wert thou born?

*SIMP.* At Berwick in the north, an't like your  
grace.

\* *K. HEN.* Poor soul! God's goodness hath been  
great to thee:

\* Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,

\* But still remember what the Lord hath done.

\* *Q. MAR.* Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou  
here by chance,

\* Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

\* *SIMP.* God knows, of pure devotion; being  
call'd

\* A hundred times, and oftner, in my sleep

\* By good Saint Alban; who said,—*Simpcox,*<sup>3</sup> come;

<sup>3</sup> ——— *who said—Simpcox, &c.]* The former copies:

——— *who said, Simon, come;*

*Come offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.*

Why *Simon*? The chronicles, that take notice of Gloster's detecting this pretended miracle, tell us, that the impostor, who

‘ *Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.*

\* *WIFE.* Most true, forsooth; and many time  
and oft

\* *Myself have heard a voice to call him so.*

*CAR.* What, art thou lame?

*SIMP.* Ay, God Almighty help me!

*SUF.* How cam’st thou so?

*SIMP.* ‘A fall off’ of a tree.

*WIFE.* A plum-tree, master.

*GLO.* How long hast thou been blind?

*SIMP.* O, born so, master.

*GLO.* What, and would’st climb a tree?

*SIMP.* But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

\* *WIFE.* Too true; and bought his climbing very  
dear.

\* *GLO.* ‘Mafs, thou lov’dst plums well, that  
would’st venture so.

‘ *SIMP.* Alas, good master, my wife desir’d some  
damsons,

‘ And made me climb, with danger of my life.

\* *GLO.* A subtle knave! but yet it shall not  
serve.—

‘ Let me see thine eyes:—wink now;—now open  
them:—

‘ In my opinion yet thou see’st not well.

‘ *SIMP.* Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God,  
and Saint Alban.

asserted himself to be cured of blindness, was called *Saunders*  
*Simpcox*—*Simon* was therefore a corruption. THEOBALD.

It would seem better to read *Simpcox*; for which *Sim.* has in  
all probability been put by contraction in the player’s Ms.

RITSON.

*GLO.* Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?

*SIMP.* Red, master; red as blood.

*GLO.* Why, that's well said: What colour is my gown of?

*SIMP.* Black, forsooth; coal-black, as jet.

*K. HEN.* Why then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?

*SUF.* And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

*GLO.* But cloaks, and gowns, before this day, a many.

\* *WIFE.* Never, before this day, in all his life.

*GLO.* Tell me, firrah, what's my name?

*SIMP.* Alas, master, I know not.

*GLO.* What's his name?

*SIMP.* I know not.

*GLO.* Nor his?

*SIMP.* No, indeed, master.

*GLO.* What's thine own name?

*SIMP.* Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

*GLO.* Then, Saunder, fit thou there,<sup>4</sup> the lyingest knave

In Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,  
Thou might'st as well have known our names,<sup>5</sup> as  
thus

To name the several colours we do wear.

Sight may distinguish of colours; but suddenly

<sup>4</sup> ——— *fit thou there,*] I have supplied the pronoun—*thou*, for the sake of metre. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *our names,*] Old copy, redundantly—*all* our names. STEEVENS.

To nominate them all, 's impossible.<sup>6</sup>—

My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle ;  
And would ye not think that cunning<sup>7</sup> to be great,  
That could restore this cripple to his legs ?<sup>8</sup>

*SIMP.* O, master, that you could !

*GLO.* My masters of Saint Albans, have you not  
beadles in your town, and things called whips ?

*MAY.* Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

*GLO.* Then send for one presently.

*MAY.* Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

*GLO.* Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. [*A  
Stool brought out.*] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save  
yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool, and  
run away.

*SIMP.* Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone :  
You go about to torture me in vain.

*Re-enter Attendant, with the Beadle.*

*GLO.* Well, fir, we must have you find your legs.  
Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same  
stool.

*BEAD.* I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah ; off  
with your doublet quickly.

<sup>6</sup> *To nominate them all, 's impossible.*] Old copy :  
———— it is impossible. STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— that *cunning* —] Folio—*it cunning.* Corrected by  
Mr. Rowe. That was probably contracted in the MS. vt.  
MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— to his legs ?] Old copies, redundantly—to his legs  
again ° STEVENS.

*SIMP.* Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the Stool, and runs away; and the People follow, and cry, A Miracle!*

\* *K. HEN.* O God, see'st thou this, and bear'st so long?

\* *Q. MAR.* It made me laugh, to see the villain run.

\* *GLO.* Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

\* *WIFE.* Alas, fir, we did it for pure need.

*GLO* Let them be whipped through every market town, till they come to Berwick, whence they came.  
[*Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.*

\* *CAR.* Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to day.

\* *SUF.* True; made the lane to leap, and fly away.

\* *GLO.* But you have done more miracles than I;  
\* You made, in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.<sup>9</sup>

*Enter BUCKINGHAM.*

\* *K. HEN.* What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

\* *BUCK.* Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — *whole towns to fly.*] Here in the old play the King adds:

“ Have done, I say; and let me hear no more of that.”  
STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold. &c.*] In the origi-



' A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,<sup>2</sup>—  
 ' Under the countenance and confederacy  
 ' Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,  
 ' The ringleader and head of all this rout,—  
 ' Have practis'd dangerously against your state,  
 ' Dealing with witches, and with conjurers :  
 ' Whom we have apprehended in the fact ;  
 ' Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,  
 ' Demanding of king Henry's life and death,  
 ' And other of your highness' privy council,  
 ' As more at large your grace shall understand.

' *CAR.* And so, my lord protector, by this means  
 ' Your lady is forthcoming<sup>3</sup> yet at London.  
 ' This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's  
 ' edge ;

' 'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.  
 [ *Aside to GLOSTER.*

' *GLO.* Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my  
 heart !

\* Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers :

nal play the corresponding speech stands thus ; and the variation is worth noting :

" All news for some, my lord, and this it is,  
 " That proud dame Elinor, our protector's wife,  
 " Hath plotted treasons 'gainst the king and peers,  
 " By witchcrafts, sorceries, and conjurings :  
 " Who by such means did raise a spirit up,  
 " To tell her what hap should betide the state ;  
 " But ere they had finish'd their devilish drift,  
 " By York and myself they were all surpriz'd,  
 " And here's the answer the devil did make to them."

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> A sort—lewdly bent,] *Lewdly*, in this place, and in some others, does not signify *wantonly*, but *wickedly*. STEEVENS.

The word is so used in old acts of parliament. A *sort* is a *company*. See Vol. IV. p. 409, n. 6. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Your lady is forthcoming—] That is, Your lady is in custody. JOHNSON.

\* And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,  
\* Or to the meanest groom.

\* *K. HEN.* O God, what mischiefs work the  
wicked ones ;

\* Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby !

\* *Q. MAR.* Gloster, see here the tainture of thy  
nest ;

\* And, look, thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

‘ *GLO.* Madam, for myself,<sup>4</sup> to heaven I do ap-  
peal,

‘ How I have lov'd my king, and commonweal :

‘ And, for my wife, I know not how it stands ;

‘ Sorry I am to hear what I have heard :

‘ Noble she is ; but if she have forgot

‘ Honour, and virtue, and convers'd with such

‘ As, like to pitch, defile nobility,

‘ I banish her, my bed, and company ;

‘ And give her, as a prey, to law, and shame,

‘ That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.

‘ *K. HEN.* Well, for this night, we will repose us  
here :

‘ To-morrow, toward London, back again,

‘ To look into this business thoroughly,

‘ And call these foul offenders to their answers ;

<sup>4</sup> *Madam, for myself, &c.]* Thus in the original play :

“ And pardon me, my gracious sovereign,

“ For here I swear unto your majesty,

“ That I am guiltless of these heinous crimes,

“ Which my ambitious wife hath falsely done :

“ And for she would betray her sovereign lord,

“ I here renounce her from my bed and board ;

“ And leave her open for the law to judge,

“ Unless she clear herself of this foul deed.”

‘ And poise the cause in justice’ equal scales,  
 ‘ Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause pre-  
 vails.<sup>5</sup> [Flourish. Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.

London. *The Duke of York’s Garden.*

*Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.*

‘ *YORK.* Now, my good lords of Salisbury and  
 Warwick,

‘ Our simple supper ended, give me leave,

‘ In this close walk, to satisfy myself,

‘ In craving your opinion of my title,

‘ Which is infallible,<sup>6</sup> to England’s crown.

\* *SAL.* My lord, I long to hear it at full.

*WAR.* Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be  
 good,

The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

*YORK.* Then thus:—

‘ Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:

‘ The first, Edward the Black Prince, prince of  
 Wales;

‘ The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,

<sup>5</sup> *And poise the cause in justice’ equal scales,  
 Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.]* The  
 sense will, I think, be mended if we read in the optative mood:  
 — justice’ equal scale,  
 Whose beam stand sure, whose rightful cause prevail!

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Which is infalli’le.]* I know not well whether he means  
 the opinion or the title is infallible. JOHNSON.

Surely he means his *title*. MALONE.

- ' Lionel, duke of Clarence ; next to whom,  
 ' Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster ;  
 ' The fifth, was Edmond Langley,<sup>7</sup> duke of York ;  
 ' The sixth, was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of  
     Gloster ;  
 ' William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.  
 ' Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father ;  
 ' And left behind him Richard, his only son,  
 ' Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd as  
     king ;  
 ' Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,  
 ' The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,  
 ' Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,  
 ' Seiz'd on the realm ; depos'd the rightful king ;  
 ' Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she  
     came,  
 ' And him to Pomfret ; where, as all you know,<sup>8</sup>  
 ' Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.  
     \* *WAR.* Father, the duke hath told the truth ;  
 \* Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.  
     \* *YORK.* Which now they hold by force, and not  
     by right ;  
 \* For Richard, the first son's heir being dead,  
 \* The issue of the next son should have reign'd.  
     \* *SAL.* But William of Hatfield died without an  
     heir.

<sup>7</sup> *The fifth, was Edmond Langley, &c.*] The author of the original play has ignorantly enumerated Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, as Edward's fifth son ; and represented the Duke of York as Edward's *second* son. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — as all you know,] In the original play the words are, " — as you *both* know." This mode of phraseology, when the speaker addresses only two persons, is peculiar to Shakspeare. In *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act III. sc. i. the King addressing Warwick and Surrey, says—

" Why then good morrow to you *all*, my lords "

MALONE.

- \* *YORK.* The third son, duke of Clarence, (from whose line
- \* I claim the crown,) had issue—Philippe, a daughter,
- \* Who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March,
- \* Edmund had issue—Roger, earl of March :
- \* Roger had issue—Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.
- ‘ *SAL.* This Edmund,<sup>9</sup> in the reign of Bolingbroke,
- ‘ As I have read, laid claim unto the crown ;
- ‘ And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
- ‘ Who kept him in captivity, till he died.<sup>1</sup>
- \* But, to the rest.

<sup>9</sup> *This Edmund, &c.*] In Act II. sc. v. of the last play, York, to whom this is spoken, is present at the death of Edmund Mortimer in prison; and the reader will recollect him to have been married to Owen Glendower's daughter, in *The First Part of King Henry III.* RYRSON.

<sup>1</sup> *Who kept him in captivity, till he died.*] I have observed in a former note, (*First Part*, Act II. sc. v.) that the historians as well as the dramatick poets have been strangely mistaken concerning this Edmond Mortimer, Earl of March, who was so far from being “ kept in captivity till he died,” that he appears to have been at liberty during the whole reign of King Henry V. and to have been trusted and employed by him; and there is no proof that he ever was confined, as a *state-prisoner*, by King Henry IV. Being only six years of age at the death of his father in 1398, he was delivered by Henry in ward to his son Henry Prince of Wales; and during the whole of that reign, being a minor and related to the family on the throne, both he and his brother Roger were under the particular care of the King. At the age of ten years, in 1402, he headed a body of Herefordshire men against Owen Glendower; and they being routed, he was taken prisoner by Owen, and is said by Wallingham to have contracted a marriage with Glendower's daughter, and to have been with him at the battle of Shrewsbury; but I believe the story of his being affianced to Glendower's daughter is a mistake, and that the historian has confounded Mortimer with Lord Grey of Ruthvin, who was likewise taken prisoner by Glendower, and actually did marry his daughter. Edmond Mortimer, Earl of

‘ *YORK.* His eldest sister, Anne,  
 ‘ My mother being heir unto the crown,

March married Anne Stafford, the daughter of Edmond Earl of Stafford. If he was at the battle of Shrewsbury he was probably brought there against his will, to grace the cause of the rebels. The Percies, in the Manifesto which they published a little before that battle, speak of him, not as a confederate of Owen's, but as the rightful heir to the crown, whom Owen had confined, and whom, finding that the King for political reasons would not ransom him, they at their own charges had ransomed. After that battle, he was certainly under the care of the King, he and his brother in the seventh year of that reign having had annuities of two hundred pounds and one hundred marks allotted to them, for their maintenance during their minorities.

In addition to what I have already said respecting the trust reposed in him during the whole reign of King Henry V., I may add, that in the sixth year of that King, this Earl of March was with the Earl of Salisbury at the siege of Fresnes; and soon afterwards with the King himself at the siege of Melun. In the same year he was constituted LIEUTENANT OF NORMANDY. He attended Henry when he had an interview with the French King, &c. at Melun, to treat about a marriage with Catharine, and he accompanied the Queen when she returned from France in 1422, with the corpse of her husband.

One of the sources of the mistakes in our old histories concerning this Earl, I believe, was this: he was probably confounded with one of his kinsmen, a Sir John Mortimer, who was confined for a long time in the Tower, and at last was executed in 1424. That person, however, could not have been his uncle, (as has been said in a note on the *First Part*, Aét II. sc. v.) for he had but one legitimate uncle, and his name was *Edmond*. The Sir John Mortimer, who was confined in the Tower, was perhaps cousin german to the last Edmond Earl of March, the illegitimate son of his uncle Edmond.

I take this opportunity of correcting an inaccuracy in the note above referred to. I have said that Lionel Duke of Clarence was married to Elizabeth the daughter of the Earl of Ulster, in 1360. I have since learned that he was affianced to her in his tender years; and consequently Lionel, having been born in 1338, might have had his daughter Philippa in 1354. Philippa, I find, was married in 1370, at the age of sixteen, to Edmond Mortimer Earl of March, who was himself born in 1351. Their son Roger was born in 1371, and must have been married to Eleanor, the daughter of the Earl of Kent, in the year 1388, or 1389,

- ‘ Married Richard, earl of Cambridge ; who was  
son  
‘ To Edmund Langley, Edward the third’s fifth  
son.  
‘ By her I claim the kingdom : she was heir  
‘ To Roger, earl of March ; who was the son  
‘ Of Edmund Mortimer ; who married Philippe,  
‘ Sole daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence :  
‘ So, if the issue of the elder son  
‘ Succeed before the younger, I am king.

‘ *WAR.* What plain proceedings are more plain  
than this ?

- ‘ Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,  
‘ The fourth son ; York claims it from the third.  
‘ Till Lionel’s issue fails, his should not reign :  
‘ It fails not yet ; but flourishes in thee,  
‘ And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.—  
‘ Then, father Salisbury, kneel we both together ;  
‘ And, in this private plot,<sup>2</sup> be we the first,  
‘ That shall salute our rightful sovereign  
‘ With honour of his birthright to the crown.

‘ *BOTH.* Long live our sovereign Richard, England’s  
king !

- ‘ *YORK.* We thank you, lords. But I am not your  
king  
‘ Till I be crown’d ; and that my sword be stain’d  
‘ With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster :

for their daughter Anne, who married Richard Earl of Cambridge, was born in 1389. Edmund Mortimer, Roger’s eldest son, (the Mortimer of Shakspeare’s *King Henry IV.* and the person who has given occasion to this tedious note,) was born in the latter end of the year 1392 ; and consequently when he died in his castle at Trim in Ireland, in 1424-5, he was thirty-two years old. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *private plot,*] Sequestered spot of ground. MALONE.

- \* And that's not suddenly to be perform'd;
- \* But with advice, and silent secrecy.
- \* Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,
- \* Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insolence,
- \* At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
- \* At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
- \* Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
- \* That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey;
- \* 'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,
- \* Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

\* *SAL.* My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full.

‘ *WAR.* My heart assures me,<sup>3</sup> that the earl of Warwick

‘ Shall one day make the duke of York a king.

‘ *YORK.* And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,—

‘ Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick

‘ The greatest man in England, but the king.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>3</sup> *My heart assures me,]* Instead of this couplet, we find in the old play no less than *ten lines*; so that if we suppose that piece to be an imperfect transcript of this, we must acknowledge the transcriber had a good *sprag* memory, for he remembered what he never could have either heard or seen. MALONE.



## SCENE III.

*The same. A Hall of Justice.*

*Trumpets sounded. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, and SALISBURY; the Dukes of GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, and BOLINGBROKE, under guard.*

‘ *K. HEN.* Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham,  
Gloster’s wife :

- ‘ In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great ;
- ‘ Receive the sentence of the law, for sins
- ‘ Such as by God’s book are adjudg’d to death.—
- \* You four, from hence to prison back again ;

[*To JOURD. &c.*

- \* From thence, unto the place of execution :
- \* The witch in Smithfield shall be burn’d to ashes,
- \* And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.—
- ‘ You, inadam, for you are more nobly born,
- ‘ Despoiled of your honour in your life,
- ‘ Shall, after three days’ open penance<sup>4</sup> done,
- ‘ Live in your country here, in banishment,
- ‘ With sir John Stanley, in the isle of Man.

‘ *DUCH.* Welcome is banishment, welcome were  
my death.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *after three days’ open penance* —] In the original play the King particularly specifies the *mode* of penance: “Thou shalt *two* days do penance barefoot, in the streets, with a white sheet,” &c. MALONE.

\* *GLO.* Eleanor, the law, thou see'st, hath judged thee;

\* I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—

[*Exeunt the Duchefs, and the other Prisoners, guarded.*]

' Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.

' Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age

' Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!—

' I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;

' Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.<sup>5</sup>

' *K. HEN.* Stay, Humphrey duke of Gloster: ere thou go,

' Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself

' Protector be: and God shall be my hope,

' My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet;<sup>6</sup>

' And go in peace, Humphrey; no less belov'd,

' Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

\* *Q. MAR.* I see no reason, why a king of years

\* Should be to be protected like a child.—

' God and king Henry govern England's helm:?

' Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

<sup>5</sup> *Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.*] That is, Sorrow would have, sorrow requires, solace, and age requires ease. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *lantern to my feet* ;] This image, I think, is from our Liturgy: " — a lantern to my feet, and a light to my paths." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *God and king Henry govern England's helm:*] Old copy—*realm.* STEEVENS.

The word *realm* at the end of two lines together is displeasing; and when it is considered that much of this scene is written in rhyme, it will not appear improbable that the author wrote, *govern England's helm.* JOHNSON.

\* So, in a preceding scene of this play:

" And you yourself shall see the happy helm."

STEEVENS.

‘ *GLO.* My staff?—here, noble Henry, is my staff:  
 ‘ As willingly do I the same resign,  
 ‘ As e’er thy father Henry made it mine;  
 And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,  
 As others would ambitiously receive it.  
 ‘ Farewell, good king: When I am dead and gone,  
 May honourable peace attend thy throne! [*Exit.*]

- \* *Q. MAR.* Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;  
 \* And Humphrey, duke of Gloster, scarce himself,  
 \* That bears so shrewd a main; two pulls at once,—  
 \* His lady banish’d, and a limb lopp’d off;  
 \* This staff of honour raught:—‘ There let it stand,  
 ‘ Where it best fits to be, in Henry’s hand.  
 \* *SUF.* Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays;  
 \* Thus Eleanor’s pride dies in her youngest days.<sup>9</sup>

Dr. Johnson’s emendation undoubtedly should be received into the text. So, in *Coriolanus*:

“ ——— and you slander

“ The helms of the state.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *This staff of honour raught:*] *Raught* is the ancient preterite of the verb *reach*, and is frequently used by Spenser; as in the following instance:

“ He trained was till riper years he *raught*.”

See Vol. VII. p. 91, n. 8. STEWENS.

Rather *raft*, or *rest*, the preterite of *reave*; unless *reached* were ever used with the sense of *arracher*, Fr. that is, to snatch, take or pull violently away. So, in Peete’s *Arraynement of Paris*, 1584:

“ How Pluto *raught* queene Ceres daughter thence.”

RITSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Thus Eleanor’s pride dies in her youngest days.*] This expression has no meaning, if we suppose that the word *her* refers

‘ *YORK.* Lords, let him go.’—Please it your majesty,

‘ This is the day appointed for the combat ;  
 ‘ And ready are the appellant and defendant,  
 ‘ The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,  
 ‘ So please your highness to behold the fight.

\* *Q. MAR.* Ay, good my lord ; for purposely therefore

\* Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

‘ *K. HEN.* O’ God’s name, see the lists and all things fit ;

‘ Here let them end it, and God defend the right !

\* *YORK.* I never saw a fellow worse bested,<sup>2</sup>

\* Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,

\* The servant of this armourer, my lords.

to Eleanor, who certainly was not a young woman. We must therefore suppose that the pronoun *her* refers to *pride*, and stands for *it’s* ;—a license frequently practised by Shakspeare.

M. MASON.

Or the meaning may be, in her, i. e. Eleanor’s, youngest days of *power*. But the assertion, which ever way understood, is untrue. MALONE.

Suffolk’s meaning may be :—*The pride of Eleanor dies before it has reached maturity.* It is by no means unnatural to suppose, that had the designs of a proud woman on a crown succeeded, she might have been prouder than she was before. STEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Lords, let him go.]* i. e. Let him pass out of your thoughts. Duke Humphrey had already left the stage. STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *worse bested,]* In a worse plight. JOHNSON.

*Enter, on one side, HORNER, and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it;<sup>3</sup> a drum before him: at the other side, PETER, with a drum and a similar staff; accompanied by Prentices drinking to him.*

1 NEIGH. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack; And fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 NEIGH. And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> ——— *with a sand-bag fastened to it;*] As, according to the old laws of duels, knights were to fight with the lance and sword; so those of inferior rank fought with an ebon staff or battoon, to the farther end of which was fixed a bag crammed hard with sand. To this custom Hudibras has alluded in these humorous lines:

“Eugag'd with money-bags, as bold  
“As men with *sand-bags* did of old.” WARBURTON.

Mr. Symphon, in his notes on Ben Jonson, observes, that a passage in St. Chryostom very clearly proves the great antiquity of this practice. STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *a cup of charneco.*] A common name for a sort of sweet wine, as appears from a passage in a pamphlet intitled *The Discovery of a London Monster, called the Black Dog of Newgate*, printed 1612: “Some drinking the neat wine of Orleans, some the Gascony, some the Bourdeaux. There wanted neither sherry, sack, nor *charneco*, maligo, nor amber-colour'd Candy, nor liquorish ipocras, brown beloved bastard, fat Aligant, or any quick-spirited liquor.” And as *charneco* is, in Spanish, the name of a kind of turpentine-tree, I imagine the growth of it was in some district abounding with that tree; or that it had its name from a certain flavour resembling it. WARBURTON.

In a pamphlet entitled, *Wit's Miserie, or the World's Manners*, printed in 1596, it is said, that “the only medicine for the flegm, is three cups of *charneco*, fasting.”

3 *NEIGH*. And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

*HOR*. Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you all; And a fig for Peter!

1 *PREN*. Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

2 *PREN*. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master; fight for credit of the prentices.

*PETER*. I thank you all: \* drink, and pray for me, \* I pray you; for, I think, I have taken my last \* draught in this world.<sup>5</sup>\*—Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer:—and here, Tom, take all the money that I have.—O Lord, bless me, I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

*SAL*. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—Sirrah, what's thy name?

*PETER*. Peter, forsooth.

*SAL*. Peter! what more?

*PETER*. Thump.

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money*.

“Where no old *charneco* is, nor no anchovies.”

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1630, P. II:

“Imprimis, a pottle of Greek wine, a pottle of Peter-funcene, a pottle of *charneco*, and a pottle of *Ziattica*.”

Again, in *The Fair Maid of the West*, 1615:

“Aragoosa, or Peter-see-me, canary, or *charneco*.”

*Charneco* is the name of a village near Lisbon, where this wine was made. See the *European Magazine*, for March, 1794.

STEEVENS.

[<sup>5</sup> *I have taken my last draught in this world.*] Gay has borrowed this idea in his *What d'ye call it*, where *Peascod* says:

“Stay let me pledge—'tis my last earthly liquor.”

*Peascod*'s subsequent bequest is likewise copied from Peter's division of his moveables. STEEVENS.

*SAL.* Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

*HOR.* Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: \* and touching the \* duke of York,—will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen: \* And therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow, as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.<sup>6</sup>

\* *YORK.* Despatch:—this knave's tongue begins to double.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> — as *Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.*] I have added this from the old quarto. WARBURTON.

*Ascapart*—the giant of the story—a name familiar to our ancestors, is mentioned by Dr. Donne:

“ Those *Ascaparts*, men big enough to throw

“ Charing-crofs for a bar,” &c. JOHNSON.

The figures of these combatants are still preserved on the gates of Southampton. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare not having adopted these words, according to the hypothesis already stated, they ought perhaps not to be here introduced. However, I am not so wedded to my own opinion, as to oppose it to so many preceding editors, in a matter of so little importance. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *this knave's tongue begins to double.*] So, in Holinshed, whose narrative Shakspeare has deserted, by making the armourer confess treason:

“ In the same yeare also, a certeine armourer was approached of treason by a servant of his owne. For prooffe whereof a daie was given them to fight in Smithfield, insomuch that in conflict the said armourer was overcome and slaine; but yet by misgoverning of himselfe. For on the morrow, when he should have come to the field fresh and fasting; his neighbours came to him, and gaue him wine and strong drink in such excessive sort, that he was therewith distempered, and reeled as he went; and so was slaine without guilt: as for the false servant, he lived not long,” &c.

By favour of Craven Ord, Esq. I have now before me the original Exchequer record of expences attending this memorable

\* Sound trumpets, alarum to the combatants.

[*Alarum. They fight, and PETER strikes down his Master.*

*HOR.* Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason. [Dies.

\* *YORK.* Take away his weapon:—Fellow, thank

\* God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

‘ *PETER.* O God! have I overcome mine enemies in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!

*K. HEN.* Go, take hence that traitor from our fight;

For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt:\*

combat. From hence it appears that William Catour, the Armourer, was not killed by his opponent John Davy, but worsted, and immediately afterwards hanged. The following is the last article in the account; and was struck off by the Barons of Exchequer, because it contained charges unauthorised by the Sheriff.

“ Also paid to officers for watchyng of ye ded man in Smyth felde ye same day and ye nyghte aftyr yt ye bataill was doon, and for hors hyre for ye osslieres at ye execucion doying, and for ye hangman's labor, xj. viid.

“ Also paid for ye cloth yat lay upon ye ded man in Smyth felde, viijd.

“ Also paid for 1 pole and nayllis, and for fettyng up of ye said mannys hed on london Brigge, v. d.”

s. d.  
Sum. xij. vii.

The sum total of expence incurred on this occasion was

£. 10 18 9

I know not why Shakspeare has called the Armourer *Horne*. The name of one of the Sheriffs indeed was *Horne*, as appears from the record before me, which will be printed at full length by Mr. Nichols in one of his valuable collections. STEEVENS

\* For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt: ] According to the ancient usage of the duel, the vanquished person not only lost his life but his reputation, and his death was always regarded as a certain evidence of his guilt. We have a remarkable instance of this in an account of the *Duellum inter Dominum Johannem*



And God, in justice, hath reveal'd to us  
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,  
Which he had thought to have murder'd wrong-  
fully.—

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

*The same. A Street.*

*Enter GLOSTER and Servants, in mourning Cloaks.*

- \* *GLO.* Thus, sometimes, hath the brightest day  
a cloud ;  
\* And, after summer, evermore succeeds  
\* Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold :<sup>9</sup>  
\* So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.<sup>1</sup>—  
Sirs, what's o'clock ?

*Hannesty, Militem, & Robertum Kallenton, Armigerum, in quo Robertus fuit occisus.* From whence, says the historian, "*magna fuit evidentia quod militis causa erat vera, ex quo mors alterius sequebatur.*" A. Murimuth, ad ann 1380, p. 149.

BOWLE.

<sup>9</sup> *Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold :*] So, in Sackville's *Induction* :

"The wrathful winter 'proaching on apace." REED.

I would read—*Bare winter*—for the sake of the metre, which is uncommonly harsh, if the word *barren* be retained.

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *as seasons fleet.*] To *fleet* is to change. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

"——— now the *fleeting* moon

"No planet is of mine." STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson in his Dictionary supposes *to fleet* (as here used) to be the same as *to flit*; that is, to be in a flux or transient state, to pass away. MALONE.

SERV. Ten, my lord.<sup>2</sup>

GLO. Ten is the hour that was appointed me,  
 ' To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess :  
 ' Uneath<sup>3</sup> may she endure the flinty streets,  
 ' To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.  
 Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook  
 ' The abject people, gazing on thy face,  
 With envious<sup>4</sup> looks still laughing at thy shame ;<sup>5</sup>  
 That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,  
 When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.  
 \* But, soft ! I think, she comes ; and I'll prepare  
 \* My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

*Enter the Duchess of GLOSTER, in a white sheet, with papers pinn'd upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand ; Sir John Stanley, a Sheriff, and Officers.*

SERV. So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

<sup>2</sup> *Ten, my lord.]* For the sake of metre, I am willing to suppose this hemistich, as originally written, stood—

“ 'Tis ten o'clock, my lord. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Uneath —]* i. e. Scarcely. POPE.

So, in the metrical romance of *Guy Earl of Warwick*, bl. l. no date :

“ *Uneathes* we came from him certain,

“ That he ne had us all slain.”

*Eath* is the ancient word for *ease* or *easy*. So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. IV. c. vi :

“ More *eath* was new impressiō to receive.”

*Uneath* is commonly used by the same author for *not easily*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *envious —]* i. e. malicious. Thus Ophelia in *Hamlet* is said to “ spurn *enviously* at straws.” See note on this passage.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *With envious looks still laughing at thy shame ;]* *Still*, which is not in the elder copies, was added in the second folio.

MALONE.

' *GLO.* No, stir not, for your lives ; let her pass by.<sup>6</sup>

*DUCH.* Come you, my lord, to see' my open shame ?

Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze !

' See, how the giddy multitude do point,

' And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee !

' Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks ;

' And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,

And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.

*GLO.* Be patient, gentle Nell ; forget this grief.

*DUCH.* Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself :

For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,

And thou a prince, protector of this land,

' Methinks, I should not thus be led along,

Mail'd up in shame,<sup>7</sup> with papers on my back ;

\* And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice

\* To see my tears, and hear my 'deep-fet'<sup>8</sup> groans.

The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet ;

And, when I start, the envious people laugh,

And bid me be advised how I tread.

' Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke ?

\* Trow'st thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world ;

\* Or count them happy, that enjoy the sun ?

\* No ; dark shall be my light, and night my day ;

\* To think upon my pomp, shall be my hell.

<sup>6</sup> *No, stir not, &c.*] In the original play thus :

" I charge you for your lives, stir not a foot ;

" Nor offer once to draw a weapon here,

" But let them do their office as they should."

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Mail'd up in shame,*] Wrapped up ; bundled up in disgrace ; alluding to the sheet of penance. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *deep-fet* ———] i. e. *deep-fetched*. So, in *King Henry V* :

" Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof."

STEVENS.

Sometime I'll say, I am duke Humphrey's wife ;  
 And he a prince, and ruler of the land :  
 Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,  
 As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,  
 ' Was made a wonder, and a pointing-flock,  
 To every idle rascal follower:  
 But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame ;  
 Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death  
 Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will.  
 For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all  
 ' With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,—  
 And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,  
 Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,  
 And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee :  
 \* But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,  
 \* Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.  
   \* *Glo.* Alas, Nell, forbear ; thou aimest all awry ;  
 \* I must offend, before I be attainted :  
 \* And had I twenty times so many foes,  
 \* And each of them had twenty times their power,  
 \* All these could not procure me any scathe,<sup>o</sup>  
 \* So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.  
 ' Would'st have me rescue thee from this reproach ?  
 ' Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,  
 ' But I in danger for the breach of law.  
 ' Thy greatest help is quiet,<sup>1</sup> gentle Nell :  
 ' I pray thee, fort thy heart to patience ;  
 ' These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

<sup>o</sup> — any scathe,] *Scathe* is harm, or mischief. Chaucer, Spenser, and all our ancient writers, are frequent in their use of this word. STEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Thy greatest help is quiet,*] The poet has not endeavoured to give much compassion for the Duchess, who indeed suffers but what she had deserved. JOHNSON.

*Enter a Herald.*

*HER.* I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.

*GLO.* And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before !  
This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.

[*Exit Herald.*]

My Nell, I take my leave :—and, mauler sheriff,  
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

' *SHER.* An't please your grace, here my commission stays :

' And sir John Stanley is appointed now

' To take her with him to the isle of Man.

' *GLO.* Must you, sir John, protect my lady here ?

' *STAN.* So am I given in charge, may't please your grace.

*GLO.* Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray  
You use her well : the world may laugh<sup>a</sup> again ;  
And I may live to do you kindness, if  
You do it her. And so, sir John, farewell.

*DUCH.* What gone, my lord ; and bid me not  
farewell ?

' *GLO.* Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and Servants.*]

' *DUCH.* Art thou gone too ? \* All comfort go  
with thee !

\* For none abides with me : my joy is—death ;

\* Death, at whose name I oft have been afeard,

\* Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—

' Stanley, I pry'thee, go, and take me hence ;

<sup>a</sup> ——— *the world may laugh again ;* ] That is, The world may look again favourably upon me. JOHNSON.

‘ I care not whither, for I beg no favour,  
 ‘ Only convey me where thou art commanded.

\* *STAN.* Why, madam, that is to the isle of Man;  
 \* There to be used according to your state.

\* *DUCH.* That’s bad enough, for I am but re-  
 proach :

\* And shall I then be us’d reproachfully ?

\* *STAN.* Like to a duchess, and duke Humphrey’s  
 lady,

\* According to that state you shall be used.

‘ *DUCH.* Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare ;  
 ‘ Although thou hast been conduct of my shame !<sup>3</sup>

‘ *SHER.* It is my office ; and, madam, pardon  
 me.

‘ *DUCH.* Ay, ay, farewell ; thy office is dis-  
 charg’d.—

‘ Come, Stanley, shall we go ?

‘ *STAN.* Madam, your penance done, throw off  
 this sheet ;

‘ And go we to attire you for our journey.

‘ *DUCH.* My shame will not be shifted with my  
 sheet :

\* No, it will hang upon my richest robes,

\* And show itself, attire me how I can.

\* Go, lead the way ; I long to see my prison.<sup>4</sup>

[*Exit.*]

<sup>3</sup> ——— conduct of my shame !] i. e. conductor. So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ Come, bitter conduct, come, unfavoury guide.”

Again :

“ And fire-ey’d fury be my conduct now.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— I long to see my prison.] This impatience of a high spirit is very natural. It is not so dreadful to be imprisoned, as

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Abbey at Bury.*

*Enter to the Parliament, King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, Cardinal BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, and Others.*

- ‘ *K. HEN.* I muse,<sup>5</sup> my lord of Gloster is not  
come :
- ‘ ’Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,  
‘ Whate’er occasion keeps him from us now.
- ‘ *Q. MAR.* Can you not see? or will you not ob-  
serve
- ‘ The strangeness of his alter’d countenance?  
‘ With what a majesty he bears himself;  
‘ How intolerant of late he is become,  
‘ How proud, peremptory,<sup>6</sup> and unlike himself?  
‘ We know the time, since he was mild and affa-  
ble ;
- ‘ And, if we did but glance a far-off’ look,  
‘ Immediately he was upon his knee,  
‘ That all the court admir’d him for submission .  
‘ But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,

it is desirable in a state of disgrace to be sheltered from the scorn of gazers. JOHNSON.

This is one of those touches that certainly came from the hand of Shakspeare ; for these words are not in the old play.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *I muse,*] i. e. I wonder. So, in *Macbeth* :

“ Do not *wuse* at me, my most worthy friends.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *peremptory,*] Old copy, redundantly :  
— *how peremptory*—. STEEVENS.

‘ When every one will give the time of day,  
 ‘ He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,  
 ‘ And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,  
 ‘ Disdaining duty that to us belongs.  
 ‘ Small curs are not regarded, when they grin ;  
 ‘ But great men tremble, when the lion roars ;  
 ‘ And Humphrey is no little man in England.  
 ‘ First, note, that he is near you in descent ;  
 ‘ And should you fall, he is the next will mount.  
 ‘ Me seemeth<sup>7</sup> then, it is no policy,—  
 ‘ Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,  
 ‘ And his advantage following your decease,—  
 ‘ That he should come about your royal person,  
 ‘ Or be admitted to your highness’ council.  
 ‘ By flattery hath he won the commons’ hearts ;  
 ‘ And, when he please to make commotion,  
 ‘ ’Tis to be fear’d, they all will follow him. •  
 ‘ Now ’tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted ;  
 ‘ Suffer them now, and they’ll o’ergrow the garden,  
 ‘ And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.  
 ‘ The reverent care, I bear unto my lord,  
 ‘ Made me collect<sup>8</sup> these dangers in the duke.  
 ‘ If it be fond,<sup>9</sup> call it a woman’s fear ;  
 ‘ Which fear if better reasons can supplant,  
 ‘ I will subscribe and say—I wrong’d the duke.  
 ‘ My lord of Suffolk,—Buckingham,—and York,—  
 ‘ Reprove my allegation, if you can ;

<sup>7</sup> *Me seemeth* —] That is, it seemeth to me, a word more grammatical than *methinks*, which has, I know not how, intruded into its place. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *collect* —] i. e. assemble by observation. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *If it be fond*,] i. e. weak, foolish. So, in *Coriolanus* :

“ ’Tis *fond*, to wail inevitable strokes.”

Again, in *Timon of Athens* :

“ Why do *fond* men expose themselves to battle ?”

STEEVENS.



‘ Or else conclude my words effectual.

‘ *SUF.* Well hath your highness seen into this duke;

‘ And, had I first been put to speak my mind, I think, I should have told your grace’s tale.<sup>1</sup>

\* The duchess, by his subornation,

\* Upon my life, began her devilish practices:

\* Or if he were not privy to those faults,

\* Yet, by reputed of his high descent,<sup>2</sup>

\* (As next the king, he was successive heir,)

\* And such high vaunts of his nobility,

\* Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess,

\* By wicked means to frame our sovereign’s fall.

Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep;

\* And in his simple show he harbours treason.

The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb.

No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man

Unfounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

\* *CAR.* Did he not, contrary to form of law,

\* Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

*YORK.* And did he not, in his protectorship,

\* Levy great sums of money through the realm,

\* For soldiers’ pay in France, and never sent it?

\* By means whereof, the towns each day revolted.

\* *BUCK.* Tut! these are petty faults to faults unknown,

<sup>1</sup> ——— *your grace’s tale.*] Suffolk uses *highness* and *grace* promiscuously to the Queen. *Majesty* was not the settled title till the time of King James the First. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Yet, by reputed of his high descent,*] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read—*repeating*. *Reputed of his high descent*, is *valuing himself upon it*. The same word occurs in the 5th Act:

“ And in my conscience do *repute* his grace,” &c.

STEEVENS.

\* Which time will bring to light in smooth duke  
Humphrey.

\* *K. HEN.* My lords, at once : The care you have  
of us,

\* To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,

\* Is worthy praise : But shall I speak my conscience ?

\* Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent

\* From meaning treason to our royal person,

\* As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove :

\* The duke is virtuous, mild ; and too well given,

\* To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

\* *Q. MAR.* Ah, what's more dangerous than this  
fond affiance !

\* Seems he a dove ? his feathers are but borrow'd,

\* For he's disposed as the hateful raven.

\* Is he a lamb ? his skin is surely lent him,

\* For he's inclin'd as are the ravenous wolves.

\* Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit ?

\* Take heed, my lord ; the welfare of us all

\* Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

*Enter SOMERSET.*

\* *SOM.* All health unto my gracious sovereign !

*K. HEN.* Welcome, lord Somerset. What news  
from France ?

\* *SOM.* That all your interest in those territories  
Is utterly bereft you ; all is lost.

*K. HEN.* Cold news, lord Somerset : But God's  
will be done !

*YORK.* Cold news for me ;<sup>3</sup> for I had hope of  
France,

<sup>3</sup> *Cold news for me ; &c.*] These two lines York had spoken  
before in the first Act of this play. He is now meditating on his

As firmly as I hope for fertile England.

\* Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,

\* And caterpillars eat my leaves away :

\* But I will remedy this gear<sup>4</sup> ere long,

\* Or sell my title for a glorious grave. [Aside.

Enter GLOSTER.

\* *GLO.* All happiness unto my lord the king !

Pardon, my liege, that I have staid so long.

*SUF.* Nay, Gloster, know, that thou art come too soon,

‘ Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art :

I do arrest thee of high treason here.

*GLO.* Well, Suffolk, yet<sup>5</sup> thou shalt not see me bluth,

Nor change my countenance for this arrest ;

\* A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

\* The purest spring is not so free from mud,

disappointment, and comparing his former hopes with his present loss. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *this gear* —] *Gear* was a general word for things or matters. JOHNSON.

So, in the story of *King Darius*, an interlude, 1565 :

“ Wyll not yet this *gere* be amended,

“ Nor your sinful acts corrected ?” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Well, Suffolk, yet* —] *Yet* was added in the second folio.

The first folio has—*Well, Suffolk, thou.*— The defect of the metre shows that the word was omitted, which I have supplied from the old play. MALONE.

.. Mr. Malone reads—

*Well, Suffolk's duke, &c.*

But this is, perhaps, too respectful an address from an adversary. The reading of the second folio is, in my opinion, preferable, though the authority on which it is founded cannot be ascertained. STEEVENS.

\* As I am clear from treason to my sovereign :  
Who can accuse me ? wherein am I guilty ?

*YORK.* 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes  
of France,  
And, being protector, staid the soldiers' pay ;  
By means whereof, his highness hath lost France.

*GLO.* Is it but thought so ? What are they that  
think it ?

' I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,  
' Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.  
' So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,—  
' Ay, night by night,—in studying good for Eng-  
land !  
' That do it that e'er I wrested from the king,  
' Or any groat I hoarded to my use,  
' Be brought against me at my trial day !  
' No ! many a pound of mine own proper store,  
' Because I would not tax the needy commons,  
' Have I dispersed to the garrisons,  
' And never ask'd for restitution.

\* *CAR.* It serves you well, my lord, to say so  
much.

\* *GLO.* I say no more than truth, so help me  
God !

*YORK.* In your protectorship, you did devise  
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,  
That England was defam'd by tyranny.

*GLO.* Why, 'tis well known, that whiles I was  
protector,  
Pity was all the fault that was in me ;  
\* For I should melt at an offender's tears,  
\* And lowly words were ransome for their fault.  
' Unless it were a bloody murderer,

‘ Or foul felonious thief that fleec’d poor passengers,

‘ I never gave them condign punishment :

‘ Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur’d

‘ Above the felon, or what trespass else.

‘ *SUF.* My lord, these faults are easy,<sup>6</sup> quickly answer’d :

‘ But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,

‘ Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.

‘ I do arrest you in his highness’ name ;

‘ And here commit you to my lord cardinal

‘ To keep, until your further time of trial.

‘ *K. HEN.* My lord of Gloster, ’tis my special hope,

‘ That you will clear yourself from all suspects ;<sup>7</sup>

My conscience tells me, you are innocent.

*GLO.* Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous !

\* Virtue is chok’d with foul ambition,

\* And charity chas’d hence by rancour’s hand ;

\* Foul subornation is predominant,

\* And equity exil’d your highness’ land.

<sup>6</sup> — *these faults are easy,*] *Easy* is slight, inconsiderable, as in other passages of this author. JOHNSON.

The word no doubt, means—*easily*. RITSON.

This explanation is, I believe, the true one. *Easy* is an adjective used adverbially. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *from all suspects ;*] The folio reads—*suspence*. The emendation was suggested by Mr. Steevens. The corresponding line in the original play stands thus :

“ Good uncle, obey to this arrest ;

“ I have no doubt but thou shalt clear thyself.”

MALONE.

So, in a following scene :

“ If my *suspect* be false, forgive me, God !”

STEEVENS.

\* I know, their complot is to have my life ;  
 ‘ And, if my death might make this island happy,  
 ‘ And prove the period of their tyranny,  
 ‘ I would expend it with all willingness :  
 ‘ But mine is made the prologue to their play ;  
 ‘ For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,  
 ‘ Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.  
 ‘ Beaufort’s red sparkling eyes blab his heart’s ma-  
     lice,  
 ‘ And Suffolk’s cloudy brow his stormy hate ;  
 ‘ Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue  
 ‘ The envious load that lies upon his heart ;  
 ‘ And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,  
 ‘ Whose overweening arm I have pluck’d back,  
 ‘ By false accuse<sup>8</sup> doth level at my life :—  
 ‘ And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,  
 ‘ Causeless have laid disgraces on my head ;  
 \* And, with your best endeavour, have firr’d up  
 \* My liefest<sup>9</sup> liege to be mine enemy :—  
 \* Ay, all of you have laid your heads together,  
 \* Myself had notice of your conventicles,  
 ‘ I shall not want false witnesses to condemn me . .  
 ‘ Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt ;  
 ‘ The ancient proverb will be well affected,  
 A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

\* *CAR.* My liege, his railing is intolerable :  
 \* If those that care to keep your royal person  
 \* From treason’s secret knife, and traitors’ rage,

<sup>8</sup> — *accuse*—] i. e. accusation. STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *liefest*—] Is *dearest*. JOHNSON.

So, in Spenser’s *Fairy Queen*, B. II. c. ii :

“ — Madam, my *liefe*,

“ For God’s dear love,” &c.

Again, c. ii :

“ — Fly, oh my *liefest* lord.” STEVENS.

See p. 187, n. 5. MALONE.

- \* Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
- \* And the offender granted scope of speech,
- \* 'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

*STF.* Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here,  
 ' With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,  
 ' As if the had suborned some to swear  
 ' Falſe allegations to o'erthrow his ſtate?

' *Q. MAR.* But I can give the loſer leave to chide.

*GLO.* Far truer ſpoke, than meant: I loſe, indeed;—

- ' Beſhrew the winners, for they played me falſe!
- \* And well ſuch loſers may have leave to ſpeak.

*BUCK.* He'll wreſt the ſenſe, and hold us here all day:—

- ' Lord cardinal, he is your priſoner.

' *CAR.* Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him ſure.

*GLO.* Ah, thus king Henry throws away his crutch,

Before his legs be firm to bear his body:

- ' Thus is the ſhepherd beaten from thy ſide,
- ' And wolves are gnarling who ſhall gnaw thee firſt.
- ' Ah, that my fear were falſe! ah, that it were!
- ' For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exeunt Attendants, with GLOSTER.*]

*K. HEN.* My lords, what to your wiſdoms ſeemeth beſt,

Do, or undo, as if ourſelf were here.

· ' *Ah, that my fear were falſe!* &c.] The variation is here worth noting. In the original play, inſtead of theſe two lines, we have the following:

“ Farewell my ſovereign; long may'ſt thou enjoy

“ Thy father's happy days, free from annoy!”

Q. *MAR.* What, will your highness leave the parliament?

K. *HEN.* Ay, Margaret;<sup>2</sup> my heart is drown'd with grief,

- \* Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
- \* My body round engirt with misery;
- \* For what's more miserable than discontent?—
- \* Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
- \* The map of honour,<sup>3</sup> truth, and loyalty;
- \* And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
- \* That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
- \* What low'ring star now envies thy estate,
- \* That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
- \* Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
- \* Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:
- \* And as the butcher takes away the calf,
- \* And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Ay, Margaret; &c.]* Of this speech the only traces in the quarto are the following lines. In the King's speech a line seems to be lost:

“*Queen.* What, will your highness leave the parliament?”

\* *King.* Yea, Margaret; my heart is kill'd with grief;

\* \* \* \* \*

“Where I may fit, and sigh in endless moan,

“For who's a traitor, Gloster he is none.”

If, therefore, according to the conjecture already suggested, these plays were originally the composition of another author, the speech before us belongs, to Shakspeare. It is observable that one of the expressions in it is found in his *Richard II.* and in *The Rape of Lucrece*; and in perusing the subsequent lines one cannot help recollecting the trade which his father has by some been supposed to have followed. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *The map of honour,]* In *King Richard II.* if I remember right, we have the same words. Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“Showing life's triumph in the map of death.”

MALONE.

\* *And as the butcher takes away the calf,*  
*And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,]* But how can it *stray* when it is *bound*? The poet certainly intended when



- \* Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house ;
- \* Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence.
- \* And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
- \* Looking the way her harmless young one went,
- \* And can do nought but wail her darling's loss ;
- \* Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,
- \* With sad unhelpful tears ; and with dimm'd eyes
- \* Look after him, and cannot do him good ;
- \* So mighty are his vowed enemies.
- ‘ His fortunes I will weep ; and, ’twixt each groan.
- ‘ Say—*Who's a traitor, Gloster he is none.* [Exit.
- \* Q. MAR. Free lords,<sup>5</sup> cold snow melts with the  
sun's hot beams.

it *strives* ; i. e. when it struggles to get loose. And so he elsewhere employs this word. THIRLBY.

This emendation is admitted by the succeeding editors, and I had once put it in the text. I am, however, inclined to believe that in this passage, as in many, there is a confusion of ideas, and that the poet had at once before him a butcher carrying a calf bound, and a butcher driving a calf to the slaughter, and beating him when he did not keep the path. Part of the line was suggested by one image, and partly by another, so that *strive* is the best word, but *stray* is the right. JOHNSON.

There needs no alteration. It is common for butchers to tie a rope or halter about the neck of a calf when they take it away from the breeder's farm, and to beat it gently if it attempts to stray from the direct road. The Duke of Gloster is borne away like the calf, that is, he is taken away upon his feet ; but he is not carried away as a burthen on horseback, or upon men's shoulders, or in their hands. TOLLET.

<sup>5</sup> Free lords, &c.] By this she means (as may be seen by the sequel) you, who are not bound up to such precise regards of religion as is the King ; but are men of the world, and know how to live. WARBURTON.

So, in *Twelfth-Night* :

“ And the *free* maids that weave” &c.

Again, in Milton :

“ — thou goddess fair and *free*,

“ In heaven yclep'd Enphrosyne.” STEEVENS.

- \* Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
- \* Too full of foolish pity : and Gloster's show
- \* Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
- \* With sorrow snares relenting passengers ;
- \* Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,<sup>6</sup>
- \* With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,
- \* That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.
- \* Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,
- \* (And yet, herein, I judge mine own wit good,)
- ‘ This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
- ‘ To rid us from the fear we have of him.

- \* *CAR.* That he should die, is worthy policy ;
- \* But yet we want a colour for his death :
- \* 'Tis meet, he be condemn'd by course of law.

- \* *SUF.* But, in my mind, that were no policy :
- \* The king will labour still to save his life,
- \* The commons haply rise to save his life ;
- \* And yet we have but trivial argument,
- \* More than misirufi, that shows him worthy death.

\* *YORK.* So that, by this, you would not have  
him die.

\* *SUF.* Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I.

\* *YORK.* 'Tis York that hath more reason for his  
death.<sup>7</sup>—

<sup>6</sup> — in a *flowering bank*,] i. e. in the flowers growing on a bank. Some of the modern editions read unnecessarily—*on* a flowering bank. MALONE.

? *'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.*] Why York had more reason than the rest for desiring Humphrey's death, is not very clear ; he had only decided the deliberation about the regency of France in favour of Somerset. JOHNSON.

York had more reason, because Duke Humphrey stood between him and the crown, which he had proposed to himself as the termination of his ambitious views. So, Act III. sc. v :

“ For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,

“ And Henry put apart, the next for me.” STEEVENS.

- \* But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of Suffolk,—
- \* Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,—
- \* Wer't not all one, an empty eagle were set
- \* To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
- \* As place duke Humphrey for the king's protector?

Q. *MAR.* So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

‘*SUF.* Madam, 'tis true: And wer't not madness then,

- ‘ To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
- ‘ Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
- ‘ His guilt should be but idly posted over,
- ‘ Because his purpose is not executed.
- ‘ No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
- ‘ By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
- ‘ Before his chops be stain'd with crimson blood;
- ‘ As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege.<sup>8</sup>

See Sir John Fenn's Observations on the Duke of Suffolk's death, in the collection of *The Passion Letters*, Vol. I. p. 48.

HENLEY.

\* No; let him die, in that he is a fox,  
 By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,  
 Before his chops be stain'd with crimson blood;  
 As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege.]

The meaning of the speaker is not hard to be discovered, but his expression is very much perplexed. He means that the fox may be lawfully killed, as being known to be by nature an enemy to sheep, even before he has actually killed them; so Humphrey may be properly destroyed, as being prov'd by arguments to be the King's enemy, before he has committed any actual crime.

Some may be tempted to read *treasons* for *reasons*, but the drift of the argument is to show that there may be *reason* to kill him before any *treason* has broken out. JOHNSON.

This passage, as Johnson justly observes, is perplexed, but the perplexity arises from an error that ought to be corrected, which it may be by the change of a single letter. What is it that

- ‘ And do not stand on quillets, how to slay him :  
 ‘ Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,  
 ‘ Sleeping, or waking, ’tis no matter how,  
 ‘ So he be dead ; for that is good deceit  
 ‘ Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.’<sup>9</sup>

Humphrey proved by reasons to the King ?—This line, as it stands, is absolutely nonsense :—But if we read *Humphrey’s*, instead of *Humphrey*, and *reason* instead of *reasons*, the letter *s* having been transferred through inadvertency from one word to the other, the meaning of Suffolk will be clearly expressed ; and if we enclose also the third line in a parenthesis, the passage will scarcely require either explanation or comment :

*No ; let him die, in that he is a fox,  
 By nature prov’d an enemy to the flock,  
 (Before his chaps be stain’d with crimson blood)  
 As Humphrey’s prov’d by reason to my liege.*

Suffolk’s argument is this :—As Humphrey is the next heir to the crown, it is as imprudent to make him protector to the King, as it would be to make the fox surveyor of the fold ; and as we kill a fox before he has actually worried any of the sheep, because we know that by nature he is an enemy to the flock, so we should get rid of Humphrey, because we know that he must be by *reason* an enemy to the King. M. MASON.

*As* seems to be here used for *like*. Sir T. Hanmer reads, with some probability, *As Humphrey’s prov’d, &c.* In the original play, instead of these lines, we have the following speech :

“ *Suf.* And so think I, madam ; for as you know,  
 “ If our king Henry had shook hands with death,  
 “ Duke Humphrey then would look to be our king.  
 “ And it may be, by policy he works,  
 “ To bring to pass the thing which now we doubt.  
 “ The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb ;  
 “ But if we take him ere he doth the deed,  
 “ We should not question if that he should live.  
 “ No, let him die, in that he is a fox,  
 “ Lest that in living he offend us more.” MALONE. †

<sup>9</sup> — *for that is good deceit*

*Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.*] *Mates* him means—that first puts an end to his moving. To *mate* is a term in chess, used when the King is stopped from moving, and an end put to the game. PERCY.

*Mates* him, means *confounds* him ; from *antatir* or *mater*, Fr.

- \* *Q. MAR.* Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.
- \* *SUF.* Not resolute, except so much were done ;  
 \* For things are often spoke, and seldom meant :  
 \* But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—  
 \* Seeing the deed is meritorious,  
 \* And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—  
 \* Say but the word, and I will be his priest.<sup>1</sup>
- \* *CAR.* But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,  
 \* Ere you can take due orders for a priest :  
 \* Say, you consent, and censure well the deed,<sup>2</sup>  
 \* And I'll provide his executioner,  
 \* I tender to the safety of my liege.
- \* *SUF.* Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.
- \* *Q. MAR.* And so say I.
- \* *YORK.* And I : and now we three<sup>3</sup> have spoke it.
- \* It skills not<sup>4</sup> greatly who impugns our doom.

To *mate* is no term in chess. *Check mate*, the term alluded to, is a corruption of the Persian *schah mat* ; the king is killed.

RITSON.

To *mate*, I believe, means here as in many other places in our author's plays, to confound or destroy ; from *matar*, Span. to kill See Vol. X. p. 258, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> ——— [*I will be his priest.*] I will be the attendant on his last scene ; I will be the last man whom he will see. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— [*and censure well the deed.*] That is, approve the deed, judge the deed good. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— [*we three* —] Surely the word *three* should be omitted. The verse is complete without it :

*And so say I.*

*And I : and now we have spoke it—.*

But the metre of these plays scarce deserves the reformation which it too frequently requires. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *It skills not* —] It is of no importance. JOHNSON

*Enter a Messenger.*

- ‘ *MESS.* Great lords,<sup>5</sup> from Ireland am I come  
 again,  
 ‘ To signify—that rebels there are up,  
 ‘ And put the Englishmen unto the sword :  
 \* Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,  
 \* Before the wound do grow incurable ;  
 \* For, being green, there is great hope of help.  
 \* *CAR.* A breach, that craves a quick expedient  
 stop<sup>6</sup>  
 ‘ What counsel give you in this weighty cause ?  
 ‘ *YORK.* That Somersfet be sent as regent thither :  
 ‘ ’Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ’d ;  
 ‘ Witness the fortune he hath had in France.  
 ‘ *SOM.* If York, with all his far-fet policy,

So, in Sir T. More's *Utopia*, translated by R. Robinson, 1624 :  
 “ I will describe to you one or other of them, for it skilleth not  
 greatly which.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Great lords*, &c.] I shall subjoin this speech as it stands in  
 the quarto :

“ Madam, I bring you news from Ireland,  
 “ The wild Onele, my lord, is up in arms,  
 “ With troops of Irish kernes, that uncontroll'd  
 “ Doth plant themselves within the English pale,  
 “ And burn and spoil the country as they go.”

Surely here is not an imperfect exhibition of the lines in the  
 folio, hastily taken down in the theatre by the ear or in short-hand,  
 as I once concerted with others in thinking to be the case. We  
 have here an original and distinct draught ; so that we must be  
 obliged to maintain that Shakspeare wrote *two* plays on the present  
 subject, a hasty sketch, and a more finished performance ; or else  
 must acknowledge, that he formed the piece before us on a founda-  
 tion laid by another writer. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— Expedient, *stop* !] i. e. expeditious. So, in *King John* :  
 “ His marches are *expedient* to this town.” STREVENSON.

‘ Had been the regent there instead of me,  
 ‘ He never would have staid in France so long.

‘ *YORK.* No; not to lose it all, as thou hast done :  
 ‘ I rather would have lost my life betimes,  
 \* Than bring a burden of dishonour home,  
 \* By staying there so long, till all were lost.  
 \* Show me one scar character’d on thy skin :  
 \* Men’s flesh preserv’d so whole, do seldom win.

\* *Q. MAR.* Nay then, this spark will prove a ra-  
                   ging fire,  
 \* If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with :—  
 \* No more, good York ;—sweet Somerset, be still ;—  
 \* Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,  
 \* Might happily have prov’d far worse than his.

*YORK.* What, worse than naught ? nay, then a  
                   shame take all !

‘ *SOM.* And, in the number, thee, that wishest  
                   shame !

‘ *CAR.* My lord of York, try what your fortune  
                   is.

‘ The uncivil Kernes of Ireland are in arms,  
 ‘ And temper clay with blood of Englishmen :  
 ‘ To Ireland will you lead a band of men,  
 ‘ Collected choicely, from each county some,  
 ‘ And try your hap against the Irishmen ?

\* *YORK.* I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

\* *SUF.* Why, our authority is his consent ;  
 \* And, what we do establish, he confirms :  
 \* Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

‘ *YORK.* I am content : Provide me soldiers, lords,  
 ‘ Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

‘ *SUF.* A charge, lord York, that I will see perform’d.<sup>7</sup>

‘ But now return we to the false duke Humphrey.

‘ *CAR.* No more of him; for I will deal with him,

‘ That, henceforth, he shall trouble us no more.

‘ And so break off; the day is almost spent :

‘ Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

‘ *YORK.* My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,

‘ At Bristol I expect my soldiers ;

‘ For there I’ll ship them all for Ireland.

*SUF.* I’ll see it truly done, my lord of York.

[*Exeunt all but YORK.*

‘ *YORK.* Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,

‘ And change misdoubt to resolution :

\* Be that thou hop’st to be ; or what thou art

\* Resign to death, it is not worth the enjoying :

\* Let pale-fac’d fear keep with the mean-born man,

\* And find no harbour in a royal heart.

\* Faster than spring-time showers, comes thought on thought ;

<sup>7</sup> ——— that I will see perform’d.] In the old play this office is given to Buckingham :

“ *Queen.* ——— my lord of Buckingham,

“ Let it be your charge to muster up such soldiers,

“ As shall suffice him in these needful wars.

“ *Buck.* Madam, I will ; and levy such a band

“ As soon shall overcome those Irish rebels :

“ But York, where shall those soldiers stay for thee ?

“ *York.* At Bristol I’ll expect them ten days hence.

“ *Buck.* Then thither shall they come, and so farewell.”

[*Exit Buck.*

Here again we have a very remarkable variation. MALONE.





- \* Oppose himself against a troop of Kernes ;<sup>1</sup>
- \* And fought so long,<sup>2</sup> till that his thighs with  
darts
- \* Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine :
- \* And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen him
- \* Caper upright like a wild Mórisco,<sup>3</sup>
- \* Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.

<sup>1</sup> ——— a troop of Kernes ;] *Kernes* were light-armed Irish foot-soldiers. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *And fought so long,*] Read—And *fight* so long. RITSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— a wild Mórisco,] A Moor in a military dance, now called *Morris*, that is, a Moorish dance. JOHNSON.

In *Allion's Triumph*, a Masque, 1631, the seventh entry consists of *mimicks* or *Moriscos*.

Again, in Marston's *What you will*, 1607 :

“ Your wit skips a *Morisco*.”

The *Morris-dance* was the *Tripudium Mauritanicum*, a kind of hornpipe. Junius describes it thus : “ ——— faciem plerumque inficiunt fuligine, et peregrinum vestium cultum assument, qui ludicris talibus indulgent, ut Mauri esse videantur, aut e longius remotâ patriâ credantur advolasse, atque insolens recreationis genus advexisse.”

In the churchwardens' accounts of the parish of St. Helen's in Abington, Berkshire, from the first year of the reign of Philip and Mary, to the thirty-fourth of Queen Elizabeth, the *Morrice* bells are mentioned. Anno 1560, the third of Elizabeth,—“ For two doffin of *Morres* bells.” As these appear to have been purchased by the community, we may suppose this diversion was constantly practised at their public festivals. See the plate of *Morris-dancers* at the end of *The First Part of King Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's remarks annexed to it. STEEVENS.

The editor of *The Sad Shepherd*, 8vo. 1783, p. 255, mentions seeing a company of *morrice-dancers* from Abington, at Richmond in Surrey, so late as the summer of 1783. They appeared to be making a kind of annual circuit. REED.

*Morrice-dancing*, with bells on the legs, is common at this day in Oxfordshire and the adjacent counties, on May-day, Holy-Thursdai, and Whittun-ales, attended by the fool, or, as he is generally called, the 'Squire, and also a lord and lady ; the latter most probably the Maid Marian mentioned in Mr. Tollet's note : “ nor is the hobby-horse forgot.” HARRIS.

\* Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty Kerne,<sup>4</sup>  
 \* Hath he conversed with the enemy ;  
 \* And undiscover'd come to me again,  
 \* And given me notice of their villainies.  
 \* This devil here shall be my substitute ;  
 \* For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,  
 \* In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble :  
 ' By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,  
 ' How they affect the house and claim of York.  
 ' Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured ;  
 ' I know, no pain, they can inflict upon him,  
 ' Will make him say—I mov'd him to those arms.  
 ' Say, that he thrive, (as 'tis great like he will,)  
 ' Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,  
 ' And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd :  
 ' For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,  
 ' And Henry put apart, the next for me.<sup>5</sup> [*Exit.*

<sup>4</sup> ——— like a shag-hair'd crafty Kerne,] See Vol. X. p. 227, n. 8 ; and p. 16, n. 3. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> For, Humphrey being dead; &c.] Instead of this couplet we find in the old play these lines :

“ And then Duke Humphrey, he well made away,  
 “ None then can stop the light to England's crown,  
 “ But York can tame, and headlong pull them down.”

MALONE.

SCENE II.<sup>6</sup>

Bury. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter certain Murderers, hastily.*

1 *MUR.* Run to my lord of Suffolk; let him know,

\* We have despatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

\* 2 *MUR.* O, that it were to do!—What have we done?

\* Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

*Enter SUFFOLK.*

‘ 1 *MUR.* Here comes my lord.

‘ *SUF.* Now, sirs, have you  
‘ Despatch'd this thing?

‘ 1 *MUR.* Ay, my good lord, he's dead,

° *Scene II.]* This scene, and the directions concerning it, stand thus in the quarto edition:

*Then the curtaines being drawne, Duke Humphrey is discovered in his bed, and two men lying on his brest, and smothering him in his bed. And then enter the Duke of Suffolke to them.*

“ *Suff.* How now, sirs! what, have you dispatcht him?

“ *One.* I, my lord; he's dead, I warrant you.

“ *Suff.* Then see the cloathes, laid smoothe about him still,

“ That when the king comes, he may perceive

“ No other, but that he did of his owne accord.

2. “ All things is handsome now, my lord.

“ *Suff.* Then draw the curtaines againe, and get you gon,

“ And you shall have your firme reward anon.”

[*Exit Murtherers.* STEEVENS.]



*Re-enter SUFFOLK.*

‘ How now ? why look’st thou pale ? why tremblest thou ?

‘ Where is our uncle ? what is the matter, Suffolk ?

*SUF.* Dead in his bed, my lord ; Gloster is dead.

\* *Q. MAR.* Marry, God forefend !

\* *CAR.* God’s secret judgment :—I did dream to-night,

\* The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.  
[*The King swoons.*

‘ *Q. MAR.* How fares my lord ?—Help, lords !  
the king is dead.

letter sets all right, I am willing to suppose it came from his pen thus :

*I thank thee. Well, these words content me much.*

**THEOBALD.**

It has been observed by two or three commentators, that it is no way extraordinary the King should forget his wife’s name, as it appears in no less than three places that she forgets it herself, calling herself Eleanor. It has also been said, that, if any contraction of the real name is used, it should be *Meg*. All this is very true ; but as an alteration must be made, Theobald’s is just as good, and as probable, as any other. I have therefore retained it, and wish it could have been done with propriety without a note. **REED.**

Though the King could not well forget his wife’s name, either Shakspeare or the transcriber might. That *Nell* is not a mistake of the press for *Well*, is clear from a subsequent speech of the *Queen*’s in this scene, where *Eleanor*, the name of the Duchess of Gloster, is again *three times* printed instead of *Margaret*. No reason can be assigned why the proper correction should be made in all those places, and not here. **MALONE.**

I have admitted Mr. Malone’s correction ; and yet must remark, that while it is favourable to sense it is injurious to metre.

**STEVENS.**

\* *SOM.* Rear up his body ; wring him by the nose.<sup>8</sup>

\* *Q. MAR.* Run, go, help, help !—O, Henry,  
ope thine eyes !

\* *SUF.* He doth revive again ;—Madam, be patient.

\* *K. HEN.* O heavenly God !

\* *Q. MAR.* How fares my gracious lord ?

*SUF.* Comfort, my sovereign ! gracious Henry,  
comfort !

*K. HEN.* What, doth my lord of Suffolk comfort  
me ?

Came he right now<sup>9</sup> to sing a raven's note,

\* Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers ;

And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,

‘ By crying comfort from a hollow breast,

‘ Can chase away the first-conceived sound ?

\* Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words.

\* Lay not thy hands on me ; forbear, I say ;

\* Their touch affrights me, as a serpent's sting.

Thou baleful messenger, out of my fight !

‘ Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny

‘ Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.

‘ Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding :—

‘ Yet do not go away ;—Come, basilisk,

‘ And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight :<sup>1</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *Som.* Rear up his body, wring him by the nose.] As nothing further is spoken either by *Somerset* or the *Cardinal*, or by any one else to show that they continue in the presence, it is to be presumed that they take advantage of the confusion occasioned by the King's swooning, and slip out unperceived. The next news we hear of the *Cardinal*, he is at the point of death.

RITSON.

<sup>9</sup> — right now—] Just now, even now. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> — Come, basilisk,

And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight :] So, in *Allion's England*, B. I. c. iii :

- \* For in the shade of death I shall find joy ;
- \* In life, but double death, now Gloster's dead.

Q. *MAR.* Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus ?

- \* Although the duke was enemy to him,
- \* Yet he, most christian-like, laments his death :
- \* And for myself,—foe as he was to me,
- \* Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
- \* Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
- \* I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
- \* Look pale as primrose, with blood-drinking sighs,<sup>2</sup>
- \* And all to have the noble duke alive.
- ‘ What know I how the world may deem of me ?
- ‘ For it is known, we were but hollow friends ;
- ‘ It may be judg’d, I made the duke away :
- \* So shall my name with slander’s tongue be wound-  
ed,
- \* And princes’ courts be fill’d with my reproach.
- \* This get I by his death : Ah me, unhappy !
- \* To be a queen, and crown’d with infamy !

‘ *K. HEN.* Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man !

Q. *MAR.* Be woe for me,<sup>3</sup> more wretched than he is.

“ — As Æsculap an herdsman did espie,  
“ That did with easy fight enforce a *basilisk* to flye,  
“ Albeit naturally that beast doth murder with the eye.”

REED.

So, Mantuanus, a writer very popular at this time :

“ Natus in ardentis Libyæ basiliscus arena,  
“ Vulnerat aspectu, luminibusque nocet.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — blood-drinking *sighs*,] So, in the Third Part of this Play, Act IV. sc. iv :

“ And stop the rising of *blood-sucking* sighs.”

STEEVENS.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ — dry sorrow drinks our blood.” MALONE.

‘ *Be woe for me*,] That is, Let not woe be to thee for Gloster, but for me. JOHNSON.



What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?

I am no loathsome leper, look on me.

\* What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?<sup>4</sup>

\* Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.

\* Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?

\* Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:

\* Erect his statue then, and worship it,

\* And make my image but an alehouse sign.

Was I, for this, nigh wreck'd upon the sea;

‘ And twice by aukward wind<sup>5</sup> from England's bank

‘ Drove back again unto my native clime?

\* *What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?*<sup>9</sup>] This allusion, which has been borrowed by many writers from the Proverbs of Solomon, and *Psalms* lviii. may receive an odd illustration from the following passage in *Gower de Confessione Amantis*, B. I. fol. x:

“ A serpent, whiche that aspidis  
 “ Is cleped, of his kinde hath this,  
 “ That he the stone noblest of all  
 “ The whiche that men carbuncle call,  
 “ Bereth in his heed above on hight;  
 “ For whiche whan that a man by sight  
 “ (The stone to wyne, and him to daunte)  
 “ With his carecte him wolde enchante,  
 “ Anone as he perceiveth that,  
 “ He leyeth downe his one eare all plat  
 “ Unto the grounde, and halt it fast:  
 “ And eke that other eare als faste  
 “ He stoppeth with his taille so fore  
 “ That he the wordes, lasse nor more,  
 “ Of his enchantement ne hereth:  
 “ And in this wise him selfe he skiereth,  
 “ So that he hath the wordes wayved,  
 “ And thus his eare is nought deceived.”

Shakspeare has the same allusion in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ Have ears more deaf than adders, to the voice  
 “ Of any true decision.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *aukward wind* —] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read *adverse winds*. STEEVENS.

The same uncommon epithet is applied to the same subject by Marlow in his *King Edward II*:

What boded this, but well-forewarning wind  
 Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,  
 \* Nor set no footing on this unkind shore ?  
 \* What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,<sup>6</sup>  
 \* And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves ;  
 \* And bid them blow towards England's blessed  
     shore,  
 \* Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock ?  
 \* Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,  
 \* But left that hateful office unto thee :  
 \* The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me ;  
 \* Knowing, that thou would'st have me drown'd on  
     shore,  
 \* With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindness :  
 \* The splitting rocks cow'rd in the sinking sands,<sup>7</sup>  
 \* And would not dash me with their ragged sides ;  
 \* Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,  
 \* Might in thy palace perish Margaret.<sup>8</sup>  
 \* As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,  
 \* When from the shore the tempest beat us back,  
 \* I stood upon the hatches in the storm :  
 \* And when the dusky sky began to rob

“ With *awkward* winds, and with fore tempests driven  
 “ To fall on shore—.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> [*What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,*] I believe we should read—but curse the gentle gusts. M. MASON.

<sup>7</sup> [*The splitting rocks &c.*] The sense seems to be this.—The rocks hid themselves in the sands, which sunk to receive them into their bosom. STEEVENS.

That is, the rocks whose property it is to split, shrunk into the sands, and would not dash me, &c. M. MASON.

<sup>8</sup> [*Might in thy palace perish Margaret.*] The verb *perish* is here used actively. Thus, in Froissart's *Chronicle*, Cap. CCClvi : “ Syr Johan Arundell their capitayne was there *perished*.” Again, in *The Maid's Tragedy*, by Beaumont and Fletcher :

“ — let not my sins  
 “ *Perish* your noble youth.” STEEVENS.

- \* My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
- \* I took a costly jewel from my neck,—
- \* A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—
- \* And threw it towards thy land;—the sea receiv'd  
it;
- \* And so, I wish'd, thy body might my heart:
- \* And even with this, I lost fair England's view,
- \* And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;
- \* And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
- \* For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
- \* How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
- \* (The agent of thy foul inconstancy,)
- \* To fit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
- \* When he to madding Dido, would unfold
- \* His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *To fit and witch me, as Ascanius did,  
When he to madding Dido, would unfold  
His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?* Old copy  
To fit and *watch* me, &c. STEEVENS.

The poet here is unquestionably alluding to Virgil (*Æneid I.*) but he strangely blends fact with fiction. In the first place, it was Cupid in the semblance of Ascanius, who sat in Dido's lap, and was fondled by her. But then it was not Cupid who related to her the process of Troy's destruction; but it was Æneas himself who related this history. Again, how did the supposed Ascanius fit and *watch* her? Cupid was ordered, while Dido mistakenly carested him, to bewitch and infect her with love. To this circumstance the poet certainly alludes; and, unless he had wrote, as I have restored to the text—

*To fit and witch me,——*

why should the Queen immediately draw this inference—

*Am I not witch'd like her?* THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald's emendation is supported by a line in *King Henry IV.* P. I. where the same verb is used:

“*To witch the world with noble horsemanship.*”

It may be remarked, that this mistake was certainly the mistake of Shakspeare, whoever may have been the original author of the first sketch of this play; for this long speech of Margaret's is founded on one in the quarto, consisting only of seven lines, in which there is no allusion to Virgil. MALONE.

\* Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?<sup>1</sup>

\* Ah me, I can no more! Die, Margaret!

\* For Henry weeps, that thou dost live so long.

*Noise within. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY.  
The Commons press' to the door.*

‘ *WAR.* It is reported, mighty sovereign,  
‘ That good duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd  
‘ By Suffolk and the cardinal Beaufort's means,  
‘ The commons, like an angry hive of bees,  
‘ That want their leader, scatter up and down,  
‘ And care not who they sling in his revenge.  
‘ Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,  
‘ Until they hear the order of his death.

*K. HEN.* That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;  
But how he died, God knows, not Henry:<sup>2</sup>  
‘ Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,  
‘ And comment then upon his sudden death.

*WAR.* That I shall do, my liege:—Stay, Salisbury,  
With the rude multitude, till I return.

[*WARWICK goes into an inner Room, and SALISBURY retires.*

<sup>1</sup> *Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?* This line, as it stands, is nonsense. We should surely read it thus:

*Am I not witch'd like her? Art thou not false like him?*

M. MASON.

The superfluity of syllables in this line induces me to suppose it stood originally thus:

*Am I not witch'd like her? thou false like him?*

STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *not Henry:*] The poet commonly uses Henry as a word of three syllables. JOHNSON.

- \* *K. HEN.* O thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts ;
- \* My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul,
- \* Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life !
- \* If my suspect be false, forgive me, God ;
- \* For judgment only doth belong to thee !
- \* Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
- \* With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain<sup>3</sup>
- \* Upon his face an ocean of salt tears ;
- \* To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
- \* And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling :
- \* But all in vain are these mean obsequies ;
- \* And, to survey his dead and earthy image,
- \* What were it but to make my sorrow greater ?

*The folding Doors of an inner Chamber are thrown open, and GLOSTER is discovered dead in his Bed: WARWICK and others standing by it.*<sup>4</sup>

- \* *WAR.* Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

<sup>3</sup> — and to drain

*Upon —*] This is one of our poet's harsh expressions. As when a thing is *drain'd*, drops of water issue from it, he licentiously uses the word here in the sense of *dropping*, or *disfilling*.

MALONE.

Surely our author wrote *rain*, not *drain*. The discharge of a single letter furnishes what seems to me a necessary emendation, confirmed by two passages, one in *The Taming of the Shrew* :

“ To rain a shower of commanded tears.”

And another, in *King Henry IV.* P. II :

“ To rain upon remembrance with nine eyes.”

STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> This stage-direction I have inserted as best suited to the exhibition. The stage-direction in the quarto is—“ Warwick draws the curtaines, [i. e. draws them open] and shows Duke Hum-

\* *K. HEN.* That is to see how deep my grave is made :

\* For, with his soul, fled all my worldly solace ;

\* For seeing him, I see my life in death.<sup>5</sup>

‘ *WAR.* As surely as my soul intends to live

‘ With that dread King that took our state upon him

‘ To free us from his Father’s wrathful curse,

‘ I do believe that violent hands were laid

‘ Upon the life of this thrice-fained duke.

phrey in his bed.” In the folio : “ A bed with Gloster’s body put forth.” These are some of the many circumstances which prove, I think, decisively, that the theatres of our author’s time were unfurnished with scenes. In those days, as I conceive, curtains were occasionally hung across the middle of the stage on an iron rod, which, being drawn open, formed a second apartment, when a change of scene was required. The direction of the folio, “ to put forth a bed,” was merely to the property-man to thrust a bed forwards behind those curtains, previous to their being drawn open. See the *Account of the ancient Theatres*, Vol. II.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *For seeing him, I see my life in death.*] Though, by a violent operation, some sense may be extracted from this reading, yet I think it will be better to change it thus :

*For seeing him, I see my death in life.*

That is, Seeing him I live to see my own destruction. Thus it will aptly correspond with the first line :

*Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.*

*K. Hen. That is to see how deep my grave is made.*

JOHNSON.

Surely the poet’s meaning is obvious as the words now stand.—*I see my life destroyed or endangered by his death.* PERCY.

I think the meaning is, I see my life in the arms of death ; I see my life expiring, or rather expired. The conceit is much in our author’s manner. So, in *Macbeth* :

“ ——— the death of each day’s life.”

Our poet in *King Richard III.* has a similar play of words, though the sentiment is reversed :

“ ——— even through the hollow eyes of death

“ I spy life peering.” MALONE.

SUF. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!

‘ What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow ?

‘ WAR. See, how the blood is settled in his face!  
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost, &c.*] All that is true of the body of a dead man is here said by Warwick of the soul. I would read :

*Oft have I seen a timely-parted corse.*

But of two common words how or why was one changed for the other ? I believe the transcriber thought that the epithet *timely-parted* could not be used of the body, but that, as in *Hamlet* there is mention of *peace-parted souls*, so here *timely-parted* must have the same substantive. He removed one imaginary difficulty, and made many real. If the soul is parted from the body, the body is likewise parted from the soul.

I cannot but stop a moment to observe, that this horrible description is scarcely the work of any pen but Shakspeare's.

JOHNSON.

This is not the first time that Shakspeare has confounded the terms that signify *body* and *soul*, together. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

“ ——— damned *spirits* all  
“ That in crofs ways and floods have *burial*.”

It is surely the *body* and not the *soul* that is committed to the earth, or whelmed in the water. The word *ghost*, however, is licentiously used by our ancient writers. In Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. II. c. viii. Sir *Guyon* is in a swoon, and two knights are about to strip him, when the *Palmer* says :

“ ——— no knight so rude I weene,  
“ As to doen outrage to a sleeping *ghost*.”

Again, in the short copy of verses printed at the conclusion of the three first Books of Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, 1596 :

“ And grones of *buried ghostes* the heavens did perse.”

Again, in our author's *King Richard II* :

“ The *ghosts* they have depos'd.”

Again, in Sir A. Gorges's translation of Lucan, B. IX :

“ ——— a peasant of that coast

“ Bids him not tread on Hector's *ghost*.”

Again, in *Certain Secret Wonders of Nature*, &c. by Edward Fenton, quarto, bl. l. 1569 : “ —astonished at the view of the mortified *ghost* of him that lay dead,” &c. p. 104. STEEVENS.

- ‘ Of ashy semblance,<sup>7</sup> meager, pale, and bloodless,  
 ‘ Being all descended to the labouring heart;<sup>8</sup>  
 ‘ Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,  
 ‘ Attracts the fame for aidance ’gainst the enemy;  
 ‘ Which with the heart there cools and ne’er re-  
     turneth  
 ‘ To blush and beautify the cheek again.

A *timely*-parted ghost means a *body* that has become inanimate in the common course of nature; to which violence has not brought a *timeless* end. The opposition is plainly marked afterwards, by the words—“As guilty of duke Humphrey’s *timeless* death.”

The corresponding lines appear thus in the quarto; by which, if the notion that has been already suggested be well founded, the reader may see how much of this deservedly admired speech is original, and how much super-induced:

- “ Oft have I seen a timely-parted *ghost*,  
 “ Of ashy semblance, pale, and bloodless:  
 “ But, lo! the blood is settled in his face,  
 “ More better coloured than when he liv’d.  
 “ His well proportion’d beard made rough and stern;  
 “ His fingers spread abroad, as one that grasp’d  
 “ For life, yet was by strength surpriz’d. The least  
 “ Of these are probable. It cannot choose  
 “ But he was murdered.”

In a subsequent passage, also in the original play, which Shakspeare has not transferred into his piece, the word *ghost* is again used as here. Young Clifford addressing himself to his father’s *dead body*, says:

- “ A dismal sight! see, where he breathless lies,  
 “ All smear’d and welter’d in his luke-warm blood!  
 “ Sweet father, to thy *murder’d ghost* I swear,” &c.

Our author therefore is not chargeable here with any impropriety, or confusion. He has only used the phraseology of his time. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Of ashy semblance,*] So Spenser, *Ruins of Rome*, 4to. 1591:

- “ Ye pallid spirits, and ye *ashy ghosts*,”— MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ————— bloodless,

*Being all descended to the labouring heart;*] That is, the blood being all descended, &c.; the substantive being comprised in the adjective *bloodless*. M. MALSON.



- ‘ But, see, his face is black, and full of blood ;  
 ‘ His eye-balls further out than when he liv’d,  
 ‘ Staring full ghastly like a strangled man :  
 ‘ His hair uprear’d, his nostrils stretch’d with  
     firuggling ;  
 ‘ His hands abroad display’d,<sup>9</sup> as one that grasp’d  
 ‘ And tugg’d for life, and was by strength sub-  
     du’d.  
 ‘ Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking ;  
 ‘ His well-proportioned beard<sup>1</sup> made rough and  
     rugged,  
 ‘ Like to the summer’s corn by tempest lodg’d.  
 ‘ It cannot be, but he was murder’d here ;  
 ‘ The least of all these signs were probable.  
     ‘ *SUF.* Why, Warwick, who should do the duke  
         to death ?  
 ‘ Myself, and Beaufort, had him in protection ;  
 ‘ And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.  
     ‘ *WAR.* But both of you were vow’d duke Hum-  
         phrey’s foes ;  
 ‘ And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep :  
 ‘ ’Tis like, you would not feast him like a friend ;  
 ‘ And ’tis well seen he found an enemy.

<sup>9</sup> *His hands abroad display’d,*] i. e. the fingers being widely distended. So *adown*, for *down* ; *aweary*, for *weary*, &c. See Peacham’s *Complete Gentleman*, 1627 : “ Herein was the Emperor Domitian so cunning, that let a boy at a good distance off hold up his hand and stretch his fingers *abroad*, he would shoot through the spaces, without touching the boy’s hand, or any finger.” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *His well-proportion’d beard,*] His beard nicely trimmed and adjusted. See note on *King Henry V.* Act III. sc. vi.

MALONE.

*His well-proportioned beard*, I believe, means no more than *his beard well proportioned by nature*. STEEVENS.

‘ *Q. MAR.* Then you, belike, suspect these noble-  
men

‘ As guilty of duke Humphrey’s timeless death.

*WAR.* Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding  
fresh,

And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,  
But will suspect, ’twas he that made the slaughter?  
Who finds the partridge in the puttock’s nest,  
But may imagine how the bird was dead,  
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?  
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

‘ *Q. MAR.* Are you the butcher, Suffolk; where’s  
your knife?

Is Beaufort term’d a kite? where are his talons?

*SUF.* I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping men;  
But here’s a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,  
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,  
That slanders me with murder’s crimson badge:—  
Say, if thou dar’st, proud lord of Warwickshire,  
That I am faulty in duke Humphrey’s death.

[*Exeunt Cardinal, Som. and Others.*]

*WAR.* What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk  
dare him?

*Q. MAR.* He dares not calm his contumelious  
spirit,

Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,  
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

*WAR.* Madam, be still; with reverence may I  
say;

For every word, you speak in his behalf,  
Is slander to your royal dignity.

‘ *SUF.* Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!  
If ever lady wrong’d her lord so much,  
Thy mother took into her blameful bed

Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock  
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,  
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

*WAR.* But that the guilt of murder bucklers  
thee,

And I should rob the deathsmaw of his fee,  
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,  
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,  
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee  
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,  
And say—it was thy mother that thou meant'st,  
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy:  
And, after all this fearful homage done,  
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,  
Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men'

*SUF.* Thou shalt be waking, while shed thy  
blood,  
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

*WAR.* Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:  
\* Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,  
\* And do some service to duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt SUFFOLK and WARWICK.*]

\* *K. HEN.* What stronger breast-plate than a  
heart untainted?  
\* Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;<sup>2</sup>  
\* And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,  
\* Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A Noise within.*]

*Q. MAR.* What noise is this?

<sup>2</sup> *Thrice is he arm'd, &c.].* So, in Marlow's *Lust's Dominion*:

“Come, Moor; I'm arm'd with more than complete  
*steel,*

“The justice of my quarrel.” MALONE.

*Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their  
Weapons drawn.*

‘*K. HEN.* Why, how now, lords? your wrathful  
weapons drawn

‘Here in our presence? dare you be so bold?—

‘Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

*SUF.* The traitorous Warwick, with the men of  
Bury,

Set all upon me, mighty sovercign.

*Noise of a Croud within. Re-enter SALISBURY.*

\* *SAL.* Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know  
your mind.—

[*Speaking to those within.*

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,

Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,

Or banished fair England’s territories,

‘They will by violence tear him from your palace,

\* And torture him with grievous ling’ring death.

They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died;

‘They say, in him they fear your highness’ death;

‘And mere instinct of love, and loyalty,—

‘Free from a stubborn opposite intent,

‘As being thought to contradict your liking,—

‘Makes them thus forward in his banishment.

\* They say, in care of your most royal person,

\* That, if your highness should intend to sleep,

\* And charge—that no man should disturb your  
rest,

\* In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;

\* Yet notwithstanding such a strait edict,

\* Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,

- \* That slyly glided towards your majesty,
- \* It were but necessary, you were wak'd ;
- \* Left, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
- \* The mortal worm<sup>3</sup> might make the sleep eternal :
- \* And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
- \* That they will guard you, wh'er you will, or no,
- \* From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is ;
- \* With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
- \* Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
- \* They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

COMMONS. [*Within.*] An answer from the king,  
my lord of Salisbury.

SUF. 'Tis like, the commons, rude unpolish'd  
hinds,  
Could send such message to their sovereign :  
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,  
To show how quaint an orator<sup>4</sup> you are :  
But all the honour Salisbury hath won,  
Is—that he was the lord ambassador,  
Sent from a fort<sup>5</sup> of tinkers to the king.

<sup>3</sup> *The mortal worm*—] i. e. the *fatal*, the *deadly* worm. So, in *The Winter's Tale* :

“ This news is *mortal* to the queen.”

Serpents in general, were anciently called *worms*. So, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607, Pope Alexander says, when he takes off the aspicks from the young princes :

“ How now, proud *worms*? how tastes you princes' blood?” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *how quaint an orator*—] *Quaint* for *dextrous*, *artificial*. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* : “ — a ladder *quaintly* made of cords.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *a fort*—] Is a *company*. JOHNSON.

So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

“ — ruffet-pated choughs, many in *fort*.” STEEVENS.

COMMONS. [*Within.*] An answer from the king,  
or we'll all break in.

' *K. HEN.* Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from  
me,

' I thank them for their tender loving care :

' And had I not been 'cited so by them,

' Yet did I purpose as they do entreat ;

' For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy

' Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.

' And therefore,—by His majesty I swear,

' Whose far unworthy deputy I am,—

' He shall not breathe infection in this air<sup>6</sup>

' But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[*Exit SALISBURY.*]

' *Q. MAR.* O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suf-  
folk !

' *K. HEN.* Ungentle queen, to call him gentle  
Suffolk.

' No more, I say ; if thou dost plead for him,

' Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.

' Had I but said, I would have kept my word ;

' But, when I swear, it is irrevocable :—

\* If, after three'days' space, thou here be'ft found

\* On any ground that I am ruler of,

\* The world shall not be ransome for thy life.—

' Come, Warwick, come good Warwick, go with  
me ;

' I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt K. HENRY, WARWICK, Lords, &c.*]

<sup>6</sup> *He shall not breathe infection in this air—*] That is, he shall not contaminate this air with his infected breath.

‘ Q. *MAR.* Mischance, and sorrow, go along with you !<sup>7</sup>

‘ Heart’s discontent, and sour affliction,

‘ Be playfellows to keep you company !

‘ There’s two of you ; the devil make a third !

‘ And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps !

\* *SUF.* Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,

\* And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

‘ Q. *MAR.* Fye, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch !

‘ Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies ?

*SUF.* A plague upon them ! wherefore should I curse them ?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake’s groan,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *Mischance, and sorrow, &c.*] In the original play the queen is still more violent :

“ Hell-fire and vengeance go along with you !” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake’s groan,*] The fabulous accounts of the plant called a *mandrake* give it an inferior degree of animal life, and relate, that when it is torn from the ground it groans, and that this groan being certainly fatal to him that is offering such unwelcome violence, the practice of those who gather mandrakes is to tie one end of a string to the plant, and the other to a dog, upon whom the fatal groan discharges its malignity. JOHNSON.

The same allusion occurs in *Aristippus, or the Jovial Philosopher*, by Randolph :

“ This is the *mandrake’s* voice that undoes me.”

STEEVENS.

Bulleine in his *Bulwarke of Defence against Sicknesse*, &c. fol. 1579, p 41, speaking of Mandragora, says : “ They doe asfyyme that this herbe commeth of the seede of some convicted dead men : and also without the death of some lvyng thinge it cannot be drawn out of the earth to man’s use. Therefore they did tye some dogge or other lvyng beast unto the roote thereof wyth a corde, and digged the earth in compasse round about, and in the meane tyme stopped their own eares for feare of the terrible shriek and cry of this *Mandrack*. In which cry it doth not only dye itselfe, but the feare thereof kylleth the dogge or beast which pulleth it out of the earth.” REED.

' I would invent as bitter-searching terms,  
 \* As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,  
 Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,  
 ' With full as many signs of deadly hate,  
 As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave :  
 My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words :  
 Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint ;  
 My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract ;  
 Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban :  
 And even now my burden'd heart would break,  
 Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink !<sup>9</sup>  
 Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste !  
 Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees !<sup>1</sup>  
 Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks !  
 Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings !<sup>2</sup>  
 Their musick, frightful as the serpent's hiss ;  
 And boding screech-owls make the concert full !  
 All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Q. *MAR.* Enough, sweet Suffolk ; thou torment'st thyself ;

- \* And these dread curses—like the sun 'gainst glass,
- \* Or like an overcharged gun,—recoil,
- \* And turn the force of them upon thyself.

SUF. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave ?<sup>3</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — *Poison be their drink* !] Most of these execrations are used, in the very words of Shakspeare, by Lee, in his *Cæsar Borgia*, Act IV. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *of cypress trees* !] *Cypress* was employed in the funeral rites of the Romans, and hence is always mentioned as an ill-boding plant. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *murdering basilisks* !—*lizards' stings* !] It has been said of the *basilisk* that it has the power of destroying by a single glance of the eye. A *lizard* has no sting, but is quite inoffensive. STEEVENS.

See p. 281, n. 1. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave* ?] This incident is very common in real life. Those who are vexed to



Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,  
Well could I curse away a winter's night,  
Though standing naked on a mountain top,  
Where biting cold would never let grafs grow,  
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

\* Q. MAR. O, let me entreat thee, cease! Give  
me thy hand,<sup>4</sup>

\* That I may dew it with my mournful tears;  
\* Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,  
\* To wash away my woeful monuments.

' O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand;

[*Kisses his hand.*]

\* That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,  
' Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for  
thee!<sup>5</sup>

' So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;  
' 'Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,

impatience, are angry to see others less disturbed than themselves, but when others begin to rave, they immediately see in them what they could not find in themselves, the deformity and folly of useless rage. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> O, let me entreat thee, &c.] Instead of the first four lines of this speech, we find in the old play these, which Shakspeare has availed himself of elsewhere:

“ No more, sweet Suffolk, hie thee hence to France;

“ Or live where thou wilt within this world's globe,

“ I'll have an Irish [Iris] that shall find thee out.”

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,  
Through whom a thousand sighs &c.] That by the impression of my kiss for ever remaining on thy hand thou might'st think on those lips through which a thousand sighs will be breathed for thee. JOHNSON.

See the song introduced in *Measure for Measure*:

“ But my kisses bring again,

“ Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.”

Of this image our author appears to have been fond, having introduced it in several places. There is no trace of it in the old play. MALONE.

- \* As one that forfeits thinking on a want.
- ‘ I will repeal thee, or, be well assur’d,
- ‘ Adventure to be banished myself :
- \* And banished I am, if but from thee.
- \* Go, speak not to me ; even now be gone.—
- \* O, go not yet !—Even thus two friends condemn’d
- \* Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
- \* Loather a hundred times to part than die.
- \* Yet now farewell ; and farewell life with thee !

*Stf.* Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,  
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.

- \* ’Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence ;
- \* A wilderness is populous enough,
- \* So Suffolk had thy heavenly company :
- \* For where thou art, there is the world itself,<sup>6</sup>
- \* With every several pleasure in the world ;
- \* And where thou art not, desolation.
- \* I can no more :—Live thou to joy thy life ;
- \* Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv’st.

*Enter VAUX.*

‘ *Q. MAR.* Whither goes Vaux so fast ? what news,  
I pr’ythee ?

‘ *VAUX.* To signify unto his majesty,  
That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death :  
‘ For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,

<sup>6</sup> *For where thou art, &c.]* So Lucretius :

“ Nec sine te pulchrum dias in luminis auras

“ Exoritur, neque sit latum nec amabile quicquam.”

Still more elegantly Milton, in a passage of his *Comus*, (afterwards omitted) v. 214, &c :

“ — while I see you,

“ This dusky hollow is a paradise,

“ And heaven gates o’er my head.” STEEVENS.

‘ That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the  
 air,  
 ‘ Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.  
 ‘ Sometime, he talks as if duke Humphrey’s ghost  
 ‘ Were by his side; sometime, he calls the king,  
 And whispers to his pillow, as to him,  
 \* The secrets of his overcharged soul :?  
 ‘ And I am sent to tell his majesty,  
 ‘ That even now he cries aloud for him.’

‘ Q. MAR. Go, tell this heavy message to the  
 king. [Exit VAUX.]

‘ Ah me! what is this world? what news are  
 these ?<sup>8</sup>

‘ But wherefore grieve I at an hour’s poor loss,?’

<sup>7</sup> *And whispers to his pillow, as to him,  
 The secrets &c.]* The first of these lines is in the old play.  
 The second is unquestionably our author’s. The thought appears  
 to have struck him; for he has introduced it again in *Macbeth* :

“ ——— Infected minds

“ To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.”

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Ah me! what is this world? what news are these ?]* Instead  
 of this line, the quarto reads :

“ Oh! what is worldly pomp? all men must die,

“ And woe am I for Beaufort’s heavy end.”

STREEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *—— at an hour’s poor loss,]* She means, I believe, at a loss  
 which any hour spent in contrivance and deliberation will enable  
 her to supply. Or perhaps she may call the sickness of the Car-  
 dinal the loss of an hour, as it may put some stop to her schemes.

JOHNSON.

I believe the poet’s meaning is, *Wherefore do I grieve that  
 Beaufort has died an hour before his time*, who, being an old  
 man, could not have had a long time to live? STEEVENS.

This certainly may be the meaning; yet I rather incline to  
 think that the Queen intends to say, “ Why do I lament a  
 circumstance, the impression of which will pass away in the short  
 period of an hour; while I neglect to think on the loss of Suffolk,  
 my affection for whom no time will efface?” MALONE.

‘ Omitting Suffolk’s exile, my foul’s treasure ?  
 ‘ Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,  
 ‘ And with the southern clouds contend in tears ;  
 ‘ Theirs for the earth’s increase,<sup>1</sup> mine for my for-  
     rows ?  
 ‘ Now, get thee hence : The king, thou know’st, is  
     coming ?  
 ‘ If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.  
     ‘ *SUF.* If I depart from thee, I cannot live :  
 ‘ And in thy fight to die, what were it else,  
 But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap ?  
 Here could I breathe my soul into the air,  
 ‘ As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,  
 Dying with mother’s dug between its lips :  
 Where, from thy fight,<sup>2</sup> I should be raging mad,  
 ‘ And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,  
 ‘ To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth ;  
 ‘ So should’st thou either turn my flying soul,<sup>3</sup>  
 ‘ Or I should breathe it so into thy body,  
 And then it liv’d in sweet Elysium.  
 To die by thee, were but to die in jest ;

<sup>1</sup> ——— *for the earth’s increase,*] See Vol. IV. p. 366, n. 3.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Where, from thy fight,*] In the preambles of almost all the statutes made during the first twenty years of Queen Elizabeth’s reign, the word *where* is employed instead of *whereas*. It is so used here. MALONE.

So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

“ And *where* I thought the remnant of mine age” &c.

See Vol. IV. p. 240, n. 7. . STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *turn my flying soul,*] Perhaps Mr. Pope was indebted to this passage in his *Elvifa to Abelard*, where he makes that votarist of exquisite sensibility say :

“ See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,

“ Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul.”

STEVENS.

From thee to die, were torture more than death :  
O, let me stay, befall what may befall.

‘ Q. *MAR.* Away ! though parting be a fretful  
corrosive,<sup>4</sup>

‘ It is applied to a deathful wound.

‘ To France, sweet Suffolk : Let me hear from thee ;

‘ For wheresoc’er thou art in this world’s globe,  
I’ll have an Iris<sup>5</sup> that shall find thee out.

*SUF.* I go.

*Q. MAR.* And take my heart with thee.<sup>6</sup>

*SUF.* A jewel, lock’d into the woeful’st cask  
That ever did contain a thing of worth.  
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we ;  
This way fall I to death.

*Q. MAR.*

This way for me.

[*Exeunt, severally.*]

<sup>4</sup> *Away ! though parting be a fretful corrosive,*] This word was generally, in our author’s time, written, and, I suppose, pronounced *corfive* ; and the metre shows that it ought to be so printed here. So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1605 :

“ His son distrest, a *corfive* to his heart.”

Again, in *The Alchymist*, by Ben Jonson, 1610 :

“ Now do you see that something’s to be done

“ Beside your beech-coal and your *corfive* waters.”

Again, in an *Ode* by the same :

“ I send not balms nor *corfives* to your wound.”

MALONE.

Thus also, in Burton’s *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 600 : “ a *corfive* to all content, a frenzie,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *I’ll have an Iris—*] Iris was the messenger of Juno.

JOHNSON.

So, in *All’s well that ends well* :

“ — this distemper’d messenger of wet,

“ The many-colour’d *Iris—*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *And take my heart with thee.*] I suppose, to complete the verse, we should read :

———— along *with thee*.

So, in *Hamlet* :

“ And he to England shall *along* with thee.” STEEVENS.

## SCENE III.

London. *Cardinal Beaufort's Bed-chamber.*

*Enter King HENRY,<sup>7</sup> SALISBURY, WARWICK, and Others. The Cardinal in bed; Attendants with him.*

\* *K. HEN.* How fares my lord?<sup>8</sup> speak, Beaufort, to thy fovereign.

<sup>7</sup> *Enter King Henry, &c.]* The quarto offers the following stage directions. *Enter King and Salisbury, and then the curtains be drawne, and the cardinal is discovered in his bed, raving and staring as if he were mad.* STEEVENS.

This description did not escape our author, for he has availed himself of it elsewhere. See the speech of Vaux in p. 300.

MALONE.

\* *How fares my lord? &c.]* This scene, and that in which the dead body of the Duke of Gloster is described, are deservedly admired. Having already submitted to the reader the lines on which the former scene is founded, I shall now subjoin those which gave rise to that before us :

“ *Car.* O death, if thou wilt let me live but one whole year,

“ I’ll give thee as much gold as will purchase such another island.

“ *King.* O see, my lord of Salisbury, how he is troubled.

“ Lord Cardinal, remember, Christ must have thy soul.

“ *Car.* Why, dy’d he not in his bed ?

“ What would you have me to do then ?

“ Can I make men live, whether they will or no ?

“ Sirrah, go fetch me the strong poison, which

“ The ‘pothecary sent me.

“ O, see where duke Humphrey’s ghost doth stand ?

“ And stares me in the face ! Look ; look ; comb down his hair.

“ So now, he’s gone again. Oh, oh, oh.

- ‘ *CAR.* If thou be’st death, I’ll give thee Eng-  
land’s treasure,<sup>9</sup>  
‘ Enough to purchase such another island,  
‘ So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.  
\* *K. HEN.* Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,  
\* When death’s approach is seen so terrible!

“ *Sal.* See how the pangs of death doth gripe his heart.

“ *King.* Lord Cardinal, if thou diest assured of hea-  
venly blis,

“ Hold up thy hand, and make some sign to me.

[*The Cardinal dies.*

“ O see, he dies, and makes no sign at all.

“ O God, forgive his soul!

• “ *Sal.* So bad an end did never none behold;

“ But as his death, so was his life in all.

“ *King.* Forbear to judge, good Salisbury forbear;

“ For God will judge us all. Go take him hence,

“ And see his funerals be perform’d.”

[*Exeunt.*

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *If thou be’st death, I’ll give thee England’s treasure, &c.]*  
The following passage in Hall’s *Chronicle*, Henry VI. fol. 70. b. suggested the corresponding lines to the author of the old play: “During these doynge, Henry Beauford, byshop of Winchester, and called the riche Cardynall, departed out of this worlde.— This man was—haut in stomach and hygh in countenance, ryche above measure of all men, and to fewe liberal; disdaynful to his kynne, and dreadful to his lovers. His covetous insaciabie and hope of long lyfe made hym bothe to forget God, his prynce, and hymselfe, in his latter dayes; for Doctour John Baker, his pryvie counsailler and his chapellayn, wrote, that lying on his death-bed, he said these words: ‘Why should I dye, having so muche riches? If the whole realme would save my lyfe, I am able either by pollicie to get it, or by ryches to bye it. Eye will not death be hyred, nor will money do nothyng? When my nephew of Bedford died, I thought my selfe halfe up the whele, but when I sawe myne other nephew of Gloucester diseased, then I thought my selfe able to be equal with kinges, and so thought to increase my treasure in hope to have worne a trypple crowne. But I se nowe the worlde fayleth me, and so I am deceyved; praying you all to pray for me.” MALONE.

\* *WAR.* Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

\* *CAR.* Bring me unto my trial when you will.

‘ Died he not in his bed ? where should he die ?

Can I make men live, wher they will or no ?<sup>1</sup>—

\* O ! torture me no more, I will confess.—

‘ Alive again ? then show me where he is ;

‘ I’ll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—

\* He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.<sup>2</sup>—

‘ Comb down his hair ; look ! look ! it stands upright,

‘ Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul !—

‘ Give me some drink ; and bid the apothecary

‘ Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

\* *K. HEN.* O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,

\* Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch !

\* O, beat away the busy meddling fiend,

\* That lays strong siege unto this wretch’s soul,

\* And from his bosom purge this black despair !

‘ *WAR.* See, how the pangs of death do make him grin.

\* *SAL.* Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

\* *K. HEN.* Peace to his soul, if God’s good pleasure be !

‘ Lord cardinal, if thou think’st on heaven’s bliss,

<sup>1</sup> *Can I make men live ? wher they will or no ?*] So, in *King John* :

“ We cannot hold mortality’s strong hand :—

“ Why do you bend such solemn brows on me ?

“ Think you, I bear the shears of destiny ?

“ Have I commandment on the pulse of life ?”

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *He hath no eyes, &c.*] So, in *Macbeth* :

“ Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,

“ Which thou dost glare with.” MALONE.



- ‘ Hold up thy hand,<sup>3</sup> make signal of thy hope.—  
 ‘ He dies, and makes no sign ; O God, forgive  
     him !  
 ‘ *WAR.* So bad a death argues a monstrous life.  
 ‘ *K. HEN.* Forbear to judge,<sup>4</sup> for we are finners  
     all.—  
 ‘ Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close ;  
 ‘ And let us all to meditation.                   . [*Exeunt.*<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Hold up thy hand,*] Thus, in the spurious play of *K. John*, 1591, Pandulph sees the King dying, and says :

“ Then, good my lord, if you forgive them all,

“ *Lift up your hand*, in token you forgive.”

Again :

“ *Lift up thy hand*, that we may witness here,

“ Thou diest the servant of our Saviour Christ :—

“ Now joy betide thy soul !” STEVENS.

When a dying person is incapable of speech, it is usual (in the church of Rome) previous to the administration of the sacraments, to obtain some *sign* that he is desirous of having them administered. The passage may have an allusion to this practice. C.

<sup>4</sup> *Forbear to judge, &c.*]

“ Peccantes culpare cave, nam labimur omnes,

“ Aut fumus, aut fuimus, vel possumus esse quod hic est.”

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Exeunt.*] This is one of the scenes which have been applauded by the critics, and which will continue to be admired when prejudices shall cease, and bigotry give way to impartial examination. These are beauties that rise out of nature and of truth ; the superficial reader cannot miss them, the profound can image nothing beyond them. JOHNSON.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

Kent. *The Sea-shore near Dover.*<sup>6</sup>

*Firing heard at Sea.*<sup>7</sup> Then enter from a Boat, a Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, and Others; with them SUFFOLK, and other Gentlemen, prisoners.

\* CAP. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day<sup>8</sup>

\* Is crept into the bosom of the sea;

<sup>6</sup> The circumstance on which this scene is founded, is thus related by Hall in his *Chronicle*:—"But fortune would not that this flagitious person [the Duke of Suffolk, who being impeached by the Commons was banished from England for five years,] should so escape; for when he shipped in Suffolk, intending to be transported into France, he was encountered with a shippe of warre apperteyning to the Duke of Excester, the Countable of the Towre of London, called *The Nicholas of the Towre*. The capitaine of the same bark with small fight entered into the duke's shyppe, and perceyving his person present, brought him to Dover rode, and there on the one syde of a cocke-bote, caused his head to be stryken of, and left his body with the head upon the sandes of Dover; which corse was there founde by a chapelayne of his, and conveyed to Wyngfielde college in Suffolke, and there buried." MALONE.

See the *Passon Letters*, published by Sir John Fenn, second edit. Vol. I. p. 38, Letter X. in which this event is more circumstantially related. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Firing heard at Sea.*] Perhaps Ben Jonson was thinking of this play, when he put the following declaration into the mouth of Morose in *The Silent Woman*: "Nay, I would fit out a play that were nothing but *fights at sea*, drum, trumpet, and target." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day* —] The epithet *blabbing* applied to the day by a man about to commit murder,

- \* And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
- \* That drag the tragick melancholy night ;
- \* Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings
- \* Clip dead men's graves,<sup>9</sup> and from their misty  
jaws

is exquisitely beautiful. Guilt is afraid of light, considers darkness as a natural shelter, and makes night the confidente of those actions which cannot be trusted to the *tell-tale day*. JOHNSON.

So, Milton, in his *Comus*, v. 138 :

“ Ere the *blabbing* eastern scout—.” TODD.

Again, in Spenser, *Brit. Ida*. c. ii. st. 3 :

“ For Venus hated his all-*blabbing* light.” STEEVENS.

*Remorseful* is pitiful. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

“ \_\_\_\_\_ a gentleman,

“ Valiant, wife, *remorseful*, well accomplish'd.”

The same idea occurs in *Macbeth* :

“ Scarf up the tender eye of *pitiful day*.” STEEVENS.

This speech is an amplification of the following one in the first part of *The Whole Contention*, &c. quarto, 1600 :

“ Bring forward these prisoners that scorn'd to yield ;

“ Unlade their goods with speed, and *sink their ship*.

“ Here master, this prisoner I give to you,

“ This other the master's mate shall have ;

“ And Walter Whickmore, thou shalt have this man ;

“ And let them pay their ranfome ere they pass.

“ *Suff.* Walter !”

[*He starteth.*]

Had Shakspeare's play been taken down by the ear, or an imperfect copy otherwise obtained, his lines might have been mutilated, or imperfectly represented ; but would a new circumstance (like that of *sinking Suffolk's ship*) not found in the original, have been *added* by the copyist ?—On the other hand, if Shakspeare new modelled the work of another, such a circumstance might well be *omitted*. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ the jades

That drag the tragick melancholy night ;

Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings

Clip dead men's graves,] The wings of the jades that drag

night appears an unnatural image, till it is remembered that the

- \* Breathe foul contagious darknefs in the air.
- \* Therefore, bring forth the foldiers of our prize ;
- \* For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
- \* Here fhall they make their ranfome on the fand,
- \* Or with their blood ftain this difcolour'd fhore.—
- ‘ Master, this prifoner freely give I thee ;—
- ‘ And thou that art his mate, make boot of this ;—
- ‘ The other, [*Pointing to SUFFOLK,*] Walter Whitmore, is thy fhare.

‘ 1. *GENT.* What is my ranfome, mafter ? let me know.

‘ *MAST.* A thoufand crowns, or elfe lay down your head.

‘ *MATE.* And fo much fhall you give, or off goes yours.

\* *CAP.* What, think you much to pay two thoufand crowns,

- \* And bear the name and port of gentlemen ?—
- \* Cut both the villains’ throats ;—for die you fhall ;
- \* The lives of thofe which we have loft in fight,
- \* Cannot be counterpois’d with fuch a petty fum.<sup>1</sup>

chariot of the night is fuppofed, by Shakfpeare, to be drawn by dragons. JOHNSON.

See Vol. IV. p. 432, n. 8. MALONE.

See alfo, *Cymbeline*, Act II. fc. ii. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *The lives of thofe &c.*] The old copy (from which fome deviation, for the fake of obtaining fenfe, was neceffary,) has—

“ The lives of thofe which we have loft in fight,

“ Be counter-pois’d with fuch a petty fum.”

Mr. Malone reads :

“ The lives of thofe which we have loft in fight

“ Cannot be counterpois’d with fuch a petty fum.”

But every reader will obferve, that the laft of thefe lines is incumbered with a fuperfluous foot. I conceive, that the paffage originally ftood as follows :

“ The lives of thofe we have loft in fight, cannot

“ Be counterpois’d with fuch a petty fum.” STEEVENS.

I fufpect that a line has been loft, preceding—“ The lives of

\* 1 *GENT.* I'll give it, fir; and therefore spare my life.

\* 2. *GENT.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.

' *WHIT.* I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,  
' And therefore, to revenge it, shalt thou die;

[*To SUF.*  
' And so should these, if I might have my will.

\* *CAP.* Be not so rash; take ransome, let him live.

' *SUF.* Look on my George, I am a gentleman;<sup>2</sup>  
' Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

' *WHIT.* And so am I; my name is—Walter Whitmore.

' How now? why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?

those," &c. and that this speech belongs to *Whitmore*; for it is inconsistent with what the captain says afterwards. The word *cannot* is not in the folio. The old play affords no assistance. The word now added is necessary to the sense, and is a less innovation on the text than what has been made in the modern editions—*Nor can those lives, &c.*

The emendation made in this passage, (which was written by Shakspeare, there being no trace of it in the old play,) is supported by another in *Coriolanus*, in which we have again the same expression, and nearly the same sentiments:

"The man I speak of *cannot* in the world

"*Be singly counterpois'd.*" MALONE.

The difference between the Captain's present and succeeding sentiments may be thus accounted for. Here, he is only striving to intimidate his prisoners into a ready payment of their ransome. Afterwards his natural disposition inclines him to mercy, till he is provoked by the upbraidings of Suffolk. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Look on my George,]* In the first edition it is *my ring*.

WARBURTON.

Here we have another proof of what has been already so often observed. A *ring* and a *George* could never have been confounded either by the eye or the ear. So, in the original play the ransome of each of Suffolk's companions is a hundred pounds, but here a thousand crowns. MALONE.

- ‘ *SUF.* Thy name affrights me,<sup>3</sup> in whose sound  
is death.  
‘ A cunning man did calculate my birth,  
‘ And told me—that by *Water*<sup>4</sup> I should die :  
‘ Yet let not this make thee be bloody minded ;  
‘ Thy name is—*Gualtier*, being rightly founded.  
‘ *WHIT.* *Gualtier*, or *Walter*, which it is, I care  
not ;  
‘ Ne’er yet did base dishonour blur our name,<sup>5</sup>  
‘ But with our sword we wip’d away the blot ;  
‘ Therefore, when merchant-like I fell revenge,

<sup>3</sup> *Thy name affrights me,*] But he had heard his name before, without being startled by it. In the old play, as soon as ever the captain has consigned him to “ *Walter Whickmore,*” Suffolk *immediately* exclaims, *Walter!* Whickmore asks him, why he fears him, and Suffolk replies, “ It is thy name affrights me.” Our author has here, as in some other places, fallen into an impropriety, by sometimes following and sometimes deserting his original. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *by Water*—] So, in Queen Margaret’s letter to this Duke of Suffolk, by Michael Drayton :

“ I pray thee, Poole, have care how thou dost pass,

“ Never the sea yet half so dangerous was,

“ And one foretold, by *water* thou should’st die,” &c.

A note on these lines says, “ The witch of Eye received answer from her spirit, that the Duke of Suffolk should take heed of *water.*” See the fourth scene of the first Act of this play.

STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Ne’er yet did base dishonour* &c.] This and the following lines are founded on these two in the old play :

“ And therefore ere I merchant-like fell blood for gold,

“ Then cast me headlong down into the sea.”

The new image which Shakespeare has introduced into this speech, “ — my arms torn and defac’d,”—is found also in *King Richard II.*

“ From my own windows *torn my household coat,*

“ Raz’d out my impress ; leaving me no sign,—

“ Save men’s opinions, and my living blood,—

“ To show the world I am a gentleman.”

See the notes on that passage. See Vol. XI. p. 85, n. 3, and 4.

MALONE.



Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my s'irrup ?

' Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,

' And thought thee happy when I shook my head ?

' How often hast thou waited at my cup,

' Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,

' When I have feasted with queen Margaret ?

\* Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n ;

\* Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride :<sup>9</sup>

\* How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,

\* And duly waited for my coming forth ?

' This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,

' And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.<sup>1</sup>

\* *WHIT.* Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn  
swain ?

\* *CAP.* First let my words stab him, as he hath  
me.

\* *SUF.* Base slave ! thy words are blunt, and so  
art thou.

' *CAP.* Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's  
side

' Strike off his head.

*SUF.* Thou dar'st not for thy own.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — *abortive pride* :] Pride that has had birth too soon,  
pride issuing before its time. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> — *charm thy riotous tongue.*] i. e. restrain thy licentious  
talk ; compel thee to be silent. See Vol. IX. p. 140, n. 5, and  
Mr. Stevens's note in *Othello*, Act V. sc. ult. where Iago uses  
the same expression. It occurs frequently in the books of our au-  
thor's age. MALONE.

Again, in the Third Part of this Play, Act V. sc. iii :

“ Peace, wilful boy, or I will *charm your tongue.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Thou dar'st not &c.*] In the quarto edition the passage stands  
thus :

“ *Suf.* Thou dar'st not for thy own.

“ *Cap.* Yes, Pole ?



CAP. Yes, Poole.

SUF. Poole?

CAP. Poole? Sir Poole? lord?<sup>3</sup>  
 ‘ Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt  
 ‘ Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.  
 ‘ Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,  
 ‘ For swallowing<sup>4</sup> the treasure of the realm:  
 ‘ Thy lips, that kiss’d the queen, shall sweep the  
     ground;  
 ‘ And thou, that smil’dst at good duke Humphrey’s  
     death,<sup>5</sup>

“ *Suf.* Pole?

“ *Cap.* Ay, Pole, puddle, kennel, sink and dirt,

“ I’ll stop that yawning mouth of thine.”

I think the two intermediate speeches should be inserted in the text, to introduce the Captain’s repetition of *Poole*, &c.

STEVENS.

It is clear from what follows that these speeches were not intended to be rejected by Shakspeare, but accidentally omitted at the press. I have therefore restored them. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Poole? Sir Poole? lord?*] The dissonance of this broken line makes it almost certain that we should read with a kind of ludicrous climax:

*Poole? Sir Poole? lord Poole?*

He then plays upon the name *Poole, kennel, puddle.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *For swallowing* —] He means, perhaps, so as to prevent thy swallowing, &c. So, in *The Puritan*, 1607: “—he is now in huckster’s handling for running away.” I have met with many other instances of this kind of phraseology. The more obvious interpretation, however, may be the true one. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *And thou, that smil’dst at good duke Humphrey’s death, &c.*] This enumeration of Suffolk’s crimes seems to have been suggested by *The Mirror of Magistrates*, 1575, *Legend of William de la Pole*:

“ And led me back again to Dover road,

“ Where unto me recounting all my faults,—

“ As murdering of duke Humphrey in his bed,

“ And how I had brought all the realm to nought,



- \* As hating thee, are rising<sup>9</sup> up in arms :  
 \* And now the house of York—thrust from the  
     crown,  
 \* By shameful murder of a guiltless king,  
 \* And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,—  
 \* Burns with revenging fire ; whose hopeful colours  
 \* Advance our half-fac'd sun,<sup>1</sup> striving to shine,  
 \* Under the which is writ—*In vitis nubibus*.  
 \* The commons here in Kent are up in arms :  
 \* And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary,  
 \* Is crept into the palace of our king,  
 \* And all by thee :—Away ! convey him hence.

- \* *SUF.* O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder  
 \* Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges !  
 \* Small things make base men proud : ' this villain  
     here,  
 ' Being captain of a pinnace,<sup>2</sup> threatens more .  
 ' Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — are rising—] Old copy—and rising. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — whose hopeful colours  
*Advance our half-fac'd sun,*] “ Edward III. bore for his device the rays of the sun dispersing themselves out of a cloud.” Camden's *Remaines*. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Being captain of a pinnace,*] A *pinnace* did not anciently signify, as at present, a man of war's boat, but a ship of small burthen. So, in Winwood's *Memorials*, Vol. III. p. 118 : “ The king (James I.) naming the great ship, Trade's Increase ; and the prince, a *pinnace* of 250 tons (built to wait upon her,) Pepper-corn.” STEEVENS.

The complement of men on board a pinnace (or *spyner*) was about twenty five. See *Passion Letters*, Vol. I. p. 159.

HENLEY.

<sup>3</sup> *Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.*] Mr. Theobald says, “ This wight I have not been able to trace, or discover from what legend our author derived his acquaintance with him.” And yet he is to be met with in *Tully's Offices* ; and the legend

‘ Drones suck not eagles’ blood, but rob bee-hives.  
 ‘ It is impossible, that I should die  
 ‘ By such a lowly vassal as thyself.  
 ‘ Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me :<sup>4</sup>  
 ‘ I go of message from the queen to France ;  
 ‘ I charge thee, waite me safely cross the channel.

‘ CAP. Walter,——

‘ WHIT. Come, Suffolk, I must waite thee to thy death.

\* SUF. *Gelidus timor occupat artus* :<sup>5</sup>—’tis thee I fear.

is the famous *Theopompus’s History* : “ *Bargulus, Illyrius latro, de quo est apud Theopompum, magnas opes habuit*, Lib. II. cap. xi. WARBURTON.

Dr. Farmer observes that Shakspeare might have met with this pirate in two translations. Robert Whytinton, 1533, calls him “ *Bargulus, a pirate upon the see of Illiry* ;” and Nicholas Grimoald, about twenty-three years afterwards, “ *Bargulus, the Illyrian robber*.”

Bargulus does not make his appearance in the quarto ; but we have another hero in his room. The Captain, says Suffolk :

“ Threatens more plagues than mighty *Abradas*,

“ The great Macedonian pirate.”

I know nothing more of this *Abradas*, than that he is mentioned by Greene in his *Penelope’s Web*, 1601 :

“ *Abradas* the great Macedonian pirat thought every one had a letter of mart that bare sayles in the ocean.” STEVENS.

Here we see another proof of what has been before suggested. See p. 285, n. 9 ; and p. 311, n. 1. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me* :] This line Shakspeare has injudiciously taken from the Captain, to whom it is attributed in the original play, and given it to Suffolk ; for what *remorse*, that is, *pity*, could Suffolk be called upon to show to his *assailant* ; whereas the Captain might with propriety say to his *captive*—thy haughty language exasperates me, instead of exciting my *compassion*. MALONE.

Perhaps our author meant (however imperfectly he may have expressed himself,) to make Suffolk say—“ Your words excite my anger, instead of prompting me to solicit pity.” STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Gelidus timor occupat artus* :] The folio, where alone this

- ‘ *WHIT.* Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I  
leave thee.
- ‘ What, are ye daunted now ? now will ye stoop ?
- ‘ 1 *GENT.* My gracious lord, entreat him, speak  
him fair.
- ‘ *SUF.* Suffolk’s imperial tongue is stern and  
rough,
- ‘ Us’d to command, untaught to plead for favour.
- ‘ Far be it, we should honour such as these
- ‘ With humble suit : no, rather let my head
- ‘ Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,
- ‘ Save to the God of heaven, and to my king ;
- ‘ And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
- ‘ Than stand uncover’d to the vulgar groom.

line is found, reads—*Pine*, &c. a corruption, I suppose, of [*penè*] the word that I have substituted in its place. I know not what other word could have been intended. The editor of the second folio, and all the modern editors, have escaped the difficulty by suppressing the word. The measure is of little consequence, for no such line, I believe, exists in any classic author. Dr. Grey refers us to “ Ovid de *Trist.* 313, and *Metamorph.* 247 :” a very wide field to range in ; however with some trouble I found out what he meant. This line is *not* in Ovid ; (nor I believe in any other poet ; ) but in his *De Tristibus*, Lib. I. El. iii. 113, we find :

“ *Navita, confectus gelido pallore timorem,*” —  
and in his *Metamorph.* Lib. IV. 247, we meet with these lines :

“ *Ille quidem gelidos radiorum viribus artus,*  
“ *Si queat, in vivum tentat revocare calorem.*”

MALONE.

In the eleventh Book of Virgil, Turnus (addressing Drances) says—

“ — cur ante tubam tremor occupat artus ?”

This is as near, I conceive, to Suffolk’s quotation, as either of the passages already produced. Yet, somewhere, in the wide expanse of Latin Poetry, ancient and modern, the very words in question may hereafter be detected.

*Penè*, the gem which appears to have illuminated the dreary mine of collation, is beheld to so little advantage above-ground, that I am content to leave it where it was discovered.

STEVENS.

\* True nobility is exempt from fear:—

‘ More can I bear, than you dare execute,<sup>6</sup>

‘ *CAP.* Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

‘ *SUF.* Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,<sup>7</sup>

‘ That this my death may never be forgot!—

‘ Great men oft die by vile bezonians:<sup>8</sup>

‘ A Roman sworder<sup>9</sup> and banditto slave,

‘ Murder’d sweet Tully; Brutus’ bastard hand<sup>1</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *More can I bear, than you dare execute.*] So, in *King Henry VIII*:

“ — I am able now, methinks,

“ (Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)

“ To endure more miseries; and greater far,

“ Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.”

Again, in *Othello*:

“ Thou hast not half that power to do me harm,

“ As I have to be hurt.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,*] In the folio this line is given to the Captain by the carelessness of the printer or transcriber. The present regulation was made by Sir Thomas Hanmer, and followed by Dr. Warburton. See the latter part of note 6, p. 313. MALONE.

Surely (as has been suggested) this line belongs to the next speech. No cruelty was meditated beyond decollation; and without such an introduction, there is an obscure abruptness in the beginning of Suffolk’s reply to the Captain. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *bezonians* :] See a note on the 2d part of *K. Henry IV.* Act V. sc. iii. Vol. XII:

“ *Bisognoso*, is a mean low man.”

So, in *Sir Giles Goosecap*, 1606:

“ — if he come to me like your *Bisognio*, or your boor.”

Again, in Markham’s *English Husbandman*, p. 4:

“ The ordinary tillers of the earth, such as we call husbandmen; in France peasants, in Spain *besonyans*, and generally the cloutshoe.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *A Roman sworder &c.*] i. e. Herennius a centurion, and Popilius Laenas, tribune of the soldiers. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *Brutus’ bastard hand* —] Brutus was the son of Servilia, a Roman lady, who had been concubine to Julius Cæsar.

STEEVENS

' Stabb'd Julius Cæsar ; savage islanders,  
 ' Pompey the great :<sup>2</sup> and Suffolk dies by pirates.  
 [*Exit* *SUF.* with *WHIT.* and *Others.*]

*CAP.* And as for these whose ranfome we have  
 set,  
 It is our pleasure, one of them depart :—  
 Therefore come you with us, and let him go.  
 [*Exeunt all but the first Gentleman.*]

*Re-enter* *WHITMORE*, with *SUFFOLK's* *Body.*

' *WHIT.* There let his head and lifeless body lie,  
 ' Until the queen his mistress bury it.<sup>3</sup> [*Exit.*]

<sup>2</sup> *Pompey the great :*] The poet seems to have confounded the story of Pompey with some other. *JOHNSON.*

This circumstance might be advanced as a slight proof, in aid of many stronger, that our poet was no classical scholar. Such a one could not easily have forgotten the manner in which the life of Pompey was concluded. Pompey, however, is not in the quarto. Spenser likewise abounds with deviations from established history and fable. *STEEVENS.*

Pompey being killed by Achilles and Septimius at the moment that the Egyptian fishing boat in which they were, reached the coast, and his head being thrown into the sea, (a circumstance which Shakspeare found in North's translation of Plutarch,) his mistake does not appear more extraordinary than some others which have been remarked in his works.

It is remarkable that the introduction of Pompey was among Shakspeare's additions to the old play : This may account for the classical error, into which probably the original author would not have fallen. In the quarto the lines stand thus :

" A sworder, and banditto slave  
 " Murdered sweet Tully ;  
 " Brutus' bastard hand stabb'd Julius Cæsar,  
 " And Suffolk dies by pirates on the seas." *MALONE.*

<sup>3</sup> *There let his head &c.*] Instead of this speech, the quarto gives us the following :

' I *GENT.* O barbarous and bloody spectacle!  
 ' His body will I bear unto the king;  
 ' If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;  
 ' So will the queen, that living held him dear.  
 [*Exit, with the Body.*]

## SCENE II.

Blackheath.

*Enter* GEORGE BEVIS *and* JOHN HOLLAND.

' *GEO.* Come, and get thee a sword,<sup>4</sup> though made  
 ' of a lath; they have been up these two days.

' *JOHN.* They have the more need to sleep now  
 then.

' *GEO.* I tell thee,<sup>5</sup> Jack Cade the clothier means  
 ' to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set  
 ' a new nap upon it.

" *Cap.* Off with his head, and send it to the queen,  
 " And ransomless this prisoner shall go free,  
 " To see it safe deliver'd unto her." STEEVENS.

See p. 321, n. 4, and the notes there referred to. MALONE.

See Sir John Fenn's Collection of *The Paston Letters*, Vol. I.  
p. 40. HENLEY.

<sup>4</sup> — get thee a sword,] The quarto reads—Come away,  
*Nick*, and put a long staff in thy pike, &c. STEEVENS.

So afterwards, instead of "Cade the clothier," we have in the  
 quarto "Cade the dyer of Ashford." See the notes above re-  
 ferred to. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> I tell thee,] In the original play this speech is introduced  
 more naturally. *Nick* asks George "Sirra George, what's the  
 matter?" to which George replies, "Why marry, Jack Cade,  
 the dyer of Ashford here," &c. MALONE.



*JOHN.* So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say, it was never merry world in England,<sup>6</sup> since gentlemen came up.<sup>7</sup>

\* *GEO.* O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded  
\* in handicrafts-men.

‘ *JOHN.* The nobility think scorn to go in leather  
‘ aprons.

\* *GEO.* Nay more, the king's council are no good  
\* workmen.

\* *JOHN.* True; And yet it is said,—Labour in  
\* thy vocation: which is as much to say, as,—let  
\* the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore  
\* should we be magistrates.

\* *GEO.* Thou hast hit it: for there's no better  
\* sign of a brave mind, than a hard hand.

\* *JOHN.* I see them! I see them! There's Best's  
\* son, the tanner of Wingham;—

\* *GEO.* He shall have the skins of our enemies,  
\* to make dog's leather of.

*JOHN.* And Dick the butcher,<sup>8</sup>—

<sup>6</sup> *Well, I say, it was never merry world in England, &c.*] The same phrase was used by the Duke of Suffolk in the time of Henry VIII: "Then slept forth the Duke of Suffolke from the King, and spake with a haull countenance these words: *It was never merry in England* (quoth hec) while we had any Cardinals among us," &c. Stowe's *Chronicle*, Fo. 1631, p. 546. RLED.

<sup>7</sup> —[since gentlemen came up.] Thus we familiarly say—a fashion comes up. STEEVENS.

\* *And Dick the butcher,*] In the first copy thus:—

Why there's Dick the butcher, and Robin the saddler, and Will that came a wooing to our Nan last Sunday, and Harry and Tom, and Gregory that should have your pannel, and a great fort more, is come from Rochester and from Maidstone, and Canterbury, and all the towns hereabouts, and we must all be lords, or squires, as soon as Jack Cade is king. See p. 210, n. 9; p. 217, n. 1; p. 317, n. 3, and p. 322, n. 3. MALCOLM.

\* *GEO.* Then is sin struck down like an ox, and  
\* iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

\* *JOHN.* And Smith the weaver:—

\* *GEO.* *Argo*, their thread of life is spun.

\* *JOHN.* Come, come, let's fall in with them.

*Drum.* Enter *CADE*, *DICK* the Butcher, *SMITH*  
the Weaver, and Others in great number.

' *CADE.* We John Cade, so termed of our sup-  
' posed father,—

*DICK.* Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.<sup>9</sup>

[*Afide.*

' *CADE.* —for our enemies shall fall before us,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — a cade of herrings.] That is, A barrel of herrings. I suppose the word *keg*, which is now used, is *cade* corrupted.

JOHNSON.

A cade is less than a barrel. The quantity it should contain is ascertained by the accounts of the *Celeres* of the Abbey of Berking. "Memorandum that a *barrel* of herryng shold contene a thousand herryngs, and a *cade* of herryng six hundreth, six score to the hundreth." *Mon. Ang.* I. 83. MALONE. ¶

Nash speaks of having weighed one of Gabriel Harvey's books against a *cade of herrings*, and ludicrously says, "That the rebel Jacke Cade was the first that devised to put redde herrings in *caedes*, and from him they have their name." *Praise of the Red Herring*, 1599. *Cade*, however, is derived from *Cadus*, Lat. a cask or barrel. STREEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — our enemies shall fall before us,] He alludes to his name *Cade*, from *cado*, Lat. to fall. He has too much learning for his character. JOHNSON.

*We John Cade, &c.*] This passage, I think, should be regulated thus:

" *Cade.* We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,  
for our enemies shall fall before us;—

" *Dick.* Or rather of stealing a cade of herrings.

" *Cade.* Inspired with the spirit' &c. TYRWHITT.

¶ the old play the corresponding passage stands thus:

" *Cade.* I John Cade, so nam'd for my valiancy,—

" *Dick.* Or rather for stealing of a cade of sprats."

‘ inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and  
‘ princes,—Command silence.

DICK. Silence !

CADÉ. My father was a Mortimer,—

DICK. He was an honest man, and a good brick-  
layer. [Aside.

‘ CADÉ. My mother a Plantagenet,—

‘ DICK. I knew her well, she was a midwife.  
[Aside.

‘ CADÉ. My wife descended of the Lacies,—

DICK. She was, indeed, a pedlar’s daughter, and  
sold many laces. [Aside.

‘ SMITH. But, now of late, not able to travel with  
‘ her furred pack,<sup>2</sup> she wathes bucks here at home.  
[Aside.

The transposition recommended by Mr. Tyrwhitt is so plausible, that I had once regulated the text accordingly. But Dick’s quibbling on the word *of* (which is used by Cade, according to the phraseology of our author’s time, for *by*, and as employed by Dick, signifies—*on account of*;) is so much in Shakspeare’s manner, that no change ought, I think, to be made. If the words “Or rather of stealing;” &c. be postponed to—“For our enemies shall fall before us,” Dick then, as at present, would assert—that Cade is not so called on account of a particular theft; which indeed would correspond sufficiently with the old play; but the quibble on the word *of*, which appears very like a conceit of Shakspeare, would be destroyed. Cade, as the speeches stand in the folio, proceeds to assign the origin of his name without paying any regard to what Dick has said.

*Of* is used again in *Coriolanus*, in the sense which it bears in Cade’s speech:—“We have been called so *of* many,” i. e. by many. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *furred pack*,] A wallet or knapsack of skin with the hair outward. JOHNSON.

In the original play the words are—“and now being not able to occupy her furred pack,”—under which, perhaps “more was meant than meets the ear.” MALONE.

' CADE. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

DICK. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable ;<sup>3</sup> and there was he born, under a hedge ; for his father had never a house, but the cage.<sup>4</sup> [*Afide.*

\* CADE. Valiant I am.

\* SMITH. 'A must needs ; for beggary is valiant. [*Afide.*

CADE. I am able to endure much.

DICK. No question of that ; for I have seen him whipped three market days together. [*Afide.*

CADE. I fear neither sword nor fire.

SMITH. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof.<sup>5</sup> [*Afide.*

DICK. But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i'the hand for stealing of sheep. [*Afide.*

CADE. Be brave then ; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny : the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops ;<sup>6</sup> and I will make

<sup>3</sup> ——— *the field is honourable ;*] Perhaps, a quibble between *field* in its heraldick, and in its common acceptation, was designed. STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *but the cage.*] A cage was formerly a term for a prison. See Minshew, in v. We yet talk of jail-birds. MALONE.

There is scarce a village in England which has not a temporary place of confinement, still called *The Cage*. STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *for his coat is of proof.*] A quibble between two senses of the word ; one as being able to resist, the other as being *well-tried*, that is, long worn. HANMER.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops ;*] In *The Gul's Horn-Booke*, a satirical pamphlet by Decker, 1609, *hoops* are mentioned among other drinking measures : " ——— his *hoops*, cans, half-cans," &c. And Nash, in his *Pierce Penniless's his Supplication to the Devil*, 1595, says : " I believe *hoopes* in

it felony, to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grafs. And, when I am king, (as king I will be)——

*ALL.* God save your majesty!

*CADÉ.* I thank you, good people:—there shall  
‘ be no money ;’ all shall eat and drink on my  
‘ score ; and I will apparel them all in one-livery,  
‘ that they may agree like brothers, and worship me  
‘ their lord.

*DICK.* The first thing we do, let’s kill the  
‘ lawyers.

*CADÉ.* Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing,<sup>8</sup> that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o’er, should undo a man? Some

quart pots were invented to that end, that every man should take his *hoope*, and no more.”

It appears from a passage in *Cynthia’s Revels*, by Ben Jonson, that “ burning of cans” was one of the offices of a city magistrate. I suppose he means burning such as were not of statutable measure.

STEEVENS.

An anonymous commentator supposes, perhaps with more truth, that “ the burning of cans” was, marking them with a red-hot iron, which is still practised by the magistrate in many country boroughs, in proof of *their being* statutable measure.—These *cans*, it should be observed, were of wood. HENLEY.

<sup>7</sup> — *there shall be no money ;*] To mend the world by banishing money is an old contrivance of those who did not consider that the quarrels and mischiefs which arise from money, as the sign or ticket of riches, must, if money were to cease, arise immediately from riches themselves, and could never be at an end till every man was contented with his own share of the goods of life. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Is not this a lamentable thing, &c.*] This speech was transposed by Shakspeare, it being found in the old play in a subsequent scene. MALONE.

say, the bee stings : but I say, 'tis the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now? who's there?

*Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.*<sup>9</sup>

*SMITH.* The clerk of Chatham : he can write and read, and cast accompt.

*CADE.* O monstrous !

*SMITH.* We took him setting of boys' copies.<sup>1</sup>

*CADE.* Here's a villain !

*SMITH.* It's a book in his pocket, with red letters in't.

*CADE.* Nay, then he is a conjurer.

*DICK.* Nay, he can make obligations,<sup>2</sup> and write court-hand.

*CADE.* I am sorry for't : the man is a proper man, on mine honour ; unless I find him guilty,

<sup>9</sup> — *the Clerk of Chatham.*] The person whom Shakspeare makes Clerk of Chatham should seem to have been one *Thomas Bayly*, a reputed necromancer, or fortune-teller, at Whitechapel. He had formerly been a bosom friend of Cade's, and of the same profession. *W. Wyrcester*, p. 471. RITSON.

<sup>1</sup> *We took him &c.*] We must suppose that Smith had taken the Clerk some time before, and left him in the custody of those who now bring him in. In the old play *Will the weaver* enters with the Clerk, though he has not long before been conversing with Cade. Perhaps it was intended that Smith should go out after his speech—ending, “for his coat is of proof :” but no *Exit* is marked in the old copy. It is a matter of little consequence.—It is, I think, most probable that *Will* was the true name of this character, as in the old play, (to Dick, George, John, &c.) and that *Smith*, the name of some low actor, has crept into the folio by mistake. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *obligations,*] That is, *londs.* MALONE.

‘ he shall not die,—Come hither, firrah, I must ex-  
 ‘ amine thee : What is thy name ?

CLERK. Emmanuel.

DICK. They use to write it on the top of let-  
 ters ;<sup>3</sup>—’Twill go hard with you.

‘ CADE. Let me alone :—Dost thou use to write  
 ‘ thy name ? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an  
 ‘ honest plain-dealing man ?

CLERK. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well  
 brought up, that I can write my name.

‘ ALL. He hath confessed : away with him ; he’s  
 ‘ a villain, and a traitor.

‘ CADE. Away with him, I say : hang him with  
 ‘ his pen and inkhorn about his neck.

[*Exeunt some with the Clerk.*]

*Enter* MICHAEL.

‘ MICH. Where’s our general ?

‘ CADE. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

‘ MICH. Fly, fly, fly ! sir Humphrey Stafford and  
 ‘ his brother are hard by, with the king’s forces.

‘ CADE. Stand, villain, stand, or I’ll sell thee

<sup>3</sup> *They use to write it on the top of letters ;*] i. e. Of letters  
 missive, and such like publick acts. See Mabillon’s *Diplomata*.

WARBURTON.

In the old anonymous play, called *The famous Victories of  
 Henry V. containing the Honourable Battel of Agincourt*, I find  
 the same circumstance. The Archbishop of Burges (i. e. Bruges)  
 is the speaker, and addresses himself to King Henry :

“ I beseech your grace to deliver me your safe

“ Conduct, under your broad seal *Emanuel*.”

The King in answer says :

“ ——— deliver him safe conduct

“ Under our broad seal *Emanuel*.” STEEVENS.

' down : He shall be encountered with a man as  
' good as himself : He is but a knight, is 'a ?

' *MICH.* No.

' *CADÉ.* To equal him, I will make myself a  
' knight presently ; Rise up fir John Mortimer.  
' Now have at him.<sup>4</sup>

*Enter Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM  
his Brother, with Drum and Forces.*

\* *STAF.* Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of  
Kent,

\* Mark'd for the gallows,—lay your weapons down,

\* Home to your cottages, forsake this groon ;—

\* The king is merciful, if you revolt.

\* *W. STAF.* But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to  
blood,

\* If you go forward : therefore yield, or die.

*CADÉ.* As for these filken-coated slaves, I pass  
not ;<sup>5</sup>

It is to you, good people, that I speak,

\* O'er whom, in time to come, I hope to reign ;

\* For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

<sup>4</sup> — *have at him.*] After this speech the old play has the following words :

“ —Is there any more of them that be knights ?

“ *Tom.* Yea, his brother.

“ *Cadé.* Then kneel down, Dick Butcher ; rise up fir

“ Dick Butcher. Sound up the drum.”

See p. 317, n. 3, and p. 323, n. 8. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *I pass not ;*] I pay them no regard. JOHNSON.

So, in Drayton's *Quest of Cynthia* :

“ Transform me to what shape you can,

“ *I pass not* what it be.” STEEVENS.



‘ *STAF.* Villain, thy father was a plasterer ;  
 ‘ And thou thyself, a shearinan, Art thou not ?

*CADE.* And Adam was a gardener.

‘ *W. STAF.* And what of that ?

*CADE.* Marry, this :—Edmund Mortimer, earl  
 of March,  
 Married the duke of Clarence’ daughter ; Did he  
 not ?

‘ *STAF.* Ay, fir.

*CADE.* By her, he had two children at one birth.

*W. STAF.* That’s false.

‘ *CADE.* Ay, there’s the question ; but, I say, ’tis  
 true :

‘ The elder of them, being put to nurse,  
 ‘ Was by a beggar-woman stol’n away ;  
 ‘ And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,  
 ‘ Became a bricklayer, when he came to age :  
 ‘ His son am I ; deny it, if you can.

*DICK.* Nay, ’tis too true ; therefore he shall be  
 king.

*SMITH.* Sir, he made a chimney in my father’s  
 house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify  
 it ; therefore, deny it not.

\* *STAF.* And will you credit this base drudge’s  
 words,

\* That speaks he knows not what ?

\* *ALL.* Ay, marry, will we ; therefore get ye  
 gone.

*W. STAF.* Jack Cade, the duke of York hath  
 taught you this.

\* *CADE.* He lies, for I invented it myself.  
 [*Afide.*]—Go to, firrah, Tell the king from me,  
 that—for his father’s sake, Henry the fifth, in whose

time boys went to span-counter for French crowns, —I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

' *DICK.* And, furthermore, we'll have the lord Say's head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

' *CADE.* And good reason; for thereby is England maimed,<sup>6</sup> and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you, that that lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth,<sup>7</sup> and made it an eunuch: and more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

' *STAF.* O gross and miserable ignorance!

' *CADE.* Nay, answer, if you can: The Frenchmen are our enemies: go to then, I ask but this: Can he, that speaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good counsellor, or no?

\* *ALL.* No, no; and therefore we'll have his \* head.

<sup>6</sup> — is England maimed,] The folio has—*main'd*. The correction was made from the old play. I am not, however, sure that a blunder was not intended. Daniel has the same conceit; *Civil Wars*, 15, 5:

“Anjou and *Maine*, the *main* that foul appears—.”

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — hath gelded the commonwealth,] Shakspeare has here transgressed a rule laid down by Tully, *De Oratore*: “Nolo mortis dici Africani *castratam* esse rempublicam.” The character of the speaker, however, may countenance such indelicacy. In other places our author, less excuseably, talks of *gelding* purses, patrimonies, and continents. STEEVENS.

This peculiar expression is Shakspeare's own, not being found in the old play. In *King Richard II.* Ross says that Henry of Bolingbroke has been—

“Bereft and *gelded* of his patrimony.”

So the old play here says, that the commonwealth is *bereft of* what it before possessed, namely, certain provinces in France.

MALONE.

- \* *IV. STAF.* Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,  
 \* Affail them with the army of the king.  
 ‘ *STAF.* Herald, away : and, throughout every town,  
 ‘ Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade ;  
 ‘ That those, which fly before the battle ends,  
 ‘ May, even in their wives’ and children’s fight,  
 ‘ Be hang’d up for example at their doors :—  
 ‘ And you, that be the king’s friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the Two STAFFORDS, and Forces.*

- \* *CADÉ.* And you, that love the commons, follow me.—  
 \* Now show yourselves men, ’tis for liberty.  
 \* We will not leave one lord, one gentleman :  
 \* Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon ;  
 \* For they are thrifty honest men, and such  
 \* As would (but that they dare not,) take our parts.  
 \* *DICK.* They are all in order, and march toward us.  
 \* *CADÉ.* But then are we in order, when we are  
 \* most out of order. Come, march forward.<sup>8</sup>

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>8</sup> ——— *Come, march forward.*] In the first copy, instead of this speech, we have only—*Come, Sirs, St. George for us, and Kent.* See p. 243, n. 4 ; p. 317, n. 3 ; and p. 369, n. 4.

## SCENE III.

*Another Part of Blackheath.*

*Alarums. The two Parties enter, and fight, and both the STAFFORDS are slain.*

‘ CADE. Where’s Dick, the butcher of Afliford ?

‘ DICK. Here, fir.

‘ CADE. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house : therefore thus will I reward thee,—The Lent shall be as long again as it is ;<sup>9</sup> and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred lacking one.

‘ DICK. I desire no more.

\* CADE. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no \* less. This monument of the victory will I bear ;<sup>1</sup> \* and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse’ heels, \* till I do come to London, where we will have the \* mayor’s sword borne before us.

<sup>9</sup> — as long again as it is ;] The word *again*, which was certainly omitted in the folio by accident, was restored from the old play, by Mr. Steevens, on the suggestion of Dr. Johnson.

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *This monument of the victory will I bear ;*] Here Cade must be supposed to take off Stafford’s armour. So, Holinshed :

“ Jack Cade, upon his victory against the Staffords, apparelled himself in Sir Humphrey’s brigandine, set full of gilt nails, and so in some glory returned again toward London.”

STEEVENS.

*Sir Humphrey Stafford*, who was killed at *Sevenoke* in *Cade’s* rebellion, is buried at *Bromsgrove* in *Staffordshire*. VAILLANT.

\* *DICK.* If we mean to thrive and do good,<sup>2</sup> break  
\* open the gaols, and let out the prisoners.

\* *CADÉ.* Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come,  
\* let's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter King HENRY, reading a Supplication; the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and Lord SAY with him: at a distance, Queen MARGARET, mourning over SUFFOLK'S Head.*

\* *Q. MAR.* Oft have I heard—that grief softens  
the mind,

\* And makes it fearful and degenerate;

\* Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.

\* But who can cease to weep, and look on this?

\* Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:

\* But where's the body that I should embrace?

‘*Buck.* What answer makes y'our grace to the  
‘rebels' supplication?’<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *If we mean to thrive and do good, &c.]* I think it should be read thus: *If we mean to thrive, do good; break open the gaols, &c.* JOHNSON.

The speaker designs to say—“If we *ourselves* mean to thrive, and do good *to others*” &c. The old reading is the true one.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *to the rebels' supplication?*] “And to the intent that the cause of this glorious capitaynes comyng thither might be shadowed from the king and his counsayll, he sent to him an humble *supplication*,—affirmyng his comyng not to be against him, but against divers of his counsayl,” &c. Hall, Henry VI fol. 77. MALONS.

\* *K. HEN.* I'll send some holy bishop to entreat :<sup>4</sup>  
 ' For God forbid, so many simple souls  
 ' Should perish by the sword ! And I myself,  
 ' Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,  
 ' Will parley with Jack Cade their general.—  
 ' But stay, I'll read it over once again.

\* *Q. MAR.* Ah, barbarous villains ! hath this  
 lovely face

\* *Rul'd*, like a wandering planet,<sup>5</sup> over me ;  
 \* And could it not enforce them to relent,  
 \* That were unworthy to behold the same ?

' *K. HEN.* Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to  
 have thy head.

' *SAY.* Ay, but I hope, your highness shall have  
 his.

*K. HEN.* How now, madam ? Still  
 Lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death ?

<sup>4</sup> *I'll send some holy bishop to entreat :*] Here, as in some other places, our author has fallen into an inconsistency, by sometimes following and sometimes deserting his original! In the old play, the King says not a word of sending any *bishop* to the rebels ; but says, he will himself come and parly with them, and in the mean while orders *Clifford* and *Buckingham* to gather an army and to go to them. Shakspeare, in new modelling this scene, found in Holinshed's Chronicle the following words : " — to whome [Cade] were sent from the king, the *Archbishop of Canterburie* and *Humphrey duke of Buckingham*, to common with him of his griefs and requests." This gave birth to the line before us ; which our author afterwards forgot, having introduced in scene viii. only *Buckingham* and *Clifford*, *conformably to the old play.* MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Rul'd, like a wandering planet.*] Predominated irresistibly over my passions, as the planets over the lives of those that are born under their influence. JOHNSON.

The old play led Shakspeare into this strange exhibition ; a queen with the head of her murdered paramour on her bosom, in the presence of her husband ! MALONE.

I fear, my love,<sup>6</sup> if that I had been dead,  
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. *MAR.* No, my love, I should not mourn, but  
die for thee.

*Enter a Messenger.*

\* *K. HEN.* How now! what news? why com'st  
thou in such haste?

‘ *MESS.* The rebels are in Southwark; Fly, my  
lord!

‘ Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer,  
‘ Descended from the duke of Clarence’ house;  
‘ And calls your grace usurper, openly,  
‘ And vows to crown himself in Westminster.  
‘ His army is a ragged multitude  
‘ Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:  
‘ Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother’s death  
‘ Hath given them heart and courage to proceed;  
‘ All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,  
‘ They call—false caterpillars, and intend their  
death.

‘ *K. HEN.* O graceless men! they know not what  
they do.<sup>7</sup>

‘ *BUCK.* My gracious lord, retire to Kenelworth,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *I fear, my love.*] The folio has here—I fear *me*, love, which is certainly sense; but as we find “*my love*” in the old play, and these lines were adopt’d without retouching, I suppose the transcriber’s ear deceived him. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *what they do.*] Instead of this line, in the old copy we have—

“ Go, bid Buckingham and Clifford gather

“ An army up, and meet with the rebels.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *retire to Kenelworth.*] The old copy—*Killingworth*,

‘ Until a power be rais’d to put them down.

\* *Q. MAR.* Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now  
alive,

\* These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas’d.

‘ *K. HEN.* Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,  
‘ Therefore away with us to Kenelworth.

‘ *SAY.* So might your grace’s person be in dan-  
ger;

‘ The fight of me is odious in their eyes :

‘ And therefore in this city will I stay,

‘ And live alone as secret as I may.

*Enter another Messenger.*

\* 2 *MESS.* Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge;  
the citizens

\* Fly and forsake their houses :

\* The rascal people, thirsting after prey,

\* Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear,

\* To spoil the city, and your royal court.

\* *BUCK.* Then linger not, my lord; away, take  
horse.

\* *K. HEN.* Come, Margaret; God, our hope,  
will succour us.

\* *Q. MAR.* My hope is gone, now Suffolk is de-  
ceas’d.

\* *K. HEN.* Farewell, my lord; [*To Lord SAY.*]  
trust not the Kentish rebels.

which (as Sir William Blackstone observes) is still the modern  
pronunciation. STEVENS.

In the letter concerning Queen Elizabeth’s entertainment at  
this place, we find, “ the castle hath name of *Kyllclingwoorth*;  
but of truth, grounded upon saythfull story, *Kenelwoorth.*”

FARMER.



\* *BUCK.* Trust no body, for fear you be betray'd.<sup>9</sup>  
 ' *SAY.* The trust I have is in mine innocence,  
 ' And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

*The same. The Tower.*

*Enter Lord SCALES, and Others, on the Walls.  
 Then enter certain Citizens, below.*

*SCALES.* How now ? is Jack Cade slain ?

1 *CIT.* No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them: The lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

*SCALES.* Such aid as I can spare, you shall command;

But I am troubled here with them myself,  
 The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.  
 But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,  
 And thither I will send you Matthew Gough:  
 Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;  
 And so farewell, for I must hence again. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>9</sup> — be betray'd,] *Be*, which was accidentally omitted in the old copy, was supplied by the editor of the second folio.

## SCENE VI.

*The same.* Cannon Street.

*Enter JACK CADE, and his Followers. He strikes his Staff on London-stone.*

CADE. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret<sup>1</sup> wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than—lord Mortimer.

<sup>1</sup> —the pissing conduit run nothing but claret—] This pissing conduit, I suppose, was the *Standarde* in Cheape, which, as Stowe relates, “John Wels grocer, maior 1430, caused to be made with a small cesterne for fresh water, *having one cocke continually running.*” —“I have wept so immoderately and lauishly, (says Jacke Wilton,) that I thought verily my palat had bin turned to the pissing conduit in London.” *Life*, 1594. RITSON.

Whatever offence to modern delicacy may be given by this imagery, it appears to have been borrowed from the French, to whose entertainments, as well as our streets, it was sufficiently familiar, as I learn from a very curious and entertaining work entitled *Histoire de la Vie privée des Français*, par M. le Grand D'Aussi, 3 Vols. 8vo. 1782. At a feast given by Phillippe-le-Bon there was exhibited “une statue de femme, dont les mammelles fournissaient d'hippocras;” and the Roman de Tirant-le-Blanc affords such another circumstance: “Outre une statue de femme, des mammelles de laquelle jaillissoit une liqueur, il y avoit encore une jeune fille &c. Elle estoit nue, & tenoit ses mains baillées & ferrées contre son corps, comme pour s'en couvrir. *De dessous ses mains, il sortoit une fontaine de vin délicieux,*” &c. Again in another feast made by the Phillippe aforesaid, in 1453, there was “une statue d'enfant nu, posé sur une roche, & qui, de sa broquette, pissait eau-rose.” STEVENS.

*Enter a Soldier, running.*

*SOLD.* Jack Cade ! Jack Cade !

*CADÉ.* Knock him down there.<sup>2</sup> [*They kill him.*

\* *SMITH.* If this fellow be wise, he'll never call  
\* you Jack Cade more ; I think, he hath a very fair  
\* warning.

*DICK.* My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

*CADÉ.* Come then, let's go fight with them : But, first, go and set London-bridge on fire ;<sup>3</sup> and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>2</sup> *Knock him down there.*] So, Holinshed, p. 634 : " He also put to execution in Southwark diverse persons, some for breaking his ordinance, and other being his old acquaintance, lest they should bewraie his base lineage, disparaging him for his usurped surname of Mortimer." STREVENs.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *set London-bridge on fire ;*] At that time *London-bridge* was made of wood. " After that, (says Hall,) he entered London and cut the ropes of the *draw-bridge.*" The houses on London-bridge were in this rebellion burnt, and many of the inhabitants perished. MALONE.

## SCENE VII.

*The same.* Smithfield.

*Alarum.* Enter, on one side, CADE and his Company; on the other, Citizens, and the King's Forces, headed by MATTHEW GOUGH. They fight; the Citizens are routed, and MATTHEW GOUGH<sup>4</sup> is slain.

CADE. So, firs:—Now go some and pull down the Savoy;<sup>5</sup> others to the inns of court; down with them all.

DICK. I have a suit unto your lordship.

CADE. Be it a lordship thou shalt have it for that word.

<sup>4</sup> — *Matthew Gough* —] “A man of great wit and much experience in feats of chivalrie, the which in continuall warres had spent his time in serving of the king and his father.” Holinshed, p. 635.

In *W. of Worcestre*, p. 357, is the following notice of Matthew Gough:

“Memorandum quod Ewenus Gough, pater Matthei Gough armigeri, fuit ballivus manerii de Hangmer juxta Whyte-church in North Wales; et mater Matthei Gough vocatur Hawys; et pater ejus, id est avus Matthei Gough ex parte matris, vocatur Davy Handmere; et mater Matthei Gough fuit nutrix Johannis domini Talbot, comitis de Shrewysbery, et aliorum fratrum et sororum suorum:

“Morte Matthei Goghe Cambria clamitat ogle!”

See also the *Paston Letters*, 2d. edit. Vol. 1. 42. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *go some and pull down the Savoy*;] This trouble had been saved Cade's reformers by his predecessor Wat Tyler. It was never re-edified, till *Henry VII.* founded the hospital.

RITSON.

‘ *DICK*. Only, that the laws of England may  
‘ come out of your mouth.<sup>6</sup>

‘ *JOHN*. Maſs, ’twill be fore law then;<sup>7</sup> for he  
‘ was thruſt in the mouth with a ſpear, and ’tis not  
‘ whole yet. [*Aſide*.

‘ *SMITH*. Nay, John, it will be ſinking law; for  
‘ his breath ſinks with eating toaſted cheeſe. [*Aſide*.

‘ *CADE*. I have thought upon it, it ſhall be ſo.  
‘ Away, burn all the records of the realm;<sup>8</sup> my  
‘ mouth ſhall be the parliament of England.

\* *JOHN*. Then we are like to have biting ſtatutes,  
\* unleſs his teeth be pulled out. [*Aſide*.

\* *CADE*. And henceforward all things ſhall be in  
\* comimon.

° — *that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.*] This alludes to what Holinſhed has related of *Wat Tyler*, p. 432: “ It was reported, indeed, that he ſhould ſaie with great pride, putting his hands to his lips, that within four daies *all the laws of England ſhould come forth of his mouth.*” *TYRWHITT*.

7 — *’twill be fore law then;*] This poor jeſt has already occurred in *The Tempeſt*, ſcene the laſt:

“ You’d be king of the iſle, firrah?—

“ I ſhould have been a *fore* one then.” *STEVENS*.

\* — *Away, burn all the records of the realm;*] Little more than half a century had elapſed from the time of writing this play, before a ſimilar propoſal was actually made in parliament. Biſhop Burnet in his life of Sir Matthew Hale, ſays: “ Among the other extravagant motions made in this parliament (i. e. one of Oliver Cromwell’s) one was to deſtroy all the records in the Tower, and to ſettle the nation on a new foundation; ſo he (Sir M. Hale) took this province to himſelf, to ſhow the madneſs of this propoſition, the injuſtice of it, and the miſchiefs that would follow on it; and did it with ſuch clearneſs and ſtrength of reaſon as not only ſatiſfied all ſober perſons (for it may be ſuppoſed that was ſoon done) but ſtopt even the mouths of the frantic people themſelves.” *REED*.

*Enter a Messenger.*

‘ *Mess.* My lord, a prize, a prize! here’s the lord  
‘ Say, which sold the towns in France; \* he that  
‘ \* made us pay one and twenty fifteens,<sup>o</sup> and one  
‘ \* shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

*Enter GEORGE BEVIS, with the Lord SAY.*

‘ *Cade.* Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten  
‘ times.—Al! thou say, thou serge,<sup>1</sup> nay, thou  
‘ buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank  
‘ of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer

<sup>o</sup> — one and twenty fifteens,] “This captaine (Cade) assured them—if either by force or policie they might get the king and queene into their hands, he would cause them to be honourably used, and take such order for the punishing and reforming of the misdemeanours of their bad councellours, that neither *fifteens* should hereafter be demanded, nor anie impositions or taxes be spoken of.” Holinshed, Vol. II. p. 632. A *fifteen* was the fifteenth part of all the moveables or perional property of each subject. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — thou say, thou serge,] *Say* was the old word for *filk*; on this depends the series of degradation, from *say* to *serge*, from *serge* to *buckram*. JOHNSON.

This word occurs in Spenser’s *Fairy Queen*, B. I. c. iv :

“ All in a kirtle of discolour’d *say*

“ He clothed was.”

Again, in his *Perigot and Cuddy’s Roundelay* :

“ And in a kirtle of green *say*.”

It appears, however, from the following passage in *The Fairy Queen*, B. III. c. ii, that *say* was not *filk* :

“ His garment neither was of *filk* nor *say*.” STLEVENS.

It appears from Minshew’s *DICT.* 1617, that *say* was a kind of *trout*. It is made entirely of wool. There is a considerable manufactory of *say* at Sudbury near Colchester. This stuff is frequently dyed green, and is yet used by some mechanicks in aprons.

MALONE.

‘ to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto  
 ‘ monsieur Basimecu,<sup>2</sup> the dauphin of France? Be  
 ‘ it known unto thee by these presence, even the  
 ‘ presence of lord Mortimer, that I am the besom  
 ‘ that must sweep the court clean of such filth as  
 ‘ thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted  
 ‘ the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar-  
 ‘ school: and whereas, before, our fore-fathers had  
 ‘ no other books but the score and the tally, thou  
 ‘ hast caused printing to be used;<sup>3</sup> and, contrary

<sup>2</sup> — *monsieur Basimecu,*] Shakspeare probably wrote *Baisfermyeu*, or, by a designed corruption, *Basemucu*, in imitation of his original, where also we find a word half French, half-English,—“*Monsieur Buffimuccu.*” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *printing to be used;*] Shakspeare is a little too early with this accusation. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare might have been led into this mistake by Daniel, in the sixth book of his *Civil Wars*, who introduces *printing* and *artillery* as contemporary inventions:

“ Let there be found two fatal instruments,  
 “ The one to publish, th’ other to defend  
 “ Impious contention, and proud discontents;,  
 “ Make that *inflamed characters* may send  
 “ Abroad to thousands thousand men’s intents;  
 “ And, in a moment, may despatch much more  
 “ Than could a world of pens perform before.”

Shakspeare’s absurdities may always be countenanced by those of writers nearly his contemporaries.

In the tragedy of *Herod and Antipater*, by Gervase Markham and William Sampson, who were both scholars, is the following passage:

“ Though *cannons* roar, yet you must not be deaf.”

Spenser mentions *cloth* made at Lincoln during the ideal reign of K. Arthur, and has adorned a castle at the same period “with cloth of *Arras* and of *Tours*.” Chaucer introduces *guns* in the time of Antony and Cleopatra, and (as Mr. Warton has observed,) Salvator Rosa places a *cannon* at the entrance of the tent of Holofernes. STEVENS.

Mr. Meerman, in his *Origines Typographicæ*, hath availed himself of this passage in Shakspeare, to support his hypothesis, that printing was introduced into England (before the time of

‘ to the king, his crown, and dignity,<sup>4</sup> thou hast  
 ‘ built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face,  
 ‘ that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk  
 ‘ of a noun, and a verb; and such abominable  
 ‘ words, as no Christian ear can endure to hear.  
 ‘ Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor  
 ‘ men before them about matters they were not able  
 ‘ to answer.<sup>5</sup> Moreover, thou hast put them in  
 ‘ prison; and because they could-not read, thou  
 ‘ hast hanged them; <sup>6</sup> when, indeed, only for that  
 ‘ cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou  
 ‘ dost ride on a foot-cloth,<sup>7</sup> dost thou not?

SAY. What of that?

CADÉ. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak,<sup>8</sup> when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Caxton) by Frederic Corfellis, a workman from Haerlem, in the time of Henry VI. BLACKSTONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *contrary to the king, his crown, &c.*] “Against the peace of the said lord the now king, his crown, and dignity,” is the regular language of indictments. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer.*] The old play reads, with more humour;— “to hang honest men that steal for their living.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *because they could not read, thou hast hanged them:*] That is, they were hanged because they could not claim the benefit of clergy. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth,*] A *foot-cloth* was a horse with housings which reached as low as his feet. So, in the tragedy of *Mulcaffes the Turk*, 1610:

“I have seen, since my coming to Florence, the son of a pedlar mounted on a *footcloth*.” STEEVENS.

A *foot-cloth* was a kind of housing, which covered the body of the horse, and almost reached the ground. It was sometimes made of velvet, and bordered with gold lace. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *to let thy horse wear a cloak,*] This is a reproach truly characteristic. Nothing gives so much offence to the lower ranks of mankind, as the sight of superfluities merely ostentatious.

JOHNSON



\* *DICK.* And work in their shirt too; as myself,  
\* for example, that am a butcher.

*SAR.* You men of Kent,—

*DICK.* What say you of Kent?

‘ *SAR.* Nothing but this: ‘Tis *bona terra, mala gens.*<sup>9</sup>

‘ *CADE.* Away with him, away with him! he  
‘ speaks Latin.

‘ \* *SAR.* Hear me but speak, and bear me where  
‘ you will.

‘ Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,

‘ Is term’d the civil’st place of all this isle:’

‘ Sweet is the country, because full of riches;

‘ The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;

‘ Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.

‘ I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;

\* Yet, to recover them,<sup>2</sup> would lose my life.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *bona terra, mala gens.*] After this line the quarto proceeds thus:

“ *Cade.* Bonum terrum, what’s that?

“ *Dick.* He speaks French.

“ *Will.* No, ’tis Dutch.

“ *Nick.* No, ’tis Outalian: I know it well enough.”

Holinshed has likewise stigmatized the Kentish men, p. 677: “The *Kentish-men*, in this season (whole minds be ever moveable at the change of princes) came,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Is term’d the civil’st place of all this isle:*] So, in Cæsar’s *Comment.* B. V: “Ex his omnibus sunt humanissimi qui *Cantium* incolunt.” The passage is thus translated by Arthur Golding, 1590: “Of all the inhabitants of this isle, the *civilest* are the *Kentithfolke*.” STEEVENS.

So, in Lyly’s *Euphues and his England*, 1580, a book which the author of *The Whole Contention* &c. probably, and Shakspeare certainly had read: “Of all the inhabitants of this isle the *Kentish-men* are the *civilest*.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Yet, to recover them, &c.] I suspect that here as in a passage in *King Henry V.* (See a note on *King Henry V.* Act IV. sc. iii. Vol. XII.) *Yet* was misprinted for *Yea*. MALONE.

- \* Justice with favour have I always done ;
- \* Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
- \* When have I aught exacted at your hands,
- \* Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you ?
- \* Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
- \* Because my book preferr'd me to the king :<sup>3</sup>
- \* And—seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
- \* Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,—

<sup>3</sup> *When have I aught exacted at your hands,  
Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you ?  
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,  
Because my book preferr'd me to the king :* This passage I know not well how to explain. It is pointed [in the old copy] so as to make Say declare that he preferred clerks to maintain Kent and the King. This is not very clear ; and, besides, he gives in the following line another reason of his bounty, that learning raised him, and therefore he supported learning. I am inclined to think Kent slipped into this passage by chance, and would read :

*When have I aught exacted at your hands,  
But to maintain the king, the realm, and you ?*

JOHNSON.

I concur with Dr. Johnson in believing the word *Kent* to have been shuffled into the text by accident. Lord Say, as the passage stands in the folio, not only declares he had preferred men of learning to maintain *Kent, the King, the realm*, but adds tautologically *you* ; for it should be remembered that they are Kentish men to whom he is now speaking. I would read, *Bent* to maintain, &c. i. e. *firmly resolved to the utmost, to &c.*

STEEVENS.

The punctuation to which Dr. Johnson alludes, is that of the folio :

- “ When have I aught exacted at your hands ?
- “ Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you,
- “ Large gifts, have I bestow'd on learned clerks,” &c.

I have pointed the passage differently, the former punctuation appearing to me to render it nonsense. I suspect, however, with the preceding editors, that the word *Kent* is a corruption.

MALONE.

- \* Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
- \* You cannot but forbear to murder me.
- \* This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
- \* For your behoof,—

\* *CADE.* Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in  
\* the field?

\* *SAY.* Great men have reaching hands: oft have  
I struck

\* Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

\* *GEO.* O monstrous coward! what, to come be-  
hind folks?

\* *SAY.* These checks are pale for watching<sup>4</sup> for  
your good.

\* *CADE.* Give him a box o'the ear, and that will  
\* make 'em red again.

\* *SAY.* Long sitting to determine poor men's  
causes

Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

\* *CADE.* Ye shall have a hempen caudle then,  
\* and the pap of a hatchet.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — for watching —] That is, in consequence of watching.  
So Sir John Davies:

“ And thus it still, although for thirst she die.”

The second folio and all the modern editions read—*with*  
watching. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — the pap of a hatchet.] Old copy—the *help* of a hatchet.  
But we have here, as Dr. Farmer observed to me, a strange cor-  
ruption. *The help* of a hatchet is little better than nonsense,  
and it is almost certain our author originally wrote *pap with* a  
hatchet; alluding to Lyly's pamphlet with the same title, which  
made its appearance about the time when this play is supposed to  
have been written. STANLENS.

We should certainly read—the *pap of a hatchet*; and are  
much indebted to Dr. Farmer for so just and happy an emendation.  
There is no need, however, to suppose any allusion to the title  
of a pamphlet: It has doubtless been a cant phrase. So, in

‘ *DICK*. Why dost thou quiver, man ?<sup>6</sup>

‘ *SAY*. The palsy, and not fear, provoketh me.

‘ *CADÉ*. Nay, he nods at us ; as who should say,  
‘ I’ll be even with you. I’ll see if his head will  
‘ stand steadier on a pole, or no : ‘ Take him away,  
‘ and behead him.

\* *SAY*. Tell me, wherein I have offended most ?

\* Have I affected wealth, or honour ; speak ?

\* Are my chests fill’d up with extorted gold ?

\* Is my apparel sumptuous to behold ?

\* Whom have I injur’d, that ye seek my death ?

\* These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,<sup>7</sup>

*Lyly’s Mother Bomlie* : “ — they giue us pap with a spoone before we can speake, and when wee speake for that we loue, *pap with a hatchet.*” *RITSON*.

— and the help of a hatchet.] I suppose, to cut him down after he has been hanged, or perhaps to cut off his head. The article (*a hatchet*) was supplied by the editor of the second folio.

*MALONE*.

<sup>6</sup> *Why dost thou quiver, man ?*] Otway has borrowed this thought in *Venice Preserved* :

“ *Spinofu*. You are trembling, sir.

“ *Renault*. ’Tis a cold night indeed, and I am aged,

“ Full of decay and natural infirmities.”

Peck, in his *Memoirs of Milton*, p. 250, gravely assures us that Lord Say’s account of himself originates from the following ancient charm for an *ague* : “ — Pilate said unto Jesus, why shakest thou ? And Jesus answered, the *ague* and not *fear* provoketh me.” *STEEVENS*.

<sup>7</sup> *These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,*] I formerly imagined that the word *guiltless* was misplaced, and that the poet wrote—

*These hands are guiltless, free from blood-shedding.*

But change is unnecessary. *Guiltless* is not an epithet to *blood-shedding*, but to *blood*. These hands are free from shedding *guiltless* or *innocent* blood. So, in *King Henry VIII* :

“ For then my *guiltless* blood must cry against them.”

*MALONE*.

\* This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.

\* O, let me live!

\* *CADE.* I feel remorse in myself with his words :  
\* but I'll bridle it ; he shall die, an it be but for  
\* pleading so well for his life.<sup>8</sup> Away with him !  
\* he has a familiar under his tongue ;<sup>9</sup> he speaks  
\* not o'God's name. ' Go, take him away, I say,  
' and strike off his head presently ; and then break  
' into his son-in-law's house, sir James Cromer,<sup>1</sup>  
' and strike off his head, and bring them both upon  
' two poles hither.

' *ALL.* It shall be done.

\* *SAY.* Ah, countrymen ! if when you make your prayers,  
\* God should be so obdurate as yourselves,  
\* How would it fare with your departed souls ?  
\* And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

\* *CADE.* Away with him, and do as I command ye. [*Exeunt some, with Lord SAY.*]

<sup>8</sup> — *he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life.*] This sentiment is not merely designed as an expression of ferocious triumph, but to mark the eternal enmity which the vulgar bear to those of more liberal education and superior rank. The vulgar are always ready to depreciate the talents which they behold with envy, and insult the eminence which they despair to reach. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *a familiar under his tongue ;*] A *familiar* is a demon who was supposed to attend at call. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

“ Love is a *familiar* ; there is no angel but love.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *sir James Cromer,*] It was *William Crowmer*, sheriff of Kent, whom Cade put to death. Lord Say and he had been previously sent to the Tower, and both, or at least the former, convicted of treason, at Cade's mock commission of oyer and terminer at Guildhall. See *W. Wycoller*, p. 470. RARSON

‘ The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a  
 ‘ head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute ;  
 ‘ there shall not a maid be married, but she shall  
 ‘ pay to me her maidenhead<sup>2</sup> ere they have it :  
 ‘ Men shall hold of me *in capite* ;<sup>3</sup> and we charge  
 ‘ and command, that their wives be as free as heart  
 ‘ can wish, or tongue can tell.<sup>4</sup>

‘ *DICK.* My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside,  
 ‘ and take up commodities upon our bills ?<sup>5</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — *shall pay to me her maidenhead &c.*] Alluding to an ancient usage on which Beaumont and Fletcher have founded their play called *The Custom of the Country*. See Mr. Seward’s note at the beginning of it. See also Cowell’s *Law Dict.* in voce *Marchet*, &c. &c. &c. STEEVENS.

Cowell’s account of this custom has received the sanction of several eminent antiquaries ; but a learned writer, Sir David Dalrymple, controverts the fact, and denies the actual existence of the custom. See *Annals of Scotland*. Judge Blackstone, in his *Commentaries*, is of opinion it never prevailed in England, though he supposes it certainly did in Scotland. REED.

See Blount’s *GLOSSOGRAPHIA*, 8vo. 1681, in v. *Marcheta*. Hector Boethius and Skene both mention this custom as existing in Scotland till the time of Malcolm the Third, A. D. 1057.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *in capite* ;] This equivoque, for which the author of the old play is answerable, is too learned for Cade. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *or tongue can tell.*] *Act* this, in the old play, Robin enters to inform Cade that London bridge is on fire, and Dick enters with a serjeant ; i. e. a bailiff ; and there is a dialogue consisting of seventeen lines, of which Shakspeare has made no use whatsoever. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *take up commodities upon our bills* ?] Perhaps this is an equivoque alluding to the *brown bills*, or halberds, with which the commons were anciently armed. PERCY.

Thus, in the original play :

“ *Nick.* But when shall we take up those commodities which  
 “ you told us of ?

“ *Cade.* Marry, he that will lustily stand to it, shall take up  
 “ these commodities following, Item, a gown, a kirtle, a petti-  
 “ coat, and a smocke.”

‘ CADE. Marry, presently.

‘ ALL. O brave !

*Re-enter Rebels, with the Heads of Lord SAY and his Son-in-law.*

‘ CADE. But is not this braver?—Let them kiss  
‘ one another,<sup>6</sup> for they loved well,<sup>7</sup> when they were  
‘ alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about  
‘ the giving up of some more towns in France.  
‘ Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night :  
‘ for with these borne before us, instead of maces,

If *The Whole Contention &c.* printed in 1600, was an imperfect transcript of Shakspeare's Second and Third Part of *King Henry VI.* (as it has hitherto been supposed to be,) we have here another extraordinary proof of the *inventive* faculty of the transcriber.—It is observable that the equivoque which Dr. Percy has taken notice of, is *not* found in the old play, but is found in Shakspeare's *Much Ado about Nothing* :

“ *Ber.* We are likely to prove a good commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

“ *Con.* A commodity in question, I warrant you.”

See Vol. IV. p. 105, n. 6. MALONE.

° *Let them kiss one another,*] This is from *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, in the legend of *Jack Cade* :

“ With these two heads I made a pretty play,

“ For pight on poles I bore them through the strete,

“ And for my sport made each kisse other swete.”

FARMER.

It is likewise found in Holinshed, p. 634 : “ and as it were in a spite caused them in every street to kisse together.” STEEVENS.

So also in Hall, Henry VI. folio 78. MALONE.

7 — *for they loved well,*] Perhaps this passage suggested to Rowe the following remark in his *Ambitious Stepmother* :

“ Sure they lov'd well ; the very streams of blood

“ That flow from their pale bosoms, meet and mingle.”

STEEVENS.

' will we ride through the streets; and, at every  
' corner, have them kifs.—Away! [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VIII.

Southwark.

*Alarum.* Enter CADE, and all his Rabblement.

\* CADE. Up Fish-street! down Saint Magnus'  
\* corner! kill and knock down! throw them into  
\* Thames!— [*A Parley sounded, then a Retreat.*  
\* What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold  
\* to sound retreat or parley, when I command them  
\* kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM, and Old CLIFFORD, with  
Forces.

' BUCK. Ay, here they be that dare and will dis-  
turb thee:  
' Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king  
' Unto the commons whom thou hast misled;  
' And here pronounce free pardon to them all,  
' That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.  
' CLIF. What say ye, countrymen?<sup>8</sup> will ye re-  
lent,

<sup>8</sup> Clif. *What say ye, countrymen? &c.*] The variation in the  
text, and play is worth noting:

“ Why countrymen, and warlike friends of Kent,  
“ What means this mutinous rebellion,  
“ That you in troops do muster thus yourselves,  
“ Under the conduct of this traitor, Cade?



‘ And yield to mercy, whilst ’tis offer’d you ;  
 ‘ Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths ?  
 ‘ Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,  
 ‘ Fling up his cap, and say—God save his majesty !  
 ‘ Who hateth him, and honours not his father,  
 ‘ Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,  
 ‘ Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

‘ *ALL.* God save the king ! God save the king !

‘ *CADE.* What, Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye  
 ‘ so brave ?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe  
 ‘ him ? will you needs be hanged with your par-  
 ‘ dons about your necks ? Hath my sword therefore  
 ‘ broke through London Gates, that you should leave  
 ‘ me at the White Hart in Southwark ? I thought,  
 ‘ ye would never have given out these arms, till you  
 ‘ had recovered your ancient freedom : but you are  
 ‘ all recreants, and dastards ; and delight to live in  
 ‘ slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs  
 ‘ with burdens, take your houses over your heads,  
 ‘ ravish your wives and daughters before your faces :  
 ‘ For me,—I will make shift for one ; and so—God’s  
 ‘ curse ’light upon you all !

‘ *ALL.* We’ll follow Cade, we’ll follow Cade.

‘ *CLIF.* Is Cade the son of Henry the fifth,  
 ‘ That thus you do exclaim—you’ll go with him ?

“ To rise against your sovereign lord and king,  
 “ Who mildly hath this pardon sent to you,  
 “ If you forsake this monstrous rebel here,  
 “ If honour be the mark whereat you aim,  
 “ Then haste to France, that our forefathers won,  
 “ And win again that thing which now is lost,  
 “ And leave to seek your country’s overthrow.

“ *All.* A Clifford, a Clifford.” [*They forsake Cade.*]

Here we have precisely the same versification which we find in all the tragedies and historical dramas that were written before the time of Shakspeare. MALONR.

' Will he conduct you through the heart of France,  
 ' And make the meanest of you earls and dukes ?  
 ' Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to ;  
 ' Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,  
 ' Unless by robbing of your friends, and us.  
 ' Wer't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,  
 ' The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,  
 ' Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you ?  
 ' Methinks, already, in this civil broil,  
 ' I see them lording it in London streets,  
 ' Crying—*Villageois !*<sup>9</sup> unto all they meet.  
 ' Better, ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,  
 ' Than you should sloop unto a Frenchman's mercy.  
 ' To France, to France, and get what you have  
     lost ;  
 ' Spare England, for it is your native coast :  
 ' Henry hath money,<sup>1</sup> you are strong and manly ;  
 ' God on our side, doubt not of victory.

' *ALL.* A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the  
 ' king, and Clifford.

' *CADE.* Was ever feather so lightly blown to and  
 ' fro, as this multitude? the name of Henry the  
 ' fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and  
 ' makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay  
 ' their heads together, to surprize me: my sword  
 ' make way for me,<sup>2</sup> for here is no staying.—In de-

<sup>9</sup> — *Villageois !*] Old copy.—*Villiago.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Henry hath money,*] Dr. Warburton reads—*Henry hath mercy*; but he does not seem to have attended to the speaker's drift, which is to lure them from their present design by the hopes of French plunder. He bids them spare England, and go to France, and encourages them by telling them that all is ready for their expedition; that they have *strength*, and the king has *money*. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *my sword make way for me,*] In the original play Cade

‘ spight of the devils and hell, have through the  
 ‘ very midst of you ! and heavens and honour be  
 ‘ witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only  
 ‘ my followers’ base and ignominious treasons, makes  
 ‘ me betake me to my heels. [Exit.

‘ *Buck.* What, is he fled ? go some, and follow  
 him ;

‘ And he, that brings his head unto the king,  
 ‘ Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—  
 [Exeunt some of them.

‘ Follow me, soldiers ; we’ll devise a mean  
 ‘ To reconcile you all unto the king. [Exeunt.

## SCENE IX.

## Kenilworth Castle.

*Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, and  
 SOMERSET, on the Terrace of the Castle.*

- \* *K. HEN.* Was ever king that joy’d an earthly  
 throne,  
 \* And could command no more content than I ?  
 \* No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,  
 \* But I was made a king, at nine months old :<sup>3</sup>

employs a more vulgar weapon : “ My *staff* shall make way  
 through the midst of you, and so a pox take you all !”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *I was made a king, at nine months old :*] So all the  
 historians agree. And yet in Part I. Act III. sc. iv. King Henry  
 is made to say—

“ I do remember how my father said.”

a plain proof that the whole of that play was not written by the  
 same hand as this. BLACKSTONE.

- \* Was never subject long'd to be a king,  
 \* As I do long and wish to be a subject.<sup>4</sup>

*Enter BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD.*

- \* *BUCK.* Health, and glad tidings, to your majesty!  
 \* *K. HEN.* Why, Buckingham, is the traitor, Cade, surpriz'd?  
 \* Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

*Enter, below, a great number of CADE's Followers, with Halters about their Necks.*

- ‘ *CLIF.* He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;  
 ‘ And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,  
 ‘ Expect your highness' doom, of life, or death.  
 ‘ *K. HEN.* Then, heaven,<sup>5</sup> fet ope thy everlasting gates,

<sup>4</sup> ——— *to be a subject.*] In the original play before the entry of Buckingham and Clifford, we have the following short dialogue, of which Shakspeare has here made no use:

“ *King.* Lord Somerfet, what news hear you of the rebel Cade?

“ *Som.* This, my gracious lord, that the lord Say is done to death, and the city is almost sack'd.

“ *King.* God's will be done; for as he hath decreed, So it must be; and be it as he please,

“ To stop the pride of these rebellious men.

“ *Queen.* Had the noble duke of Suffolk been alive,

“ The rebel Cade had been suppress'd ere this,

“ And all the rest that do take part with him.”

This sentiment he has attributed to the Queen in sc. iv.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Then, heaven, &c.*] Thus, in the original play:

“ *King.* Stand up, you simple men, and give God praise,

“ For you did take in hard you know not what;

- ' To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—  
 ' Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,  
 ' And show'd how well you love your prince and  
     country :  
 ' Continue still in this so good a mind,  
 ' And Henry, though he be unfortunate,  
 ' Assure yourselves, will never be unkind :  
 ' And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,  
 ' I do dismiss you to your several countries.

*ALL.* God save the king ! God save the king !

*Enter a Messenger.*

- \* *MESS.* Please it your grace to be advertised,  
 \* The duke of York is newly come from Ireland :  
 \* And with a puissant and a mighty power,  
 \* Of Gallowglasses, and stout Kernes,<sup>6</sup>  
 \* Is marching hitherward in proud array ;  
 \* And still prockimeth, as he comes along,  
 \* His arms are only to remove from thee  
 ' The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

- " And go in peace, obedient to your king,  
 " And live as subjects ; and you shall not want,  
 " Whilst Henry lives and wears the English crown.  
 " *All.* God save the king, God save the king."

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Of Gallowglasses, and stout Kernes,*] These were two orders of foot-soldiers among the Irish. See Dr. Warburton's note on the second scene of the first Act of *Macbeth*, Vol. X. p. 16, n. 3. STEEVENS.

" The *galloglasse* useth a kind of pollax for his weapon. These men are grim of countenance, tall of stature, big of limbe, lusty of body, wel and strongly timbered. The *kerne* is an ordinary souldier, using for weapon his sword and target, and sometimes his peece, being commonly good markinen. Kerne [Kigheyren] signifieth a shower of hell, becautie they are taken for no better than for rake-hells, or the devils blacke garde." Stanihurst's *Description of Ireland*, ch. viii. f. 28. BOWLE.

- \* *K. HEN.* Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and  
York distress'd ;  
\* Like to a ship, that, having scap'd a tempest,  
\* Is straightway calm'd and boarded with a pirate :<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *Is straightway calm'd, and boarded with a pirate :*] The editions read—*claim'd* ; and one would think it plain enough ; alluding to York's claim to the crown. Cade's head-long tumult was well compared to a *tempest*, as York's premeditated rebellion to a *piracy*. But see what it is to be critical : Mr. Theobald says, *claim'd* should be *calm'd*, because a *calm* frequently succeeds a *tempest*. It may be so ; but not here, if the King's word may be taken ; who expressly says, that no sooner was Cade driven back, but York appeared in arms :

*But now is Cade driv'n back, his men dispers'd ;  
And now is York in arms to second him.* WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton begins his note by roundly asserting that the editions read *claim'd*. The passage, indeed, is not found in the quarto ; but the folio, 1623, reads *calme*. *Claim'd*, the reading of the second folio, was not, perhaps, intentional, but merely a misprint for—*calm'd*. Theobald says, that the third folio had anticipated his correction. I believe *calm'd* is right.

So, in *Othello* :

“ — must be be-lee'd and *calm'd*—.”

The commotion raised by Cade was over, and the mind of the King was subsiding into a *calm*, when York appeared in arms, to raise fresh disturbances, and deprive it of its momentary peace.

STEVENS,

The editor of the second folio, who appears to have been wholly unacquainted with Shakspeare's phraseology, changed *calm* to *claim'd*. The editor of the third folio changed *claim'd* to *calm'd* ; and the latter word has been adopted, unnecessarily in my apprehension, by the modern editors. Many words were used in this manner in our author's time, and the import is precisely the same as if he had written *calm'd*. So, in *K. Henry IV.* : “ — what a *candy* deal of courtesy,” which Mr. Pope altered improperly to—“ what a deal of *candy'd* courtesy.” See Vol. XI. p. 233, n. 1, and p. 235, n. 2.

By “ *my state*” Henry, I think, means, *his realm* ; which had recently become quiet and peaceful by the defeat of Cade and his rattle. “ *With a pirate*,” agreeably to the phraseology of Shakspeare's time, means “ *by a pirate*.” MALONE.

- \* But now<sup>s</sup> is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd ;
- \* And now is York in arms to second him.—
- \* I pray thee, Buckingham, go forth and meet him ;
- \* And ask him, what's the reason of these arms.
- \* Tell him, I'll send duke Edmund to the Tower ;—
- \* And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
- \* Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

\* *SOM.* My lord,

- \* I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
- \* Or unto death, to do my country good.

- \* *K. HEN.* In any case, be not too rough in terms ;
- \* For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

\* *BUCK.* I will, my lord ; and doubt not so to deal,

- \* As all things shall redound unto your good.

\* *K. HEN.* Come, wife, let's in,<sup>9</sup> and learn to govern better ;

- \* For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>s</sup> But now —] *But* is here not adverbative.—It was only *just now*, says Henry, that Cade and his followers were routed.

MALONE.

So, in *King Richard II* :

“ *But now* the blood of twenty thousand men

“ Did triumph in my face.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Come, wife, let's in, &c.*] In the old play the King concludes the scene thus :

“ Come, let us haste to London now with speed,

“ That solemn processions may be sung,

“ In laud and honour of the God of heaven,

“ And triumphs of this happy victory.” MALONE.

## SCENE X.

Kent. Iden's *Garden*.<sup>1</sup>*Enter CADE.*

\* *CADE.* Fye on ambition ! fye on my self ; that  
 \* have a sword, and yet am ready to furnish ! These  
 \* five days have I hid me in these woods ; and durst  
 \* not peep out, for all the country is lay'd for  
 \* me ; but now am I so hungry, that if I might  
 \* have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I  
 \* could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick-  
 \* wall have I climbed into this garden ; to see if I  
 \* can eat grasse, or pick a sallet another while, which  
 \* is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot  
 \* weather. And, I think, this word sallet was born  
 \* to do me good : for, many a time, but for a sal-  
 \* let, my brain-pan<sup>2</sup> had been cleft with a brown.

<sup>1</sup> Kent. *Iden's Garden*.] Holinshed, p. 635, says : "—a gentleman of Kent, named Alexander Eden, awaited so his time, that he tooke the said Cade in a garden in *Suffex*, so that there he was slaine at Hothfield," &c.

Instead of the soliloquy with which the present scene begins, the quarto has only this stage direction. *Enter Jacke Cade at one doore, and at the other M. Alexander Eyden and his men ; and Jack Cade lies down picking of hearbes, and eating them.*

STEEVENS.

This Iden was, in fact, the new sheriff of Kent, who had followed Cade from Rochester. *W. Wyrcester*, p. 472.

RITSON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— but for a sallet, my brain-pan &c.] A *sallet* by corruption from *cælata*, a helmet, (says Skinner,) *quia galeæ cælatæ fuerunt.* POPE.

I do not see by what rules of etymology, *sallet* can be formed from *cælata*. Is it not rather a corruption from the French *salut*,



\* bill; and, many a time, when I have been dry,  
 \* and bravely marching, it hath served me instead  
 \* of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the word  
 \* *fallet* must serve me to feed on.

*Enter IDEN, with Servants.*

‘ *IDEN*. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the  
 court,

taken, I suppose, from the scriptural phrase, the *helmet of salvation*? *Brain-pan*, for skull, occurs, I think, in Wicliff’s translation of *Judges* xix, 53. WHALLEY.

In the ancient MS. romance of *The Sowdon of Balyloyne*, p. 39, we have a similar phrase:

“ Such a stroke, the him there raught,  
 “ The brayne sterte oute of his *hede pan*.” STEEVENS.

So, in Caxton’s *Chronicle*:

“ Anone he [Cade] toke sir Umfreyes *salade* and his brigantens smyten fulle of gilte nailles, and also his gilt spores, and arraied him like a lord and a capitayne.” RITSON,

Again, in Sir Thomas North’s translation of Plutarch:  
 “ —One of the company seeing Brutus athirst also, he ran to the river for water, and brought it in his *fallet*.”

Again, *ibid*: “ Some were driven to fill their *fallets* and murrians with water.”

Again, in *The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art*, 1570:

“ This will beare away a good rappe,  
 “ As good as a *fallet* to me verilie.” STEEVENS.

*Salade* has the same meaning in French, as appears from a line in *La Pucelle d’Orleans*:

“ Devers la place arrive un Ecuier  
 “ Portant *salade*, avec lance doreé.” M. MASON.

Minshew conjectures that it is derived “ à *salut*, Gal. because it keepeth the head whole from breaking.” He adds, “ alias *salade* dicitur, a G. *salade*, idem; utrumque vero *celando*, quod caput tegit.”

The word undoubtedly came to us from the French. In the Stat. 4 and 5 Ph. and Mary, ch. 2, we find—“ twentie haquebuts, and twentie morians or *salets*.” MALONE.

‘ And may enjoy such quiet walks as th’ use ?  
 ‘ This small inheritance, my father left me,  
 ‘ Contenteth me, and is worth a monarchy.  
 ‘ I seek not to wax great by others’ waning ;<sup>3</sup>  
 ‘ Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy ;<sup>4</sup>  
 ‘ Sufficeth, that I have maintains my state,  
 ‘ And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

‘ *CADE.* Here’s the lord of the soil come to seize  
 ‘ me for a fray, for entering his see-simple without  
 ‘ leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get  
 ‘ a thousand crowns of the king for carrying my  
 ‘ head to him ; but I’ll make thee eat iron like an  
 ‘ ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere  
 ‘ thou and I part.

‘ *IDEN.* Why, rude companion, whatsoe’er thou  
     be,  
 ‘ I know thee not ; Why then should I betray thee ?  
 ‘ Is’t not enough, to break into my garden,  
 ‘ And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,

<sup>3</sup> — by others’ waning ;] The folio reads—*warning*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. *Is* in the preceding line was supplied by Mr. ROWE. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy ;] Or accumulate riches, without regarding the odium I may incur in the acquisition, however great that odium may be. *Envy* is often used in this sense by our author and his contemporaries. It may, however, have here its more ordinary acceptation.

This speech in the old play stands thus :

“ Good! lord, how pleasant is this country life !  
 “ This little land my father left me here,  
 “ With my contented mind, serves me as well,  
 “ As all the pleasures in the court can yield,  
 “ Nor would I change this pleasure for the court.”

Here surely we have not a hasty transcript of our author’s lines, but the distinct composition of a preceding writer. The verification must at once strike the ear of every person who has perused any of our old dramas. MALONE.

‘ Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,  
 ‘ But thou wilt brave me with these faucey terms ?

*CADÉ.* Brave thee ? ay, by the best blood that ever was broached, and beard thee too.<sup>5</sup> Look on me well : I have eat no meat these five days ; yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door nail,<sup>6</sup> I pray God, I may never eat grafs more,

‘ *IDEN.* Nay, it shall ne’er be said, while England stands,

That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,  
 Took odds to combat a poor famish’d man.

‘ Oppose thy stedfast-gazing eyes to mine,<sup>7</sup>  
 ‘ See if thou canst outface me with thy looks.  
 ‘ Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser ;  
 ‘ Thy hand is but a finger to my fist ;  
 ‘ Thy leg a stick, compared with this trunchcon ;  
 ‘ My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast ;  
 ‘ And if mine arm be heaved in the air,  
 ‘ Thy grave is digg’d already in the earth.  
 ‘ As for more words, whose greatness answers words,  
 ‘ Let this my sword report what speech forbears.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>5</sup> — and beard thee too.] See Vol. XI. p. 365, n. 7.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — as dead as a door-nail.] See *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act V. sc. iii. Vol. XII. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Oppose thy stedfast-gazing eyes to mine, &c.*] This and the following nine lines are an amplification by Shakspeare on these three of the old play :

“ Look on me, my limbs are equal unto thine,  
 “ And every way as big : then hand to hand  
 “ I’ll combat with thee. Sirra, fetch me weapons,  
 “ And stand you all aside.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *As for more words, whose greatness answers words, Let this my sword report what speech forbears.*] Sir Thomas Hamner, and after him, Dr. Warburton, read ;

\* *CADÉ*. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard.—‘Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God<sup>9</sup> on my knees, thou mayest be turned

*As for more words, let this my sword report  
(Whose greatness answers words) what speech forbears.*

It seems to be a poor praise of a sword, that *its greatness answers words*, whatever be the meaning of the expression. The old reading, though somewhat obscure, seems to me more capable of explanation. *For more words*, whose pomp and tumour may answer words, and only words, I shall forbear them, and refer the rest to my sword. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Third Part of King Henry VI*:

“ I will not bandy with thee, word for word,

“ But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.”

*More* (As for *more words*) was an arbitrary and unnecessary addition made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

How an *unnecessary* addition? The measure is incomplete without it. STEEVENS.

The introduction of the monosyllable *more*, in my opinion, injures the sense though it improves the metre. Were I to introduce any word for that purpose, I should choose to read—As for *mere words*, instead of *more words*. M. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *I beseech God* —] The folio reads—*I beseech Jove*. This heathen deity, with whom Cade was not likely to be much acquainted, was undoubtedly introduced by the editor of the folio, to avoid the penalty of the statute, 3 Jac. I. ch. 21. In the old play, 1600, he says, “ I beseech *God* thou might’st fall into some smith’s hand, and be turned to hobnails.” This the editor of the *second* edition of the quarto play, no date, but printed in 1619, changed (from the same apprehension) to “ I *would* thou might’st fall,” &c. These alterations fully confirm my note on *King Henry V*. Act IV. sc. iii. [where the King swears “ by *Jove*.”]—Contrary to the general rule which I have observed in printing this play, I have not adhered in the present instance to the reading of the folio; because I am confident that it proceeded not from Shakspeare, but his editor, who, for the reason already given, makes Falstaff say to Prince Henry—“ I knew ye as well as he that made ye,” instead of—“ *By the Lord*, I knew ye,” &c.

MALONE.

‘ to hobnails. [*They fight. CADE falls.*] O, I am  
 ‘ slain! famine, and no other, hath slain me: let  
 ‘ ten thousand devils come against me, and give me  
 ‘ but the ten meals I have lost, and I’d defy them  
 ‘ all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a bury-  
 ‘ ing-place to all that do dwell in this house, because  
 ‘ the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

‘ *IDEN.* Is’t Cade that I have slain, that monstrous  
 traitor?

‘ Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,  
 ‘ And hang thee o’er my tomb, when I am dead:‘  
 \* Ne’er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;  
 \* But thou shalt wear it as a herald’s coat,  
 \* To emblaze the honour that thy masier got.

<sup>1</sup> ——— [*when I am dead: &c.*] How Iden was to hang a sword  
 over his own tomb, after he was dead, it is not easy to explain.  
 The sentiment is more correctly expressed in the quarto:

“ Oh, sword, I’ll honour thee for this, and in my chamber  
 “ Shalt thou hang, as a monument to after age,  
 “ For this great service thou hast done to me.”

STEEVENS.

Here again we have a single thought considerably amplified.  
 Shakspeare in new moulding this speech, has used the same mode  
 of expression that he has employed in *The Winter’s Tale*: “ If  
 thou’lt see a thing to talk on, when thou art dead and rotten,  
 come hither.” i. e. for people to talk of. So again, in a subse-  
 quent scene of the play before us:

“ And dead men’s cries do fill the empty air.”

Which of our author’s plays does not exhibit expressions  
 equally bold as “ I will hang thee,” to express “ I will have thee  
 hung?”

I must just observe, that most of our author’s *Additions* are  
 strongly characteristick of his manner. The making Iden’s sword  
 wear the stains of Cade’s blood on its point, and comparing those  
 stains to a herald’s coat, declare at once the pen of Shakspeare.

MALONE,

So, in the mock play perform’d in *Hamlet*:

“ ——— *smear’d*

“ With *heraldry* more dismal—.” STEEVENS.

‘ CADE. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy vic-  
 ‘ tory: Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best  
 ‘ man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for  
 ‘ I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine,  
 ‘ not by valour. [Dies.

\* IDEN. How much thou wrong’st me,<sup>2</sup> heaven  
 be my judge.

\* Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare  
 thee!

\* And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,

\* So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *How much thou wrong’st me,*] That is, in supposing that I  
 am proud of my victory. JOHNSON.

An anonymous writer [Mr. Ritson,] suggests that the meaning  
 may be, that Cade wrongs Iden by undervaluing his prowess,  
 declaring that he was subdued by famine, not by the valour of  
 his adversary.—I think Dr. Johnson’s is the true interpretation.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell. &c.*] Not to dwell  
 upon the wickedness of this horrid wish, with which Iden debases  
 his character, the whole speech is wild and confused. To draw  
 a man by the heels, headlong, is somewhat difficult; nor can I  
 discover how the dunghill would be his grave, if his trunk were  
 left to be fed upon by crows. These I conceive not to be the  
 faults of corruption but negligence, and therefore do not attempt  
 correction. JOHNSON.

The quarto is more favourable both to Iden’s morality and  
 language. It omits this savage wish, and makes him only add,  
 after the lines I have just quoted:

“ I’ll drag him hence, and with my sword

“ Cut off his head, and bear it to the king.”

The player editors seem to have preferred want of humanity  
 and common sense, to fewness of lines, and defect of versification.

STEVENS.

By *headlong* the poet undoubtedly meant, with his head trailed  
 along the ground. By saying, “ the dunghill shall be thy grave,”  
 Iden means, the dunghill shall be the place where thy *dead body*  
*shall be laid*: the dunghill shall be the *only* grave which thou  
 shalt have. Surely in poetry this is allowable. So, in *Macbeth*—

“ ~~our~~ our monuments

“ Shall be the maws of kites.”

' Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels  
 ' Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,  
 ' And there cut off thy most ungracious head ;  
 ' Which I will bear in triumph to the king,  
 ' Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.  
     [*Exit, dragging out the Body.*]

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ACT V. SCENE I.

*The same. Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.*

*The King's Camp on one side. On the other, enter YORK attended, with Drum and Colours: his Forces at some distance.*

' *YORK.* From Ireland thus comes York, to claim  
     his right,  
 ' And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head :  
 ' Ring, bells, aloud ; burn, bonfires, clear and  
     bright,  
 ' To entertain great England's lawful king.  
 Ah, *sancta majestas!*<sup>4</sup> who would not buy thee  
     dear ?

After what has been already stated, I fear it must be acknowledged, that this faulty *amplification* was owing rather to our author's desire to expand a scanty thought of a preceding writer, than to any want of judgment in the player editors. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Ah, sancta majestas!*] Thus the old copy ; instead of which the modern editors read, *Ah, majesty!* STEEVENS.

- ' Let them obey, that know not how to rule ;  
 ' This hand was made to handle nought but gold :  
 ' I cannot give due action to my words,  
 ' Except a sword, or scepter, balance it.<sup>5</sup>  
 ' A scepter shall it have, have I a soul ;<sup>6</sup>  
 ' On which I'll tofs the flower-de luce of France.

*Enter* BUCKINGHAM.

- ' Whom have we here ? Buckingham, to disturb  
 me ?  
 ' The king hath sent him, sure : I must dissemble.  
 ' *Buck.* York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee  
 well.

<sup>5</sup> — *balance it.*] That is, Balance my hand. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *A scepter shall it have, have I a soul ;*] I read :

*A scepter shall it have, have I a sword.*

York observes that his hand must be employed with a sword or scepter ; he then naturally observes, that he has a sword, and resolves that, if he has a sword, he will have a scepter.

JOHNSON.

I rather think York means to say—If I have a *soul*, my hand shall not be without a scepter. STEEVENS.

This certainly is a very natural interpretation of these words, and being no friend to alteration merely for the sake of improvement, we ought, I think, to acquiesce in it. But some difficulty will still remain ; for if we read, with the old copy, *soul*, York threatens to “ tofs the flower-de-luce of France on his *scepter*,” which sounds but oddly. To tofs it on his *sword*, was a threat very natural for a man who had already triumphed over the French. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III :

“ The soldiers should have tofs'd me on their pikes.”

However, in the licentious phraseology of our author, York may mean, that he will *wield his sceptre*, (that is, exercise his royal power,) when he obtains it, so as to abase and destroy the French.—The following line also in *King Henry VIII.* adds support to the old copy :

“ Sir, *as I have a soul*, she is an angel.” MALONE.



‘ YORK. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.

‘ Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure ?

‘ BUCK. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,

‘ To know the reason of these arms in peace ;

‘ Or why, thou—being a subject as I am,<sup>7</sup>—

‘ Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,

‘ Should’st raise so great a power without his leave ;

‘ Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

‘ YORK. Scarce can I speak,<sup>8</sup> my choler  
is so great.

‘ O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with  
flint,

‘ I am so angry at these abject terms ;

‘ And now, like Ajax Telamonius,

‘ On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury !

‘ I am far better born than is the king ;

‘ More like a king, more kingly in my  
thoughts :

‘ But I must make fair weather yet a while,

‘ Till Henry be more weak, and I more  
strong.—

} *Aside.*

<sup>7</sup> — *being a subject as I am,*] Here again in the old play we have the style and versification of our author’s immediate predecessors :

“ Or that thou, being a subject as I am,

“ *Should’st thus approach so near with colours spread,*

“ *Whereas the person of the king doth keepe.*”

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Scarce can I speak, &c.*] The first nine lines of this speech are founded on the following in the old play :

“ A subject as he is !

“ O, how I hate these spiteful abject terms !

“ But York dissemble, *till thou meet thy sonnes,*

“ Who now in arms expect their father’s fight,

“ And not far hence I know they cannot be.”

MALONE.

' O Buckingham,<sup>9</sup> I pr'ythee, pardon me,  
 ' That I have given no answer all this while;  
 ' My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.  
 ' The cause why I have brought this army hither,  
 ' Is—to remove proud Somerset from the king,  
 ' Seditious to his grace, and to the state.

' *BUCK.* That is too much presumption on thy  
 part :

' But if thy arms be to no other end,  
 ' The king hath yielded unto thy demand;  
 ' The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

*YORK.* Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

*BUCK.* Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

' *YORK.* Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my  
 powers.—

' Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;  
 ' Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,  
 ' You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.  
 \* And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,  
 \* Command my eldest son,—nay, all my sons,  
 \* As pledges of my fealty and love,  
 \* I'll send them all as willing as I live;  
 \* Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have  
 \* Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

' *BUCK.* York, I commend this kind submission:  
 ' We twain will go into his highness' tent.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>9</sup> O *Buckingham.*] O, which is not in the authentick copy, was added, to supply the metre, by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *We twain will go into his highness' tent.*] Shakspeare has here deviated from the original play without much propriety.—He has followed it in making Henry come to Buckingham and York, instead of their going to him;—yet without the introduction found in the quarto, where the lines stand thus:

“ *Buck.* Come, York, thou shalt go speak unto the king;—

“ *But see, his grace is coming to meet with us.*” MALONE.

*Enter King HENRY, attended.*

‘ *K. HEN.* Buckingham doth York intend no harm  
to us,

‘ That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm ?

\* *YORK.* In all submission and humility,

\* *York* doth present himself unto your highness.

\* *K. HEN.* Then what intend these forces thou  
doest bring ?

‘ *YORK.* To heave the traitor Somerset from  
hence ;<sup>2</sup>

‘ And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,

‘ Who since I heard to be discomfited.

*Enter IDEN, with CADE’S Head.*

‘ *IDEN.* If one so rude, and of so mean condition,

‘ May pass into the presence of a king,

‘ Lo, I present your grace a traitor’s head,

‘ The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

‘ *K. HEN.* The head of Cade ?<sup>3</sup>—Great God, how  
just art thou !—

<sup>2</sup> *York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence ;*] The corresponding speech to this is given in the old play to Buckingham, and acquaints the King with the plea that York had before made to him for his rising : “ To heave the duke of Somerset,” &c. This variation could never have arisen from copyists, short-hand writers, or printers. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *The head of Cade ?*] The speech corresponding to this in the first part of *The Whole Contention* &c. 1600. is alone sufficient to prove that piece the work of another poet :

“ *King.* First, thanks to heaven, and next, to thee, my  
friend,

“ That hast subdu’d that wicked traitor thus.

“ O, let me see that head, that in his life

‘ O, let me view his visage being dead,  
 ‘ That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.  
 ‘ Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew  
 him ?

‘ *IDEN.* I was, an’t like your majesty.

‘ *K. HEN.* How art thou call’d ? and what is thy  
 degree ?

‘ *IDEN.* Alexander Iden, that’s my name ;  
 ‘ A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

\* *BUCK.* So please it you, my lord, ’twere not  
 amiss

\* He were created knight for his good service.

‘ *K. HEN.* Iden, kneel down ; [*He kneels.*] Rise  
 up a knight.

‘ We give thee for reward a thousand marks ;  
 ‘ And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

‘ *IDEN.* May Iden live to merit such a bounty,  
 ‘ And never live but true unto his liege ?

“ Did work me and my land such cruel spight.

“ *A visage stern ; coal-black his curled locks ;*

“ *Deep trenched furrows in his frowning brow,*

“ *Presageth warlike humours in his life.*

“ Here take it hence, and thou for thy reward

“ Shalt be immediately created knight :

“ Kneel down, my friend, and tell me what’s thy name.”

MALONE.

\* *May Iden &c.]* Iden has said before :

“ Lord ! who would live turmoiled in a court,

“ And may enjoy,” &c

Shakspeare makes Iden rail at those enjoyments which he supposes to be out of his reach ; but no sooner are they offered to him but he readily accepts them. ANONYMOUS.

In Iden’s eulogium on the happiness of rural life, and in his acceptance of the honours bestowed by his majesty, Shakspeare has merely followed the old play. MALONE.

- ‘ *K. HEN.* See, Buckingham! Somerset comes  
with the queen;  
‘ Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

*Enter Queen MARGARET and SOMERSET.*

- ‘ *Q. MAR.* For thousand Yorks he shall not hide  
his head,  
‘ But boldly stand, and front him to his face.  
‘ *YORK.* How now! Is Somerset at liberty?  
‘ Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison’d thoughts,  
‘ And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.  
‘ Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?—  
‘ False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,  
‘ Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?  
‘ King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;  
‘ Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,  
‘ Which dar’st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.  
‘ That head of thine doth not become a crown;  
‘ Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer’s staff,  
‘ And not to grace an awful princely scepter.  
‘ That gold must round engirt these brows of  
mine;  
‘ Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles’ spear,  
‘ Is able with the change to kill and cure.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *How now!* &c.] This speech is greatly amplified, and in other respects very different from the original, which consists of but ten lines. MALONE.

- <sup>6</sup> ——— like to Achilles’ spear,  
Is able with the change to kill and cure.]  
“ Myfus et Æmonia juvenis qua cuspidē vulnus  
“ Senferat, hac ipsa cuspidē sensit opem.”

PROPERT. Lib. II. El. 1.

Greene, in his *Orlando Furioso*, 1599, has the same allusion:

- ‘ Here is a hand to hold a scepter up,  
 ‘ And with the same to act controlling laws.  
 ‘ Give place; by heaven, thou shalt rule no more  
 ‘ O’er him, whom heaven created for thy ruler.

‘ *SOM.* O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee,  
 York,

‘ Of capital treason ’gainst the king and crown :

\* Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

\* *YORK.* Would’st have me kneel? first let me ask  
 of these,

\* If they can brook I bow a knee to man.—

\* Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail;?

[*Exit an Attendant.*

“ Where I took hurt, there have I heal’d myself;  
 “ As those that with Achilles’ lance were wounded,  
 “ Fetch’d help at self-same pointed speare.” MALONE.

? *Would’st have me kneel? first let me ask of these,  
 If they can brook I bow a knee to man.—*

*Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail;]* As these lines stand,  
 I think the sense perplexed and obscure. I have ventured to  
 transpose them. *WARBURTON.*

I believe these lines should be replaced in the order in which  
 they stood till Dr. Warburton transposed them. By *these* York  
 means *his knees*. He speaks, as Mr. Upton would have said,  
*δεντρος*: laying his hand upon, or at least pointing to, his knees.

*TYRWHITT.*

By *these* York evidently means his sons, whom he had just  
 called for. Tyrwhitt’s supposition, that he meant to ask his *knees*,  
 whether he should bow his *knees* to any man, is not imagined  
 with his usual sagacity. *M. MASON.*

I have no doubt that York means either his sons, whom he  
 mentions in the next line, or his troops, to whom he may be sup-  
 posed to point. Dr. Warburton transposed the lines, placing that  
 which is now the middle line of the speech at the beginning of  
 it. But, like many of his emendations, it appears to have been  
 unnecessary. The folio reads—*of thee*. The emendation was  
 made by Mr. Theobald. *Sons* was substituted for *son* by the edi-

- \* I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
- \* They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

‘ Q. MAR. Call hither Clifford; bid him come  
again,

- \* To say, if that the bastard boys of York
- \* Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

\* YORK. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,  
\* Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!  
‘ The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,  
‘ Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those<sup>s</sup>  
‘ That for my surety will refuse the boys.

*Enter EDWARD and RICHARD PLANTAGENET,  
with Forces, at one side; at the other, with Forces  
also, old CLIFFORD and his Son.*

- \* See, where they come; I'll warrant they'll make  
it good.

\* Q. MAR. And here comes Clifford, to deny  
their bail.

‘ CLIF. Health and all happiness to my lord the  
king! [Kneels.

‘ YORK. I thank thee, Clifford: Say, what news  
with thee?

tor of the second folio. The correction is justified both by the context and the old play: “*For my enfranchisement,*” instead of—*of my*, &c. was likewise his correction. MALONE.

<sup>s</sup> *Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those—*] Consider how our author loves to play on words similar in their sound, but opposite in their signification, I make no doubt but the author wrote *bail* and *bale*. *Bale* (from whence our common adjective, *baleful*) signifies detriment, ruin, misfortune, &c.

THEOBALD,

*Bale* signifies sorrow. Either word may serve. JOHNSON.

‘ Nay, do not fright us with an angry look :  
 ‘ We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again ;  
 ‘ For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

‘ *CLIF.* This is my king, York, I do not mistake ;

‘ But thou mistak’st me much, to think I do:—  
 ‘ To Bedlam with him ! is the man grown mad ?

‘ *K. HEN.* Ay, Clifford ; a bedlam and ambitious humour ?

‘ Makes him oppose himself against his king.

‘ *CLIF.* He is a traitor ; let him to the Tower,  
 ‘ And chop away that factious pate of his.

*Q. MAR.* He is arrested, but will not obey ;  
 ‘ His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

‘ *YORK.* Will you not, sons ?

*EDW.* Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

‘ *RICH.* And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

\* ——— a bedlam and ambitious humour ———] The word *bedlam* was not used in the reign of King Henry the Sixth, nor was Bethlehem Hospital (vulgarly called Bedlam) converted into a house or hospital for lunatics till the reign of King Henry the Eighth, who gave it to the city of London for that purpose.

GREY.

Shakspeare was led into this anachronism by the author of the elder play. MALONE.

It is no anachronism, and Dr. Grey was mistaken : “ Next unto the parish of St. Buttolph,” says Stow, “ is a fayre inne for receipt of travellurs : then an *Hospitall of S. Mary of Bethlem*, founded by Simon Fitz Mary, one of the Sherifes of London, in the yeare 1246. He founded it to have beene a priorie of Cannons with brethren and sisters, and king Edward the thirde granted a protection, which I have seene, for the brethren *Milicini beate Mariæ de Bethlem*, within the citie of London, the 14 yeare of his raigne. *It was an hospitall for distracted people.*” Survey of London, 1598, p. 127. RITSON.



\* *CLIF.* Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

\* *YORK.* Look in a glass, and call thy image so;

\* I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—

‘ Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,

\* That, with the very shaking of their chains,

\* They may astonish these fell lurking curs;<sup>1</sup>

\* Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come<sup>2</sup> to me.<sup>3</sup>

*Drums. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY, with Forces.*

‘ *CLIF.* Are these thy bears? we’ll bait thy bears to death,

‘ And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,

‘ If thou dar’st bring them to the baiting-place.

\* *RICH.* Oft have I seen<sup>4</sup> a hot o’erweening cur

<sup>1</sup> — fell lurking curs;] Mr. Roderick would read “fell barking;” Mr. Heath “fell lurching;” but, perhaps, by *fell lurking* is meant curs who are at once a compound of *cruelty* and *treachery*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,—*

*Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come—]* The Nevils, earls of Warwick, had a bear and ragged staff for their cognizance.

SIR J. HAWKINS.

<sup>3</sup> *Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me.]* Here in the old play the following lines are found:

“ King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

“ York. Call Buckingham and all the friends thou hast;

“ Both thou and they shall curse this fatal hour.”

Buckingham accordingly enters immediately with his forces. Shakspeare, we see, has not introduced him in the present scene, but has availed himself of those lines below. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Oft have I seen &c.]* Bear-baiting was anciently a royal sport. See Stowe’s account of Queen Elizabeth’s Amusements of this

- \* Run back and bite, because he was withheld;
- \* Who, being suffer'd<sup>5</sup> with the bear's fell paw,
- \* Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cry'd:
- \* And such a piece of service will you do,
- \* If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.

\* *CLIF.* Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,

- \* As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

\* *YORK.* Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

\* *CLIF.* Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.<sup>6</sup>

\* *K. HEN.* Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?—

\* Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,

\* Thou mad misleader of thy brain-fick son!—

\* What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,

\* And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?

\* O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?

\* If it be banish'd from the frosty head,

\* Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?—

kind; and Langham's *Letter concerning that Queen's Entertainment at Kenelworth Castle.* PERCY.

The one of them has adopted his description from the other.

HENLEY.

<sup>5</sup> ———being suffer'd——] Being suffer'd to approach to the bear's fell paw. Such may be the meaning. I am not, however, sure, but the poet meant, being in a state of *suffrance* or pain. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.*] So, in *King Henry VIII*:

“Heat not a furnace for yourself so hot,

“That it do *singe* yourself.” STEEVENS.

- \* Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
- \* And shame thine honourable age with blood ?
- \* Why art thou old, and want'st experience ?
- \* Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it ?
- \* For shame ! in duty bend thy knee to me,
- \* That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

- \* *SAL.* My lord, I have consider'd with myself
- \* The title of this most renowned duke ;
- \* And in my conscience do repute his grace
- \* The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

\* *K. HEN.* Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me ?

\* *SAL.* I have.

\* *K. HEN.* Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath ?

- \* *SAL.* It is great sin, to swear unto a sin ;<sup>7</sup>
- \* But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.
- \* Who can be bound by any solemn vow
- \* To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
- \* To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
- \* To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
- \* To wring the widow from her custom'd right ;
- \* And have no other reason for this wrong,
- \* But that he was bound by a solemn oath ?

\* *Q. MAR.* A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

<sup>7</sup> *It is great sin, to swear unto a sin ; &c.]* We have the same sentiment in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

“ It is religion, to be thus forsworn.”

Again, in *King John* :

“ It is religion that doth make vows kept ;

“ But thou dost swear only to be forsworn ;

“ And most forsworn to keep what thou dost swear.”

‘ *K. HEN.* Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

‘ *YORK.* Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,

‘ I am resolv’d for death, or dignity.<sup>8</sup>

‘ *CLIF.* The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

‘ *WAR.* You were best to go to bed, and dream again,

To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

*CLIF.* I am resolv’d to bear a greater storm,  
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day ;  
And that I’ll write upon thy burgonet,<sup>9</sup>  
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.<sup>1</sup>

*WAR.* Now, by my father’s badge old Nevil’s crest,

The rampant bear chain’d to the ragged staff,  
This day I’ll wear aloft my burgonet,  
(As on a mountain-top the cedar shows,  
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,)  
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

*CLIF.* And from thy burgonet I’ll rend thy bear,

<sup>8</sup> ——— for death, or dignity.] The folio reads—and dignity. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ——— burgonet,] Is a helmet. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Martyr’d Soldier*, 1638 :

“ ————— now tye

“ Strong charms upon my full-plum’d burgonet.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ——— thy household badge,] The folio has *houfed* badge, owing probably to the transcriber’s ear deceiving him. The true reading is found in the old play. MALONE.

And tread it under foot with all contempt,  
 ' Despight the bear-ward that protects the bear.

' *Y. CLIF.* And so to arms, victorious father,  
 ' To quell the rebels, and their' complices.

*RICH.* Fye! charity, for shame! speak not in  
 spite,  
 For you shall sup with *Jesu Christ* to-night.

' *Y. CLIF.* Foul stigmatick,<sup>2</sup> that's' more than  
 thou canst tell.

' *RICH.* If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in  
 hell. [*Exeunt severally.*

## SCENE II.

Saint Albans.

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.*

*WAR.* Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick  
 calls!

And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,  
 Now,—when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,  
 And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,—  
 Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!

<sup>2</sup> *Foul stigmatick,*] A *stigmatick* is one on whom nature has set a mark of deformity, a stigma. STEEVENS.

This certainly is the meaning here. A *stigmatick* originally and properly signified a person who has been branded with a hot iron for some crime. See Bullokar's *English Expofitor*, 1616.

Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,  
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.<sup>3</sup>

*Enter YORK.*

‘ How now, my noble lord? what, all a-foot?  
‘ *YORK.* The deadly-handed Clifford slew my  
    siced;  
‘ But match to match I have encounter’d him,  
‘ And made a prey for carrion kites and crows<sup>4</sup>  
‘ Even of the bonny beast he lov’d so well.<sup>5</sup>

*Enter CLIFFORD.*

‘ *WAR.* Of one or both of us the time is come.  
*YORK.* Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other  
    chace,  
For I myself<sup>6</sup> must hunt this deer to death.  
*WAR.* Then, nobly, York; ’tis for a crown thou  
    fight’st.—  
‘ As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,

<sup>3</sup> *Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.*] See *Macbeth*, Vol. X. p. 64, n. 3. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *And made a prey for carrion kites and crows.—*] So, in *Hamlet*:

“ I should have fatted all the region kites

“ With this slave’s offal.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Even of the bonny beast he lov’d so well.*] In the old play:

“ The bonnicest gray, that e’er was bred in North.”

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *For I myself &c.*] This passage will remind the classical reader of Achilles’ conduct in the 22d *Iliad*, v. 205, where he expresses his determination that Hector should fall by no other hand than his own. STEEVENS.

It grieves my soul to leave thee unaffail'd.

[*Exit WARWICK.*]

' *CLIF.* What see'st thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?

' *YORK.* With thy brave bearing should I be in love,  
' But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

' *CLIF.* Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,  
' But that 'tis shown ignobly, and in treason.

' *YORK.* So let it help me now against thy sword,  
' As I in justice and true right express it!

' *CLIF.* My soul and body on the action both!—

' *YORK.* A dreadful lay!<sup>18</sup>—addresses thee instantly.  
[*They fight, and CLIFFORD falls.*]

<sup>17</sup> *What see'st thou in me, York? &c.*] Instead of this and the ten following lines, we find these in the old play, and the variation is worth noting:

" *York.* Now, Clifford, since we are singled here alone,  
" Be this the day of doom to one of us;  
" For now my heart hath sworn immortal hate  
" To thee and all the house of Lancaster.  
" *Clif.* And here I stand, and pitch my foot to thine,  
" Vowing ne'er to stir till thou or I be slain;  
" For never shall my heart be safe at rest,  
" Till I have spoil'd the hateful house of York.  
[*Alarums, and they fight, and York kills Clifford.*]  
" *York.* Now Lancaster, sit sure; thy sinews shrink.  
" Come, fearful Henry, groveling on thy face,  
" Yield up thy crown unto the prince of York."

[*Exit York.*  
MALONE.

<sup>18</sup> *A dreadful lay!*] A dreadful wager; a tremendous stake.

JOHNSON.

‘ CLIF. *La fin couronne les oeuvres.*<sup>9</sup> [Dies.]<sup>1</sup>

‘ YORK. Thus war hath given thee peace, for  
thou art still.

‘ Peace with his foul, heaven, if it be thy will!  
[Exit.

*Enter young CLIFFORD.*

\* Y. CLIF. Shame and confusion! all is on the  
rout;<sup>2</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *La fin couronne les oeuvres.*] The players read:  
*La fin corrone les eumenes.* STEEVENS.

Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Dies.*] Our author, in making Clifford fall by the hand of York, has departed from the truth of history; a practice not uncommon to him when he does his utmost to make his characters considerable. This circumstance, however, serves to prepare the reader or spectator for the vengeance afterwards taken by Clifford's son on York and Rutland.

It is remarkable, that at the beginning of the third part of this historical play, the poet has forgot this occurrence, and there represents Clifford's death as it really happened:

“ Lord Clifford and lord Stafford all abreast  
“ Charg'd our main battle's front; and breaking in,  
“ Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.”

PERCY.

For this inconsistency the elder poet must answer; for these lines are in *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of York, &c.* on which, as I conceive, *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* was founded. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Shame and confusion! all is on the rout; &c.*] Instead of this long speech, we have the following lines in the old play:

“ Y. Clifford. Father of Cumberland!  
“ Where may I seek my aged father forth?  
“ O dismal sight! see where he breathless lies,  
“ All smear'd and welter'd in his luke-warm blood!  
“ Ah, aged pillar of all Cumberland's true house!  
“ Sweet father, to thy murder'd ghost I swear  
“ Immortal hate unto the house of York;





- \* The silver livery of advised age;<sup>7</sup>
- \* And, in thy reverence,<sup>8</sup> and thy chair-days, thus
- \* To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this fight,
- \* My heart is turn'd to stone:<sup>9</sup> and, while 'tis mine,
- \* It shall be stony.<sup>1</sup> York not our old men spares;
- \* No more will I their babes: tears virginal
- \* Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
- \* And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
- \* Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.<sup>2</sup>
- \* Henceforth, I will not have to do with pity:
- \* Meet I an infant of the house of York,
- \* Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
- \* As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:<sup>3</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *The silver livery of advised age;*] *Advised* is wife, experienced.  
MALONE.

*Advised* is cautious, considerate. So before in this play:

“And bid me be *advised* how I tread.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *And, in thy reverence,*] In that period of life, which is entitled to the reverence of others. Our author has used the word in the same manner in *As you like it*, where the younger brother says to the elder, (speaking of their father,) “thou art indeed nearer to his reverence.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *My heart is turn'd to stone:*] So, in *Othello*: “—my heart is turn'd to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand.” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *It shall be stony.*] So again, in *Othello*:

“Thou dost *stone* my heart.”

And, in *King Richard III.* we have “stone-hard heart.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *to my flaming wrath be oil and flax,*] So, in *Hamlet*:

“To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,

“And melt in her own fire.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *As wild Medea &c.*] When Medea fled with Jason from Colchos, she murdered her brother Absyrtus, and cut his body into several pieces, that her father might be prevented for some time from pursuing her. See Ovid, *Trist. Lib. III. El. 9*:

“——— *divellit, divulsaque membra per agros*

“*Dissipat, in multis inveniendâ locis:—*

“*Ut genitor luctuque novo tardetur, et artus*

“*Dum legit extinctos, triste moretur iter.*” MALONE.



- \* Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
- \* Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.

[*Exit.*

Yet the alteration is not necessary; for the old reading is sense, though obscure. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson justly observes that the particle *for* seems to be used here without any apparent inference. The corresponding passage in the old play induces me to believe that a line has been omitted, perhaps of this import:

“Behold, the prophecy is come to pass;

“For, underneath—” &c.

We have had already two similar omissions in this play.

MALONE.

Thus the passage stands in the quarto:

“*Rich.* So lie thou there, and tumble in thy blood!

“What’s here? the sign of the Castle?

“Then the prophecy is come to pass;

“For Somerset was forewarned of castles,

“The which he always did observe; and now,

“Behold, under a paltry ale-house sign,

“The Castle in faint Albans, Somerset

“Hath made the wizard famous by his death.”

I suppose, however, that the third line was originally written:

“*Why*, then the prophecy is come to pass.”

STEEVENS.

The death of Somerset here accomplishes that equivocal prediction given by Jourdain, the witch, concerning this duke; which we met with at the close of the first Act of this play:

“Let him shun *castles*:

“Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,

“Than where *castles*, mounted stand.”

i. e. the representation of a *castle*, mounted for a *sign*.

THEOBALD.

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, and others, retreating.*

‘ Q. MAR. Away, my lord!<sup>6</sup> you are slow; for shame, away!

\* K. HEN. Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret; fly.

\* Q. MAR. What are you made of? you’ll not fight, nor fly:

\* Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,<sup>7</sup>

\* To give the enemy way; and to secure us

\* By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[*Alarum afar off.*]

\* If you be ta’en, we then should see the bottom

\* Of all our fortunes:<sup>8</sup> but if we haply scape,

\* *Away, my lord!*] Thus, in the old play:

“ Queen. Away, my lord, and fly to London straight;

“ Make haste, for vengeance comes along with them;

“ Come, stand not to expostulate: let’s go.

“ King. Come then, fair queen, to London let us haste,

“ And summon a parliament with speed,

“ To stop the fury of these dire events.”

[*Exeunt King and Queen.*]

Previous to the entry of the King and Queen, there is the following stage-direction:

“ *Alarums again, and then enter three or four bearing the Duke of Buckingham wounded to his tent. Alarums still, and then enter the king and queen.*” See p. 210, n. 9, and p. 220, n. 6. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Now is it manhood, wisdom, &c.*] This passage will serve to countenance an emendation proposed in *Macbeth*. See Vol. X. p. 232, n. 5. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *If you be ta’en, we then should see the bottom Of all our fortunes:]* Of this expression, which is undoubt-

- \* (As well we may, if not through your neglect,)  
 \* We shall to London get; where you are lov'd;  
 \* And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,  
 \* May readily be stopp'd.

*Enter young CLIFFORD.*

- \* *Y. CLIF.* But that my heart's on future mischief fet,  
 \* I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;  
 \* But fly you must; uncurable discomfit  
 \* Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.<sup>9</sup>

edly Shakspeare's, he appears to have been fond. So, in *King Henry IV. P. I.*:

“ — for therein should we read  
 “ The very *bottom* and the soul of hope,  
 “ The very lift, the very utmost bound  
 “ *Of all our fortunes.*”

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ Which *sees into the bottom* of my grief.”

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ To *look into the bottom* of my place.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *all our present parts.*] Should we not read?—*party.*  
 TYRWHITT.

The text is undoubtedly right. So, before:

“ Throw in the frozen bosoms of our *part*  
 “ Hot coals of vengeance.”

I have met with *part* for *party* in other books of that time.

So, in the Proclamation for the apprehension of John Cade, Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 646, edit. 1605: “ — the which John Cade also, after this, was sworne to the French *parts*, and dwelled with them,” &c.

Again, in Hall's *Chronicle*, *King Henry VI.* fol. 101: “ — in conclusion King Edward so courageously comforted his men, refreshing the weary, and helping the wounded, that the other *part* [i. e. the adverse army] was discomfited and overcome.” Again,

- \* Away, for your relief! and we will live
- \* To see their day, and them our fortune give :
- \* Away, my lord, away! [*Exeunt.*

in the same Chronicle, EDWARD IV. fol. xxii : “ —to bee provided a kyng, for to extinguiſh both the *factions* and *partes* [i. e. parties] of Kyng Henry the VI. and of Kyng Edward the fourth.”

Again, in *Coriolanus* :

- “ —if I cannot perſuade thee,
- “ Rather to ſhow a noble grace to both *parts*,
- “ Than ſeek the end of one,”—

In Plutarch the correſponding paſſage runs thus : “ For if I cannot perſuade thee rather to do good unto both *parties*,” &c.

MALONE.

A hundred inſtances might be brought in proof that *part* and *party* were ſynonymouſly uſed. But that is not the preſent queſtion. Mr. Tyrwhitt's ear (like every other accuſtomed to harmony of verſification) muſt naturally have been ſhocked by the leonine gingle of *hearts* and *parts*, which is not found in any one of the paſſages produced by Mr. Malone in defence of the preſent reading. STEVENS.

## SCENE III.

*Fields near Saint Albans.*

*Alarum: Retreat. Flourish; then enter YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, and Soldiers, with Drum and Colours.*

- ‘*YORK. Of Salisbury,*<sup>1</sup> who can report of him ;  
 \* That winter lion, who, in rage, forgets  
 \* Aged contusions and all brush of time ;<sup>2</sup>  
 \* And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Of Salisbury, &c.]* The corresponding speeches to this and the following, are these, in the original play :

- “*York.* How now, boys! fortunate this fight hath been,  
 “ I hope to us and ours, for England's good,  
 “ And our great honour, that so long we lost,  
 “ Whilst faint-heart Henry did usurp our rights.  
 “ But did you see old Salisbury, since we  
 “ With bloody minds did buckle with the foe ?  
 “ I would not for the loss of this right hand  
 “ That aught but well betide that good old man,  
 “ *Rich.* My lord, I saw him in the thickest throng,  
 “ Charging his lance with his old weary arms ;  
 “ And thrice I saw him beaten from his horse,  
 “ And thrice this hand did set him up again ;  
 “ And still he fought with courage 'gainst his foes ;  
 “ The boldest-spirited man that e'er mine eyes beheld.”

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — brush of time ;] Read *bruise* of time. WARBURTON.

The *brush of time*, is the gradual detrition of time. The old reading I suppose to be the true one. So, in *Timon* :

“ ————— one winter's *brush*—.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — gallant in the brow of youth,] The *brow of youth* is an expression not very easily explained. I read, *the blow of youth* ; the blossom, the spring. JOHNSON.



- \* Repairs him with occasion? this happy day
- \* Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
- \* If Salisbury be lost.

‘ *RICH.* My noble father,  
 ‘ Three times to-day I help him to his horse,  
 ‘ Three times bestrid him,<sup>4</sup> thrice I led him off,  
 ‘ Persuaded him from any further act :  
 ‘ But still, where danger was, still there I met him ;  
 \* And like rich hangings in a homely house,  
 \* So was his will in his old feeble body.  
 \* But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

*Enter SALISBURY.*

‘ *SAL.* Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought  
 to-day ;<sup>5</sup>

The *brow* of youth is the *height* of youth, as the *brow* of a hill is its summit. So, in *Othello* :

“ ——— the head and *front* of my offending.”

Again, in *King John* :

“ Why here walk I in the black *brow* of night.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Three times bestrid him,*] That is, Three times I saw him fallen, and, striding over him, defended him till he recovered.

JOHNSON.

See Vol. XI. p. 405, n. 9. Of this act of friendship, which Shakspeare has frequently noticed in other places, no mention is made in the old play, as the reader may find on the opposite page ; and its introduction here is one of the numerous minute circumstances, which when united form almost a decisive proof that the piece before us was constructed on foundations laid by a preceding writer. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Well hast thou fought &c.*] The variation between this speech and that in the original play deserves to be noticed :

“ *Sal.* Well hast thou fought this day, thou valiant duke ;

“ And thou brave bud of York's increasing house,

‘ By the maſs, ſo did we all.—I thank you, Richard :

‘ God knows, how long it is I have to live ;

‘ And it hath pleas’d him, that three times to-day

‘ You have defended me from imminent death.—

\* Well, lords, we have not got that which we have :<sup>6</sup>

\* ’Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,

\* Being oppoſites of ſuch repairing nature.<sup>7</sup>

‘ YORK. I know, our ſafety is to follow them ;

‘ For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,

‘ To call a preſent court of parliament.<sup>8</sup>

“ The ſmall remainder of my weary life, -

“ I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arm

“ Three times this day thou haſt preſerv’d my life.”

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Well, lords, we have not got that which we have ;*] i. e. we have not ſecured, we are not ſure of retaining, that which we have acquired. In our author’s *Rape of Lucrece*, a poem very nearly contemporary with the preſent piece, we meet with a ſimilar expreſſion :

“ That oft they have not that which they poſſeſs.”

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Being oppoſites of ſuch repairing nature.*] Being enemies that are likely ſo ſoon to rally and recover themſelves from this defeat. See Vol. V. p. 331, n. 7.

To *repair*, in our author’s language, is, to *renovate*. So, in *Cymbeline* :

“ O, diſloyal thing !

“ That ſhould’ſt *repair* my youth—.”

Again, in *All’s well that ends well* :

“ — It much *repairs* me,

“ To talk of your good father.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *To call a preſent court of parliament.*] The King and Queen left the ſtage only juſt as York entered, and have not ſaid a word about calling a parliament. Where then could York hear this ? —The fact is, as we have ſeen, that in the old play the King does ſay, “ he will call a parliament,” but our author has omitted

‘ Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth :—  
 ‘ What says lord Warwick ? shall we after them ?

*WAR.* After them ! nay, before them, if we  
 can.

Now by my faith,<sup>9</sup> lords, ’twas a glorious day :  
 Saint Albans’ battle, won by famous York,  
 Shall be eterniz’d in all age to come.—  
 Sound, drums and trumpets ;—and to London all :  
 And more such days as these to us befall !

[*Exeunt.*

the lines. He has, therefore, here, as in some other places, fallen into an impropriety, by sometimes following and at others deserting his original. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Now by my faith,*] The first folio reads—*Now by my hand.* This undoubtedly was one of the many alterations made by the editors of that copy, to avoid the penalty of the Stat. 3 Jac. I. c. 21. See p. 366, n. 9. The true reading I have restored from the old play. MALONE.

END OF VOL. XIII.





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on 21 October, 2015

