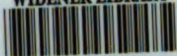


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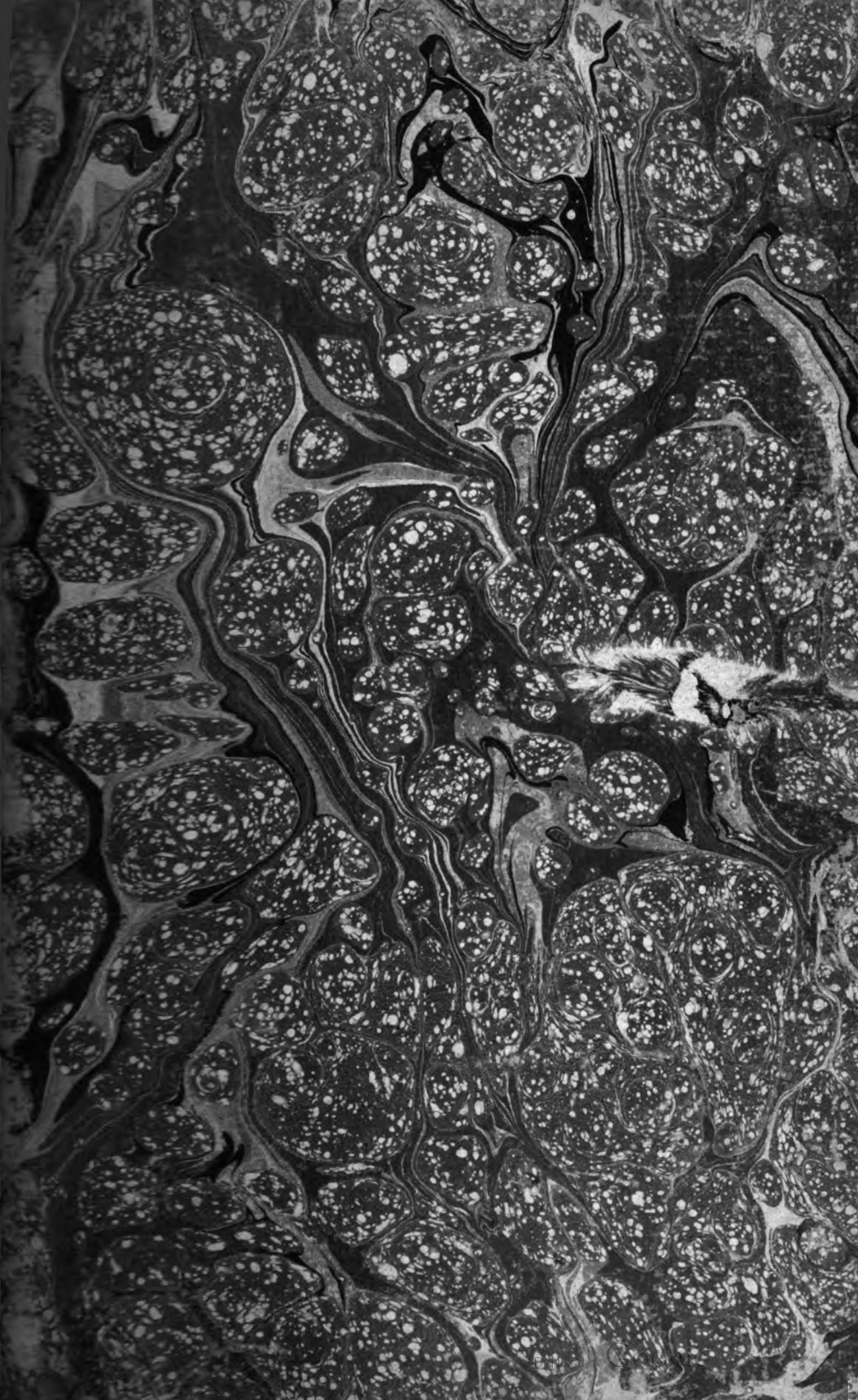


Rec<sup>d</sup> 1820.



Thomas Palmer.

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T H E  
P L A Y S  
O F  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE NINTH.

C O N T A I N I N G

KING HENRY IV. PART II.

KING HENRY V.

KING HENRY VI. PART I.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. Longman, B. Law and Son, C. Dilly, J. Robson, J. Johnson,  
T. Vernor, G. G. J. and J. Robinson, T. Cadell, J. Murray, R. Baldwin,  
H. L. Gardner, J. Sewell, J. Nicholls, F. and C. Rivington, W. Goldsmith,  
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M. DCC. XCIII.





**K I N G H E N R Y I V .**

**P A R T I I . \***

**VOL. IX.**

**B**

13423,5 (9)

\* SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.] The transactions comprized in this history take up about nine years. The action commences with the account of Hotspur's being defeated and killed [1403]; and closes with the death of King Henry IV. and the coronation of King Henry V. [1412-13.] THEOBALD.

This play was entered at Stationers' Hall, August 23, 1600.

STEVENS.

*The Second Part of King Henry IV.* I suppose to have been written in 1598. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. I. MALONZ.

Mr. Upton thinks these two plays improperly called *The First and Second Parts of Henry the Fourth*. The first play ends, he says, with the peaceful settlement of Henry in the kingdom by the defeat of the rebels. This is hardly true; for the rebels are not yet finally suppressed. The second, he tells us, shows Henry the Fifth in the various lights of a good-natured rake, till, on his father's death, he assumes a more manly character. This is true; but this representation gives us no idea of a dramatic action. These two plays will appear to every reader, who shall peruse them without ambition of critical discoveries, to be so connected, that the second is merely a sequel to the first; to be two only because they are too long to be one. JOHNSON.

## PERSONS represented.

King Henry *the Fourth* :  
 Henry, *Prince of Wales, afterwards King*  
     Henry V. }  
 Thomas, *Duke of Clarence.* } *his sons,*  
 Prince John of Lancaster,<sup>a</sup> *afterwards* }  
     (2 Henry V.) *Duke of Bedford.* }  
 Prince Humphrey of Gloucester, *afterwards* }  
     (2 Henry V.) *Duke of Gloucester.* }  
 Earl of Warwick. } *of the king's*  
 Earl of Westmoreland. } *party.*  
 Gower. Harcourt. }  
 Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.  
 A Gentleman attending on the Chief Justice.  
 Earl of Northumberland ; } *enemies to the*  
 Scroop, *Archbishop of York ;* } *king.*  
 Lord Mowbray ; Lord Hastings ; }  
 Lord Bardolph ; Sir John Coleville ; }  
 Travers and Morton ; *domesticks of Northumberland.*  
 Falstaff, Bardolph, Pistol, and Page.  
 Poins and Peto ; *attendants on Prince Henry.*  
 Shallow and Silence ; *country Justices.*  
 Davy, *servant to Shallow.*  
 Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, and Bullcalf ; *recruits.*  
 Fang and Snare ; *Sheriff's officers.*  
 Rumour. A Porter.  
 A Dancer ; *speaker of the Epilogue.*  
 Lady Northumberland. Lady Percy.  
 Hostess Quickly. Doll Tear-sheet.

*Lords and other Attendants ; Officers, Soldiers, Mes-  
 senger, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.*

SCENE, England. .

<sup>a</sup> See note under the *Personæ dramatis* of the First Part of this play. STEVENS.



# I N D U C T I O N .

Warkworth. *Before Northumberland's Castle.*

*Enter Rumour,*<sup>2</sup> *painted full of tongues.*<sup>3</sup>

*RUM.* Open your ears ; For which of you will  
stop  
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks ?

<sup>2</sup> *Enter Rumour,*] This speech of Rumour is not inelegant or unpoetical, but it is wholly useless, since we are told nothing which the first scene does not clearly and naturally discover. The only end of such prologues is to inform the audience of some facts previous to the action, of which they can have no knowledge from the persons of the drama. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — *Rumour, painted full of tongues.*] This the author probably drew from Holinshed's *Description of a Pageant*, exhibited in the court of Henry VIII. with uncommon cost and magnificence : " Then entered a person called *Report*, apparelled in crimson satin, full of *tonges*, or chronicles." Vol. III. p. 805. This however might be the common way of representing this personage in masques, which were frequent in his own times. T. WARTON.

Stephen Hawes, in his *Pastime of Pleasure*, had long ago exhibited her (*Rumour*) in the same manner :

" A goodly lady, envyroned about  
" With *tongues* of fire.—"

And so had Sir Thomas Moore, in one of his Pageants :

" *Fame* I am called, mervayle you nothing  
" Thoughte with *tonges* I am compassed all rounde."

Not to mention her elaborate portrait by Chaucer, in *The Booke of Fame* ; and by John Higgins, one of the assistants in *The Mirror for Magistrates*, in his *Legend of King Albanacte*. FARMER.

In a masque presented on St. Stephen's night, 1614, by Thomas Campion, *Rumour* comes on in a skin-coat full of winged *tongues*.

*Rumour* is likewise a character in *Sir Clyomon Knight of the Golden Sshield*, &c. 1599.

So also, in *The whole magnificent Entertainment given to King James, and the Queen his Wife*, &c. &c. 15th March, 1603, by

I, from the orient to the drooping west,<sup>4</sup>  
 Making the wind my posthorse, still unfold  
 The acts commenced on this ball of earth:  
 Upon my tongues continual slanders ride;  
 The which in every language I pronounce,  
 Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.  
 I speak of peace, while covert enmity,  
 Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:  
 And who but Rumour, who but only I,  
 Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence;  
 Whilst the big year, swol'n with some other grief,  
 Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,  
 And so such matter? Rumour is a pipe<sup>5</sup>  
 Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;  
 And of so easy and so plain a stop,<sup>6</sup>  
 That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,  
 The still-discordant wavering multitude,  
 Can play upon it. But what need I thus

Thomas Decker, 4to. 1604: "Directly under her in a cart by herselfe, *Fame* stood upright: a woman in a watchet roabe, thickly fet with *open eyes* and *tongues*, a payre of large golden wings at her backe, a trumpet in her hand, a mantle of fundry cullours traverfing her body: all these ensignes displaying but the propertie of her swiftnesse and aptnesse to disperse *Rumoure*." STEEVENS.

— *painted full of tongues.*] This direction, which is only to be found in the first edition in quarto of 1600, explains a passage in what follows, otherwise obscure. POPE.

<sup>4</sup> — *the drooping west,*] A passage in *Macbeth* will best explain the force of this epithet:

" Good things of day begin to *droop* and drowse,  
 " And night's black agents to their preys do rouse."

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *Rumour is a pipe*—] Here the poet imagines himself describing *Rumour*, and forgets that *Rumour* is the speaker.

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *so easy and so plain a stop,*] The *stops* are the *holes* in a flute or pipe. So, in *Hamlet*: " Govern these ventages with your finger and thumb:—Look you, these are the *stops*."—Again,—  
 " You would seem to know my *stops*." STEEVENS.

My well-known body to anatomize  
 Among my household? Why is Rumour here?  
 I run before king Harry's victory;  
 Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,  
 Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his troops,  
 Quenching the flame of bold rebellion  
 Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I  
 To speak so true at first? my office is  
 To noise abroad,—that Harry Monmouth fell  
 Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;  
 And that the king before the Douglas' rage  
 Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.  
 This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns  
 Between that royal field of Shrewsbury  
 And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,<sup>1</sup>  
 Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,  
 Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,  
 And not a man of them brings other news  
 Than they have learn'd of me; From Rumour's  
 tongues  
 They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true  
 wrongs. [Exit.]

<sup>1</sup> *And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,]* The old copies read—worm-eaten hole. MALONE.

Northumberland had retired and fortified himself in his castle, a place of strength in those times, though the building might be impaired by its antiquity; and, therefore, I believe our poet wrote:

*And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone.* THEOBALD.

Theobald is certainly right. So, in *The Wars of Cyrus, &c.* 1594:

“ Besieg'd his fortrefs with his men at arms,  
 “ Where only I and that Libanio stay'd  
 “ By whom I live. For when the bold was lost,” &c.

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

“ She is hard by with twenty thousand men,  
 “ And therefore fortify your bold, my lord.” STEEVENS.





SECOND PART OF  
KING HENRY IV.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*The same.*

*The Porter before the gate; Enter Lord BARDOLPH.*

**BARD.** Who keeps the gate here, ho?—Where is the earl?

**PORT.** What shall I say you are?

**BARD.** Tell thou the earl,  
That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

**PORT.** His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard;  
Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,  
And he himself will answer.

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.*

**BARD.** Here comes the earl.

**NORTH.** What news, lord Bardolph? every minute now  
Should be the father of some stratagem:<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — *some stratagem* :] Some *stratagem* means here some great, important, or dreadful event. So, in the third Part of *King Henry VI.* the father who had killed his son, says:

“ O pity, God! this miserable age!

“ What *stratagems*, how fell, how butcherly!

“ This mortal quarrel daily doth beget!” M. MASON.

The times are wild; contention, like a horse  
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,  
And bears down all before him.

*BARD.* Noble earl,  
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

*NORTH.* Good, an heaven will!

*BARD.* As good as heart can wish:—  
The king is almost wounded to the death;  
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,  
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts  
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas: young prince John,  
And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field;  
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk sir John,  
Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day,  
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,  
Came not, till now, to dignify the times,  
Since Cæsar's fortunes!

*NORTH.* How is this deriv'd?  
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

*BARD.* I spake with one, my lord, that came from  
thence;  
A gentleman well bred, and of good name,  
That freely render'd me these news for true.

*NORTH.* Here comes my servant Travers, whom  
I sent  
On Tuesday last to listen after news.

*BARD.* My lord, I over-rode him on the way;  
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,  
More than he haply may retail from me.

*Enter TRAVERS.*

*NORTH.* Now, Travers, what good tidings come  
with you?

*TRA.* My lord, sir John Umfrevile turn'd me  
back

With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,  
Out-rode me. After him, came, spurring hard,  
A gentleman almost forspent with speed,<sup>3</sup>  
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse:  
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him  
I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury.  
He told me, that rebellion had bad luck,  
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold:  
With that, he gave his able horse the head,  
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels<sup>4</sup>  
Against the panting sides of his poor jade<sup>5</sup>  
Up to the rowel-head;<sup>6</sup> and, starting so,

<sup>3</sup> — forspent *with speed*.] To *for spend* is to waste, to exhaust.  
So, in Sir A. Gorges' translation of *Lucan*, B. VII:

“ — crabbed fires *forspent* with age.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — armed *heels*—] Thus the quarto, 1600. The folio,  
1623, reads— *able heels*; the modern editors, without authority,—  
*agile heels*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *poor jade*—] *Poor jade* is used not in contempt, but in  
compassion. *Poor jade* means the horse wearied with his journey.

*Jade*, however, seems anciently to have signified what we now  
call a *hackney*; a beast employed in drudgery, opposed to a horse  
kept for show, or to be rid by its master. So, in a comedy called  
*A Knack to know a Knave*, 1594:

“ Besides, I'll give you the keeping of a dozen *jades*,

“ And now and then meat for you and your horse.”

This is said by a *farmer* to a *courtier*. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare, however, (as Mr. Steevens has observed,) certainly  
does not use the word as a term of contempt; for King Richard  
the Second gives this appellation to his favourite horse Roan Bar-  
bary, on which Henry the Fourth rode at his coronation:

“ That *jade* hath eat bread from my royal hand.”

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *rowel-head*;] I think that I have observed in old prints  
the *rowel* of those times to have been only a single spike.

JOHNSON.

He seem'd in running to devour the way,<sup>7</sup>  
Staying no longer question.

*NORTH.* Ha!—Again.  
Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?  
Of Hotspur, coldspur?<sup>8</sup> that rebellion  
Had met ill luck?

*BARD.* My lord, I'll tell you what;—  
If my young lord your son have not the day,  
Upon mine honour, for a filken point<sup>9</sup>  
I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

*NORTH.* Why should the gentleman, that rode by  
Travers,  
Give then such instances of losfs?

*BARD.* Who, he?

<sup>7</sup> *He seem'd in running to devour the way,*] So, in the book of *Job*, chap. xxxix: “He swalloweth the ground in fierceness and rage.”

The same expression occurs in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*:

“But with that speed, and heat of appetite,  
“With which they greedily devour the way  
“To some great sports.” STEEVENS.

So Ariel, to describe his alacrity in obeying Prospero's commands:

“I drink the air before me.” M. MASON.

So, in one of the Roman poets (I forget which):

— *cursum consumere campum.* BLACKSTONE.

The line quoted by Sir William Blackstone is in NEMESIAN:

— *latumque fuga consumere campum.* MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Of Hotspur, coldspur?*] *Hotspur* seems to have been a very common term for a man of vehemence and precipitation. Stanyhurst, who translated four books of *Virgil*, in 1584, renders the following line:

*Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile.*

“To couch not mounting of mayster vanquisher *hotspur*.”  
STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *filken point*—] A *point* is a string tagged, or lace.

JOHNSON.

He was some hilding fellow,<sup>2</sup> that had stol'n  
The horse he rode on; and, upon my life,  
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

*Enter* MORTON.

NORTH. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-  
leaf,<sup>3</sup>

Foretells the nature of a tragick volume:  
So looks the frond, whereon the imperious flood  
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.<sup>4</sup>——  
Say, Morton, did'st thou come from Shrewsbury?

MOR. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;  
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,  
To fright our party.

NORTH. How doth my son, and brother?  
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek  
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.  
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,  
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — *some hilding fellow,*] For *bilderling*, i. e. base, degenerate. POPE.

*Hilderling*, Degener; vox adhuc agro Devon. familiaris, *Spelman*.  
REED.

<sup>3</sup> — *like to a title-leaf,*] It may not be amiss to observe, that in the time of our poet, the title-page to an elegy, as well as every intermediate leaf, was totally black. I have several in my possession, written by Chapman, the translator of *Homer*, and ornamented in this manner. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *a witness'd usurpation.*] i. e. an attestation of its ravage.  
STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *so woe-begone,*] This word was common enough amongst the old Scottish and English poets, as G. Douglas, Chaucer, Lord Buckhurst, Fairfax; and signifies, *far gone in woe*.

WARBURTON.

So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*:

“Awake, revenge, or we are woe-begone!”

Again, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

“So woe-begone, so inly charg'd with woe.”

Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night;  
 And would have told him; half his Troy was burn'd:  
 But Priam found the fire; ere he his tongue;  
 And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.  
 This thou would'st say,—Your son did thus, and  
 thus;

Your brother, thus; so fought the noble Douglas;  
 Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:  
 But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,  
 Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,  
 Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.

MOR. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet:  
 But, for my lord your son,——

NORTH. Why, he is dead.  
 See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath!  
 He, that but fears the thing he would not know,  
 Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes,  
 That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton;  
 Tell thou thy earl, his divination lies;  
 And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,  
 And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

MOR. You are too great to be by me gainsaid:  
 Your spirit<sup>5</sup> is too true, your fears too certain.

NORTH. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's  
 dead.<sup>6</sup>

Again, in a *Looking Glass for London and England*, 1598:

“Fair Alvida, look not so *woe-begone*.”

Dr. Bentley is said to have thought this passage corrupt, and therefore (with a greater degree of gravity than my readers will probably express) proposed the following emendation:

*So dead so dull in look, Ucalegon,*

*Drew Priam's curtain &c.*

The name of *Ucalegon* is found in the third book of the *Iliad*, and the second of the *Æneid*. STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Your spirit*—] The impression upon your mind, by which you conceive the death of your son. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Yet, for all this, say not &c.*] The contradiction in the first

I see a strange confession in thine eye:  
 Thou shak'st thy head; and hold'st it fear, or sin,<sup>7</sup>  
 To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:<sup>8</sup>  
 The tongue offends not, that reports his death;  
 And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead;  
 Not he, which says the dead is not alive.  
 Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news  
 Hath but a losing office; and his tongue  
 Sounds ever after as a fullen bell,  
 Remember'd knolling a departing friend.<sup>9</sup>

part of this speech might be imputed to the distraction of Northumberland's mind; but the calmness of the reflection, contained in the last lines, seems not much to countenance such a supposition. I will venture to distribute this passage in a manner which will, I hope, seem more commodious; but do not wish the reader to forget, that the most commodious is not always the true reading:

Bard. *Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.*  
 North. *I see a strange confession in thine eye,  
 Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear, or sin,  
 To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:  
 The tongue offends not, that reports his death;  
 And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead;  
 Not he, which says the dead is not alive.*  
 Mor. *Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news  
 Hath but a losing office; and his tongue  
 Sounds ever after as a fullen bell,  
 Remember'd knolling a departing friend.*

Here is a natural interposition of Bardolph at the beginning, who is not pleased to hear his news confuted, and a proper preparation of Morton for the tale which he is unwilling to tell.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *hold'st it fear, or sin,*] Fear for danger.

WARBURTON,

<sup>8</sup> — *If he be slain, say so:*] The words *say so* are in the first folio, but not in the quarto: they are necessary to the verse, but the sense proceeds as well without them. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Sounds ever after as a fullen bell,  
 Remember'd knolling a departing friend.*] So, in our author's 71st Sonnet:

“ — you shall hear the surly fullen bell  
 “ Give warning to the world that I am fled.”

*BARD.* I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

*MOR.* I am sorry, I should force you to believe  
That, which I would to heaven I had not seen:  
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,  
Rend'ring faint quittance,<sup>2</sup> wearied and out-  
breath'd,

To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat  
down

The never-daunted Percy to the earth,  
From whence with life he never more sprung up.  
In few, his death (whose spirit lent a fire  
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,)  
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away  
From the best temper'd courage in his troops:  
For from his metal was his party steel'd;  
Which once in him abated,<sup>3</sup> all the rest

This significant epithet has been adopted by Milton:

“ I hear the far-off curfew sound,  
“ Over some wide water'd shore  
“ Swinging slow with *sullen* roar.”

*Departing*, I believe, is here used for *departed*. MALONE.

I cannot concur in this supposition. The *bell*, anciently, was rung before expiration, and thence was called the *passing bell*, i. e. the bell that solicited prayers for the soul *passing* into another world. STEEVENS.

I am inclined to think that this bell might have been originally used to drive away demons who were watching to take possession of the soul of the deceased. In the cuts to some of the old service books which contain the *Vigiliæ mortuorum*, several devils are waiting for this purpose in the chamber of the dying man, to whom the priest is administering extreme unction. DOUCE.

<sup>2</sup> — *faint quittance,*] *Quittance* is return. By *faint quittance* is meant a *faint return of blows*. So, in *King Henry V*:

“ We shall forget the office of our hand,  
“ Sooner than *quittance* of desert and merit.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *For from his metal was his party steel'd;*

*Which once in him abated,*] *Abated*, is not here put for the general idea of *diminished*, nor for the notion of *blunted*, as applied



Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.  
 And as the thing that's heavy in itself,  
 Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed;  
 So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,  
 Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,  
 That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,  
 Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,  
 Fly from the field: Then was that noble Worcester  
 Too soon ta'en prisoner: and that furious Scot,  
 The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword  
 Had three times slain the appearance of the king,  
 'Gan vail his stomach,<sup>4</sup> and did grace the shame  
 Of those that turn'd their backs; and, in his flight,  
 Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all  
 Is,—that the king hath won; and hath sent out  
 A speedy power, to encounter you, my lord,  
 Under the conduct of young Lancaster,  
 And Westmoreland: this is the news at full.

*NORTH.* For this I shall have time enough to mourn.  
 In poison there is physick; and these news,

to a single edge. *Abated* means reduced to a lower temper, or, as the workmen call it, *let down*. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> 'Gan vail his stomach,] Began to fall his courage, to let his spirits sink under his fortune. JOHNSON.

From *avaller*, Fr. to cast down, or to let fall down. MALONE.

This phrase has already appeared in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Vol. VI. p. 556:

“Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot;

“And place your hands below your husbands' foot.” REED.

Thus, to vail the bonnet is to pull it off. So, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

“And make the king vail bonnet to us both.”

To vail a staff, is to let it fall in token of respect. Thus, in the same play:

“And for the ancient custom of vail-staff,

“Keep it still; claim thou privilege from me:

“If any ask a reason, why? or how?

“Say, English Edward vail'd his staff to you.”

See Vol. V. p. 398, n. 9. STEEVENS.

Having been well, that would have made me sick,<sup>4</sup>  
 Being sick, have in some measure made me well:  
 And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,  
 Like strengthless hinges, buckle<sup>5</sup> under life,  
 Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire  
 Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,  
 Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,  
 Are thrice themselves:<sup>6</sup> hence therefore, thou nice<sup>7</sup>  
 crutch;

<sup>4</sup> *Having been well, that would have made me sick,*] i. e. that would, had I been well, have made me sick. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — buckle —] Bend; yield to pressure. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ————— even so my limbs,

*Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief, Are thrice themselves:*] As Northumberland is here comparing himself to a person, who, though his joints are weakened by a bodily disorder, derives strength from the distemper of the mind, I formerly proposed to read—"Weakened with age," or, "Weakened with pain."

When a word is repeated, without propriety, in the same or two succeeding lines, there is great reason to suspect some corruption. Thus, in this scene, in the first folio, we have "*able heels,*" instead of "*armed heels,*" in consequence of the word *able* having occurred in the preceding line. So, in *Hamlet*: "*Thy news shall be the news,*" &c. instead of—"Thy news shall be the fruit."—Again, in *Macbeth*, instead of "*Whom we, to gain our place,*" &c. we find

"Whom we, to gain our *peace*, have sent to *peace.*"

In this conjecture I had once some confidence; but it is much diminished by the subsequent note, and by my having lately observed, that Shakspeare elsewhere uses *grief* for *bodily pain*. Falstaff, in *K. Henry IV.* Part I. p. 569, speaks of "*the grief of a wound.*" *Grief* in the latter part of this line is used in its present sense, for sorrow; in the former part for *bodily pain*. MALONE.

*Grief*, in ancient language, signifies, *bodily pain*, as well as *sorrow*. So, in *A Treatise of sundrie Diseases*, &c. by T. T. 1591: "—he being at that time griped fore, and having *grief* in his lower bellie." *Dolor ventris* is, by our old writers, frequently translated "*grief of the guts.*" I perceive no need of alteration. STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — nice —] i. e. trifling. So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

"————— it is not meet

"That every *nice* offence should bear his comments."

STEVENS.

A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,  
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly  
quoif;

Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,  
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.  
Now bind my brows with iron; And approach  
The ragged<sup>s</sup> 'ft hour<sup>s</sup> that time and spite dare bring,  
To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!  
Let heaven kifs earth! Now let not nature's hand  
Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die!  
And let this world no longer be a stage,  
To feed contention in a lingering act;  
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain  
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set  
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,  
And darkness be the burier of the dead!<sup>9</sup>

<sup>s</sup> *The ragged'st hour*—] Mr. Theobald and the subsequent editors read—*The rugged'st*. But change is unnecessary, the expression in the text being used more than once by our author. In *As you like it*, Amiens says, his voice is *ragged*; and *rag* is employed as a term of reproach in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and in *Timon of Athens*. See also the Epistle prefixed to Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*, 1579: "—as thinking them fittest for the rustical rudeness of shepherds, either for that their rough sound would make his rimes more *ragged*, and rustical," &c. The modern editors of Spenser might here substitute the word *rugged* with just as much propriety as it has been substituted in the present passage, or in that in *As you like it*. See Vol. VI. p. 54, n. 5.

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,—

"Thy smoothing titles to a *ragged* name."

Again in our poet's eighth Sonnet:

"Then let not Winter's *ragged* hand deface

"In thee thy summer."

Again, in the play before us:

"A *ragged* and fore-stall'd remission." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *And darkness be the burier of the dead!*] The conclusion of this noble speech is extremely striking. There is no need to suppose it exactly philosophical; *darkness*, in poetry, may be absence of

*TRA.* This strained passion<sup>2</sup> doth you wrong, my lord.

*BARD.* Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

*MOR.* The lives of all your loving complices  
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er  
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.  
You cast the event of war,<sup>3</sup> my noble lord,  
And summ'd the account of chance, before you  
said,—

Let us make head. It was your presumfise,  
That, in the dole of blows<sup>4</sup> your son might drop :

eyes, as well as privation of light. Yet we may remark, that by an ancient opinion it has been held, that if the human race, for whom the world was made, were extirpated, the whole system of sublunary nature would cease. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *This strained passion—*] This line in the quarto, where alone it is found, is given to Umfrevile, who, as Mr. Steevens has observed, is spoken of in this very scene as absent. It was on this ground probably rejected by the player-editors. It is now, on the suggestion of Mr. Steevens, attributed to Travers, who is present, and yet (as that gentleman has remarked) “is made to say nothing on this interesting occasion.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *You cast the event of war, &c.*] The fourteen lines from hence to Bardolph's next speech, are not to be found in the first editions till that in the folio of 1623. A very great number of other lines in this play were inserted after the first edition in like manner, but of such spirit and mastery generally, that the insertions are plainly by Shakspeare himself. POPE.

To this note I have nothing to add, but that the editor speaks of more editions than I believe him to have seen, there having been but one edition yet discovered by me that precedes the first folio.

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *— in the dole of blows—*] The *dole* of blows is the *distribution* of blows. *Dole* originally signified the portion of alms (consisting either of meat or money) that was given away at the door of a nobleman. See Vol. VIII. p. 429, n. 5. STEEVENS.

You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,  
 More likely to fall in, than to get o'er:<sup>5</sup>  
 You were advis'd, his flesh was capable<sup>6</sup>  
 Of wounds, and scars; and that his forward spirit  
 Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd;  
 Yet did you say,—Go forth; and none of this,  
 Though strongly apprehended, could restrain  
 The stiff-borne action: What hath then befallen,  
 Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,  
 More than that being which was like to be?

*BARD.* We all, that are engaged to this loss,<sup>7</sup>  
 Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,  
 That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one:  
 And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd  
 Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd;  
 And, since we are o'er-set, venture again.  
 Come, we will all put forth; body, and goods.

*MOR.* 'Tis more than time: And, my most noble lord,

<sup>5</sup> *You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,*

*More likely to fall in, than to get o'er:]* So, in *King Henry IV.*

P. I:

“As full of peril and adventurous spirit,

“As to o'erwalk a current roaring loud,

“On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *You were advis'd, his flesh was capable—]* i. e. you knew. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“How shall I doat on her with more *advice*——.”

i. e. on further knowledge. MALONE.

Thus also, Thomas Twyne, the continuator of Phaer's translation of Virgil, 1584, for *hand infcius*, has *advis'd*:

“He spake: and strait the sword *advis'd* into his throat receives,” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *We all, that are engaged to this loss,]* We have a similar phraseology in the preceding play:

“Hath a more worthy interest to the state,

“Than thou the shadow of succession.” MALONE.

I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,—  
 The gentle archbishop of York is up,<sup>8</sup>  
 With well-appointed powers; he is a man,  
 Who with a double surety binds his followers.  
 My lord your son had only but the corps,  
 But shadows, and the shows of men, to fight:  
 For that same word, rebellion, did divide  
 The action of their bodies from their souls;  
 And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,  
 As men drink potions; that their weapons only  
 Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits and souls,  
 This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,  
 As fish are in a pond: But now the bishop  
 Turns insurrection to religion:  
 Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,  
 He's follow'd both with body and with mind;  
 And doth enlarge his rising with the blood  
 Of fair king Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones:  
 Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause;  
 Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,<sup>9</sup>  
 Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;  
 And more, and less,<sup>2</sup> do flock to follow him.

<sup>8</sup> *The gentle &c.*] These one-and-twenty lines were added since the first edition. JOHNSON.

This and the following twenty lines are not found in the quarto, 1600, either from some inadvertence of the transcriber or compositor, or from the printer not having been able to procure a perfect copy. They first appeared in the folio, 1623; but it is manifest that they were written at the same time with the rest of the play, Northumberland's answer referring to them. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,*] That is, stands over his country to defend her as she lies bleeding on the ground. So Falstaff before says to the Prince, *If thou see me down, Hal, and bestride me, so; it is an office of friendship.* JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *And more, and less,*] *More and less* means *greater and less*. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ Both *more and less* have given him the revolt.”

STEVENS.

NORTH. I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,  
 This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.  
 Go in with me; and counsel every man  
 The aptest way for safety, and revenge:  
 Get posts, and letters, and make friends with speed;  
 Never so few, and never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

London. *A Street.*

*Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, with his Page bearing his sword and buckler.*

FAL. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — *what says the doctor to my water?*] The method of investigating diseases by the inspection of urine only, was once so much the fashion, that Linacre, the founder of the College of Physicians, formed a statute to restrain apothecaries from carrying the *water* of their patients to a doctor, and afterwards giving medicines in consequence of the opinions they received concerning it. This statute was, soon after, followed by another, which forbade the doctors themselves to pronounce on any disorder from such an uncertain diagnostic.

John Day, the author of a comedy called *Law Tricks, or Who would have thought it?* 1608, describes an apothecary thus: “—his house is set round with patients twice or thrice a day, and because they'll be sure not to want drink, every one brings *his own water* in an urinal with him.”

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*:

“ I'll make her cry so much, that the physician,

“ If she fall sick upon it, shall want *urine*

“ To find the cause by.”

It will scarcely be believed hereafter, that in the years 1775 and 1776, a German, who had been a servant in a public riding-school,

*PAGE.* He said, fir, the water itself was a good healthy water: but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

*FAL.* Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me:<sup>4</sup> The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow, that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgement. Thou whorefon mandrake,<sup>5</sup> thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never mann'd with an agate till now:<sup>6</sup>

(from which he was discharged for insufficiency,) revived this exploded practice of *water-casting*. After he had amply increased the bills of mortality, and been publickly hung up to the ridicule of those who had too much sense to consult him, as a monument of the folly of his patients, he retired with a princely fortune, and perhaps is now indulging a hearty laugh at the expence of English credulity. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — to gird at me:] i. e. to gibe. So, in Lyly's *Mother Bombe*, 1594: "We maids are mad wenches; we gird them, and flout them," &c. See Vol. VI. p. 547, n. 7. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — mandrake,] *Mandrake* is a root supposed to have the shape of a man; it is now counterfeited with the root of briony. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *I was never mann'd with an agate till now:]* That is, I never before had an agate for my *man*. JOHNSON.

Alluding to the little figures cut in *agates*, and other hard stones, for seals; and therefore he says, *I will set you neither in gold nor silver*. The Oxford editor alters it to *aglet*, a tag to the points then in use (a word indeed which our author uses to express the same thought): but *aglets*, though they were sometimes of gold or silver, were never *set* in those metals. WARBURTON.

It appears from a passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Coxcomb*, that it was usual for justices of peace either to wear an *agate* in a ring, or as an appendage to their gold chain: "— Thou wilt



but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel; the juvenal,<sup>7</sup> the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledg'd. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal: God may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal,<sup>8</sup> for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him.—

spit as formally, and show thy *agate* and hatch'd chain, as well as the best of them."

The same allusion is employed on the same occasion in *The Isle of Gulls*, 1606:

"Grace, you *Agate*! hast not forgot that yet?"

The virtues of the *agate* were anciently supposed to protect the wearer from any misfortune. So, in Greene's *Mamillia*, 1593: "—the man that hath the stone *agathes* about him, is surely defenced against adversity." STEEVENS.

I believe an *agate* is used merely to express any thing remarkably little, without any allusion to the figure cut upon it. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Vol. IV. p. 464, n. 9:

"If low, an *agate* very vilely cut." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> —the juvenal,] This term, which has already occurred in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Love's Labour's Lost*, is used in many places by Chaucer, and always signifies a young man.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —he may keep it still as a face-royal,] That is, a face exempt from the touch of vulgar hands. So, a *flag-royal* is not to be hunted, a *mine-royal* is not to be dug. JOHNSON.

Old copies—at a face-royal. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Perhaps this quibbling allusion is to the English *real*, *rial*, or *royal*. The poet seems to mean that a barber can no more earn sixpence by his *face-royal*, than by the face stamped on the coin called a *royal*; the one requiring as little shaving as the other.

STEEVENS.

What said master Dumbleton<sup>9</sup> about the fatten for my short cloak, and flops?

*PAGE.* He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours; he liked not the security.

*FAL.* Let him be damn'd like the glutton! may his tongue be hotter!<sup>2</sup>—A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand,<sup>3</sup> and then stand upon security!—The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up,<sup>4</sup> then they must stand upon—security. I had

<sup>9</sup> — *Dumbleton*—] The folio has—*Dombleton*; the quarto—*Dommelton*. This name seems to have been a made one, and designed to afford some apparent meaning. The author might have written—*Double-done*, (or as Mr. M. Mason observes, *Double-down*), from his making the same charge twice in his books, or charging twice as much for a commodity as it is worth.

I have lately, however, observed that *Dumbleton* is the name of a town in Gloucestershire. The reading of the folio may therefore be the true one. STEEVENS.

The reading of the quarto (the original copy) appears to be only a mis-spelling of *Dumbleton*. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Let him be damn'd like the glutton! may his tongue be hotter!*] An allusion to the fate of the rich man, who had fared sumptuously every day, when he requested a drop of water to cool his tongue, being tormented with the flames. HENLEY.

✕ <sup>3</sup> — *to bear*—in hand,] is, to keep in expectation.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

“ — How you were *borne in hand*, how cross'd.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up,*] That is, *if a man by taking up goods is in their debt*. To be *thorough* seems to be the same with the present phrase,—to be *in with* a tradesman. JOHNSON.

So, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*:

“ I will *take up*, and bring myself into credit.”

as lief they would put ratbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I look'd he should have sent me two and twenty yards of sattin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance,<sup>5</sup> and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him.<sup>6</sup>—Where's Bar-dolph?

PAGE. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

So again, in *Northward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607: "They will take up, I warrant you, where they may be trusted." Again, in the same piece: "Sattin gowns must be taken up." Again, in *Love Restored*, one of Ben Jonson's masques: "A pretty fine speech was taken up o' the poet too, which if he never be paid for now, 'tis no matter." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — the horn of abundance,] So, in *Pasquil's Night-cap*, 1612, p. 43:

- "But chiefly citizens, upon whose crowne
- "Fortune her blessings most did tumble downe;
- "And in whose cares (as all the world doth know)
- "The horne of great abundance still doth blow."

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him.] This joke seems evidently to have been taken from that of Plautus: "Quò ambulas tu, qui Vulcanum in cornu conclusum geris?" *Amph.* Act I. sc. i. and much improved. We need not doubt that a joke was here intended by Plautus; for the proverbial term of *horns* for *cuckoldom*, is very ancient, as appears by Artimedorus, who says: Πρωκπιῦν αὐτῷ ὅτι ἡ γυνὴ σου πορνίσει, καὶ τὸ λεγομένην κέρατα αὐτῷ πορνίσει, καὶ οὕτως ἀπέσει. Ὀνειροί. Lib. II. cap. xii. And he copied from those before him. WARBURTON.

The same thought occurs in *The Two Maids of Moreclacke*, 1609:

- "— your wrongs
- "Shine through the horn, as candles in the eve,
- "To light out others." STEEVENS.

*FAL.* I bought him in Paul's,<sup>7</sup> and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were mann'd, horfed, and wived.

<sup>7</sup> *I bought him in Paul's,*] At that time the resort of idle people, cheats, and knights of the post. **WARBURTON.**

So, in *Fearful and Lamentable Effects of Two dangerous Comets, &c.* no date; by Nashe, in ridicule of Gabriel Harvey: "*Paule's* church is in wonderfull perill thys yeare without the help of our conscionable brethren, for that day it hath not eyther broker, *maisterless serving-man*, or penniless companion, in the middle of it, the usurers of London have sworne to bestow a newe steepie upon it."

In an old *Collection of Proverbs*, I find the following:

"Who goes to Westminster for a wife, to *St. Paul's* for a man, and to Smithfield for a horse, may meet with a whore, a knave and a jade."

In a pamphlet by Dr. Lodge, called *Wit's Miserie, and the World's Madnesse*, 1596, the devil is described thus:

"In *Pauls* hee walketh like a gallant courtier, where if he meet some rich chuffes worth the gulling, at every word he speaketh, he maketh a mouse an elephant, and telleth them of wonders, done in Spaine by his ancestors," &c. &c.

I should not have troubled the reader with this quotation, but that it in some measure familiarizes the character of Pistol, which (from other passages in the same pamphlet) appears to have been no uncommon one in the time of Shakspeare. Dr. Lodge concludes his description thus: "His courage is boasting, his learning ignorance, his ability weaknes, and his end beggary."

Again, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry-Tricks*, 1611;

"—get thee a gray cloak and hat,

"And walk in *Paul's* among thy cashier'd mates,

"As melancholy as the best."

I learn from a passage in Greene's *Disputation between a He Coneycatcher and a She Coneycatcher*, 1592, that *St. Paul's* was a privileged place, so that no debtor could be arrested within its precincts. **STEEVENS.**

In *The Choise of Change*, 1598, 4to, it is said, "a man must not make choise of three thinges in three places. Of a wife in Westminster; of a servant in *Paule's*; of a horse in Smithfield; least he chufe a queane, a knave, or a jade." See also Moryson's *Itinerary*, Part III. p. 53, 1617. **REED.**

"It was the fashion of those times," [the times of K. James I.] says Osborne, in his *MEMOIRS* of that monarch, "and did so

*Enter the Lord Chief Justice,<sup>s</sup> and an Attendant.*

*PAGE.* Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

*FAL.* Wait close, I will not see him.

*CH. JUST.* What's he that goes there?

*ATTEN.* Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

*CH. JUST.* He that was in question for the robbery?

*ATTEN.* He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the lord John of Lancaster.

*CH. JUST.* What, to York? Call him back again.

*ATTEN.* Sir John Falstaff!

*FAL.* Boy, tell him, I am deaf.

*PAGE.* You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

*CH. JUST.* I am sure, he is, to the hearing of any thing good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

continue till these, [the interregnum,] for the principal gentry, lords, courtiers, and men of all professions, not merely mechanicks, to meet in *St. Paul's* church by eleven, and walk in the middle aisle till twelve, and after dinner from three to six; during which time some discoursed of business, others of news. Now, in regard of the universal commerce there happened little that did not first or last arrive here." MALONE.

<sup>s</sup> — *Lord Chief Justice,*] This judge was Sir William Gascoigne, Chief Justice of the King's Bench. He died December 17, 1413, and was buried in Harwood church in Yorkshire. His effigy, in judicial robes, is on his monument. STEEVENS.

His portrait, copied from the monument, may be found in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. LI. p. 516. MALONE.

*ATTEN.* Sir John,—

*FAL.* What! a young knave, and beg! Is there not wars? is there not employment? Doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worfe shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worfe than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

*ATTEN.* You mistake me, fir.

*FAL.* Why, fir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

*ATTEN.* I pray you, fir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

*FAL.* I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou get'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hang'd: You hunt-counter,<sup>9</sup> hence! avaunt!

<sup>9</sup> — *hunt-counter*,] That is, blunderer. He does not, I think, allude to any relation between the judge's servant and the counter-prison. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation may be countenanced by the following passage in Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*:

“ — Do you mean to make a hare

“ Of me, to *hunt counter* thus, and make these doubles,

“ And you mean no such thing as you send about?”

Again, in *Hamlet*:

“ O, this is *counter*, you false Danish dogs.”

STEEVENS.

*Hunt counter* means, *base tyke*, or *worthless dog*. There can be no reason why Falstaff should call the attendant a blunderer, but he seems very anxious to prove him a *rascal*. After all, it is not impossible the word may be found to signify a *catchpole* or *bum-bailiff*. He was probably the Judge's *tipstaff*. RITSON.

Perhaps the epithet *hunt-counter* is applied to the officer, in reference to his having reverted to Falstaff's *falvo*. HENLEY.

*ATTEN.* Sir, my lord would speak with you.

*CH. JUST.* Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

*FAL.* My good lord!—God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say, your lordship was sick: I hope, your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the salt-ness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship, to have a reverend care of your health.

*CH. JUST.* Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

*FAL.* An't please your lordship, I hear, his majesty is return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

*CH. JUST.* I talk not of his majesty:—You would not come when I sent for you.

*FAL.* And I hear moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

*CH. JUST.* Well, heaven mend him! I pray, let me speak with you.

*FAL.* This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

*CH. JUST.* What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

*FAL.* It hath its original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in Galen; it is a kind of deafness.

*CH. JUST.* I think, you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

I think it much more probable that Falstaff means to allude to the *counter-prison*. Sir T. Overbury in his character of *A Serjeant's groom*, 1616, (in modern language, a *bailiff's follower*), calls him "a *Counter-rat*." MALONE.

FAL. Very well, my lord, very well :<sup>a</sup> rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening,

<sup>a</sup> Fal. *Very well, my lord, very well :*] In the quarto edition, printed in 1609, this speech stands thus :

Old. *Very well, my lord, very well :*—

I had not observed this, when I wrote my note to *The First Part of Henry IV.* concerning the tradition of Falstaff's character having been first called Oldcastle. This almost amounts to a self-evident proof of the thing being so : and that the play being printed from the stage manuscript, Oldcastle had been all along altered into Falstaff, except in this single place by an oversight ; of which the printers not being aware, continued these initial traces of the original name. THEOBALD.

I am unconvinced by Mr. Theobald's remark. *Old.* might have been the beginning of some actor's name. Thus we have *Kempe* and *Cowley*, instead of *Dogberry* and *Verges*, in the 4to. edit. of *Much Ado about Nothing*, 1600.

Names utterly unconnected with the personæ dramatis of Shakspeare, are sometimes introduced as entering on the stage. Thus, in *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* edit. 1600 : "Enter th' Archbishop, Thomas Mowbray, (Earle Marhall) the Lord Hastings, Fauconbridge, and Bardolfe." Sig. B. 4.—Again : "Enter the Prince, Poynes, Sir John Ruffell, with others." Sig. C 3.—Again, in *King Henry V.* 1600 : "Enter Burbon, Conftable, Orleans, Gebon." Sig. D 2.

*Old* might have been inserted by a mistake of the same kind ; or indeed through the laziness of compositors, who occasionally permit the letters that form such names as frequently occur, to remain together, when the rest of the page is distributed. Thus it will sometimes happen that one name is substituted for another. This observation will be well understood by those who have been engaged in long attendance on a printing-house ; and those to whom my remark appears obscure, need not to lament their ignorance, as this kind of knowledge is usually purchased at the expence of much time, patience, and disappointment.

In 1778, when the foregoing observations first appeared, they had been abundantly provoked. Justice, however, obliges me to subjoin, that no part of the same censure can equitably fall on the printing-office or compositors engaged in our present republication.

STEEVENS.

I entirely agree with Mr. Steevens in thinking that Mr. Theobald's remark is of no weight. Having already discussed the subject very fully, it is here only necessary to refer the reader to Vol. VIII. p. 371, *et seq.* in which I think I have shewn that there is no proof what-



the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

*CH. JUST.* To punish you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not, if I do become your physician.

*FAL.* I am as poor as Job, my lord; but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

*CH. JUST.* I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come <sup>up</sup> speak with me.

*FAL.* As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

*CH. JUST.* Well, the truth is, sir John, you live in great infamy.

*FAL.* He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in less.

soever that Falstaff ever was called Oldcastle in these plays. The letters prefixed to this speech crept into the first quarto copy, I have no doubt, merely from *Oldcastle* being, behind the scenes, the familiar theatrical appellation of Falstaff, who was his stage-successor. All the actors, copyists, &c. were undoubtedly well acquainted with the former character, and probably used the two names indiscriminately.—Mr. Steevens's suggestion that *Old* might have been the beginning of some actor's name does not appear to me probable; because in the list of "the names of the *principal* actors in all these plays" prefixed to the first folio, there is no actor whose name begins with this syllable; and we may be sure that the part of Falstaff was performed by a *principal* actor.

MALONE.

Principal actors, as at present, might have been often changing from one play-house to another; and the names of such of them as had quitted the company of Hemings and Condell, might therefore have been purposely omitted, when the list prefixed to the folio 1623 was drawn up. STEEVENS.

CH. JUST. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

FAL. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

CH. JUST. You have misled the youthful prince.

FAL. The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.<sup>3</sup>

CH. JUST. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gads-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

FAL. My lord?

CH. JUST. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

FAL. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

CH. JUST. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

FAL. A wassel candle, my lord;<sup>4</sup> all tallow:

<sup>3</sup> — *be my dog.*] I do not understand this joke. Dogs lead the blind, but why does a dog lead the fat? JOHNSON.

If the *fellow's great belly* prevented him from *seeing his way*, he would want a *dog* as well as a *blind man*. FARMER.

And though he had no absolute occasion for him, Shakspeare would still have supplied him with one. He seems to have been very little solicitous that his comparisons should answer completely on both sides. It was enough for him that *men* were sometimes led by dogs. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *A wassel candle, &c.*] A *wassel candle* is a large candle lighted up at a feast. There is a poor quibble upon the word *wax*, which signifies increase as well as the matter of the honey-comb.

JOHNSON.

The same quibble has already occurred in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. sc. ii:

“ That was the way to make his godhead *wax*.”

STREVEN.

See Vol. V. p. 333, n. 5. MALONE.

if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

CH. *JUST.* There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

FAL. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

CH. *JUST.* You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.<sup>5</sup>

FAL. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light; but, I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell:<sup>6</sup> Virtue is of so little regard in these cofter-monger times,<sup>7</sup> that true

<sup>5</sup> *You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.]* Thus the quarto, 1600. Mr. Pope reads with the folio, 1623,—*evil angel.* STEEVENS.

What a precious collator has Mr. Pope approved himself in this passage! Besides, if this were the true reading, Falstaff could not have made the witty and humorous evasion he has done in his reply. I have restored the reading of the oldest quarto. The Lord Chief Justice calls Falstaff the Prince's *ill angel* or genius: which Falstaff turns off by saying, an *ill angel* (meaning the coin called an *angel*) is *light*; but, surely, it cannot be said that he wants weight: *ergo*—the inference is obvious. Now money may be called *ill*, or *bad*; but it is never called *evil*, with regard to its being under weight. This Mr. Pope will facetiously call restoring *lost puns*: but if the author wrote a *pun*, and it happens to be *lost* in an editor's indolence, I shall, in spite of his grimace, venture at bringing it back to light. THEOBALD.

“As *light* as a clipt *angel*,” is a comparison frequently used in the old comedies. So, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

“—— The law speaks profit, does it not?——

“Faith, some *bad angels* haunt us now and then.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *I cannot go, I cannot tell:]* I cannot be taken in a reckoning; I cannot pass current. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —— *in these cofter-monger times,]* In these times when the prevalence of trade has produced that meanness that rates the merit of every thing by money. JOHNSON.

A *cofter-monger* is a *coftard-monger*, a dealer in apples called by that name, because they are shaped like a *coftard*, i. e. man's head. See Vol. V. p. 229, n. 8; and p. 233, n. 5. STEEVENS.

valour is turn'd bear-herd: Pregnancy<sup>8</sup> is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapeth them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young; you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

CH. JUST. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single?<sup>9</sup> and every part about you blasted with

<sup>8</sup> *Pregnancy*—] *Pregnancy* is readiness. So, in *Hamlet*:  
 “How pregnant his replies are?” STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — your wit single? ] We call a man single-witted, who attains but one species of knowledge. This sense I know not how to apply to Falstaff, and rather think that the Chief Justice hints at a calamity always incident to a grey-hair'd wit, whose misfortune is, that his merriment is unfashionable. His allusions are to forgotten facts; his illustrations are drawn from notions obscured by time; his wit is therefore *single*, such as none has any part in but himself. JOHNSON.

I believe all that Shakspeare meant was, that he had more *fat* than *wit*; that though his body was bloated by intemperance to twice its original size, yet his wit was not increased in proportion to it.

In ancient language, however, *single* often means *small*, as in the instance of beer; the strong and weak being denominated *double* and *single* beer. So, in *The Captain*, by Beaumont and Fletcher: “sufficient *single* beer, as cold as chrystal.” Macbeth also speaks of his “*single* state of man.” See Vol. VII. p. 360, n. 5.

STEVENS.

Johnson's explanation of this passage is not conceived with his usual judgement.—It does not appear that Falstaff's merriment was antiquated or unfashionable; for if that had been the case, the

antiquity?<sup>a</sup> and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, fir John!

*FAL.* My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with hollaing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgement and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o'the ear that the prince gave you,—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have check'd him for it;

young men would not have liked it so well, nor would that circumstance have been perceived by the Chief Justice, who was older than himself. But though Falstaff had such a fund of wit and humour, it was not unnatural that a grave judge whose thoughts were constantly employed about the serious business of life, should consider such an improvident, dissipated old man, as *single-witted*, or half-witted, as we should now term it. So in the next act, the Chief Justice calls him, a *great fool*; and even his friend Harry, after his reformation, bids him not to answer "with a *fool-born jest*," and adds, "that white hairs ill become a *fool* and jester."

I think, however, that this speech of the Chief Justice is somewhat in Falstaff's own style; which verifies what he says of himself, "that all the world loved to gird at him, and that he was not only witty in himself, but the cause that wit is in other men." M. MALSON.

I think Mr. Steevens's interpretation the true one. *Single*, however, (as an anonymous writer has observed,) may mean, feeble or weak. So, in Fletcher's *Queen of Corinth*, Act III. sc. i:

"All men believe it, when they hear him speak,

"He utters such *single* matter, in so infantly a voice."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*: "O single-foal'd jest, solely singular for the singleness," i. e. the tenuity.

In our author's time, as the same writer observes, small beer was called *single* beer, and that of a stronger quality, *double* beer.

MALONE.

<sup>a</sup> — *antiquity* ?] To use the word *antiquity* for old age, is not peculiar to Shakspeare. So, in *Two Tragedies in one*, &c. 1601:

"For false illusion of the magistrates

"With borrow'd shapes of false *antiquity*." STEEVENS.

and the young lion repents : marry, not in ashes, and sackcloth ; but in new filk, and old sack.<sup>3</sup>

CH. JUST. Well, heaven send the prince a better companion !

FAL. Heaven send the companion a better prince ! I cannot rid my hands of him.

CH. JUST. Well, the king hath sever'd you and prince Harry : I hear, you are going with lord John of Lancaster, against the archbishop, and the earl of Northumberland.

FAL. Yea ; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day ; for, by the lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily : if it be a hot day, an I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again.<sup>4</sup> There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it : Well, I cannot last ever : But it was always<sup>5</sup> yet the trick of our English nation, if they

<sup>3</sup> — marry, not in ashes, and sackcloth ; but in new filk, and old sack.] So, Sir John Harrington, of a reformed brother. *Epigrams*. L. 3. 17 :

“ Sackcloth and cinders they advise to use ;

“ Sack, cloves and fugar thou would’st have to chuse.”

BOWLE.

<sup>4</sup> — would I might never spit white again.] i. e. May I never have my stomach inflamed again with liquor ; for, to spit white is the consequence of inward heat.

So, in *Mother Bombie*, a comedy, 1594 :

“ They have sod their livers in sack these forty years ; that makes them spit white broth as they do.” Again, in *The Virgin Martyr*, by Massinger :

“ — I could not have spit white for want of drink.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> But it was always &c.] This speech in the folio concludes at *I cannot last ever*. All the rest is restored from the quarto. A clear proof of the superior value of those editions, when compared with the publication of the players. STEEVENS.

have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say, I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God, my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scour'd to nothing with perpetual motion.

CH. JUST. Well, be honest, be honest; And God bless your expedition!

FAL. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

CH. JUST. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses.<sup>6</sup> Fare you well: Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt Chief Justice and Attendant.*]

FAL. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.<sup>7</sup>—A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the

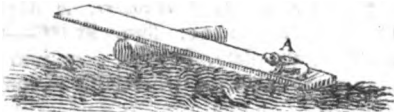
<sup>6</sup> — *you are too impatient to bear crosses.*] I believe a quibble was here intended. Falstaff had just asked his lordship to lend him a thousand pound, and he tells him in return, that he is not to be entrusted with money. A cross is a coin so called, because stamped with a cross. So, in *As you like it*:

“ If I should bear you, I should bear no cross.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *fillip me with a three-man beetle.*] A beetle wielded by three men. POPE.

A diversion is common with boys in Warwickshire and the adjoining counties, on finding a toad, to lay a board about two or three feet long, at right angles, over a stick about two or three inches diameter, as per sketch. Then, placing the toad at A, the other end is struck by a bat or large stick, which throws the creature forty or fifty feet perpendicular from the earth, and its return in general kills it. This is called *Filliping the Toad*.—



other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses.<sup>8</sup>—  
Boy!——

PAGE. Sir?

FAL. What money is in my purse?

PAGE. Seven groats and two-pence.

FAL. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—Go bear this letter to my lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the earl of Westmoreland; and this to old mistress Urfula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin: About it; you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pen-

A *three-man beetle* is an implement used for driving piles; it is made of a log of wood about eighteen or twenty inches diameter, and fourteen or fifteen inches thick, with one short and two long handles, as per sketch. A man at each of the long handles manages the fall of the beetle, and a third man by the short handle assists in raising it to strike the blow. Such an implement was, without doubt, very suitable for *filliping* so corpulent a being as Falstaff.



With this happy illustration, and the drawings annexed, I was favoured by Mr. Johnson the architect. STEEVENS.

So, in *A World of Wonders, A Mass of Murders, A Cowie of Cogenages*, &c. 1595, sign. F. “——whilst Arthur Hall was weighing the plate, Bullock goes into the kitchen and fetcheth a heave washing beetle, wherewith he comming behinde Hall, strake him,” &c. REED.

<sup>8</sup> ——prevent my curses.] To *prevent*, means in this place to *anticipate*. So, in the 119th Psalm: “Mine eyes *prevent* the night watches.” STEEVENS.



tion shall seem the more reasonable: A good wit will make use of any thing; I will turn diseases to commodity.<sup>9</sup> [Exit.

S C E N E III.

York. *A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.*

*Enter the Archbishop of York, the Lords HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, and BARDOLPH.*

*ARCH.* Thus have you heard our cause, and known our means;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all, Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:— And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

*MOWB.* I well allow the occasion of our arms; But gladly would be better satisfied, How, in our means, we should advance ourselves To look with forehead bold and big enough Upon the power and puissance of the king.

*HAST.* Our present musters grow upon the file To five and twenty thousand men of choice; And our supplies live largely in the hope Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns With an incensed fire of injuries.

*BARD.* The question then, lord Hastings, standeth thus;—

Whether our present five and twenty thousand May hold up head without Northumberland.

*HAST.* With him, we may.

*BARD.* Ay, marry, there's the point; But if without him we be thought too feeble,

<sup>9</sup> ———to commodity.] i. e. profit, self-interest. See Vol. VIII. p. 66, n. 5. STEVENS.

My judgement is, we should not step too far<sup>2</sup>  
 Till we had his assistance by the hand:  
 For, in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,  
 Conjecture, expectation, and surmise  
 Of aids uncertain, should not be admitted.

*ARCH.* 'Tis very true, lord Bardolph; for, indeed,  
 It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

*BARD.* It was, my lord; who lin'd himself with  
 hope,  
 Eating the air on promise of supply,  
 Flattering himself with project of a power  
 Much smaller<sup>3</sup> than the smallest of his thoughts:  
 And so, with great imagination,  
 Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,  
 And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

*HAST.* But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,  
 To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

*BARD.* Yes, in this present quality of war;—  
 Indeed the instant action,<sup>4</sup> (a cause on foot,)

<sup>2</sup> ——— *step too far*—] The four following lines were added in the second edition. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Much smaller*—] i. e. which turned out to be much smaller.

MUSGRAVE.

<sup>4</sup> *Yes, in this present quality of war; &c.*] These first twenty lines were first inserted in the folio of 1623.

The first clause of this passage is evidently corrupted. All the folio editions and Mr. Rowe's concur in the same reading, which Mr. Pope altered thus:

*Yes, if this present quality of war  
 Impede the instant act.*

This has been silently followed by Mr. Theobald, Sir Thomas Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton; but the corruption is certainly deeper, for in the present reading Bardolph makes the inconvenience of *hope* to be that it may cause delay, when indeed the whole tenor of his argument is to recommend delay to the rest that are too forward. I know not what to propose, and am afraid

Lives so in hope, as in an early spring  
 We see the appearing buds ; which, to prove fruit,  
 Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair,

that something is omitted, and that the injury is irremediable. Yet, perhaps, the alteration requisite is no more than this:

*Yes, in this present quality of war,  
 Indeed of instant action.*

It never, says Hastings, did harm to lay down likelihoods of hope. Yes, says Bardolph, it has done harm in this present quality of war, in a state of things such as is now before us, of war, indeed of instant action. This is obscure, but Mr. Pope's reading is still less reasonable. JOHNSON.

I have adopted Dr. Johnson's emendation, though I think we might read :

— *if this present quality of war  
 Impel the instant action.*

Hastings says, it never yet did hurt to lay down likelihoods and forms of hope. Yes, says Bardolph, it has in every case like ours, where an army inferior in number, and waiting for supplies, has, without that reinforcement, *impell'd*, or hastily brought on, an immediate action. STEEVENS.

If we may be allowed to read—*instanc'd*, the text may mean— Yes, it has done harm in every case like ours ; indeed it did harm in young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury, which the Archbishop of York has just *instanc'd* or given as an example. TOLLET.

This passage is allowed on all hands to be corrupt, but a slight alteration will, I apprehend, restore the true reading.

*Yes, if this present quality of war,  
 Induc'd the instant action.* HENLEY.

Mr. M. Mason has proposed the same reading. STEEVENS.

— *in this present quality of war ;*] This and the following nineteen lines appeared first in the folio. That copy reads—Yes, if this present &c.

I believe the old reading is the true one, and that a line is lost ; but have adopted Dr. Johnson's emendation, because it makes sense. The punctuation now introduced appears to me preferable to that of the old edition, in which there is a colon after the word *action*.

Bardolph, I think, means to say, " Indeed the *present* action (our cause being now on foot, war being actually levied,) lives," &c. otherwise the speaker is made to say, in general, that *all* causes once on foot afford no hopes that may securely be relied on ; which is certainly not true. MALONE.

That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,<sup>5</sup>  
 We first survey the plot, then draw the model;  
 And when we see the figure of the house,  
 Then must we rate the cost of the erection:  
 Which if we find outweighs ability,  
 What do we then, but draw anew the model  
 In fewer offices; or, at least,<sup>6</sup> desist  
 To build at all? Much more, in this great work,  
 (Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,  
 And set another up,) should we survey  
 The plot of situation, and the model;  
 Consent upon a sure foundation;<sup>7</sup>  
 Question surveyors; know our own estate,  
 How able such a work to undergo,  
 To weigh against his opposite; or else,  
 We fortify in paper, and in figures,  
 Using the names of men instead of men:  
 Like one, that draws the model of a house  
 Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,  
 Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost  
 A naked subject to the weeping clouds,  
 And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

*Hast.* Grant, that our hopes (yet likely of fair  
 birth,)

Should be stillborn, and that we now possess'd  
 The utmost man of expectation;  
 I think, we are a body strong enough,  
 Even as we are, to equal with the king.

<sup>5</sup> — *When we mean to build,*] Whoever compares the rest of this speech with *St. Luke*, xiv. 28, &c. will find the former to have been wrought out of the latter. HENLEY.

<sup>6</sup> — *at least,*] Perhaps we should read—*at last*.

STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Consent upon a sure foundation;] i. e. agree. So, in *As you like it*, Act V. sc. i: "For all your writers do consent that ipse is he." Again, *ibidem*, sc. ii: "consent with both, that we may enjoy each other." STEVENS.

*BARD.* What! is the king but five and twenty thousand?

*HAST.* To us, no more; nay, not so much, lord Bardolph.

For his divisions, as the times do brawl,  
Are in three heads: one power against the French,<sup>8</sup>  
And one against Glendower; perforce, a third  
Must take up us: So is the unfirm king  
In three divided; and his coffers found  
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

*ARCH.* That he should draw his several strengths  
together,  
And come against us in full puissance,  
Need not be dreaded.

*HAST.* If he should do so,<sup>9</sup>  
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh  
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

*BARD.* Who, is it like, should lead his forces  
hither?

<sup>8</sup> — *one power against the French,*] During this rebellion of Northumberland and the Archbishop, a French army of twelve thousand men landed at Milford Haven in Wales, for the aid of Owen Glendower. See Holinshed, p. 531. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *If he should do so,*] This passage is read in the first edition thus: *If he should do so, French and Welsh he leaves his back unarm'd, they baying him at the heels, never fear that.* These lines, which were evidently printed from an interlined copy not understood, are properly regulated in the next edition, and are here only mentioned to show what errors may be suspected to remain.

JOHNSON.

I believe the editor of the folio did not correct the quarto rightly; in which the only error probably was the omission of the word *to*:

*To French and Welsh he leaves his back unarm'd,  
They baying him at the heels: never fear that.*

MALONE.

*HAST.* The duke of Lancaster, and Westmoreland: <sup>2</sup>

Against the Welsh, himself, and Harry Monmouth:  
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,  
I have no certain notice.

*ARCH.*

Let us on; <sup>3</sup>

And publish the occasion of our arms.  
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,  
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:—  
An habitation giddy and unsure  
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.  
O thou fond many! <sup>4</sup> with what loud applause  
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,  
Before he was what thou would'st have him be?  
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires, <sup>5</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *The duke of Lancaster, &c.*] This is an anachronism, Prince John of Lancaster was not created a duke till the second year of the reign of his brother, King Henry V. MALONE.

This mistake is pointed out by Mr. Steevens in another place. It is not, however, true, that "K. Henry IV. was himself the last person that ever bore the title of *Duke of Lancaster*," as Prince Henry actually enjoyed it at this very time, and had done so from the first year of his father's reign, when it was conferred upon him in full parliament. *Rot. Parl.* III, 428, 532. Shakspeare was misled by Stowe, who speaking of Henry's first parliament, says, "then the King rose, and made his eldest son Prince of Wales, &c. his *second sonne* was there made *Duke of Lancaster*." *Annales*, 1631, p. 323. He should therefore seem to have consulted this author between the times of finishing the last play, and beginning the present. RITSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Let us on; &c.*] This excellent speech of York was one of the passages added by Shakspeare after his first edition. POPE.

This speech first appeared in the folio. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *O thou fond many!*] *Many* or *meyny*, from the French *mesnie*, a multitude. DOUCE.

<sup>5</sup> — *in thine own desires,*] The latter word is employed here as a trisyllable. MALONE.

Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,  
 That thou provok'ft thyself to cast him up.  
 So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge  
 Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;  
 And now thou would'ft eat thy dead vomit up,  
 And howl'ft to find it. What trust is in these  
 times?

They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him  
 die,

Are now become enamour'd on his grave:  
 Thou, that threw'ft dust upon his goodly head,  
 When through proud London he came fighting on  
 After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,  
 Cry'ft now, *O earth, give us that king again,*  
*And take thou this! O thoughts of men accurst!*  
 Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.

*MOWB.* Shall we go draw our numbers, and set  
 on?

*HAST.* We are time's subjects, and time bids be  
 gone. [*Exeunt.*

I do not perceive that a trisyllable is wanted on this occasion,  
 as any dissyllable will complete the verse; for instance:

*And being now trimm'd in thine own furtout.*

*Desires, like furtout,* is a word of two syllables. STEVENS.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

London. *A Street.*

*Enter Hostess; FANG, and his boy, with her; and  
SNARE following.*

*Host.* Master Fang, have you enter'd the action?

*FANG.* It is enter'd.

*Host.* Where is your yeoman?<sup>6</sup> Is it a lusty yeoman? will a' stand to't?

*FANG.* Sirrah, where's Snare?

*Host.* O lord, ay; good master Snare.

*SNARE.* Here, here.

*FANG.* Snare, we must arrest fir John Falstaff.

*Host.* Yea, good master Snare; I have enter'd him and all.

*SNARE.* It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

*Host.* Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabb'd me in mine own house, and that most beastly: in good faith, a' cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither woman, man, nor child.

*FANG.* If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

*Host.* No, nor I neither; I'll be at your elbow.

<sup>6</sup> *Where is your yeoman?*] A bailiff's follower was in our author's time called a serjeant's *yeoman*. MALONE,



*FANG.* An I but fist him once; an a' come but within my vice;<sup>7</sup>—

*HOST.* I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score:—Good master Fang, hold him sure;—good master Snare, let him not 'scape. He comes continuantly to Pye-corner, (saving your manhoods,) to buy a faddle; and he's indited to dinner to the lubbar's head<sup>8</sup> in Lumbert-street, to master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is enter'd, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long loan<sup>9</sup> for a poor lone woman<sup>2</sup> to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fub'd off, and fub'd off, and fub'd off, from this day to that

<sup>7</sup> — an a' come but within my vice;] Vice or grasp; a metaphor taken from a smith's vice: there is another reading in the old edition, *view*, which I think not so good. POPE.

*Vice* is the reading of the folio; *view* of the quarto. STEVENS.

The *fist* is vulgarly called the *vice* in the West of England.

HENLEY.

<sup>8</sup> — *lubbar's head*—] This is, I suppose, a colloquial corruption of the Libbard's head. JOHNSON.

See Vol. V. p. 352, n. 6. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *A hundred mark is a long loan*—] Old copy—*long one*. STEEV.

A long *one*? a long what? It is almost needless to observe, how familiar it is with our poet to play the chimes upon words similar in sound, and differing in signification; and therefore I make no question but he wrote—*A hundred mark is a long loan for a poor lone woman to bear*: i. e. a hundred mark is a good round sum for a poor widow to venture on trust. THEOBALD.

<sup>2</sup> — *a poor lone woman*—] A lone woman is an unmarried woman. So, in the title-page to *A Collection of Records, &c.* 1642: "That Queen Elizabeth being a lone woman, and having few friends, refusing to marry" &c. Again, in Maurice Kyffin's Translation of Terence's *Andria*, 1588: "Moreover this Glycerie is a lone Woman;"—"tum hæc sola est mulier." In *The First Part of King Henry IV.* Mrs. Quickly had a husband alive. She is now a widow. STEVENS.

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E

day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.—

*Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, Page, and BARDOLPH.*

Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose<sup>a</sup> knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, master Fang, and master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

*FAL.* How now? whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

*FANG.* Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of mistress Quickly.

*FAL.* Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph; cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.

*HOSR.* Throw me in the channel? I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardy rogue!—Murder, murder! O thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's? O thou honey-feed rogue!<sup>b</sup> thou art a honey-feed; a man-queller,<sup>c</sup> and a woman-queller.

<sup>a</sup> — *malmsey-nose* —] That is, red nose, from the effect of malmsey wine. JOHNSON.

In the old song of *Sir Simon the King*, the burthen of each stanza is this:

“ Says old Sir Simon the king,  
 “ Says old Sir Simon the king,  
 “ With his ale-dropt hose,  
 “ And his *malmsey-nose*,  
 “ Sing hey ding, ding a ding.” PERCY.

<sup>b</sup> — *honey-suckle villain!—honey-feed rogue!*] The landlady's corruption of homicidal and homicide. THEOBALD.

<sup>c</sup> — *a man-queller,*] Wicliff, in his *Translation of the New*

FAL. Keep them off, Bardolph.

FANG. A rescue! a rescue!

HOST. Good people, bring a rescue or two.—  
Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou? do,  
do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-feed!

FAL. Away, you scullion!<sup>5</sup> you rampallian! you  
fustilarian!<sup>7</sup> I'll tickle your catastrophe.<sup>8</sup>

*Testament*, uses this word for *carnifex*, *Mark*, vi. 27: "Herod sent a *man-queller*, and commanded his head to be brought."

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Thou wo't, wo't thou? &c.*] The first folio reads, I think, less properly, *thou wilt not? thou wi't not?* JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> Fal. *Away, you scullion!*] This speech is given to the Page in all the editions to the folio of 1664. It is more proper for Falstaff, but that the boy must not stand quite silent and useless on the stage. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *rampallian!—fustilarian!*] The first of these terms of abuse may be derived from *rampier*, Fr. *to be low in the world*. The other from *fustis*, a club; i. e. a person whose weapon of defence is a cudgel, not being entitled to wear a sword.

The following passage however, in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1639, seems to point out another derivation of *Rampallian*:

"And bold *Rampallian* like, swear and drink drunk."

It may therefore mean a *ramping* riotous strumpet. Thus, in *Greene's Gbost haunting Coneycatchers*: "Here was *Wiley Beguily* rightly acted, and an aged *rampalion* put beside her schoole-tricks."

STEEVENS.

*Fustilarian* is, I believe, a made word, from *fusty*. Mr. Steevens's last explanation of *rampallian* appears the true one. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *I'll tickle your catastrophe.*] This expression occurs several times in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1608: "Banks your ale is a Philistine; foxe zhart there fire i'th' tail ont; you are a rogue to charge us with mugs i'th' rereward. A plague o' this wind! O, it tickles our catastrophe."

Again:

"—to seduce my blind customers; I'll tickle *bis catastrophe* for this." STEEVENS.

*Enter the Lord Chief Justice, attended.*

*CH. JUST.* What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

*HOST.* Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

*CH. JUST.* How now, fir John? what, are you brawling here?  
Doth this become your place, your time, and business?

You should have been well on your way to York.—Stand from him, fellow; Wherefore hang'st thou on him?

*HOST.* O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

*CH. JUST.* For what sum?

*HOST.* It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have: he hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his:—but I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

*FAL.* I think, I am as like to ride the mare,<sup>9</sup> if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

<sup>9</sup> —to ride the mare,] The Hostess had threatened to ride Falstaff like the *Incubus* or *Night-Mare*; but his allusion, (if it be not a wanton one,) is to the *Gallows*, which is ludicrously called the *Timber*, or *two-legg'd Mare*. So, in *Like will to like*, quoth the *Devil to the Collier*, 1587. The *Vice* is talking of *Tyburn*:

“ This piece of land whereto you inheritors are,  
“ Is called the land of the *two-legg'd Mare*.  
“ In this piece of ground there is a *Mare* indeed,  
“ Which is the quickest *Mare* in England for speed.”

*Ch. JusT.* How comes this, fir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed, to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

*FAL.* What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

*HosT.* Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet,<sup>2</sup> sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Whitsun-week, when the prince

Again:

“ I will help to bridle the *two-legged Mare*  
“ And both you for to *ride* need not to spare.”

STEVENS.

I think the allusion is only awanton one. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — a *parcel-gilt goblet*,] A parcel-gilt goblet is a goblet gilt only on such parts of it as are embossed. On the books of the Stationers' Company, among their plate 1560, is the following entry: “ Item, nine spoynes of silver, whereof vii gylte and ii *parcell-gylte*.” The same records contain fifty instances to the same purpose: of these spoons the faint or other ornament on the handle was the only part gilt.

Thus, in Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*:

“ \_\_\_\_\_ or changing  
“ His *parcel-gilt* to massy gold.”

Again, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:

“ I am little better than a *parcel-gilt* bawd.”

Holinshed, describing the arrangement of Wolfey's plate, says—  
“ and in the council-chamber was all white, and *parcel-gilt* plate.”

STEVENS.

Langham, describing a bride-cup, says it was “ foormed of a sweet sucket barrell, a faire turn'd foot set too it, all seemly besylvered and *parcel gilt*.”

Again, in the *XII merry iestes of the widdow Edyth*:

“ A standyng cup with a cover *percell gilt*.” RITSON.

*Parcel-gilt* meant what is now called by artists *party-gilt*; that is, where part of the work is gilt, and part left plain or ungolded.

MALONE,

broke thy head for liking his father to a finging-man<sup>3</sup> of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife,<sup>4</sup> come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mefs of vinegar;<sup>5</sup> telling us, she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying, that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canst.

*FAL.* My lord, this is a poor mad fowl; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish

<sup>3</sup> — *for liking his father to a finging-man*—] Such is the reading of the first edition; all the rest have—*for likening him to a finging man*. The original edition is right; the Prince might allow familiarities with himself, and yet very properly break the knight's head when he ridiculed his father. JOHNSON.

*Liking* is the reading of the quarto, 1600, and is better suited to dame Quickly than *likening*, the word substituted instead of it, in the folio. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife*,] A *Keech* is the fat of an ox rolled up by the butcher into a round lump. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *a mefs of vinegar*;] So, in *Mucedorus*:

“ I tell you all the *messes* are on the table already,

“ There wants not so much as a *mess* of mustard.”

Again, in an ancient interlude published by *Rassell*; no title or date:

“ Ye mary sometyme in a messe of *vergeffe*.”

A *mess* seems to have been the common term for a small proportion of any thing belonging to the kitchen. STEEVENS.

So the scriptural term:—“ a *mess* of pottage.” MALONE.

officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

CH. JUST. Sir John, sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration; you have,<sup>6</sup> as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.

HOSR. Yea, in troth, my lord.

CH. JUST. Pr'ythee, peace:—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done with her; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

FAL. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> ——— you have, &c.] In the first quarto it is read thus:—*You have*, as it appears to me, *practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman*, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person. Without this, the following exhortation of the Chief Justice is less proper. JOHNSON.

In the folio the words—“and made her serve,” &c. were omitted. And in the subsequent speech “the villainy you have done *with* her,” is improperly changed to “the villainy you have done *her*.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *this sneap*—] A Yorkshire word for *rebuke*. POPE.

*Sneap* signifies to *check*; as children easily *sneaped*; herbs and fruits *sneaped* with cold weather. See Ray's *Collection*.

Again, in Brome's *Antipodes*, 1638:

“Do you *sneap* me too, my lord?”

Again:

“No need to come hither to be *sneap'd*.”

Again:

“——— even as now I was not,

“When you *sneap'd* me, my lord.”

This word is derived from *snayb*, Scotch. We still use *snay* in the same sense. STEVENS.

without reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent sauciness: if a man will make court'sy, and say nothing, he is virtuous: No, my lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your suitor; I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

*CH. JUST.* You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation,<sup>8</sup> and satisfy the poor woman.

*FAL.* Come hither, hostess. [*Taking her aside.*]

*Enter GOWER.*

*CH. JUST.* Now, master Gower; What news?

*GOW.* The king, my lord, and Harry prince of Wales

Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

*FAL.* As I am a gentleman;—

*HOSR.* Nay, you said so before.

*FAL.* As I am a gentleman;—Come, no more words of it.

*HOSR.* By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

*FAL.* Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking:<sup>9</sup> and

<sup>8</sup> — *answer in the effect of your reputation,*] That is, answer in a manner suitable to your character. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *I must be fain to pawn—my plate,—*  
— *Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking:*] Mrs. Quickly is here in the same state as the Earl of Shrewsbury, who not having been paid for the diet, &c. of Mary Queen of Scots, while she was in his custody in 1580, writes as follows to Thomas Bawdewyn: "I wold have you bye me *glasses to drink in:* Send me word what



for thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work,<sup>2</sup> is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings,<sup>3</sup> and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and 'draw thy action:<sup>4</sup> Come, thou must not be in this humour with me; dost not know me? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

*Hosr.* Pray thee, sir John, let it be but twenty nobles; i'faith I am loth to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

olde *plat* yeldes the ounce, for I wyll not leve me a *cuppe of sylvare* to drink in, butt I wyll see the next terme my creditors payde." See Lodge's *Illustrations of English History*, Vol. II. p. 252.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> German *hunting in water-work*,] i. e. in water colours.

WARBURTON.

So, in Holinshed, p. 819: "The king for himself had a house of timber, &c. and for his other lodgings he had great and goodlie tents of blew *waterwork* garnished with yellow and white." It appears also from the same *Chronicle*, p. 840, that these *painted cloths* were brought from Holland. The *German hunting* was therefore a subject very likely to be adopted by the artists of that country.

Drayton, in his 4th *Eclogue*, speaks contemptuously of such hangings:

"Not *painted* rags then cover'd rotten walls."

STEEVENS.

The *German hunting*, is, I suppose, hunting the *wild boar*. Shakspeare in another place speaks of "a full-acorn'd boar, a *German* one." FARMER.

<sup>3</sup> — *these bed-hangings*,] We should read *dead-hangings*, i. e. faded. WARBURTON.

I think the present reading may well stand. He recommends painted canvas instead of tapestry, which he calls *bed-hangings*, in contempt, as fitter to make curtains than to hang walls.

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — 'draw thy action:] *Draw* means here *withdraw*.

M. MASON.

*FAL.* Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

*HOSY.* Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope, you'll come to supper: You'll pay me all together?

*FAL.* Will I live?—Go, with her, with her; [*To BARDOLPH.*<sup>5</sup>] hook on, hook on.

*HOSY.* Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper?

*FAL.* No more words; let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hosyets, BARDOLPH, Officers, and Boy.*]

*CH. JUST.* I have heard better news.

*FAL.* What's the news, my good lord?

*CH. JUST.* Where lay the king last night?

*GOW.* At Basingstoke,<sup>6</sup> my lord.

*FAL.* I hope, my lord, all's well: What's the news, my lord?

*CH. JUST.* Come all his forces back?

*GOW.* No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,

Are march'd up to my lord of Lancafter,  
Against Northumberland, and the archbishop.

*FAL.* Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

<sup>5</sup> *To Bardolph.*] In former editions the marginal direction is—*To the Officers.* MALONE.

I rather suspect that the words *hook on, hook on*, are addressed to *Bardolph*, and mean, go you with her, hang upon her, and keep her in the same humour. In this sense the expression is used in *The Guardian*, by Massinger:

“*Hook on; follow him, harpics.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *At Basingstoke.*] The quarto reads at *Billinggate*. The players set down the name of the place which was the most familiar to them. STEEVENS.

*CH. JUST.* You shall have letters of me presently: Come, go along with me, good master Gower.

*FAL.* My lord!

*CH. JUST.* What's the matter?

*FAL.* Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

*GOW.* I must wait upon my good lord here: I thank you, good sir John.

*CH. JUST.* Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

*FAL.* Will you sup with me, master Gower?

*CH. JUST.* What foolish master taught you these manners, sir John?

*FAL.* Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

*CH. JUST.* Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*The same. Another Street.*

*Enter Prince HENRY and POINS.*

*P. HEN.* Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

*POINS.* Is it come to that? I had thought, weariness durst not have attach'd one of so high blood.

*P. HEN.* 'Faith, it does me; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me, to desire small beer?

*POINS.* Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

*P. HEN.* Belike then, my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; *viz.* these, and those that were the peach-colour'd ones? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use?—but that, the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows,<sup>7</sup> whether those that bawl out the

<sup>7</sup> — *and God knows, &c.*] This passage Mr. Pope restored from the first edition. I think it may as well be omitted. It is

ruins of thy linen,<sup>8</sup> shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say, the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increaseth, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

*POINS.* How ill it follows, after you have labour'd so hard, you should talk so idly? Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

*P. HEN.* Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

*POINS.* Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

omitted in the first folio, and in all subsequent editions before Mr. Pope's, and was perhaps expunged by the author. The editors, unwilling to lose any thing of Shakspeare's, not only insert what he has added, but recall what he has rejected.

JOHNSON.

I have not met with positive evidence that Shakspeare rejected any passages whatever. Such proof may indeed be inferred from the quartos which were published in his life-time, and are declared (in their titles) to have been enlarged and corrected by his own hand. These I would follow, in preference to the folio, and should at all times be cautious of opposing its authority to that of the elder copies. Of the play in question, there is no quarto extant but that in 1600, and therefore we are unauthorized to assert that a single passage was omitted by consent of the poet himself. I do not think I have a right to expunge what Shakspeare should seem to have written, on the bare authority of the player-editors. I have therefore restored the passage in question, to the text. STEEVENS.

This and many other similar passages were undoubtedly struck out of the playhouse copies by the Master of the Revels.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *that bawl out the ruins of thy linen,*] I suspect we should read—*that bawl out of the ruins of thy linen*; i. e. his bastard children, wrapt up in his old shirts. The subsequent words confirm this emendation. The latter part of this speech, "And God knows," &c. is omitted in the folio. MALONE.

"Out the ruins" is the same as "out of" &c. Of this elliptical phraseology I have seen instances, though I omitted to note them. STEEVENS.

*P. HEN.* It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

*POINS.* Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

*P. HEN.* Why, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend,) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

*POINS.* Very hardly, upon such a subject.

*P. HEN.* By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou, and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency: Let the end try the man. But I tell thee,—my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is so sick: and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.<sup>9</sup>

*POINS.* The reason?

*P. HEN.* What would'st thou think of me, if I should weep?

*POINS.* I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

*P. HEN.* It would be every man's thought: and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought, to think so?

*POINS.* Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

<sup>9</sup> — all ostentation of sorrow.] *Ostentation* is here not boastful show, but simply show. *Merchant of Venice*:

“ — one well studied in a sad ostent

“ To please his grandame.” JOHNSON.

*P. HEN.* And to thee.

*POINS.* By this light, I am well spoken of, I can hear it with my own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands;<sup>2</sup> and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

*P. HEN.* And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

*Enter BARDOLPH and Page.*

*BARD.* 'Save your grace!

*P. HEN.* And yours, most noble Bardolph!

*BARD.* Come, you virtuous ass,<sup>3</sup> [*To the Page.*] you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become? Is it such a matter, to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *proper fellow of my hands;*] A tall or proper fellow of his hands was a stout fighting man. JOHNSON.

In this place, however, it means a good looking, well made personable man. Poins might certainly have helped his being a fighting fellow. RITSON.

A handsome fellow of my size; or of my inches, as we should now express it. M. MASON.

*Proper*, it has been already observed, in our author's time signified *handsome*. See Vol. IV. p. 457, n. 6; and Vol. V. p. 410, n. 9. "As tall a man of his hands" has already occurred in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. See Vol. III. p. 344, n. 8. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Bard. Come, you virtuous ass, &c.*] Though all the editions give this speech to Poins, it seems evident, by the Page's immediate reply, that it must be placed to Bardolph: for Bardolph had called to the boy from an ale-house, and it is likely, made him half-drunk; and, the boy being ashamed of it, it is natural for Bardolph, a bold unbred fellow, to banter him on his awkward bashfulness. THEOBALD.

*PAGE.* He call'd me even now, my lord, through a red lattice,<sup>4</sup> and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last, I spied his eyes; and, methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peep'd through.

*P. HEN.* Hath not the boy profited?

*BARD.* Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

*PAGE.* Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

*P. HEN.* Instruct us, boy: What dream, boy?

*PAGE.* Marry, my lord, Althea dream'd she was delivered of a fire-brand;<sup>5</sup> and therefore I call him her dream.

*P. HEN.* A crown's worth of good interpretation.<sup>6</sup>—There it is, boy. [*Gives him money.*]

*POINS.* O, that this good bloffom could be kept from cankers!—Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

*BARD.* An you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

*P. HEN.* And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

*BARD.* Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town; there's a letter for you.

*P. HEN.* Deliver'd with good respect.—And how doth the martlemas, your master?<sup>7</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — [*through a red lattice,*] i. e. from an ale-house window. See Vol. III. p. 375, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — [*Althea dream'd &c.*] Shakspeare is here mistaken in his mythology, and has confounded Althea's firebrand with Hecuba's. The firebrand of Althea was real: but Hecuba, when she was big with Paris, dreamed that she was delivered of a firebrand that consumed the kingdom. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> [*A crown's worth of good interpretation.*] "A pennyworth of good interpretation," is, if I remember right, the title of some old tract. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — [*the martlemas, your master?*] That is, the autumn, or rather the latter spring. The old fellow with juvenile passions.

JOHNSON.



*BARD.* In bodily health, sir.

*POINS.* Marry, the immortal part needs a physician: but that moves not him; though that be sick, it dies not.

*P. HEN.* I do allow this wen<sup>8</sup> to be as familiar with me as my dog: and he holds his place; for, look you, how he writes.

*POINS.* [*Reads.*] John Falstaff, *knight*,—Every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself. Even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger, but they say, *There is some of the king's blood spilt: How comes that?* says he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is as ready as a borrower's cap;<sup>9</sup> *I am the king's poor cousin, sir.*

In *The First Part of King Henry IV.* the Prince calls Falstaff "the latter spring,—all-hallown summer." MALONE.

*Marlemas* is corrupted from *Martinmas*, the feast of *St. Martin*, the eleventh of November. The corruption is general in the old plays. So, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

"A piece of beef hung up since *Marlemas*." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *this wen* —] This swoln excrecence of a man.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *the answer is as ready as a borrower's cap*;) Old copy—*a borrow'd cap.* STEEVENS.

But how is a *borrow'd cap* so ready? Read, *a borrower's cap*, and then there is some humour in it: for a man that goes to borrow money, is of all others the most complaisant; his cap is always at hand. WARBURTON.

Falstaff's followers, when they stole any thing called it *a purchase*. A *borrowed cap* in the same dialect might be a *stolen one*; which is sufficiently ready, being, as Falstaff says, "to be found on every hedge." MALONE.

Such caps as were worn by men in our author's age, were made of silk, velvet, or woollen; not of *linen*; and consequently would not be hung out to dry on hedges. STEEVENS.

P. HEN. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But the letter:—

POINS. *Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry prince of Wales, greeting.*—Why, this is a certificate.

P. HEN.<sup>2</sup> Peace!

POINS. *I will imitate the honourable Roman in brevity:*<sup>3</sup>—he sure means brevity in breath; short-winded.—*I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears, thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell.*

*Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him,) Jack Falstaff, with my familiars; John, with my brothers and sisters; and sir John, with all Europe.*

I think Dr. Warburton's correction is right. A cap is not a thing likely to be *borrowed*, in the common sense of the word: and in the sense of *stealing* the sense should be a cap to be *borrowed*. Besides, *conveying* was the cant phrase for *stealing*. FARMER.

Dr. Warburton's emendation is countenanced by a passage in *Timon of Athens*:

“ \_\_\_\_\_ be not ceas'd

“ With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when

“ Commend me to your master—and the cap

“ *Plays in the right hand*, thus:—” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> P. Hen.] All the editors, except Sir Thomas Hanmer, have left this letter in confusion, making the Prince read part, and Poins part. I have followed his correction. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *I will imitate the honourable Roman in brevity:*] The old copy reads *Romans*, which Dr. Warburton very properly corrected, though he is wrong when he appropriates the character to M. Brutus, who affected great brevity of style. I suppose by the *honourable Roman* is intended Julius Cæsar, whose *veni, vidi, vici*, seems to be alluded to in the beginning of the letter. *I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee.* The very words of Cæsar are afterwards quoted by Falstaff. HEATH.

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

*P. HEN.* That's to make him eat twenty of his words.<sup>4</sup> But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

*POINS.* May the wench have no worse fortune! but I never said so.

*P. HEN.* Well, thus we play the fools with the time; and the spirits of the wife fit in the clouds, and mock us.—Is your master here in London?

*BARD.* Yes, my lord.

*P. HEN.* Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?<sup>5</sup>

*BARD.* At the old place, my lord; in Eastcheap.

*P. HEN.* What company?

*PAGE.* Ephesians,<sup>6</sup> my lord; of the old church.

<sup>4</sup> *That's to make him eat twenty of his words.*] Why just twenty, when the letter contained above eight times twenty? We should read *plenty*; and in this word the joke, as slender as it is, consists.

WARBURTON.

It is not surely uncommon to put a certain number for an uncertain one. Thus, in *The Tempest*, *Miranda* talks of playing "for a score of kingdoms." *Bushy*, in *King Richard II.* observes, that "each substance of a grief has *twenty* shadows." In *Julius Cæsar*, Cæsar says that the slave's hand "did burn like *twenty* torches." In *King Lear* we meet with "*twenty* silly ducking observants." and, "not a nose among *twenty*."

Robert Green, the pamphleteer, indeed, obliged an apparitor to eat his citation, wax and all. In the play of *Sir John Oldcastle*, the Sumner is compelled to do the like; and says on the occasion,— "I'll eat my *word*." Harpoole replies, "I meane you shall eat more than your own *word*," "I'll make you eate all the *words* in the proceffe." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *frank?*] Frank is sty. POPE.

<sup>6</sup> *Ephesians.*] Ephesian was a term in the cant of these times, of which I know not the precise notion: it was, perhaps, a toper. So, the Host, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "It is thine host, thine *Ephesian* calls." JOHNSON.

P. HEN. Sup any women with him?

PAGE. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.<sup>7</sup>

P. HEN. What pagan may that be?<sup>8</sup>

PAGE. A proper gentlewoman, fir, and a kinf-woman of my master's.

P. HEN. Even such kin, as the parish heifers are to the town bull.—Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

POINS. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

P. HEN. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph;—no word to your master, that I am yet come to town: There's for your silence.

BARD. I have no tongue, fir.

PAGE. And for mine, fir,—I will govern it.

P. HEN. Fare ye well; go. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH and PAGE.*]—This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road.

POINS. I warrant you, as common as the way between faint Alban's and London.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *Doll Tear-sheet.*] Shakspeare might have taken the hint for this name from the following passage in *The Playe of Robyn Hood*, very proper to be played in *Maye games*, bl. l. no date:

“ She is a trul of trust, to serve a frier at his lust,

“ A prycker, a prauncer, a terer of sbetes,” &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *What pagan may that be?*] *Pagan* seems to have been a cant term, implying irregularity either of birth or manners.

So, in *The Captain*, a comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ Three little children, one of them was mine;

“ Upon my conscience the other two were *pagans*.”

In the *City Madam* of Massinger it is used (as here) for a prostitute:

“ ——— in all these places

“ I've had my several *pagans* billeted.” STEEVENS.

*P. HEN.* How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

*POINS.* Put on two leather jerkins,<sup>9</sup> and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

*P. HEN.* From a god to a bull? a heavy descension!<sup>2</sup> it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine: for, in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>9</sup> *Put on two leather jerkins.*] This was a plot very unlikely to succeed where the prince and the drawers were all known; but it produces merriment, which our author found more useful than probability. JOHNSON.

Johnson forgets that all the family were in the secret, except Falstaff; and that the Prince and Poins were disguised.

M. MASON.

But how does this circumstance meet with Dr. Johnson's objection? The improbability arises from Falstaff's being perfectly well acquainted with all the waiters in the house; and however disguised the Prince and Poins might be, or whatever aid they might derive from the landlord and his servants, they could not in fact pass for the old attendants, with whose person, voice, and manner, Falstaff was well acquainted. Accordingly he discovers the Prince as soon as ever he speaks. However, Shakspeare's chief object was to gain an opportunity for Falstaff to abuse the Prince and Poins, while they remain at the back part of the stage in their disguises: a *jeu de theatre* which he practised in other plays, and which always gains applause. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— a heavy descension!] *Descension* is the reading of the first edition.

Mr. Upton proposes that we should read thus by transposition: *From a god to a bull? a low transformation!—from a prince to a prentice? a heavy declension!* This reading is elegant, and perhaps right. JOHNSON.

The folio reads—*declension.* MALONE.

## SCENE III.

Warkworth. *Before the Castle.*

*Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND, *Lady* NORTHUMBERLAND,  
and *Lady* PERCY.

*NORTH.* I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle  
daughter,  
Give even way unto my rough affairs :  
Put not you on the visage of the times,  
And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

*LADY N.* I have given over, I will speak no  
more :  
Do what you will ; your wisdom be your guide.

*NORTH.* Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn ;  
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

*LADY P.* O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these  
wars !  
The time was, father, that you broke your word,  
When you were more endear'd to it than now ;  
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,  
Threw many a northward look, to see his father  
Bring up his powers ; but he did long in vain.<sup>4</sup>  
Who then persuaded you to stay at home ?

<sup>4</sup> *Threw many a northward look, to see his father  
Bring up his powers ; but he did long in vain.*] Mr. Theobald  
very elegantly conjectures that the poet wrote,  
— *but he did look in vain.*

Statius, in the tenth Book of his *Thebaid*, has the same thought :

“ — frustra de colle Lycæi

“ Anxia prospectas, si quis per nubila longe

“ Aut sonus, aut nostro sublatus ab agmine pulvis.”

STEEVENS.

There were two honours lost; yours, and your  
son's.

For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it!  
For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun  
In the grey vault of heaven:<sup>5</sup> and, by his light,  
Did all the chivalry of England move  
To do brave acts; he was, indeed, the glass  
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.  
He had no legs,<sup>6</sup> that practis'd not his gait:  
And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,

Became the accents of the valiant;<sup>7</sup>  
For those that could speak low, and tardily,  
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,  
To seem like him: So that, in speech, in gait,  
In diet, in affections of delight,  
In military rules, humours of blood,

<sup>5</sup> *In the grey vault of heaven:*] So, in one of our author's poems to his mistress:

“ And truly, not the morning sun of heaven  
“ Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,” &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *He had no legs, &c.*] The twenty-two following lines are of those added by Shakspeare after his first edition. POPE.

They were first printed in the folio, 1623. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish, Became the accents of the valiant;*] *Speaking thick* is, *speaking fast*, crowding one word on another. So, in *Cymbeline*:

“ — say, and speak thick,

“ Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing——.”

“ Became the accents of the valiant” is, “ came to be affected by them,” a sense which (as Mr. M. Mason observes) is confirmed by the lines immediately succeeding;

“ For those that could speak low, and tardily,

“ Would turn their own perfection to abuse,

“ To seem like him:——”

The opposition designed by the adverb *tardily*, also serves to support my explanation of the epithet *thick*. STEEVENS.

He was the mark and glaſs, copy and book,  
That faſhion'd others.<sup>8</sup> And him,—O wondrous  
him!

O miracle of men!—him did you leave,  
(Second to none, unſecounded by you,)  
To look upon the hideous god of war  
In diſadvantage; to abide a field,  
Where nothing but the ſound of Hotſpur's name  
Did ſeem defenſible:<sup>9</sup>—ſo you left him:  
Never, O never, do his gholt the wrong,  
To hold your honour more precise and nice  
With others, than with him; let them alone;  
The marſhal, and the archbiſhop, are ſtrong:  
Had my ſweet Harry had but half their numbers,  
To-day might I, hanging on Hotſpur's neck,  
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

*NORTH.* Beſhrew your heart,  
Fair daughter! you do draw my ſpirits from me,  
With new lamenting ancient overſights.  
But I muſt go, and meet with danger there;  
Or it will ſeek me in another place,  
And find me worſe provided.

*LADY N.* O, fly to Scotland,  
Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,  
Have of their puiſſance made a little taſte.

*LADY P.* If they get ground and vantage of the  
king,  
Then join you with them, like a rib of ſteel,

<sup>8</sup> *He was the mark and glaſs, copy and book,  
That faſhion'd others.*] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*,  
1594:

“ For princes are the *glaſs*, the *ſchool*, the *book*,  
“ Where ſubjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.”

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Did ſeem defenſible:*] *Defenſible* does not in this place mean  
*capable of defence*, but *bearing ſtrength, furniſhing the means of  
defence*;—the paſſive for the active participle. MALONE.



To make strength stronger ; but, for all our loves,  
 First let them try themselves : So did your son ;  
 He was so suffer'd ; so came I a widow ;  
 And never shall have length of life enough,  
 To rain upon remembrance<sup>2</sup> with mine eyes,  
 That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,  
 For recordation to my noble husband.

NORTH. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with  
 my mind,  
 As with the tide swell'd up unto its height,  
 That makes a still-stand, running neither way.  
 Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,  
 But many thousand reasons hold me back:—  
 I will resolve for Scotland ; there am I,  
 Till time and vantage crave my company.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>2</sup> *To rain upon remembrance*—] Alluding to the plant *rosemary*,  
 so called, and used in funerals.

Thus, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“ For you there's *rosemary* and rue, these keep

“ Seeming and favour all the winter long :

“ *Grace* and *remembrance* be to you both,” &c.

For as rue was called *herb of grace*, from its being used in exorcisms ;  
 so *rosemary* was called *remembrance*, from its being a cephalick.

WARBURTON.

## SCENE IV.

London. *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap.*

*Enter two Drawers.*

I. *DRAW.* What the devil hast thou brought there? apple-Johns? thou know'st, sir John cannot endure an apple-John.<sup>3</sup>

2. *DRAW.* Mafs, thou say'st true: The prince once fet a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him, there were five more sir Johns: and, putting off his hat, said, *I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, wither'd knights.* It anger'd him to the heart; but he hath forgot that.

I. *DRAW.* Why then, cover, and fet them down: And see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise;<sup>4</sup> mis-

<sup>3</sup> — an apple-John.] So, in *The Ball*, by Chapman and Shirley, 1639:

“ — thy man, *Apple-John*, that looks

“ As he had been a fennight in the straw,

“ A ripening for the market.”

This apple will keep two years, but becomes very wrinkled and shrivelled. It is called by the French,—*Deux-ans*. Thus, Cogan, in his *Haven of Health*, 1595: “ The best apples that we have in England are pepins, *deufsants*, costards, darlings, and such other.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — Sneak's noise;] *Sneak* was a street minstrel, and therefore the drawer goes out to listen if he can hear him in the neighbourhood. JOHNSON.

A *noise of musicians* anciently signified a concert or company of them. In the old play of *Henry V.* (not that of Shakspeare) there is this passage:

“ — there came the young prince, and two or three more of his companions, and called for wine good store, and then they sent for a *noyse of musitians*,” &c.

trés Tear-sheet would fain hear some musick. Despatch: 5—The room where they supp'd, is too hot; they'll come in straight.

2. *DRAW.* Sirrah, here will be the prince, and master Poin's anon: and they will put on two of our jerkins, and aprons; and sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

1. *DRAW.* By the mafs, here will be old utis: 6 It will be an excellent stratagem.

2. *DRAW.* I'll see, if I can find out Sneak.

[*Exit.*

Falstaff addresses them as a company in another scene of this play. So again, in *Westward Ho*, by Decker and Webster, 1607: "All the noise that went with him, poor fellows, have had their fiddle-cases pull'd over their ears."

Again, in *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, a comedy, printed 1598, the count says:

"O that we had a noise of musicians, to play to this antick as we go."

Heywood, in his *Iron Age*, 1632, has taken two expressions from these plays of *Henry IV.* and put them into the mouth of *Thersites* addressing himself to *Achilles*:

"Where's this great sword and buckler man of Greece?

"We shall have him in one of Sneak's noise,

"And come peaking into the tents of the Greeks,

"With,—will you have any musick, gentlemen?"——

Among Ben Jonson's *Leges convivales* is

"Fidicen, nisi accersitus, non venito." STEEVENS.

5 *Despatch*: &c.] This period is from the first edition. POPE.

These words, which are not in the folio, are in the quarto given to the second drawer. Mr. Pope rightly attributed them to the first. MALONE.

6 — here will be old utis:] *Utis*, an old word yet in use in some counties, signifying a merry festival, from the French *huit, esto*, ab A. S. *eahtra, Oðravæ festi alicujus*.—Skinner. POPE.

Skinner's explanation of *utis* (or *utas*) may be confirmed by the following passage from T. M.'s *Life of Sir Thomas Moore*: "—tomorrow is *St. Thomas of Canterbury's eve*, and the *utas* of *St. Peter*—" The eve of Thomas à Becket, according to the new stile, happens on the 6th of July, and *St. Peter's day* on the 29th of June.

*Enter Hostess and Doll Tear-sheet.*

*HosT.* I'faith, sweet heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulfidge beats<sup>7</sup> as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose: But, i'faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say,—What's this? How do you now?

*DOL.* Better than I was. Hem.

*HosT.* Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes fir John.

Again, in *A Contention between Liberality and Prodigality*, a comedy, 1602:

“ Then if you please, with some roysting harmony,  
“ Let us begin the *utas* of our iollitic.’ HENLEY.

*Old*, in this place, does not mean ancient, but was formerly a common augmentative in colloquial language. *Old Utis* signifies festivity in a great degree.

So, in *Lingua*, 1607:

“ ———there's *old* moving among them.”

Again, in Decker's comedy, called, *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612:

“ We shall have *old* breaking of necks then.”

Again, in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599:

“ I shall have *old* laughing.”

Again, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

“ Here will be *old* filching, when the prefs comes out of Paul's.”

STEVENS.

See Vol. VI. p. 473, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *your pulfidge beats* &c.] One would almost regard this speech as a burlesque on the following passage in the interlude called *The Repentance of Mary Magdalene*, 1567. *Infidelity* says to *Mary*:

“ Let me fele your poulfes, mistresse Mary, be you sicke?

“ By my troth in as good tempre as any woman can be:

“ Your vaines are as full of blood, lusty and quicke,

“ In better taking truly I did you never see.” STEVENS.

Enter FALSTAFF, singing.

FAL. *When Arthur first in court*<sup>8</sup>—Empty the jordan.—*And was a worthy king:* [Exit Drawer.] How now, mistress Doll?

HOSR. Sick of a calm:<sup>9</sup> yea, good sooth.

FAL. So is all her sect;<sup>2</sup> an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

<sup>8</sup> *When Arthur first in court*—] The entire ballad is published in the first volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*.

STEVENS.

The words in the ballad are

“ *When Arthur first in court began,*

“ *And was approved king.*” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Sick of a calm:*] I suppose she means to say of a *qualm*.

STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *So is all her sect;*] I know not why *sect* is printed in all the copies; I believe *sex* is meant. JOHNSON.

*Sect* is, I believe, right. Falstaff may mean all of her profession. In *Mother Bombie*, a comedy, 1594, the word is frequently used:

“ *Sil.* I am none of that *sect*.”

“ *Can.* Thy loving *sect* is an ancient *sect*, and an honourable,” &c.

Since the foregoing quotation was given, I have found *sect* so often printed for *sex* in the old plays, that I suppose these words were anciently synonymous. Thus, in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1613: “ *Deceives our *sect* of fame and chastity.*”

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian*:

“ ———— Modesty was made

“ *When she was first intended: when she blushes*

“ *It is the holiest thing to look upon,*

“ *The purest temple of her *sect*, that ever*

“ *Made nature a blest founder.*”

Again, in Whetstone's *Arbour of Vertue*, 1576:

“ *Who, for that these barons so wrought a slander to her *sect*,*

“ *Their foolish, rash, and judgment false, she sharplie did detect.*”

See Vol. VII. p. 86, n. 7. STEVENS.

In Middleton's *Mad World my Masters*, 1608, (as Dr. Farmer has elsewhere observed,) a courtesan says, “ it is the easiest art and

• *DOL.* You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

*FAL.* You make fat rascals,<sup>3</sup> mistrefs Doll.

*DOL.* I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

*FAL.* If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

*DOL.* Ay, marry; our chains, and our jewels.

*FAL.* *Your brooches, pearls, and owches;*<sup>4</sup>—for to

cunning for our *señ* to counterfeit sick, that are always full of fits, when we are well." I have therefore no doubt that *señ* was licentiously used by our author, and his contemporaries, for *sex*.

MALONE.

I believe *señ* is here used in its usual sense, and not for *sex*. Falstaff means to say, that all *courtezans*, when their trade is at a stand, are apt to be sick. DOUCE.

<sup>3</sup> *You make fat rascals,*] Falstaff alludes to a phrase of the forest. *Lean* deer are called *rascal* deer. He tells her she calls him wrong, being *fat* he cannot be a *rascal*. JOHNSON.

So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*: "The heavy hart, the blowing buck, the *rascal*, and the pricket." Again, in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

"What take you?—Deer.—You'll ne'er strike *rascal*?"

Again, in Quarles's *Virgin Widow*, 1656:

"—and have known a *rascal* from a fat deer."

"*Rascal*, (says Puttenham, p. 150,) is properly the hunting terme given to young deere, *lean* and out of season, and not to people." STEEVENS.

To grow fat and bloated, is one of the consequences of the venereal disease; and to that Falstaff probably alludes. There are other allusions in the following speeches, to the same disorder.

M. MASON.

<sup>4</sup> *Your brooches, pearls, and owches;*] *Brooches* were chains of gold that women were formerly about their necks. *Owches* were bosses of gold set with diamonds. POPE.

I believe Falstaff gives these splendid names as we give that of *carbuncle*, to something very different from gems and ornaments: but the passage deserves not a laborious research. JOHNSON.

serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know :  
To come off the breach with his pike bent bravely,  
and to surgerly bravely ; to venture upon the charg'd  
chambers<sup>s</sup> bravely :—

*Brooches* were, literally, *clafps*, or *buckles*, ornamented with *gems*.  
See note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act. IV. sc. xiii.

Mr. Pope has rightly interpreted *ouches* in their original sense.  
So, in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599: " — three scarfs, brace-  
lets, chains, and *ouches*." It appears likewise from a passage in the  
ancient satire called *Cocke Lorelles Bote*, printed by Wynkyn de  
Worde, that the makers of these ornaments were called *ouchers* :

" *Ouchers*, skynners, and cutlers."

Dugdale, p. 234, in his account of the will of T. de Beauchamp,  
Earl of Warwick, in the time of King Edward III. says: " his  
jewels be thus disposed: to his daughter Stafford, an *ouch* called  
the eagle, which the prince gave him; to his daughter Alice, his  
next best *ouch*."

*Your brooches, pearls, and ouches*, is, however, a line in an old  
song, but I forget where I met with it. Dr. Johnson's conjecture  
may be supported by a passage in *The Widow's Tears*, a comedy,  
by Chapman, 1612:

" — As many aches in his bones, as there are *ouches* in his skin."

Again, in *The Duke's Mistress*, by Shirley, 1638, *Valerio* speaking  
of a lady's nose, says:

" It has a comely length, and is well studded

" With *gems* of price; the goldsmith would give money for't."

STEEVENS.

It appears from Stubbes's *Anatomic of Abuses*, 1595, that *ouches*  
were worn by women in their hair, in Shakspeare's time. Dr.  
Johnson's conjecture, however, may be supported by the following  
passage in *Maroccus Exstaticus*, 1595: " Let him pass for a churle,  
and wear his mistress's favours, viz. *rubies* and *precious stones*, on  
his nose, &c; and this *et cetera* shall, if you will, be the perfectest  
p — that ever grew in Shoreditch or Southwarke." MALONE.

<sup>s</sup> — *the charg'd chambers* — ] To understand this quibble, it  
is necessary to say, that a *chamber* signifies not only an apartment,  
but a piece of ordnance.

So, in *The Fleire*, a comedy, 1610:

" — he has taught my ladies to make fireworks; they can  
deal in *chambers* already, as well as all the gunners that make them  
fly off with a train at Lambeth, when the mayor and aldermen land  
at Westminster."

Again, in *The Puritan*, 1605:

" — only your *chambers* are licensed to play upon you, and  
drabs enow to give fire to them."

*DOL.* Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

*HOSR.* By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet, but you fall to some discord: you are both, in good troth, as rheumatick<sup>5</sup> as two dry toasts;<sup>6</sup> you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year!<sup>7</sup> one must bear, and that must be you: [*To Doll.*] you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

*DOL.* Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hoghead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a

A *chamber* is likewise that part in a mine where the powder is lodged. STEEVENS.

*Chambers* are very small pieces of ordnance which are yet used in London, on what are called *rejoicing days*, and were sometimes used in our author's theatre on particular occasions. See *King Henry VIII.* Act I. sc. iii. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *rheumatick* —] She would say splenetic. HANMER.

I believe he means what she says. So, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*:

“*Cob.* Why I have my *rewume*, and can be angry.”

Again, in our author's *King Henry V*:

“He did in some sort handle women; but then he was *rheumatick*,” &c.

*Rheumatic*, in the cant language of the times, signified capricious, humourfome. In this sense it appears to be used in many other old plays. STEEVENS.

The word *scorbutico* (as an ingenious friend observes to me) is used in the same manner in Italian, to signify a peevish ill-tempered man. MALONE.

Dr. Farmer observes, that *Sir Tho. Elyott* in his *Castell of Helib*, 1572, speaking of different *complexions* has the following remark: “Where cold with moisture prevaileth, that body is called *stematick*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *as two dry toasts*;] Which cannot meet but they grate one another. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *good-year!*] Mrs. Quickly's blunder for *goujere*, i. e. *morbus Gallicus*. See Vol III. p. 349, n. 7. STEEVENS.



hulk better stuff'd in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.

*Re-enter Drawer.*

*DRAW.* Sir, ancient Pistol's<sup>8</sup> below, and would speak with you.

*DOL.* Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouth'dst rogue in England.

*HOSY.* If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best:—Shut the door;—there comes no swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now:—shut the door, I pray you.

*FAL.* Dost thou hear, hostefs?—

*HOSY.* Pray you, pacify yourself, sir John; there comes no swaggerers here.<sup>9</sup>

*FAL.* Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

*HOSY.* Tilly-fally,<sup>2</sup> sir John, never tell me; your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master Tisick, the deputy, the other day;

<sup>8</sup> — ancient *Pistol*—] is the same as *ensign Pistol*. Falstaff was captain, Peto lieutenant, and Pistol ensign, or *ancient*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *there comes no swaggerers here.*] A *swaggerer* was a roaring, bullying, blustering, fighting fellow. So, in *Greene's Tu Quoque*, a comedy, by Cooke, 1614: "I will game with a gamster, drinke with a drunkard, be ciuill with a citizen, *fight* with a *swaggerer*, and drabb with a whoore-master." RITSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Tilly-fally,*] See Vol. IV. p. 60, n. 4. MALONE.

and, as he said to me,—it was no longer ago than Wednesday last,—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he;—master Dumb, our minister, was by then;—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he, *receive those that are civil; for, saith he, you are in an ill name;—now he said so, I can tell whereupon; for, says he, you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: Receive, says he, no swaggering companions.*—There comes none here;—you would blefs you to hear what he said:—no, I'll no swaggerers.

*FAL.* He's no swaggerer, hostefs; a tame cheater,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — a tame cheater,] Gamester and cheater were, in Shakespeare's age, synonymous terms. Ben Jonson has an epigram on Captain Hazard, the *cheater*.

A *tame cheater*, however, as Mr. Whalley observes to me, appears to be a cant phrase. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*:

“ — and will be drawn into the net,

“ By this decoy-duck, this *tame cheater*.”

Greene, in his *Mihil Mumchance*, has the following passage: “ They call their art by a new-found name, as *cheating*, themselves *cheators*, and the dice *cbeters*, borrowing the term from among our lawyers, with whom all such casuals as fall to the lord at the holding of his leets, as waifes, straies, and such like, be called *cbeters*, and are accustomedly said to be *escheted* to the lord's use.” So, likewise in Lord Coke's charge at Norwich, 1607: “ But if you will be content to let the *eschuator* alone, and not looke into his actions, he will be contented by deceiving you to change his name, taking unto himselfe the two last syllables only, with the *es* left out, and so turn *cheater*.” Hence perhaps the derivation of the verb—to *cheat*, which I do not recollect to have met with among our most ancient writers. In *The Bell-man of London*, by T. Decker, 5th edit. 1640, the same derivation of the word is given: “ Of all which lawes, the highest in place is the *cheating* law, or the art of winning money by false dyce. Those that practice this study call themselves *cheaters*, the dyce *cheators*, and the money which they purchase *cheate*; borrowing the terme from our common lawyers, with whom all such casuals as fall to the lord at the holding of his leetes, as waifes, straies, and such like, are said to

he; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance.—Call him up, drawer.

*HosT.* Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater:<sup>4</sup> But I do not love swaggering; by my troth, I am the worse, when one says—swagger: feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

*DOL.* So you do, hostess.

*HosT.* Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggers.

*Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and Page.*

*PIST.* 'Save you, fir John!

*FAL.* Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

*PIST.* I will discharge upon her, fir John, with two bullets.

*FAL.* She is pistol-proof, fir; you shall hardly offend her.

*HosT.* Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bul-

be *eschated* to the lordes use, and are called *cheater*." This account of the word is likewise given in *A Manifest Detection of Dice-play*, printed by Vele, in the reign of Henry VIII. STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater:*] The humour of this consists in the woman's mistaking the title of *cheater*, (which our ancestors gave to him whom we now, with better manners, call a *gamester*,) for that officer of the exchequer called an *eschator*, well known to the common people of that time; and named, either corruptly or satirically, a *cheater*. WARBURTON.

lets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.<sup>5</sup>

*PIST.* Then to you, mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

*DOL.* Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

*PIST.* I know you, mistress Dorothy.

*DOL.* Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung,<sup>6</sup> away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me.<sup>7</sup> Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-

<sup>5</sup> — *I'll drink no more—for no man's pleasure, I.*] This should not be printed as a broken sentence. The duplication of the pronoun was very common: in *The London Prodigal* we have, "I scorn service, I."—"I am an afs, I," says the stage-keeper in the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*; and Kendall thus translates a well known epigram of *Martial*:

"I love thee not, *Sabidius*,

"I cannot tell thee why:

"I can faie naught but this alone,

"I do not love thee, I."

In Kendall's *Collection* there are many translations from Claudian, Ausonius, the *Anthologia*, &c. FARMER.

So, in *King Richard III.* Act III. sc. ii:

"I do not like these separate councils, I." STEVENS.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"I will not budge, for no man's pleasure, I."

Again, in *King Edward II.* by Marlowe, 1598:

"I am none of those common peasants, I."

The French still use this idiom:—*Je suis Parisien, moi.*

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *filthy bung.*] In the cant of thievery, to *nip a bung* was to cut a purse; and among an explanation of many of these terms in *Martin Mark-all's Apologie to the Bel-man of London*, 1610, it is said that "*Bung* is now used for a pocket, heretofore for a purse."

STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *an you play the saucy cuttle with me.*] It appears from Greene's *Art of Coneycatching*, that *cuttle* and *cuttle-boung* were the

hilt stale juggler, you!—Since when, I pray you, fir?—What, with two points<sup>8</sup> on your shoulder? much!<sup>9</sup>

*PIST.* I will murder your ruff for this.

*FAL.* No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

*HOSR.* No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

*DOL.* Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater,<sup>3</sup>

cant terms for the knife used by the sharpers of that age to cut the bottoms of purses, which were then worn hanging at the girdle. Or the allusion may be to the foul language thrown out by Pistol, which she means to compare with such filth as the *cuttle-fish* ejects.

STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *with two points*—] As a mark of his commission.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *much!*] *Much* was a common expression of disdain at that time, of the same sense with that more modern one, *Marry come up*. The Oxford editor, not apprehending this, alters it to *marcb*.  
WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton is right. *Much!* is used thus in Ben Jonson's *Volpone*:

“ ——— But you shall eat it. *Much!*”

Again, in *Every Man in his Humour*:

“ *Much*, wench! or *much*, son!”

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:

“ To charge me bring my grain unto the markets :

“ Ay, *much!* when I have neither barn nor garner.”

STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *No more, Pistol; &c.*] This is from the oldest edition of 1600.

POPE.

<sup>3</sup> *Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, &c.*] Pistol's character seems to have been a common one on the stage in the time of Shakspeare. In *A Woman's a Weathercock*, by N. Field, 1612, there is a personage of the same stamp, who is thus described:

“ Thou unspeakable rascal, thou a foldier!

“ That with thy slops and cat-a-mountain face,

“ Thy blather chaps, and thy robustious words,

art thou not ashamed to be call'd—captain? If captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earn'd them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-houfe?—He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes, and dried cakes.<sup>4</sup> A captain! these villains will make the word captain as odious as the word occupy;<sup>5</sup> which was an ex-

“ Fright'ft the poor whore, and terribly doft exact  
 “ A weekly subsidy, twelve pence a piece,  
 “ Whereon thou livest; and on my conscience,  
 “ Thou snap'ft besides with cheats and cut-purfs.”

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *He lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes, and dried cakes.*] That is, he lives on the refuse provisions of bawdy houses and pastry-cooks shops. *Stew'd prunes*, when mouldy, were perhaps formerly sold at a cheap rate, as stale pies and *cakes* are at present. The allusion to *stew'd prunes*, and all that is necessary to be known on that subject, has been already explained in the first part of this historical play, p. 528, n. 8. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — as odious as the word occupy;] So, Ben Jonson in his *Discoveries*: “ Many, out of their own obscene apprehensions, refuse proper and fit words; as, *occupy*, nature,” &c.

STEEVENS.

This word is used with different senses in the following jest, from *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614: “ One threw stones at an yll-favour'd old womans Owle, and the olde woman said: Faith (fir knaue) you are well *occupy'd*, to throw stones at my poore Owle, that doth you no harme. Yea marie (answered the wag) so would you be better *occupy'd* too (I wisse) if you were young againe, and had a better face.” RITSON.

*Occupant* seems to have been formerly a term for a woman of the town, as *occupier* was for a wench. So, in Marston's *Satires*, 1599:

“ ——— He with his *occupant*  
 “ Are cling'd so close, like dew-worms in the morne,  
 “ That he'll not stir.”

Again, in a song by Sir T. Overbury, 1616:

“ Here's water to quench maiden's fires,  
 “ Here's spirits for old *occupiers*.” MALONE.

cellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

*BARD.* Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

*FAL.* Hark thee hither, mistress Doll.

*PIST.* Not I: I tell thee what, corporal Bardolph;—I could tear her:—I'll be reveng'd on her.

*PAGE.* Pray thee, go down.

*PIST.* I'll see her damn'd first;—to Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also.<sup>6</sup> Hold hook and line,<sup>7</sup> say I.

Again, in *Promos and Cassandra*, bl. l. 1578: "Mistresse, you must shut up your shop, and leave your occupying." This is said to a bawd. HENDERSON.

<sup>6</sup> *I'll see her damn'd first;—to Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also.*] These words, I believe, were intended to allude to the following passage in an old play called *The Battle of Alcazar*, 1594, from which Pistol afterwards quotes a line (see p. 92, n. 7.):

- " You daftards of the night and Erebus,
- " Fiends, fairies, hags, that fight in beds of steel,
- " Range through this army with your iron whips;—
- " Descend and take to thy tormenting hell
- " The mangled body of that traitor king.—
- " Then let the earth discover to his ghost
- " Such tortures as usurpers feel below.—
- " Damn'd let him be, damn'd and condemn'd to bear
- " All torments, tortures, pains and plagues of hell."

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Hold hook and line.*] These words are introduced in ridicule by Ben Jonson in *The Case is alter'd*, 1609. Of absurd and fustian passages from many plays, in which Shakspeare had been a performer, I have always supposed no small part of *Pistol's* character to be composed: and the pieces themselves being now irretrievably lost, the humour of his allusions is not a little obscured.

STEEVENS.

In *Tusser's Husbandry*, bl. l. 1580, it is said:

- " At noone if it bloweth, at night if it shine,
- " Out trudgeth Hew Makehuff, with hook and with line."

HENDERSON.

Down! down, dogs! down faitors!<sup>8</sup> Have we not Hiren here?<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *Down! down, dogs! down faitors!*] A burlesque on a play already quoted; *The Battle of Alcazar*:

“Ye proud malicious dogs of Italy,

“Strike on, strike down, this body to the earth.”

MALONE.

*Faitours*, says Minshew's *Dictionary*, is a corruption of the French word *faiseurs*, i. e. *factores*, doers; and it is used in the statute 7 Rich. II. c. 5. for evil doers, or rather for idle livers; from the French, *faitard*, which in Cotgrave's *Dictionary* signifies slothful, idle, &c. TOLLET.

— *down faitors!*] i. e. traitors, rascals. So, Spenser:

“Into new woes, unweeting, was I cast

“By this false *faitour*.”

The word often occurs in *The Chester Mysteries*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *Have we not Hiren here?*] In an old comedy, 1608, called *Law Tricks; or, Who would have thought it?* the same quotation is likewise introduced, and on a similar occasion. The Prince Polymetes says:

“What ominous news can Polymetes daunt?

“*Have we not Hiren here?*”

Again, in Massinger's *Old Law*:

“*Clown*. No dancing for me, we have Siren here.

“*Cook*. Syren! 'twas *Hiren* the fair Greek, man.”

Again, in Decker's *Satiromastix*:

“— therefore whilst *we have Hiren here*, speak my little dish-washers.”

Again, in *Love's Mistress*, a masque by T. Heywood, 1636:

“— say she is a foul beast in your eyes, yet she is my *Hyren*.”

Mr. Tollet observes, that in Adams's *Spiritual Navigator*, &c. 1615, there is the following passage: “There be firens in the sea of the world. Syrens? *Hirens*, as they are now called. What a number of these firens, *Hirens*, cockatrices, courteghians,—in plain English, harlots,—swimme amongst us?” Pistol may therefore mean,—Have we not a *strumpet* here? and why am I thus used by her? STEEVENS.

From *The Merie conceited Jestes of George Peele, Gentleman, sometime Student in Oxford*, quarto, 1657, it appears, that *Peele* was the author of a play called *The Turkish Mahomet*, and *Hyren the Fair Greek*, which is now lost. One of these jests, or rather stories, is entitled, *How George read a Play-book to a Gentleman*. “There was a gentleman (says the tale) whom God had endued with good living, to maintain his small wit,—one that took great delight to



*Hosr.* Good captain Peefel, be quiet; it is very late, i'faith: I beseek you now, aggravate your choler.

*Pisr.* These be good humours, indeed! Shall packhorfes,  
And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,<sup>a</sup>

have the first hearing of any work that *George* had done, himself being a writer.—This self-conceited brock had *George* invited to half a score sheets of paper; whose Christianly pen had writ *Finis* to the famous play of *The Turkish Mabomet and Hyren the Fair Greek*;—in Italian called a curtezan; in Spaine, a margarite; in French, un curtain; in English, among the barbarous, a *whore*; among the gentles, their usual associates, a *punk*.—This fantastick, whose brain was made of nought but cork and sponge, came to the cold lodging of Monsieur Peel.—*George* bids him welcome;—told him he would gladly have his opinion of *his book*.—He willingly condescended, and *George* begins to read, and between every *scene* he would make pauses, and demand his opinion how he liked the carriage of it," &c.

*Have we not Hiren here?* was, without doubt, a quotation from this play of Peefe's, and, from the explanation of the word *Hiren* above given, is put with peculiar propriety on the present occasion into the mouth of Pistol. In *Eastward Hoe*, a comedy by Jonson, Chapman, and Marston, 1605, *Quicksilver* comes in drunk, and repeats this and many other verses, from dramattick performances of that time:

"Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Asia!" [*Tamburlaine.*]

"Hast thou not *Hiren* here?"

[Probably *The Turkish Mabomet,*]

"Who cries on murder? lady, was it you?"

[A Parody on *The Spanish Tragedy.*]

All these lines are printed as quotations, in Italicks. In John Day's *Law Tricks*, quoted by Mr. Steevens in the preceding note, the Prince Polymetes, when he says, "Have we not *Hiren* here?" alludes to a lady then present, whom he imagines to be a harlot."

MALONE.

<sup>a</sup> — hollow pamper'd jades of Asia, &c.] These lines are in part a quotation out of an old absurd fustian play, entitled, *Tamburlaine's Conquests; or, The Scythian Shepherds*, 1590, [by C. Marlowe.] THROBALD.

These lines are addressed by *Tamburlaine* to the captive princes who draw his chariot:

"Holla, you pamper'd jades of Asia,

"What! can you draw but twenty miles a day?"

Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,  
 Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,<sup>3</sup>  
 And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with  
 King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.<sup>4</sup>  
 Shall we fall foul for toys?

The same passage is burlesqued by Beaumont and Fletcher in *The Coxcomb*. Young, however, has borrowed the idea for the use of his *Buffs*:

“ Have we not seen him shake his silver reins  
 “ O’er harness’d monarchs, to his chariot yok’d?”

I was surpris’d to find a simile, much and justly celebrated by the admirers of Spenser’s *Fairy Queen*, inserted almost word for word in the second part of this tragedy. The earliest edition of those books of *The Fairy Queen*, in one of which it is to be found, was published in 1590, and *Tamburlaine* had been represented in or before the year 1588, as appears from the preface to *Perimedes the Blacksmith*, by Robert Greene. The first copy, however, that I have met with, is in 1590, and the next in 1593. In the year 1590 both parts of it were entered on the books of the Stationers’ Company:

“ Like to an almond-tree ymounted high  
 “ On top of green Selinis, all alone,  
 “ With blossoms brave bedecked daintily,  
 “ Whose tender locks do tremble every one  
 “ At every little breath that under heaven is blown.”

*Spenser.*

“ Like to an almond-tree ymounted high  
 “ Upon the lofty and celestial mount  
 “ Of ever-green Selinis, quaintly deck’d  
 “ With bloom more bright than Erycina’s brows;  
 “ Whose tender blossoms tremble every one  
 “ At every little breath from heaven is blown.”

*Tamburlaine.*  
 STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *Cannibals,*] *Cannibal* is used by a blunder for *Hannibal*. This was afterwards copied by Congreve’s *Bluff* and *Wittol*. *Bluff* is a character apparently taken from this of ancient *Pistol*.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps the character of a bully on the English stage might have been originally taken from *Pistol*; but Congreve seems to have copied his *Nol Bluff* more immediately from Jonson’s *Captain Bobadil*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *and let the welkin roar.*] Part of the words of an old

*Hosr.* By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

*BARD.* Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

*PIST.* Die men, like dogs;<sup>5</sup> give crowns like pins; Have we not Hiren here?

*Hosr.* O' my word, captain, there's none such here.<sup>6</sup> What the good-year! do you think, I would deny her? for God's fake, be quiet.

ballad intitled, *What the father gathereth with the rake, the son doth scatter with the forke:*

“ Let the welkin roare,  
“ Ile never give ore,” &c.

Again, in another ancient song called, *The Man in the Moon drinks Claret:*

“ Drink wine till the welkin roares,  
“ And cry out a p— of your scores.” STEEVENS.

So, in *Eastward Hoe*, 1605: “ — turn swaggering gallant, and let the welkin roar, and Erebus also.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Die men, like dogs;*] This expression I find in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

“ Your lieutenant's an afs.  
“ How an afs? *Die men lie dogs?*” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *Have we not Hiren here?*

*Hosr.* O' my word, captain, there's none such here.] i. e. shall I fear, that have this trusty and invincible sword by my side? For, as King Arthur's swords were called Caliburne and Ron; as Edward the Confessor's, Curtana; as Charlemagne's, Joyeuse; Orlando's Durindana; Rinaldo's Fushberta; and Rogero's, Balifarda; so Pistol, in imitation of these heroes, calls his sword *Hiren*. I have been told, Amadis de Gaul had a sword of this name. *Hirir* is to strike, and from hence it seems probable that *Hiren* may be derived; and so signify a swathing, cutting sword.—But what wonderful humour is there in the good hostess so innocently mistaking Pistol's drift, fancying that he meant to fight for a whore in the house, and therefore telling him. O' my word, captain, there's none such here; what the good-year! do you think, I would deny her? THEOBALD.

As it appears from a former note, that *Hiren* was sometimes a cant term for a mistress or harlot, Pistol may be supposed to give

*Prsr.* Then, feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis :<sup>7</sup>  
Come, give's some sack.

*Si fortuna me tormenta, sperato me contenta.*<sup>8</sup>—

it on this occasion, as an endearing name, to his sword, in the same spirit of fondness that he presently calls it—*sweetheart*.

STEEVENS.

I see no ground for supposing that the words bear a different meaning here from what they did in a former passage. He is still, I think, merely quoting the same play he had quoted before.

MALONE.

— *Have we not Hiren here?*] I know not whence Shakspeare derived this allusion to Arthur's lance. "Accinctus etiam Caliburno gladio optimo, lancea nomine IRON, dexteram suam decoravit." *M. Westminsteriensis*, p. 98. BOWLE.

Geoffery of Monmouth, p. 65, reads *Ron* instead of *Iron*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis:*] This is a burlesque on a line in an old play called *The Battel of Alcazar*, &c. printed in 1594, in which Muley Mahomet enters to his wife with lion's flesh on his sword:

"Feed then, and faint not, my faire *Calypolis*."

And again, in the same play:

"Hold thee *Calipolis*; feed, and faint no more."

And again:

"*Feed and be fat*, that we may meet the foe,

"With strength and terrour to revenge our wrong."

This line is quoted in several of the old plays; and Decker in his *Satiromastix*, 1602, has introduced Shakspeare's burlesque of it:

"Feed and be fat, my fair *Calipolis*: stir not my beauteous wriggle-tails." STEEVENS.

It is likewise quoted by Marston, in his *What you will*, 1607, as it stands in Shakspeare. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Si fortuna me tormenta, sperato me contenta.*] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

*Si fortuna me tormenta, il sperare me contenta.*—

which is undoubtedly the true reading; but perhaps it was intended that Pistol should corrupt it. JOHNSON.

Pistol is only a copy of Hannibal Gonsaga, who vaunted on yielding himself a prisoner, as you may read in an old collection of Tales, called *Wits, Fitts, and Fancies*:

"Si fortuna me tormenta,

"Il speranza me contenta."

Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:  
Give me some sack;—and, sweetheart, lie thou  
there. [Laying down his sword.]

Come we to full points here;<sup>4</sup> and are *et cetera's*  
nothing?

*FAL.* Pistol, I would be quiet.

*PIST.* Sweet knight, I kifs thy neif:<sup>9</sup> What! we  
have seen the seven stars.

*DOL.* Thrust him down stairs; I cannot endure  
such a fustian rascal.

*PIST.* Thrust him down stairs! know we not  
Galloway nags?<sup>4</sup>

And Sir Richard Hawkins, in his *Voyage to the South-Sea, 1593*,  
throws out the same gingling distich on the loss of his pinnace.

FARMER.

<sup>8</sup> *Come we to full points here &c.*] That is, shall we stop here,  
shall we have no further entertainment? JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Sweet knight, I kifs thy neif:*] i. e. kifs thy fist. Mr. Pope  
will have it, that *neif* here is from *nativa*; i. e. a woman-slave  
that is born in one's house; and that Pistol would kifs Falstaff's  
domestic mistress, Doll Tear-sheet. THEOBALD.

*Nief, neif, and naif*, are certainly law-terms for a woman-slave.  
So, in Thoroton's *Antiquities of Nottinghamshire*: "Every *naif* or  
she-villain, that took a husband or committed fornication, paid  
*marchet* for redemption of her blood 5s. and 4d."

Again, in *Stanyburst's Virgil, 1582*:

*Me FAMULAM famuloque Heleno transmisit habendam.*

"Me his *nyefe* to his servaunt Helenus full firmelye be-  
troathed."

But I believe *neif* is used by Shakspeare for *fi*. It is still em-  
ployed in that sense in the northern counties, and by Ben Jonson  
in his *Poetaster*:

"Reach me thy *neif*."

Again, in *The Witch of Edmonton*, by Rowley, &c. 1658:

"Oh, sweet ningle, thy *neif* once again." STEEVENS.

So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*: "Give me thy *neif*, Mon-  
sieur Mustard-Seed." MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *Galloway nags?*] That is, common hacknies.

JOHNSON.

*FAL.* Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling:<sup>3</sup> nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

*BARD.* Come, get you down stairs.

*PIST.* What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?— [Snatching up his sword.  
Then death rock me asleep,<sup>4</sup> abridge my doleful days!

Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds  
Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I say!<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> —like a shove-groat shilling:] This expression occurs in *Every Man in his Humour*: “—made it run as smooth off the tongue as a shove-groat shilling.”

Again, in *Humour's Ordinary*, by Samuel Rowlands. Satire iv:  
“At shove-groat, venter-point, or crosse and pile.”

I suppose it to have been a piece of polished metal made use of in the play of shovel-board. See Vol. III. p. 318, n. 4.

STEEVENS.

*Slide-strikt*, or *shove-groat*, is one of the games prohibited by statute 33 Henry VIII. c. 9. BLACKSTONE.

<sup>4</sup> Then death rock me asleep,] This is a fragment of an ancient song supposed to have been written by Anne Boleyn:

“O death rock me on slepe,

“Bring me on quiet rest,” &c.

For the entire song, see Sir John Hawkins's *General History of Mufick*, Vol. III. p. 31. STEEVENS.

In “*Arnold Cosbie's Ultimatum Vale to the waine World*, an Elegio written by himsele in the Marshalsea, after his condemnation for murthering Lord Brooke,” 4to. 1591, are these lines:

“O death, rock me asleepe & Father of heaven,

“That hast sole power to pardon finnes of men,

“Forgive the faults and follies of my youth.” REED.

<sup>5</sup> —Come, Atropos, I say!] Perhaps Pistol alludes to a poem printed in *A Gorgious Gallery of gallant Inuentions*, &c. 4to. 1578. “The Louer complayneth of his Ladie's inconstancy, to the tune of *I tobe that I did loue*:

“I hate this lothsome life,

“O Atropos draw nie,

“Untwist y<sup>e</sup> thred of mortall strife,

“Send death, and let mee die.” STEEVENS.

*HOSY.* Here's goodly stuff toward!

*FAL.* Give me my rapier, boy.

*DOL.* I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

*FAL.* Get you down stairs.

[*Drawing, and driving PISTOL out.*]

*HOSY.* Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tiritts and frights. So; murder, I warrant now.—Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons. [*Exeunt PISTOL and BARDOLPH.*]

*DOL.* I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is gone. Ah, you whorson little valiant villain, you.

*HOSY.* Are you not hurt i'the groin?<sup>6</sup> methought, he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

*Re-enter BARDOLPH.*

*FAL.* Have you turn'd him out of doors?

*BARD.* Yes, fir. The rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, fir, in the shoulder.

*FAL.* A rascal! to brave me!

*DOL.* Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'ft? Come, let me wipe thy face;—come on, you whorson chops:—Ah, rogue! i'faith, I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and

—*Come, Atropos,*] It has been suggested that this is a name which Pistol gives to his sword; but surely he means nothing more than to call on one of the *sisters three* to aid him in the fray.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Are you not hurt i'the groin?*] Falstaff had promised to marry Mrs. Quickly, who, on this occasion, appears to have had the widow Wadman's folicitudes about her. STEEVENS.

ten times better than the nine worthies: Ah, villain!<sup>7</sup>

*FAL.* A rascally slave! I will tofs the rogue in a blanket.

*DOL.* Do, if thou darest for thy heart: if thou dost, I'll canvas thee between a pair of sheets.<sup>8</sup>

*Enter Mufick.*

*PAGE.* The mufick is come, fir.

*FAL.* Let them play;—Play, firs,—Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

*DOL.* I'faith, and thou follow'dst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig,<sup>9</sup> when wilt thou leave fighting o'days,

<sup>7</sup> — Ah, villain! ] Thus the folio: the quarto reads—*a* villain; which may be right. She may mean Pistol.

Since this note was written, I have observed that *a* is frequently printed in the quarto copies for *ab*: the reading of the folio is therefore certainly right. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — I'll canvas thee between a pair of sheets.] This phrase occurs in the 12th *Mery Ieste of the Widow Edyth*, 1573:

“ Hore, hore, by coks blood euen here,

“ Sayd Cotes, and it were not for shame,

“ I should *carvas* thee, and make thee lame.”

STEEVENS.

Doll's meaning here is sufficiently clear. There is however an allusion which might easily escape notice, to the material of which coarse sheets were formerly made. So, in the MS. Account-book of Mr. Philip Henflow, which has been already quoted: “ 7 Maye, 1594. Lent goody Nalle upon a payre of *carvas sheates*, for vs.”

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig.] For *tidy*, Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *tiny*; but they are both words of endearment, and equally proper. *Bartholomew boar-pig* is a little pig made of paste, sold at Bartholomew fair, and given to children for a fairing.

JOHNSON.



and foining o'nights, and begin to patch up thine  
old body for heaven?

*Enter behind, Prince HENRY and POINS, disguised  
like drawers.*

*FAL.* Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a  
death's head;<sup>a</sup> do not bid me remember mine end.

*Tidy* has two significations, *timely*, and *neat*. In the first of these  
senses, I believe, it is used in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

"I myself have given good, *tidie* lambs." STEEVENS.

From Ben Jonson's play of *Bartholomew Fair*, we learn, that it  
was the custom formerly to have booths in Bartholomew Fair, in  
which pigs were dressed and sold, and to these it is probable the  
allusion is here, and not to the pigs of paste mentioned by Dr.  
Johnson.

The practice of roasting *pigs* at Bartholomew Fair continued until  
the beginning of the present century, if not later. It is mentioned  
in *Ned Ward's London Spy*, 1697. When about the year 1708 some  
attempts were made to limit the duration of the Fair to three days,  
a poem was published entitled *The Pigs' Petition against Bartholomew  
Fair, &c.* See *Doddsley's Collection of Old Plays*, 1780, Vol. XII.

p. 419.

*Tidy*, I apprehend, means only *fat*, and in that sense it was  
certainly sometimes used. See an old translation of *Galateo of  
Manners and Behaviour*, bl. l. 1578, p. 77: "— and it is more  
proper and peculiar speache to say, the shivering of an ague, than  
to call it the colde; and *flesh* that is *tidie*, to terme it rather fat  
*than fulsome.*" REED.

Again, in Gawin Douglas's translation of the 5th *Æneid*:

"And als mony swine and *tydy* qwyis." STEEVENS.

See also D'Avenant's burlesque *Verses on a long Vacation*, written  
about 1630:

"Now London's chief on saddle new  
"Rides into *fair* of *Barthol'mew*;  
"He twirls his chain, and looking big  
"As if to fright the head of *pig*,  
"That gaping lies on *greasy* stall,  
"Till female with great belly call," &c. MALONE.

<sup>a</sup> — like a death's head;] It appears from the following pas-  
sage in Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, 1605, that it was the custom

*DOL.* Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

*FAL.* A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipp'd bread well.

*DOL.* They say, Poins has a good wit.

*FAL.* He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard;<sup>3</sup> there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.<sup>4</sup>

*DOL.* Why does the prince love him so then?

*FAL.* Because their legs are both of a bigness; and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flapdragons;<sup>5</sup> and rides the wild mare with the boys;<sup>6</sup>

for the bawds of that age to wear a *death's bead* in a ring, very probably with the common motto, *memento mori*. Cocledemoy, speaking of some of these, says: "— as for their death, how can it be bad, since their wickedness is always before their eyes, and a *death's bead* most commonly on their middle finger." Again, in Massinger's *Old Law*: "— sell some of my cloaths to buy thee a *death's bead*, and put it upon thy middle finger: your least considering *bawds* do so much." Again, in *Northward Hoe*, 1607: "— as if I were a *bawd*, no ring pleases me but a *death's bead*."

On the Stationers' books, Feb. 21, 1582, is entered a ballad intitled *Remember thy End*. STEEVENS.

Falstaff's allusion, I should have supposed, was to the death's head, and motto on hatchments, grave-stones, and the like.—Such a ring, however, as Mr. Steevens describes, but without any inscription, being only brass, is in my possession. RITSON.

<sup>3</sup> — *Tewksbury mustard*;) Tewksbury is a market town in the county of Gloucester, formerly noted for mustard-balls made there, and sent into other parts. GREY.

<sup>4</sup> — *in a mallet*.] So, in Milton's prose works, 1738, Vol. I. p. 300: "Though the fancy of this doubt be as obtuse and sad as any *mallet*." TOLLET.

<sup>5</sup> — *eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flapdragons*;) *Conger* with *fennel* was formerly regarded as a pro-

and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a

vocative. It is mentioned by Ben Jonson in his *Bartholomeew Fair*: "—— like a long lac'd conger with green fennel in the joll of it." And in *Pbilaster*, one of the ladies advises the wanton Spanish prince to abstain from this article of luxury.

Greene likewise in his *Quip for an upstart Courtier*, calls fennel "women's weeds,"—"fit generally, for that sex, sith while they are maidens they with wantonly."

The qualification that follows, viz. that of swallowing *candles' ends* by way of *slapdragons*, seems to indicate no more than that the Prince loved him because he was always ready to do any thing for his amusement, however absurd or unnatural. Nash, in his *Pierce Pennyleffe his Supplication to the Devil*, advises hard drinkers, "—— to have some shooing horne to pull on their wine, as a rasher on the coals, or a red herring; or to stir it about with a *candle's end* to make it taste the better," &c.

And Ben Jonson in his *News from the Moon*, &c. a masque, speaks of those who eat *candles' ends*, as an act of love and gallantry; and Beaumont and Fletcher in *Monfieur Thomas*: "—— cause her health in cans, and *candles' ends*."

In Rowley's *March at Midnight*, 1633, a captain says, that his "corporal was lately choak'd at Delf by swallowing a *slapdragon*."

Again, in Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, 1605: "—— have I not been drunk to your health, swallow'd *slapdragons*, eat glasses, drank urine, stab'd arms, and done all the offices of protected gallantry for your sake?"

Again, in *The Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612: "—— as familiarly as pikes do gudgeons, and with as much facility as Dutchmen swallow *slapdragons*." STEEVENS.

A *slapdragon* is some small combustible body, fired at one end and put afloat in a glass of liquor. It is an act of a toper's dexterity to toss off the glass in such a manner as to prevent the *slapdragon* from doing mischief. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> —— and rides the wild mare with the boys;] He probably means the *two-legged mare* mentioned by Mr. Steevens in p. 52, n. 9. MALONE.

If Poins had ever ridden the mare alluded to by Mr. Steevens, she would have given him such a fall as would effectually prevent him from mounting her a second time. We must therefore suppose it was a less dangerous beast, that would not have disabled him from afterwards jumping upon joint stools, &c. DOUGL.

good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg;<sup>7</sup> and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories:<sup>8</sup> and such other gambol faculties he hath, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their averdu-  
pois.

P. HEN. Would not this nave of a wheel<sup>9</sup> have his ears cut off?

POINS. Let's beat him before his whore.

P. HEN. Look, if the wither'd elder hath not his poll claw'd like a parrot.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>7</sup> — wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg:] The learned editor of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 1775, observes that such is part of the description of a smart abbot, by an anonymous writer of the thirteenth century: "*Ocreas habebat in cruribus, quasi innatae essent, sine plicâ porrectas.*" MS. Bod. James. n. 6. p. 121. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — discreet stories:] We should read—*Indiscreet*.

WARBURTON,

I suppose by *discreet stories*, is meant what suspicious masters and mistresses of families would call *prudential information*; i. e. what ought to be known, and yet is disgraceful to the teller. Among the virtues of John Rugby, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Mrs. Quickly adds, that "he is *no tell-tale, no breed-bate.*"

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — nave of a wheel—] *Nave* and *knave* are easily reconciled, but why *nave of a wheel*? I suppose from his roundness. He was called *round man* in contempt before. JOHNSON.

So, in the play represented before the king and queen in *Hamlet*:

"Break all the spokes and fellies of her wheel,  
"And bowl the *round nave* down the steep of heaven."

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — his poll claw'd like a parrot.] This custom we may suppose was not peculiar to Falstaff, especially as it occurred among the French, to whom we were indebted for most of our artificial

POINS. Is it not strange, that desire should fo many years outlive performance?

FAL. Kifs me, Doll.

P. HEN. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanack to that?

POINS. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon,<sup>4</sup> his man, be not lisp<sup>ing</sup> to his master's old tables; his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

gratifications. So, in *La Venerie* &c. by Jaques de Fouilloux, &c. Paris, 4to. 1585: "Le seigneur doit auoir sa petite charette, là où il fera dedans, avec sa fillette, aagée de seize a dix sept ans, la quelle lui frotera la teste par les chemins." A wooden cut annexed, represents this operation on an old man, who lies along in his carriage, with a girl sitting at his head. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction!*] This was indeed a prodigy. The astrologers, says Ficinus, remark, that Saturn and Venus are never conjoined. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *the fiery Trigon, &c.*] *Trigonum igneum* is the astronomical term when the upper planets meet in a fiery sign. The fiery Trigon, I think, consists of *Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius*. So, in Warner's *Albions England*, 1602, B. VI. chap. xxxi:

"Even at the *ferie Trigon* shall your chief ascendant be." Again, in *Pierce's Supererogation, or a new Praise of the old Ass*, &c. by Gabriel Harvey, 1593: "— now the warring planet was expected in person, and the *ferie Trigon* seemed to give the alarm."

STEEVENS.

So, in *A Dialogue both pleasaunt and pietifull*, &c. by Wm. Bulleyn, 1564: "Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius, are hotte, drie, bitter, and cholericke, governing hot and drie things, and this is called the *ferie triplicitie*." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *lisp<sup>ing</sup> to his master's old tables; &c.*] We should read— *clasp<sup>ing</sup> too his master's old tables; &c.* i. e. embracing his master's cast-off whore, and now his bawd [*his note-book, his counsel-keeper*]. We have the same phrase again in *Cymbeline*:

"You clasp young Cupid's tables." WARBURTON.

I believe the old reading to be the true one. Bardolph was very probably drunk, and might lisp a little in his courtship; or might assume an affected softness of speech, like Chaucer's *Frere*: Tyr, whitt's edit. Prol. v. 266:

"Somewhat he lisp<sup>ed</sup> for his wantonneffe,

"To make his English swete upon his tonge."

*FAL.* Thou dost give me flattering buffes.

*DOL.* Nay, truly; I kifs thee with a most constant heart.

*FAL.* I am old, I am old.

*DOL.* I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

*FAL.* What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? <sup>6</sup> I shall.

Or, like the *Page* in *The Mad Lover* of Beaumont and Fletcher, who

“ *Lips* when he list to catch a chambermaid.”

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: “ — He can carve too and *lisp*.”

Again, in Marston's 8th Satire:

“ With voyce distinct, all fine, articulate,

“ *Lipping*, ‘ Fayre faint, my woe compassionate :

“ By heaven thine eye is my soule-guiding fate.”

STEVENS.

Certainly the word *clapping* better preserves the *integrity* of the *metaphor*; or perhaps, as the expression is *old tables*, we might read *licking*: Bardolph was *kissing* the *Hofstess*; and old ivory books were commonly cleaned by *licking* them. FARMER.

The old table-book was a *counsel-keeper*, or a register of secrets; and so also was Dame Quickly. I have therefore not the least suspicion of any corruption in the text. *Lipping* is, in our author's dialect, making love, or in modern language, *saying soft things*. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Falstaff apologises to Mrs. Ford for his concise address to her, by saying, “ I cannot cog, and *say this and that*, like a many of these *lipping* hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Buckler's-bury in simple-time; I cannot; but I love thee;” &c.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — a kirtle of *f*] I know not exactly what a *kirtle* is. The following passages may serve to show that it was something different from a *gown*. “ How unkindly she takes the matter, and cannot be reconciled with less than a *gown* or a *kirtle* of silk.” *Greene's Art of Legerdemain*, &c. 1612. Again, in one of Stanyhurst's poems, 1582:

“ This *gowne* your lovmate, that *kirtle* costlye she craveth.”

*Bale*, in his *Actes of English Votaries*, says that Roger earl of Shrewsbury sent “ to Clunyake in France, for the *kyrtle* of holy Hugh the abbot.” Perhaps *kirtle*, in its common acceptation,

receive money on Thursday: thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late, we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me, when I am gone.

means a *petticoat*. "Half a dozen taffata gowns or fatten *kirtles*." *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson.

Stubbs mentions *kirtles*, but is not precise in his description of them. Dr. Farmer supposes them to be the same as *safe-guards* or *riding-hoods*. STEEVENS.

A *kirtle*, I believe, meant a *long cloak*. Minshew describes it as an *upper* or *exterior garment*, worn over another; what in French is called a *garde-robe*. See his *Dict.* 1617. The latter word is explained by Cotgrave thus: "A cloth or cloak worn or cast over a garment to keep it from dust, rain," &c. That writer however supposes *kirtle* and *petticoat* to be synonymous; for he renders the word *vasquine* thus: "A *kirtle*, or *petticoat*; and *surcot* he calls an *upper kirtle*, or a garment worn over-a kirtle.

When therefore a *kirtle* is mentioned simply, perhaps a *petticoat* is meant; when an *upper kirtle* is spoken of, a *long cloak* or *mantle* is probably intended; and I imagine a *half-kirtle*, which occurs in a subsequent scene in this play, meant a *short cloak*, half the length of the *upper kirtle*. The term *half-kirtle* seems inconsistent with Dr. Farmer's idea; as does Milton's use of the word in his *Masque*, "the flowery-kirtled Naiades."

Stubbs in his *Anatomic of Abuse*, 1595, describes a *kirtle* as distinct from both a *gown* and a *petticoat*. After having described the gowns usually worn at that time, he proceeds thus: "—then have thei *petticoats* of the best clothe, of *scarlette*, *grograine*, *taffatie*, or *silke*, &c. But of whatsoever their *petticoats* be, yet must they have *kirtles*, (for so they call them,) either of *silke*, *velvet*, *grograine*, *taffatie*, *fatten* or *scarlet*, bordered with *gardes*, *lace*," &c. I suppose he means a *mantle* or *long cloak*.

So also, in *The First Part of the Contention of the two Houses of Yorke and Lancaſter*, 1600: "Marry, he that will lustily stand to it, shall go with me, and take up these commodities following: *item*, a *gown*, a *kirtle*, a *petticoat*, and a *smock*."

My interpretation of *kirtle* is confirmed by Barret's *Alvearie*, 1580, who renders *kirtle*, by *subminia*, *cyclas*, *palla*, *pallula*, *χλαῖνα*, *surcot*.—*Subminia* Cole interprets in his *Latin Dictionary*, 1697, "A *kirtle*, a light red coat." *Cyclas*, "a *kirtle*, a *ci-marr*."—*Palla*, a woman's long gown; a veil that covers the head.—*Pallula*, "a short *kirtle*." *Lena*, "an Irish *rugge*, a freeze *caffock*, a rough hairy *gaberdine*."

*DOL.* By my troth thou'lt fet me a weeping, an thou say'ft fo: prove that ever I drefs myfelf handfome till thy return.—Well, hearken the end.

*FAL.* Some fack, Francis.

*P. HEN. POINS.* Anon, anon, fir.<sup>7</sup> [*Advancing.*]

*FAL.* Ha! a baftard fon of the king's?<sup>8</sup>—And art not thou Poins his brother?<sup>9</sup>

*P. HEN.* Why, thou globe of finful continents, what a life doft thou lead?

*FAL.* A better than thou; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

*P. HEN.* Very true, fir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

*HOSR.* O, the Lord preferve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London.—Now the Lord blefs that sweet face of thine! O Jefu, are you come from Wales?

*FAL.* Thou whorefon mad compound of majesty,—by this light flefh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.  
[*Leaning his hand upon Doll.*]

From hence it appears, that a *woman's* kirtle, or rather upper-kirtle, (as diftinguifhed from a petticoat, which was fometimes called a kirtle,) was a long mantle which reached to the ground, with a head to it that entirely covered the face; and it was perhaps ufually red. A half-kirtle was a fimilar garment, reaching only fomewhat lower than the waift. See Florio's Italian Dict. 1598: "*Semicinto.* A garment coming lower than the belly; alfo half-girt, as we may fay a *half-kirtle.*" MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Anon, anon, fir.*] The ufual answer of drawers at this period. So, in *The Discoverie of the Knights of the Poſte*, 1597: "wherefore hee calling, the drawer prefently answered with a thrill voyce, *anon, anon, fir.*" REED.

<sup>8</sup> *Ha! a baftard &c.*] The improbability of this fcene is fcarcely balanced by the humour. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — Poins *his brother* ?] i. e. Poins's brother, or brother to Poins; a vulgar corruption of the genitive cafe. RITSON.



*DOL.* How! you fat fool, I scorn you.

*POINS.* My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.<sup>2</sup>

*P. HEN.* You whoreson candle-mine,<sup>3</sup> you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

*HOSR.* 'Blessing o' your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

*FAL.* Didst thou hear me?

*P. HEN.* Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gads-hill: you knew, I was at your back; and spoke it on purpose, to try my patience.

*FAL.* No, no, no; not so; I did not think, thou wast within hearing.

*P. HEN.* I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

*FAL.* No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.

*P. HEN.* Not! to dispraise me;<sup>4</sup> and call me—pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

<sup>2</sup> — *if you take not the heat.*] Alluding, I suppose, to the proverb, "Strike while the iron is hot." So again, in *King Lear*: "We must do something, and i'the heat." STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *candle-mine,*] Thou inexhaustible magazine of tallow. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> Not! *to dispraise me;*] The Prince means to say, "What! is it not abuse to dispraise me," &c. Some of the modern editors read—*No!* &c. but, I think, without necessity.

So, in *Coriolanus*:

"Com. He'll never hear him.

"Sic. Not?"

There also *Not* has been rejected by the modern editors, and *no* inserted in its place. MALONE.

*FAL.* No abuse, Hal.

*POINS.* No abuse!

*FAL.* No abuse, Ned, in the world; honest Ned, none. I disprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him:—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none,—no, boys, none.

*P. HEN.* See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked; Or is the boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

*POINS.* Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

*FAL.* The fiend hath prick'd down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.<sup>4</sup>

*P. HEN.* For the women,——

*FAL.* For one of them,—she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul!<sup>5</sup> For the other,—I owe her money; and whether she be damn'd for that, I know not.

*HOST.* No, I warrant you.

*FAL.* No, I think thou art not; I think, thou art

<sup>4</sup> — outbids him too.] Thus the folio. The quarto reads— blinds him too; and perhaps it is right. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — and burns, poor soul!] This is Sir T. Hanmer's reading. Undoubtedly right. The other editions had,—she is in hell already, and burns poor souls. The venereal disease was called in those times the brennyng, or burning. JOHNSON.

quit for that: Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house,<sup>6</sup> contrary to the law; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

*Host.* All victuallers do so: What's a joint of mutton or two, in a whole Lent?<sup>7</sup>

*P. Hen.* You, gentlewoman,——

*Dol.* What says your grace?

*Fal.* His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

*Host.* Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door there, Francis.

<sup>6</sup> —— for suffering flesh to be eaten &c.] By several statutes made in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. for the regulation and observance of fish-days, *victuallers* are expressly forbidden to utter flesh in Lent, and to these Falstaff alludes. I conceive that the Hostess by her answer understands him literally, without the covert allusion suspected by Mr. Malone; [see note 8.] for she must have been too well acquainted with the law to mistake his meaning, and *we* seems not to have been her talent. DOUCE.

<sup>7</sup> —— all victuallers do so:] The brothels were formerly screened under pretext of being *victualling houses* and *saverns*.

So, in Webster and Rowley's *Cure for a Cuckold*:

"This informer comes into Turnbull Street to a *victualling house*, and there falls in league with a *wench*, &c.—Now, Sir, this fellow; in revenge, informs against the *barwd* that kept the house," &c.

Again, in *Gascoigne's Glass of Government*, 1575:

"——at a house with a *red lattice* you shall find an old *barwd* called *Panderina*, and a young *damsel* called *Lamia*." Barrett in his *Alvearie*, 1580, defines a *victualling house* thus: "A tavern where meate is eaten *out of due season*." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *What's a joint of mutton or two, in a whole Lent?*] Perhaps a covert allusion is couched under these words. See Vol. III. p. 174, n. 4. MALONE.

*Enter Peto.*

*P. HEN.* Peto, how now? what news?

*PETO.* The king your father is at Westminster;  
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts,  
Come from the north: and, as I came along,  
I met, and overtook, a dozen captains,  
B re-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,  
And asking every one for sir John Falstaff.

*P. HEN.* By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to  
blame,

So idly to profane the precious time;  
When tempest of commotion, like the south  
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,  
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.  
Give me my sword, and cloak:—Falstaff, good  
night.

[*Exeunt P. HENRY, POINS, PETO, and BARD.*]

*FAL.* Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the  
night, and we must hence, and leave it unpick'd.  
[*Knocking heard.*] More knocking at the door?

*Re-enter BARDOLPH.*

How now? what's the matter?

*BARD.* You must away to court, sir, presently; a  
dozen captains stay at door for you.

*FAL.* Pay the musicians, firrah. [*To the Page.*]—  
Farewell, hostess;—farewell, Doll.—You see, my  
good wenches, how men of merit are sought after:  
the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action  
is call'd on. Farewell, good wenches:—If I be  
not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

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*DOL.* I cannot speak;—If my heart be not ready to burst:—Well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

*FAL.* Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*]

*HOST.* Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty nine years, come peascod-time; but an honest, and truer-hearted man,—Well, fare thee well.

*BARD.* [*Within.*] Mistrefs Tear-sheet,——

*HOST.* What's the matter?

*BARD.* Bid mistrefs Tear-sheet come to my master.

*HOST.* O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll.<sup>8</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>8</sup> *O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll.*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads, *O run, Doll run; run: Good Doll, come: she comes blubber'd: Yea, will you come, Doll?* STEVENS.

ACT III. SCENE I.<sup>9</sup>*A Room in the Palace.**Enter King HENRY in his nightgown, with a Page.*

K. HEN. Go, call the earls of Surrey and of  
Warwick;

But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,  
And well consider of them: Make good speed.—

[*Exit Page.*

How many thousand of my poorest subjects  
Are at this hour asleep!—Sleep, gentle sleep,<sup>9</sup>  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?  
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy  
slumber;  
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,

<sup>9</sup> — *Scene I.*] This first scene is not in my copy of the first edition. JOHNSON.

There are two copies of the same date; and in one of these, the scene has been added. They are, in all other respects, alike. It should seem as if the defect in this quarto was undiscovered till most of the copies of it were sold, for only one that I have seen contains the addition. Signature E consists of six leaves. Four of these, exclusive of the two additional ones, were reprinted to make room for the omission. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *Sleep, gentle sleep,*] The old copy, in defiance of metre, reads:

— O sleep, O gentle sleep.

The repeated tragic Q was probably a playhouse intrusion.

STEEVENS.

Under the canopies of costly state,  
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?  
 O thou dull god, why lieft thou with the vile,  
 In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,  
 A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell?<sup>3</sup>  
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
 Seal up the shipboy's eyes, and rock his brains  
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge;  
 And in the visitation of the winds,  
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
 With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *A watch-case, &c.*] This alludes to the watchman set in gar-  
 rison-towns upon some eminence, attending upon an alarum-bell,  
 which was to ring out in case of fire, or any approaching danger.  
 He had a case or box to shelter him from the weather, but at his  
 utmost peril he was not to sleep whilst he was upon duty. These  
 alarum-bells are mentioned in several other places of Shakspeare.

HANMER.

In an ancient inventory cited in Strutt's *British Antiquities*,  
 Vol. III. p. 70, there is the following article: "Item, a *laume* or  
*WATCHE* of iron, in an iron CASE, with 2 leaden plumets."  
 Strutt supposes, and no doubt rightly, that *laume* is an error for  
*larum*. Something of this kind, I believe, is here intended by  
*watch-case*, since this speech does not afford any other expressions to  
 induce the supposition that the King had a *sentry-box* in his  
 thoughts. HOLT WHITE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *slippery clouds,*] The modern editors read *scrowds*,  
 meaning the *rope ladders* by which the masts of ships are ascended.  
 The old copy—in *the slippery clouds*; but I know not what ad-  
 vantage is gained by the alteration, for *scrowds* had anciently the  
 same meaning as *clouds*. I could bring many instances of this use  
 of the word from Drayton. So, in his *Miracles of Moses*:

"And the sterne thunder from the airy *scrowds*,

"To the sad world, in fear and horror spake."

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Poem on Inigo Jones*:

"And peering forth of Iris in the *scrowds*."

A moderate tempest would hang the waves in the *scrowds* of a  
 ship; a great one might poetically be said to suspend them on the  
*clouds*, which were too *slippery* to retain them.

That, with the hurly,<sup>3</sup> death itself awakes?

So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ ——— I have seen

“ Th’ ambitious ocean swell, and rage and foam

“ To be exalted with the threatening *clouds*.”

Again, in Golding’s Translation of *Ovid’s Metamorphosis*,  
Book XI:

“ The surges mounting up aloft did seeme to mate the skie,

“ And with their sprinkling for to wet the clouds that bang  
on *hic*.”

Again, in Ben Jonson’s *Masque of Queens*, 1609:

“ ——— when the boisterous sea,

“ Without a breath of wind, hath knock’d the *sky*.”

Again, *Virg. Æn. Lib. III*:

“ ——— spumam elisam, & rorantia vidimus astra.”

Drayton’s *airy sbrowds* are the airy covertures of heaven; which  
in plain language are the clouds.

A similar image to that before us, occurs in Churchyard’s  
*Praise of Poetrie*, 1595:

“ The poets that can clime the cloudes,

“ Like *ship-boy* to the top,

“ When sharpest stormes do shake the *sbrowdes*,” &c.

Lee, in his *Mitridates*, is the copier of Shakspeare:

“ So sleeps the sea-boy on the cloudy mast,

“ Safe as a drowfy Triton, rock’d by stormes,

“ While tossing princes wake on beds of down.”

STEEVENS.

The instances produced by Mr. Steevens prove that *clouds* were  
sometimes called poetically *airy sbrowds*, or shrouds suspended in  
air; but they do not appear to me to prove that any writer  
speaking of a ship, ever called the *sbrowds* of the ship by the name  
of *clouds*. I entirely, however, agree with him in thinking that  
*clouds* here is the true reading; and the passage produced from *Julius  
Cæsar*, while it fully supports it, shows that the word is to be un-  
derstood in its ordinary sense. So again, in *The Winter’s Tale*:  
“ ——— now the ship boring the *moon* with her main-mast, and anon  
swallowed up with yest and froth.” MALONE.

My position appears to have been misunderstood. I meant not  
to suggest that the *sbrowds of a ship* were ever called *clouds*. What  
I designed to say was, that the *clouds* and the *sbrowds of heaven*  
were anciently synonymous terms, so that by the exchange of the  
former word for the latter, no fresh idea would, in fact, be ascer-  
tained; as the word *sbrowds* might be received in the sense of *clouds*  
as well as that of *ship-tackle*. STEEVENS.



Can'st thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose  
 To the wet seaboy in an hour so rude;  
 And, in the calmest and most stillest night,  
 With all appliances and means to boot,  
 Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!<sup>4</sup>  
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

*Enter WARWICK and SURREY.*

WAR. Many good morrows to your majesty!

K. HEN. Is it good morrow, lords?

WAR. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

K. HEN. Why then, good morrow to you all,  
 my lords.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *That with the hurly,]* Hurly is noise, derived from the French *burler* to howl, as *burly-burly* from *Hurluberlu*, Fr. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *Then, happy low, lie down!]* Evidently corrupted from *happy lowly clown*. These two lines making the just conclusion from what preceded. "If sleep will fly a king and comfort itself with beggars, then happy the *lowly clown*, and uneasy the crown'd head." WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has not admitted this emendation into his text: I am glad to do it the justice which its author has neglected.

JOHNSON.

The sense of the old reading seems to be this: "You, who are happy in your humble situations, lay down your heads to rest! the head that wears a crown lies too uneasy to expect such a blessing." Had not Shakspeare thought it necessary to subject himself to the tyranny of rhyme, he would probably have said:—  
 "then happy low, sleep on!"

So, in *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, a tragedy, 1587:

"Behold the peasant poore with tattered coate,  
 "Whose eyes a meaner fortune feeds with sleepe,  
 "How safe and sound the carelesse snudge doth snore."

Sir W. D'Avenant has the same thought in his *Law for Lovers*:

"How soundly they sleep whose pillows lie low!"

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Why then, good morrow to you all, my lords.]* In my regulation

Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

*WAR.* We have, my liege.

*K. HEN.* Then you perceive, the body of our  
kingdom

How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,  
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

*WAR.* It is but as a body, yet, distemper'd;<sup>6</sup>  
Which to his former strength may be restor'd,  
With good advice, and little medicine:—  
My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.<sup>7</sup>

of this passage I have followed the late editors; but I am now persuaded the first line should be pointed thus:

*Why then good morrow to you all, my lords.*

This mode of phraseology, where only two persons are addressed, is not very correct, but there is no ground for reading—

*Why, then, good-morrow to you. Well, my lords, &c.*

as Theobald and all the subsequent editors do; for Shakspeare in *King Henry VI.* Part II. Act II. sc. ii. has put the same expression into the mouth of York, when he addresses only his two friends, Salisbury and Warwick; though the author of the original play printed in 1600, on which the Second Part of *King Henry VI.* was founded, had in the corresponding place employed the word *both*:

“ — Where as *all* you know,

“ Harmless Richard was murder'd traiterously.”

This is one of the numerous circumstances that contribute to prove that Shakspeare's *Henries* were formed on the work of a preceding writer. See the *Dissertation* on that subject in Vol. X.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *It is but as a body, yet, distemper'd;*] *Distemper*, that is, according to the old physick, a disproportionate mixture of humours, or inequality of innate heat and radical humidity, is less than actual *disease*, being only the state which foreruns or produces diseases. The difference between *distemper* and *disease* seems to be much the same as between *disposition* and *habit*. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.*] I believe Shakspeare wrote *school'd*; tutor'd, and brought to submission.

WARBURTON.

*Cool'd* is certainly right. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: “ — my humour shall not cool.” STEVENS.

. K. HEN. O heaven! that one might read the book  
of fate;

And see the revolution of the times  
Make mountains level, and the continent  
(Weary of solid firmness,) melt itself  
Into the sea! and, other times, to see<sup>a</sup>  
The beachy girdle of the ocean  
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,  
And changes fill the cup of alteration  
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>a</sup> O heaven! that one might read the book of fate;  
And see the revolution of the times  
Make mountains level, and the continent  
(Weary of solid firmness,) melt itself  
Into the sea! and, other times, to see &c.] So, in our author's

64th Sonnet:

“ When I have seen the hungry ocean gain  
“ Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,  
“ And the firm soil win of the watry main,  
“ Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;  
“ When I have seen such interchange of state,” &c.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — O, if this were seen, &c.] These four lines are supplied  
from the edition of 1600. WARBURTON.

My copy wants the whole scene, and therefore these lines.

There is some difficulty in the line,

*What perils past, what crosses to ensue,—*

because it seems to make past perils equally terrible with ensuing  
crosses. JOHNSON.

This happy youth who is to foresee the future progress of his  
life, cannot be supposed at the time of his happiness to have gone  
through many perils. Both the perils and the crosses that the King  
alludes to, were yet to come; and what the youth is to foresee is,  
the many crosses he would have to contend with, even after he has  
passed through many perils. M. MASON.

In answer to Dr. Johnson's objection it may be observed, that  
past perils are not described as *equally* terrible with ensuing crosses,  
but are merely mentioned as an aggravation of the sum of human  
calamity. He who has already gone through some perils, might  
hope to have his *quietus*, and might naturally sink in despondency,  
on being informed that “ bad begins, and worse remains behind.”

The happiest youth,—viewing his progress through,  
 What perils past, what crosses to ensue,—  
 Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.  
 'Tis not ten years gone,  
 Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,  
 Did feast together, and, in two years after,  
 Were they at wars: It is but eight years, since  
 This Percy was the man nearest my soul;  
 Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,  
 And laid his love and life under my foot;  
 Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,  
 Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,<sup>a</sup>

Even past perils are painful in retrospect, as a man shrinks at the sight of a precipice from which he once fell.—To one part of Mr. M. Mason's observation it may be replied, that Shakspeare does not say, the *happiest*, but the *happiest*, youth; that is, *even* the happiest of mortals, *all* of whom are destined to a certain portion of misery.

Though what I have now stated may, I think, fairly be urged in support of what seems to have been Dr. Johnson's sense of this passage, yet I own Mr. M. Mason's interpretation is extremely ingenious, and probably is right. The perils here spoken of may not have been *actually* passed by the peruser of the book of fate, though they have been passed by him in "viewing his progress through;" or, in other words, though the register of them has been *perused* by him. They may be said to be *past* in one sense only; namely with respect to those which are to ensue; which are presented to his *eye* subsequently to those which precede. If the spirit and general tendency of the passage, rather than the grammatical expression, be attended to, this may be said to be the most obvious meaning. The construction is, "*What perils* having been *past*, *what crosses* are to *ensue*." MALONE.

<sup>a</sup> — But which of you was by, &c.] He refers to *King Richard II.* Act IV. sc. ii. But whether the king's or the author's memory fails him, so it was, that Warwick was not present at that conversation. JOHNSON.

Neither was the King himself present, so that he must have received information of what passed from Northumberland. His memory, indeed, is singularly treacherous, as, at the time of which he is now speaking, he had actually ascended the throne.

RITSON.

(You, cousin Nevil,<sup>3</sup> as I may remember,)

[To WARWICK.

When Richard,—with his eye brim-full of tears,  
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,—  
Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?  
*Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which  
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;—*  
Though then, heaven knows, I had no such in-  
tent;<sup>4</sup>

But that necessity so bow'd the state,  
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:—  
*The time shall come, thus did he follow it,  
The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,  
Shall break into corruption:—*so went on,  
Foretelling this same time's condition,  
And the division of our amity.

WAR. There is a history in all men's lives,  
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd:  
The which observ'd, a man may prophecy,

<sup>3</sup> ——— *cousin Nevil,*] Shakspeare has mistaken the name of the present nobleman. The earldom of Warwick was at this time in the family of *Beauchamp*, and did not come into that of the *Nevils* till many years after, in the latter end of the reign of King Henry VI. when it descended to *Anne Beauchamp*, (the daughter of the earl here introduced,) who was married to *Richard Nevil*, earl of Salisbury. STEVENS.

*Anne Beauchamp* was the wife of that Richard Nevil, (in her right,) earl of Warwick, and son to Richard earl of Salisbury who makes so conspicuous a figure in our author's *Second* and *Third Parts of King Henry VI.* He succeeded to the latter title on his father's death in 1460, but is never distinguished by it. RITSON.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *I had no such intent;*] He means, "I should have had no such intent, but that necessity" &c. or Shakspeare has here also forgotten his former play, or has chosen to make Henry forget his situation at the time mentioned. He had then actually accepted the crown. See *King Richard II.* Act IV. sc. i:

"In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne."

MALONE.

With a near aim, of the main chance of things  
 As yet not come to life; which in their seeds,  
 And weak beginnings, lie intreasured.  
 Such things become the hatch and brood of time;  
 And, by the necessary form of this,<sup>5</sup>  
 King Richard might create a perfect gues,;  
 That great Northumberland, then false to him,  
 Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness;  
 Which should not find a ground to root upon,  
 Unless on you.

*K. HEN.* Are these things then necessities?<sup>6</sup>  
 Then let us meet them like necessities:<sup>7</sup>—  
 And that same word even now cries out on us;  
 They say, the bishop and Northumberland  
 Are fifty thousand strong.

<sup>5</sup> *And, by the necessary form of this,]* I think we might better read:

— *the necessary form of things.*

The word *this* has no very evident antecedent. JOHNSON.

If any change were wanting, I would read:

*And, by the necessary form of these,*

i. e. the *things* mentioned in the preceding line. STEEVENS.

*And, by the necessary form of this, is, I apprehend, to be understood this history of the times deceased.* HENLEY.

<sup>6</sup> *Are these things then necessities?]* I suspect that—*things then* are interpolated words. They corrupt the measure, do not improve the sense, and the anticipation of *then*, diminishes the force of the same adverb in the following line. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Then let us meet them like necessities:]* I am inclined to read:

*Then let us meet them like necessity.*

That is, with the restless violence of necessity; then comes more aptly the following line:

*And that same word even now cries out on us.*

That is, the word *necessity*. JOHNSON.

That is, let us meet them with that patience and quiet temper with which men of fortitude meet those events which they know to be inevitable.—I cannot approve of Johnson's explanation.

M. MASON.

*WAR.* It cannot be, my lord;  
 Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,  
 The numbers of the fear'd :—Please it your grace,  
 To go to bed ; upon my life, my lord,  
 The powers that you already have sent forth,  
 Shall bring this prize in very easily.  
 To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd  
 A certain instance, that Glendower is dead.\*  
 Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill ;  
 And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add  
 Unto your sickness.

*K. HEN.* I will take your counsel :  
 And, were these inward wars once out of hand,  
 We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.†

[*Exeunt.*]

\* ——— *that Glendower is dead.*] *Glendower* did not die till after King Henry IV.

Shakespeare was led into this error by Holinshed, who places Owen Glendower's death in the tenth year of Henry's reign. See Vol. VIII. p. 494, n. 5. MALONE.

† ——— *unto the Holy Land.*] This play, like the former, proceeds in one unbroken tenor through the first edition, and there is therefore no evidence that the division of the acts was made by the author. Since, then, every editor has the same right to mark the intervals of action as the players, who made the present distribution, I should propose that this scene may be added to the foregoing act, and the remove from London to Gloucestershire be made in the intermediate time, but that it would shorten the next act too much, which has not even now its due proportion to the rest.

JOHNSON.

## SCENE II.

*Court before Justice Shallow's House in Gloucestershire.*<sup>9</sup>

*Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting; MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULLCALF, and Servants, behind.*

SHAL. Come on, come on, come on; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early stirrer, by the rood.<sup>2</sup> And how doth my good cousin Silence?

<sup>9</sup> — [*Justice Shallow's House in Gloucestershire.*] From the following passage in *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606, we may conclude that *Kempe* was the original *Justice Shallow*.—*Burbage* and *Kempe* are introduced instructing some Cambridge students to act. *Burbage* makes one of the students repeat some lines of *Hieronymo* and *King Richard III.* *Kempe* says to another, "Now for you,—methinks you belong to my tuition; and your face methinks would be good for a foolish Mayor, or a foolish Justice of Peace."—And again: "Thou wilt do well in time if thou wilt be ruled by thy betters, that is, by my selfe, and such grave aldermen of the playhouse as I am."—It appears from *Nashe's Apologie of Pierce Penniless*, 1593, that he likewise played the *Clown*: "What can be made of a ropemaker more than a clowne. Will. Kempe, I mistrust it will fall to thy lot for a merriment one of these dayes."

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — [*by the rood.*] i. e. the cross. POPE.

Hearne, in his *Glossary to Peter Langtoft*, p. 544, under the word *cross*, observes, that although the *cross* and the *rood* are commonly taken for the same, yet the *rood* properly signified formerly the image of Christ on the cross; so as to represent both the cross and figure of our blessed Saviour, as he suffered upon it. The *roods* that were in churches and chapels were placed in shrines that were called *rood lofts*. "*Roodloft*, (saith Blount,) is a shrine whereon was placed the cross of Christ. *The rood* was an image of Christ on the cross, made generally of wood, and erected in a loft for that purpose, just over the passage out of the church into the chancel." REED.



*SIL.*<sup>3</sup> Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

*SHAL.* And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow? and your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

*SIL.* Alas, a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

*SHAL.* By yea and nay, sir, I dare say, my cousin William is become a good scholar: He is at Oxford, still, is he not?

*SIL.* Indeed, sir; to my cost.

*SHAL.* He must then to the inns of court shortly: I was once of Clement's-inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

*SIL.* You were call'd—lustly Shallow, then, cousin.

*SHAL.* By the mass, I was call'd any thing; and I would have done any thing, indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotswold man,<sup>4</sup>—you had not four

Bullockar, however, is a better authority than any of these, being contemporary with Shakspeare. In his *English Expofitor*, 8vo. 1616, he defines *Rood* thus: "In land it signifies a quarter of an acre. It is sometimes taken for the picture of our Saviour upon the cross." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Sil.*] The oldest copy of this play was published in 1600. It must however have been acted somewhat earlier, as in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, which was performed in 1599, is the following reference to it: "No, lady, this is a kinsman to *Justice Silence*." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *Will Squele a Cotswold man,*] The games at Cotswold were, in the time of our author, very famous. Of these I have seen accounts in several old pamphlets; and Shallow, by distinguishing Will Squele, as a Cotswold man, meant to have him understood as one who was well versed in manly exercises, and consequently of a daring spirit, and an athletic constitution.

STEEVENS.

such swinge-bucklers<sup>5</sup> in all the inns of court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas<sup>6</sup> were; and had the best of them all at com-

The games of Cotswold, I believe, did not commence till the reign of James I. I have never seen any pamphlet that mentions them as having existed in the time of Elizabeth. Randolph speaks of their revival in the time of Charles I.; and from Dover's book they appear to have been revived in 1636. But this does not prove that they were exhibited in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. They certainly were in that of King James, and were probably discontinued after his death. However Cotswold might have been long famous for meetings of tumukuous swinge-bucklers. See Vol. III. p. 312, D. 7. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *swinge-bucklers*—] *Swinge-bucklers* and *swast-bucklers* were words implying rakes or rioters in the time of Shakspeare.

Nash, addressing himself to his old opponent Gabriel Harvey, 1598, says: "*Turpe senex miles*, 'tis time for such an olde foole to leave playing the *swast-buckler*."

Again, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607, Caraffa says, "when I was a scholar in Padua, faith, then I could have *swing'd a sword and buckler*," &c. STEEVENS.

West Smithfield (says the Continuator of Stowe's *Annals*, 1631,) was for many years called *Ruffians' Hall*, by reason it was the usual place of frays and common fighting, during the time that *sword and buckler* were in use; when every serving-man, from the base to the best, carried a buckler at his backe, which hung by the hilt or pommel of his sword which hung before him.—Untill the 20th year of Queen Elizabeth, it was usual to have frayes, fights, and quarrels upon the sundayes and holydayes, sometimes, twenty, thirty, and forty swords and bucklers, halfe against halfe, as well by quarrels of appointment as by chance.—And in the winter season all the high streets were much annoyed and troubled with hourly frayes, and *sword and buckler men*, who took pleasure in that *bragging* fight; and although they made great shew of much furie, and fought often, yet seldome any man was hurt, for thrusting was not then in use, neither would any one of twenty strike beneath the waste, by reason they held it cowardly and beastly." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *bona-robas*—] i. e. ladies of pleasure. *Bona Roba*, Ital. So, in *The Bride*, by Nabbes, 1640:

"Some *bona-roba* they have been sporting with."

STEEVENS.

See Florio's Italian Dict. 1598: "*Buona roba*, as we say good *stuff*; a good wholefome plump-cheeked wench." MALONE.

mandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now sir John, a boy; and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *Then was Jack Falstaff, now sir John, a boy; and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.*] The following circumstances, tending to prove that Shakspeare altered the name of *Oldcastle* to that of *Falstaff*, have hitherto been overlooked. In a poem by J. Weever, entitled, *The Mirror of Martyrs, or the Life and Death of that thrice valiant Capitaine and most godly Martyre Sir John Oldcastle, Knight, Lord Cobham*, 18mo, 1601. *Oldcastle*, relating the events of his life, says:

“ Within the spring-tide of my flow’ring youth,  
 “ He [his father] stept into the winter of his age;  
 “ Made meanes (Mercurius thus begins the truth)  
 “ That I was made *Sir Thomas Mowbrais page*.”

Again, in a pamphlet entitled, *The Wandering Jew telling fortunes to Englishmen*, 4to. (the date torn off, but apparently a republication about the middle of the last century) [1640] is the following passage in the *Glutton’s* speech: “ I do not live by the sweat of my brows, but am almost dead with sweating. I eat much, but can talk little. *Sir John Oldcastle* was my great grandfather’s father’s uncle. I come of a *buge* kindred.” REED.

Different conclusions are sometimes drawn from the same premises. Because Shakspeare borrowed a single circumstance from the life of the *real Oldcastle*, and imparted it to the *fictional Falstaff*, does it follow that the name of the former was ever employed as a cover to the vices of the latter? Is it not more likely, because *Falstaff* was known to possess one feature in common with *Oldcastle*, that the vulgar were led to imagine that *Falstaff* was only *Oldcastle* in disguise? Hence too might have arisen the story that our author was compelled to change the name of the one for that of the other; a story sufficiently specious to have imposed on the writer of *The Wandering Jew*, as well as on the credulity of *Field*, *Fuller*, and others, whose coincidence has been brought in support of an opinion contrary to my own. STEEVENS.

Having given my opinion very fully on this point in a former note, (see Vol. VIII. p. 370, & seq. n. 4.) I shall here only add, that I entirely concur with Mr. Steevens. There is no doubt that the *Sir John Oldcastle* of the anonymous *King Henry V.* suggested the character of *Falstaff* to Shakspeare; and hence he very naturally adopted this circumstance in the life of the *real Oldcastle*, and made his *Falstaff* page to *Mowbray duke of Norfolk*. The author of *The Wandering Jew* seems to have been misunderstood. He describes the *Glutton* as related to *some Sir John Oldcastle*, and there-

**SIL.** This fir John, coufin, that comes hither anon about foldiers?

**SHAL.** The fame fir John, the very fame. I faw him break Skogan's head<sup>8</sup> at the court gate, when

fore as a man of *buge* kindred; but he means a *fat* man, not a man nobly allied. From a pamphlet already quoted, entitled, *The Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinarie*, it appears that the *Oldcastle* of the old *K. Henry V.* was represented as a very fat man; (fee alfo the prologue to a play entitled *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600, in which the *Oldcastle* of the old *K. Henry V.* is defcribed as "a pampered glutton:") but we have no authority for fupposing that Lord Cobham was fatter than other men. Is it not evident then that the *Oldcastle* of the play of *King Henry V.* was the perfon in the contemplation of the author of *The Wandering Jew*? and how does the proof that Shakfpeare changed the name of his character advance by this means one ftep?—In addition to what I have fuggelted in a former note on this fubject, I may add, that it appears from Camden's *Remaines*, 1614, p. 146, that celebrated actors were fometimes diftinguifhed by the names of the perfons they represented on the ftage:—"that I may fay nothing of fuch as for well acting on the ftage have carried away the names of the perfonage which they have acted, and loft their names among the people."—If actors, then, were fometimes called by the names of the perfons they represented, what is more probable than that *Falftaff* fhould have been called by the multitude, and by the players, *Oldcastle*; not only becaufe there had been a popular character of that name in a former piece, whofe immediate fucceffor *Falftaff* was, and to whofe clothes and fictitious belly he fucceeded; but becaufe, as Shakfpeare himfelf intimates in his epilogue to this play, a falfe idea had gone abroad, that his jolly knight was, like his predeceffor, the theatrical representative of Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham?—See the note to the epilogue at the end of this play. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Skogan's head—] Who *Skogan* was, may be underftood from the following paffage in *The Fortunate Ifles*, a mafque by Ben Jonfon, 1626:

- " — Methinks you fhould enquire now after *Skelton*,  
 " And matter *Scogan*.  
 " — *Scogan*? what was he?  
 " Oh, a fine gentleman, and a matter of arts  
 " Of *Henry the Fourth's times*, that made difguifes  
 " For the king's fons, and writ in ballad royal  
 " Daintily well," &c.

Among the works of Chaucer is a poem called " *Scogan* unto the Lordes and Gentilmen of the Kinge's Houfe." STEVENS.

he was a crack,<sup>9</sup> not thus high : and the very fame day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruit-

In the written copy (says the editor of Chaucer's Works, 1598,) the title hereof is thus : " Here followethe a morall ballade to the Prince, now Prince Henry, the Duke of Clarence, the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Gloucester, the kinges sons, by *Henry Scogan*, at a supper among the merchants in the vintrey at London, in the house of Lewis John." The purport of the ballad is to dissuade them from spending their youth " folily."

*John Scogan*, who is said to have taken the degree of master of arts at Oxford, " being (says Mr. Warton) an excellent mimick, and of great pleasantry in conversation, became the favourite buffoon of the court of *King Edward IV.*" Bale and Tanner have confounded him with *Henry Scogan*, if indeed they were distinct persons, which I doubt. The compositions which Bale has attributed to the writer whom he supposes to have lived in the time of Edward IV. were written by the poet of the reign of Henry IV. ; which induces me to think that there was no poet or master of arts of this name, in the time of Edward. There might then have been a jester of the same name. *Scogin's* JESTS were published by Andrew Borde, a physician in the reign of Henry VIII. Shakspeare had probably met with this book; and as he was very little scrupulous about anachronisms, this person and not *Henry Scogan*, the poet of the time of Henry IV. may have been in his thoughts: I say may, for it is by no means certain, though the author of *Remarks* on the last edition of Shakspeare, &c. has asserted it with that confidence which distinguishes his observations.

Since this note was written, I have observed that Mr. Tyrwhitt agrees with me in thinking that there was no poet of the name of Scogan in the time of King Edward IV. nor any ancient poet of that name but *Henry Scogan*, Master of Arts, who lived in the time of King Henry IV. ; and he urges the same argument that I have done, namely, that the compositions which Bale ascribes to the supposed *John Scogan*, were written by Henry. Bale and Tanner, were, I believe, Mr. Warton's only authority.

" As to the two circumstances (says Mr. Tyrwhitt) of his being a *master of arts* of Oxford, and *jester* to the king, I can find no older authority for it than Dr. Borde's book. That he was contemporary with Chaucer, but so as to survive him several years, perhaps till the reign of Henry V. is sufficiently clear from this poem [the poem mentioned in the former part of my note].

" Shakspeare seems to have followed the jest-book, in considering *Scogan* as a mere buffoon, when he mentions as one of

erer, behind Gray's-inn. O, the mad days that I

Falstaff's boyish exploits that he broke Scogan's head at the court-gate." Tyrwhitt's *Chaucer*, Vol. V. Pref.

"Among a number of people of all sorts who had letters of protection to attend Richard II. upon his expedition into Ireland in 1399, is *Henricus Scogan, Armiger.*" *Ibidem*, p. xv.

MALONE.

This was *John Scogan*, jester to King Edward IV. and not *Henry*, the poet, who lived long before, but is frequently confounded with him. Our author, no doubt, was well read in John's *Jests*, "gathered by Andrew Boarde, doctor of physick," and printed in 4to. and black letter, but without date; and his existence, which has been lately called in question, (for what may not be called in question?) is completely ascertained by the following characteristic epitaph, accidentally retrieved from a contemporary manuscript in the Harleian library (No. 1587):

*Hic iacet in tumulto corpus SCOGAN ecce JOHANNIS ;  
Sic tibi pro speculo, letus fuit eius in annis :  
Leti transibunt, transitus vitare nequibunt ;  
Quo nescimus ibunt, vinoſi cito peribunt.*

Holinshed, speaking of the great men of Edward the Fourth's time, mentions "*Skogan*, a learned gentleman, and student for a time in Oxford, of a pleasaunte witte, and bent to mery deuises, in respect whereof he was called into the courte, where giuing himselfe to his naturall inclination of mirthe and pleasaunt pastime, he plaid many sporting parts, althoughe not in fuche vnciuill maner as hath bene of hym reported." These *unciuill reports* evidently allude to the above jest-book, a circumstance of which no one who consults it will have the least doubt. See also Bale's *Scriptores Britanniae*, and Tanner's *Bibliotheca Britannico-Hibernica*, art. SKOGAN. After all, there is some reason to believe that John was actually a little bit of a poet. Drayton, in his preface to his *Eclogues*, says, that "the Colin Clout of *Scogan*, under *Henry the Seventh*, is pretty;" clearly meaning some *pastoral* under that title, and of that age, which he must have read, and, consequently, not *Skelton's* poem so called, nor any thing of *Spenser's*. Langham, in his enumeration of Captain Cox's library, notices, "the Sergeantant that became a Fryar, *Skogan*, Collyn Clout, the Fryar and the Boy, Elynor Rumming, and the Nutbrooun Maid;" and that, by *Skogan*, the writer does not mean his *Jests*, is evident from the circumstance of all the rest being poetical tracts. He is elsewhere named in company with Skelton; and, in support of this idea, one may refer to the facetious epigram he wrote on taking his degree, at Oxford, of Master of Arts. Mr. Tyrwhitt's opinion will, on all occasions, be intitled to attention and respect; but

have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

SIL. We shall all follow, cousin.

SHAL. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

SIL. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

SHAL. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

SIL. Dead, sir.

SHAL. Dead!—See, see!—he drew a good bow;—And dead!—he shot a fine shoot:—John of Gaunt lov'd him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he would have clapp'd i'the clout<sup>1</sup> at twelve score;<sup>2</sup> and carry'd you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half,<sup>3</sup> that it would

*no opinion can have any weight whatever against a positive and incontrovertible fact.* RITSON.

<sup>1</sup> — a crack,] This is an old Islandic word, signifying a *boy* or *child*. One of the fabulous kings and heroes of Denmark, called *Hrolf*, was surnamed *Krake*. See the story in *Edda*, Fable 63.

TYRWHITT.

<sup>2</sup> — clapp'd i'the clout—] i. e. hit the white mark.

WARBURTON.

So, in *King Lear*: “O, well flown, bird!—i'the clout, i'the clout.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — at twelve score;] i. e. of yards. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, 1612:

“At markes full fortie score they us'd to prick and rove.”

MALONE.

This mode of expression certainly in this instance, and I believe in general, means *yards*; but the line from Drayton makes this opinion doubtful, or shows the extreme inaccuracy of the poet, for no man was ever capable of shooting an arrow forty score *yards*.

DOUCE.

<sup>4</sup> — fourteen and fourteen and a half,] That is, fourteen score of yards. JOHNSON.

have done a man's heart good to see.—How a score of ewes now?

*SIL.* Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

*SHAL.* And is old Double dead!

*Enter BARDOLPH, and one with him.*

*SIL.* Here come two of fir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

*BARD.* Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is justice Shallow?

*SHAL.* I am Robert Shallow, fir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: What is your good pleasure with me?

*BARD.* My captain, fir, commends him to you; my captain, fir John Falstaff: a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

*SHAL.* He greets me well, fir; I knew him a

*Twelve score* appears, however, from a passage in Churchyard's *Charitie*, 1595, to have been no shot of an extraordinary length:

“ They hit the white that never shot before,

“ No marke-men fure, nay bunglers in their kind,

“ A sort of swads that scarce can shoot twelve score.”

*STEEVENS.*

The utmost distance that the archers of ancient times reached, is supposed to have been about three hundred yards. Old Double therefore certainly drew a good bow. *MALONE.*

Shakspeare probably knew what he was about when he spoke of archery, which in his time was practised by every one. He is describing Double as a very excellent archer, and there is no inconsistency in making such a one shoot fourteen score and a half; but it must be allowed that none but a most extraordinary archer would be able to *hit a mark* at twelve score. Some allowance however should be made when the speaker is considered.

*DOUGL.*



good backward man: How doth the good knight?  
may I ask, how my lady his wife doth?

*BARD.* Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated, than with a wife.

*SHAL.* It is well said, in faith, fir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes of *accommodo*: very good; a good phrase.<sup>s</sup>

*BARD.* Pardon me, fir; I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? By this good day, I know not the phrase: but I will maintain the word with my sword, to be a soldierlike word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated; That is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated: or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*SHAL.* It is very just:—Look, here comes good

<sup>s</sup> ——— *very good; a good phrase. &c.*] *Accommodate* was a modified term of that time, as Ben Jonson informs us: “You are not to cast or wring for the perfumed terms of the time, as *accommodation*, complement, spirit, &c. but use them properly in their places as others.” *DISCOVERIES.* Hence Bardolph calls it a word of *exceeding good command*. His definition of it is admirable, and highly satirical: nothing being more common than for inaccurate speakers or writers, when they should define, to put their hearers off with a synonymous term; or, for want of that, even with the same term differently *accommodated*: as in the instance before us.

WARBURTON.

The same word occurs in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*:

“Hostess, *accommodate* us with another bedstaff:  
“The woman does not understand *the words of action*.”

STEVENS.

fir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand: By my troth, you look well, and bear your years very well: welcome, good fir John.

*FAL.* I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow:—Master Sure-card, as I think.<sup>6</sup>

*SHAL.* No, fir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

*FAL.* Good master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

*SIL.* Your good worship is welcome.

*FAL.* Fie! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

*SHAL.* Marry, have we, fir. Will you fit?

*FAL.* Let me see them, I beseech you.

*SHAL.* Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?—Let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so: Yea, marry, fir:—Ralph Mouldy:—let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so.—Let me see; Where is Mouldy?

*MOUL.* Here, an't please you.

*SHAL.* What think you, fir John? a good limb'd fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

*FAL.* Is thy name Mouldy?

*MOUL.* Yea, an't please you.

*FAL.* 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

*SHAL.* Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i'faith! things,

<sup>6</sup> — [*Master Sure-card, as I think.*] It is observable, that many of Shakspeare's names are invented, and characteristic. *Master Forth-right*, the tilter; *Master Shoe-tie*, the traveller; *Master Smoosh*, the silkman; *Mrs. Over-done*, the bawd; *Kate Keep-down*, *Jane Night-work*, &c. *Sure-card* was used as a term for a boon companion, so lately as the latter end of the last century, by one of the translators of *Suetonius*. MALONE.

that are mouldy, lack use: Very singular good!—  
In faith, well said, fir John; very well said.

*FAL.* Prick him.

[*To SHALLOW.*

*MOUL.* I was prick'd well enough before, an  
you could have let me alone: my old dame will be  
undone now, for one to do her husbandry, and her  
drudgery: you need not to have prick'd me; there  
are other men fitter to go out than I.

*FAL.* Go to; peace, Mouldy, you shall go. Mouldy,  
it is time you were spent.

*MOUL.* Spent!

*SHAL.* Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside; Know  
you where you are?—For the other, fir John:—  
let me see;—Simon Shadow!

*FAL.* Ay marry, let me have him to fit under:  
he's like to be a cold foldier.

*SHAL.* Where's Shadow?

*SHAD.* Here, fir.

*FAL.* Shadow, whose son art thou?

*SHAD.* My mother's son, fir.

*FAL.* Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy  
father's shadow: so the son of the female is the  
shadow of the male: It is often so, indeed; but  
not much of the father's substance.

*SHAD.* Do you like him, fir John?

*FAL.* Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him;  
—for we have a number of shadows to fill up the  
muster-book.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> — *we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.*  
That is, we have in the muster book many names for which we  
receive pay, though we have not the men. JOHNSON.

So, in Barnabie Riche's *Souldiers Wisbe to Britons Welfare, or  
Captaine Skill and Captaine Pill*, 1604, p. 19: "One speciall

*SHAL.* Thomas Wart!

*FAL.* Where's he?

*WART.* Here, fir.

*FAL.* Is thy name Wart?

*WART.* Yea, fir.

*FAL.* Thou art a very ragged wart.

*SHAL.* Shall I prick him, fir John.

*FAL.* It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

*SHAL.* Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, fir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

*FEE.* Here, fir.

*FAL.* What trade art thou, Feeble?

*FEE.* A woman's tailor, fir.

*SHAL.* Shall I prick him, fir?

*FAL.* You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have prick'd you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

*FEE.* I will do my good will, fir; you can have no more.

*FAL.* Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, master Shallow; deep, master Shallow.

*FEE.* I would, Wart might have gone, fir.

*FAL.* I would, thou wert a man's tailor; that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go.

meane that a shifting captaine hath to deceive his prince, is in his number, to take pay for a whole company, when he hath not halfe." STEVERNS.

I cannot put him to a private foldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

*FEE.* It shall suffice, sir.

*FAL.* I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.— Who is next?

*SHAL.* Peter Bull-calf of the green!

*FAL.* Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

*BULL.* Here, sir.

*FAL.* 'Fore God, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me Bull-calf, till he roar again.

*BULL.* O lord! good my lord captain,—

*FAL.* What, dost thou roar before thou art prick'd?

*BULL.* O lord, sir! I am a diseas'd man.

*FAL.* What disease hast thou?

*BULL.* A whoreson cold, sir; a cough, sir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation day, sir.

*FAL.* Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order,<sup>8</sup> that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here *all*?

*SHAL.* Here is two more call'd than your number;<sup>9</sup> you must have but four here, sir;—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

<sup>8</sup> — take such order,] i. e. take such measures. So, in *Othello*:

“Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Here is two more call'd than your number;] Five only have been called, and the number required is *four*. Some name seems to have been omitted by the transcriber. The restoration of this sixth man would solve the difficulty that occurs below; for when

*FAL.* Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, master Shallow.

*SHAL.* O, fir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in faint George's fields.<sup>9</sup>

*FAL.* No more of that, good master Shallow, no more of that.

*SHAL.* Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

*FAL.* She lives, master Shallow.

*SHAL.* She never could away with me.<sup>4</sup>

*FAL.* Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide master Shallow.

*SHAL.* By the masfs, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba.<sup>3</sup> Doth she hold her own well?

*FAL.* Old, old, master Shallow.

Mouldy and Bull-calf are set aside, Falstaff, as Dr. Farmer has observed, gets but *three* recruits. Perhaps our author himself is answerable for this slight inaccuracy. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *the windmill in faint George's-fields.*] It appears from the following passage in *Churchyard's Dreame*, a poem that makes part of the collection entitled his *Chippes*, 4to. 1578, that this *windmill* was a place of notoriety:

“ And from the *windmill* this dreamd he,  
“ Where hakney horfes hired be.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *She never could away with me.*] This expression of dislike is used by Maurice Kyffin, in his translation of the *Andria* of Terence, 1588: “ All men that be in love *can ill away* to have wives appointed them by others.” Perhaps the original meaning was—*such a one cannot travel on the same road with me.*

STEEVENS.

So, in Harrington's *Orlando Furioso*, Book I:

“ — scarce to look on him she can *away*.”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *bona-roba.*] A fine showy wanton. JOHNSON.

*SHAL.* Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain, she's old; and had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's-inn.

*SIL.* That's fifty-five year ago.

*SHAL.* Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, fir John, said I well?<sup>4</sup>

*FAL.* We have heard the chimes at midnight, 'mafter Shallow.

*SHAL.* That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, fir John, we have; our watch-word was, *Hem, boys!*—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner:—O, the days that we have seen!—Come, come.

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, and SILENCE.]

*BULL.* Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, fir, I had as lief be hang'd, fir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, fir, I do not care; but, rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, fir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

*BARD.* Go to; stand aside.

*MOUL.* And good master corporal captain, for

*Bona-roba* was in our author's time, the common term for a harlot. It is used in that sense by Ben Jonson in his *Every Man out of his Humour*, and by many others. STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *said I well?*] This phrase has already occurred in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. See Vol. III. p. 331, n. 5. STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *the chimes at midnight,*] So, in the second part of an ancient song entitled *A Bill of Fare*, &c. bl. 1:

“ We rose from our mirth with the *twelve o'clock chimes.*”

STEVENS.

my old dame's fake, stand my friend : she has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone ; and she is old, and cannot help herself : you shall have forty, fir.

*BARD.* Go to ; stand aside.

*FEB.* By my troth I care not ;—a man can die but once ;—we owe God a death ;—I'll ne'er bear a base mind :—an't be my destiny, so ; an't be not, so : No man's too good to serve his prince ; and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year, is quit for the next.

*BARD.* Well said ; thou'rt a good fellow,

*FEE.* 'Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

*Re-enter FALSTAFF, and Justices.*

*FAL.* Come, fir, which men shall I have ?

*SHAL.* Four, of which you please.

*BARD.* Sir, a word with you :—I have three pound<sup>s</sup> to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.

*FAL.* Go to ; well.

*SHAL.* Come, fir John, which four will you have ?

*FAL.* Do you choose for me.

*SHAL.* Marry then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

*FAL.* Mouldy, and Bull-calf :—For you, Mouldy, stay at home still ; you are past service :<sup>6</sup>—and, for

<sup>5</sup> — *I have three pound—*] Here seems to be a wrong computation. He had forty shillings for each. Perhaps he meant to conceal part of the profit. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *For you, Mouldy, stay at home still ; you are past service :*] The old copies read—*For you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service.* STEEVENS.



your part, Bull-calf,—grow till you come unto it ;  
I will none of you.

*SHAL.* Sir John, fir John, do not yourself wrong ;  
they are your likeliest men, and I would have you  
serv'd with the best.

*FAL.* Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to  
choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes,<sup>7</sup>  
the stature, bulk, and big affemblance of a man!<sup>8</sup>  
Give me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's Wart ;  
—you see what a ragged appearance it is : he shall  
charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of

This should surely be: "For you, *Mouldy*, you have stay'd at home," &c. *Falstaff* has before a similar allusion, "Tis the more time thou wert used."

There is some mistake in the number of recruits : *Shallow* says, that *Falstaff* should have *four* there, but he appears to get but *three* : *Wart*, *Shadow*, and *Feeble*." *FARMER*.

See p. 133, n. 8. I believe, "stay at home till you are past service," is right ; the subsequent part of the sentence being likewise imperative ; "and, for your part, Bull-calf, grow till you come unto it." *MALONE*.

Perhaps this passage should be read and pointed thus: *For you, Mouldy, stay at home still; you are past service*:— *TYRWHITT*.

I have admitted Mr. Tyrwhitt's amendment, as it is the least violent of the two proposed, being effected by a slight change in punctuation, and the supplement of a single letter. *STEEVENS*.

<sup>7</sup> —the thewes,] i. e. the muscular strength or appearance of manhood. So again:

"For nature crescent, does not grow alone  
"In thewes and bulk."

In ancient writers this term usually implies manners, or behaviour only. Spenser often employs it ; and I find it likewise in *Gascoigne's Glass of Government*, 1575:

"And honour'd more than bees of better thewes."

Shakspeare is perhaps singular in his application of it to the perfections of the body. *STEEVENS*.

It is so applied in *The Marriage of Sir Gawaine*, printed in *The Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, Vol. III:

"Hee's twice the size of common men,  
"Wi' thewes and sinewes stronge." *HOLT WHITE*.

<sup>8</sup> —assemblance of a man!] Thus the old copies. The modern editors read—*assemblage*. *STEEVENS*.

a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket.<sup>9</sup> And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow,—give me this man; he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman<sup>2</sup> may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife: And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off? O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones.—Put me a caliver<sup>3</sup> into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

*BARD.* Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

<sup>9</sup> — *swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket.*] Swifter than he that carries beer from the vat to the barrel, in buckets hung upon a gibbet or beam crossing his shoulders.

JOHNSON.

I do not think Johnson's explanation of this passage just.—The carrying beer from the vat to the barrel, must be a matter that requires more labour than swiftness. Falstaff seems to mean, "swifter than he that puts the buckets on the gibbet;" for as the buckets at each end of the gibbet must be put on at the same instant, it necessarily requires a quick motion. M. MASON.

<sup>2</sup> — *foeman*—] This is an obsolete term for *an enemy in war*.  
STEEVENS.

So, in *Selimus*, 1594:

"For he that never saw his *foeman's* face,

"But alwaies slept upon a ladies lap" &c. HENDERSON.

<sup>3</sup> — *caliver*—] A hand-gun. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Masque of Flowers*, 1613: "The serjeant of Kawalwa carried on his shoulders a great tobacco-pipe as big as a *caliver*."

It is singular that Shakspeare, who has so often derived his sources of merriment from recent customs or fashionable follies, should not once have mentioned *tobacco*, though at a time when all his contemporaries were active in its praise or its condemnation.

It is equally remarkable (as Dr. Farmer observes to me) that he has written no lines on the death of any poetical friend, nor commendatory verses on any living author, which was the constant practice of Jonson, Fletcher, &c. Perhaps the singular modesty of Shakspeare hindered him from attempting to decide on the merits of others, while his liberal turn of mind forbade him to express such gross and indiscriminate praises as too often disgrace the names of many of his contemporaries. Our author, indeed, seems to condemn this practice, through a sentiment given to

*FAL.* Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapp'd, bald shot.<sup>4</sup>—Well said, i'faith Wart; thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester for thee.

*SHAL.* He is not his craft's-master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green,<sup>5</sup> (when

Rosaline in *Love's Labour's Lost*, where, speaking of the Princess, she says—

“ My lady, (to the manner of these days)

“ In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.” STEVENS.

*Mr. Grose*, in *A Treatise on ancient Armour and Weapons*, 4to. p. 67, says: “ That a caliver was less and lighter than a musquet, as is evident from its being fired without a rest. This is shown in a Military Treatise, containing the *Exercise of the Musket, Caliver, and Pike*, with figures finely engraved by *J. de Gbeyn*.” And in a note in *loc.* *Mr. Grose* also observes, “ That this is confirmed by *Shakspeare*, where *Falstaff* reviewing his recruits, says of *Wart*, a poor, weak, underfized fellow, ‘ put me a caliver into *Wart's* hands,’—meaning that although *Wart* is unfit for a musquetteer, yet if armed with a lighter piece he may do good service.”

VAILLANT.

<sup>4</sup> — bald shot.] *Shot* is used for *shooter*, one who is to fight by shooting. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Exercise of armes for Calivres, Muskettes, and Pykes*, 1619: “ First of all is in this figure showed to every *shot* how he shall stand and marche, and cary his *caliver*,” &c. With this instance I was furnished by *Dr. Farmer*. We still say of a skilful sportsman or game-keeper, that he is a good *shot*. STEVENS.

Again, in *Stowe's Annales*, 1631: “ men with armour, ensignes, drums, fifes, and other furniture for the wars, the greater part whereof were *shot*, the other were pikes and halberts, in faire corslets.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — Mile-end green,] We learn from *Stowe's Chronicle*, (edit. 1615, p. 702,) that in the year 1585, 4000 citizens were trained and exercised at *Mile-end*. It appears, however, that the pupils of this military school were but slightly thought of; for in *Barnabie Riche's Souldiers Wisbe to Britons Welfare, or Captaine Skill and Captaine Pill*, 1604, is the following passage: “ *Skill*. God bleffe me, my countrey, and frendes, from his direction that hath no better experience than what hee hath atteyned unto at the fetching

I lay at Clement's inn,<sup>6</sup>—I was then fir Dagonet in Arthur's show,) <sup>7</sup> there was a little quiver fellow,<sup>8</sup>

home of a Maye-pole, at a Midfomer fighte, or from *à trayning at Mile-end-greene.*" STEEVENS.

From the same *Chronicle*, p. 789, edit. 1631, it appears that "thirty thousand citizens—*shewed* on the 27th of August 1599, on the *Miles-end*, where they trained all that day, and other dayes, under their captaines, (also citizens,) until the 4th of September."

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *I remember at Mile-end green, when I lay at Clement's-inn,*] "When I lay," here signifies, when I *lodged* or *lived*. So *Leland*: "An old manor place where in tymes passe sum of the Moulbrays lay for a starte;" i. e. *lived for a time, or sometimes.* *Itin.* Vol. I. fol. 119. T. WARTON.

Again, in Marston's *What you Will*, a comedy, 1607:

"Survey'd with wonder by me, when I lay

"Factor in London." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *I was then fir Dagonet in Arthur's show,*] The story of *Sir Dagonet* is to be found in *La Morte d'Arthure*, an old romance much celebrated in our author's time, or a little before it. "When papistry (says Ascham, in his *Schoolmaster*,) as a standing pool, overflowed all England, few books were read in our tongue saving certaine books of chivalry, as they said, for pastime and pleasure; which books, as some say, were made in monasteries by idle monks. As one for example, *La Mort d'Arthure.*" In this romance *Sir Dagonet* is King Arthur's fool. Shakspeare would not have shown his *justice* capable of representing any higher character. JOHNSON.

*Sir Dagonet* is king Arthur's 'squire; but does he mean that he acted *Sir Dagonet* at *Mile-end Green*, or at *Clement's-inn*? By the application of a parenthesis only, the passage will be cleared from ambiguity, and the sense I would assign, will appear to be just.—*I remember at Mile-end Green (when I lay at Clement's-inn, I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show) there was, &c.* That is: "I remember when I was a very young man at *Clement's-inn*, and not fit to act any higher part than *Sir Dagonet* in the interludes which we used to play in the society, that among the soldiers who were exercised at *Mile-end Green*, there was," &c. The performance of this part of *fir Dagonet* was another of *Shallow's* feats at *Clement's inn*, on which he delights to expatiate; a circumstance in the mean time, quite foreign to the purpose of what he is saying, but introduced, on that account, to heighten the ridicule of his character. Just as he had told *Silence*, a little before, that

and 'a would manage you his piece thus: and 'a would about, and about, and come you in, and

he saw Scogan's head broke by Falstaff at the court-gate, "and the *very same day*, I did fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-inn." Not to mention the satire implied in making Shallow act for Dagonet, who was king Arthur's fool. *Arthur's show*, here supposed to have been presented at Clement's-inn, was probably an interlude, or masque, which actually existed, and was very popular in Shakspeare's age: and seems to have been compiled from Mallory's *Morte Arthur*, or the History of King Arthur, then recently published, and the favourite and most fashionable romance.

That *Mile-end Green* was the place for publick sports and exercises, we learn from Froifart.

Theobald remarks on this passage: "The only intelligence I have gleaned of this worthy knight (sir Dagonet) is from Beaumont and Fletcher, in their *Knight of the Burning Pestle*."

The commentators on Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle* have not observed that the design of that play is founded upon a comedy called *The Four Prentices of London, with the Conquest of Jerusalem*; as it hath been diverse Times acted at the *Red Bull*, by the *Queen's Majesty's Servants*. Written by Thomas Heywood, 1613. For as in Beaumont and Fletcher's play, a grocer in the Strand turns knight-errant, making his apprentice his 'squire, &c. so in Heywood's play, four apprentices accoutre themselves as knights, and go to Jerusalem in quest of adventures. One of them, the most important character, is a goldsmith, another a grocer, another a mercer, and a fourth an haberdasher. But Beaumont and Fletcher's play, though founded upon it, contains many satirical strokes against Heywood's comedy, the force of which are entirely lost to those who have not seen that comedy.

Thus in Beaumont and Fletcher's prologue, or first scene, a citizen is introduced declaring that, in the play, he "will have a grocer, and he shall do admirable things."

Again, Act I. sc. i. Rafe says: "Amongst all the worthy books of achievements, I do not call to mind that I have yet read of a grocer-errant: I will be the said knight. Have you heard of any that hath wandered unfurnished of his 'squire, and dwarf? My elder brother Tim shall be my trusty 'squire, and George my dwarf."

In the following passage the allusion to Heywood's comedy is demonstrably manifest, Act IV. sc. i:

"*Boy*. It will show ill-favour'dly to have a grocer's prentice court a king's daughter.

come you in: *rab, tab, tab*, would 'a say; *bounce*, would 'a say; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come:—I shall never see such a fellow.

“*Cit.* Will it so, fir? You are well read in histories; I pray you who was fir Dagonet? Was he not prentice to a grocer in London? Read the play of *The Four Prentices*, where they tofs their pikes so.”

In Heywood's comedy, Eustace the grocer's prentice is introduced courting the daughter of the king of France; and in the frontispiece the four prentices are represented in armour tilting with javelins. Immediately before the last quoted speeches we have the following instances of allusion:

“*Cit.* Let the Sophy of Persia come, and christen him a child.”

“*Boy.* Believe me, fir, that will not do so well; 'tis flat; it has been before at the Red Bull.”

A circumstance in Heywood's comedy; which, as has been already specified, was acted at the Red Bull. Beaumont and Fletcher's play is pure burlesque. Heywood's is a mixture of the droll and serious, and was evidently intended to ridicule the reigning fashion of reading romances. T. WARTON.

This account of the matter was so reasonable, that I believe every reader must have been satisfied with it; but a passage in a forgotten book, which has been obligingly communicated to me by the Reverend Mr. Bowle, induces me to think that the words before us have hitherto been misunderstood; that *Arthur's Show* was not an *interlude*, but an EXHIBITION OF ARCHERY; and that Shallow represented *Sir Dagonet*, not at Clement's Inn, but at Mile-end Green. Instead therefore of placing the words “I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,” in a parenthesis, (as recommended very properly by Mr. Warton on his hypothesis,) I have included in a parenthesis the words “when I lay at Clement's Inn.” And thus the meaning is,—I remember, when I was student and resided at Clement's Inn, that on a certain *exhibition-day* at Mile-end Green, when I was Sir Dagonet, &c.

“A society of men (I now use the words of Mr. Bowle) styling themselves ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS, existed in our poet's time. Richard Mulcaster, master of St. Paul's School, in his *Positions concerning the training up of Children*, twice printed in London, 1581 and 1587, in 4to. (my copy wants the title,) ch. xxvi. in praising of *Archerie* as a principal exercise to the preservation of health, says,—‘how can I but praye them, who professe it thoroughly, and maintaine it nobly, the friendly and frank *fellowship* of Prince ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS, in and about the citie of London? which

*FAL.* These fellows will do well, master Shallow.—God keep you, master Silence; I will not use many words with you:—Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

if I had sacred to filence, would not my good friend in the citie, Maister *Hewgh Offy*, and the same my noble fellow in that order, *SYR LAUNCELOT*, at our next meeting have given me a soure nodde, being the chief furtherer of the fact which I commend, and the famousst *knight* of the *fellowship* which I am of? Nay, would not even Prince *ARTHUR* himselfe, Maister *Thomas Smith*, and the whole *table* of those well known knights, and most active archers, have laid in their challenge against their *fellow-knight*, if speaking of their pastime I should have spared their names? This quotation (adds Mr. Bowle) rescues three of them from oblivion; and it is not to be presumed that *the whole table of these well known knights*, most probably pretty numerous, could escape the knowledge of Shakspeare.—Maister Hewgh Offy was sheriff of London in 1588."

The passage above quoted places Shallow's words in so clear a light that they leave me little to add upon the subject. We see that though he is apt enough to introduce frivolous and foreign circumstances, the mention of *Sir Dagonet* here, is not of that nature, Mile-end Green being probably the place where *ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS* displayed their skill in archery, or in other words, where *ARTHUR'S SHOW* was exhibited.

Whether this fellowship existed in the reign of *Henry IV.* is very unnecessary to enquire. We see in almost every one of his plays how little scrupulous Shakspeare was in ascribing the customs of his own time to preceding ages.

It may perhaps be objected, that the "little quiver fellow," afterwards mentioned, is not described as an *archer*, but as managing a *piece*; but various exercises might have been practised at the same time at Mile-end Green. If, however, this objection should appear to the reader of any weight, by extending the parenthesis to the words—"Arthur's Show," it is obviated; for Shallow might have resided at Clement's Inn, and displayed his feats of archery in *Arthur's show* elsewhere, not on the day here alluded to. The meaning will then be, I remember when I resided at Clement's Inn, and in the exhibition of archery made by Arthur's knights I used to represent Sir Dagonet, that among the soldiers exercised at Mile-end green, there was, &c. MALONE.

§ — a little quiver fellow,] *Quiver* is nimble, active, &c. "There is a maner fishe that hyght mugill, which is full *quiver* and swifte." *Bartholomeus*, 1535, bl. 1. HENDERSON.

*SHAL.* Sir John, heaven blefs you, and prosper your affairs, and fend us peace! As you return, visit my house; let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure, I will with you to the court.

*FAL.* I would you would, master Shallow.

*SHAL.* Go to; I have spoke, at a word. Fare you well. [*Exeunt SHALLOW and SILENCE.*]

*FAL.* Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH, Recruits, &c.*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of justice Shallow. Lord, lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starv'd justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-street;\* and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-inn, like a man made

\* ——— about Turnbull-street;] In an old comedy called *Ram-Alley, or Merry-Tricks*, this street is mentioned again:

“ You swaggering, cheating, *Turnbull-street* rogue.”

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*: “ Here has been such a hurry, such a din, such dismal drinking, swearing, &c. we have all liv'd in a perpetual *Turnbull-street*.”

Nash, in *Pierce Penniless his Supplication*, commends the sifters of *Turnbull-street* to the patronage of the Devil.

Again, in *The Inner Temple Mosque*, by Middleton, 1619:

“ 'Tis in your charge to pull down bawdy-houses,

“ ————— cause spoil in Shoreditch,

“ And deface *Turnbull*.”

Again, in Middleton's comedy, called *Any Thing for a quiet Life*, a French bawd says: “ J'ay une fille qui parle un peu François; elle conversera avec vous, a la Fleur de Lys, en *Turnbull-street*.”

*Turnbull* or *Turnmill-street*, is near Cow-crofs, West-Smithfield.

The continuator of Stow's *Annals*, informs us that *West Smithfield*, (at present the horse-market,) was formerly called *Russian's Hall*, where turbulent fellows met to try their skill at sword and buckler. STEEVENS.

See Vol. III. p. 373, n. 3. MALONE.



after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a fork'd radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick fight were invisible:<sup>9</sup> he was the very Genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores call'd him—mandrake:<sup>2</sup> he came ever

<sup>9</sup> — *were* invisible:] The old copies read, by an apparent error of the press, *invincible*. Mr. Rowe introduced the necessary change. STEEVENS.

— *were* invincible:] That is, could not be *mastered* by any thick fight. Mr. Rowe and the other modern editors read, I think without necessity, *invisible*. MALONE.

*Invincible* cannot possibly be the true reading, *invincible to*, not being English; for who ever wrote or said—not be conquered *to*?

*Invincible by* is the usual phrase; though Shakspeare, in *Much ado about Nothing*, makes Don Pedro say, “I would have thought her spirit had been *invincible against* all assaults of affection;” a sufficient proof that he would not have written “*invincible to* a thick fight.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *call'd him—mandrake*:] This appellation will be somewhat illustrated by the following passage in *Caltha Poetarum, or the Bumble Bee*, composed by T. Cutwode, Esqyre, 1599. This book was commanded by the archbishop of Canterbury and the bishop of London to be burnt at Stationers' Hall in the 41st year of Queen Elizabeth:

- “ Upon the place and ground where *Caltha* grew,
- “ A mightie *mandrag* there did Venus plant;
- “ An object for faire *Primula* to view,
- “ Resembling man from thighs unto the shank,” &c.

The rest of the description might prove yet further explanatory; but on some subjects silence is less reprehensible than information.

In the age of Shakspeare, however, (as I learn from Thomas Lupton's *Third Booke of Notable Things*, 4to. bl. l.) it was customary “to make *counterfeat Mandrag*, which is sold by deceyuers for much money.” Out of the great double root of Briony (by means of a process not worth transcribing) they produced the kind of priapic idol to which Shallow has been compared.

STEEVENS.

Bullein in his *Bullwark of Defence against all Sicknesse*, &c. fol. 1597, p. 41, speaking of *mandrake*, says: “ — this hearbe is

in the rearward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the over-scutch'd<sup>3</sup> huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware—they were his fancies, or his good-nights.<sup>4</sup> And now is this Vice's dagger<sup>5</sup> become a squire; and talks as familiarly

called also *Anthropomorphos*, because it beareth the image of a man; and that is false. For no herbe hath the shape of a man or woman; no truly, it is not naturall of his owne growing: but by the crafty invention of some false men it is done by arte."—"My friend Marcellus, the description of this *mandrake*, as I have sayd, was nothing but the imposturous subtilty of wicked people. Perhaps of fryers or superstitious monkes which have wrytten thereof at length; but as for *Dioscorides*, *Galen*, and *Plinie*, &c. they have not wrytten thereof so largely as for to have head, armes, fyngers," &c. REED.

See a former scene of this play, p. 24, n. 5; and Sir Thomas Brown's *Vulgar Errors*, p. 72, edit. 1686. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— over-scutch'd—] That is, whipt, carted. POPE.

I rather think that the word means *dirty* or *grimed*. The word *huswives* agrees better with this sense. Shallow crept into mean houses, and boasted his accomplishments to *dirty* women.

JOHNSON.

Ray, among his north country words, says that an *over-switch'd* *huswife* is a strumpet. *Over-scutch'd* has undoubtedly the meaning which Mr. Pope has affixed to it. *Over-scutch'd* is the same as *over-scutch'd*. A *scutch* or *scotch* is a cut or lash with a rod or whip.

STEVENS.

The following passage in *Maroccus Extaticus, or Bankes' bay Horse in a Traunce*, 4to. 1595, inclines me to believe that this word is used in a wanton sense: "The lecherous landlord hath his wench at his commandment, and is content to take ware for his money; his private *scutcherie* hurts not the common-wealth farther than that his whoore shall have a house rent-free." MALONE.

Now I bethink me, the pleasant Esquire aforesaid may have reason on the side of his enucleation; for is not the name of a procurer—Mrs. *Overdone*, in *Measure for Measure*? and hath not that festive varlet Sir John Falstaff talked of his "white doe with a black *scut*?" AMNER.

<sup>4</sup> ——— fancies, or his good-nights.] *Fancies* and *Good-nights* were the titles of little poems. One of Gascoigne's *Good-nights* is published among his *Flowers*. STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *And now is this Vice's dagger—*] By *Vice* here the poet

of John of Gaunt, as if he had been sworn brother to him: and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst his head,<sup>6</sup> for crowding among the marshal's men. I

means that droll character in the old plays (which I have several times mentioned in the course of these notes) equipped with asses ears and a wooden dagger. It was very satirical in Falstaff to compare Shallow's activity and impertinence to such a machine as a wooden dagger in the hands and management of a buffoon.

THEOBALD.

See Vol. IV. p. 146, n. 6. STEEVENS.

*Vice* was the name given to a droll figure, heretofore much shown upon our stage, and brought in to play the fool and make sport for the populace. His dress was always a long jerkin, a fool's cap with ass's ears, and a thin wooden dagger, such as is still retained in the modern figures of Harlequin and Scaramouch. Minshew, and others of our more modern criticks, strain hard to find out the etymology of the word, and fetch it from the Greek: probably we need look no further for it than the old French word *Vis*, which signified the same as *Vifage* does now. From this in part came *Visdase*, a word common among them for a fool, which Menage says is but a corruption from *Vis d'asne*, the face or head of an ass. It may be imagined therefore that *Visdase*, or *Vis d'asne*, was the name first given to this foolish theatrical figure, and that by vulgar use it was shortened to plain *Vis* or *Vice*. HANMER.

The word *Vice* is an abbreviation of *Devise*; for in our old dramatic shows, where he was first exhibited, he was nothing more than an artificial figure, a puppet moved by machinery, and then originally called a *Devise* or *Vice*. In these representations he was a constant and the most popular character, afterwards adopted into the early comedy. The smith's machine called a *vice*, is an abbreviation of the same sort.—Hamlet calls his uncle “a *vice* of kings,” a fantastic and *factitious* image of majesty, a mere *puppet* of royalty. See Jonson's *Alchymist*, Act I. sc. iii:

“And on your stall a *puppet* with a *vice*.” T. WARTON.

<sup>6</sup> — *he burst his head,*] Thus the folio and quarto. The modern editors read *broke*. To *break* and to *burst* were, in our poet's time, synonymously used. Thus Ben Jonson, in his *Roest-aster*, translates the following passage in Horace:

— *fracta pereuntes cuspide Gallos.*

“The lances *burst* in Gallia's slaughter'd forces.”

saw it; and told John of Gaunt, he beat his own name: <sup>7</sup> for you might have trufs'd him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin; the case of a treble haut-boy was a mansion for him, a court; and now has he land and beeves. Well; I will be acquainted with him, if I return: and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me: <sup>8</sup> If

So, in *The Old Legend of Sir Bevis of Hampton* :

“ But syr Bevis so hard him thrust, that his shoulder-bone he burst.”

Again, in the Second Part of *Tamburlaine*, 1590 :

“ Whose chariot wheels have burst th' Assyrian's bones.”

Again, in *Holinshed*, p. 809: “ that manie a speare was burst, and manie a great stripe given.”

To *brast* had the same meaning. Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, calls a housebreaker “ a breaker and *braster* of doors.” The same author constantly uses *burst* as synonymous to *broken*. See Vol. VI. p. 386, n. 6. STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *beat his own name*:] That is, beat *gaunt*, a fellow so slender, that his name might have been *gaunt*. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *philosopher's two stones*—] One of which was an universal medicine, and the other a transmuter of base metals into gold.

WARBURTON.

I believe the commentator has refined this passage too much. A philosopher's two stones is only more than the philosopher's stone. The universal medicine was never, so far as I know, conceived to be a stone before the time of Butler's stone.

JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards ridicules Dr. Warburton's note on this passage, but without reason. Gower has a chapter in his *Confessio Amantis*, “ Of the *three* stones that philosophres made:” and Chaucer, in his tale of the *Chanon's Yeman*, expressly tells us, that one of them is *Alixar cleped*; and that it is a *water* made of the four elements. *Face*, in the *Alchymist*, assures us, it is “ a stone, and not a stone.”

FARMER.

That the ingredients of which this *Elixir*, or *Universal Medicine* was composed, were by no means difficult of acquisition, may be proved by the following conclusion of a letter written by *Villiers Duke of Buckingham* to *King James I.* on the subject of the *Philosopher's Stone*. See the second volume of *Royal Letters* in the *British Museum*, No. 6987, art. 101 :

the young dace<sup>9</sup> be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

[*Exeunt.*]

“ — I confes, so longe as he conefeld the meanes he wrought by, I dispised all he said : but when he tould me, that which he hath given your sovrainship to preserve you from all sicknes ever hereafter, was extracted out of a t—d, I admired the fellow ; and for theis reasons : that being a stranger to you, yett he had found out the kind you are come of, and your natural affections and appetis ; and so, like a skillful man, hath given you natural fisicke, which is the onlie meanes to preserve the radicall hmrs : and thus I conclude : My sow is healthfull, my divill’s luckie, myself is happie, and needs no more than your blessing, which is my trew *Philosopher’s stone*, upon which I build as upon a rocke :

Your Majesties most humble slave and doge

*Stinic.*”

The following passage in Churchyard’s *Commendation to them that can make Gold &c.* 1593, will sufficiently prove that the *Elixir* was supposed to be a stone before the time of Butler :

“ ————— much matter may you read  
 “ Of this rich art that thousands hold full deere :  
 “ Remundus too, that long liud heere indeede,  
 “ Wrote fundry workes, as well doth yet appeare,  
 “ Of *stone* for gold, and shewed plaine and cleere,  
 “ A *stone* for health. Arnolde wrate of the same,  
 “ And many more that were too long to name.”

Again, in the dedication of *The Metamorphosis of Pigmalion’s Image and certaine Satyres*, 1598 :

“ Or like that rare and rich *Elixir stone*,  
 “ Can turne to gold leadea invention.” STEVENS.

I think Dr. Johnson’s explanation of this passage is the true one. “I will make him of *twice* the value of the philosopher’s stone.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — [ *If the young dace* — ] That is, if the pike may prey upon the dace, if it be the law of nature that the stronger may seize upon the weaker, Falstaff may, with great propriety, devour Shallow.

JOHNSON,

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A Forest in Yorkshire.*

*Enter the Archbishop of York, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS,  
and Others.*

ARCH. What is this forest call'd?

HAST. 'Tis Gualtree forest,\* an't shall please your  
grace.

ARCH. Here stand, my lords; and send disco-  
verers forth,  
To know the numbers of our enemies.

HAST. We have sent forth already.

ARCH. 'Tis well done.  
My friends, and brethren in these great affairs,  
I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd  
New-dated letters from Northumberland;  
Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus:—  
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers  
As might hold fortance with his quality,  
The which he could not levy; whereupon  
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,  
To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers,  
That your attempts may overlive the hazard,  
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

\* *'Tis Gualtree forest,*] “The earle of Westmoreland, &c. made forward against the rebels, and coming into a plaine, within *Galtree* forest, caused their standards to be pitched down in like sort as the archbishop had pitched his, over against them.” Holinshed, p. 529.

**MOWB.** Thus do the hopes we have in him touch  
ground,  
And dash themselves to pieces.

*Enter a Messenger.*

**HAST.** Now, what news?

**MESS.** West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,  
In goodly form comes on the enemy:  
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number  
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

**MOWB.** The just proportion that we gave them  
out.  
Let us sway on,<sup>3</sup> and face them in the field.

*Enter WESTMORELAND.*

**ARCH.** What well-appointed leader<sup>4</sup> fronts us  
here?

<sup>3</sup> *Let us sway on,*] I know not that I have ever seen *sway* in this sense; but I believe it is the true word, and was intended to express the uniform and forcible motion of a compact body. There is a sense of the noun in *Milton* kindred to this, where, speaking of a weighty sword, he says, "It descends with huge two-handed *sway*." JOHNSON.

The word is used in Holinshed, *English History*, p. 986: "The left side of the enemy was compelled to *sway* a good way back, and give ground," &c. Again, in *King Henry VI.* Part III. Act II. sc. v:

"Now *sways* it this way, like a mightie sea,  
"Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;  
"Now *sways* it that way," &c.

Again, in *King Henry V*:

"Rather *swaying* more upon our part," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — well-appointed leader—] *Well-appointed* is completely accounted. So, in *The Miseries of Queen Margaret*, by Drayton:

"Ten thousand valiant, *well-appointed* men."

*MOWB.* I think, it is my lord of Westmoreland.

*WEST.* Health and fair greeting from our general,  
The prince, lord John and duke of Lancafter.

*ARCH.* Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in  
peace;

What doth concern your coming?

*WEST.* Then, my lord,  
Unto your grace do I in chief address  
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion  
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,  
Led on by bloody youth,<sup>5</sup> guarded with rage,<sup>6</sup>  
And countenanc'd by boys, and beggary;

Again, in *The Ordinary*, by Cartwright:

“ ——— Naked piety

“ Dares more, than fury *well-appointed*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Led on by bloody youth,*] I believe Shakspeare wrote—*beady*  
youth. WARBURTON.

*Bloody youth* is only sanguine youth, or youth full of blood,  
and of those passions which blood is supposed to incite or nourish.

JOHNSON.

So, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: “ Lust is but a *bloody fire*.”

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *guarded with rage,*] *Guarded* is an expression taken from  
drefs; it means the same as *faced, turned up*. Mr. Pope, who has  
been followed by succeeding editors, reads *goaded*. *Guarded* is the  
reading both of quarto and folio. Shakspeare uses the same ex-  
pression in the former part of this play:

“ Velvet *guards* and Sunday citizens,” &c.

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ ——— Give him a livery

“ More *guarded* than his fellows.” STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens is certainly right. We have the same allusion in a  
former part of this play:

“ To *face* the garment of *rebellion*

“ With some fine colour, that may please the eye

“ Of fickle changelings,” &c.

So again, in the speech before us:

“ ——— to *dress* the ugly form

“ Of base and bloody insurrection—.” MALONE.



I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,<sup>7</sup>  
 In his true, native, and most proper shape,  
 You, reverend father, and these noble lords,  
 Had not been here, to dress the ugly form  
 Of base and bloody insurrection  
 With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,—  
 Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;<sup>8</sup>  
 Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;  
 Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;  
 Whose white investments figure innocence,<sup>9</sup>  
 The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—  
 Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,  
 Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,  
 Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war?  
 Turning your books to graves,<sup>2</sup> your ink to blood,

<sup>7</sup> ——— so appear'd,] Old copies—so appear. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;] Civil is grave, decent, solemn. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ ——— Come civil night,

“ Thou sober-suited matron, all in black.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Whose white investments figure innocence,] Formerly, (says Dr. Hody, *History of Convocations*, p. 141,) all bishops wore white even when they travelled. GREY.

By comparing this passage with another in p. 91, of Dr. Grey's notes, we learn that the white investment meant the episcopal rochet; and this should be worn by the theatrick archbishop.

TOLLET.

<sup>2</sup> ——— graves,] For graves Dr. Warburton very plausibly reads *glaires*, and is followed by Sir Thomas Hanmer. JOHNSON.

We might perhaps as plausibly read *greaves*, i. e. armour for the legs, a kind of boots. In one of *The Discourses on the Art Military*, written by Sir John Smythe, Knight, 1586, *greaves* are mentioned as necessary to be worn; and Ben Jonson employs the same word in his *Hymenæi*:

“ ——— upon their legs they wore silver *greaves*.”

Again, in *The Four Prentices of London*, 1615:

“ Arm'd with their *greaves* and maces.”

Again, in the second Canto of *The Barons Wars*, by Drayton:

“ Marching in *greaves*, a helmet on her head.”

Your pens to lances; and your tongue divine  
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

ARCH. Wherefore do I this?—so the question stands.

Briefly to this end:—We are all diseas'd;  
And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,  
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,  
And we must bleed for it: of which disease  
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.  
But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,  
I take not on me here as a physician;

Warner, in his *Albion's England*, 1602, B. XII. ch. lix. spells the word as it is found in the old copies of Shakspeare:

“The taises, cushions, and the *graves*, staff, penfall, baifes, all.”

I know not whether it be worth adding, that the ideal metamorphosis of *leathern covers of books* into *graves*, i. e. *boots*, seems to be more apposite than the conversion of them into instruments of war.

Mr. M. Mason, however, adduces a quotation (from the next scene) which seems to support Dr. Warburton's conjecture:

“Turning the word to *sword*, and life to death.”

STEEVENS.

The emendation, or rather interpretation, proposed by Mr. Steevens, appears to me extremely probable; yet a following line in which the Archbishop's again addressed, may be urged in favour of *glaiues*, i. e. *swords*:

“Chearing a rout of rebels with your drum,

“Turning the *word* to *sword*, and life to death.”

The latter part of the second of these lines, however, may be adduced in support of *graves* in its ordinary sense. Mr. Steevens observes, that “the metamorphosis of the *leathern covers of books* into *graves*, i. e. *boots*, seems to be more apposite than the conversion of them into such instruments of war as *glaiues*,” but surely Shakspeare did not mean, if he wrote either *graves* or *glaiues*, that they actually made *boots* or *swords* of their books; any more than that they made *lances* of their *pens*. The passage already quoted, “turning the *word* to *sword*,” sufficiently proves that he had no such meaning. MALONE.

I am afraid that the expression “turning the word to *sword*,” will be found but a feeble support for “*glaiues*,” if it be considered as a mere *jeu de mots*. DOUCE.

Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,  
 Troop in the throngs of military men:  
 But, rather, show a while like fearful war,  
 To diet rank minds, sick of happiness;  
 And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop  
 Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.  
 I have in equal balance justly weigh'd  
 What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we  
     suffer,  
 And find our griefs<sup>2</sup> heavier than our offences.  
 We see which way the stream of time doth run,  
 And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere<sup>3</sup>  
 By the rough torrent of occasion:  
 And have the summary of all our griefs,  
 When time shall serve, to show in articles;  
 Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,  
 And might by no suit gain our audience:  
 When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs;  
 We are denied access<sup>4</sup> unto his person

<sup>2</sup> — our griefs—] i. e. our grievances. See Vol. VIII. p. 557, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere—*] In former editions:

*And are enforc'd from our most quiet there.*

This is said in answer to Westmoreland's upbraiding the Archbishop for engaging in a course which so ill became his profession:

“ ——— you, my lord archbishop,

“ Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;” &c.

So that the reply must be this:

*And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere.* WARBURTON.

The alteration of Dr. Warburton destroys the sense of the passage. *There* refers to the new channel which the rapidity of the flood from the stream of time would force itself into.

HENLEY.

<sup>4</sup> *We are denied access—*] The Archbishop says in Holinshed: “ Where he and his companie were in armes, it was for feare of the king, to whom he could have no free access, by reason of such a multitude of flatterers, as were about him.” STREVENSON.

Even by those men that most have done us wrong,  
 The dangers of the days but newly gone,  
 (Whose memory is written on the earth,  
 With yet-appearing blood,) and the examples  
 Of every minute's instance,<sup>5</sup> (present now,)  
 Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms:  
 Not to break peace,<sup>6</sup> or any branch of it;  
 But to establish here a peace indeed,  
 Concurring both in name and quality.

*WEST.* When ever yet was your appeal deny'd?  
 Wherein have you been galled by the king?  
 What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you?  
 That you should seal this lawless bloody book  
 Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,  
 And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *Of every minute's instance,]* The *examples* of an *instance* does not convey, to me at least, a very clear idea. The frequent corruptions that occur in the old copies in words of this kind, make me suspect that our author wrote,

*Of every minute's instants,——*

i. e. the examples furnished not only every minute, but during the most minute division of a minute.—*Instance*, however, is elsewhere used by Shakspeare for *example*; and he has similar pleonasm in other places. MALONE.

*Examples of every minute's instance* are, I believe, examples which every minute supplies, which every minute presses on our notice.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Not to break peace,]* “He took nothing in hand against the king's peace, but that whatsoever he did, tended rather to advance the peace and quiet of the commonwealth.” Archbishop's speech in Holinshed. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?]* It was an old custom, continued from the time of the first croisades, for the Pope to consecrate the general's sword, which was employed in the service of the church. To this custom the line in question alludes.

WARBURTON.

——*commotion's bitter edge?]* i. e. the edge of *bitter* strife and *commotion*; the sword of rebellion. So, in a subsequent scene:

“That the united vessel of their blood,”  
 instead of—“the vessel of their united blood.” MALONE.

ARCH. My brother general, the commonwealth,  
To brother born an household cruelty,  
I make my quarrel in particular.\*

\* *My brother general, &c.*—

*I make my quarrel in particular.*] The sense is this—"My brother general, the commonwealth, which ought to distribute its benefits equally, is become an enemy to those of his own house, to *brothers born*, by giving some to all, and others none; and this (says he) I make my quarrel or grievance that honours are unequally distributed;" the constant birth of malecontents, and source of civil commotions. WARBURTON.

In the first folio the second line is omitted, yet that reading, unintelligible as it is, has been followed by Sir T. Hanmer. How difficultly sense can be drawn from the best reading the explanation of Dr. Warburton may show. I believe there is an error in the first line, which perhaps may be rectified thus:

*My quarrel general, the commonwealth,*

*To brother born an household cruelty,*

*I make my quarrel in particular.*

That is, my *general* cause of discontent is public mismanagement; my *particular* cause, a domestic injury done to my natural brother, who had been beheaded by the king's order. JOHNSON.

This circumstance is mentioned in the First Part of the play:

"The archbishop—who bears hard .

"His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop."

STEVENS.

The meaning of the passage appears to me to be this—"My brother-general (meaning Mowbray, the Lord Marischal) makes the misconduct of public affairs, and the welfare of the community, his cause of quarrel; but my particular cause of quarrel, is a family injury, the cruelty with which my real brother has been treated;" meaning Lord Scroop. M. MASON.

Perhaps the meaning is—"My brother general, *who is joined here with me in command*, makes the commonwealth his quarrel, i. e. has taken up arms on account of public grievances; a particular injury done to my own brother, is my ground of quarrel." I have, however, very little confidence in this interpretation. I have supposed the word *general* a substantive; but probably it is used as an adjective, and the meaning may be, I consider the wrongs done to the commonwealth, the *common brother* of us all, and the particular and domestick cruelty exercised against my natural brother, as a sufficient ground for taking up arms.—If the former be the true interpretation, perhaps a semicolon should be placed after *commonwealth*. The word *born* in the subsequent line

*WEST.* There is no need of any such redress;  
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

*MOWB.* Why not to him, in part; and to us all,  
That feel the bruises of the days before;  
And suffer the condition of these times  
To lay a heavy and unequal hand  
Upon our honours?

*WEST.* O my good lord Mowbray,<sup>8</sup>  
Construe the times to their necessities,<sup>9</sup>  
And you shall say indeed,—it is the time,  
And not the king, that doth you injuries.  
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,  
Either from the king, or in the present time,<sup>6</sup>

[To brother *born*] seems strongly to countenance the supposition that *general* in the present line is an epithet applied to brother, and not a substantive.

In that which is apparently the first of the two quartos, the second line is found; but is omitted in the other, and the folio. I suspect that a line has been lost following the word *commonwealth*; the sense of which was—"is the general ground of our taking up arms."

This supposition renders the whole passage so clear, that I am now decidedly of opinion that a line has been lost. "*My general brother, the commonwealth, is the general ground of our taking up arms; a wrong of a domestick nature, namely the cruelty shewn to my natural brother, is my particular ground for engaging in this war.*"

MALONE.

It is now become certain that there are *three* varieties of the quarto editions, 1600, of this play. They are all before me, and in *two* of them (only one of which contains the additional scene at the beginning of the third Act) the second line, pointed out by Mr. Malone, is wanting. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *O my good lord Mowbray, &c.*] The thirty-seven lines following are not in the quarto. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Construe the times to their necessities,*] That is,—Judge of what is done in these times according to the exigencies that over-rule us.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Either from the king, &c.*] Whether the faults of government be imputed to the *time* or the *king*, it appears not that you have, for your part, been injured either by the *king* or the *time*.

JOHNSON.

That you should have an inch of any ground  
To build a grief on:<sup>3</sup> Were you not restor'd  
To all the duke of Norfolk's signories,  
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?

*MOWB.* What thing, in honour, had my father  
lost,

That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me?  
The king, that lov'd him, as the state stood then,  
Was, force perforce,<sup>4</sup> compell'd to banish him:  
And then, when<sup>5</sup> Harry Bolingbroke, and he,—  
Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,  
Their neighing coursfers daring of the spur,  
Their armed staves in charge,<sup>6</sup> their beavers down,<sup>7</sup>  
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,<sup>8</sup>  
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;  
Then, then, when there was nothing could have staid  
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,  
O, when the king did throw his warder down,

<sup>3</sup> *To build a grief on:*] i. e. a grievance. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Was, force perforce,*] Old copy—*Was forc'd.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. In a subsequent scene we have the same words:

“*As, force perforce, the age will put it in.*” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *And then, when—*] The old copies read—*And then, that—*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. Mr. Rowe reads—*And when that—*.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Their armed staves in charge, &c.*] An armed staff is a lance. To be in charge, is to be fixed in the rest for the encounter.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *their beavers down,*] *Beaver*, it has been already observed in a former note, (see Vol. VIII. p. 546, n. 9.) meant properly that part of the helmet which let down, to enable the wearer to drink; but is confounded both here and in *Hamlet* with *visiere*, or used for *helmet* in general.

Shakspeare, however, is not answerable for any confusion on this subject. He used the word *beaver* in the same sense in which it was used by all his contemporaries. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *sights of steel,*] i. e. the perforated part of their helmets, through which they could see to direct their aim. *Vifere*, Fr.

STEEVENS.

His own life hung upon the staff he threw:  
Then threw he down himself; and all their lives,  
That, by indictment, and by dint of sword,  
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

*WEST.* You speak, lord Mowbray, now you know  
not what:

The earl of Hereford<sup>9</sup> was reputed then  
In England the most valiant gentleman;  
Who knows, on whom fortune would then have  
smil'd?

But, if your father had been victor there,  
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry:  
For all the country, in a general voice,  
Cry'd hate upon him; and all their prayers, and  
love,

Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,  
And blest'd, and grac'd indeed, more than the  
king.<sup>2</sup>

But this is mere digression from my purpose.—  
Here come I from our princely general,  
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace,  
That he will give you audience: and wherein  
It shall appear that your demands are just,  
You shall enjoy them; every thing set off,  
That might so much as think you enemies.

*MOWB.* But he hath forc'd us to compel this  
offer;  
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

<sup>9</sup> *The earl of Hereford*—] This is a mistake of our author's. He was *Duke* of Hereford. See *King Richard II.* MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *And blest'd, and grac'd indeed, more than the king.*] The two oldest folios, (which first gave us this speech of Westmoreland) read this line thus:

*And blest'd and grac'd and did more than the king.*

Dr. Thirlby reformed the text very near to the traces of the corrupted reading. THEOBALD.



*WEST.* Mowbray, you overween, to take it so;  
 This offer comes from mercy, not from fear:  
 For, lo! within a ken, our army lies;  
 Upon mine honour, all too confident  
 To give admittance to a thought of fear.  
 Our battle is more full of names than yours,  
 Our men more perfect in the use of arms,  
 Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;  
 Then reason wills,<sup>3</sup> our hearts should be as good:—  
 Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.

*MOWB.* Well, by my will, we shall admit no  
 parley.

*WEST.* That argues but the shame of your offence:  
 A rotten case abides no handling.

*HAST.* Hath the prince John a full commission,  
 In very ample virtue of his father,  
 To hear, and absolutely to determine  
 Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

*WEST.* That is intended in the general's name:<sup>4</sup>  
 I muse, you make so slight a question.

*ARCH.* Then take, my lord of Westmoreland,  
 this schedule;  
 For this contains our general grievances:—

<sup>3</sup> *Then reason wills,*] The old copy has *will*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. Perhaps we ought rather to read—*Then reason well*—. The same mistake has, I think, happened in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. MALONE.

The sense is clear without alteration. *Reason wills*—is, reason determines, directs. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *That is intended in the general's name:*] That is, this power is included in the name or office of a general. We wonder that you can ask a question so trifling. JOHNSON.

*Intended* is—*understood*, i. e. meant without expressing, like *entendu*, Fr. *subauditur*, Lat. STEEVENS.

Each severall article herein redrefs'd;  
 All members of our cause, both here and hence,  
 That are infinew'd to this action,  
 Acquitted by a true substantial form;<sup>5</sup>  
 And present execution of our wills  
 To us, and to our purposes, confign'd;<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> — *substantial form* ;] That is, by a pardon of due form and legal validity. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *To us, and to our purposes, confign'd* ;] The old copies—*confin'd*. STEEVENS.

This schedule we see consists of three parts: 1. A redress of general grievances. 2. A pardon for those in arms. 3. Some demands of advantage for them. But this third part is very strangely expressed.

*And present execution of our wills*

*To us, and to our purposes, confign'd.*

The first line shows they had something to demand, and the second expresses the modesty of that demand. The demand, says the speaker, *is confin'd to us and to our purposes*. A very modest kind of restriction truly! only as extensive as their appetites and passions. Without question Shakspeare wrote—

*To us and to our properties confin'd* ;

i. e. we desire no more than security for our liberties and properties: and this was no unreasonable demand. WARBURTON.

This passage is so obscure that I know not what to make of it. Nothing better occurs to me than to read *confign'd* for *confin'd*. That is, let the execution of our demands be put into our hands according to our declared purposes. JOHNSON.

Perhaps, we should read *confirm'd*. This would obviate every difficulty. STEEVENS.

I believe two lines are out of place. I read :

*For this contains our general grievances,*

*And present execution of our wills ;*

*To us and to our purposes confin'd.* FARMER.

The present reading appears to me to be right; and what they demand is, a speedy execution of their wills, so far as they relate to themselves, and to the grievances which they *proposed* to redress.

M. MASON.

The quarto has *confin'd*. In my copy of the first folio, the word appears to be—*confign'd*. The types used in that edition were so orn, that *f* and *f* are scarcely distinguishable. But however it may have been printed, I am persuaded that the true reading is

We come within our awful banks again,<sup>7</sup>  
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

*confign'd*; that is, *sealed, ratified, confirmed*; a Latin sense; "*duelloritate confignata litera* —. Cicero pro Cluentio." It has this signification again in this play:

"And (God *configning* to my good intents)  
"No prince nor peer" &c.

Again, in *K. Henry V.*:

"And take with you free power to ratify,  
"Augment or alter, as your wisdoms best  
"Shall see advantageable for our dignity,  
"Any thing in or out of our demands;  
"And we'll *confign* thereto."

Again, *ibid.*: "It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to *confign* to —." *Confign'd*, in my apprehension, is unintelligible.

Supposing these copies to have been made by the ear, and one to have transcribed while another read, the mistake might easily have happened, for *confign'd* and *confin'd* are in sound undistinguishable; and when the compositor found the latter word in the manuscript, he would naturally print, *confin'd*, instead of a word that has no existence.

Dr. Johnson proposed the reading that I have adopted, but explains the word differently. The examples above quoted show, I think, that the explication of this word already given is the true one. MALONE.

Though I have followed Mr. Malone's example by admitting Dr. Johnson's conjecture, the notes of various commentators are left before the reader, to whose judgement they are submitted.

STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *We come within our awful banks again,*] *Awful banks* are the proper limits of reverence. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"From the society of *awful* men." STEVENS.

It is also used in the same sense in *Pericles*:

"A better prince and benign lord —"

"Prove *awful* both in deed and word." M. MASON.

Dr. Warburton reads *lawful*. We have *awful* in the last Act of this play:

"To pluck down justice from her *awful* bench."

Here it certainly means *inspiring awe*. If *awful banks* be right, the words must mean *due and orderly limits*. MALONE.

• *WEST.* This will I show the general. Please  
you, lords,

In fight of both our battles we may meet :  
And either<sup>7</sup> end in peace, which heaven so frame !  
Or to the place of difference call the swords  
Which must decide it.

*ARCH.*

My lord, we will do so.

[*Exit WEST.*]

*MOWB.* There is a thing within my bosom, tells  
me,  
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

*HAST.* Fear you not that: if we can make our  
peace  
Upon such large terms, and so absolute,  
As our conditions shall consist upon,<sup>8</sup>  
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

*MOWB.* Ay, but our valuation shall be such,  
That every flight and false-derived cause,  
Yea, every idle, nice,<sup>9</sup> and wanton reason,  
Shall, to the king, taste of this action:  
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>7</sup> And *either*—] The old copies read—*At either*, &c. That easy but certain change in the text, I owe to Dr. Thirlby.

THEOBALD.

<sup>8</sup> ——— consist upon,] Thus the old copies. Modern editors—*insist*. STEEVENS.

Perhaps the meaning is, as our conditions shall *stand upon*, shall make the foundation of the treaty. A Latin sense. So, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

“ Then welcome peace, if he *on peace consist*.”

See also p. 161 :

“ Of what *conditions* we shall *stand upon*.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *nice*,] i. e. trivial. So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,*] If *royal faith* can mean faith to a king, it yet cannot mean it without much violence

We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,  
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,  
And good from bad find no partition.

ARCH. No, no, my lord; Note this,—the king  
is weary

Of dainty and such picking grievances :<sup>3</sup>  
For he hath found,—to end one doubt by death,  
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.  
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean ;<sup>4</sup>  
And keep no telltale to his memory,  
That may repeat and history his loss  
To new remembrance: For full well he knows,  
He cannot so precisely weed this land,  
As his misdoubts present occasion:  
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,  
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,  
He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend.  
So that this land, like an offensive wife,

done to the language. I therefore read, with Sir Thomas Hanmer, *loyal faiths*, which is proper, natural, and suitable to the intention of the speaker. JOHNSON.

*Royal faith*, the original reading, is undoubtedly right. *Royal faith* means, *the faith due to a king*. So, in *King Henry VIII* :

“ The citizens have shewn at full their *royal* minds ;”

i. e. their minds well affected to the king. Wolfey, in the same play, when he discovers the king in masquerade, says, “ here I'll make my *royal* choice,” i. e. not such a choice as a king would make, but such a choice as has a king for its object. So *royal faith*, the faith which is due to a king; which has the sovereign for its object. MALONE.

This reading is judiciously restored, and well supported by Mr. Malone. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Of dainty and such picking grievances :*] I cannot but think that this line is corrupted, and that we should read:

*Of picking out such dainty grievances.* JOHNSON.

*Picking* means piddling, insignificant. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *wipe his tables clean ;*] Alluding to a table-book of slate, ivory, &c. WARBURTON.

That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes;  
 As he is striking, holds his infant up,  
 And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm  
 That was uprear'd to execution.

*HAST.* Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods  
 On late offenders, that he now doth lack  
 The very instruments of chastisement:  
 So that his power, like to a fangless lion,  
 May offer, but not hold.

*ARCH.* 'Tis very true;—  
 And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,  
 If we do now make our atonement well,  
 Our peace will, like a broken limb united,  
 Grow stronger for the breaking.

*MOWB.* Be it so.  
 Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

*Re-enter WESTMORELAND.*

*WEST.* The prince is here at hand: Pleaseth your  
 lordship,  
 To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies?

*MOWB.* Your grace of York, in God's name  
 then set forward.

*ARCH.* Before, and greet his grace:—my lord,  
 we come. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, the Archbishop, HASTINGS, and Others: from the other side, Prince JOHN of LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, Officers, and Attendants.*

P. JOHN. You are well encounter'd here, my  
cousin Mowbray:—

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;—  
And so to you, lord Hastings,—and to all.—  
My lord of York, it better show'd with you,  
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,  
Encircled you, to hear with reverence  
Your exposition on the holy text;  
Than now to see you here an iron man,<sup>5</sup>  
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,  
Turning the word to sword,<sup>6</sup> and life to death.  
That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,  
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,  
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,  
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,  
In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord bishop,  
It is even so:—Who hath not heard it spoken,  
How deep you were within the books of God?

<sup>5</sup> — an iron man,] Holinshed says of the Archbishop, that  
“coming forth amongst them *clad in armour*, he encouraged  
and pricked them forth to take the enterprise in hand.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Turning the word to sword, &c.*] A similar thought occurs in  
the prologue to Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, 1554:

“Into the *sworde* the churche kaye

“*Is turned*, and the holy bede,” &c. STEEVENS.

To us, the speaker in his parliament;  
 To us, the imagin'd voice of God himself;<sup>6</sup>  
 The very opener, and intelligencer,  
 Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,<sup>7</sup>  
 And our dull workings:<sup>8</sup> O, who shall believe,  
 But you misuse the reverence of your place;  
 Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,  
 As a false favourite doth his prince's name,  
 In deeds dishonourable? You have taken up,<sup>9</sup>  
 Under the counterfeited zeal of God,  
 The subjects of his substitute, my father;  
 And, both against the peace of heaven and him,  
 Have here up-swarm'd them.

ARCH. Good my lord of Lancaster,  
 I am not here against your father's peace:  
 But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,  
 The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>6</sup> — *the imagin'd voice of God himself;*] The old copies, by an apparent error of the press, have—*the imagine voice*. Mr. Pope introduced the reading of the text. Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—

*To us, the image and voice, &c.*

So, in a subsequent scene:

“ And he, the noble *image* of my youth.” MALONE.

I cannot persuade myself to reject a harmonious reading, that another eminently harsh may supply its place. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *the sanctities of heaven,*] This expression Milton has copied:

“ Around him all *the sanctities of heaven*

“ Stood thick as stars.” JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *workings:*] i. e. labours of thought. So, in *K. Henry V.*:  
 “ — the forge and *working-house* of thought.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *You have taken up,*] To *take up* is to levy, to raise in arms.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *in common sense,*] I believe Shakspeare wrote *common fence*, i. e. drove by self-defence. WARBURTON.

*Common sense* is the general sense of general danger. JOHNSON.



Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous form,  
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace  
The parcels and particulars of our grief;  
The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the  
court,

Whereon this Hydra son of war is born:  
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep,<sup>3</sup>  
With grant of our most just and right desires;  
And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,  
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

*MOWB.* If not, we ready are to try our fortunes  
To the last man.

*HAST.* And though we here fall down,  
We have supplies to second our attempt;  
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them:  
And so, success of mischief<sup>4</sup> shall be born;  
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,  
Whiles England shall have generation.

*P. JOHN.* You are too shallow, Hastings, much  
too shallow,  
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

*WEST.* Pleaseth your grace, to answer them di-  
rectly,  
How far-forth you do like their articles?

*P. JOHN.* I like them all, and do allow<sup>5</sup> them  
well:  
And swear here by the honour of my blood,  
My father's purposes have been mistook;

<sup>3</sup> *Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep,*] Alluding to the dragon charmed to rest by the spells of Medea. STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *And so, success of mischief—*] *Success* for *succession*.

WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> *— and do allow—*] i. e. approve. So, in *K. Lear*, Act II. sc. iv:

“ — if your sweet sway

“ *Allow* obedience.” MALONE.

And some about him have too lavishly  
 Wrested his meaning, and authority.—  
 My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;  
 Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,  
 Discharge your powers<sup>s</sup> unto their several counties,  
 As we will ours: and here, between the armies,  
 Let's drink together friendly, and embrace;  
 That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,  
 Of our restored love, and amity.

*ARCH.* I take your princely word for these redresses.

*P. JOHN.* I give it you, and will maintain my word:

And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

*HAST.* Go, captain, [*To an Officer.*] and deliver to the army

This news of peace; let them have pay, and part:  
 I know, it will well please them; Hie thee, captain.  
 [*Exit Officer.*]

*ARCH.* To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.

*WEST.* I pledge your grace: And, if you knew what pains

I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace,  
 You would drink freely: but my love to you  
 Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

*ARCH.* I do not doubt you.

*WEST.* I am glad of it.—

Health to my lord, and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

<sup>s</sup> *Discharge your powers*—] It was Westmoreland who made this deceitful proposal, as appears from Holinshed: "The earl of Westmoreland using more policie than the rest, said, whereas our people have been long in armour, let them depart home to their wonted trades: in the meane time let us drink together in signe of agreement, that the people on both sides may see it, and know that it is true, that we be light at a point." STEEVENS.

*MOWB.* You wish me health in very happy season;  
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

*ARCH.* Against ill chances, men are ever merry;<sup>6</sup>  
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

*WEST.* Therefore be merry, coz;<sup>7</sup> since sudden  
forrow  
Serves to say thus,—Some good thing comes to-  
morrow.

*ARCH.* Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

*MOWB.* So much the worse, if your own rule be  
true, [*Shouts within.*]

*P. JOHN.* The word of peace is render'd; Hark,  
how they shout!

*MOWB.* This had been cheerful, after victory.

*ARCH.* A peace is of the nature of a conquest;  
For then both parties nobly are subdued,  
And neither party loser.

*P. JOHN.* Go, my lord,  
And let our army be discharged too.—

[*Exit WESTMORELAND.*]

And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *Against ill chances, men are ever merry;*] Thus the poet describes Romeo, as feeling an *unaccustom'd* degree of cheerfulness just before he hears the news of the death of Juliet. STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Therefore be merry, coz;*] That is—Therefore, notwithstanding this sudden impulse to heaviness, be merry, for such sudden dejections forebode good. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *let our trains &c.*] That is, our army on each part, that we may both see those that were to have opposed us. JOHNSON.

We ought, perhaps, to read *your* trains. The Prince knew his own strength sufficiently, and only wanted to be acquainted with that of the enemy. The plural, *trains*, however, seems in favour of the old reading. MALONE.

The Prince was desirous to see their train, and therefore, under pretext of affording them a similar gratification, proposed that both trains should pass in review. STEVENS.

March by us; that we may peruse the men  
We should have cop'd withal.

*ARCH.* Go, good lord Hastings,  
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

[*Exit HASTINGS.*]

*P. JOHN.* I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.—

*Re-enter WESTMORELAND.*

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

*WEST.* The leaders, having charge from you to stand,  
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

*P. JOHN.* They know their duties.

*Re-enter HASTINGS.*

*HAST.* My lord, our army is dispers'd already:  
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses  
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,  
Each hurries toward his home, and sporting-place.

*WEST.* Good tidings, my lord Hastings; for the  
which  
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:—  
And you, lord archbishop,—and you, lord Mow-  
bray,—  
Of capital treason I attach you both.

*MOWB.* Is this proceeding just and honourable?

*WEST.* Is your assembly so?

*ARCH.* Will you thus break your faith?

*P. JOHN.* I pawn'd thee none:

I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,<sup>8</sup>  
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,

I will perform with a most christian care.  
But, for you, rebels,—look to taste the due  
Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.  
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,  
Fondly brought here,<sup>9</sup> and foolishly sent hence.—  
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray;  
Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.—  
Some guard these traitors to the block of death;  
Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath.

[*Exeunt.*<sup>a</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,*] Surely the two redundant words—*these same*, should be omitted for the sake of metre. They are undoubted interpolations. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Fondly brought here, &c.*] *Fondly* is foolishly. So, in lord Surrey's translation of the second book of Virgil's *Æneid*:

“What wight so *fond* such offer to refuse?” STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> *Exeunt.*] It cannot but raise some indignation to find this horrid violation of faith passed over thus slightly by the poet, without any note of censure or detestation. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare, here, as in many other places, has merely followed the historians who related this perfidious act without animadversion, and who seem to have adopted the ungenerous sentiment of Choræbus:

— *dolus an virtus, quis in hoste requirat?*

But this is certainly no excuse; for it is the duty of a poet always to take the side of virtue. MALONE.

## SCENE III.

*Another Part of the Forest.*

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF, and COLEVILE, meeting.*

FAL. What's your name, fir? of what condition are you; and of what place, I pray?

COLB. I am a knight, fir; and my name is—  
Colevile of the dale.<sup>3</sup>

FAL. Well then, Colevile is your name; a knight is your degree; and your place, the dale: Colevile shall still be your name; a traitor your degree; and the dungeon your place,—a place deep enough; so shall you still be Colevile of the dale.<sup>4</sup>

COLB. Are not you fir John Falstaff?

FAL. As good a man as he, fir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, fir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do

<sup>3</sup> — *Colevile of the dale.*] “ At the king's coming to Durham, the lord Hastings, fir John Colevile of the dale, &c. being convicted of the conspiracy, were there beheaded.” Holinshed, p. 530. STEEVENS.

But it is not clear that Hastings or Colevile was taken prisoner in this battle. See *Rat. Parl.* 7 and 8 Hen. IV. p. 604.

RITSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *and the dungeon your place,—a place deep enough; so shall you still be Colevile of the dale.*] But where is the wit, or the logic of this conclusion? I am almost persuaded that we ought to read thus:

— *Colevile shall still be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a dale deep enough.*—

He may then justly infer,

*So shall you still be Colevile of the dale.* TYRWHITT.

The sense of *dale* is included in *deep*; a *dale* is a deep place; a *dungeon* is a deep place; he that is in a *dungeon* may be therefore said to be in a *dale*. JOHNSON.

sweat, they are drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

*COLE.* I think, you are sir John Falstaff; and, in that thought, yield me.

*FAL.* I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: My womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our general.

*Enter Prince JOHN of LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, and Others.*

*P. JOHN.* The heat is past,<sup>1</sup> follow no further now;—

Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—

[*Exit. WEST.*

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?

When every thing is ended, then you come:—

These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,

One time or other break some gallows' back.

*FAL.* I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have founder'd nine-score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken sir John Colevile of the

<sup>1</sup> *The heat is past,*] That is, the violence of resentment, the eagerness of revenge. JOHNSON.

dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy: But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome,<sup>4</sup>—I came, saw, and overcame.

*P. JOHN.* It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

*FAL.* I know not; here he is, and here I yield him: and I beseech your grace, let it be book'd with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Colevile kissing my foot: To the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element,<sup>5</sup> which show like pins' heads to her; believe not the word of the noble: Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

*P. JOHN.* Thine's too heavy to mount.

*FAL.* Let it shine then.

*P. JOHN.* Thine's too thick to shine.

*FAL.* Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

*P. JOHN.* Is thy name Colevile?<sup>6</sup>

*COLE.*

It is, my lord.

<sup>4</sup> — *the hook-nosed fellow of Rome,*] The quarto reads—*the book-nosed fellow of Rome*, their coffin. I have followed the folio. The modern editors read, but without authority—*the book-nosed fellow of Rome*, there, Cæsar. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *cinders of the element,*] A ludicrous term for the stars. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *Colevile?*] From the present seeming deficiency in the structure of this and the two subsequent lines containing Colevile's name, and from the manner in which it is repeatedly spelt in the old copies, viz. *Colleville*, I suspect it was designed to be pronounced as a trisyllable. STEEVENS.



P. JOHN. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

FAL. And a famous true subject took him.

COLE. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,  
That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me,  
You should have won them dearer than you have.

FAL. I know not how they fold themselves: but  
thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away; and I  
thank thee for thee.

*Re-enter WESTMORELAND.*

P. JOHN. Now, have you left pursuit?

WEST. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

P. JOHN. Send Colevile, with his confederates,  
To York, to present execution:—

Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure.

[*Exeunt some with COLEVILE.*]

And now despatch we toward the court, my lords;  
I hear, the king my father is sore sick:  
Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—  
Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him;  
And we with sober speed will follow you.

FAL. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to  
go through Glostershire: and, when you come to  
court, stand my good lord, 'pray, in your good re-  
port.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> — *stand my good lord, 'pray, in your good report.*] We must either read, *pray let me stand*, or, by a construction somewhat harsh, understand it thus: *Give me leave to go—and—stand—*. To *stand in a report*, referred to the reporter, is to persist; and Falstaff did not ask the prince to persist in his present opinion.

JOHNSON.

*Stand my good lord*, I believe, means only *stand my good friend*, (an expression still in common use) in your favourable report of me. So, in *The Taming of a Shrew*:

"I pray you, *stand good father* to me now." STEVENS.

P. JOHN. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,  
Shall better speak of you than you deserve.\*

[Exit.

FAL. I would, you had but the wit; 'twere better

Mr. Steevens is certainly right. In a former scene of this play, the hostess says to the chief justice, "*good my lord, be good unto me; I beseech you, stand to me.*" Though an equivoque may have been there intended, yet one of the senses conveyed by this expression in that place is the same as here. So, in *Cymbeline*:

"Be my good lady."

Again, more appositely in *Coriolanus*:

"—— his gracious nature

"Would think upon you for your voices,—

"*Standing your friendly lord.*"

Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*:

"—— What would he with us?——

"He writes us here——

"To *stand good lord*, and help him in distress."

MALONE.

*Stand* is here the imperative word, as *give* is before. *Stand my good lord*, i. e. be my good patron and benefactor. *Be my good lord* was the old court phrase used by a person who asked a favour of a man of high rank. So in a letter to the Earl of Northumberland, (printed in the appendix to *The Northumberland Household Book*,) he desires that Cardinal Wolfey would so far "*be his good lord*," as to empower him to imprison a person who had defrauded him.

PERCY.

\* —— I, in my condition,

*Shall better speak of you than you deserve.*] I know not well the meaning of the word *condition* in this place; I believe it is the same with temper of mind: I shall, in my good nature, speak better of you than you merit. JOHNSON.

I believe it means, *I, in my condition*, i. e. in my place as commanding officer, who ought to represent things merely as they are, shall speak of you better than you deserve.

So, in *The Tempest*, Ferdinand says:

"—— I am, in my condition,

"A prince, Miranda——."

Dr. Johnson's explanation, however, seems to be countenanced by Gower's address to Pistol, in *King Henry V.* Act V. sc. i:

"—— let a Welsh correction teach you a good English *condition*."

STEEVENS.

than your dukedom.<sup>9</sup>—Good faith, this fame young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh;<sup>2</sup>—but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof:<sup>3</sup> for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards;—which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack<sup>4</sup> hath a twofold ope-

<sup>9</sup> — *your dukedom.*] He had no *dukedom*. See Vol. VIII. p. 356. RITSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *this fame young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh;*] Falstaff here speaks like a veteran in life. The young prince did not love him, and he despaired to gain his affection, for he could not make him laugh. Men only become friends by community of pleasures. He who cannot be softened into gaiety, cannot easily be melted into kindness.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — *to any proof:*] i. e. any confirmed state of manhood. The allusion is to armour hardened till it abides a certain trial. So, in *King Richard II*:

“Add proof unto my armour with thy prayers.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *sherris-sack* —] This liquor is mentioned in *The Captain*, by Beaumont and Fletcher. STEEVENS.

The epithet *sherry* or *sherris*, when added to sack, merely denoted the particular part of Spain from whence it came. See Minshew's Spanish Dict. 1617: “Xères, or Xerès, oppidum Bœticiæ, i. e. Andalusiæ, prope Cadiz, unde nomen vini de Xeres. A. [*Anglice*] *Xeres sacke*.” Sherris-Sack was therefore what we now denominate Sherry. The sack to which this epithet was not annexed, came chiefly from Malaga. Cole, who in 1679 renders sack, *vinum Hispanicum*, renders *Sherry-Sack*, by *Vinum Eseritanum*; and Ainsworth, by *Vinum Andalusianum*. See a former note, Vol. VIII. p. 381. MALONE.

What is ludicrously advanced by Falstaff, was the serious doctrine of the *School of Salerno*: “Heere observe that the witte of a man that hath a strong braine, is clarified and sharpened more, if hee drinke good wine, then if hee dranke none, and Auicen sayth. And the cause why, is by reason that *of good wine* (more than of any

ration in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours<sup>4</sup> which environ it: makes it apprehensive,<sup>5</sup> quick, forgetive,<sup>6</sup> full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which deliver'd o'er to the voice, (the tongue,) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is,—the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face; which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the

other drinkes) are engendered and multiplied subtile spirits, cleane and pure. And this is the cause also why the divines, that imagine and study upon high and subtile matters, love to drinke good wines: and after the opinion of Avicen, *These wines are good for men of cold and stegmaticke complexion; for such wines redresse and amend the coldnesse of complexion, and they open the opilations and stoppings that are wont to be ingendred in such persons, and they digest phlegme, and they help nature to convert and turne them into blood, they lightly digest, and convert quickly, they increase and greatly quicken the spirits.*" *The School of Salernes' Regiment of Health*, p. 33, 1634. HOLT WHITE.

Of this work there were several earlier translations, &c. one of these was printed by Berthelet, in 1541. STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the—crudy vapours—*] This use of the pronoun is a familiar redundancy among our old writers. So Latimer, p. 91: "Here cometh *me* now these holy fathers from their counsels."—"There was one wiser than the rest, and he comes *me* to the bishop." Edit. 1575, p. 75. BOWLE.

<sup>5</sup> — *apprehensive,*] i. e. quick to understand. So, in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608:

"Thou'rt a mad *apprehensive* knave."

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*: "You are too quick, too *apprehensive*." In this sense it is now almost disused.

STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *forgetive,*] *Forgetive* from *forge*; inventive, imaginative. JOHNSON.

rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puff'd up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris: So that skill in the weapon is nothing, without sack; for that sets it a-work: and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil;<sup>7</sup> till sack commences it,<sup>8</sup> and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris; that he is become

<sup>7</sup> — kept by a devil;] It was anciently supposed that all the mines of gold, &c. were guarded by evil spirits. So, in *Certaine Secrete Wonders of Nature*, &c. bl. l. by Edward Fenton, 1569: "There appeare at this day many strange visions and wicked spirites in the metal-mines of the Greate Turke——." "In the mine at Anneburg was a mettall sprite which killed twelve workemen; the same causing the rest to forsake the myne, albeit it was very riche." P. 91.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — till sack commences it,] I believe, till sack gives it a beginning, brings it into action. Mr. Heath would read *commerces* it. STEEVENS.

It seems probable to me, that Shakspeare in these words alludes to the Cambridge *Commencement*; and in what follows to the Oxford *Act*: for by those different names our two universities have long distinguished the season, at which each of them gives to her respective students a complete authority to use those boards of learning which have entitled them to their several degrees in arts, law, physic, and divinity. TYRWHITT,

So, in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611:

"Then he is held a freshman and a fot,

"And never shall commence."

Again, in *Pasquil's Feasts, or Mother Bunch's Merriments*, 1604:

"A doctor that was newly commenst at Cambridge," &c.

Again, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, 1596: "Commence, commence, I admonish thee; thy merits are ripe for it, and there have been doctors of thy facultie,"

STEEVENS.

very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be,—to forswear thin potations,<sup>9</sup> and addict themselves to sack.

*Enter* BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph?

BARD. The army is discharged all, and gone.

FAL. Let them go. I'll through Glostershire; and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb,<sup>2</sup> and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>9</sup> — to forswear thin potations,] In the preference given by Falstaff to sack, our author seems to have spoken the sentiments of his own time. In the *Ordinances of the Household of King James I.* dated in 1604, (the second year of his reign,) is the following article: “And whereas in times past Spanish wines called *sacke*, were little or no whit used in our court, and that in late yeares, though not of ordinary allowance, &c.—we understanding that it is used as comon drinke and served at meales, as an ordinary to every meane officer, contrary to all order, using it rather for wantonesse and surfeiting, than for necessity, to a great wastefull expence,” &c.

Till the above mentioned period, the “thin potations” complained of by Falstaff, had been the common beverage. See the *Collection of Ordinances and Regulations for the Government of the Royal Household*, &c. published by the Antiquary Society, 4to. 1790.

The ancient and genuine Sherry was a dry wine, and therefore fit to be drank with sugar. What we now use is in some degree sweetened by art, and therefore affords no adequate idea of the liquor that was Falstaff's favourite. STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *I have him already tempering, &c.*] A very pleasant allusion to the old use of sealing with soft wax. WARBURTON.

This custom is likewise alluded to in *Any Thing for a quiet Life*, 1662, a comedy, by Middleton:

“You must temper him like wax, or he'll not seal.”

Again, in *Your Five Gallants*, by Middleton, no date:

“Fetch a pennyworth of soft wax to seal letters.”

## S C E N E IV.

Westminster. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, Prince HUMPHREY, WARWICK, and Others.*

*K. HEN.* Now, lords, if heaven doth give successful end

To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,  
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,  
And draw no swords but what are sanctify'd.  
Our navy is address'd,<sup>3</sup> our power collected,  
Our substitutes in absence well invested,  
And every thing lies level to our wish:  
Only, we want a little personal strength;  
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,  
Come underneath the yoke of government.

*WAR.* Both which, we doubt not but your majesty  
Shall soon enjoy.

*K. HEN.* Humphrey, my son of Gloster,  
Where is the prince your brother?

*P. HUMPH.* I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord,  
at Windsor.

Again, in Chaucer's *Marchante's Tale*, v. 9304:

“Right as men may warm wax with handes plie.”

STEEVENS.

In our poet's *Venus and Adonis*, there is an allusion to the same custom:

“What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,

“And yields at last to every light impression?”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Our navy is address'd,*] i. e. Our navy is ready, prepared.  
So, in *King Henry V*:

“— for our march we are *address'd*.” STEEVENS.

K. HEN. And how accompanied?

P. HUMPH. I do not know, my lord.

K. HEN. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence,  
with him?

P. HUMPH. No, my good lord; he is in presence  
here.

CLA. What would my lord and father?

K. HEN. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of  
Clarence.

How chance, thou art not with the prince thy bro-  
ther?

He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;  
Thou hast a better place in his affection,  
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy;  
And noble offices thou may'st effect  
Of mediation, after I am dead,  
Between his greatness and thy other brethren:—  
Therefore, omit him not; blunt not his love:  
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,  
By seeming cold, or careless of his will.  
For he is gracious, if he be observ'd;<sup>3</sup>  
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand<sup>4</sup>  
Open as day for melting charity:  
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;  
As humorous as winter,<sup>5</sup> and as sudden

<sup>3</sup> — *if he be observ'd;*] i. e. if he has respectful attention  
shown to him. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

“ Follow'd her with a doting observance.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *He hath a tear for pity, and a hand &c.*] So, in our author's  
*Lover's Complaint*:

“ His qualities were beauteous as his form,

“ For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free;

“ Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm

“ As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,

“ When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.”

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *humorous as winter,*] That is, changeable as the wea-



As flaws congealed in the spring of day.<sup>6</sup>  
 His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd:  
 Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,  
 When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:  
 But, being moody, give him line and scope;

ther of a winter's day. Dryden says of Almanzor, that he is humorous as wind. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1607:

"You know that women oft are *humourous*."

Again, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson:

"—— A nymph of a most wandering and giddy disposition, *humourous as the air*," &c.

Again, in *The Silent Woman*: "—— as proud as May, and as *humourous as April*." STEEVENS.

"As humorous as *April*," is sufficiently clear; so in Heywood's *Challenge for Beauty*, 1636: "I am as full of *humours* as an *April* day of variety;" but a *winter's* day has generally too decided a character to admit Dr. Johnson's interpretation, without some licence: a licence which yet our authour has perhaps taken. He may, however, have used the word *humorous* equivocally. He abounds in capricious fancies, as winter abounds in moisture.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> —— *congealed in the spring of day*.] Alluding to the opinion of some philosophers, that the vapours being congealed in the air by cold, (which is most intense towards the morning,) and being afterwards rarified and let loose by the warmth of the sun, occasion those sudden and impetuous gusts of wind which are called *flaws*. WARBURTON.

So, Ben Jonson, in *The Case is Alter'd*:

"Still wrack'd with winds more foul and contrary

"Than any northern gust, or southern *flaw*."

Again, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

"And saw a dreadful southern *flaw* at hand."

Chapman uses the word in his translation of Homer; and, I believe Milton has it in the same sense. STEEVENS.

Our author and his contemporaries frequently use the word *flaw* for a sudden gust of wind; but a gust of wind *congealed* is, I confess, to me unintelligible. Mr. Edwards says, that "*flaws* are small blades of ice which are struck on the edges of the water in winter mornings." The *spring of day* our author might have found in our liturgy:—"whereby the *day-spring* from on high hath visited us." MALONE.

Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,  
Confound themselves with working. Learn this  
Thomas,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends;  
A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in;  
That the united vessel of their blood,  
Mingled with venom of suggestion,<sup>7</sup>  
(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,)  
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong  
As aconitum,<sup>8</sup> or rash gunpowder.<sup>9</sup>

CLA. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. HEN. Why art thou not at Windsor with him,  
Thomas?

CLA. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

K. HEN. And how accompanied? can'st thou tell  
that?

CLA. With Poinis, and other his continual fol-  
lowers.

K. HEN. Most subject is the fattest foil to weeds;  
And he, the noble image of my youth,  
Is overspread with them: Therefore my grief  
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death;  
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,

<sup>7</sup> *Mingled with venom of suggestion,*] Though their blood be inflamed by the temptations to which youth is peculiarly subject. See Vol. III. p. 220, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *As aconitum,*] The old writers employ the Latin word instead of the English one, which we now use.

So, in Heywood's *Braven Age*, 1613:

“ \_\_\_\_\_ till from the foam.

“ The dog belch'd forth, strong *aconitum* sprung.”

Again:

“ With *aconitum* that in Tartar springs.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *rash gunpowder.*] *Rash* is quick, violent, sudden. This representation of the prince is a natural picture of a young man whose passions are yet too strong for his virtues. JOHNSON.

In forms imaginary, the unguided days,  
 And rotten times, that you shall look upon  
 When I am sleeping with my ancestors.  
 For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,  
 When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,  
 When means and lavish manners meet together,  
 O, with what wings shall his affections<sup>2</sup> fly  
 Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

*WAR.* My gracious lord, you look beyond him  
 quite:

The prince but studies his companions,  
 Like a strange tongue: wherein, to gain the lan-  
 guage,

'Tis needful, that the most immodest word  
 Be look'd upon, and learn'd; which once attain'd,  
 Your highness knows, comes to no further use,  
 But to be known, and hated.<sup>3</sup> So, like gross terms,  
 The prince will, in the perfectness of time,  
 Cast off his followers: and their memory  
 Shall as a pattern or a measure live,  
 By which his grace must mete the lives of others;  
 Turning past evils to advantages.

*K. HEN.* 'Tis seldom, when the bee doth leave  
 her comb

In the dead carrion.<sup>4</sup>—Who's here? Westmoreland?

<sup>2</sup> — *his affections*—] His passions; his inordinate desires.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *But to be known, and hated.*] A parallel passage occurs in Terence:

“ —quo modo adolescentulus

“ Meretricum ingenia et mores posset noscere,

“ Mature ut cum cognorit, perpetuo oderit.”

ANONYMOUS.

<sup>4</sup> *'Tis seldom, when the bee &c.*] As the bee having once placed her comb in a carcase, stays by her honey, so he that has once taken pleasure in bad company, will continue to associate with those that have the art of pleasing him. JOHNSON.

*Enter WESTMORELAND.*

*WEST*, Health to my sovereign! and new happiness  
 Added to that that I am to deliver!  
 Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:  
 Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,  
 Are brought to the correction of your law;  
 There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,  
 But peace puts forth her olive every where.  
 The manner how this action hath been borne,  
 Here, at more leisure, may your highness read;  
 With every course, in his particular.<sup>s</sup>

*K. HEN.* O Westmoreland, thou art a summer  
 bird,  
 Which ever in the haunch of winter sings  
 The lifting up of day. Look! here's more news.

*Enter HARCOURT.*

*HAR.* From enemies heaven keep your majesty;  
 And, when they stand against you, may they fall  
 As those that I am come to tell you of!  
 The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,

<sup>s</sup> — *in his particular.*] We should read, I think—in this *particular*; that is, in this detail, in this account, which is minute and distinct. JOHNSON.

*His* is used for *its*, very frequently in the old plays. The modern editors have too often made the change; but it should be remembered, (as Dr. Johnson has elsewhere observed,) that by repeated changes the history of a language will be lost. STEEVENS.

It may certainly have been used so here, as in almost every other page of our author. Mr. Henley however observes, that *his particular* may mean the detail contained in the letter of Prince John. *A Particular* is yet used as a substantive, by legal conveyancers, for a minute detail of things singly enumerated. MALONE.

With a great power of English, and of Scots,  
 Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown :  
 The manner and true order of the fight,  
 This packet, please it you, contains at large.

*K. HEN.* And wherefore should these good news  
 make me sick ?

Will fortune never come with both hands full,  
 But write her fair words still in foulest letters ?  
 She either gives a stomach, and no food,—  
 Such are the poor, in health ; or else a feast,  
 And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,  
 That have abundance, and enjoy it not.  
 I should rejoice now at this happy news ;  
 And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy :—  
 O me ! come near me, now I am much ill.

[*Swoons.*]

*P. HUMPH.* Comfort, your majesty !

*CLA.* O my royal father !

*WEST.* My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself,  
 look up !

*WAR.* Be patient, princes ; you do know, these  
 fits

Are with his highness very ordinary.  
 Stand from him, give him air ; he'll straight be  
 well.

*CLA.* No, no ; he cannot long hold out these  
 pangs :

The incessant care and labour of his mind  
 Hath wrought the mure,<sup>6</sup> that should confine it in,

<sup>6</sup> *Hath wrought the mure, &c.* ] i. e. the wall. *POPE.*

*Wrought it thin*, is made it thin by gradual detriment. *Wrought*  
 is the preterite of *work*.

*Mure* is a word used by Heywood in his *Brazen Age*, 1613 :

“ 'Till I have scal'd these *mures*, invaded Troy.”

So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

Again, in his *Golden Age*, 1611 :

“ Girt with a triple *mure* of shining brafs.”

Again, in his *Iron Age*, 2nd Part, 1632 :

“ Through *mures* and counter-*mures* of men and steel.”

Again, in Dionyse Settle's *Last Voyage of Capteine Frobisher*, 12mo. bl. l. 1577: “ — the streightes seemed to be shutt up with a long *mure* of yce —.”

The same thought occurs in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, &c. Book IV. Daniel is likewise speaking of the sickness of King Henry IV :

“ As that the *walls worn thin*, permit the mind

“ *To look out thorow*, and his frailtie find.”

The first edition of Daniel's poem is dated earlier than this play of Shakspeare.

Waller has the same thought :

“ The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,

“ Lets in the light thro' chinks that time has made.”

STEVENS.

On this passage the elegant and learned Bishop of Worcester has the following criticism: “ At times we find him (the imitator) practising a different art; not merely spreading as it were and laying open the same sentiment, but *adding* to it, and by a new and studied device improving upon it. In this case we naturally conclude that the refinement had not been made, if the plain and simple thought had not preceded and given rise to it. You will apprehend my meaning by what follows. Shakspeare had said of *Henry the Fourth*,

“ The incessant care and labour of his mind

“ Hath wrought the *mure*, that should confine it in,

“ So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

“ You have here the thought in its first simplicity. It was not unnatural, after speaking of the body as a case or tenement of the soul, *the mure that confines* it, to say, that as that case wears away and grows thin, life looks through, and is ready to break out.”

After quoting the lines of Daniel, who, (it is observed,) “ by refining on this sentiment, if by nothing else, shews himself to be the copyist,” the very learned writer adds,—“ here we see, not simply, that *life* is going to break through the infirm and much-worn habitation, but that the *mind* looks through, and *finds* his frailty, that it discovers that life will soon make his escape.— Daniel's improvement then looks like the artifice of a man that would outdo his master. Though he fails in the attempt; for his ingenuity betrays him into a false thought. The mind, looking through, does not find *its own frailty*, but the frailty of the *building* it inhabits.” Hurd's *Dissertation on the Marks of Imitation*.

*P. HUMPH.* The people fear me ;<sup>7</sup> for they do observe  
 Unfather'd heirs,<sup>8</sup> and loathly births of nature :  
 The seasons change their manners,<sup>9</sup> as the year<sup>10</sup>  
 Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them  
 over.

This ingenious criticism, the general principles of which cannot be controverted, shews, however, how dangerous it is to suffer the mind to be led too far by an hypothesis:—for after all, there is very good reason to believe that Shakspeare, and not Daniel, was the imitator. “*The dissention between the houses of Yorke and Lancaster in verse*, penned by Samuel Daniel,” was entered on the Stationers’ books by Simon Waterston, in October, 1594, and four books of his work, were printed in 1595. The lines quoted by Mr. Steevens are from the edition of *The Civil Wars*, in 1609. Daniel made many changes in his poems in every new edition. In the original edition in 1595, the verses run thus; Book III. ft. 116:

“ Wearing the wall so thin, that now the mind  
 Might well look thorough, and his frailty find.”

*His* is used for *its*, and refers not to *mind*, (as is supposed above,) but to *wall*.—There is no reason to believe that this play was written before 1594, and it is highly probable that Shakspeare had read Daniel’s poem before he sat down to compose these historical dramas. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *The people fear me;*] i. e. make me afraid. WARBURTON.

So, in *The Merchant of Venice* :

“ ——— this aspect of mine

“ Hath fear’d the valiant.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Unfather’d heirs,*] That is, equivocal births; animals that had no animal progenitors; productions not brought forth according to the stated laws of generation. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *The seasons change their manners,*] This is finely expressed; alluding to the terms of *rough* and *harsh*, *mild* and *soft*, applied to weather. WARBURTON.

<sup>10</sup> ——— as the year—] i. e. as if the year, &c. So, in *Cymbeline* :

“ He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,

“ And she alone were cold.”

In the subsequent line our author seems to have been thinking of *leap-year*. MALONE.

*CLA.* The river hath thrice flow'd,<sup>3</sup> no ebb between :

And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,  
Say, it did so, a little time before  
That our great grandfire, Edward, sick'd and died.

*WAR.* Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

*P. HUMPH.* This apoplex will, certain, be his end.

*K. HEN.* I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence

Into some other chamber: softly, 'pray.

[*They convey the King to an inner part of the room, and place him on a bed.*]

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends ;  
Unless some dull and favourable hand  
Will whisper musick to my weary spirit.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *The river hath thrice flow'd,*] This is historically true. It happened on the 12th of October, 1411. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Unless some dull and favourable hand  
Will whisper musick to my weary spirit.*] So, in the old anonymous *K. Henry V* :

“ — Depart my chamber,  
“ And cause some musick to rock me asleep.”

STEEVENS.

*Unless some dull and favourable hand—*] *Dull* signifies melancholy, gentle, soothing. JOHNSON.

I believe it rather means *producing* dullness or heaviness; and consequently sleep. It appears from various parts of our author's works, that he thought musick contributed to produce sleep. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :

“ — musick call, and strike more dead

“ Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.”

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

“ And when love speaks, the voice of all the gods

“ Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.”

So also, in *The Tempest*, Act I. when Alonzo, Gonzalo, &c. are to be overpowered by sleep, Ariel, to produce this effect, enters, “ playing solemn musick.” MALONE.



WAR. Call for the musick in the other room.

K. HEN. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.<sup>5</sup>

CLA. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

WAR. Lefs noise, lefs noise.

*Enter Prince HENRY.*

P. HEN. Who saw the duke of Clarence?

CLA. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. HEN. How now! rain within doors, and none  
abroad!

How doth the king?

P. HUMPH. Exceeding ill.

P. HEN. Heard he the good news yet?  
Tell it him.

P. HUMPH. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

<sup>5</sup> *Set me the crown upon my pillow here.*] It is still the custom in France to place the crown on the King's pillow, when he is dying. Holinshed, p. 541, speaking of the death of King Henry IV. says: "During this his last sicknesse, he caused his crowne, (as some write) to be set on a pillow at his bed's head, and suddenlie his pangs so fore troubled him, that he laie as though all his vitall spirits had beene from him departed. Such as were about him, thinking verelie that he had beene departed, covered his face with a linnen cloth.

"The prince his sonne being hereof advertised, entered into the chamber, tooke awaie the crowne and departed. The father being suddenlie revived out of that trance, quicklie perceived the lacke of his crowne; and having knowledge that the prince his sonne had taken it awaie, caused him to come before his presence, requiring of him what he meant so to misuse himselfe. The prince with a good audacitie answered; Sir, to mine and all men's judgements you seemed dead in this world, and therefore I as your next heire apparant tooke that as mine owne, and not as yours. Well, faire sonne, (said the kinge with a great sigh) what right I had to it, God knoweth. Well (said the prince) if you die king, I will have the garland, and trust to keepe it with the sword against all mine enemies, as you have doone." &c. STEEVENS.

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O

*P. HEN.* If he be sick  
With joy, he will recover without physick.

*WAR.* Not so much noise, my lords:—sweet  
prince, speak low;  
The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

*CLA.* Let us withdraw into the other room.

*WAR.* Will't please your grace to go along with  
us?

*P. HEN.* No; I will sit and watch here by the  
king. [Exeunt all but Prince HENRY.  
Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,  
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?  
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!  
That keep'st the ports of slumber<sup>6</sup> open wide  
To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!  
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,  
As he, whose brow, with homely biggin bound,<sup>7</sup>  
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!  
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit  
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,  
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath  
There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:  
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down

<sup>6</sup> — the ports of slumber—] are the gates of slumber. So, in *Timon of Athens*: “ — Our uncharged ports.” Again, in Ben Jonson's 80th Epigram: “ — The ports of death are fins —.” *Ports* is the ancient military term for gates. STEEVENS.

The word is yet used in this sense in Scotland. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — homely biggin bound,] A kind of cap, at present worn only by children; but so called from the cap worn by the Beguines, an order of nuns.

So, in *Monsieur Thomas*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, 1639:

“ — were the devil sick now,

“ His horns saw'd off, and his head bound with a biggin.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Volpone*:

“ Get you a biggin more, your brain breaks loose.”

STEEVENS.

Perforce must move.—My gracious lord! my father!—

This sleep is found indeed; this is a sleep,  
That from this golden rigol<sup>8</sup> hath divorc'd  
So many English kings. Thy due, from me,  
Is tears, and heavy forrows of the blood;  
Which nature, love, and filial tendernefs,  
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteoufly:  
My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;  
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,  
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it fits,—

[*Putting it on his bead.*]

Which heaven shall guard: And put the world's  
whole strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force  
This lineal honour from me: This from thee  
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*]

K. HEN. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

*Re-enter WARWICK, and the rest.*

CLA. Doth the king call?

WAR. What would your majesty? How fares your  
grace?

K. HEN. Why did you leave me here alone, my  
lords?

CLA. We left the prince my brother here, my  
liege,

Who undertook to fit and watch by you.

<sup>8</sup> — *this golden rigol*—] *Rigol* means a circle. I know not that it is used by any author but Shakspeare, who introduces it likewise in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

“ About the mourning and congealed face

“ Of that black blood, a watry *rigol* goes.” STEEVENS.

*K. HEN.* The prince of Wales? Where is he?  
let me see him:

He is not here.

*WAR.* This door is open; he is gone this way.

*P. HUMPH.* He came not through the chamber  
where we stay'd.

*K. HEN.* Where is the crown? who took it from  
my pillow?

*WAR.* When we withdrew, my liege, we left it  
here.

*K. HEN.* The prince hath ta'en it hence:—go,  
seek him out.

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose

My sleep my death?—

Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither.

[*Exit WARWICK.*]

This part of his conjoins with my disease,  
And helps to end me.—See, fons, what things you  
are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt,

When gold becomes her object!

For this the foolish over-careful fathers

Have broke their sleep with thoughts,<sup>9</sup> their brains  
with care,

Their bones with industry;

For this they have engrossed and pil'd up

The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;

For this they have been thoughtful to invest

Their fons with arts, and martial exercifes:

<sup>9</sup> — *with thoughts,*] Concerning the education and promotion  
of their children. So, afterwards:

“ For this they have been *thoughtful* to invest

“ Their fons with arts,” &c.

Mr. Rowe and the subsequent editors read—with *thought*; but  
the change does not appear to me necessary. MALONE.

When, like the bee, tolling from every flower<sup>3</sup>  
 The virtuous sweets ;  
 Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,  
 We bring it to the hive ; and, like the bees,  
 Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste  
 Yield his engrossments<sup>3</sup> to the ending father.—

*Re-enter WARWICK.*

Now, where is he that will not stay so long  
 Till his friend sickness hath determin'd<sup>4</sup> me ?

*WAR.* My lord, I found the prince in the next  
 room,  
 Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks ;  
 With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,  
 That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,  
 Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife  
 With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

*K. HEN.* But wherefore did he take away the  
 crown ?

<sup>3</sup> — tolling from every flower—] This speech has been contracted, dilated, and put to every critical torture, in order to force it within the bounds of metre, and prevent the admission of hemistichs. I have restored it without alteration, but with those breaks which appeared to others as imperfections. The reading of the quarto is *tolling*. The folio reads *culling*. *Tolling* is taking toll. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Yield his engrossments*—] His accumulations. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *determin'd*—] i. e. ended ; it is still used in this sense in legal conveyances. REED.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ — as it [the hailstone] *determines*, so

“ *Dissolves my life.*” STEEVENS.

Re-enter Prince HENRY. X

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry :—  
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt* CLARENCE, Prince HUMPHREY,  
Lords, &c.]

P. HEN. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. HEN. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that  
thought :

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,

That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours

Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!

Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.

Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity

Is held from falling with so weak a wind,

That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.

Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,

Were thine without offence; and, at my death,

Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:<sup>5</sup>

Thy life did manifest, thou lov'dst me not,

And thou wilt have me die assured of it.

Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts;

Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,

To stab at half an hour of my life.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> — seal'd up my expectation:] Thou hast confirmed my opinion. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — half an hour of my life.] It should be remembered that Shakspeare uses a few words alternately as monosyllables and dissyllables. Mr. Rowe, whose ear was accustomed to the utmost harmony of numbers, and who, at the same time, appears to have been little acquainted with our poet's manner, first added the word *frail* to supply the syllable which he conceived to be wanting. The quarto writes the word *bowwer*, as it was anciently pronounced.

So, Ben Jonson, in *The Case is alter'd*, 1609:

“ By twice so many *bowwers* as would fill

“ The circle of a year.”

What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?  
 Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;  
 And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,<sup>7</sup>  
 That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.  
 Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,  
 Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head:  
 Only compound me with forgotten dust;  
 Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.  
 Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;  
 For now a time is come to mock at form,  
 Harry the fifth is crown'd:—Up, vanity!  
 Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!  
 And to the English court assemble now,  
 From every region, apes of idleness!  
 Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:  
 Have you a ruffian, that will swear, drink, dance,  
 Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit  
 The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?  
 Be happy, he will trouble you no more:  
 England shall double gild his treble guilt;<sup>8</sup>

The reader will find many more instances in the soliloquy of *King Henry VI.* Part III. Act II. sc. v. The other editors have followed Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,*] Copied by Milton:  
 “When the merry bells ring round,  
 “And the jocund rebecks sound.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *England shall double gild his treble guilt;*] Evidently the nonsense of some foolish player: for we must make a difference between what Shakspeare might be supposed to have written off hand, and what he had corrected. These scenes are of the latter kind; therefore such lines are by no means to be esteemed his. But except Mr. Pope, (who judiciously threw out this line) not one of Shakspeare's editors seem ever to have had so reasonable and necessary a rule in their heads, when they set upon correcting this author. WARBURTON.

I know not why this commentator should speak with so much confidence what he cannot know, or determine so positively what so capricious a writer as our poet might either deliberately or wantonly produce. This line is, indeed, such as disgraces a few that

England shall give him office, honour, might:  
 For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks  
 The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog  
 Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.  
 O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!  
 When that my care could not withhold thy riots,  
 What wilt thou do, when riot is thy care?<sup>9</sup>  
 O, thou wilt be a wilderneys again,  
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

P. HEN. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my  
 tears, [Kneeling.  
 The moist impediments unto my speech,  
 I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,  
 Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard

precede and follow it, but it suits well enough with the *daggers bid in thought, and whetted on thy stony heart*; and the answer which the Prince makes, and which is applauded [by the King] for wisdom, is not of a strain much higher than this ejected line.

JOHNSON.

How much this play on words, faulty as it is, was admired in the age of Shakspeare, appears from the most ancient writers of that time having frequently indulged themselves in it. So, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1617:

“ And as amidst the enamour'd waves he swims,  
 “ The god of gold a purpose *guilt* his limbs;  
 “ That, this word *guilt* including double sense,  
 “ The double *guilt* of his incontinence  
 “ Might be express'd.”

Again, in *Acolastus his Afterwit*, a poem by S. Nicholson, 1600:

“ O sacred thirst of golde, what canst thou not?—  
 “ Some terms thee *gylt*, that every soule might reade,  
 “ Even in thy name, thy *guilt* is great indeede.”

See also Vol. VII. p. 420, n. 7. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *when riot is thy care?*] i. e. *Curator*. A bold figure. So Eumæus is stiled by Ovid, Epist. I:

“ — *immundæ cura fidelis haræ.*” TYRWHITT.

One cannot help wishing Mr. Tyrwhitt's elegant explanation to be true; yet I doubt whether the poet meant to say more than—  
 What wilt thou do, when riot is *thy regular business and occupation?*

MALONE.



The course of it so far. There is your crown;  
 And He that wears the crown immortally,  
 Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,  
 Than as your honour, and as your renown,  
 Let me no more from this obedience rise,  
 (Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit  
 Teacheth,) <sup>a</sup> this prostrate and exterior bending!  
 Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,  
 And found no course of breath within your majesty,  
 How cold it struck my heart! if I do feign,  
 O, let me in my present wildness die;  
 And never live to show the incredulous world  
 The noble change that I have purposed!  
 Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,  
 (And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,)  
 I spake unto the crown, as having sense,  
 And thus upbraided it. *The care on thee depending,  
 Hath fed upon the body of my father;*

<sup>a</sup> *Which my most true &c.] True is loyal.—This passage is obscure in the construction, though the general meaning is clear enough. The order is, this obedience which is taught this exterior bending by my duteous spirit; or, this obedience which teaches this exterior bending to my inwardly duteous spirit. I know not which is right. JOHNSON.*

The former construction appears to me the least exceptionable of the two; but both are extremely harsh, and neither of them, I think, the true construction. MALONE.

The latter words—"this prostrate and exterior bending"—appear to me to be merely explanatory of the former words—*this obedience*. Suppose the intermediate sentence—"which my most true and inward-duteous spirit teacheth"—to be included in a parenthesis, and the meaning I contend for will be evident.

M. MASON.

I have adopted Mr. M. Mason's regulation. STEEVENS.

*Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit*

*Teacheth,] i. e. which my loyalty and inward sense of duty prompt me to. The words, "this prostrate and exterior bending," are, I apprehend, put in apposition with "obedience," which is used for obeisance. MALONE.*

*Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.  
 Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,  
 Preserving life in med'cine potable:*<sup>4</sup>  
*But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,  
 Hast eat thy bearer up.* Thus, my most royal liege,  
 Accusing it, I put it on my head;  
 To try with it,—as with an enemy,  
 That had before my face murder'd my father,—  
 The quarrel of a true inheritor.  
 But if it did infect my blood with joy,  
 Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;  
 If any rebel or vain spirit of mine  
 Did, with the least affection of a welcome,  
 Give entertainment to the might of it,  
 Let God for ever keep it from my head!  
 And make me as the poorest vassal is,  
 That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. HEN. O my son!  
 Heaven put it in thy mind, to take it hence,  
 That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,  
 Pleading so wifely in excuse of it.  
 Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;

<sup>4</sup> — in *med'cine potable*:] There has long prevailed an opinion that a solution of gold has great medicinal virtues, and that the incorruptibility of gold might be communicated to the body impregnated with it. Some have pretended to make *potable* gold, among other frauds practised on credulity. JOHNSON.

So, in the character of the *Doctor of Physicke*, by Chaucer, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 446:

“ For gold in *phisike* is a cordial.” STEEVENS.

That *gold* may be made potable, is certain, notwithstanding Dr. Johnson's incredulity. The process is inserted in the Abbé Guenee's incomparable work, intitled, *Lettres de quelques Juifs à M. de Voltaire*, 5th edit. Vol. I. p. 416, a work which every person unacquainted with it, will be glad to be referred to.

HENLEY.

See Doddsley's *Collection of Old Plays*, Vol. VIII. p. 484, edit. 1780. REED.

And hear, I think, the very latest counsel  
 That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,  
 By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,  
 I met this crown; and I myself know well,  
 How troublesome it sat upon my head:  
 To thee it shall descend with better quiet,  
 Better opinion, better confirmation;  
 For all the foil<sup>5</sup> of the achievement goes  
 With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,  
 But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand;  
 And I had many living, to upbraid  
 My gain of it by their assistances;  
 Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed,  
 Wounding supposed peace:<sup>6</sup> all these bold fears,<sup>7</sup>  
 Thou see'st, with peril I have answered:  
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene  
 Acting that argument; and now my death  
 Changes the mode:<sup>8</sup> for what in me was purchas'd,<sup>9</sup>  
 Falls upon thee in a more fairer fort;  
 So thou the garland wear'st successively.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>5</sup> — foil —] Is spot, dirt, turpitude, reproach. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — supposed peace:] Counterfeited, imagined, not real.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — all these bold fears,] Fear is here used in the active sense, for that which causes fear. JOHNSON.

These bold fears are these audacious terrors. To fear is often used by Shakspere for to fright. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Changes the mode:] Mode is the form or state of things.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — for what in me was purchas'd,] Purchas'd seems to be here used in its legal sense, acquired by a man's own act (*perquisitio*) as opposed to an acquisition by descent. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — successively.] By order of succession. Every usurper snatches a claim of hereditary right as soon as he can. JOHNSON.

See *The Speech of his Highness [Richard Cromwell] the Lord Protector, made to both Houses of Parliament, at their first meeting, on*

Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could  
do,  
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;  
And all thy friends,<sup>3</sup> which thou must make thy  
friends,  
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;  
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,  
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear  
To be again displac'd: which to avoid,  
I cut them off;<sup>4</sup> and had a purpose now  
To lead out many to the Holy Land;<sup>5</sup>  
Left rest, and lying still, might make them look  
Too near unto my state.<sup>6</sup> Therefore, my Harry,

*Thursday the 27th of January, 1658:* "—for my own part, being by the providence of God, and the disposition of the law, my father's SUCCESSOR, and bearing the place in the government that I do," &c. *Harl. Misc.* Vol. I. p. 21. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *And all thy friends,]* Should not we read?—  
*And all my friends,*— TYRWHITT.

<sup>4</sup> — *which to avoid,*  
*I cut them off;]* As this passage stands, the King is advising the Prince to make those persons his friends, whom he has already cut off. We should surely therefore read, "I cut *some* off" instead of *them*. M. MASON.

<sup>5</sup> *To lead out many to the Holy Land;]* The sense is: *Of those who assisted my usurpation, some I have cut off, and many I intended to lead abroad.* This journey to the Holy Land, of which the King very frequently revives the mention, had two motives, religion and policy. He durst not wear the ill-gotten crown without expiation, but in the act of expiation he contrives to make his wickedness successful. JOHNSON.

I confess, I have no distinct comprehension of the foregoing passage, which is ungrammatical as well as obscure. Dr. Johnson's explanation pre-supposes the existence of such a reading as is since offered by Mr. M. Mason, viz. *some* instead of *them*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Left rest, and lying still, might make them look  
Too near unto my state.]* The expedition that Cæsar meditated against the Parthians, immediately before his death, has been ascribed to the same apprehension which dictated to Henry a journey to the Holy Land:

Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds  
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne  
out,

May waste the memory of the former days.  
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,  
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.  
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!<sup>7</sup>  
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

**HEN.** My gracious liege,  
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;  
Then plain, and right, must my possession be:  
Which I, with more than with a common pain,  
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

*Enter Prince JOHN of LANCASTER, WARWICK,  
Lords, and Others.*

**K. HEN.** Look, look, here comes my John of  
Lancaster.

**P. JOHN.** Health, peace, and happiness, to my  
royal father!

**K. HEN.** Thou bring'st me happiness, and peace,  
son John;  
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown

“ Invidiæ stimulos ergo ut lenire furentis,  
“ *Et capite insidias, quas maturare quietem*  
“ *Non nescit, Cæsar factis avertere possit,*  
“ *Nec non externo maculas abstergere bello*  
“ *Civiles; cum jam Craffi vindicta perisset,*  
“ *Debita jamdudum Latio; jussu ille Senatus,*  
“ *(Ne patrum imminui videatur sacra potestas)*  
“ *Decretoque togæ, mandari Parthica bella*  
“ *Suppliciter petit.*” *Supplem. Lucani. Lib. VII.*

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *How I came &c.]* This is a true picture of a mind divided  
between heaven and earth. He prays for the prosperity of guilt  
while he deprecates its punishment. JOHNSON.

From this bare, wither'd trunk : upon thy fight,  
 My worldly business makes a period.—  
 Where is my lord of Warwick ?

*P. HEN.* My lord of Warwick !

*K. HEN.* Doth any name particular belong  
 Unto the lodging where I first did swoon ?

*WAR.* 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

*K. HEN.* Laud be to God !—even there my life  
 must end.<sup>8</sup>

It hath been prophesied to me many years,  
 I should not die but in Jerusalem ;  
 Which vainly I suppos'd, the Holy Land :—  
 But, bear me to that chamber ; there I'll lie ;  
 In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [Exeunt.]

<sup>8</sup> *Laud be to God !—even there my life must end.*] “ At length he recovered his speech, and understanding and perceiving himselfe in a strange place, which he knew not, he willed to know if the chamber had anie particular name, whereunto answer was made, that it was called Jerusalem. Then said the king ; Lauds be given to the father of heaven, for now I knowe that I shall die here in this chamber, according to the prophesie of me declared, that I should depart this life in Jerusalem.” Holinshed, p. 541.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

Glostershire. *A Hall in Shallow's House.*

*Enter* SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, *and* Page.

SHAL. By cock and pye,<sup>9</sup> fir, you shall not away to-night.—What, Davy, I fay!

<sup>9</sup> By cock and pye,] This adjuration, which seems to have been very popular, is used in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599: "By cock and pie and moufefoot."

Again, in *Wily Beguiled*, 1606: "Now by cock and pie, you never spake a truer word in your life."

Again, in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

"Merry go sorry, cock and pie, my hearts."

Cock is only a corruption of the Sacred Name, as appears from many passages in the old interludes, *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, &c. viz. *Cocks-bones*, *cocks-wounds*, by *cock's-mother*, and some others.

*Cock's body*, *cock's passion*, &c. occur in the old morality of *Hycle Scerner*.

In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Ophelia likewise says:

"—By cock they are to blame."

The *pie* is a table or rule in the old Roman offices, showing, in a technical way, how to find out the service which is to be read upon each day.

Among some "Ordinances, however, made at Eltham, in the reign of *K. Henry VIII.*" we have—"Item that the *Pye* of coals be abridged to the one halfe that theretofore had been served."

A printing letter of a particular size, called the *pica*, was probably denominated from the *pie*, as the *brevier*, from the *breviary*, and the *primer* from the *primer*. STEEVENS.

What was called *The Pie* by the clergy before the Reformation, was called by the Greeks Πινάξ, or the index. Though the word Πινάξ signifies a plank in its original, yet in its metaphorical sense it signifies στίχης ἰζωγραφημένης, a painted table or picture: and because indexes or tables of books were formed into square figures, resembling pictures or painters' tables, hung up in a frame, these likewise were called Πινάξες, or, being marked only with the first letter of the word, Πί's or *Pics*. All other derivations of the word are manifestly erroneous.

FAL. You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.

SHAL. I will not excuse you;<sup>2</sup> you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused.—Why, Davy!

*Enter DAVY.*

DAVY. Here, fir.

SHAL. Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy; let me see:—yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither.<sup>3</sup>—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

DAVY. Marry, fir, thus;—those precepts cannot be served:<sup>4</sup> and, again, fir,—Shall we sow the headland with wheat?

In a second preface *Concerning the Service of the Church*, prefixed to the Common Prayer, this table is mentioned as follows: “Moreover the number and hardness of the rules called the *Pie*, and the manifold changes,” &c. RIDLEY.

<sup>2</sup> *I will not excuse you; &c.*] The sterility of Justice Shallow’s wit is admirably described, in thus making him, by one of the finest strokes of nature, so often vary his phrase, to express one and the same thing, and that the commonest. WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> — William cook, *bid him come hither.*] It appears from this instance, as well as many others, that anciently the lower orders of people had no surnames, or, if they had, were only called by the titles of their several professions. The cook of William Canynge, the royal merchant of Bristol, lies buried there under a flat stone, near the monument of his master, in the beautiful church of St. Mary Redcliffe: On this stone are represented the ensigns of his trade, a skimmer and a knife. His epitaph is as follows: “*Hic jacet WILLM<sup>o</sup> COKE quondam serviens WILLM<sup>i</sup> CANYNGES mercatoris villæ Bristol; cujus animæ propitiatur Deus.*” Lazarillo in *The Woman-Hater* of Beaumont and Fletcher, expresses a wish to have his tomb ornamented in a like manner:

“ — for others’ glorious shields,

“ Give me a voider; and above my hearse,

“ For a trutch sword, my naked knife stuck up.”

STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *those precepts cannot be serv’d.*] Precept is a justice’s



SHAL. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook;—Are there no young pigeons?

DAVY. Yes fir.—Here is now the smith's note, for shoeing, and plough-irons.

SHAL. Let it be cast,<sup>5</sup> and paid:—fir John, you shall not be excused.

DAVY. Now, fir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had:—And, fir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?<sup>6</sup>

SHAL. He shall answer it:—Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legg'd hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

DAVY. Doth the man of war stay all night, fir?

SHAL. Yes, Davy. I will use him well; A friend i'the court is better than a penny in purse.<sup>7</sup> Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

DAVY. No worse than they are back-bitten, fir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

justice's warrant. To the offices which Falstaff gives Davy in the following scene, may be added that of justice's clerk. Davy has almost as many employments as Scrub in *The Stratagem*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Let it be cast,*] That is, cast up, computed. M. MASON.

<sup>6</sup> — *Hinckley fair?*] Hinckley is a town in Leicestershire.

STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *A friend i'the court &c.*] So, in Chaucer's *Romaunt of the Rose*, v. 5540:

“Friendship is more than cattell,

“For frende in courte aie better is,

“Than peny is in purse, certis.” STEVENS.

“A friend in court is worth a penny in purse,” is one of Camden's proverbial sentences. See his *Remaines*, 4to. 1605.

MALONE.

*SHAL.* Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

*DAVY.* I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Woncot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

*SHAL.* There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor; that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

*DAVY.* I grant your worship, that he is a knave, sir: but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have serv'd your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

*SHAL.* Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit DAVY.*] Where are you, sir John? Come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

*BARD.* I am glad to see your worship.

*SHAL.* I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph:—and welcome, my tall fellow. [*To the Page.*] Come, sir John. [*Exit SHALLOW.*]

*FAL.* I'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page.*] If I were saw'd into quantities, I should make four dozen such bearded hermit's-staves<sup>8</sup> as master Shallow.<sup>9</sup> It is a wonderful

<sup>8</sup> — *bearded hermit's-staves*—] He had before called him the starved justice. His want of flesh is a standing jest.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *master Shallow.*] *Shallow's* folly seems to have been

thing, to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: They, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turn'd into a justice-like serving-man: their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent,<sup>2</sup> like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being near their master: <sup>3</sup> if to his men, I would curry with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep prince Harry in continual laughter, the wearing-out of six fashions, (which is four terms, or two actions,) <sup>4</sup> and he shall laugh without *intervallums*. O, it is much, that a lie, with

almost proverbial. So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602: " — We must have false fires to amaze these spangle babies, these true heirs of master Justice Shallow." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *they flock together in consent,*] i. e. *in consentu*, or in one mind, one party. So, *Macbeth*:

" If you shall cleave to my *consent*."

See Vol. VII. p. 403, n. 3, and note on *King Henry VI.* Part I. Act I. sc. i. line 5. Vol. IX. The word, however, may be derived from *consentio*, *consensus*, Lat. STEEVENS.

— *in concent,*] i. e. in union, in accord. In our author's time the word in this sense, was written *consent*, (as it here is in the old copy,) and that spelling continued to Cowley's time. See *Davidis*, Book III:

" Learning *consent* and concord from his lyre."

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *near their master:*] i. e. admitted to their master's confidence. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *two actions,*] There is something humorous in making a spendthrift compute time by the operation of an action for debt.

JOHNSON.

a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow,<sup>5</sup> will do with a fellow that never had the ache<sup>6</sup> in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

SHAL. [*Within.*] Sir John!

FAL. I come, master Shallow; I come, master Shallow. [*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

## S C E N E II.

Westminster. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter WARWICK, and the Lord Chief Justice.*

WAR. How now, my lord chief justice? whither away?

CH. JUST. How doth the king?

WAR. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

CH. JUST. I hope, not dead.

WAR. He's walk'd the way of nature; And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

CH. JUST. I would, his majesty had call'd me with him:  
The service that I truly did his life,  
Hath left me open to all injuries.

WAR. Indeed, I think, the young king loves you not.

CH. JUST. I know, he doth not; and do arm myself,

<sup>5</sup> — *a sad brow,*] i. e. a serious face. So, in *The Winter's Tale*: "My father and the gentlemen are in *sad* talk." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *fellow that never had the ache—*] That is, a young fellow, one whose disposition to merriment, time and pain have not yet impaired. JOHNSON.

To welcome the condition of the time;  
Which cannot look more hideously upon me  
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

*Enter Prince JOHN, Prince HUMPHREY, CLARENCE,  
WESTMORELAND, and Others.*

*WAR.* Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:  
O, that the living Harry had the temper  
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!  
How many nobles then should hold their places,  
That must strike fail to spirits of vile sort!

*CH. JUST.* Alas! I fear, all will be overturn'd.

*P. JOHN.* Good morrow, cousin Warwick.

*P. HUMPH. CLA.* Good morrow, cousin.

*P. JOHN.* We meet like men that had forgot to  
speak.

*WAR.* We do remember; but our argument  
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

*P. JOHN.* Well, peace be with him that hath  
made us heavy!

*CH. JUST.* Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

*P. HUMPH.* O, good my lord, you have lost a  
friend, indeed:

And I dare swear, you borrow not that face  
Of seeming sorrow; it is, sure, your own.

*P. JOHN.* Though no man be assur'd what grace  
to find,

You stand in coldest expectation:  
I am the sorrier; 'would, 'twere otherwise.

*CLA.* Well, you must now speak sir John Falstaff  
fair;

Which swims against your stream of quality.

*CH. JUST.* Sweet princes, what I did, I did in  
honour,

Led by the impartial conduct<sup>s</sup> of my soul;  
And never shall you see, that I will beg  
A ragged and forestall'd remission.<sup>6</sup>—

<sup>5</sup> ——— impartial conduct —] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—*imperial*. STEEVENS.

*Impartial* is confirmed by a subsequent speech addressed by the King to the Chief Justice:

“ ——— That you use the same  
“ With the like bold, just, and *impartial* spirit,  
“ As you have done 'gainst me.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> A ragged and forestall'd remission.] *Ragged* has no sense here. We should read:

A rated and forestall'd remission.

i. e. a remission that must be fought for, and bought with supplication. WARBURTON.

Different minds have different perplexities. I am more puzzled with *forestall'd* than with *ragged*; for *ragged*, in our author's licentious diction, may easily signify beggarly, mean, base, ignominious; but *forestall'd* I know not how to apply to *remission* in any sense primitive or figurative. I should be glad of another word, but cannot find it. Perhaps by *forestall'd* remission, he may mean a pardon begged by a voluntary confession of offence, and anticipation of the charge. JOHNSON.

The same expression occurs in two different passages in Massinger. In *The Duke of Milan*, Sforza says to the Emperor—

“ Nor come I as a slave—  
“ Falling before thy feet, kneeling and howling  
“ For a *forestall'd* remission.”

And in *The Bondman*, Pisander says—

“ And sell  
“ Ourselves to most advantage, than to trust  
“ To a *forestall'd* remission.”

In all these passages a *forestalled* remission, seems to mean, a remission that it is predetermined shall not be granted, or will be rendered nugatory. Shakspeare uses, in more places than one, the word *forestall* in the sense of to prevent. Horatio says to Hamlet, “ If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. I will *forestall* their repair hither.” In this very play, the Prince says to the King:

“ But for my tears, &c.  
“ I had *forestall'd* this dear and deep rebuke.”

In *Hamlet*, the King says—

“ And what's in prayer, but this twofold force,—  
“ To be *forestalled*, ere we come to fall,  
“ Or pardon'd, being down?” M. MASON.

KING HENRY IV.

25

If truth and upright innocency fail me,  
I'll to the king my master that is dead,  
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

WAR. Here comes the prince.

*Enter King* HENRY V.

CH. JUST. Good morrow; and heaven save your  
majesty!

KING. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,  
Sits not so easy on me as you think.—

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear;  
This is the English, not the Turkish court;<sup>7</sup>  
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,  
But Harry Harry:<sup>8</sup> Yet be sad, good brothers,

I believe, *forefall'd* only means *asked* before it is granted. If he will grant me pardon unasked, so; if not, I will not condescend to solicit it. In support of the interpretation of *forefall'd remission*, i. e. a remission obtain'd by a *previous* supplication, the following passage in *Cymbeline* may be urged:

"——— May  
" This night *forefall* him of the coming day!"

MALONE,

<sup>7</sup> ——— *not the Turkish court;*] Not the court where the prince that mounts the throne puts his brothers to death. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,*

*But Harry Harry:*] Amurath the Third (the sixth Emperor of the Turks) died on January the 18th, 1595-6. The people being generally disaffected to Mahomet, his eldest son, and inclined to Amurath, one of his younger children, the Emperor's death was concealed for ten days by the Janizaries, till Mahomet came from Amasia to Constantinople. On his arrival he was saluted Emperor, by the great Bassas, and others his favourers; " which done (says Knolles) he presently after caused all his brethren to be invited to a solemn feast in the court; whereunto they, yet ignorant of their father's death, came cheerfully, as men fearing no harm: but, being come, were there all most miserably strangled."

For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you;  
 Sorrow so royally in you appears,  
 That I will deeply put the fashion on,  
 And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad:  
 But entertain no more of it, good brothers,  
 Than a joint burden laid upon us all.  
 For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,  
 I'll be your father and your brother too;  
 Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.  
 Yet weep, that Harry's dead; and so will I:  
 But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,  
 By number, into hours of happiness.

*P. JOHN, &c.* We hope no other from your majesty.

*KING.* You all look strangely on me:—and you most;  
 [To the Ch. Just.]  
 You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

*CH. JUST.* I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,  
 Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

*KING.* No!  
 How might a prince of my great hopes forget  
 So great indignities you laid upon me?  
 What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison  
 The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?<sup>2</sup>  
 May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

*CH. JUST.* I then did use the person of your father;

It is highly probable that Shakspeare here alludes to this transaction; which was pointed out to me by Dr. Farmer.

This circumstance, therefore may fix the date of this play subsequently to the beginning of the year 1596;—and perhaps it was written while this fact was yet recent. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *Was this easy?*] That is, was this not grievous? Shakspeare has *easy* in this sense elsewhere. JOHNSON.

Thus, perhaps, in *King Henry VI.* Part II. Act III. sc. i.

“ — these faults are *easy*, quickly answer'd.”

Was this *easy*?—may mean,—was this a *slight* offence? STEEVENS.



The image of his power lay then in me:  
 And, in the administration of his law,  
 Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,  
 Your highness pleased to forget my place,  
 The majesty and power of law and justice,  
 The image of the king whom I presented,  
 And struck me in my very seat of judgement;<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *And struck me in my very seat of judgement;*] I do not recollect that any of the editors of our author have thought this remarkable passage worthy of a note. The Chief Justice, in this play, was Sir William Gascoigne, of whom the following memoir may be as acceptable as necessary.

While at the bar, Henry of Bolingbroke had been his client; and upon the decease of John of Gaunt, by the above Henry, his heir, then in banishment, he was appointed his attorney, to sue in the Court of Wards the livery of the estates descended to him. Richard II. revoked the letters patent for this purpose, and defeated the intent of them, and thereby furnished a ground for the invasion of his kingdom by the heir of Gaunt; who becoming afterwards Henry IV. appointed Gascoigne Chief Justice of the King's Bench in the first year of his reign. In that station Gascoigne acquired the character of a learned, an upright, a wise, and an intrepid judge. The story so frequently alluded to of his committing the prince for an insult on his person, and the court wherein he presided, is thus related by Sir Thomas Elyot, in his book entitled *The Governour*: "The moste renowned prince king Henry the fyfte, late kynge of Englande, duryng the lyfe of his father, was noted to be fiers and of wanton courage: it hapned, that one of his seruantes, whom he fauoured well, was for felony by him committed, arraigned at the kynges benche: whereof the prince being aduertised, and incensed by lyghte perones aboute him, in furious rage came hastily to the barre where his seruante stode as a prisoner, and commaunded him to be vngyued and set at libertie: wherat all men were abashed, reserved the chiefe Justice, who humbly exhorted the prince, to be contented, that his seruant might be ordred, accordyng to the aunciente lawes of this realme: or if he wolde haue hym sauèd from the rigour of the lawes, that he shulde obteyne, if he moughte, of the kynge his father, his gracious pardon, wherby no lawe or justyce shulde be derogate. With whiche answere the prince nothyng appeased, but rather more inflamed, endeoured hym selfe to take away his seruant. The iuge considering the perillous example, and inconuenience that mought therby ensue, with a valyant spirite and

Whereon, as an offender to your father,  
I gave bold way to my authority,

courage, commanded the prince vpon his allegiance, to leave the prisoner, and depart his way. With which commandment the prince being set all in a fury, all chafed and in a terrible maner, came vp to the place of iugement, men thinking that he wold haue slayne the iuge, or haue done to hym some damage: but the iuge sittynge styll without mouing, declaring the maiestie of the kynges place of iugement, and with an assured and bolde countenance, had to the prince, these wordes followyng,

“ Syr, remembre yourselfe, I kepe here the place of the kyng your soueraine lorde and father, to whom ye owe double obedience; wherfore estfoones in his name, I charge you desyste of your wyfswines and vnlauffull enterpryse, & from bensforth giue good example to those, whyche hereafter shall be your propre subiectes. And nowe, for your contempte and disobedience, go you to the pryson of the kynges benche, wherewnto I commytte you, and remayne ye there prysoner vntyll the pleasure of the kyng your father be further knowen.”

“ With whiche wordes being abashed, and also wondrynge at the meruaylous gravitie of that worshypfulle iustyce, the noble prince layinge his weapon aparte, doying reuerence, departed, and wente to the kynges benche, as he was commanded. Wherat his seruautes disdaynyng, came and shewed to the kyng all the hole affaire. Wherat he awhyles studyenge, after as a man all rauyshed with gladnes, holdynge his eien and handes vp towarde heuen, abraided, sayng with a loude voice, ‘ O mercifull God, howe moche am I, aboue all other men, bounde to your infinite goodnes, specially for that ye haue gyuen me a iuge, who feareth nat to minister iustyce, and also a sonne, who can suffice seembly, and obeye iustyce!’”

And here it may be noted, that Shakspeare has deviated from history in bringing the Chief Justice and Henry V. together, for it is expressly said by Fuller, in his *Worthies of Yorkshyre*, and that on the best authority, that Gascoigne died in the life-time of his father, viz. on the first day of November, 14 Henry IV. See *Dugd. Origines Juridic. in the Chronica Series*, fol. 54, 56. Neither is it to be presumed but that this laboured defence of his conduct is a fiction of the poet: and it may justly be inferred from the character of this very able lawyer, whose name frequently occurs in the year-book of his time, that, having had spirit and resolution to vindicate the authority of the law, in the punishment of the prince, he disdained a formal apology for an act that is recorded to his honour, Sir J. HAWKINS.

And did commit you. If the deed were ill,  
 Be you contented, wearing now the garland,  
 To have a son set your decrees at nought;  
 To pluck down justice from your awful bench;  
 To trip the course of law,<sup>4</sup> and blunt the sword  
 That guards the peace and safety of your person:  
 Nay, more; to spurn at your most royal image,  
 And mock your workings in a second body.<sup>5</sup>

In the foregoing account of this transaction, there is no mention of the Prince's having *struck* Gascoigne, the Chief Justice. Holinshed, however, whom our author copied, speaking of the "wanton pastime" in which Prince Henry passed his youth, says, that "where on a time *hee stroke the chiefe justice on the face with his fist*, for emprisoning one of his mates, he was not only committed to straighte prison himselfe by the sayde chief justice, but also of his father put out of the privie counsell and banished the courte." Holinshed has here followed Hall. Our author (as an anonymous writer has observed) [Mr. Ritson] might have found the same circumstance in the old play of *K. Henry V.*

With respect to the anachronism, Sir William Gascoigne certainly died before the accession of Henry V. to the throne, as appears from the inscription which was once legible on his tombstone, in Harwood church in Yorkshire, and was as follows: "Hic jacet Wil'mus Gascoigne, nuper capit. justic. de banco, Hen. nuper regis Angliæ quarti, qui quidem Wil'mus ob. die domi'ca 17.<sup>a</sup> die Decembris. an. dom. 1412, 14.<sup>to</sup> Henrici quarti, factus iudex, 1401." See *Gent. Magazine*, Vol. LI. p. 624.

Shakspeare, however, might have been misled on the authority of Stowe, who in a marginal note, 1 Henry V. erroneously asserts that "William Gascoigne was chief justice of the Kings Bench from the *sixt* of Henry IV. to the *third* of Henry the Fifth:" or, (which is full as probable,) Shakspeare might have been careless about the matter. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *To trip the course of law,*] To defeat the process of justice; a metaphor taken from the act of tripping a runner.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet*:

"Then *trip* him, that his heels may kick at heaven."

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *And mock your workings in a second body.*] To treat with contempt your acts executed by a representative. JOHNSON.

Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;  
 Be now the father, and propose a son:<sup>6</sup>  
 Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,  
 See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,  
 Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;  
 And then imagine me taking your part,  
 And, in your power, soft silencing your son:  
 After this cold consideration, sentence me;  
 And, as you are a king, speak in your state,<sup>7</sup>—  
 What I have done, that misbecame my place,  
 My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

*KING.* You are right, justice, and you weigh this well;

Therefore still bear the balance, and the sword:  
 And I do wish your honours may increase,  
 Till you do live to see a son of mine  
 Offend you, and obey you, as I did.  
 So shall I live to speak my father's words;—  
*Happy am I, that have a man so bold,  
 That dares do justice on my proper son:  
 And not less happy, having such a son,  
 That would deliver up his greatness so  
 Into the hands of justice.—You did commit me:<sup>8</sup>  
 For which, I do commit into your hand  
 The unstained sword that you have us'd to bear;*

<sup>6</sup> — *and propose a son:*] i. e. image to yourself a son, contrive for a moment to think you have one. So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

“ — a thousand deaths I could *propose*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *in your state,*] In your regal character and office, not with the passion of a man interested, but with the impartiality of a legislator. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *You did commit me: &c.*] So, in the play on this subject, antecedent to that of Shakspeare:

“ You sent me to the Fleet; and for revengement,

“ I have chosen you to be the protector

“ Over my realm.” STEEVENS.

With this remembrance,<sup>9</sup>—That you use the same  
 With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,  
 As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand;  
 You shall be as a father to my youth:  
 My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear;  
 And I will stoop and humble my intents  
 To your well-practis'd, wise directions.—  
 And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;—  
 My father is gone wild<sup>2</sup> into his grave,  
 For in his tomb lie my affections;  
 And with his spirit sadly I survive,<sup>3</sup>  
 To mock the expectation of the world;  
 To frustrate prophecies; and to raze out  
 Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down  
 After my seeming. The tide of blood in me

<sup>9</sup> — *remembrance,*] That is, admonition. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *My father is gone wild*—] Mr. Pope, by substituting *wild'd* for *wild*, without sufficient consideration, afforded Mr. Theobald much matter of ostentatious triumph. JOHNSON.

The meaning is—My *wild* dispositions having ceased on my father's death, and being now as it were buried in his tomb, he and wildness are interred in the same grave.

A passage in *King Henry V.* Act I. sc. i. very strongly confirms this interpretation:

“ The courses of his youth promis'd it not:  
 “ The breath no sooner left his father's body,  
 “ But that his *wildness*, mortified in him,  
 “ Seem'd to die too.”

So, in *King Henry VIII.*:

“ And when old time shall lead him to his end,  
 “ *Goodness*, and *be*, fill up one monument.”

A kindred thought is found in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“ And so suppose am I; for in his grave  
 “ Assure thyself my love is buried.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *with his spirit sadly I survive,*] *Sadly* is the same as soberly, seriously, gravely. *Sad* is opposed to wild.

JOHNSON.

The quarto and first folio have *spirits*. The correction was made by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, till now :  
 Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea ;  
 Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,<sup>4</sup>  
 And flow henceforth in formal majesty.  
 Now call we our high court of parliament :  
 And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,  
 That the great body of our state may go  
 In equal rank with the best-govern'd nation ;  
 That war, or peace, or both at once, may be  
 As things acquainted and familiar to us ;—  
 In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.—  
[To the Lord Chief Justice.
 Our coronation done, we will accite,  
 As I before remember'd, all our state :

<sup>4</sup> — *the state of floods,*] i. e. The assembly, or general meeting of the floods: for all rivers, running to the sea, are there represented as holding their sessions. This thought naturally introduced the following :

“ Now call we our high court of parliament.”

But the Oxford editor, much a stranger to the phraseology of that time in general, and to his author's in particular, out of mere loss for his meaning, reads it backwards, *the floods of state*.

WARBURTON.

The objection to Warburton's explanation is, that the word *state*, in the singular, does not imply the sense he contends for; we say an assembly of the *states*, not of the *state*. I believe we must either adopt Hanmer's amendment, or suppose that *state* means *dignity*; and that, “ to mingle with the state of floods,” is to partake of the dignity of floods. I should prefer the amendment to this interpretation. M. MASON.

I prefer the interpretation to the amendment. *State* most evidently means *dignity*. So, in *The Tempest* :

“ ——— Highest queen of *state*,

“ Great Juno comes.” STEVENS.

— *with the state of floods,*] With the majestick dignity of the ocean, the chief of floods. So before, in this scene :

“ And, as you are a king, speak in your *state*,”—

*State* and *Estate*, however, were used in our author's time for a *person* of high dignity, and may in that sense be applied to the sea, supposing it to be personified. MALONE.

And (God consigning to my good intents,  
No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,—  
Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E III.

Glostershire. *The Garden of Shallow's House.*

*Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH,  
the Page, and DAVY.*

SHAL. Nay, you shall see mine orchard: where,  
in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my  
own grafting, with a dish of caraways, and fo  
forth;—come, cousin Silence;—and then to bed.

<sup>s</sup> — *a dish of caraways, &c.*] A comfit or confectio[n] so  
called in our author's time. A passage in *De Vignoul Marville's  
Melanges d'Histoire et de Litt.* will explain this odd treat: “ Dans  
le dernier siecle ou l'on avoit le gout delicat, on ne croioit pas  
pouvoir vivre sans Dragées. Il n'etoit fils de bonne mere, qui n'eut  
son Dragier; et il est reporté dans l'histoire du duc de Guise, que  
quand il fut tué à Blois, il avoit son Dragier à la main.”

WARBURTON.

Mr. Edwards has diverted himself with this note of Dr. War-  
burton's, but without producing a happy illustration of the passage.  
The dish of *caraways* here mentioned was a dish of apples of that  
name. GOLDSMITH.

Whether Dr. Warburton, Mr. Edwards, or Dr. Goldsmith is  
in the right, the following passage in Decker's *Satiromastix*, has  
left undecided:

“ By this handful of *carroways* I could never abide to say  
grace.”

“ — by these *comfits* we'll let all slide.”

“ By these *comfits* and these *carroways*; I warrant it does him  
good to swear.”

“ — I am glad, lady Petula, by this *apple*, that they please  
you.”

*FAL.* 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

*SHAL.* Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, sir John:—marry, good air.<sup>6</sup>—Spread, Davy; spread, Davy: well said, Davy.

*FAL.* This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man, and your husbandman.<sup>7</sup>

That *apples, comfits, and carraways*, at least were distinct things, may be inferred from the following passage in the old black letter interlude of the *Disobedient Child*, no date:

“What running had I for *apples* and nuttes,

“What callyng for *biskettes, cumfettes, and carowaies.*”

Again, in *How to chuse a Good Wife from a Bad*, 1602:

“For *apples, carrawaies, and cheese.*”

There is a *pear*, however, called a *caraway*, which may be corrupted from *caillouel*, Fr. So, in the French *Roman de la Rose*:

“*Ou la poire de caillouel.*”

Chaucer, in his version of this passage, says:

“With *calerweis,*” &c. STEEVENS.

It would be easy to prove by several instances that *carraways* were generally part of the desert in Shakspeare's time. See particularly *Murrel's Cookery, &c.* A late writer however asserts that *carraways* is the name of an apple as well known to the *natural inhabitants* of Bath, as *nonparcil* is in London, and as generally associated with golden pippins. He observes also that if Shakspeare had meant *comfits* he would have said, “a dish of last year's pippins with *carraways.*”——With a dish, &c. clearly means something distinct from the pippins. *Jackson's Thirty Letters*, 8vo. Vol. II. p. 42. REED.

The following passage in Cogan's *Haven of Health*, 4to. bl. l. 1595, will at once settle this important question: “This is a confirmation of our use in England, for the serving of apples and other fruites last after meales. Howbeit we are wont to eate *carrawaies* or *biskets*, or some other kind of *comfits* or *feedes* together with apples, thereby to breake winde ingendred by them: and surely it is a very good way for students.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *barren, barren; beggars all,—good air.*] Justice Shallow alludes to a witticism frequent among rustics, who when talking of a healthy country pleasantly observe: “Yes, it is a good air, more run away than die.” HOLT WHITE.

<sup>7</sup> — *and your husbandman.*] Old copy—*husband*. Corrected



SHAL. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, fir John.—By the mafs,<sup>8</sup> I have drunk too much sack at supper:—a good varlet. Now fit down, now fit down:—come, coufin.

SIL. Ah, firrah! quoth-a,—we fhall  
*Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,* [Singing.  
*And praise heaven for the merry year;*  
*When flefb is cheap and females dear,<sup>9</sup>*  
*And lufly lads roam here and there,*  
*So merrily,*  
*And ever among fo merrily.*

FAL. There's a merry heart!—Good mafter Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

SHAL. Give mafter Bardolph fome wine, Davy.

DAVY. Sweet fir, fit; [*Seating BARDOLPH and the Page at another table.*] I'll be with you anon:—moft sweet fir, fit.—Mafter page, good mafter page, fit: proface!<sup>2</sup> What you want in meat,

by Mr. Rowe. I am not fure that the emendation is neceffary. "He was a wife *man*, and a *good*," was the language of our author's time. See alfo Falftaff's preceding fpeech. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *By the mafs,*] So, in *Springs for Woodcocks*, a collection of epigrams, 1606, Ep. 221:

"In elders' time, as ancient cuftom was,  
 "Men fwore in weighty caufes *by the maffe*;  
 "But when the *maffe* went down (as others note,)  
 "Their oathes were, by the croffe of this fame groat," &c.  
 STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *and females dear,* &c.] This very natural character of juftice Silence is not fufficiently obferved. He would fcarcely fpeak a word before, and now there is no poffibility of ftopping his mouth. He has a *catch* for every occafion:

*When flefb is cheap, and females dear.*

Here the double fenfe of the word *dear* muft be remembered.—  
*Ever among* is ufed by Chaucer in the *Romant of the Roſe*:

"*Ever among* (fothly to faine)  
 "I fuffre noie and mochil paine." FARMER.

<sup>2</sup> — *proface!*] Italian from *profaccia*; that is, much good may it do you. HANMER.

we'll have in drink. But you must bear; The heart's all.<sup>3</sup> [Exit.

Sir Thomas Hanmer (says Dr. Farmer) is right, yet it is no argument for his author's Italian knowledge.

Old Heywood, the epigrammatist, addressed his readers long before :

“ Readers, reade this thus: for preface, *proface*,  
“ Much good may it do you,” &c.

So, Taylor, the water-poet, in the title of a poem prefixed to his *Praise of Hempseed* :

“ A preamble, preatrot, preagallop, preapace, or preface; and *proface*, my masters, if your stomach serve.”

Decker, in his comedy of *If this be not a good Play the Diuill is in it*, makes Shackle-foule, in the character of Friar Rush, tempt his brethren “ with choice of dishes :”

“ To which *proface*; with blythe lookes fit yee.”

I am still much in doubt whether there be such an Italian word as *profaccia*. Baretti has it not, and it is more probable that we received it from the French; *proface* being a colloquial abbreviation of the phrase.—*Bon prou leur face*, i. e. Much good may it do them. See Cotgrave, in voce *Prou*.

To the instances produced by Dr. Farmer, I may add one more from *Springs for Woodcocks*, a collection of epigrams, 1606 : Ep. 110 :

“ *Proface*, quoth Fulvius, fill us t'other quart.”

And another from Heywood's *Epigrams* :

“ I came to be merry, wherewith merrily

“ *Proface*. Have among you,” &c.

Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 528 : “ —the cardinall came in booted and spurred, all sodainly amongst them, and bade them *proface*.” STEEVENS.

So, in Nashe's *Apologie for Pierce Penniless*, 1593 :

“ A preface to courteous minds,—as much as to say *proface*, much good may it do you! would it were better for you!”

Sir T. Hanmer, (as an ingenious friend observes to me,) was mistaken in supposing *profaccia* a regular Italian word; the proper expression being *buon pro vi faccia*, much good may it do you! *Profaccia* is however, as I am informed, a *cant* term used by the common people in Italy, though it is not inserted in the best Italian dictionaries. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *The heart's all.*] That is, the intention with which the entertainment is given. The humour consists in making Davy act as master of the house. JOHNSON.

SHAL. Be merry, maffer Bardolph;—and my little foldier there, be merry.

SIL. *Be merry, be merry, my wife's as all;*<sup>4</sup> [Singing.  
*For women are sbrews, both sbort and tall:*  
*'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,*<sup>5</sup>  
*And welcome merry sbrove-tide.*<sup>6</sup>  
*Be merry, be merry, &c.*

<sup>4</sup> — *my wife's as all;*] Old copy—*has all*. Dr. Farmer very acutely observes, that we should read—*my wife's as all*, i. e. as all women are. This affords a natural introduction to what follows.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,*] Mr. Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*, observes, that this rhyme is found in a poem by Adam Davie, called *The Life of Alexander*:

“Merry swithe it is in halle,

“When the berdes waveth alle.” STEEVENS.

This song is mentioned by a contemporary author, “—which done, grace said, and the table taken up, the plate presently conveyed into the pantrie, the hall summons this consort of companions (upon payne to dyne with duke Humphrie, or to kisse the hare's foot) to appear at the first call: where a song is to be sung, the under song or holding whereof is, *It is merrie in haul where beards wag all.*” *The Serving-man's Comfort*, 1598, Sign. C. Again, “It is a common proverbe *It is merry in hall, when beards wag all.*” *Briefe Conceipte of English Pollicye*, by William Stafford, 1581. Reprinted 1751, as a work of Shakspeare's.

REED.

<sup>6</sup> *And welcome merry shrove-tide.*] *Shrove-tide* was formerly a season of extraordinary sport and feasting. In the Romish church there was anciently a feast immediately preceding Lent, which lasted many days, called *CARNISCIPIUM*. See Carpentier in v. Supp. Lat. Gloss. Du Cange, Tom. I. p. 831. In some cities of France, an officer was annually chosen, called *LE PRINCE D'AMOREUX*, who presided over the sports of the youth for six days before Ash-Wednesday. Ibid. v. *Amoratus*, p. 195; and v. *Cardinalis*, p. 818. Also, v. *Spinetum*, Tom. III. 848. Some traces of these festivities still remain in our universities. In the *Percy Household-Book*, 1512, it appears, “that the clergy and officers of Lord Percy's chapel performed a play before his lordship upon Shrowtuesday at night.” P. 345. T. WARTON.

See also Doddsley's *Collection of old Plays*, Vol. XII. p. 403, last edition. REED.

*FAL.* I did not think, master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

*SIL.* Who I? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

*Re-enter DAVY.*

*DAVY.* There is a dish of leather-coats for you.<sup>7</sup>  
[*Setting them before BARDOLPH.*]

*SHAL.* Davy,—

*DAVY.* Your worship?—I'll be with you straight.  
[*To BARD.*.]—A cup of wine, fir?

*SIL.* *A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,* [Singing.  
*And drink unto the leman mine;*  
*And a merry heart lives long-a.*]

*FAL.* Well said, master Silence.

*SIL.* And we shall be merry;—now comes in the sweet of the night.<sup>8</sup>

*FAL.* Health and long life to you, master Silence!

*SIL.* *Fill the cup, and let it come;*<sup>9</sup>  
*I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.*

<sup>7</sup> — *leather-coats*—] The apple commonly denominated ruffet, in Devonshire is called the *buff-coat*. HENLEY.

<sup>8</sup> — *now comes in the sweet of the night.*] So Falstaff, in a former scene of this play: “Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night —.” STEEVENS.

I believe the latter words [those in the speech of *Silence*] make part of some old ballad.—In one of Autolycus's songs we find—  
“Why then comes in the sweet of the year.”

The words, *And we shall be merry*, have a reference to a song, of which Silence has already sung a stanza. His speeches in this scene are, for the most part, fragments of ballads. Though his imagination did not furnish him with any thing original to say, he could repeat the verses of others. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Fill the cup, &c.*] This passage has hitherto been printed as prose, but I am told that it makes a part of an old song, and have therefore restored it to its metrical form. STEEVENS.

*SHAL.* Honest Bardolph, welcome: If thou want'st any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart.—Welcome, my little tiny thief; [*To the Page.*] and welcome, indeed, too.—I'll drink to master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleroes<sup>2</sup> about London.

*DAVY.* I hope to see London once ere I die.<sup>3</sup>

*BARD.* An I might see you there, Davy,—

*SHAL.* By the mass, you'll crack a quart together. Ha! will you not, master Bardolph?

*BARD.* Yes, fir, in a pottle pot.

*SHAL.* I thank thee:—The knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.

*BARD.* And I'll stick by him, fir.

*SHAL.* Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [*Knocking beard.*] Look who's at door there: Ho! who knocks? [*Exit DAVY.*

*FAL.* Why, now you have done me right..

[*To SILENCE, who drinks a bumper.*

*SIL.* *Do me right,*<sup>4</sup>

[*Singing.*

*And dub me knight:*<sup>5</sup>

*Samingo.*<sup>6</sup>

Is't not so?

<sup>2</sup> — *cavaleroes*—] This was the term by which an airy, splendid, irregular fellow was distinguished. The soldiers of King Charles were called Cavaliers from the gaiety which they affected in opposition to the sober faction of the parliament.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *I hope to see London once ere I die.*] *Once*, I believe, here signifies *some time*, or—*one time or another*. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Fenton says: "I pray thee, *once* to-night give my sweet Nan this ring." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Do me right,*] *To do a man right*, and *to do him reason*, were formerly the usual expressions in pledging healths. He who drank a bumper, expected a bumper should be drunk to his toast.

*FAL.* 'Tis so.

*SIL.* Is't so? Why, then say, an old man can do somewhat.

So, in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, Captain Otter says in the drinking scene: "Ha' you *done me right*, gentlemen?"

Again, in *The Bondman*, by Massinger:

"These glasses contain nothing;—*do me right*,  
"As ere you hope for liberty." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *and dub me knight*:] It was the custom of the good fellows of Shakspeare's days to drink a very large draught of wine, and sometimes a less palatable potation, on *their knees*, to the health of their mistres. He who performed this exploit was dubb'd a *knight* for the evening.

So, in *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608:

"They call it *knighting* in London, when they *drink upon their knees*.—Come follow me; I'll give you all the *degrees* of it in order." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *Samingo*.] He means to say, *San Domingo*. HANMER.

In one of Nashe's plays, entitled *Summer's last Will and Testament*, 1600, Bacchus sings the following catch:

"Monsieur Mingo for quaffing doth surpafs  
"In cup, in can, or glafs;  
"God Bacchus, do me right,  
"And dub me knight,  
"Domingo."

*Domingo* is only the burthen of the song.

Again, in *The letting of Humours Blood in the Head-vaine: with a new Morisco, daunced by seaven Satyres, upon the bottome of Diogenes Tubbe*, 1600:

#### Epigram I.

"Monsieur *Domingo* is a skilful man,  
"For muche experience he hath lately got,  
"Proving more phisicke in an alehouse can  
"Than may be found in any vintner's pot;  
"Beere he protestes is foddren and refin'd,  
"And this he speakes, being single-penny lind.  
"For when his purse is swolne but sixpence bigge,  
"Why then he sweares,—Now by the Lorde I thinke,  
"All beere in Europe is not worth a figge;  
"A cuppe of clarret is the only drinke.  
"And thus his praise from beer to wine doth goe,  
"Even as his purse in pence dothe ebbe and flowe."

STEEVENS.

*Re-enter DAVY.*

*DAVY.* An it please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

*FAL.* From the court? let him come in.—

*Enter PISTOL.*

How now, Pistol?

*PIST.* God save you, fir John!

*FAL.* What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

*PIST.* Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.<sup>7</sup>  
—Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

*Samingo*, that is, *San Domingo*, as some of the commentators have rightly observed. But what is the meaning and propriety of the name here, has not yet been shown. Justice Silence is here introduced as in the midst of his cups: and I remember a black-letter ballad, in which either a *San Domingo*, or a *signior Domingo*, is celebrated for his miraculous feats in drinking. Silence, in the abundance of his festivity, touches upon some old song, in which this convivial *saint* or *signior*, was the *burden*. Perhaps too the pronunciation is here suited to the character. T. WARTON.

That is, to the present situation of Silence; who has drunk so deeply at supper, that Falstaff afterwards orders him to be *carried* to bed. MALONE.

Of the gluttony and drunkenness of the *Dominicans*, one of their own order says thus in Weever's *Funeral Monuments*, p. cxxxix: "*Sanctus Dominicus fit nobis semper amicus, cui canimus—siccatis ante lagenis—fratres qui non curant nisi ventres.*" Hence *Domingo* might (as Mr. Steevens remarks) become the burden of a drinking song. TOLLET.

In Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, we meet with—

"Do me right, and dub me knight, *Ballurdo*."

FARMER.

<sup>7</sup> — *no man to good.*] I once thought that we should read— which blows *to no man good*. But a more attentive review of

Q 4

SIL. By'r lady, I think 'a be; but Goodman Puff of Barfon.<sup>8</sup>

PIST. Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—  
Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,  
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;  
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,  
And golden times, and happy news of price.

ancient Pistol's language has convinced me that it is very dangerous to correct it. He who in quoting from Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, introduces *hollow-pamper'd jades*, instead of "Holla, ye pamper'd jades," may be allowed to change the order of the words in this common proverbial saying.

Since this note was written, I have found that I suspected Pistol of inaccuracy without reason. He quotes the proverb as it was used by our old English writers, though the words are now differently arranged. So, in *A Dialogue both pleasaunt and pietifull*, by William Bulleyn, 1564, Signat. F 5:

"No winde but it doth turn some man to good."

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — but Goodman Puff of Barfon.] A little before, William Vifor of Woncot is mentioned. Woodmancot and Barton (says Mr. Edwards's MSS.) which I suppose are these two places, and are represented to be in the neighbourhood of justice Shallow, are both of them in Berkeley hundred in Gloucestershire. This, I imagine, was done to disguise the satire a little; for Sir Thomas Lucy, who, by the coat of arms he bears, must be the real justice Shallow, lived at Charlecot near Stratford, in Warwickshire.

STEEVENS.

*Barfon* is a village in Warwickshire, lying between Coventry and Solyhull. PERCY.

Mr. Tollet has the same observation, and adds that *Woncot* may be put for *Wolphmancote*, vulgarly *Ovencote*, in the same county. Shakspeare might be unwilling to disguise the satire too much, and therefore mentioned places within the jurisdiction of Sir Thomas Lucy. STEEVENS.

Mr. Warton in a note on *The Taming of the Shrew*, says that *Wincote*, (or *Wincot*,) is a village in Warwickshire, near Stratford. I suppose therefore in a former scene we should read *Wincot* instead of *Woncot*. MALONE.



*FAL.* I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

*PIST.* A foutra for the world, and worldlings base!

I speak of Africa, and golden joys.

*FAL.* O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news? Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.<sup>9</sup>

*SIL.* And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.<sup>3</sup> [Sings.

*PIST.* Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons? And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.<sup>3</sup>

*SHAL.* Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

*PIST.* Why then, lament therefore,<sup>4</sup>

*SHAL.* Give me pardon, fir;—If, fir, you come with news from the court, I take it, there is but

<sup>9</sup> *Let king Cophetua, &c.*] Lines taken from an old bombast play of *King Cophetua*; of whom we learn from Shakspeare, there were ballads too. WARBURTON.

This is mere conjecture, for no such play is extant. From a passage in *King Richard II.* it may indeed be surmized that there was such a piece. See Vol. VIII. p. 335, n. 4. The ballad of *The King (Cophetua) and the Beggar*, may be found in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, Vol. I. MALONE.

See *Love's Labour's Lost*. Vol. V. p. 248, n. 6. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *Scarlet, and John.*] This scrap (as Dr. Percy has observed in the first volume of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*) is taken from a stanza in the old ballad of *Robin Hood and the Pindar of Wakefield*. STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *in Furies' lap.*] Should not we read?—*in Fury's lap.*

RITSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Why then, lament therefore.*] This was perhaps intended to be ridiculed by Ben Jonson in his *Poetaster*, 1602:

“*Why then, lament therefore.* Damn'd be thy guts

“*Unto king Pluto's hell.*”

He might however have meant nothing more than to quote a popular play. MALONE.

two ways; either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, fir, under the king, in some authority.

*P1ST.* Under which king, Bezonian?<sup>4</sup> fpeak, or dic.

*SHAL.* Under king Harry.

*P1ST.* Harry the fourth? or fifth?

*SHAL.* Harry the fourth.

*P1ST.* A foutra for thine office!—

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;  
Harry the fifth's the man. I fpeak the truth:  
When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like  
The bragging Spaniard.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — Bezonian?] So again, Suffolk fays in the Second Part of *Henry VI*:

“ Great men oft dic by vile *Bezonians*.”

It is a term of reproach, frequent in the writers contemporary with our poet. *Bifognofo*, a needy person; thence metaphorically, a bafe fcoundrel. THEOBALD.

Nafh, in *Pierce Pennyleffe his Supplication &c.* 1595, fays: “ Proud lordes do tumble from the towers of their high defcents, and be trod under feet of every inferior *Befonian*.”

In *The Widow's Tears*, a comedy by Chapman, 1612, the primitive word is used:

“ — spurn'd out by grooms, like a bafe *Befogno!*”

And again, in *Sir Giles Gofecap*, a comedy, 1606:

“ — If he come like to your *Befogno*, your boor, fo he be rich, they care not.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— fig me, like

*The bragging Spaniard*.] To *fig*, in Spanifh, *bigas dar*, is to insult by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger. From this Spanifh cuftom we yet fay in contempt, “ a fig for you.”

JOHNSON.

So, in *The Shepherd's Slumber*, a fong published in *England's Helicon*, 1600:

“ With fcowling browes their follies checke,

“ And fo give them the *fig*,” &c.

See my note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. fc. i: STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson has properly explained this phrafe; but it fhould be added that it is of Italian origin. When the Milanefe revolted

*FAL.* What! is the old king dead?

*PIST.* As nail in door:<sup>6</sup> the things I speak, are just.

*FAL.* Away, Bardolph; saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

*BARD.* O joyful day!—I would not take a knight-hood for my fortune.

*PIST.* What? I do bring good news?

*FAL.* Carry master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots; we'll ride all night:—O, sweet Pistol:—Away, Bardolph. [*Exit BARD.*]

—Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, master Shallow; I know, the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe to my lord chief justice!

against the emperor Frederic Barbarossa, they placed the empress his wife upon a mule with her head towards the tail, and ignominiously expelled her their city. Frederic afterwards besieged and took the place, and compelled every one of his prisoners on pain of death to take with his teeth a fig from the posteriors of a mule. The party was at the same time obliged to repeat to the executioner the words "ecco la fica." From this circumstance "far la fica" became a term of derision, and was adopted by other nations. The French say likewise "faire la figue." DOUCE.

<sup>6</sup> Fal. *What! is the old king dead?*

*Pist.* *As nail in door:]* This proverbial expression is oftener used than understood. The *door nail* is the *nail* on which in ancient *doors* the knocker strikes. It is therefore used as a comparison to any one irrecoverably dead, one who has fallen (as Virgil says) *multâ morte*, i. e. with abundant death, such as reiteration of strokes on the head would naturally produce. STEVENS.

*PISY.* Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!  
*Where is the life that late I led, say they:*<sup>7</sup>  
 Why, here it is; Welcome these pleasant days.<sup>8</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

London. *A Street.*

*Enter Beadles, dragging in Hostess Quickly, and Doll Tear-sheet.*<sup>9</sup>

*HOSY.* No, thou arrant knave; I would I might die, that I might have thee hang'd: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

*I. BEAD.* The constables have deliver'd her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer<sup>2</sup> enough, I warrant her: There hath been a man or two lately kill'd about her.

<sup>7</sup> *Where is the life that late I led, &c.*] Words of an old ballad.

WARBURTON.

The same has been already introduced in *The Taming of a Shrew*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *Welcome these pleasant days.*] Perhaps, (as Sir Thomas Hanmer suggests,) the poet concluded this scene with a rhyming couplet, and therefore wrote:

— *Welcome this pleasant day.* STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Enter Beadles, &c.*] This stage-direction in the quarto edit. of 1600, stands thus: “*Enter Sincklo, and three or four Officers.*” And the name of *Sincklo* is prefixed to those speeches, which in the later editions are given to the *Beadle*. This is an additional proof that *Sincklo* was the name of one of the players. See the note on *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act I. sc. i. [Vol. VI. p. 396, n. 9.]

TYRWHITT.

<sup>2</sup> — *whipping-cheer*—] So, in Thomas Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587: “— in wedlocke all penfive fullenes and *lowring-cheer* ought to be utterly excluded,” &c. Again, in an ancient bl. l. ballad, intitled, *O, yes, &c.*

“And if he chance to scape the rope,

“He shall have *whipping-cheere.*” STEEVENS.

*DOL.* Nut-hook, nut-hook,<sup>3</sup> you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damn'd tripe-visaged rascal; an the child I now go with, do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

*HOST.* O the Lord, that sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God, the fruit of her womb miscarry!

1. *BEAD.* If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions<sup>4</sup> again; you have but eleven now. Come,

<sup>3</sup> *Nut-book, &c.*] It has been already observed in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, that *nut-book* seems to have been in those times a name of reproach for a catchpoll. JOHNSON.

A *nut-book* was, I believe, a person who stole linen, &c. out at windows, by means of a pole with a hook at the end of it. Greene, in his *Arte of Coney-catching*, has given a very particular account of this kind of fraud; so that *nut-book* was probably as common a term of reproach as rogue is at present. In an old comedy intitled *Match me in London*, 1631, I find the following passage: "She's the king's *nut-book*, that when any filbert is ripe, pulls down the bravest boughs to his hand."

Again, in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584: "To go a fishing with a *cranke* through a window, or to set lime-twigs to catch a pan, pot, or dish."

Again, in *Albumazar*, 1615:

"—— picking of locks and *booking* cloaths out of window."

Again, in *The Jew of Malta*, by Marlowe, 1633:

"I saw some bags of money, and in the night

"I clamber'd up with my *books*."

Hence perhaps the phrase *By book or by crook*, which is as old as the time of Tuffer and Spenser. The first uses it in his *Husbandry* for the month of March, the second in the third book of his *Faery Queene*. In the first volume of Holinshed's *Chronicle*, p. 183, the reader may find the cant titles bestowed by the vagabonds of that age on one another, among which are *bookers*, or anglers: and Decker, in *The Bell-man of London*, 5th edit. 1640, describes this species of robbery in particular. STEEVENS.

See a former scene of this play, p. 87, n. 7. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> —— a dozen of cushions —] That is, to stuff her out that the might counterfeit pregnancy. So, in Massinger's *Old Law*:

"I said I was with child, &c. Thou said'st it was a *cushion*," &c.

I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among you.

*DOL.* I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer!<sup>5</sup> I will have you as soundly swung for this, you blue-bottle-rogue!<sup>6</sup> you filthy famish'd

Again, in Greene's *Disputation between a He Coneycatcher &c.* 1592: " — to wear a *cushion* under her own kirtle, and to faine herself with child." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *thou thin man in a censer!*] These old censers of thin metal had generally at the bottom the figure of some saint raised up with a hammer, in a barbarous kind of imbossed or chased work. The hunger-starved beadle is compared, in substance, to one of these thin raised figures, by the same kind of humour that Pistol, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, calls Slender a *latten bilboe*.  
WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is erroneous. The embossed figure to which Doll refers, was in the middle of the pierced convex lid of the *censer*; and not at the bottom, where it must have been out of sight. See Vol. VI. p. 519, n. 7.

That Doll Tear-sheet, however, may not be suspected of acquaintance with the *censers* mentioned in Scripture and confined to sacred use, it should be remarked, that the consummate flattery of ancient houses rendered censers or fire-pans, in which coarse perfumes were burnt, most necessary utensils. In *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act I. sc. iii. Borachio says he had been "entertained for a perfumer to smoke a *misty room* at Leonato's:" and in a letter from the Lords of the Council, in the reign of K. Edward VI. (See Lodge's *Illustrations of British History*, &c. Vol. I. p. 141.) we are told that Lord Paget's house was so small, that "after one month it would wax *unsavory* for hym to contynue in," &c. Again, from the correspondence of the Earl of Shrewsbury with Lord Burleigh, during the confinement of Mary Queen of Scots at Sheffield-castle, in 1572. (See Vol. II. p. 68.) we learn that her Majesty was to be removed for five or six days "to klense her chamber, *being kept very unklenly*." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *blue-bottle-rogue!*] A name, I suppose, given to the beadle from the colour of his livery. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is right with respect to the *livery*, but the allusion seems to be to the great *steeb fly*, commonly called a *blue-bottle*.

FARMER.

The same allusion is in *Northward Hoe*, 1607:

"Now *blue-bottle!* what flutter you for, sea-pie?"

correctioner! if you be not swinged, I'll forswear half-kirtles.<sup>7</sup>

I. BEAD. Come, come, you she knight-errant; come.

HOST. O, that right should thus overcome might! Well; of sufferance comes ease.

DOL. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

HOST. Ay; come, you starved blood-hound.

DOL. Goodman death! goodman bones!

The serving men were anciently habited in *blue*, and this is spoken on the entry of one of them. It was natural for Doll to have an aversion to the colour, as a *blue gown* was the dress in which a strumpet did penance. So, in *The Northern Lass*, 1633: "— let all the good you intended me be a lockram coif, a *blew gown*, a wheel, and a clean whip." Mr. Malone confirms Dr. Johnson's remark on the dress of the beadle, by the following quotation from *Michaelmas Term*, by Middleton, 1607: "And to be free from the interruption of *blue* beadles and other bawdy officers, he most politickly lodges her in a constable's house."

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *half-kirtles*.] Probably the dress of the prostitutes of that time. JOHNSON.

A *half kirtle* was perhaps the same kind of thing as we call at present a short-gown, or a bed-gown. There is a proverbial expression now in use which may serve to confirm it. When a person is loosely dressed the vulgar say—Such a one looks like a w — in a bed-gown. See *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607: "— forty shillings I lent her to redeem two *half-silk kirtles*."

STEEVENS.

The dress of the courtezans of the time confirms Mr. Steevens's observation. So, in *Michaelmas Term*, by Middleton, 1607: "Dost dream of virginity now? remember a *loose-bodied gown*, wench, and let it go." Again, in *Skialetheia, or a Shadow of Truth in certain Epigrammes and Satires*, 1598:

"To women's *loose gowns* suiting her loose rhimes."

Yet from the description of a *kirtle* already given (see p. 102, n. 6.) a half-kirtle should seem to be a *short cloak*, rather than a short gown. Perhaps such a cloak, without sleeves, was here meant. MALONE.

HOST. Thou atomy thou!<sup>8</sup>

DOL. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal!

I. BEAD. Very well.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>8</sup> — *thou atomy, thou!*] *Atomy* for *anatomy*. *Atomy* or *otamy* is sometimes used by the ancient writers where no blunder or de-pravation is designed. So, in *Look about you*, 1600:

“ For thee, for thee, thou art *otamie* of honour,

“ Thou worm of majesty —.” STEEVENS.

The preceding expression seems to confirm Mr. Steevens's explanation. But whether the *Otamies* of Surgeons' Hall were known at this time, may perhaps be questioned. *Atomy* is perhaps here the motes or atoms in the sun beams, as the poet himself calls them, speaking of queen Mab's chariot:

“ Drawn with a team of little *Atomies*.” *Romeo and Juliet*.  
And *Otamie* of honour, may very easily be so understood.

WHALLEY.

Shakspeare himself furnishes us with a proof that the word in his time bore the sense which we now frequently affix to it, having employed it in *The Comedy of Errors* precisely with the signification in which the hostess here uses *atomy*:

“ They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,

“ A mere *anatomy*, a mountebank,—

“ A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,

“ *A living dead man.*”

Again, in *King John*:

“ And rouse from sleep that fell *anatomy*.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *you rascal!*] In the language of the forest, *lean deer* were called *rascal* deer. See p. 78, n. 3. STEEVENS.

On this note the following observation has been made: “ Doll could not speak but in the language of the forest. *Rascal*, does not signify *rascal*, but *lean deer*. See what it is to be on the watch to show a little musty reading and *unknown* knowledge.”

Who, except this superficial writer, is so little acquainted with our author's manner, as not to know that he often introduces allusions to customs and practices with which he was himself conversant, without being solicitous whether it was probable that the speaker should have known any thing of the matter. Thus, to give one instance out of a thousand, he puts into the mouth of kings the language of his own stage, and makes them talk of *cues* and *properties*, who never had been in a tiring-room, and probably had never heard of either the one or the other. Of the language of the forest he was extremely fond; and the particular term *rascal* he has introduced in at least a dozen places. MALONE.



## S C E N E V.

*A publick place near Westminster Abbey.*

*Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes.*

1. GROOM. More rushes, more rushes.<sup>a</sup>

2. GROOM. The trumpets have sounded twice.

1. GROOM. It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation: Despatch, despatch.

[*Exeunt Grooms.*]

*Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and the Page.*

*FAL.* Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him, as 'a comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

*PIST.* God blefs thy lungs, good knight!

*FAL.* Come here, Pistol; stand behind me.—O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestow'd the thousand pound I borrow'd of you. [*To SHALLOW.*] But 'tis no matter; this

<sup>a</sup> *More rushes, &c.*] It has been already observed, that, at ceremonial entertainments, it was the custom to strew the floor with rushes. *Cains de Ephemera.* JOHNSON.

Chambers, and indeed all apartments usually inhabited, were formerly strewed in this manner. As our ancestors rarely washed their floors, disguises of uncleanness became necessary things. See note on *Cymbeline*, Act II. sc. ii.—In the present instance, however, the rushes are supposed to be scattered on the pavement of a street, or on a platform. STEVENS.

poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

SHAL. It doth so.

FAL. It shows my earnestness of affection.

SHAL. It doth so.

FAL. My devotion.

SHAL. It doth, it doth, it doth.<sup>3</sup>

FAL. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

SHAL. It is most certain.

FAL. But to stand stained with travel,<sup>4</sup> and sweating with desire to see him: thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion; as if there were nothing else to be done, but to see him.

PIST. 'Tis *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est*: 'Tis all in every part.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *It doth, it doth, it doth.*] The two little answers which are given to Pistol in the old copy, are transferred by Sir Thomas Hanmer to Shallow. The repetition of *it doth* suits Shallow best.

JOHNSON.

In the quarto Shallow's *first* speech in this scene as well as these two, is erroneously given to Pistol. The editors of the folio corrected the former, but overlooked these. They likewise, in my apprehension, overlooked an error in the end of Falstaff's speech, below, though they corrected one in the beginning of it. See note 5. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *to stand stained with travel,*] So, in *King Henry IV.* Part I:

“ *Stain'd with the variation of each foil,*  
“ *Betwixt that Holmedon and this feat of ours.*”

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *'Tis all in every part.*] The sentence alluded to is:

“ 'Tis all in all, and all in every part.”

And so doubtless it should be read. 'Tis a common way of expressing one's approbation of a right measure to say, *'tis all in all.*

*SHAL.* 'Tis so, indeed.

*PIST.* My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,  
And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,  
Is in base durance, and contagious prifon;  
Haul'd thither

By most mechanical and dirty hand:—  
Rouze up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's  
snake,

For Doll is in; Pistol speaks nought but truth.

*FAL.* I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within, and the trumpets found.*]

*PIST.* There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor  
sounds.

To which this fantastick character adds, with some humour, *and all in every part*: which, both together, make up the philosophick sentence, and complete the absurdity of Pistol's phraeology.

WARBURTON.

I strongly suspect that these words belong to Falstaff's speech. They have nothing of Pistol's manner. In the original copy in quarto, the speeches in this scene are all in confusion. The two speeches preceding this, which are jumbled together, are given to Shallow, and stand thus: "*Sh.* It is best certain: but to stand stained with travel," &c.

The allusion, if any allusion there be, is to the description of the fowl. So, in *Nesce Teipsum*, by Sir John Davies, 4to. 1599:

"Some say, *she's all in all, and all in every part.*"

Again, in Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, 4to. 1596:

"And as his fowl possesseth head and heart,

"*She's all in all, and all in every part.*" MALONE.

In my opinion, this speech accords but little with the phraeology of Falstaff; and, on the contrary, agrees well with that of Pistol, who (as Moth in *Love's Labour's Lost* says of Holofernes) appears to "have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps." See his concluding words in the scene before us. STEVENS.

*Enter the King, and his train, the Chief Justice among them.*

*FAL.* God save thy grace, king Hal!<sup>6</sup> my royal Hal!

*PIST.* The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!<sup>7</sup>

*FAL.* God save thee, my sweet boy!

*KING.* My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

*CH. JUST.* Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?

<sup>6</sup> *God save thy grace, king Hal!*] A similar scene occurs in the anonymous *Henry V.* Falstaff and his companions address the king in the same manner, and are dismissed as in this play of Shakspeare.

STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *most royal imp of fame!*] The word *imp* is perpetually used by Ulpian Fulwell, and other ancient writers, for progeny :

“ And were it not thy royal *imp*  
“ Did mitigate our pain ———.”

Here Fulwell addresses Anne Boleyn, and speaks of the young Elizabeth.

Again, in the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594:

“ ——— Amurath, mighty emperor of the east,  
“ That shall receive the *imp* of royal race.”

Again, in *Fuimus Troes*, 1633:

“ ——— From hence I bring  
“ A pair of martial *imps* ———.”

*Imp-yn* is a Welsh word, and primitively signifies a sprout, a sucker. So, in the tragedy of *Darius*, 1603:

“ Like th' ancient trunk of some disbranched tree  
“ Which Æol's rage hath to confusion brought,  
“ Disfarm'd of all those *imps* that sprung from me,  
“ Unprofitable stock, I serve for nought.”

Again in Thomas Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587, there is a chapter on “ shrubs, shootes, slippes, graffes, sets, sprigges, boughs, branches, twigs, yong *imps*, sprayes, and buds.” See Vol. V. p. 198, n. 4. STEVENS.

*FAL.* My king! my Jove!<sup>8</sup> I speak to thee, my heart!

*KING.* I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy prayers;

How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester!  
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,  
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;<sup>9</sup>  
But, being awake, I do despise my dream.  
Make less thy body, hence,<sup>2</sup> and more thy grace;  
Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape  
For thee thrice wider than for other men:—  
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;<sup>3</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *My king! my Jove!*] It appears from many passages both in our author's plays and poems that he had diligently read the earlier pieces of Daniel. When he wrote the speech before us, he perhaps remembered these lines in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1594:

“Dooft thou not see, how that *thy king, thy Jove,*  
“Lightens forth glory on thy dark estate?” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *profane* ;] In our author it often signifies *love of talk*, without the particular idea now given it. So, in *Othello*: “Is he not a *profane* and very liberal counsellor.” JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *hence*,] i. e. henceforward, from this time, in the future. STEEVENS,

<sup>3</sup> ————— *know, the grave doth gape*

*For thee thrice wider than for other men:—*

*Reply not to me with a fool-born jest* ;] Nature is highly touched in this passage. The king having shaken off his vanities, schools his old companion for his follies with great severity: he assumes the air of a preacher; bids him fall to his prayers, seek grace, and leave gormandizing. But that word unluckily presenting him with a pleasant idea, he cannot forbear pursuing it. *Know, the grave doth gape for thee thrice wider*, &c. and is just falling back into Hal, by an humorous allusion to Falstaff's bulk; but he perceives it immediately, and fearing Sir John should take the advantage of it, checks both himself and the knight, with

*Reply not to me with a fool-born jest* ;

and so resumes the thread of his discourse, and goes moralizing on to the end of the chapter. Thus the poet copies nature with great skill,

Prefume not, that I am the thing I was:  
 For heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,  
 That I have turn'd away my former self;  
 So will I those that kept me company.  
 When thou dost hear I am as I have been,  
 Approach me; and thou shalt be as thou wast,  
 The tutor and the feeder of my riots:  
 Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,—  
 As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—  
 Not to come near our person by ten mile.<sup>3</sup>  
 For competence of life, I will allow you;  
 That lack of means enforce you not to evil:

and shows us how apt men are to fall back into their old customs, when the change is not made by degrees, and brought into a habit, but determined of at once on the motives of honour, interest, or reason. **WARBURTON.**

<sup>3</sup> *Not to come near our person by ten mile.*] Mr. Rowe observes, that many readers lament to see Falstaff so hardly used by his old friend. But if it be considered, that the fat knight has never uttered one sentiment of generosity, and with all his power of exciting mirth, has nothing in him that can be esteemed, no great pain will be suffered from the reflection that he is compelled to live honestly, and maintained by the king, with a promise of advancement when he shall deserve it.

I think the poet more blameable for Poins, who is always represented as joining some virtues with his vices, and is therefore treated by the prince with apparent distinction, yet he does nothing in the time of action; and though after the bustle is over he is again a favourite, at last vanishes without notice. Shakspeare certainly lost him by heedlessness, in the multiplicity of his characters, the variety of his action, and his eagerness to end the play.

**JOHNSON.**

The dismissal of Falstaff was founded on a historical fact. Stowe says, that "King Henry, after his coronation, called unto him all those young lords and gentlemen that were the followers of his young acts, to every one of whom he gave rich gifts; and then commanded, that as many as would change their manners, as he intended to do, should abide with him in his court; and to all that would persevere in their former like conversation, he gave express commandment, upon pain of their heads, never after that day to come in his presence." **STEVENS.**

And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,  
We will,—according to your strength, and qua-  
lities,—

Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my  
lord,

To see perform'd the tenor of our word.—

Set on. [*Exeunt King, and his Train.*]

*FAL.* Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

*SHAL.* Ay, marry, fir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

*FAL.* That can hardly be, master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private

This circumstance was originally mentioned by Hall, and is thus recorded by Holinshed, who was certainly Shakspeare's historian: "Immediately after that he was invested kyng, and had receyved the crowne, he detesmined with himselfe to putte upon him the shape of a new man, turning insolence and wildnes into gravitie and sobernesse: and whereas he had passed his youth in wanton pastime and riotous misorder, with a sorte of misgoverned mates, and unthrifitie playfeers, he now banished them from his presence, (not unawarded nor yet unpreferred,) *inbibiting them upon a great payne, not once to approche, lodge or sojourne within ten miles of his courte or mansion*: and in their places he elected and chose men of gravitie, witte, and hygh policie, by whose wise counsell he might at all times rule to his honoure;—whereas if he should have retained the other lustie companions aboute him, he doubted least they might have allured him unto such lewde and lighte partes, as with them before tyme he had youthfully used."—Our author might have found the same circumstance in the anonymous play of *King Henry V*:

"——— your former life grieves me,

" And makes me to abandon and abolish your company for ever:

" And therefore not upon pain of death to approche my presence,

" By ten miles' space; then, if I heare well of you,

" It may be I will doe somewhat for you;

" Otherwise looke for no more favour at my hands,

" That at any other man's." MALONE.

to him: look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement; I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

*SHAL.* I cannot perceive how; unless you give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good fir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

*FAL.* Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard, was but a colour.

*SHAL.* A colour, I fear, that you will die in, fir John.

*FAL.* Fear no colours; go with me to dinner. Come, lieutenant Pistol;—come, Bardolph:—I shall be sent for soon at night.

*Re-enter Prince JOHN, the Chief Justice, Officers, &c.*

*CH. JUST.* Go, carry fir John Falstaff to the Fleet; <sup>4</sup> Take all his company along with him.

*FAL.* My lord, my lord,—

*CH. JUST.* I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon.

Take them away.

*PIST.* *Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me contenta.*

[*Exeunt FAL. SHAL. PIST. BARD. Page, and Officers.*

*P. JOHN.* I like this fair proceeding of the king's: He hath intent, his wonted followers

<sup>4</sup> ——— to the Fleet;] I do not see why Falstaff is carried to the Fleet. We have never lost sight of him since his dismissal from the King; he has committed no new fault, and therefore incurred no punishment; but the different agitations of fear, anger, and surprize in him and his company, made a good scene to the eye; and our author, who wanted them no longer on the stage, was glad to find this method of sweeping them away. JOHNSON.



Shall all be very well provided for;  
But all are banish'd, till their conversations  
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

CH. JUST. And so they are.

P. JOHN. The king hath call'd his parliament,  
my lord.

CH. JUST. He hath.

P. JOHN. I will lay odds,—that, ere this year  
expire,

We bear our civil swords, and native fire,  
As far as France: I heard a bird so sing,<sup>5</sup>  
Whose musick, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.  
Come, will you hence? [Exeunt.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *I heard a bird so sing.*] This phrase, which I suppose to be proverbial, occurs in the ancient ballad of *The Rising in the North*:

“*I heare a bird sing in mine eare,*

“*That I must either fight or flee.*” STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> I fancy every reader, when he ends this play, cries out with Desdemona, “*O most lame and impotent conclusion!*” As this play was not, to our knowledge, divided into acts by the author, I could be content to conclude it with the death of Henry the Fourth:

“*In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.*”

These scenes, which now make the fifth Act of *Henry the Fourth*, might then be the first of *Henry the Fifth*; but the truth is, that they do not unite very commodiously to either play. When these plays were represented, I believe they ended as they are now ended in the books; but Shakspeare seems to have designed that the whole series of action from the beginning of *Richard the Second*, to the end of *Henry the Fifth*, should be considered by the reader as one work, upon one plan, only broken into parts by the necessity of exhibition.

None of Shakspeare's plays are more read than the *First and Second Parts of Henry the Fourth*. Perhaps no author has ever in two plays afforded so much delight. The great events are interesting, for the fate of kingdoms depends upon them; the slighter occurrences are diverting, and, except one or two, sufficiently probable; the incidents are multiplied with wonderful fertility of invention, and the characters diversified with the utmost nicety of discernment, and the profoundest skill in the nature of man.

The Prince, who is the hero both of the comic and tragic part, is a young man of great abilities and violent passions, whose sentiments are right, though his actions are wrong; whose virtues are obscured by negligence, and whose understanding is dissipated by levity. In his idle hours he is rather loose than wicked; and when the occasion forces out his latent qualities, he is great without effort, and brave without tumult. The trisler is roused into a hero, and the hero again reposes in the trisler. The character is great, original, and just.

Percy is a rugged soldier, choleric and quarrelsome, and has only the soldier's virtues, generosity and courage.

But Falstaff unimitated, unimitable Falstaff, how shall I describe thee? thou compound of sense and vice; of sense which may be admired, but not esteemed; of vice which may be despised, but hardly detected. Falstaff is a character loaded with faults, and with those faults which naturally produce contempt. He is a thief and a glutton, a coward and a boaster, always ready to cheat the weak, and prey upon the poor; to terrify the timorous, and insult the defenceless. At once obsequious and malignant, he satirizes in their absence those whom he lives by flattering. He is familiar with the prince only as an agent of vice, but of this familiarity he is so proud, as not only to be supercilious and haughty with common men, but to think his interest of importance to the duke of Lancaster. Yet the man thus corrupt, thus despicable, makes himself necessary to the prince that despises him, by the most pleasing of all qualities, perpetual gaiety; by an unfailling power of exciting laughter, which is the more freely indulged, as his wit is not of the splendid or ambitious kind, but consists in easy escapes and fallies of levity, which make sport, but raise no envy. It must be observed, that he is stained with no enormous or sanguinary crimes, so that his licentiousness is not so offensive but that it may be borne for his mirth.

The moral to be drawn from this representation is, that no man is more dangerous than he that, with a will to corrupt, hath the power to please; and that neither wit nor honesty ought to think themselves safe with such a companion, when they see Henry seduced by Falstaff. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson objects with good reason, I think, to the "lame and impotent conclusion" of this play. Our author seems to have been as careless in the conclusion of the following plays as in that before us.

In *The Tempest* the concluding words are,

" — please you draw near."

In *Much ado about Nothing*:

" — Strike up pipers."

In *Love's Labour's Lost*:

" — You that way; we this way."

In *The Winter's Tale* :

“ ——— Hastily lead away,”

In *Timon of Athens* :

“ Let our drums strike.”

In *Hamlet* :

“ Go, bid the soldiers shoot.” MALONE.

That there is no apparent full and energetic close to any of the plays enumerated by Mr. Malone, is undeniable; but perhaps the epilogue spoken in the character of *Prospero*, the dance which terminates *Much Ado about Nothing*, a final and picturesque separation and procession of the personages in *Love's Labour's Lost* and the *Winter's Tale*, the symphony of warlike instruments at the end of *Timon*, and the peal of ordnance shot off while the survivors in *Hamlet* are quitting the stage, might have proved as satisfactory to our ancestors as the moral applications and polished couplets with which so many of our modern dramattick pieces conclude.

STEVENS,

# E P I L O G U E<sup>2</sup>

Spoken by a Dancer.

*FIRST*, my fear; then, my court'sy: last, my speech. My fear is, your displeasure; my court'sy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say, is of mine own making; and what, indeed, I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture.—Be it known to you, (as it is very well,) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment,—to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me;<sup>3</sup> if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

<sup>2</sup> This epilogue was merely occasional, and alludes to some theatrical transaction. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *All the gentlewomen &c.*] The trick of influencing one part of the audience by the favour of the other, has been played already in the epilogue to *As you Like it*. JOHNSON.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France: <sup>9</sup> where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be kill'd with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. <sup>2</sup> My

<sup>9</sup> — and make you merry with fair Katharine of France:] I think this is a proof that the French scenes in *King Henry V.* however unworthy of our author, were really written by him. It is evident from this passage, that he had at this time formed the plan of that play; and how was fair Katharine to make the audience merry, but by speaking broken English? The conversation and courtship of a great princess, in the usual style of the drama, was not likely to afford any merriment. TYRWHITT.

<sup>2</sup> — where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man.] “This (says Mr. Pope) alludes to a play in which Sir John Oldcastle was put for Falstaff;” and “the word martyr,” (says another commentator,) “hints at this miserable performance, and its fate, which was damnation.” The play which these commentators suppose to be alluded to, is entitled *The History of the famous Victories of King Henry V.* printed in 1598. In this play there is a buffoon character called Oldcastle. I have already shown, as I conceive, that there is no ground whatsoever for supposing that Falstaff was ever called Oldcastle. See Vol. VIII. p. 370, n. 4. The assertion that the anonymous *King Henry V.* was damned, is equally unfounded. On the contrary, for ten or twelve years before our *Henries* were produced, I make no doubt that it was a very popular performance. Tarleton the celebrated comedian, who died in 1588, we know, was much admired in the parts both of the *Clown* and the *Chief Justice* in that play.

The allusion in the passage before us is undoubtedly not to any play, nor to any character in any play, but to the real Sir John Oldcastle. In 1559, Bale published an account of his trial and condemnation, under the title of *A brief Chronycle concernynge the Examination and Death of the blessed Martyr of Christ, Syr Johan Oldcastell, &c.* a book that was probably much read in the reign of Elizabeth. In 1601 was published *The Mirrar of Martyrs, or,*

*tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you;—but, indeed, to pray for the queen.*<sup>3</sup>

*the Life and Death of that thrice valiant captaine and most goodly martyr, Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham.*

Shakspeare, I think, meant only to say, that “Falstaff may perhaps die of his debaucheries in France,”—(having mentioned Falstaff’s death, he then with his usual licence uses the word in a metaphorical sense, adding,)—“unless he be already killed by the bard and unjust opinions” of those who imagined that the knight’s character (like that of his predecessor) was intended as a ridicule on Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham. This our author disclaims; reminding the audience, that there can be no ground for such a supposition. I call them (says he) *bard and unjust opinions*, “for Sir John Oldcastle was no debauchee, but a protestant martyr, and our Falstaff is not the man;” i. e. is no representation of him, has no allusion whatsoever to him.

Shakspeare seems to have been pained by some report that his inimitable character, like the despicable buffoon of the old play already mentioned, whose dress and figure resembled that of Falstaff, (see a note on *K. Henry IV.* P. I. Vol. VIII. p. 370,) was meant to throw an imputation on the memory of Lord Cobham; which, in the reign of so zealous a friend in the Protestant cause as Elizabeth, would not have been easily pardoned at court. Our author, had he been so inclined, (which we have no ground for supposing,) was much too wise to have ever directed any ridicule at the great martyr for that cause, which was so warmly espoused by his queen and patroness. The former ridiculous representations of Sir John Oldcastle on the stage were undoubtedly produced by papists, and probably often exhibited, in inferior theatres, to crowded audiences, between the years 1580 and 1590. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *to pray for the queen.*] I wonder no one has remarked at the conclusion of the epilogue, that it was the custom of the old players, at the end of their performance, to pray for their patrons. Thus, at the end of *New Custom*:

“Preserve our noble Queen Elizabeth, and her councill all.”

And in *Lochrine*:

“So let us pray for that renowned maid,” &c.

And in Middleton’s *Mad World my Masters*: “This shows like kneeling after the play; I praying for my lord *Owenmuck* and his good countess, our honourable lady and mistress.” FARMER.

Thus, at the end of Preston's *Cambyfes* :

- “ As duty binds us, for our noble queene let us pray,  
 “ And for her honourable counsell, the truth that they  
 may use,  
 “ To practise justice, and defend her grace eche day ;  
 “ To maintaine God's word they may not refuse,  
 “ To correct all those that would her grace and grace's laws  
 abuse :  
 “ Beseeching God over us she may reign long,  
 “ To be guided by trueth and defended from wrong.”  
 “ Amen, q. Thomas Preston.”

So, at the end of *All for Money*, a morality, by T. Lupton,  
 1578 :

- “ Let us pray for the queen's majesty, our sovereign gover-  
 nour,  
 “ That she may raige quietly according to God's  
 will,” &c.

Again, at the end of *Lusty Juventus*, a morality, 1561 :

- “ Now let us make our supplications together,  
 “ For the prosperous estate of our noble and virtuous  
 king,” &c.

Again, at the end of *The Disobedient Child*, an interlude, by Tho-  
 mas Ingeland, bl. l. no date :

“ Here the rest of the players come in, and kneel down all to-  
 gyther, eche of them sayinge one of these verses :

- “ And last of all, to make an end,  
 “ O God to the we most humblye praye  
 “ That to Queen Elizabeth thou do sende  
 “ Thy lyvely pathe and perfect waye,” &c. &c.

Again, at the conclusion of *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1661 :

- “ Which God preserve our noble queen,  
 “ From perilous chance which hath been seene ;  
 “ And send her subjects grace, say I,  
 “ To serve her highness patiently !”

Again, at the conclusion of a comedy called *A Knack to know a  
 Knave*, 1594 :

- “ And may her days of blisse never have an end,  
 “ Upon whose lyfe so many lyves depend.”

Again, at the end of *Apus and Virginia*, 1575 :

- “ Beseeching God, as duty is, our gracious queene to  
 save,  
 “ The nobles and the commons eke, with prosperous life I  
 crave.”

Lastly, sir John Harrington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596,  
 finishes with these words : “ But I will neither end with sermon  
 nor prayer, lest some wags liken me to my L. ( )

players, who when they have ended a bawdy comedy, as though that were a preparative to devotion, kneele down solemnly, and pray all the companie to pray with them for their good lord and maister."

Almost all the ancient interludes I have met with, conclude with some solemn prayer for the king or queen, house of commons, &c. Hence perhaps the *Vivant Rex & Regina*, at the bottom of our modern play-bills. STEVENS.



**K I N G   H E N R Y   V . \***

**Vol. IX.**

**S**



\* KING HENRY V.] This play was writ (as appears from a passage in the chorus to the fifth Act) at the time of the earl of Essex's commanding the forces in Ireland in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and not till after *Henry the Sixth* had been played, as may be seen by the conclusion of this play. POPE.

The transactions comprised in this historical play commence about the latter end of the first, and terminate in the eighth year of this king's reign: when he married Katharine princess of France, and closed up the differences betwixt England and that crown.

THEOBALD.

This play, in the quarto edition, 1608, is styled *The Chronicle History of Henry &c.* which seems to have been the title anciently appropriated to all Shakspeare's historical dramas. So, in *The Antipodes*, a comedy, by R. Brome, 1638:

“ These lads can act the emperors' lives all over,

“ And Shakspeare's *Chronicled Histories* to boot.”

The players likewise in the folio edition, 1623, rank these pieces under the title of *Histories*.

It is evident, that a play on this subject had been performed before the year 1592. Nash, in *Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil*, dated 1592, says: “ — what a glorious thing it is to have *Henry the Fifth* represented on the stage, leading the French king prisoner, and forcing both him and the Dolphin to sweare fealtie.”

Perhaps this is the same play as was thus entered in the books of the Stationers' company: “ Tho. Strode] May 2, 1594. A booke entituled *The famous Victories of Henry the Fifth, containing the honorable Battle of Agincourt.*” There are two more entries of a play of *Henry V.* viz. between 1596 and 1615, and one August 14th, 1600. I have two copies of it in my possession: one without date, (which seems much the elder of the two) and another (apparently printed from it) dated 1617, though printed by Bernard Alfop (who was printer of the other edition) and sold by the same person and at the same place. Alfop appears to have been a printer before the year 1600, and was afterwards one of the twenty appointed by decree of the star-chamber to print for this kingdom. I believe, however, this piece to have been prior to that of Shakspeare for several reasons. First, because it is highly probable that it is the very “ disp'easing play” alluded to in the epilogue to the Second Part of *King Henry IV.*—for *Oldcastle died a martyr*. Oldcastle is the Falstaff of the piece, which is despicable, and full of ribaldry and impiety from the first scene to the last.—Secondly, because Shakspeare seems to have taken not a few hints from it; for it comprehends in some measure the story of the two parts of *Henry IV.*, as well as of *Henry V.*: and no ignorance, I think, could debase the gold of Shakspeare into such dross; though no chemistry but that of Shakspeare could exalt such base metal into gold.—When

the Prince of Wales in *Henry IV.* calls Falstaff *my old lad of the Castle*, it is probably but a sneering allusion to the deserved fate which this performance met with; for there is no proof that our poet was ever obliged to change the name of Oldcastle into that of Falstaff, though there is an absolute certainty that this piece must have been condemned by any audience before whom it was ever represented.

Lastly, because it appears (as Dr. Farmer has observed) from the *Jests* of the famous comedian Tarlton, 4to. 1611, that he had been particularly celebrated in the part of the Clown\* in *Henry V.* and though this character does not exist in our play, we find it in the other, which, for the reasons already enumerated, I suppose to have been prior to this.

This anonymous play of *Henry V.* is neither divided into acts or scenes, is uncommonly short, and has all the appearance of having been imperfectly taken down during the representation. As much of it appears to have been omitted, we may suppose that the author did not think it convenient for his reputation to publish a more ample copy.

There is, indeed, a play, called *Sir John Oldcastle*, published in 1600, with the name of *William Shakspeare* prefixed to it. The prologue being very short, I shall quote it, as it serves to prove, that a former piece, in which the character of *Oldcastle* was introduced, had given great offence :

“ The doubtfull title (gentlemen) prefix  
 “ Upon the argument we have in hand,  
 “ May breed suspence, and wrongfully disturbe  
 “ The peaceful quiet of your settled thoughts.  
 “ To stop which scruple, let this breefe suffice :  
 “ It is no *pamper'd glutton* we present,  
 “ Nor *aged counsellour to youthfull sinne* ;  
 “ But one, whose vertue shone above the rest,  
 “ A valiant martyr, and a vertuous peere ;  
 “ In whose true faith and loyalty exprest  
 “ Unto his soveraigne, and his countries weale,  
 “ We strive to pay that tribute of our love  
 “ Your favours merit : let faire truth be grac'd,  
 “ Since forg'd invention former time defac'd.”

STEVENS.

\* Mr. Oldys, in a manuscript note in his copy of Langbaine, says, that Tarlton appeared in the character of the Judge who receives the box on the ear. This Judge is likewise a character in the old play. I may add, on the authority of the books at Stationers' Hall, that Tarlton published what he called his *Farewell*, a ballad, in Sept. 1588. In Oct. 1589, was entered, “ *Tarlton's Repentance, and his Farewell to his Friends in his Sicknesse a little before his Death* ;” in 1590, “ *Tarlton's Newes out of Purgatorie* ;” and in the same year, “ *A pleajant Duty Dialogue-wife, betweene Tarlton's Ghost and Robyn Good-fellowe.*”

STEVENS.

The piece to which Nash alludes, is the old anonymous play of *King Henry V.* which had been exhibited before the year 1589, Tarlton, the comedian, who performed in it both the parts of the Chief Justice and the Clown, having died in that year. It was entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, and, I believe, printed in that year, though I have not met with a copy of that date. An edition of it printed in 1598, was in the valuable collection of Dr. Wright. See also Vol. VIII. p. 370, n. 4; and the present Vol. p. 123, n. 7.

The play before us appears to have been written in the middle of the year 1599. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. I.

The old *King Henry V.* may be found among *Six old Plays on which Shakspeare founded*, &c. printed for S. Leacroft, 1778.

MALONE.

## PERSONS represented.

King Henry *the Fifth*.

Duke of Gloster, } *brothers to the King.*  
Duke of Bedford, }

Duke of Exeter, *uncle to the King.*

Duke of York, *cousin to the King.*

Earls of Salisbury, Westmoreland, and Warwick.

Archbishop of Canterbury.

Bishop of Ely.

Earl of Cambridge, } *conspirators against the King.*  
Lord Scroop, }  
Sir Thomas Grey. }

Sir Thomas Erpingham, Gower, Fluellen, Mackmorris, Jamy, *officers in king Henry's army.*

Bates, Court, Williams, *soldiers in the same.*

Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, *formerly servants to Falstaff, now soldiers in the same.*

Boy, *servant to them.* A Herald. Chorus.

Charles *the Sixth*, king of France.

Lewis, *the Dauphin.*

Dukes of Burgundy, Orleans, and Bourbon.

*The Constable of France.*

Rambures, and Grandpree, *French Lords.*

Governor of Harfleur. Montjoy, a *French Herald.*

*Ambassadors to the king of England.*

Isabel, *queen of France.*

Katharine, *daughter of Charles and Isabel.*

Alice, *a lady attending on the princess Katharine.*

Quickly, *Pistol's wife, an hostess.*

Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

*The SCENE, at the beginning of the play, lies in England; but afterwards, wholly in France.*

Enter CHORUS.

O, for a muse of fire, that would ascend  
The brightest heaven of invention!<sup>3</sup>  
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,  
And monarchs to behold<sup>3</sup> the swelling scene!  
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,  
Assume the port of Mars; and, at his heels,  
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and  
fire,  
Crouch for employment.<sup>4</sup> But pardon, gentles all,

<sup>3</sup> O, for a muse of fire, &c.] This goes upon the notion of the Peripatetic system, which imagines several heavens one above another; the last and highest of which was one of fire.

WARBURTON.

It alludes likewise to the aspiring nature of fire, which, by its levity, at the separation of the chaos, took the highest seat of all the elements. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ————princes to act,  
And monarchs to behold—] Shakspeare does not seem to set distance enough between the performers and spectators. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,  
Crouch for employment.] In *King Henry VI.* "Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire," are called the three attendants on the English general, lord Talbot; and, as I suppose, are the dogs of war mentioned in *Julius Cæsar.*

This image of the warlike Henry very much resembles *Montfaucon's* description of the *Mars* discovered at *Bresse*, who leads a lion and a lioness in couples, and crouching as for employment.

TOLLET.

Warner, in his *Albion's England*, 1602, speaking of *King Henry V.* says:

"He led good fortune in a line, and did but war and win."

Holinshed, (p. 567,) when the people of Roan petitioned King Henry V. has put this sentiment into his mouth: "He declared that the goddess of battell, called Bellona, had three handmaidens, ever of necessitie attending upon her, as *blood, fire, and famine.*"

STREVENS.

The flat unraised spirit,<sup>5</sup> that hath dar'd,  
On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth  
So great an object: Can this cockpit hold  
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram,  
Within this wooden O,<sup>6</sup> the very casques,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> ——— *spirit,*] Old copy—spirits. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Within this wooden O,*] Nothing shows more evidently the power of custom over language, than that the frequent use of calling a circle an *O* could so much hide the meanness of the metaphor from Shakspeare, that he has used it many times where he makes his most eager attempts at dignity of style. JOHNSON.

Johnson's criticism on Shakspeare's calling a circle an *O*, is rather injudiciously introduced in this place, where it was evidently the poet's intention to represent the circle in which they acted in as contemptible a light as he could. M. MASON.

*Within this wooden O,*] An allusion to the theatre where this history was exhibited, being, from its *circular* form, called the *globe*. The same expression is applied, for the like reason, to the *world*, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ A sun and moon which kept their course, and lighted

“ The little *o*, the earth.”

I know not whether Shakspeare calls the Globe playhouse a *cock-pit*, from its being a *round* building, or else from its serving that purpose also: the latter appears probable, from his styling the floor an *unworthy scaffold*, which suggests the idea of its being temporary, and that the edifice answered both turns, by means of a slight alteration. HENLEY.

This theatre, like all our ancient ones, was denominated from its sign, viz. *The Globe*, and not from its shape. Had playhouses been named with reference to their form of construction, what sort of building could have corresponded with the title of a *Red Bull*, a *Curtain*, a *Fortune*, *Cross Keys*, a *Phoenix*, &c.?

Shakspeare, meaning to degrade the stage he was describing, may call it a *cock-pit*, because a *cock-pit* was the most diminutive enclosure present to his mind; or, perhaps, because there was a playhouse called *The Cock-pit*, at which *King Henry V.* might first have been acted. N. B. From Mr. Henley's own drawing of the *Globe*, the outside of it, at least, appears to have been octagonal.

STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *the very casques,*] The helmets. JOHNSON.



That did affright the air at Agincourt?  
 O, pardon! since a crooked figure may  
 Attest, in little place, a million;  
 And let us, cyphers to this great accompt,  
 On your imaginary forces<sup>8</sup> work:  
 Suppose, within the girdle of these walls  
 Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,  
 Whose high upreared and abutting fronts  
 The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.<sup>9</sup>

*The very casques*, does not mean the identical casques, but the casques *only*, the casques *alone*.—So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Katharine says to Grumio:

“ — Thou false deluding slave,  
 “ That feed’st me with the *very name* of meat.”

The *very name*, means here, the *name only*. M. MASON.

The *very casques*, are—even the casques or helmets; much less the men by whom they were worn. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ ————— for fear  
 “ Thy *very stones* prate of my whereabouts.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — imaginary forces—] *Imaginary* for *imaginative*, or your powers of fancy. Active and passive words are by this author frequently confounded. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Whose high-upreared and abutting fronts*

*The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.*] *Perilous narrow*, in burlesque and common language, meant no more than *very narrow*. In old books this mode of expression occurs perpetually. *A perilous broad brim to a hat, a perilous long sword, &c.* So, in Beaumont and Fletcher’s *Humourous Lieutenant*:

“ She is *perilous crafty*.”

Thus, *villainous* is only used to exaggerate, in *The Tempest*:

“ — be turn’d to barnacles or apes  
 “ With foreheads *villainous low*.”

Again, in John Florio’s *Preface to his Translation of Montaigne*:

“ — in this *perilous crook’d passage*—.”

The *narrow seas*, however, were always reckoned *dangerous*, inasmuch that Golding, in his version of the 14th book of Ovid’s *Metamorphosis*, translates—*Sævior illa freto surgente*,—

“ ————— the lady crueller

“ Than are the rising *narrow seas*.” STEEVENS.

The present reading is right, but there should be a comma be-

Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;  
 Into a thousand parts divide one man,<sup>2</sup>  
 And make imaginary puissance:<sup>3</sup>  
 Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them  
 Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth:  
 For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our  
                                   kings,  
 Carry them here and there;<sup>4</sup> jumping o'er times;<sup>5</sup>

tween the words *perilous* and *narrow*, as it was by no means Shakspeare's intention to join them together, and to make a burlesque phrase of them, such as Steevens describes. The perilousness of the ocean to be passed by the army, before the meeting of the kings, adds to the grandeur and interest of the scene; and it is well known that *narrow seas* are the most *perilous*. So the Chorus in the next act insinuates that it was necessary:

“ ——— To charm the *narrow seas*

“ To give them gentle pafs.”

And in *The Merchant of Venice*, the *narrow seas* are made the scene of shipwrecks, where Salarino says, “ Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the *narrow seas*; the Goodwins I think they call the place; a very *dangerous flat*, and fatal,” &c.

M. MASON.

<sup>2</sup> *Into a thousand parts divide one man,*] The meaning of this is, *Suppose every man to represent a thousand*; but it is very ill expressed.

M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> *And make imaginary puissance:*] This shows that Shakspeare was fully sensible of the absurdity of showing battles on the theatre, which indeed is never done but tragedy becomes farce. Nothing can be represented to the eye, but by something like it, and *within a wooden O* nothing very like a battle can be exhibited.

JOHNSON.

Other authors of that age seem to have been sensible of the same absurdities. In Heywood's *Fair Maid of the West*, 1631, a Chorus enters and says:

“ Our stage so lamely can express a sea,

“ That we are forc'd by Chorus to discourse

“ What should have been in action,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,*  
*Carry them here and there;*] We may read *king* for *kings*. The prologue relates only to this single play. The mistake was made by referring *them* to *kings*, which belongs to *thoughts*. The sense is,

Turning the accomplishment of many years  
 Into an hourglass; For the which supply,  
 Admit me chorus to this history;  
 Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,  
 Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

*your thoughts must give the king his proper greatness; carry therefore your thoughts here and there, jumping over time, and crowding years into an hour.* JOHNSON.

I am not sure that Dr. Johnson's observation is just. In this play, the king of France as well as England makes his appearance; and the sense may be this:—*It must be to your imaginations that our kings are indebted for their royalty.* Let the fancy of the spectator furnish out those appendages to greatness which the poverty of our stage is unable to supply. The poet is still apologizing for the defects of theatrical representation. STEVENS.

Johnson is in my opinion mistaken also in his explanation of the remainder of the sentence. *Carry them here and there*, does not mean, as he supposes, *Carry your thoughts here and there*; for the Chorus not only calls upon the imagination of the audience to adorn his kings, but to carry them also from one place to another, though by a common poetical license the copulative be omitted.

M. MASON.

<sup>s</sup> — jumping o'er times;] So, in the prologue to *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ *Leaps o'er the vault and firflings of those broils—*”

STEVENS.



# KING HENRY V.

## ACT I. SCENE I.<sup>2</sup>

London.<sup>3</sup> *An Antechamber in the King's Palace.*

*Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury,<sup>4</sup> and Bishop of Ely.<sup>5</sup>*

CANT. My lord, I'll tell you,—that self bill is  
urg'd,  
Which, in the eleventh year o' the last king's reign  
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,  
But that the scambling and unquiet time<sup>6</sup> .

<sup>2</sup> This first scene was added since the edition of 1608, which is much short of the present editions, wherein the speeches are generally enlarged and raised: several whole scenes besides, and all the chorusses also, were since added by Shakspeare. POPE.

<sup>3</sup> *London.*] It appears from Hall's and Holinshed's Chronicles that the business of this scene was transacted at Leicester, where King Henry V. held a parliament in the second year of his reign. But the Chorus at the beginning of the second act shows that the author intended to make London the place of his first scene.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — of Canterbury,] Henry Chicheley, a Carthusian monk, recently promoted to the see of Canterbury. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — Ely.] John Fordham, consecrated 1388; died 1426.

REED.

<sup>6</sup> — *the scambling and unquiet time*—] In the household book of the 5th earl of Northumberland, there is a particular section appointing the order of service for the *scambling* days in Lent; that is, days on which no regular meals were provided, but every one *scambled*, i. e. *scrambled* and shifted for himself as well as he could. — So, in the old noted book intitled *Leicester's Commonwealth*, one of the marginal heads is, "*Scambling between Leicester and Huntington at the upshot.*" Where in the text, the author says,

Did push it out of further question.†

ELY. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

CANT. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,  
We lose the better half of our possession:  
For all the temporal lands, which men devout  
By testament have given to the church,  
Would they strip from us; being valued thus,—  
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,  
Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights;  
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;  
And, to relief of lazars, and weak age,  
Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,  
A hundred almshouses, right well supply'd;  
And to the coffers of the king, beside,  
A thousand pounds by the year:‡ Thus runs the  
bill.

ELY. This would drink deep.

CANT. 'Twould drink the cup and all.

ELY. But what prevention?

“Hastings, for ought I see, when hee commeth to the *scambling*, is like to have no better luck by the beare [Leicester] then his ancestor had once by the boare.” [K. Richard III.] edit. 1641, 12mo. p. 87. So again, Shakspeare himself makes King Henry V. say to the princess Katharine, “I get thee with *scambling*, and thou must therefore prove a good soldier-breeder.” Act V. PERCY.

Shakspeare uses the same word in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

“*Scambling*, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys.”

Again, in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1608:

“Leave us to *scamble* for her getting out.”

See Vol. IV. p. 526, n. 2. STEEVENS.

† ——— *out of further question.*] i. e. of further *debate*. MALONE.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“If we contend, *out of our question* wipe him.”

STEEVENS.

‡ *A thousand pounds by the year:*] Hall, who appears to have been Shakspeare's authority, in the above enumeration, says, “and the kyng to have clerely in his cofers *twentie thousand poundes*.”

REED.

CANT. The king is full of grace, and fair regard.

ELY. And a true lover of the holy church.

CANT. The courtes of his youth promis'd it not.  
The breath no sooner left his father's body,  
But that his wildness, mortified in him,  
Seem'd to die too:<sup>9</sup> yea, at that very moment,  
Consideration like an angel came,<sup>2</sup>  
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him;  
Leaving his body as a paradise,  
To envelop and contain celestial spirits.  
Never was such a sudden scholar made:  
Never came reformation in a flood,<sup>3</sup>  
With such a heady current,<sup>4</sup> scouring faults;  
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness  
So soon did lose his feat, and all at once,  
As in this king.

ELY. We are blessed in the change.

CANT. Hear him but reason in divinity,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *The breath no sooner left his father's body,  
But that his wildness, mortified in him,  
Seem'd to die too:*]

The same thought occurs in the last scene of the preceding play, where Henry V. says:

"My father is gone wild into his grave,

"For in his tomb lie my affections." M. MASON.

<sup>2</sup> *Consideration like an angel &c.*] As paradise, when sin and Adam were driven out by the angel, became the habitation of celestial spirits, so the King's heart, since *consideration* has driven out his follies, is now the receptacle of wisdom and of virtue.

JOHNSON.

Mr. Upton observes, that according to the scripture expression, *the old Adam*, or the *old man*, signified man in an unregenerated or gentile state. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Never came reformation in a flood,*] Alluding to the method by which Hercules cleansed the famous stables, when he turned a river through them. Hercules still is in our author's head when he mentions the Hydra. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *With such a heady current,*] Old copy—*currance*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Hear him but reason in divinity, &c.*] This speech seems to

And, all-admiring, with an inward wish  
 You would desire, the king were made a prelate:  
 Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,  
 You would say,—it hath been all-in-all his study:  
 Lift his discourse of war, and you shall hear  
 A fearful battle render'd you in music:

have been copied from King James's prelates, speaking of their Solomon; when archbishop Whitgift, who, as an eminent writer says, *died soon afterwards, and probably doated then*, at the Hampton-Court conference, declared himself *verily persuaded, that his sacred majesty spake by the spirit of God*. And, in effect, this scene was added after King James's accession to the crown: so that we have no way of avoiding its being esteemed a compliment to *him*, but by supposing it a compliment to *his bishops*. WARBURTON.

Why these lines should be divided from the rest of the speech and applied to King James, I am not able to conceive; nor why an opportunity should be so eagerly snatched to treat with contempt that part of his character which was the least contemptible. King James's theological knowledge was not inconsiderable. To preside at disputations is not very suitable to a king, but to understand the questions is surely laudable. The poet, if he had James in his thoughts, was no skilful encomiast; for the mention of Harry's skill in war, forced upon the remembrance of his audience the great deficiency of their present king; who yet with all his faults, and many faults he had, was such, that Sir Robert Cotton says, *he would be content that England should never have a better, provided that it should never have a worse*. JOHNSON.

Those who are solicitous that justice should be done to the theological knowledge of our British Solomon, may very easily furnish themselves with specimens of it from a book entitled, *Rex Platonicus, sive de potentissimi Principis Jacobi Britanniarum Regis ad illustrissimam Academiam Oxoniensem adventu, Aug. 27, Anno 1605*. In this performance we may still hear him reasoning in Divinity, Physick, Jurisprudence, and Philosophy. On the second of these subjects he has not failed to express his well-known enmity to tobacco, and throws out many a royal witticism on the "*Medici Nicotianistæ*," and "*Tobacconistæ*" of the age; infomuch, that Isaac Wake, the chronicler of his triumphs at Oxford, declares, that "*nemo nisi iniquissimus rerum æstimator, bonique publici pessimè invidus, Jacobo nostro recusabit immortalem gloriæ aram figere, qui ipse adeo mirabilem in Theologiæ, Jurisprudentiæ, et Medicinæ arcanis peritiam eamque planè divinitus assecutus est, ut*" &c.

STREVENS.



Turn him to any cause of policy,  
 The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,  
 Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,  
 The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,<sup>4</sup>  
 And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,  
 To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences;  
 So that the art and practick part of life<sup>5</sup>  
 Must be the mistress to this theorick:<sup>6</sup>  
 Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,  
 Since his addiction was to courses vain:  
 His companies<sup>7</sup> unletter'd, rude, and shallow;  
 His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;  
 And never noted in him any study,

<sup>4</sup> *The air, &c.*] This line is exquisitely beautiful. JOHNSON.  
 The same thought occurs in *As you like it*, Act II. sc. vii:

“ ——— I must have liberty  
 “ Withal, as large a charter as the wind,  
 “ To blow on whom I please.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *So that the art and practick part of life* —] He discourses with so much skill on all subjects, that *the art and practice of life must be the mistress or teacher of his theorick*; that is, that his theory must have been taught by art and practice; which, says he, is strange, since he could see little of the true art or practice among his loose companions, nor ever retired to digest his practice into theory. *Art* is used by the author for *practice*, as distinguished from *science* or *theory*. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *to this theorick* :] *Theorick* is what terminates in speculation. So, in *The Valiant Welshman*, 1615:

“ ——— son Caradoc,  
 “ 'Tis yet unfit that, on this sudden warning,  
 “ You leave your fair wife to the *theorique*  
 “ Of matrimonial pleasure and delight.”

Bookish *theorick* is mentioned in *Othello*. STEEVENS.

In our author's time, this word was always used where we now use *theory*. See Vol. VI. p. 324, n. 8. MALONE.

~~companions~~] is here used for *companions*. It is used by other authors of Shakspeare's age in the same sense. See Vol. V. p. 18, n. 4. MALONE.

Any retirement, any sequestration  
From open haunts and popularity.<sup>7</sup>

*ELY.* The strawberry grows underneath the nettle;<sup>8</sup>  
And wholesome berries thrive, and ripen best,  
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:  
And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation  
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,  
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,  
Unseen, yet crecive in his faculty.<sup>9</sup>

*CANT.* It must be so: for miracles are ceas'd;  
And therefore we must needs admit the means,  
How things are perfected.

*ELY.* But, my good lord,  
How now for mitigation of this bill  
Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majesty  
Incline to it, or no?

*CANT.* He seems indifferent;  
Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>7</sup> — [*popularity.*] i. e. plebeian intercourse; an unusual sense of the word: though perhaps the same idea was meant to be communicated by it in *King Henry IV.* Part I. where *King Richard II.* is represented as having

“ Enfeoff'd himself to popularity.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> [*The strawberry &c.*] i. e. the wild fruit so called, that grows in the woods. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — [*crecive in his faculty.*] Increasing in its proper power. JOHNSON.

*Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,  
Unseen, yet crecive in his faculty.*]

“ Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo

“ Fama Marcelli.”

*Crecive* is a word used by Drant, in his translation of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, 1567:

“ As lusty youths of *crecive* age doe flourishe freshe and grow.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — [*swaying more upon our part.*] *Swaying* is *inclining*. So, in *King Henry VI.* Part III:

“ Now *sways* it this way, like a mighty sea,—

“ Now *sways* it that way.” MALONE.

Than cherishing the exhibitors against us:  
 For I have made an offer to his majesty,—  
 Upon our spiritual convocation;  
 And in regard of causes now in hand,  
 Which I have open'd to his grace at large,  
 As touching France,—to give a greater sum  
 Than ever at one time the clergy yet  
 Did to his predecessors part withal.

ELY. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

CANT. With good acceptance of his majesty;  
 Save, that there was not time enough to hear  
 (As, I perceiv'd, his grace would fain have done,)  
 The severals, and unhidden passages,<sup>3</sup>  
 Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms;  
 And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,  
 Deriv'd from Edward, his great grandfather.

ELY. What was the impediment that broke this  
 off?

CANT. The French ambaffador, upon that instant,  
 Crav'd audience: and the hour, I think, is come,  
 To give him hearing: Is't four o'clock?

ELY.

It is.

CANT. Then go we in, to know his embaffy;  
 Which I could, with a ready guess, declare,  
 Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

ELY. I'll wait upon you; and I long to hear it.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>3</sup> *The severals, and unhidden passages,*] This line I suspect of corruption, though it may be fairly enough explained: the *passages* of his titles are the *lines of succession* by which his claims descend. *Unbidden is open, clear.* JOHNSON.

I believe we should read, *several*, instead of *severals*.

M. MASON.

## SCENE II.

*The same. A Room of State in the same.*

*Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and Attendants.*

*K. HEN.* Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?

*EXE.* Not here in presence.

*K. HEN.* Send for him, good uncle.<sup>4</sup>

*WEST.* Shall we call in the ambaffador, my liege?<sup>5</sup>

*K. HEN.* Not yet, my coufin; we would be resolv'd, Before we hear him, of some things of weight, That task<sup>6</sup> our thoughts, concerning us and France.

*Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of Ely.*

*CANT.* God, and his angels, guard your sacred throne,  
And make you long become it!

<sup>4</sup> *Send for him, good uncle.*] The person here addressed was Thomas Beaufort, earl of Dorset, who was half-brother to King Henry IV. being one of the sons of John of Gaunt, by Katharine Swynford. Shakspeare is a little too early in giving him the title of *duke of Exeter*; for when Harfleur was taken, and he was appointed governour of the town, he was only earl of Dorset. He was not made duke of Exeter till the year after the battle of Agincourt, Nov. 14, 1416. MALONE.

Perhaps Shakspeare confounded this character with that of John Holland, *duke of Exeter*, who was married to Elizabeth the king's aunt. He was executed at Plashey in 1400: but with this circumstance our author might have been unacquainted. See *Remarks &c.* on the last edition of Shakspeare [i. e. that of 1778] p. 239.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Shall we call in &c.*] Here began the old play. POPE.

<sup>6</sup> *— task —*] Keep busied with scruples and laborious disquisitions. JOHNSON.

K. HEN.

Sure, we thank you.

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed;  
 And justly and religiously unfold,  
 Why the law Salique, that they have in France,  
 Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.  
 And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,  
 That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,  
 Or nicely charge your understanding soul<sup>7</sup>  
 With opening titles miscreate,<sup>8</sup> whose right  
 Suits not in native colours with the truth;  
 For God doth know, how many, now in health,  
 Shall drop their blood in approbation<sup>9</sup>  
 Of what your reverence shall incite us to:  
 Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>7</sup> Or nicely charge your understanding soul—] Take heed lest by nice and subtle sophistry you burthen your knowing soul, or *knowingly burthen your soul*, with the guilt of advancing a false title, or of maintaining, by specious fallacies, a claim which, if shown in its native and true colours, would appear to be false.

JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — miscreate,] Ill-begotten, illegitimate, spurious.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — in approbation—] i. e. in proving and supporting that title which shall be now set up. So, in Braithwaite's *Survey of Histories*, 1614: "Composing what he wrote, not by report of others, but by the *approbation* of his own eyes." Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"That lack'd fight only;—nought for *approbation*,

"But only seeing." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — take heed how you impawn our person,] The whole drift of the king is to impress upon the archbishop a due sense of the caution with which he is to speak. He tells him that the crime of unjust war, if the war be unjust, shall rest upon him:

*Therefore take heed how you impawn your person.*

So, I think, it should be read, *Take heed how you pledge yourself, your honour, your happiness, in support of bad advice.*

Dr. Warburton explains *impawn* by *engage*, and so escapes the difficulty. JOHNSON.

How you awake the sleeping sword of war;  
 We charge you in the name of God, take heed:  
 For never two such kingdoms did contend,  
 Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops  
 Are every one a woe, a fore complaint,  
 'Gainst him, whose wrongs give edge unto the  
 swords

That make such waste in brief mortality.<sup>3</sup>  
 Under this conjuration,<sup>4</sup> speak, my lord:  
 And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,  
 That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd  
 As pure as sin with baptism.

CANT. Then hear me, gracious sovereign,—and  
 you peers,  
 That owe your lives, your faith, and services,  
 To this imperial throne;—There is no bar<sup>5</sup>

The allusion here is to the game of chess, and the disposition of the *parvns* with respect to the *King*, at the commencement of this mimetic contest. HENLEY.

To *engage* and to *parwn* were in our author's time synonymous. See Minshew's DICTIONARY in *v. engage*. But the word *parwn* had not, I believe, at that time, its present signification. To *imparwn* seems here to have the same meaning as the French phrase *se commettre*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— brief mortality.]

“ Nulla brevem dominum sequetur.” Horace.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Under this conjuration,] The quartos, 1600 and 1608, read:  
 After this conjuration——. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— There is no bar &c.] This whole speech is copied (in a manner *verbatim*) from Hall's *Chronicle*, Henry V. *year the second*, folio iv. xx. xxx. xl. &c. In the first edition it is very imperfect, and the whole history and names of the princes are confounded; but this was afterwards set right, and corrected from the original, Hall's *Chronicle*. POPE.

This speech (together with the Latin passage in it) may as well be said to be taken from Holinshed as from Hall. STEEVENS.

To make against your highness' claim to France,  
 But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—  
*In terram Salicam mulieres nō succedant,*  
*No woman shall succeed in Salique land:*  
 Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze,<sup>6</sup>  
 To be the realm of France, and Pharamond  
 The founder of this law and female bar.  
 Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,  
 That the land Salique lies in Germany,  
 Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe:  
 Where Charles the great, having subdued the Sax-  
     ons,  
 There left behind and settled certain French;  
 Who, holding in disdain the German women,  
 For some dishonest manners of their life,  
 Establish'd there this law,—to wit, no female  
 Should be inheritrix in Salique land;  
 Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,  
 Is at this day in Germany call'd—Meisen.  
 Thus doth it well appear, the Salique law  
 Was not devised for the realm of France:  
 Nor did the French possess the Salique land  
 Until four hundred one and twenty years  
 After defunction of king Pharamond,  
 Idly suppos'd the founder of this law;  
 Who died within the year of our redemption

See a subsequent note, in which it is proved that Holinshed, and not Hall, was our author's historian. The same facts indeed are told in both, Holinshed being a servile copyist of Hall; but Holinshed's book was that which Shakspeare read; and therefore I always quote it in preference to the elder chronicle, contrary to the rule that ought in general to be observed. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *gloze,*] Expound, explain, and sometimes comment upon. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ ——— you have said well;

“ And on the cause and question now in hand,

“ Have *gloz'd* but superficially.” REED.

Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the great  
 Subdued the Saxons, and did feat the French  
 Beyond the river Sala, in the year  
 Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,  
 King Pepin, which deposed Childerick,  
 Did, as heir general, being descended  
 Of Blithild, which was daughter to king Clothair,  
 Make claim and title to the crown of France.  
 Hugh Capet also,—that usurp'd the crown  
 Of Charles the duke of Lorain, sole heir male  
 Of the true line and stock of Charles the great,—  
 To fine his title with some show of truth,<sup>8</sup>  
 (Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,)

<sup>8</sup> *To fine his title &c.*] This is the reading of the quarto of 1608; that of the folio is—*To find his title.* I would read:

*To line his title with some show of truth.*

*To line* may signify at once to decorate and to strengthen. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ \_\_\_\_\_ did *line* the rebel

“ With hidden help and vantage;—”

Dr. Warburton says, that *to fine his title*, is *to refine* or improve it. The reader is to judge.

I now believe that *find* is right; the jury *finds* for the plaintiff, or *finds* for the defendant; *to find his title* is, *to determine in favour of his title with some show of truth.* JOHNSON.

*To fine his title*, is to make it *showy* or *specious* by some appearance of justice. STEVENS.

So, in *King Henry IV.* Part I:

“ To face the garment of rebellion,

“ With some *fine* colour.”

The words in Holinshed's *Chronicle* are, “ ——— to make his title *seem true*, and appear good, though indeed it was stark *naught*.”— In Hall “to make &c.—though indeed it was both *evil* and untrue.”

MALONE.

I believe that *fine* is the right reading, and that the metaphor is taken from the *fining* of liquors. In the next line, the speaker says:

“ Though in pure truth it was *corrupt* and naught.”

It is the jury that *finds* a verdict, not the plaintiff or defendant, and therefore a man cannot *find* his own title. M. MASON.



Convey'd himself<sup>9</sup> as heir to the lady Lingare,  
 Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son  
 To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son  
 Of Charles the great.<sup>1</sup> Also king Lewis the tenth,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>9</sup> Convey'd *himself*—] Derived his title. Our poet found this expression also in Holinshed. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> ———— *the lady Lingare,*

*Daughter to Charlemain, &c.*] By *Charles the Great* is meant the emperor *Charlemagne*, son of *Pepin*; *Charlemain* is *Charlecbauve*, or *Charles the Bald*, who, as well as *Charles le Gros*, assumed the title of *Magnus*. See *Goldasti Animadversiones in Einardi præfationem*. Edit. 1711, p. 157. But then *Charlecbauve* had only one daughter, named *Judith*, married, or, as some say, only betrothed, to our King *Ethelwulf*, and carried off, after his death, by *Baldwin the forester*, afterward earl of *Flanders*, whom, it is very certain, *Hugh Capet* was neither heir to, nor any way descended from. This *Judith*, indeed, had a great-grand-daughter called *Luitgarde*, married to a count *Wichman*, of whom nothing further is known. It was likewise the name of *Charlemagne's* fifth wife; but no such female as *Lingare* is to be met with in any French historian. In fact, these fictitious personages and pedigrees seem to have been devised by the English heralds, to "give a title with some show of truth," which, "in pure truth was corrupt and naught." It was manifestly impossible that *Henry*, who had no hereditary title to his own dominions, could derive one, by the same colour, to another person's. He merely proposes the invasion and conquest of *France*, in prosecution of the dying advice of his father:

" ———— to busy giddy minds

" In foreign quarrels; that action, thence borne out,

" Might waste the memory of former days:"

that his subjects might have sufficient employment to mislead their attention from the nakedness of his title to the crown. The zeal and eloquence of the archbishop are owing to similar motives.

RITSON.

<sup>3</sup> ———— *Also king Lewis the tenth,*] The word *ninth* has been inserted by some of the modern editors. The old copies read *tenth*. *Ninth* is certainly wrong, and *tenth* certainly right. *Isabel* was the wife of *Philip the second*, father of *Lewis the ninth*, and grandfather of *Lewis the tenth*. RITSON.

——— *Lewis the tenth,*] This is a mistake, (as is observed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. LIII. P. II. p. 588,) into which *Shakespeare* was led by *Holinshed*, (Vol. II. p. 546, edit. 1577,) whom he copied. *St. Lewis*, (for he is the person here described,) the

Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,  
 Could not keep quiet in his conscience,  
 Wearing the crown of France, till satisfy'd  
 That fair queen Isabel, his grandmother,  
 Was lineal of the lady Ermengare,  
 Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorain :  
 By the which marriage, the line of Charles the  
   great  
 Was re-united to the crown of France.  
 So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,  
 King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,  
 King Lewis his satisfaction,<sup>3</sup> all appear  
 To hold in right and title of the female :  
 So do the kings of France unto this day ;  
 Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law,  
 To bar your highness claiming from the female ;  
 And rather choose to hide them in a net,  
 Than amply to imbare their crooked titles<sup>4</sup>  
 Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

grandson of Queen Isabel, the wife of Philip II. king of France, was Lewis the *Ninth*. He was the son of Lewis VIII. by the Lady Blanch of Castile. In Hall's *Chronicle*, HENRY V. folio iiiii. b. (which Holinshed has closely followed, except in this particular error, occasioned by either his own or his printer's inaccuracy,) Lewis is rightly called the *Ninth*. Here therefore we have a decisive proof that our author's guide in all his historical plays was Holinshed, and not Hall. See n. 8, p. 280. I have however left the error uncorrected, on the same principle on which similar errors in *Julius Cæsar*, into which Shakspeare was led by the old translation of Plutarch, have been suffered to remain undisturbed; and also, because it ascertains a fact of some importance. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *King Lewis his satisfaction,*] He had told us just above, that Lewis could not wear the crown with a safe conscience, "till satisfy'd," &c. — THEOBALD.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *imbare their crooked titles* —] Mr. Pope reads :

*Than openly imbrace* ———.

But where is the antithesis betwixt *hide* in the preceding line, and *imbrace* in this? The two old folios read :

*Than amply to imbarre* ———.

*K. HEN.* May I, with right and conscience, make this claim?

*CANT.* The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!  
For in the book of Numbers is it writ,—  
When the son dies, let the inheritance

We certainly must read, as Mr. Warburton advised me:

*Thun amply to imbare*—

lay open, display to view. I am surprized Mr. Pope did not start this conjecture, as Mr. Rowe had led the way to it in his edition; who reads:

*Thun amply to make bare their crooked titles.* THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald might have found, in the 4to. of 1608, this reading:

*Thun amply to embrace their crooked caufes:*

out of which line Mr. Pope formed his reading, erroneous indeed, but not merely capricious. JOHNSON.

The quarto, 1600, reads—*imbace.*

I have met with no example of the word—*imbare.* To *unbar* is *to open*, and might have been the word set down by the poet, in opposition to—*bar.*

So, in the first scene of *Timon*, the poet says, "I'll *unbolt* to you."

To *embar*, however, seems, from the following passage in the first book of Stanyhurst's translation of *Virgil*, 1583, to signify to *break or cut off abruptly*:

"Heere Venus *embarring* his tale," &c.

Yet, as to *bar*, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, is to strengthen,—

"— that is stronger made,

"Which was before *barr'd* up with ribs of iron,"—

so, *amply to unbar*, may mean to *weaken* by an open display of invalidity.

As *imbare*, however, is not unintelligible, and is defended by the following able critics, I have left it in the text. STEVENS.

I have no doubt but *imbare* is the right reading. Though the editor who has adopted it, seems to argue against it, it makes the sense more clear than any of the other readings proposed. *Imbare* in the last line, is naturally opposed to *bide* in that which precedes, and it differs but little from the reading of the quarto 1600. The objection that there is no such word as *imbare*, can have but little weight. It is a word so fairly deduced, and so easily understood, that an author of much less celebrity than Shakspeare, had a right to coin it. M. MASON.

In the folio the word is spelt *imbarre.* *Imbare* is, I believe, the true reading. It is formed like *impaint*, *impawn*, and many other similar words used by Shakspeare. MALONE.

Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,  
 Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;  
 Look back unto your mighty ancestors:  
 Go, my dread lord, to your great grandfire's tomb,  
 From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,  
 And your great uncle's, Edward the black prince;  
 Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,  
 Making defeat on the full power of France;  
 Whiles his most mighty father on a hill  
 Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp  
 Forge in blood of French nobility.<sup>5</sup>  
 O noble English, that could entertain  
 With half their forces the full pride of France;  
 And let another half stand laughing by,  
 All out of work, and cold for action!<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *Whiles his most mighty father on a hill*

*Stood smiling, &c.*] This alludes to the battle of Cressy, as described by Holinshed: "The earle of Northampton and others sent to the king, *where he stood aloft on a windmill-hill*; the king demanded if his sonne were slaine, hurt, or felled to the earth. No, said the knight that brought the message, but he is fore matched. Well, (said the king,) returne to him and them that sent you, and saie to them, that they send no more to me for any adventure that falleth, so long as my son is alive; for I will that this journeye be his, with the honour thereof. The slaughter of the French was great and lamentable at the same battle, fought the 26th August, 1346." *Holinshed*, Vol. II. p. 372. Col. i.

BOWLER.

<sup>6</sup> — *and cold for action!*] This epithet all the commentators have passed by, and I am unable to explain. I cannot but suspect it to be corrupt. A desire to distinguish themselves seems to merit the name of *ardour*, rather than the term here given to it.—If *cold* be the true reading, their coldness should arise from *inaction*; and therefore the meaning must be, cold for *want of action*. So Lyly, in *Euphues and his England*, 1581: "—if he were too long for the bed, Procrustes cut off his legs, for *catching cold*," i. e. for *fear of catching cold*. MALONE.

I always regarded the epithet *cold* as too clear to need explanation. The soldiers were eager to *warm* themselves by *action*, and were cold for want of it. A more recondite meaning indeed may

*ELY.* Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,  
And with your puissant arm renew their feats:  
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;  
The blood and courage, that renowned them,  
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege  
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,  
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprizes.

*EXE.* Your brother kings and monarchs of the  
earth

Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,  
As did the former lions of your blood.

*WEST.* They know, your grace hath cause, and  
means, and might;  
So hath your highness; <sup>7</sup> never king of England  
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects;  
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,  
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

*CANT.* O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,

be found; a meaning which will be best illustrated by a line in  
Strada's imitation of Statius:

*Extremosque artus animosum frigus habebat.* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *They know, your grace hath cause, and means, and might;*

*So hath your highness;]* We should read:

— your race had *cause,*

which is carrying on the sense of the concluding words of Exeter:

*As did the former lions of your blood;*

meaning Edward III. and the Black Prince. WARBURTON.

I do not see but the present reading may stand as I have pointed  
it. JOHNSON.

Warburton's amendment is unnecessary; but surely we should  
point the passage thus:

*They know your grace hath cause; and means, and might,*

*So hath your highness;*

Meaning that the king had not only a good cause, but force to  
support it. So, in this place, has the force of *also*, or *likewise*.

M. MASON.

*So hath your highness;]* i. e. your highness hath indeed what they  
think and know you have. MALONE.

With blood,<sup>9</sup> and sword, and fire, to win your right :  
 In aid whereof, we of the spirituality  
 Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,  
 As never did the clergy at one time  
 Bring in to any of your ancestors.

*K. HEN.* We must not only arm to invade the  
 French ;  
 But lay down our proportions to defend  
 Against the Scot, who will make road upon us  
 With all advantages.

*CANT.* They of those marches,<sup>2</sup> gracious sovereign,  
 Shall be a wall sufficient to defend  
 Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

*K. HEN.* We do not mean the courting snatchers  
 only,  
 But fear the main intendment of the Scot,<sup>3</sup>  
 Who hath been still a giddy neighbour<sup>4</sup> to us ;

<sup>9</sup> *With blood, &c.*] Old copy—*bloods*. Corrected in the third folio. MALONE.

This and the foregoing line Dr. Warburton gives to Westmoreland, but with so little reason that I have continued them to Canterbury. The credit of old copies, though not great, is yet more than nothing. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *They of those marches,*] The *marches* are the borders, the limits, the confines. Hence the *Lords Marchers*, i. e. the lords presidents of the *marches*, &c. So, in the first canto of Drayton's *Barons' Wars* :

“ When now the *marchers* well upon their way,” &c.

STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *the main intendment of the Scot,*] *Intendment* is here perhaps used for *intention*, which in our author's time signified *extreme exertion*. The *main intendment* may, however, mean, the *general disposition*. MALONE.

*Main intendment*, I believe, signifies—*exertion in a body*. The king opposes it to the less consequential inroads of *detached parties*.

STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *giddy neighbour*—] That is, inconstant, changeable.

JOHNSON.

For you shall read, that my great grandfather,  
 Never went with his forces into France,<sup>5</sup>  
 But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom  
 Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,  
 With ample and brim fulness of his force;  
 Galling the gleaned land with hot essays;  
 Girding with grievous siege castles, and towns;  
 That England, being empty of defence,  
 Hath shook, and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.<sup>6</sup>

CANT. She hath been then more fear'd<sup>7</sup> than  
 harm'd, my liege :

For hear her but exempl'd by herself,—  
 When all her chivalry hath been in France,  
 And she a mourning widow of her nobles,  
 She hath herself not only well defended,  
 But taken, and impounded as a stray,  
 The king of Scots; whom she did send to France,  
 To fill king Edward's fame with prisoner kings;

<sup>5</sup> *Never went with his forces into France,*] The quartos 1600 and 1608 read :

— *never my great grandfather*

*Unmask'd his power for France*—.

What an opinion the Scots entertained of the defenceless state of England, may be known by the following passage from *The Battle of Flodden*, an ancient historical poem :

“ For England's king, you understand,  
 “ To France is past with all his peers :  
 “ There is none at home left in the land,  
 “ But jolt-head monks, and bursten freers.  
 “ Of ragged rustics, without rules,  
 “ Of priests prating for pudding shives ;  
 “ Of milners madder than their mules,  
 “ Or wanton clerks, waking their wives.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *at the ill neighbourhood.*] The quartos 1600 and 1608 read :

— *at the bruit thereof.* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *fear'd*—] i. e. frightened. MALONE.

So, in *Measure for Measure* :

“ Setting it up to *fear* the birds of prey.” STEEVENS.

And make your chronicle as rich with praise,<sup>8</sup>  
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea  
With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.<sup>9</sup>

*WEST.* But there's a saying, very old and true,<sup>2</sup>—  
*If that you will France win,  
Then with Scotland first begin:*<sup>3</sup>

For once the eagle England being in prey,  
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot  
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs;

<sup>8</sup> *And make your chronicle as rich with praise, &c.*] The similitude between the chronicle and the sea consists only in this, that they are both full, and filled with something valuable. The quarto has *your*, the folio *their* chronicle.

*Your* and *their* written by contraction *yr* are just alike, and *her* in the old hands is not much unlike *yr*. I believe we should read *her* chronicle. MALONE.

*Your* chronicle means, I think, the chronicle of *your* kingdom, England. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *and sumless treasuries.*] The quartos 1600 and 1608 read:  
——— *and shipless treasury.* STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *West. But there's a saying, &c.*] This speech, which is dissuasive of war with France, is absurdly given to one of the churchmen in confederacy to push the king upon it, as appears by the first scene in this act. Besides, the poet had here an eye to Hall, who gives this observation to the Duke of Exeter. But the editors have made Ely and Exeter change sides, and speak one another's speeches: for this, which is given to Ely, is Exeter's; and the following given to Exeter, is Ely's. WARBURTON.

This speech is given in the folio to the Bishop of Ely. But it appears from Holinshed (whom our author followed,) and from Hall, that these words were the conclusion of the Earl of Westmoreland's speech; to whom therefore I have assigned them. In the quarto *Lord* only is prefixed to this speech. Dr. Warburton and the subsequent editors attributed it to *Exeter*, but certainly without propriety; for he on the other hand maintained, that "he whiche would Scotland winne, with France must first beginne."  
MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *If that you will France win, &c.*] Hall's *Chronicle*. Hen. V. year 2. fol. 7. (p. 2.) x. POPP.

It is likewise found in Holinshed, and in the old anonymous play of *K. Henry V.* STEEVENS.



Playing the moufe, in abfence of the cat,  
To fpoil and havock more than ſhe can eat.<sup>4</sup>

EXE. It follows then, the cat muſt ſtay at home:  
Yet that is but a curs'd neceſſity;<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *To ſpoil and havock more than ſhe can eat.*] It is not much the quality of the moufe to tear the food it comes at, but to run over it and defile it. The old quarto reads, *ſpoile*; and the two firſt folios, *tame*: from which laſt corrupted word, I think, I have retrieved the poet's genuine reading, *taint*. THEOBALD.

<sup>5</sup> *Yet that is but a curs'd neceſſity;*] So the old quarto [1600]. The folios read *cuſt'd*: neither of the words convey any tolerable idea; but give us a counter-reafoning, and not at all pertinent. We ſhould read *'fcus'd* neceſſity. It is Exeter's buſineſs to ſhow there is no real neceſſity for ſtaying at home: he muſt therefore mean, that though there be a ſeeming neceſſity, yet it is one that may be well *excus'd* and *got over*. WARBURTON.

Neither the old readings nor the emendation ſeem very ſatisfactory. A curs'd neceſſity has no ſenſe; a *'fcus'd* neceſſity is ſo harſh that one would not admit it, if any thing elſe can be found. A *cuſt'd* neceſſity may mean a neceſſity which is *ſubdued* and *overpowered* by contrary reaſons. We might read—a *crude* neceſſity, a neceſſity not *complete*, or not well conſidered and digeſted; but it is too harſh.

Sir T. Hanmer reads:

*Yet that is not o'courſe a neceſſity.* JOHNSON.

A curs'd neceſſity means, I believe, only an *unfortunate neceſſity*. *Curs'd*, in colloquial phraſe, ſignifies any thing *unfortunate*. So we ſay, ſuch a one leads a *curſed* life; another has got into a *curſed* ſcrape. It may mean, a neceſſity *to be execrated*.

This vulgarifm is often uſed by Sir Arthur Gorges, in his tranſlation of Lucan, 1614. So, Book VII. p. 293:

“ His *curſed* fortune he condemned.”

Again, p. 297:

“ — on the cruel deſtinies

“ The people pour out *curſed* cries.”

Again, in Chapman's tranſlation of the 5th *Odyssey*:

“ — while thus diſcourſe he held,

“ A curs'd ſurge 'gainſt a cutting rock impell'd

“ His naked body.” STEVENS.

Mr. M. Maſon juſtly obſerves that this interpretation, though perhaps the true one, does not agree with the context; [Yet that

Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,  
 And pretty traps<sup>6</sup> to catch the petty thieves.  
 While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,  
 The advised head defends itself at home:  
 For government, though high, and low, and lower,<sup>7</sup>  
 Put into parts, doth keep in one consent;<sup>8</sup>  
 Congruing<sup>9</sup> in a full and natural close,  
 Like musick.

is but an unfortunate necessity, since we, &c.] and therefore proposes to read,

*Yet that is not a curs'd necessity.*

But and not are so often confounded in these plays, that I think his conjecture extremely probable. See Vol. VI. p. 37, n. 7. It is certainly (as Dr. Warburton has observed) the speaker's business to show that there is no real necessity for staying at home.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *And pretty traps*—] Thus the old copy; but I believe we should read *petty*.

*Pretty*, however, is a term colloquially employed by our author in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ — my daughter's of a *pretty* age.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *For government, though high, and low, and lower,*] The foundation and expression of this thought seems to be borrowed from Cicero *de Republica*, Lib. II. “ *Sic ex summis, & mediis, & infimis interjectis ordinibus, ut sonis, moderatam ratione civitatem, consensu dissimiliorum concinet; & quæ harmonia à musicis dicitur in cantu, eam esse in civitate concordiam.*” THEOBALD.

<sup>8</sup> — *in one consent*;) I learn from Dr. Burney, that *consent* is connected harmony, in general, and not confined to any specific consonance. Thus, (says the same elegant and well-informed writer) *concentio* and *concentus* are both used by Cicero for the union of voices or instruments in what we should now call a chorus, or concert.

In the same sense I suppose Ben Jonson to have used the word in his *Volpone*, Act III. sc. iv:

“ — as Plato holds your music

“ (And so does wise Pythagoras, I take it)

“ Is your true rapture; when there is *consent*

“ In face, in voice,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Congruing*—] The folio has *congrueing*. The quarto *congrueth*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

CANT. True: therefore doth heaven divide  
 The state of man in divers functions,  
 Setting endeavour in continual motion;  
 To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,  
 Obedience:<sup>2</sup> for so work the honey bees;  
 Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach  
 The act of order<sup>3</sup> to a peopled kingdom.  
 They have a king,<sup>4</sup> and officers of forts:<sup>5</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Setting endeavour in continual motion;  
 To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,  
 Obedience:*] Neither the sense nor the construction of this  
 passage is very obvious. The construction is, *endeavour,—as an  
 aim or butt to which endeavour, obedience is fixed.* The sense is,  
 that all endeavour is to terminate in obedience, to be subordinate  
 to the publick good and general design of government.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *The act of order—*] *Act* here means *law, or statute*; as appears  
 from the old quarto, where the words are “—Creatures that  
 by awe ordain an *act* of order to a peopled kingdom.”

Mr. Pope changed *act* to *art*, and was followed by all the sub-  
 sequent editors. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *for so work the honey bees;—  
 They have a king, &c.*] Our author in this parallel had, I have  
 no doubt, the following passage in Lyly's *Euphues and his England*,  
 1581, in view: “In like manner, Euphues, is the government of a  
 monarchie,—that it is neither the wise foxe nor the malicious  
 wolfe, should venture so farre, as to learne whether the Lyon  
 sleepe or wake in his denne, whether the prince fast or feast in the  
 court; but this should be their order,—to understand there is a  
 king, but what he doth, is for the gods to examine, whose or-  
 dinance he is, not for men whose overseer he is. Then how vain  
 is it,—that the foot should neglect his office, to correct the face;  
 or that subjects should seeke more to know what their princes doe,  
 than what they are; wherein they shew themselves as bad as beasts,  
 and much worse than my bees, who, in my conceit, observe more  
*order* than they. If I might crave pardon, I would a little acquaint  
 you with the *commonwealth* of my bees.—I have for the space of  
 these twenty yeeres dwelt in this place, taking no delight in any  
 thing but only keeping my bees, and marking them; and this I  
 find, which had I not seen I should hardly have believed, that they  
 use as great wit by induction, and art by workmanship, as ever

Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;

man hath or can; using between themselves no lesse justice than wisdom, and yet not so much wisdom as majestic; inso much as thou wouldest thinke that they were a *kind of people*, a commonwealth for Plato; where they all labour, all gather hony, flie together in a swarme, eat in a swarme, and sleepe in a swarme.—*They live under a law*, using great reverence to their elder as to the wifer. They choose a *king*, whose *palace* they frame, both braver in shew, and stronger in substance.—If their prince die, they know not how to live; they languish, weepe, sigh, neither intending their worke, nor keeping their old society. And that which is most marvellous and almost incredible, if there be any that hath disobeyed his commandment, either of purpose or unwitting, he killeth himself with his own sting, as an *executioner* to his own stubbornesse. The king himselfe hath a sting, which he useth rather for honour than punishment. And yet, Euphuus, albeit they live under a prince, they have their priviledges, and as great liberties as strait lawes. They call a parliament, wherein they consult for lawes, statutes, penalties, choosing *officers*, and creating their *king*.—*Every one hath his office; some trimming the hony, some working the wax, one framing hives, another the combs; and that so artificially, that Dedalus could not with greater art or excellency better dispose the orders, measures, proportions, distinctions, joints, and circles. Diverse beew, others polib, and are careful to do their worke so strongly as they may resist the craft of such drones as seek to live by their labours; which maketh them to keepe watch and ward, as living in a camp to others, and as in a court to themselves.—When they goe forth to worke, they marke the winde, the clouds, and whatsoever doth threaten either their ruin or rage; and having gathered out of every flower hony, they return, loaden in their mouthes, thigbes, winges, and all the body; whom they that tarried at home receive readily, as easing their backs of so great burthens. The king himselfe, not idle, goeth up and down, intreating, threatening, commanding; using the counsel of a sequell, but not losing the dignity of a prince; preferring those that labour in greater authority, and punishing those that loiter with due severity.*—“The commonwealth of your bees [replied Euphuus] did so delight me, that I was not a little forry, that either their estates have not been longer, or your leisure more; for in my simple judgment, there was such an orderly government that men may not be ashamed to imitate them.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — and officers of sorts:] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*sort*; i. e. high rank. See Vol. IV. p. 349, n. 4; and p. 396, n. 3. MALONE.

Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;<sup>6</sup>  
 Others, like foldiers, armed in their stings,  
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;  
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home  
 To the tent-royal of their emperor:  
 Who, busy'd in his majesty, surveys  
 The singing masons<sup>7</sup> building roofs of gold;  
 The civil<sup>8</sup> citizens kneading up the honey;<sup>9</sup>  
 The poor mechanick porters crowding in  
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;  
 The sad-ey'd justice, with his furlly hum,  
 Delivering o'er to éxecutors<sup>2</sup> pale  
 The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—

Officers of *forts* means officers of different degrees. In a London haberdasher's bill to his customer in the country, I lately saw the following charge: "To thread of *forts*;" i. e. of different kinds.

STEEVENS.

In confirmation of Mr. Steevens's opinion it may be observed, that in *A true Relation of the admirable Voyage and Travel of William Busb, &c.* 4to. 1607, we have "—drummes and *fortes* of musicke." REED.

<sup>6</sup> —venture trade abroad;] To *venture trade* is a phrase of the same import and structure as to *bazard battle*. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *The singing masons*—] Our author probably had here two images in his thoughts. The hum of a bee is obvious. I believe he was also thinking of a common practice among masons, who, like many other artificers, frequently sing while at work: a practice that could not have escaped his observation. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> —civil—] i. e. sober, grave. So, in *Twelfth Night*: "Where is Malvolio? he is sad and *civil*." See Vol. IV. p. 116, n. 9. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —kneading up the honey;] To *knead* the honey gives an easy sense, though not physically true. The bees do in fact *knead* the wax more than the honey, but that Shakspeare perhaps did not know. JOHNSON.

The old quartos read—lading up the honey. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —to éxecutors—] *Executors* is here used for *executioners*.

MALONE.

That many things, having full reference  
 To one concent, may work contrariouſly ;  
 As many arrows, looſed ſeveral ways,  
 Fly to one mark ;  
 As many ſeveral ways meet in one town ;  
 As many freſh ſtreams run in one ſelf ſea ;  
 As many lines cloſe in the dial's center ;  
 So may a thouſand actions, once afoot,  
 End in one purpoſe, and be all well borne  
 Without defeat.<sup>2</sup> Therefore to France, my liege.  
 Divide your happy England into four ;  
 Whereof take you one quarter into France,  
 And you withal ſhall make all Gallia ſhake.  
 If we, with thrice that power left at home,  
 Cannot defend our own door from the dog,  
 Let us be worried ; and our nation loſe  
 The name of hardineſs, and policy.

K. HEN. Call in the meſſengers ſent from the  
 Dauphin.

[*Exit an Attendant. The King aſcends his throne.*  
 Now are we well reſolv'd : and,—by God's help ;  
 And yours, the noble finews of our power,—  
 France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,  
 Or break it all to pieces : Or there we'll fit,  
 Ruling, in large and ample empery,<sup>3</sup>  
 O'er France, and all her almoſt kingly dukedoms ;

It is ſo uſed by other authors. Thus, Burton, in the Preface to  
 his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, p. 38, edit. 1632 :

“ — tremble at an *executor*, and yet not feare hell-fire.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Without defeat.*] The quartos 1600 and 1608 read,—*Without*  
*deſect.* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *empery,*] This word, which ſignifies *dominion*, is now  
 obſolete, though formerly in general uſe. So, in *Claudius Tiberius*  
*Nero*, 1607 :

“ Within the circuit of our *empery.*” STEEVENS.

Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,  
 Tomblefs, with no remembrance over them:  
 Either our history shall, with full mouth,  
 Speak freely of our acts; or else our grave,  
 Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,  
 Not worship'd with a waxen epitaph.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> ——— *with a waxen epitaph.*] The quarto 1608 reads,—*with a paper epitaph.*

Either a *waxen* or a *paper* epitaph is an epitaph easily obliterated or destroyed; one which can confer no lasting honour on the dead.

To the ancient practice of writing on *waxen* tablets Shakspeare again alludes in the first scene of *Timon of Athens*:

“ ——— but moves itself

“ In a wide sea of *wax*.”

See notes on this passage.

Thus also, in G. Whetstone's *Garden of Unbristines*, 1576:

“ In *waxe*, say I, men easily grave their will;

“ In marble stone the worke with paine is wonne:

“ But perfect once, the print remaineth fill,

“ When *waxen* seales by every browfe are donne.”

STEVENS.

The second reading is more unintelligible, to me at least, than the other: a grave not *dignified* with the slightest memorial.

JOHNSON.

I think this passage has been misunderstood. Henry says, “ he will *either* rule with full dominion in France, or die in the attempt, and lay his bones in a paltry urn, without a tomb, or any remembrance over him.” With a view to the alternative that he has just stated, he adds, by way of apposition and illustration, “ either the English Chronicles shall speak, *trumpet-tongued*, to the world, of my victories in France, or, being defeated there, my death shall scarcely be *mentioned in history*; shall not be *honoured* by the best epitaph a prince can have, the *written* account of his achievements.” —A *paper* epitaph, therefore, or, in other words, an historical eulogy, instead of a *slight* token of respect, is mentioned by Henry as the most honourable memorial; and Dr. Johnson's objection founded on the incongruity of saying that his grave shall not be *dignified* by the *slightest* memorial, falls to the ground.

The misrepresentation, I conceive, arose from understanding a figurative expression literally, and supposing that a paper epitaph meant an epitaph written on a paper, to be *affixed to a tomb*.

*Waxen*, the reading of the folio, when it is used by Shakspeare metaphorically, signifies, soft, yielding, taking an impression easily;

*Enter Ambassadors of France.*

Now we are well prepar'd to know the pleasure  
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for, we hear,  
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

*AMB.* May it please your majesty, to give us  
leave

Freely to render what we have in charge;  
Or shall we sparingly show you far off  
The Dauphin's meaning, and our embassy?

*K. HEN.* We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;

(so, in *Twelfth Night*, "women's waxen hearts;" and in *The Rape of Lucrece*, "For men have marble, women waxen minds," &c.) and consequently might mean also—easily obliterated; but this meaning is quite inconsistent with the context; for in the former part of the passage the event of Henry's being buried without a tomb, and without an *epitaph*, has been already stated, and therefore the want of an epitaph (in its literal acceptation) could not with propriety again be insisted on, in the latter member of the sentence, which relates to a different point; the question in this place being only, whether his deeds should be emblazoned by narration, or his *actions* and his bones together consigned to "dust and damn'd oblivion." If any alteration was made by the author, in this passage, he might perhaps have changed the epithet *paper to lasting*; and the transcriber who prepared the folio copy for the press, might have been deceived by his ear, and have written *waxen* instead of the latter word. There is not indeed much similarity in the sound of the two words; but mistakes equally gross are found in these plays, which, it is highly probable, happened in this way. Thus, in this very play the folio has *name* for *mare*. See p. 308, n. 7. Our poet's 55th Sonnet furnishes a strong confirmation of my interpretation of this passage:

"Not marble, nor the gilded monuments  
Of princes, shall out-live this powerful rhyme;  
But you shall shine more bright in these contents  
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.  
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,  
And broils root out the work of masonry,  
Nor Mars his sword, nor war's quick fire, shall burn  
The living record of your memory;" &c. MALONE.



Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,  
 As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:  
 Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plain-  
 nefs,  
 Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

AMB.

Thus then, in few.  
 Your highness, lately sending into France,  
 Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right  
 Of your great predecessor, king Edward the third.  
 In answer of which claim, the prince our master  
 Says,—that you favour too much of your youth;  
 And bids you be advis'd, there's nought in France,  
 That can be with a nimble galliard won;<sup>5</sup>  
 You cannot revel into dukedoms there:  
 He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,  
 This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,  
 Desires you, let the dukedoms, that you claim,  
 Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

<sup>5</sup> ——— a nimble galliard won;] A galliard was an ancient dance, now obsolete. So, in *All for Money*, 1574:

“ Where shall we get a pipe, to play the devil a galliard?”  
 STEVENS.

*Galliards* are thus described by Sir John Davis, in his poem called *Orchestra*:

- “ But for more diverse and more pleasing show,  
 “ A swift and wand'ring dance she did invent,  
 “ With passages uncertain to and fro,  
 “ Yet with a certain answer and consent  
 “ To the quick music of the instrument.  
 “ Five was the number of the music's feet,  
 “ Which still the dance did with five paces meet;
- “ A gallant dance, that lively doth bewray  
 “ A spirit and a virtue masculine,  
 “ Impatient that her house on earth should stay,  
 “ Since she herself is fiery and divine:  
 “ Oft doth she make her body upward fine;  
 “ With lofty turns and capriols in the air,  
 “ Which with the light tunes accordeth fair.” REED.

K. HEN. What treasure, uncle?

EXE. Tennis-balls, my liege.<sup>6</sup>

K. HEN. We are glad, the Dauphin is so pleasant with us;<sup>7</sup>

His present, and your pains, we thank you for:  
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,  
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set,  
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard:  
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a wrangler,

That all the courts of France will be disturb'd  
With chaces.<sup>8</sup> And we understand him well,  
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,  
Not measuring what use we made of them.

<sup>6</sup> *Tennis-balls, my liege.*] In the old play of *King Henry V.* already mentioned, this present consists of a *gilded tun of tennis-balls and a carpet.* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *We are glad, the Dauphin is so pleasant with us;*] Thus stands the answer of K. Henry in the same old play:

“ My lord, prince Dolphin is very pleasant with me.

“ But tell him, that instead of balls of leather,

“ We will tofs him balls of brafs and of iron:

“ Yea, such balls as never were tofs'd in France.

“ The proudest tennis-court in France shall rue it.”

The same circumstance also is thus expressed in Michael Drayton's *Battle of Agincourt*:

“ I'll send him balls and rackets if I live;

“ That they such racket shall in Paris see,

“ When over line with bandies I shall drive;

“ As that, before the set be fully done,

“ France may perhaps into the hazard run.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *chaces*—] *Chace* is a term at tennis. JOHNSON.

So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book III: “ Then Fortune (as if she had made *chases* enow on the one side of that bloody *Tennis-court*) went on the other side of the line” &c.

The *hazard* is a place in the tennis-court into which the ball is sometimes struck. STEEVENS.

We never valu'd this poor seat of England;<sup>9</sup>  
 And therefore, living hence,<sup>2</sup> did give ourself  
 To barbarous licence; As 'tis ever common,

<sup>9</sup> — *this poor seat of England;*] By the *seat* of England, the King, I believe, means, the throne. So, Othello boasts that he is descended "from men of *royal siege*." Henry afterwards says, he will rouse him in his *throne* of France. The words below, "I will keep my *state*," likewise confirm this interpretation. See Vol. VIII. p. 471, n. 2; and Vol. VII. p. 474, n. 4. So, in *King Richard II*:

"Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills

"Against thy *seat*."

Again, in *King Richard III*:

"The supreme *seat*, the throne majestic,——"

Again, in *King Henry VI*. Part II:

"The rightful heir to England's *royal seat*." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *And therefore, living hence,*] This expression has strength and energy: he never valued England, and therefore lived *hence*, i. e. as if absent from it. But the Oxford editor alters *hence* to *here*.

WARBURTON.

*Living hence* means, I believe, withdrawing from the court, the place in which he is now speaking.

Perhaps Prospero, in *The Tempest*, has more clearly expressed the same idea, when he says:

"The government I cast upon my brother,

"And to my *state* grew stranger." STEEVENS.

In *King Richard II*. Act V. sc. ii. King Henry IV. complains that he had not seen his son for three months, and desires that he may be enquired for among the taverns, where he daily frequents,

"With unrestrain'd and loose companions."

See also *King Henry IV*. Part II. Act III. sc. ii:

"Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,

"Which by thy younger brother is supplied;

"And art almost an *alien* to the hearts

"Of all the *court* and princes of my blood."

There can therefore be no doubt that Mr. Steevens's explanation is just. *Hence* refers to the *seat* or throne of England mentioned in the preceding line, on which Henry is now sitting. An anonymous *Remarker* says, "it is evident that the word *hence* implies *here*." If *hence* means *here*, any one word, as Dr. Johnson has somewhere observed, may stand for another. It undoubtedly does not signify *here* in the present passage; and if it did, would render what follows nonsense. MALONE.

That men are merriest when they are from home.  
 But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep my state;  
 Be like a king, and show my fail of greatness,  
 When I do rouse me in my throne of France:  
 For that I have laid by<sup>3</sup> my majesty,  
 And plodded like a man for working-days;  
 But I will rise there with so full a glory,  
 That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,  
 Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.  
 And tell the pleasant prince,—this mock of his  
 Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones;<sup>4</sup> and his soul  
 Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance  
 That shall fly with them: for many a thousand  
 widows  
 Shall this his mock mock out of their dear huf-  
 bands;  
 Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;  
 And some are yet ungotten, and unborn,  
 That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.  
 But this lies all within the will of God,  
 To whom I do appeal; And in whose name,  
 Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,

<sup>3</sup> For that *I have laid by*—] To qualify myself for this undertaking, I have descended from my station, and studied the arts of life in a lower character. JOHNSON.

The quartos 1600 and 1608 read—*for this*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *his balls to gun-stones*;] When ordnance was first used, they discharged balls, not of iron, but of stone. JOHNSON.

So, Holinshed, p. 947: "About seaven of the clocke marched forward the light pieces of ordinance, with *stone* and powder."

In the BRUT of ENGLAND it is said, that when Henry the Fifth before Hare-flete received a taunting message from the Dauphine of France, and a ton of tennis-balls by way of contempt, "he anone lette make tenes balles for the Dolfin (Henry's ship) in all the haste that they myght, and they were great *gonnestones* for the Dolfin to playe with alle. But this game at tennis was too rough for the besieged, when Henry playede at the tenes with his hard *gonnestones*," &c. STEEVENS.

To venge me as I may, and to put forth  
 My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.  
 So, get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin,  
 His jest will favour but of shallow wit,  
 When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.—  
 Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* Ambassadors.]

EXE. This was a merry message.

K. HEN. We hope to make the sender blush at it.

[*Descends from his throne.*]

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,  
 That may give furtherance to our expedition:  
 For we have now no thought in us, but France;  
 Save those to God, that run before our business.  
 Therefore, let our proportions for these wars  
 Be soon collected; and all things thought upon,  
 That may, with reasonable swiftness, add  
 More feathers to our wings;<sup>5</sup> for, God before,  
 We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.  
 Therefore, let every man now task his thought,<sup>6</sup>  
 That this fair action may on foot be brought.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>5</sup> ——— with reasonable swiftness, add  
 More feathers to our wings;] So, in *Troilus and Cressida* :  
 “ ——— set

“ The very wings of reason to his heels.” STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— task his thought,] The same phrase has already occurred  
 at the beginning of the present scene :

“ That task our thoughts concerning us and France.”

See p. 276, R. 6. STEVENS.

## A C T II.

*Enter* CHORUS.

CHOR. Now all the youth of England ' are on fire,  
 And filken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;  
 Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought  
 Reigns solely in the breast of every man:  
 They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse;  
 Following the mirror of all Christian kings,  
 With winged heels, as English Mercuries.  
 For now fits Expectation in the air;  
 And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,  
 With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets;<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *Now all the youth of England*—] I think Mr. Pope mistaken in transposing this chorus, [to the end of the first scene of the second act,] and Mr. Theobald in concluding the [first] act with it. The chorus evidently introduces that which follows, not comments on that which precedes, and therefore rather begins than ends the act; and so I have printed it. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *For now fits Expectation in the air;  
 And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,  
 With crowns imperial, &c.*] The imagery is wonderfully fine, and the thought exquisite. *Expectation sitting in the air* designs the height of their ambition; and the *sword hid from the hilt to the point with crowns and coronets*, that all sentiments of danger were lost in the thoughts of glory. WARBURTON.

The idea is taken from the ancient representations of trophies in tapestry or painting. Among these it is very common to see swords encircled with naval or mural crowns. *Expectation* is likewise personified by Milton. *Paradise Lost*, Book VI:

“ — while *Expectation* stood  
 “ In horror —.” STEEVENS.

In the Horse Armoury in the Tower of London, Edward III. is represented with two crowns on his sword, alluding to the two kingdoms, France and England, of both of which he was crowned heir. Perhaps the poet took the thought from a similar representation. TOLLET.

Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.  
 The French, advis'd by good intelligence  
 Of this most dreadful preparation,  
 Shake in their fear; and with pale policy  
 Seek to divert the English purposes.  
 O England!—model to thy inward greatness,  
 Like little body with a mighty heart,—  
 What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,  
 Were all thy children kind and natural!  
 But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out  
 A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills<sup>7</sup>  
 With treacherous crowns: and three corrupted  
 men,—  
 One, Richard earl of Cambridge;<sup>8</sup> and the second,  
 Henry lord Scroop<sup>9</sup> of Masham; and the third,  
 Sir Thomas Grey knight of Northumberland,—  
 Have, for the gilt of France,<sup>2</sup> (O guilt, indeed!)

This image, it has been observed by Mr. Henley, is borrowed from a wooden cut in the first edition of Holinshed's Chronicle.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *which* he —] i. e. the king of France. So, in *King John*:

“ England, impatient of your just demands,

“ Hath put *himself* in arms.”

Hanmer and some other editors unnecessarily read—*she*.

Again, in a subsequent scene of the play before us:

“ Though *France himself*, and such another neighbour,

“ Stood in our way.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *Richard earl of Cambridge* ;] was Richard de Coninsbury, younger son of Edmund of Langley, Duke of York. He was father of Richard Duke of York, father of Edward the Fourth.

WALPOLE.

<sup>9</sup> *Henry lord Scroop* —] was a third husband of Joan Duchess of York, (she had four,) mother-in-law of Richard Earl of Cambridge.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *the gilt of France*,] *Gilt*, which in our author generally signifies a *display of gold* (as in this play,

“ Our gayness and our *gilt* are all besmirch'd”)

in the present instance means *golden money*. So, in *An Alarm for London*, 1602:

“ To spend the victuals of our citizens,

“ Which we can scarcely compass now for *gilt*.” STEEVENS.

Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;  
 And by their hands this grace of kings must die,  
 (If hell and treason hold their promises,)<sup>3</sup>  
 Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.  
 Linger your patience on; and well digest<sup>4</sup>  
 The abuse of distance, while we force a play.<sup>5</sup>  
 The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;  
 The king is set from London; and the scene  
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton:  
 There is the playhouse now,<sup>6</sup> there must you sit:

<sup>3</sup> — [*this grace of kings*]—] i. e. he who does the greatest honour to the title. By the same kind of phraseology the usurper in *Hamlet* is called the *Vice of kings*, i. e. the opprobrium of them.  
 WARBURTON.

Shakspeare might have found this phrase in Chapman's translation of the first book of *Homer*, 1598:

“ — with her the *grace of kings*,

“ Wife Ithacus ascended —.”

Again, in the 24th Book [no date]:

“ Idæus, guider of the mules, discern'd this *grace of men*.”  
 STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — well *digest*—] The folio, in which only these choruses are found, reads, and perhaps rightly, — *we'll digest*. STEEVENS.

This emendation was made by Mr. Pope; and the words *while we*, which are not in the old copy, were supplied by him.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *while we* force a play.] The two first words were added (as it should seem) very properly.—To *force a play*, is to produce a play by compelling many circumstances into a narrow compass.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *And by their hands this grace of kings must die,  
 (If hell and treason hold their promises,  
 Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.  
 Linger your patience on; and well digest  
 The abuse of distance, while we force a play.  
 The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;  
 The king is set from London; and the scene  
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton:*

*There is the playhouse now,]* I suppose every one that reads these lines looks about for a meaning which he cannot find. There is no connection of sense nor regularity of transition from one



And thence to France shall we convey you safe,  
 And bring you back, charming the narrow seas<sup>7</sup>  
 To give you gentle pafs; for, if we may,  
 We'll not offend one stomach<sup>8</sup> with our play.  
 But, till the king come forth,<sup>9</sup> and not till then,  
 Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [*Exit.*]

thought to the other. It may be suspected that some lines are lost, and in that case the sense is irretrievable. I rather think, the meaning is obscured by an accidental transposition, which I would reform thus:

*And by their hands this grace of kings must die,  
 If hell and treason hold their promises.  
 The sum is paid, the traitors are agreed,  
 The king is set from London, and the scene  
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton,  
 Ere he take ship for France. And in Southampton  
 Linger your patience on, and well digest  
 The abuse of distance, while we force a play.  
 There is the playhouse now —.*

This alteration restores sense, and probably the true sense. The lines might be otherwise ranged, but this order pleases me best.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *charming the narrow seas* —] Though Ben Jonson, as we are told, was indebted to the kindness of Shakspeare for the introduction of his first piece, *Every Man in his Humour*, on the stage, and though our author performed a part in it, Jonson in the prologue to that play, as in many other places, endeavoured to ridicule and depreciate him:

“ He rather prays, you will be pleas'd to see  
 “ One such to-day, as other plays should be;  
 “ *Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas,*” &c.

When this prologue was written, is unknown. The envious author of it, however, did not publish it till 1616, the year of Shakspeare's death. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *We'll not offend one stomach* —] That is, you shall pass the sea without the qualms of sea-sickness. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *But, till the king come forth,*] Here seems to be something omitted. Sir T. Hanmer reads:

*But when the king comes forth,* —

which, as the passage now stands, is necessary. These lines, obscure as they are, refute Mr. Pope's conjectures on the true place

## SCENE I.

*The same.* Eastcheap.*Enter* NYM *and* BARDOLPH.

BARD. Well met, corporal Nym.

NYM. Good morrow, lieutenant Bardolph.<sup>2</sup>

of the chorus; for they show that something is to intervene before the scene changes to Southampton. JOHNSON.

The *Canons of Criticism* read:

— *and but till then.*"

And Mr. Heath approves the correction. STEEVENS.

Mr. Roderick would read—*and but till then*; that is, "till the king appears next, you are to suppose the scene shifted to Southampton, and *no longer*; for *as soon as he comes forth, it will shift to France.*" But this does not agree with the fact; for a scene in London intervenes.

In *The Merchant of Venice*, 1600, printed by J. Roberts, *but* is printed for *not*:

"Repent *but* you that you shall lose your friend."

and the two words in many other places are confounded. See p. 289, n. 5. I suspect *But* is printed for *Not* in the beginning of the line, and that *not* has taken the place of *but* afterwards. If we read:

Not *till the king come forth, and but till then*,—

the meaning will be: "We will *not* shift our scene unto Southampton, till the King makes his appearance on the stage, and the scene will be at Southampton *only* for the short time while he does appear on the stage; for soon after his appearance, it will change to France." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *lieutenant Bardolph.*] At this scene begins the connection of this play with the latter part of *King Henry IV.* The characters would be indistinct, and the incidents unintelligible, without the knowledge of what passed in the two foregoing plays.

JOHNSON.

The author of REMARKS on the last edition of Shakspeare [1778] wishes to know, where Bardolph acquired this commission, (as he is no more than Falstaff's corporal in *King Henry IV.*) and calls on Mr. Steevens for information on this subject. If Shakspeare were

**BARD.** What, are ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

**NYM.** For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles;<sup>3</sup>—but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron: It is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese; and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there's the humour of it.<sup>4</sup>

**BARD.** I will bestow a breakfast, to make you

now alive, he would perhaps find it as difficult to give the desired information as Mr. Steevens. The intelligent reader must long since have observed that our author not only neglected to compare his plays with each other, but that, even in the same play, "the latter end of his commonwealth sometimes forgets the beginning."

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *there shall be smiles;*] I suspect *smiles* to be a marginal direction crept into the text. It is natural for a man, when he threatens, to break off abruptly, and conclude, *But that shall be as it may.* But this fantastical fellow is made to smile disdainfully while he threatens; which circumstance was marked for the player's direction in the margin. WARBURTON.

I do not remember to have met with these marginal directions for expression of countenance in any of our ancient manuscript plays: neither do I see occasion for Dr. Warburton's emendation, as it is vain to seek the precise meaning of every whimsical phrase employed by this eccentric character. Nym, however, having expressed his indifference about the continuation of Pistol's friendship, might have added, *when time serves, there shall be smiles*, i. e. he should be merry, even though he was to lose it; or, that his face would be ready with a smile as often as occasion should call one out into service, though Pistol, who had excited so many, was no longer near him. Dr. Farmer, however, with great probability, would read,—*smites*, i. e. *blows*, a word used in the midland counties. STEEVENS.

Perhaps Nym means only to say, I care not whether we are friends at present; however, when time shall serve, *we shall be in good humour with each other*; but be it as it may. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *the humour of it.*] Thus the quarto. The folio reads,—*and there's an end.* STEEVENS.

friends; and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France:<sup>4</sup> let it be so, good corporal Nym.

*NYM.* 'Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may:<sup>5</sup> that is my rest,<sup>6</sup> that is the rendezvous of it.

*BARD.* It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and, certainly, she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

*NYM.* I cannot tell; things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and, some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare,<sup>7</sup> yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

<sup>4</sup> — and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France:] We should read,—we'll all go sworn brothers to France, or, we'll all be sworn brothers in France. JOHNSON.

The humour of *sworn brothers* should be opened a little. In the times of adventure, it was usual for two chiefs to bind themselves to share in each other's fortune, and divide their acquisitions between them. So, in the Conqueror's expedition, Robert de Oily, and Roger de Ivery, were *fratres jurati*; and Robert gave one of the honours he received to his *sworn brother* Roger. So these three scoundrels set out for France, as if they were going to make a conquest of the kingdom. WHALLEY.

<sup>5</sup> — and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may:] Surely we ought to read, "I will die as I may." M. MASON.

<sup>6</sup> — that is my rest,] i. e. what I am resolved on. For a particular account of this phrase, see notes on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act IV. sc. v. and Act V. sc. iii. [Vol. XIV.] STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — patience be a tired mare.] The folio reads, by corruption, *tired name*, from which Sir T. Hanmer, sagaciously enough, derived *tired dame*. Mr. Theobald retrieved from the quarto *tired mare*, the true reading. JOHNSON.

So, in *Pierce's Supererogation, or a New Praise of the Old Ass*, &c. "Silence is a slave in a chaine, and *patience* the common packhorse of the world." STEVENS.

*Enter* PISTOL and Mrs. QUICKLY.

*BARD.* Here comes ancient Pistol, and his wife:—good corporal, be patient here.—How now, mine host Pistol?

*PIST.* Bafe tike,<sup>8</sup> call't thou me—host? Now, by this hand I fwear, I scorn the term; Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

*QUICK.* No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. [*NYM draws his sword.*] O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not drawn now! O Lord! here's

<sup>8</sup> *Bafe tike,*] *Tijk*, is the Runic word for a little, or worthless dog. So, in *King Lear*:

“ Or bobtail *tike*, or trundle-tail.”

This word is still employed in Yorkshire, and means a clown, or rustic. So, in Henry Carey's ballad opera, entitled, *The Wonder, an Honest Yorkshireman*, 1736:

“ If you can like

“ A Yorkshire *tike*,” &c. STEEVENS.

In Minsheu's *Dictionary*, 1617, *tike* is defined, “ a worme that sucks the blood.” It is now commonly spelt *tick*, an animal that infests sheep, dogs, &c. This may have been Pistol's term. Our author has the word in the sense Mr. Steevens has assigned to it, in *King Lear*; and it occurs with the other signification in *Troilus and Cressida*. Pistol's next speech, however, supports the former explanation. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not drawn now!*] The folio—*hewn*. If he be not *hewn* must signify, if he be not *cut down*; and in that case the very thing is supposed which Quickly was apprehensive of. But I rather think her fright arises upon seeing the swords drawn, and I have ventured to make a slight alteration accordingly. *If he be not drawn*, for, *if he has not his sword drawn*, is an expression familiar to our poet. THEOBALD.

The quarto omits this obscure passage, and only gives us,—*O Lord! here's corporal Nym's* —. But as it cannot be ascertained

corporal Nym's—now shall we have wilful adultery and murder committed. Good lieutenant Bardolph,<sup>3</sup>—good corporal, offer nothing here.

which words (or whether any) were designedly excluded, I have left both exclamations in the text. Mrs. Quickly, without deviation from her character, may be supposed to utter repeated outcries on the same alarm. And yet I think we might read,—*if he be not hewing*. To hack and *beu* is a common vulgar expression. So, in *If you know not me you know Nobody*, by Heywood, 1606: “—— Bones o' me, he would *beu* it.” Again, in *K. Edward III.*

1599:

“ The fin is more to hack and *beu* poor men.”

After all (as the late Mr. Guthrie observed) to be *beu*n might mean, to be *drunk*. There is yet a low phrase in use on the same occasion, which is not much unlike it; viz. “ he is *cut*.”—

“ Such a one was *cut* a little last night.”

So, in *The Witty Fair One*, by Shirley, 1633:

“ Then, sir, there is the *cut* of your leg.——

“ —— that's when a man is *drunk*, is it not?

“ Do not stagger in your judgment, for this *cut* is the grace of your body.”

Again, in *The London Chaucicleres*, 1659: “——when the cups of canary have made our heads frisk; oh how we shall foot it when we can scarce stand, and caper when we are *cut* in the leg!”

Again, in Decker's *Guls Hornbook*, 1609: “——to accept the courtesy of the cellar when it is offered you by the drawers (and you must know that kindness never creepes upon them but when they see you almost *cleft* to the shoulders),” &c. STEEVENS.

I have followed the quarto, because it requires no emendation. Here's corporal Nym's *sword drawn*, the hostess would say, but she breaks off abruptly.

The editor of the folio here, as in many other places, not understanding an abrupt passage, I believe, made out something that he conceived might have been intended. Instead of “ O Lord,” to avoid the penalty of the statute, he inserted, “ O well a-day, lady,” and added,—“ if he be not *beu*n now.” The latter word is evidently corrupt, and was probably printed, as Mr. Steevens conjectures, for *hewing*. But, for the reason already given, I have adhered to the quarto. MALONE.

How would the editor of the folio have escaped profaneness by substituting *Lady* for *Lord*? for *Lady* is an exclamation on our blessed Lady, the *Virgin Mary*. STEEVENS.

*Nym.* Pish!

*Pistol.* Pish for thee, Iceland dog!<sup>4</sup> thou prick-ear'd cur<sup>5</sup> of Iceland!

<sup>3</sup> *Good lieutenant &c.*] This sentence (except the word *Bardolph*) is in the folio given to Bardolph, to whom it is evident these words cannot belong, for he is himself, in this play, the *lieutenant*. Mr. Steevens proposes to solve the difficulty by reading—good *ancient*, supposing Pistol to be the person addressed. But it is clear, I think, from the quarto, that these words belong to the speech of the hostess, who, seeing Nym's sword drawn, conjures him and his friend Bardolph to use no violence. In the quarto, the words, "Good corporal Nym, show the valour of a man," are immediately subjoined to—"now shall we have wilful adultery and murder committed." *Bardolph* was probably an interlineation, and erroneously inserted before the words "good lieutenant," instead of being placed, as it now is, after them. Hence, he was considered as the speaker, instead of the person addressed.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> —Iceland *dog!*] In the folio the word is spelt *Ifland*; in the quarto, *Iceland*. MALONE.

I believe we should read, *Iceland dog*. He seems to allude to an account credited in Elizabeth's time, that in the north there was a nation with human bodies and dogs' heads. JOHNSON.

The quartos confirm Dr. Johnson's conjecture. STEEVENS.

*Iceland dog* is probably the true reading; yet in Hakluyt's *Voyages*, we often meet with *island*. Drayton, in his *Moon-calf*, mentions *water-dogs*, and *islands*. And John Taylor dedicates his *Sculler* "To the whole kennel of Antichrist's hounds, priests, friars, monks, and jesuites, mastiffs, mongrels, *islands*, blood-hounds, bob-taile-tikes." FARMER.

Perhaps this kind of dog was then in vogue for the ladies to carry about with them.

So, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry-tricks*, 1611:

"—you shall have jewels,

"A baboon, a parrot, and an *Iceland dog*."

Again, in *Two Wise Men, and all the rest Fools*, 1619:

"Enter Levitia, cum Pedisequa, her periwig of *dog's hair* white, &c.

"*Insa*. A woman? 'tis not a woman. The head is a dog; 'tis a mermaid, half dog, half woman.

X 4

QUICK. Good corporal Nym, show the valour of a man, and put up thy sword.

NYM. Will you shog off?<sup>6</sup> I would have you *solus*.  
[*Sheathing his sword.*]

PIST. *Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile!  
The *solus* in thy most marvellous face;  
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,

“ *Par.* No, 'tis but the hair of a *dog in fashion*, pulled from these *Iceland dogs*.”

Again: “ — for torturing of these *Iceland imps*, with eradicating their fleeces, thereby to enjoy the roots.”

Again, in the Preface to Swetnam's *Arraignment of Women*, 1617:

“ — But if I had brought little dogs from *Iceland*, or fine glasses from *Venice*,” &c.

It appears from a proclamation in *Rymer's Fœdera*, that in the reign of Henry V. the English had a fishery on the coasts of Norway and *Iceland*; and Holinshed, in his *Description of Britain*, p. 231, says, “ we have sholts or curs dailie brought out of *Iceland*.” STEEVENS.

*Island* [that is, *Iceland*] *cur* is again used as a term of contempt in *Epigrams served out in fifty two several dishes*, no date, but apparently written in the time of James the First:

“ He wears a gown lac'd round, laid down with furre,

“ Or, miser-like, a pouch, where never man

“ Could thrust his finger, but this *island curre*.”

See also *Britannia Triumphans*, a Masque, 1636:

“ — she who hath been bred to stand

“ Near chair of queen, with *Island sbock* in hand.”

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *prick-ear'd cur*—] A *prick-ear'd cur* is likewise in the list of dogs enumerated in *The Booke of Huntyng*, &c. bl. l. no date:

“ — trundle-tails and *prick-ear'd curs*.” STEEVENS.

“ There were newly come to the citie two young men that were Romans, which ranged up and downe the streetes, *with their ears upright*.” Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*. This is said of two sharpers, and seems to explain the term *prick-ear'd*. HENDERSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Will you shog off?*] This cant word is used in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Coxcomb*:

“ Come, pr'ythee, let us *sbog off*.”

Again, in *Pasquill and Katharine*, 1601:

“ — thus it *sbogges*,” i. e. thus it goes. STEEVENS.



And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;<sup>7</sup>  
 And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!<sup>8</sup>  
 I do retort the *folus* in thy bowels:  
 For I can take,<sup>9</sup> and Pistol's cock is up,  
 And flashing fire will follow.

*Nym.* I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure me.<sup>2</sup> I have an humour to knock you indifferently well: If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humour of it.

*Pistol.* O braggard vile, and damned furious wight!  
 The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;<sup>3</sup>  
 Therefore exhale.<sup>4</sup> [PISTOL and NYM draw.]

<sup>7</sup> — in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;] Such was the coarse language once in use among vulgar brawlers. So, in *The Life and Death of William Summers*, &c.

“ — Thou lyest in thy throat and in thy guts.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — thy nasty mouth!] The quartos read:

— *mesifful* mouth. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> For I can take,] I know not well what he can take. The quarto reads *talk*. In our author *to take*, is sometimes *to blast*, which sense may serve in this place. JOHNSON.

The old reading, *I can take*, is right, and means, *I can take fire*. Though Pistol's cock was up, yet if he did not take fire, no flashing could ensue. The whole sentence consists in allusions to his name. M. MASON.

The folio here, as in two other places, corruptly reads—*take*. See Vol. VII. p. 449, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure me.*] *Barbason* is the name of a dæmon mentioned in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Vol. III. p. 389, n. 3. The unmeaning tumour of Pistol's speech very naturally reminds Nym of the sounding nonsense uttered by conjurers. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — doting death is near;] Thus the folio. The quarto has *groaning* death. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> Therefore exhale.] *Exhale*, I believe, here signifies *draw*, or

*BARD.* Hear me, hear me what I say:—he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. [*Draws.*

*PIST.* An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.

Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;  
Thy spirits are most tall.

*NYM.* I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it.

*PIST.* *Coupe le gorge*, that's the word?—I thee defy again.

O hound of Crete,<sup>5</sup> think'st thou my spouse to get?  
No; to the spital go,  
And from the powdering tub of infamy  
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,<sup>6</sup>  
Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her espouse:

in Pistol's language, *bale* or *lug out*. The stage-direction in the old quarto, [*They drawe.*] confirms this explanation. MALONE.

Therefore *exhale* means only—*therefore breath your last, or die*, a threat common enough among dramatick heroes of a higher rank than Pistol, who only expresses this idea in the fantastick language peculiar to his character. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *O hound of Crete,*] He means to insinuate that Nym thirsted for blood. The hounds of Crete described by our author in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, appear to have been *bloodbonds*. See Vol. V. p. 129, n. 2. MALONE.

This is an ingenious supposition; and yet I cannot help thinking that Pistol on the present, as on many other occasions, makes use of words to which he had no determinate meaning. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *the lazar kite of Cressid's kind.*] The same expression occurs in Green's *Card of Fancy*, 1601: "What courtesy is to be found in such kites of Cressid's kind?"

Again, in Gascoigne's *Dan Bartolomew of Bathe*, 1587:

"Nor seldom seene in kites of Cressides kinde."

Shakspeare might design a ridicule on the last of these passages.

Again, in *The Forrest of Fancy*, 1579:

"For such rewardes they dayly fynde

"That fyxe their fancy faithfully

"On any catte of Cressed's kinde." STEEVENS.

I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly  
For the only she; and—*Pauca*, there's enough.<sup>7</sup>

*Enter the Boy.*

*Boy.* Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master,—and you, hostess;<sup>8</sup>—he is very sick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy nose between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan: 'faith, he's very ill.

*BARD.* Away, you rogue.

*QUICK.* By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days: the king has kill'd his heart.—Good husband, come home presently.

[*Exeunt Mrs. QUICKLY and Boy.*]

*BARD.* Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together; Why, the devil, should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

*PIST.* Let floods o'erflow, and fiends for food howl on!

*NYM.* You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

*PIST.* Base is the slave that pays.<sup>9</sup>

*NYM.* That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

<sup>7</sup> — *there's enough.*] Thus the quarto. The folio adds,—*to go to.* STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *and you, hostess;*] The folio has—*and your hostess.* Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. The emendation is supported by the quarto: "Hostess, you must come straight to my master, and you host Pistol." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Base is the slave that pays.*] Perhaps this expression was proverbial. I meet with it in *The Fair Maid of the West*, by Heywood, 1631:—

"My motto shall be, *Base is the man that pays.*"

STEEVENS.

*PIST.* As manhood shall compound ; Push home.

*BARD.* By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him ; by this sword, I will.

*PIST.* Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

*BARD.* Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends : an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too. Pr'ythee, put up.

*NYM.* I shall have my eight shillings, I won of you at betting ?

*PIST.* A noble shalt thou have, and present pay ;  
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,  
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood :  
I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me ;—  
Is not this just ?—for I shall sutler be  
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.  
Give me thy hand.

*NYM.* I shall have my noble ?

*PIST.* In cash most justly paid.

*NYM.* Well then, that's the humour of it.

*Re-enter Mrs. QUICKLY.*

*QUICK.* As ever you came of women, come in quickly to fir John : Ah, poor heart ! he is so shaked of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

*NYM.* The king hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the even of it.

*PIST.* Nym, thou hast spoke the right ;  
His heart is fractured, and corroborate.

*NYM.* The king is a good king : but it must be as it may ; he passes some humours, and carcens.

*Pist.* Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins,  
we will live.<sup>2</sup> [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Southampton. *A Council-Chamber.*

*Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND.*

*BED.* 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

*EXE.* They shall be apprehended by and by.

*WEST.* How smooth and even they do bear themselves!

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,  
Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

*BED.* The king hath note of all that they intend,  
By interception which they dream not of.

*EXE.* Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — *for, lambkins, we will live.*] That is, we will live as quietly and peaceably together as lambkins. The meaning has, I think, been obscured by a different punctuation: "for, lambkins, we will live." MALONE.

*Lambkins* seems to me a fantastick title by which Pistol addresses his newly-reconciled friends, Nym and Bardolph. The words—*we will live*, may refer to what seems uppermost in his head, his expected profits from the camp, of which he has just given them reason to expect a share. I have not therefore departed from the old punctuation. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *that was his bedfellow,*] So, Holinshed: "The said Lord Scroop was in such favour with the king, that he admitted him sometime to be his *bedfellow*." The familiar appellation of *bedfellow*, which appears strange to us, was common among the ancient nobility. There is a letter from the sixth Earl of Northumberland (still preserved in the collection of the present duke) addressed "To his beloved coufyn Thomas Arundel," &c. which

Whom he hath cloy'd and grac'd<sup>4</sup> with princely  
favours,—  
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell  
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!<sup>5</sup>

*Trumpet sounds. Enter King HENRY, SCROOP,  
CAMBRIDGE, GREY, Lords, and Attendants.*

K. HEN. Now fits the wind fair, and we will  
aboard.  
My lord of Cambridge,—and my kind lord of  
Masbam,—  
And you, my gentle knight,—give me your  
thoughts:  
Think you not, that the powers we bear with us,  
Will cut their passage through the force of France;

begins, “*Bedfellow*, after my most harté recommendacion:”  
So, in a comedy called, “*A Knack to know a Knave*, 1594:

“ Yet, for thou wast once *bedfellow* to a king,

“ And that I lov'd thee as my second self,” &c.

Again, in *Look about You*, 1600:

“ —if I not err

“ Thou art the prince's ward.—

“ —I am his ward, chamberlain, and *bedfellow*.”

Again, in *Cynthia's Revenge*, 1613:

“ Her I'll bestow, and without prejudice,

“ On thee alone, my noble *bedfellow*.” STEEVENS.

This unseemly custom continued common till the middle of the  
last century, if not later. Cromwell obtained much of his intel-  
ligence during the civil wars from mean men with whom he slept.  
—Henry Lord Scroop was the third husband of Joan Duchefs of  
York, stepmother of Richard Earl of Cambridge. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — cloy'd and grac'd—] Thus the quarto; the folio reads—  
dull'd and cloy'd. Perhaps *dull'd* is a mistake for *dol'd*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — to death and treachery!] Here the quartos insert a line  
omitted in all the following editions:

Exc. O! the lord of Masbam! JOHNSON.

Doing the execution, and the act,  
For which we have in head assembled them?<sup>6</sup>

SCROOP. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his  
best.

K. HEN. I doubt not that: since we are well  
persuaded,  
We carry not a heart with us from hence,  
That grows not in a fair consent with ours;<sup>7</sup>  
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish  
Success and conquest to attend on us.

CAM. Never was monarch better fear'd, and  
lov'd,  
Than is your majesty; there's not, I think, a sub-  
ject,  
That fits in heart-grief and uneasiness  
Under the sweet shade of your government.

GREY. Even those, that were your father's ene-  
mies,  
Have steep'd their galls in honey; and do serve you  
With hearts create<sup>8</sup> of duty and of zeal.

<sup>6</sup> *For which we have in head assembled them?*] This is not an English phraseology. I am persuaded Shakspeare wrote:

*For which we have in aid assembled them?*

alluding to the tenures of those times. WARBURTON.

It is strange that the commentator should forget a word so eminently observable in this writer, as *head* for an army formed.

JOHNSON.

*In head* seems synonymous to the modern military term *in force*.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *That grows not in a fair consent with ours;*] So, in *Macbeth*:

"If you shall cleave to my *consent*," &c.

*Consent* is union, party, &c. STEEVENS.

— *in a fair consent* —] In friendly concord; in unison with ours. See Vol. VII. p. 403, n. 3. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *hearts create* —] Hearts *compounded* or *made up* of duty and zeal. JOHNSON.

*K. HEN.* We therefore have great cause of thankfulness ;  
 And shall forget the office of our hand,<sup>9</sup>  
 Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,  
 According to the weight and worthiness.

*SCROOP.* So service shall with steeled sinews toil ;  
 And labour shall refresh itself with hope,  
 To do your grace incessant services.

*K. HEN.* We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter,  
 Enlarge the man committed yesterday,  
 That rail'd against our person : we consider,  
 It was excess of wine that set him on ;  
 And, on his more advice,<sup>2</sup> we pardon him.

*SCROOP.* That's mercy, but too much security :  
 Let him be punish'd, sovereign ; lest example  
 Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

*K. HEN.* O, let us yet be merciful.

*CAM.* So may your highness, and yet punish too.

*GREY.* Sir, you show great mercy, if you give  
 him life,  
 After the taste of much correction.

*K. HEN.* Alas, your too much love and care of  
 me  
 Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.  
 If little faults, proceeding on distemper,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *And shall forget the office of our hand,*] Perhaps, our author, when he wrote this line, had the fifth verse of the 137th Psalm in his thoughts: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *more advice,*] On his return to more coolness of mind.

JOHNSON.  
 See Vol. III. p. 215, and Vol. IV. p. 382, n. 3.  
 MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *proceeding on distemper,*] i. e. sudden passions.

WARBURTON.



Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye,<sup>4</sup>  
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,

Appear before us?—We'll yet enlarge that man,  
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey,—in their  
dear care,

And tender preservation of our person,—  
Would have him punish'd. And now to our French  
causes ;

Who are the late commissioners ?<sup>5</sup>

CAM. I one, my lord ;  
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

SCROOP. So did you me, my liege.

GREY. And me, my royal sovereign.

K. HEN. Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge, there  
is yours ;—  
There yours, lord Scroop of Masham ;—and, fir  
knight,

Perturbation of mind. *Temper* is equality or calmness of mind, from an equipoise or due mixture of passions. *Distemper* of mind is the predominance of a passion, as *distemper* of body is the predominance of a *humour*. JOHNSON.

It has been just said by the king, that *it was excess of wine that set him on*, and *distemper* may therefore mean *intoxication*. *Distemper'd in liquor*, is still a common expression. Chapman, in his *epicedium on the Death of Prince Henry*, 1612, has personified this species of *distemper* :

“ Frantick *distemper*, and hare-ey'd unrest.”

And Brabantio says, that Roderigo is :

“ Full of supper and *distemp'ring* draughts.”

Again, Holinshed, Vol. III. p. 626 : “ — gave him wine and strong drink in such excessive sort, that he was therewith *distemp'ered*, and reel'd as he went.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *how shall we stretch our eye,*] If we may not *wink* at small faults, *how wide must we open our eyes* at great? JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Who are the late commissioners ?*] That is, as appears from the sequel, who are the persons lately appointed commissioners?

M. MASON.

Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours :—  
 Read them ; and know, I know your worthiness.—  
 My lord of Westmoreland,—and uncle Exeter,—  
 We will aboard to-night.—Why, how *now*, gentlemen?

What see you in those papers, that you lose  
 So much complexion?—look ye, how they change!  
 Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you  
 there,  
 That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood  
 Out of appearance?

*CAM.* I do confess my fault ;  
 And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

*GREY. SCROOP.* To which we all appeal.

*K. HEN.* The mercy, that was quick<sup>6</sup> in us but  
 late,

By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd :  
 You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy ;  
 For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,  
 As dogs upon their masters, worrying them.—  
 See you, my princes, and my noble peers,  
 These English monsters! My lord of Cambridge  
 here,—

You know, how apt our love was, to accord  
 To furnish him<sup>7</sup> with all appertinents  
 Belonging to his honour ; and this man  
 Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,  
 And sworn unto the practices of France,  
 To kill us here in Hampton : to the which,  
 This knight,—no less for bounty bound to us  
 Than Cambridge is,—hath likewise sworn.—But O!  
 What shall I say to thee, lord Scroop ; thou cruel,

<sup>6</sup> — *quick*—] That is, *living*. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *To furnish* him—] The latter word, which is wanting in the first folio, was supplied by the editor of the second. MALONE.

Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!  
 Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels,  
 That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,  
 That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,  
 Would'st thou have practis'd on me for thy use?  
 May it be possible, that foreign hire  
 Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,  
 That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,  
 That, though the truth of it stands off as gross  
 As black from white,<sup>8</sup> my eye will scarcely see it.  
 Treason, and murder, ever kept together,  
 As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,  
 Working so grossly<sup>9</sup> in a natural cause,  
 That admiration did not whoop at them:  
 But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in  
 Wonder, to wait on treason, and on murder:  
 And whatsoever cunning fiend it was,  
 That wrought upon thee so preposterously,  
 H'ath got the voice in hell for excellence:  
 And other devils, that suggest by treasons,  
 Do botch and bungle up damnation  
 With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd  
 From glistering semblances of piety;  
 But he, that temper'd thee,<sup>2</sup> bade thee stand up,

<sup>8</sup> ——— *though the truth of it stands off as gross*

*As black from white,*] Though the truth be as apparent and visible as black and white contiguous to each other. To *stand off* is *être relevé*, to be prominent to the eye, as the strong parts of a picture. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *so grossly*—] *Palpably*; with a plain and visible connexion of cause and effect. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *be, that temper'd thee,*] Though *temper'd* may stand for *formed* or *moulded*, yet I fancy *tempted* was the author's word, for it answers better to *suggest* in the opposition. JOHNSON.

*Temper'd*, I believe, is the true reading, and means—rendered thee pliable to his will. Falstaff says of Shallow, that he has him “*tempering* between his thumb and finger.” STEVENS.

Gave thee no instance why thou should'st do treason,  
 Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.  
 If that same dæmon, that hath gull'd thee thus,  
 Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,  
 He might return to vasty Tartar<sup>3</sup> back,  
 And tell the legions—I can never win  
 A foul so easy as that Englishman's.  
 O, how hast thou with jealousy infected  
 The sweetness of affiancè!<sup>4</sup> Show men dutiful?  
 Why, so didst thou: Seem they grave and learned?  
 Why, so didst thou: Come they of noble family?  
 Why, so didst thou: Seem they religious?  
 Why, so didst thou: Or are they spare in diet;  
 Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger;  
 Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood;  
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement;<sup>5</sup>  
 Not working with the eye, without the ear,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — *vasty Tartar*—] i. e. *Tartarus*, the fabled place of future punishment. So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

“ With aconitum that in *Tartar Springs*.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *The troublesome Raigne of King John*, 1591:

“ And let the black tormentors of black *Tartary*,

“ Upbraide them with this damned enterprize.”

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> O, how hast thou with jealousy infected

*The sweetness of affiancè!*] Shakspeare uses this aggravation of the guilt of treachery with great judgement, One of the worst consequences of breach of trust is the diminution of that confidence which makes the happiness of life, and the dissemination of suspicion, which is the poison of society. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement;*] *Complement* has in this instance the same sense as in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I. *Complements*, in the age of Shakspeare, meant the same as *accomplishments* in the present one. STEEVENS.

See Vol. V. p. 190, n. 3. By the epithet *modest* the king means that Scroop's accomplishments were not ostentatiously display'd.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Not working with the eye, without the ear,*] The king means to say of Scroop, that he was a cautious man, who knew that *fronti nulla fides*, that a specious appearance was deceitful, and therefore

And, but in purged judgement, trusting neither?  
 Such, and so finely boulded, didst thou seem :<sup>7</sup>  
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,  
 To mark the full-fraught man, and best indued,<sup>8</sup>  
 With some suspicion. I will weep for thee ;  
 For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like  
 Another fall of man.—Their faults are open,  
 Arrest them to the answer of the law ;—  
 And God acquit them of their practices !

EXE. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name  
 of Richard earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of  
 Henry lord Scroop of Masham.

did not *work with the eye, without the ear*, did not trust the air or  
 look of any man till he had tried him by enquiry and conversation.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — and so finely boulded,] i. e. refined or purged from all faults.

POPE.

*Boulded* is the same with *sifted*, and has consequently the meaning  
 of *refined*. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> To mark the full-fraught man, and best indued, &c.] *Best  
 indued* is a phrase equivalent to—gifted or endowed in the most  
 extraordinary manner. So, Chapman :

“ His pow'rs with dreadful strength indu'd.” STEEVENS.

The folio, where alone this line is found, reads—To *make* the  
 full fraught man, &c. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald.  
 Mr. Pope endeavoured to obtain some sense by pointing thus :

To make the full-fraught man and best, indu'd  
 With some suspicion.

But “ to *make* a person *indued* with suspicion,” does not appear,  
 to my ear at least, like the phraseology of Shakspeare's or any other  
 age. *Make* or *mock* are so often confounded in these plays, that I  
 once suspected that the latter word might have been used here : but  
 this also would be very harsh. The old copy has *thee* instead of  
*the*. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Our authour has the same thought again in *Cymbeline* :

“ — So thou, Posthumus,

“ Wilt lay the leaven to all proper men ;

“ Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjur'd,

“ From thy great fall.” THEOBALD.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of  
Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland.

SCROOP. Our purposes God justly hath disco-  
ver'd;

And I repent my fault, more than my death;  
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,  
Although my body pay the price of it.

CAM. For me,—the gold of France did not se-  
duce;<sup>9</sup>

Although I did admit it as a motive,  
The sooner to effect what I intended:  
But God be thanked for prevention;  
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,<sup>2</sup>  
Beseeching God, and you, to pardon me.

GREY. Never did faithful subject more rejoice  
At the discovery of most dangerous treason,  
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,

<sup>9</sup> *For me,—the gold of France did not seduce;*] Holinshed, p. 549, observes from Hall, "that diverse write that Richard earle of Cambridge did not conspire with the lord Scroope and Thomas Graie for the murdering of king Henrie to please the French king withall, but onlie to the intent to exalt to the crowne his brother-in-law Edmunde, earl of March, as heire to Lionell duke of Clarence: after the death of which earle of March, for diverse secret impediments not able to have issue, the earle of Cambridge was sure that the crowne should come to him by his wife, and to his children of her begotten. And therefore (as was thought) he rather confessed himselfe for neede of monie to be corrupted by the French king, than he would declare his inward mind, &c. which if it were espied, he saw plainlie that the earle of March should have tasted of the same cuppe that he had drunken, and what should have come to his owne children, he much doubted," &c. STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,*] *I*, which is wanting in the old copy, was added by the editor of the second folio. Cambridge means to say, *at which prevention, or, which intended scheme that it was prevented, I shall rejoice.* Shakspeare has many such elliptical expressions. The intended scheme that he alludes to, was the taking off Henry, to make room for his brother-in-law. See the preceding note. MALONE.

Prevented from a damned enterprize:  
My fault,<sup>3</sup> but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

*K. HEN.* God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.

You have conspir'd against our royal person,  
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd,<sup>4</sup> and from his  
coffers

Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;  
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,  
His princes and his peers to servitude,  
His subjects to oppression and contempt,  
And his whole kingdom unto desolation.<sup>5</sup>

Touching our person, seek we no revenge;  
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,  
Whose ruin you three sought, that to her laws  
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,<sup>6</sup>  
Poor miserable wretches, to your death:  
The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you  
Patience to endure, and true repentance  
Of all your dear offences!—Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt Conspirators, guarded.*]

<sup>3</sup> *My fault, &c.*] One of the conspirators against Queen Elizabeth, I think Parry, concludes his letter to her with these words: "a culpâ, but not a pœnâ, absolve me, most dear lady." This letter was much read at that time, [1585,] and our author doubtless copied it.

This whole scene was much enlarged and improved after the first edition; the particular insertions it would be tedious to mention, and tedious without much use. JOHNSON.

The words of Parry's letter are, "Discharge me a culpâ, but not a pœnâ, good ladie." REED.

<sup>4</sup> — *proclaim'd,*] Mr. Ritson recommends the omission of this word, which deforms the measure. STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *unto desolation.*] The folio, 1623, where alone this passage is found, has—*into* desolation. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *Get you therefore hence,*] So, in Holinshed: "—Get ye hence therefore, ye poor miserable wretches, to the receiving of your just reward: wherein God's majesty give you grace," &c. STEVENS.

Now, lords, for France; the enterprize whereof  
 Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.  
 We doubt not of a fair and lucky war;  
 Since God so gracious hath brought to light  
 This dangerous treason, lurking in our way,  
 To hinder our beginnings, we doubt not now,  
 But every rub is smoothed on our way.  
 Then, forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver  
 Our puissance into the hand of God,  
 Putting it straight in expedition.  
 Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:<sup>5</sup>  
 No king of England, if not king of France.<sup>6</sup> [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E III.

London. *Mrs. Quickly's House in Eastcheap.*

*Enter* PISTOL, *Mrs. QUICKLY*, NYM, BARDOLPH,  
*and Boy.*

*QUICK.* Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me  
 bring thee to Staines.<sup>7</sup>

*PIST.* No; for my manly heart doth yern.—  
 Bardolph, be blith;—Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;  
 Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,  
 And we must yern therefore.

*BARD.* 'Would, I were with him, wherefome'er  
 he is, either in heaven, or in hell!

<sup>5</sup> — *the signs of war advance:*] So, in Phaer's translation of  
 the first line of the eighth Book of the *Aeneid*: *Ut belli signum &c.*  
 "When *signe of war* from Laurent towres" &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *No king of England, if not king of France.*] So, in the old play  
 before that of Shakspeare:

"If not king of France, then of nothing must I be king."  
 STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *let me bring thee to Staines.*] i. e. let me attend, or ac-  
 company thee. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

"—give me leave, my lord,  
 "That we may bring you something on the way." REED.



**QUICK.** Nay, sure, he's not in hell; he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end,<sup>8</sup> and went away, an it had been any christom child; 'a parted even just

<sup>8</sup> — finer end,] for *final*. JOHNSON.

Every man that dies, makes a *final* end; but Mrs. Quickly means to describe Falstaff's behaviour at his exit, as uncommonly placid. "He made a *fine* end," is at this day a vulgar expression, when any person dies with resolution and devotion. So Ophelia says of her father: "They say, *he made a good end*." M. MASON.

Again, in *Macbeth*:

"They say, *he parted well*, and paid his score;  
"And so God be with him!"

Our author has elsewhere used the comparative for the positive. See *Macbeth*, Vol. VII. p. 450, n. 9. Mrs. Quickly, however, needs no justification for not adhering to the rules of grammar.

What seems to militate against Dr. Johnson's interpretation is, that the word *final*, which he supposes to have been meant, is rather too learned for the hostess. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *an it had been any christom child*;] The old quarto has it—*crisomb'd* child.

"The *chrysom* was no more than the white cloth put on the new baptised child." See *Johnson's Canons of Eccles. Law*, 1720.

I have somewhere (but cannot recollect where) met with this further account of it; that the *chrysom* was allowed to be carried out of the church, to enwrap such children as were in too weak a condition to be borne thither; the *chrysom* being supposed to make every place holy. This custom would rather strengthen the allusion to the weak condition of Falstaff.

The child itself was sometimes called a *chrysom*, as appears from the following passage in *The Fancies Chaste and Noble*, 1638: "— the boy surely I ever said was a very *chrysome* in the thing you wot."

Again, in *The Wits*, by Sir W. D'Avenant, 1637:

"— and would't not join thy halfpenny  
"To send for milk for the poor *chrysome*."

Again, in Sir W. D'Avenant's *Just Italian*, 1630:

"— and they do awe  
"The *chrysome* babe."

Again, and more appositely, in his *Albovine*, 1629: "Sir, I would fain depart in quiet, like other young *chrycomes*." Again, in *Your Five Gallants*, by Middleton: "— a fine old man to his father, it would kill his heart i'faith: *he'd away like a chrysom*."

STEVENS.

between twelve and one, e'en at turning o'the tide:<sup>2</sup>  
for after I saw him fumble with the sheets,<sup>3</sup> and play  
with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I

In the Liturgie, 2 E. VI. *Form of private Baptism*, is this direction: "Then the minister shall put the white vesture, commonly called the *chrifome*, upon the child," &c. The *Glossary* of Du Cange, vide *Chrismale*, explains this ceremony thus: "Quippe olim ut et hodie, baptizatorum, statim atque chrismate in fronte ungebantur, ne *chrisma de flueret*, capita *panno candido* obvolvabantur, qui octava demum die ab iis auferebatur." During the time therefore of their wearing this vesture, the children were, I suppose, called *chrifomes*. One is registered under this description in the register of *Thatcham, Berks*, 1605. (Hearne's *Appendix to the History of Glastonbury*, p. 275.) "A younge *crifome* being a man child, beinge found drowned," &c. TYRWHITT.

The *chrifom* is properly explained as the white garment put upon the child at its baptism. And this the child wore till the time the mother came to be churched, who was then to offer it to the minister. So that, truly speaking, a *chrifom child* was one that died after it had been baptized, and before its mother was churched. Erroneously, however, it was used for children that die before they are baptized; and by this denomination such children were entered in the bills of mortality down to the year 1726. But have I not seen, in some edition, *chrifom child*? If that reading were supported by any copy of authority, I should like it much. It agrees better with my dame's enunciation, who was not very likely to pronounce a hard word with propriety, and who just before had called *Abrabam—Arbur*. WHALLEY.

Mr. Whalley is right in his conjecture. The first folio reads *chrifom*. Blount, in his *GLOSSOGRAPHY*, 1678, says, that *chrifoms* in the bills of mortality are such children as die within the month of birth, because during that time they use to wear the *chrifom-cloth*. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — turning o'the tide:] It has been a very old opinion, which Mead, *de imperio solis*, quotes, as if he believed it, that nobody dies but in the time of ebb: half the deaths in London confute the notion; but we find that it was common among the women of the poet's time. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — fumble with the sheets,] This passage is burlesqued by Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Captain*:

" 1. How does my master?

" 2. Faith, he lies drawing on apace.

" 1. That's an ill sign.

knew there was but one way;<sup>4</sup> for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields.'

" 2. And *fumbles* with the pots too.

" 1. Then there's *no way but one with him.*"

In the spurious play of *King John*, 1611, when Faulconbridge sees that prince at the point of death, he says:

" O piercing sight! he *fumbleth* in the mouth,

" His speech doth fail——"

And Pliny, in his chapter on *The Signs of Death*, makes mention of " a *fumbling* and *pleiting* of the bed-cloths." See P. Holland's *Translation*, Chap. li. So also, in *The Ninth Booke of Notable Things*, by Thomas Lupton, 4to. bl. 1: " If the foreheade of the sicke waxe redde—and his *nose wax sharpe*—if he pull strawes, or the *cloathes of his bedde*—these are most certain tokens of death."

STEVENS.

There is this expression, and not, I believe, designed as a sneer on Shakspeare, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Spanish Curate*, Act IV. sc. v:

" A glimmering before death, 'tis nothing else, fir;

" Do you *see how he fumbles with the sheets?*" WHALLEY.

The same indication of approaching death is enumerated by Celsus, Lommius, Hippocrates, and Galen. The testimony of the latter is sufficient to show that such a symptom is by no means imaginary: " Manus ante faciem attollere, muscas quasi venari inani operâ, floccos carpere de vestibus, vel pariete. Et in seipso hoc expertus fuit *Galenus*. Quum enim," &c. Van Swieten *Comm.* Tom. II. sect 708. COLLINS.

<sup>4</sup> *I knew there was but one way;*] I believe this phrase is proverbial. I meet with it again in *If you know not me, you know Nobody*, 1613:

" I heard the doctors whisper it in secret,

" *There is no way but one.*"

Again, in *The Life and Death of Gamaliel Ratsfy*, 1605: " But now the courtier is in huckster's handling, *there is no way with him but one*, for Ratsfy seizes both on his money and books."

STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— and 'a babbled of green fields.] The old copy [i. e. the first folio,] reads—*for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a table of green fields.* STEVENS.

These words, *and a table of green fields*, are not to be found in the old editions of 1600 and 1608. This nonsense got into all the following editions by a pleasant mistake of the stage editors, who printed from the common piece-meal written parts in the play-house. A table was here directed to be brought in, (it being

How now, fir John? quoth I: what, man! be of good cheer. So 'a cried out—God, God, God!

a scene in a tavern where they drink at parting), and this direction crept into the text from the margin. Greenfield was the name of the property-man in that time, who furnished implements, &c. for the actors, *A table of Greenfield's*. POPE.

So reasonable an account of this blunder, Mr. Theobald could not acquiesce in. He thought *a table of Greenfield's*, part of the text, only corrupted, and that it should be read, *he babbled of green fields*, because men do so in the ravings of a calenture. But he did not consider how ill this agrees with the nature of the knight's illness, who was now in no *babbling* humour; and so far from wanting cooling in *green fields*, that his feet were very cold, and he just expiring. WARBURTON.

Upon this passage Mr. Theobald has a note that fills a page, which I omit in pity to my readers, since he only endeavours to prove, what I think every reader perceives to be true, that at this time no *table* could be wanted. Mr. Pope, in an appendix to his own edition in 12mo. seems to admit Theobald's emendation, which we would have allowed to be uncommonly happy, had we not been prejudiced against it by Mr. Pope's first note, with which, as it excites merriment, we are loath to part. JOHNSON.

Had the former editors been apprized, that *table*, in our author, signifies a pocket-book, I believe they would have retained it with the following alteration:—*for his nose was as sharp as a pen upon a table of green fells*.—On *table books*, silver or steel pens, very sharp-pointed, were formerly and still are fixed to the backs or covers. Mother Quickly compares Falstaff's nose (which in dying persons grows thin and sharp) to one of those *pens*, very properly, and she meant probably to have said, on a *table-book* with a *sbagreen cover* or *sbagraen table*; but, in her usual blundering way, she calls it *a table of green fells*, or a table covered with *green-skin*; which the blundering transcriber turned into *green-fields*; and our editors have turned the prettiest blunder in Shakspere, quite out of doors. SMITH.

Dr. Warburton objects to Theobald's emendation, on the ground of the nature of Falstaff's illness; "who was so far from *babbling*, or wanting *cooling* in *green fields*, that his feet were cold, and he was just expiring." But his disorder had been a "burning quotidian tertian." It is, I think, a much stronger objection, that the word *Table*, with a capital letter, (for so it appears in the old copy,) is very unlikely to have been printed instead of *babbled*. This reading, is, however, preferable to any that has been yet proposed.

three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him, 'a should not think of God; <sup>6</sup> I hoped, there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet: So, 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.<sup>7</sup>

On this difficult passage I had once a conjecture. It was, that the word *table* is right, and that the corrupted word is *and*, which may have been misprinted for *in*; a mistake that has happened elsewhere in these plays: and thus the passage will run—*and his nose was as sharp as a pen in a table of green fields*.—A pen may have been used for a *pinfold*, and a *table* for a *picture*. See Vol. VI. p. 193, n. 9.

The pointed stakes of which pinfolds are sometimes formed, were perhaps in the poet's thoughts. MALONE.

It has been observed (particularly by the superstition of women,) of people near death, when they are delirious by a fever, that they talk of *removing*; as it has of those in a calenture, that they have their heads run on green fields. THEOBALD.

<sup>6</sup> — *now I, to comfort him, bid him, 'a should not think of God;*] Perhaps Shakspeare was indebted to the following story in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, &c. 1595, for this very characteristick exhortation: "A gentlewoman fearing to be drowned, said, now Jesu receive our soules! Soft, mistrefs, answered the waterman; *I throw, we are not come to that passe yet.*" MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *cold as any stone.*] Such is the end of Falstaff, from whom Shakspeare had promised us in his epilogue to *K. Henry IV.* that we should receive more entertainment. It happened to Shakspeare, as to other writers, to have his imagination crowded with a tumultuary confusion of images, which, while they were yet unforted and unexamined, seemed sufficient to furnish a long train of incidents, and a new variety of merriment; but which, when he was to produce them to view, shrunk suddenly from him, or could not be accommodated to his general design. That he once designed to have brought Falstaff on the scene again, we know from himself; but whether he could contrive no train of adventures suitable to his character, or could match him with no companions likely to quicken his humour, or could open no new vein of pleasantry, and was afraid to continue the same strain lest it should not find the same reception, he has here, for ever discarded him, and made haste to despatch him, perhaps for the same reason for

*NYM.* They fay, he cried out of sack.

*QUICK.* Ay, that 'a did.

*BARD.* And of women.

*QUICK.* Nay, that 'a did not.

*BOY.* Yes, that 'a did; and said, they were devils incarnate.

*QUICK.* 'A could never abide carnation;<sup>8</sup> 'twas a colour he never lik'd.

*BOY.* 'A said once, the devil would have him about women.

*QUICK.* 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women: but then he was rheumatick;<sup>9</sup> and talk'd of the whore of Babylon.

*BOY.* Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose; and 'a said, it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?

*BARD.* Well, the fuel is gone, that maintain'd that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

*NYM.* Shall we shog off? the king will be gone from Southampton.

which Addison killed Sir Roger, that no other hand might attempt to exhibit him.

Let meaner authors learn from this example, that it is dangerous to sell the bear which is yet not hunted; to promise to the publick what they have not written.

This disappointment probably inclined Queen Elizabeth to command the poet to produce him once again, and to show him in love or courtship. This was, indeed, a new source of humour, and produced a new play from the former characters.

<sup>8</sup> — *incarnate.*—*carnation*;} JOHNSON. Mrs. Quickly blunders, mistaking the word *incarnate* for a colour. In *Quixotes of Love*, 1566, we have, "Yelow, pale, redde, blue, whyte, graye, and *incarnate*." HENDERSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *rheumatick*;} This word is elsewhere used by our author for peevish, or splenetick, as *scorbutico* is in Italian. Mrs. Quickly however probably means *lunatick*. MALONE.

*Pist.* Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips.

Look to my chattels, and my moveables :

Let senses rule;<sup>2</sup> the word is, *Pitch and pay*;<sup>3</sup>

Trust none;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,

<sup>2</sup> *Let senses rule* ;] I think this is wrong, but how to reform it I do not see. Perhaps we may read :

*Let sense us rule,*

*Pistol* is taking leave of his wife, and giving her advice as he kisses her ; he sees her rather weeping than attending, and, supposing that in her heart she is still longing to go with him part of the way, he cries, *Let sense us rule*, that is, *let us not give way to foolish fondness, but be ruled by our better understanding*. He then continues his directions for her conduct in his absence.

JOHNSON.

*Let senses rule* evidently means, *let prudence govern you* : conduct yourself sensibly ; and it agrees with what precedes and what follows. Mr. M. Mason would read, "*Let sentences rule* ;" by which he means *sayings, or proverbs* ; and accordingly (says he) *Pistol* gives us a string of them in the remainder of his speech.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *Pitch and pay* ;] The caution was a very proper one to Mrs. Quickly, who had suffered before, by letting Falstaff run in her debt. The same expression occurs in *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602 :

" I will commit you, signior, to my house ; but will you *pitch and pay*, or will your worship run — ?"

So again, in *Herod and Antipater*, 1622 :

" — he that will purchase this,

" Must *pitch and pay*."

Again, in *The Masque*, an ancient collection of epigrams :

" — Susan, when she first bore sway,

" Had for one night a French crown, *pitch and pay*."

STEEVENS.

Old Tuffer, in his description of Norwich, tells us it is

" A city trim —

" Where strangers well, may seeme to dwell,

" That *pitch and paie*, or keepe their daye."

*John Florio* says, "*Pitch and paie*, and goe your waie."

One of the old laws of Blackwell-hall was, that a penny be paid by the owner of every bale of cloth for *pitching*."

FARMER.

And hold-fast is the only dog,<sup>4</sup> my duck ;  
 Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.<sup>5</sup>  
 Go, clear thy chrystals.<sup>6</sup>—Yoke-fellows in arms,  
 Let us to France ! like horfe-leeches, my boys ;  
 To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck !

*Boy.* And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

*Pist.* Touch her soft mouth, and march.

*Bard.* Farewell, hostess. [Kissing her.]

*Nym.* I cannot kifs, that is the humour of it ;  
 but adieu.

*Pist.* Let houswifery appear ; keep close,<sup>7</sup> I  
 thee command.

*Quick.* Farewell ; adieu. [Exeunt.]

<sup>4</sup> *And hold-fast is the only dog.*] Alluding to the proverbial saying,—“ Brag is a good dog, but *boldfast* is a better.” DOUCE.

<sup>5</sup> *Therefore, caveto be thy counsellor.*] The old quartos read :  
*Therefore Cophetua be thy counsellor.* STEVENS.

The reading of the text is that of the folio. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *clear thy chrystals.*] Dry thine eyes : but I think it may  
 better mean, in this place, *wash thy glasse.* JOHNSON.

The first explanation is certainly the true one. So, in *The Gentleman Usher*, by Chapman, 1602 :

“ — an old wife’s eye

“ Is a blue *chrystal* full of forcery.”

Again, in *A Match at Midnight*, 1633 :

“ — ten thousand Cupids

“ Methought, sat playing on that pair of *chrystals.*”

Again, in *The Double Marriage*, by Beaumont and Fletcher :

“ — sleep, you sweet glasse,

“ An everlasting slumber close those *chrystals!*”

Again, in *Coriolanus*, Act III. sc. ii :

“ — the *glasse* of my sight.”

The old quartos 1600 and 1608 read :

*Clear up thy chrystals.* STEVENS. ●

<sup>7</sup> — *keep close,*] The quartos 1600 and 1608 read :

— *keep fast thy bugle boe ;*

which certainly is not nonsense, as the same expression is used by Shirley, in his *Gentleman of Venice* :

“ — the courtisans of Venice,

“ Shall keep their *bugle bowes* for thee, dear uncle.”



## SCENE IV.

France. *A Room in the French King's Palace.*

*Enter the French King attended; the Dauphin, the duke of BURGUNDY, the Constable, and Others.*

FR. KING. Thus come the English with full  
power upon us;  
And more than carefully it us concerns,\*  
To answer royally in our defences.  
Therefore the dukes of Berry, and of Bretagne,  
Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,—  
And you, prince Dauphin,—with all swift despatch,

Perhaps, indeed, it is a Scotch term; for in *Ane very excellent and delieabill Treatise intituled Philotus, &c.* printed at Edinburgh, 1603, I find it again:

“ What reck to tak the *bogill-bo*,  
“ My bonie burd, for anes.”

The reader may suppose *buggle-boe* to be just what he pleases.

STEEVENS.

Whatever covert sense Pistol may have annexed to this word, it appears from Cole's Latin Dictionary, 1678, that *bogle-bo* (now corruptly sounded *bugaborw*) signified “ an ugly wide-mouthed picture, carried about with May-games.” Cole renders it by the Latin words, *manducus, terriculamentum*. The interpretation of the former word has been just given. The latter he renders thus: “ A terrible spectacle; a fearful thing; a *scare-crow*.” T. C.

An anonymous writer supposes that by the words—*keep close*, Pistol means, *keep within doors*. That this was not the meaning, is proved decisively by the words of the quarto. MALONE.

Perhaps, the words—*keep close*, were rendered perfectly intelligible by the action that accompanied them on the stage. STEEVENS.

The inquisitive reader will best collect the sense in which *buggle boe* is here used, from a perusal of La Fontaine's tale of “ *Le Diable de pape-figuiere*.” DOUCE.

\* *And more than carefully it us concerns,*] *More than carefully is with more than common care; a phrase of the same kind with better than well.* JOHNSON.

To line, and new repair, our towns of war,  
 With men of courage, and with means defendant:  
 For England his approaches makes as fierce,  
 As waters to the sucking of a gulf.  
 It fits us then, to be as provident  
 As fear may teach us, out of late examples  
 Left by the fatal and neglected English  
 Upon our fields.

DAU. My most redoubted father,  
 It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe:  
 For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,<sup>8</sup>  
 (Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in  
 question,)

But that defences, musters, preparations,  
 Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,  
 As were a war in expectation.  
 Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth,  
 To view the sick and feeble parts of France:  
 And let us do it with no show of fear;  
 No, with no more, than if we heard that England  
 Were busied<sup>9</sup> with a Whitsun morris-dance:  
 For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,<sup>2</sup>  
 Her scepter so fantastically borne  
 By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,  
 That fear attends her not.

CON. O peace, prince Dauphin!  
 You are too much mistaken in this king:<sup>3</sup>

<sup>8</sup> — *so dull a kingdom,*] i. e. render it callous, insensible.  
 So, in *Hamlet*:

“ But do not *dull* thy palm,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Were busied*—] The quarto, 1600, reads—*were troubled*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *so idly king'd,*] Shakspeare is not singular in his use of  
 this verb—*to king*. I find it in Warner's *Albion's England*, B. VIII.  
 chap. xlii:

“ — and *king'd* his sister's son.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *You are too much mistaken in this king:*] This part is much en-  
 larged since the first writing. POPP.

Question your grace the late ambassadors,—  
 With what great state he heard their embassy,  
 How well supplied with noble counsellors,  
 How modest in exception,<sup>4</sup> and, withal,  
 How terrible in constant resolution,—  
 And you shall find, his vanities fore-spent  
 Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,  
 Covering discretion with a coat of folly;<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *How modest in exception,*] How diffident and decent in making objections. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *And you shall find, his vanities fore-spent  
 Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,  
 Covering discretion with a coat of folly;*] Shakspeare not having given us, in the First or Second Part of *Henry IV.* or in any other place but this, the remotest hint of the circumstance here alluded to, the comparison must needs be a little obscure to those who do not know or reflect that some historians have told us, that Henry IV. had entertained a deep jealousy of his son's aspiring superior genius. Therefore to prevent all umbrage, the prince withdrew from publick affairs, and amused himself in conorting with a dissolute crew of robbers. It seems to me, that Shakspeare was ignorant of this circumstance when he wrote the two parts of *Henry IV.* for it might have been so managed as to have given new beauties to the character of Hal, and great improvements to the plot. And with regard to these matters, Shakspeare generally tells us all he knew, and as soon as he knew it. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton, as usual, appears to me to refine too much. I believe, Shakspeare meant no more than that Henry, in his external appearance, was like the elder Brutus, wild and giddy, while in fact his understanding was good.

Our author's meaning is sufficiently explained by the following lines in *The Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

- “ Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
- “ Seeing such emulation in their woe,
- “ Began to *clotbe his wit* in state and pride,
- “ Burying in Lucrece' wound his *folly's show*.
- “ He with the Romans was esteemed so,
- “ As silly-jeering ideots are with kings,
- “ For sportive words, and uttering foolish things.
- “ But now he throws that *shallow habit* by,
- “ Wherein deep policy did him disguise;
- “ And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
- “ To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.”

As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots  
That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

*DAU.* Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable,  
But though we think it so, it is no matter:  
In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh  
The enemy more mighty than he seems,  
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;  
Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,<sup>6</sup>

Thomas Otterbourne and the translator of Titus Livius indeed say, that Henry the Fourth in his latter days was jealous of his son, and apprehended that he would attempt to depose him; to remove which suspicion, the prince is said (from the relation of an earl of Ormond, who was an eye witness of the fact,) to have gone with a great party of his friends to his father, in the twelfth year of his reign, and to have presented him with a dagger, which he desired the king to plunge into his breast, if he still entertained any doubts of his loyalty: but, I believe, it is no where said, that he threw himself into the company of dissolute persons to avoid giving umbrage to his father, or betook himself to irregular courses with a political view of quieting his suspicions. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,*] This passage, as it stands, is so perplexed, that I formerly suspected it to be corrupt. If *which* be referred to *proportions of defence*, (and I do not see to what else it can be referred,) the construction will be,—“which proportions of defence, of a weak and niggardly projection, spoils his coat, like a miser,” &c.

If our author had written—

While oft a *weak and niggardly projection*  
*Doth*, &c.

the reasoning would then be clear.—In cases of defence, it is best to imagine the enemy more powerful than he seems to be; by this means, we make more full and ample preparations to defend ourselves: whereas on the contrary, a poor and mean idea of the enemy's strength induces us to make but a scanty provision of forces against him; wherein we act as a miser does, who spoils his coat by scanting of cloth.

*Projection*, I believe, is here used for *fore-cast* or *preconception*. It may, however, mean *preparation*.

Perhaps in Shakspeare's licentious diction the meaning may be,—“Which proportions of defence, when weakly and niggardly projected, resemble a miser who spoils his coat, &c. The false concord

Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat, with scanting  
A little cloth.

FR. KING. Think we king Harry strong;  
And, princes, look, you strongly arm to meet him.  
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us;  
And he is bred out of that bloody strain,<sup>7</sup>  
That haunted us<sup>8</sup> in our familiar paths:  
Witness our too much memorable shame,  
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,<sup>9</sup>  
And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand  
Of that black name, Edward black prince of Wales;  
Whiles that his mountain fire,—on mountain  
standing,<sup>2</sup>

is no objection to such a construction; for the same inaccuracy is found in almost every page of the old copy. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *strain,*] *lineage.* See Vol. IV. p. 442, n. 2. REED.

So, in *King Lear*:

“ Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant *strain.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *That haunted us—*] To *haunt* is a word of the utmost horror, which shows that they dreaded the English as goblins and spirits.

JOHNSON,

<sup>9</sup> *When Cressy battle fatally was struck,*] So, in *Robert of Gloucester*:

“ ——— and that sole of Somersete ———

“ His come, and *smyte a batayle.*”

Again, in the title to one of sir David Lyndsfay's poems: “ How king Ninus began the first warres and *strake the first battell.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Whiles that his mountain fire,—on mountain standing,*] Mr. Theobald would read,—*mounting*; i. e. high-minded, aspiring.

Thus, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV:

“ Who'er he was, he show'd a *mounting* mind.”

The emendation may be right, and yet I believe the poet meant to give an idea of more than human proportion in the figure of the king:

*Quantus Atbos, aut quantus Eryx, &c. Virg.*

“ Like Teneriffe or Atlas unremov'd.” *Milton.*

Drayton, in the 18th song of his *Polyolbion*, has a similar thought:

“ Then he above them all, himself that fought to raise,

“ Upon some *mountain* top, like a pyramides.”

Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,<sup>3</sup>—  
 Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him  
 Mangle the work of nature, and deface  
 The patterns that by God and by French fathers  
 Had twenty years been made. This is a stem  
 Of that victorious stock; and let us fear  
 The native mightiness and fate of him.<sup>4</sup>

*Enter a Messenger.*

*MESS.* Ambassadors from Henry King of England  
 Do crave admittance to your majesty.

*FR. KING.* We'll give them present audience.  
 Go, and bring them.

[*Exeunt Mess. and certain Lords.*]

You see, this chafe is hotly follow'd, friends.

Again, in Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, B. I. c. xi:

“ Where stretch'd he lay upon the sunny side

“ Of a great hill, himself like a great bill.”

— *agmen agens, magnique ipse agminis instar.*

Mr. Tollet thinks this passage may be explained by another in  
 Act I. sc. i:

“ —his most mighty father on a bill.” STEEVENS.

If the text is not corrupt, Mr. Steevens's explication is the true  
 one. See the extract from Holinshed, p. 284, n. 5. The repeti-  
 tion of the word *mountain* is much in our author's manner, and  
 therefore I believe the old copy is right. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,*] Dr. Warburton  
 calls this “ the nonsensical line of some player.” The idea, how-  
 ever, might have been taken from Chaucer's *Legende of good*  
*Women*:

“ Her gilt heere was yecrownid with a son.”

Shakspeare's meaning, (divested of its poetical finery,) I suppose,  
 is, that the king stood upon an eminence, with the sun shining over  
 his head. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *fate of him.*] His *fate* is what is allotted him by destiny,  
 or what he is fated to perform. JOHNSON.

So Virgil, speaking of the future deeds of the descendants of Æneas:  
*Attollens humeris famamque et fata nepotum.* STEEVENS.

*DAU.* Turn head, and stop pursuit: for coward dogs  
 Most spend their mouths,<sup>5</sup> when what they seem to  
 threaten,  
 Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,  
 Take up the English short; and let them know  
 Of what a monarchy you are the head:  
 Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin,  
 As self-neglecting.

*Re-enter Lords, with EXETER and Train.*

*FR. KING.* From our brother England?

*EXE.* From him; and thus he greets your ma-  
 jesty.

He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,  
 That you divest yourself, and lay apart  
 The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of heaven,  
 By law of nature, and of nations, 'long  
 To him, and to his heirs; namely, the crown,  
 And all wide-stretched honours that pertain,  
 By custom and the ordinance of times,  
 Unto the crown of France. That you may know,  
 'Tis no sinister, nor no aukward claim,  
 Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,  
 Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,  
 He sends you this most memorable line,<sup>6</sup>

[*Gives a paper.*

In every branch truly demonstrative;  
 Willing you, overlook this pedigree:  
 And, when you find him evenly deriv'd  
 From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,

<sup>5</sup> — *spend their mouths,*] That is, *bark*; the sportsman's term.  
 JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *memorable line,*] This genealogy; this deduction of his  
*lineage.* JOHNSON.

Edward the third, he bids you then resign  
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held  
From him the native and true challenger.

FR. KING. Or else what follows?

EXE. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown  
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:  
And therefore<sup>6</sup> in fierce tempest is he coming,  
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove;  
(That, if requiring fail, he will compel;)   
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,  
Deliver up the crown; and to take mercy  
On the poor souls, for whom this hungry war  
Opens his vasty jaws: and on your head  
Turns he<sup>7</sup> the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,  
The dead men's blood,<sup>8</sup> the pining maidens' groans,  
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,  
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.

<sup>6</sup> And *therefore* &c.] The word—*And*, is wanting in the old copies. It was supplied by Mr. Rowe, for the sake of measure.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Turns he*—] Thus the quarto, 1600. The folio reads—*turning the widows' tears*. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *The dead men's blood*,] The disposition of the images were more regular, if we were to read thus:

————— *upon your head*  
*Turning the dead men's blood, the widows' tears,*  
*The orphans' cries, the pining maidens' groans.* JOHNSON.

The quartos 1600 and 1608 exhibit the passage thus:

*And on your heads turns he the widows' tears,*  
*The orphans' cries, the dead men's bones,*  
*The pining maidens' groans,*  
*For husbands, fathers, and distressed lovers,*  
*Which &c.*

These quartos agree in all but the merest trifles; and therefore for the future I shall content myself in general to quote the former of them, which is the more correct of the two. STEEVENS.

*Pining* is the reading of the quarto, 1600. The folio has—*privy*. *Blood* is the reading of the folio.—The quarto instead of it has—*bones*. MALONE.



This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message;  
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,  
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

*FR. KING.* For us, we will consider of this further:  
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent  
Back to our brother of England.

*DAU.* For the Dauphin,  
I stand here for him; What to him from England?

*EXE.* Scorn, and defiance; slight regard, con-  
tempt,  
And any thing that may not misbecome  
The mighty sencer, doth he prize you at.  
Thus says my king: and, if your father's highness  
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,  
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,  
He'll call you to so hot an answer for it,  
That caves and wombly vaultages of France  
Shall chide your trespass,<sup>9</sup> and return your mock  
In second accent of his ordnance.<sup>2</sup>

*DAU.* Say, if my father render fair reply,  
It is against my will: for I desire  
Nothing but odds with England; to that end,

<sup>9</sup> *Shall chide your trespass,*] To *chide* is to *rebound*, to *echo*. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

" ——— never did I hear

" Such gallant *chiding*."

Again, in *King Henry VIII*:

" As doth a rock against the *chiding* flood." STEEVENS.

This interpretation is confirmed by a passage in *The Tempest*:

" ——— the thunder,

" That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd

" The name of Prosper; it did *base* my *trespass*."

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *of his ordnance.*] *Ordnance* is here used as a trisyllable; being in our author's time improperly written *ordnance*.

MALONE.

As matching to his youth and vanity,  
I did present him with those Paris balls.

*EXE.* He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,  
Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe:  
And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference,  
(As we, his subjects, have in wonder found,)  
Between the promise of his greener days,  
And these he masters now;<sup>3</sup> now he weighs time,  
Even to the utmost grain; which you shall read<sup>4</sup>  
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

*FR. KING.* To-morrow shall you know our mind  
at full.

*EXE.* Despatch us with all speed, lest that our  
king  
Come here himself to question our delay;  
For he is footed in this land already.

*FR. KING.* You shall be soon despatch'd, with  
fair conditions:  
A night is but small breath, and little pause,  
To answer matters of this consequence. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>3</sup> — be masters now;] Thus the folio. So, in *King Henry VI.*  
Part I:

“ As if he *master'd* there a double spirit

“ Of teaching and of learning” &c.

The quarto, 1600, reads *masters*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — you shall read—] So the folio. The quarto, 1600,  
has—you shall *find*. MALONE.

## A C T III.

*Enter* CHORUS.

CHOR. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,  
 In motion of no less celerity  
 Than that of thought. Suppose, that you have seen  
 The well-appointed<sup>5</sup> king at Hampton pier  
 Embark his royalty;<sup>6</sup> and his brave fleet  
 With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning.<sup>7</sup>  
 Play with your fancies; and in them behold,  
 Upon the hempen tackle, shipboys climbing:  
 Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give  
 To sounds confus'd:<sup>8</sup> behold the threaten sails,

<sup>5</sup> — *well-appointed*—] i. e. well furnished with all the necessaries of war. So, in *King Henry VI.* Part III:

“ And very *well appointed*, as I thought,  
 “ March'd towards faint Alban's—.” STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *at Hampton pier*

*Embark his royalty* ;] All the editions downwards, implicitly, after the first folio, read—*Dover pier*. But could the poet possibly be so discordant from himself (and the *Chronicles*, which he copied,) to make the king here embark at Dover; when he has before told us so precisely, and that so often over, that he embarked at Southampton? I dare acquit the poet from so flagrant a variation. The indolence of a transcriber, or a compositor at press, must give rise to such an error. They, seeing *pier* at the end of the verse, unluckily thought of *Dover pier*, as the best known to them; and so unawares corrupted the text. THEOBALD.

Among the records of the town of Southampton, they have a minute and authentick account (drawn up at that time, of the encampment of Henry the Fifth near the town, before this embarkment for France. It is remarkable, that the place where the army was encamped, then a low level plain or a down, is now entirely covered with sea, and called Westport. T. WARTON.

<sup>7</sup> — *Phœbus fanning*.] Old copy—*fayning*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give*

*To sounds confus'd* :] So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

“ — the boatwain *whistles*, and  
 “ The master calls, and trebles the *confusion*.” MALONE.

Borne with the invifible and creeping wind,  
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd fea,  
 Breafting the lofty furge: O, do but think,  
 You ftand upon the rivage,<sup>7</sup> and behold  
 A city on the inconstant billows dancing;  
 For fo appears this fleet majeftical,  
 Holding due courfe to Harfleur. Follow, follow!  
 Grapple your minds to fternage of this navy;<sup>8</sup>  
 And leave your England, as dead midnight, ftill,  
 Guarded with grandfires, babies, and old women,  
 Either paff, or not arriv'd to, pith and puiffance:  
 For who is he, whofe chin is but enrich'd  
 With one appearing hair, that will not follow  
 Thefe cull'd and choicè-drawn cavaliers to France?  
 Work, work, your thoughts, and therein fee a  
 fiege:

Behold the ordnance on their carriages,  
 With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.  
 Suppofe, the ambaffador from the French comes  
 back;

Tells Harry—that the king doth offer him  
 Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,  
 Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.  
 The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner

<sup>7</sup> — rivage,] The bank or fhore. JOHNSON.

*Rivage*: French. So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. IV. c. i:

“ Paftolus with his waters there

“ Throws forth upon the *rivage* round about him nere.”

Again, in Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, Lib. VIII. fol. 186:

“ Upon the ftronde at *rivage*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — to fternage of this navy;] The ftern being the hinder part of the fhip, the meaning is, let your minds follow clofe after the navy. STEEVENS.

I fufpect the author wrote, *fteerage*. So, in his *Pericles*:

“ — Think his pilot, thought;

“ So with his *fteerage* fhall your *thoughts grow on*,

“ To fetch his daughter home.” MALONE.

With lintstock<sup>9</sup> now the devilish cannon touches,  
 [Alarum; and chambers<sup>2</sup> go off.  
 And down goes all before them. Still be kind,  
 And eke<sup>3</sup> out our performance with your mind.  
 [Exit.

SCENE I.

*The same. Before Harfleur.*

*Alarums. Enter King HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers, with scaling ladders.*

K. HEN. Once more unto the breach, dear friends,  
 once more;  
 Or close the wall<sup>4</sup> up with our English dead!

<sup>9</sup> — lintstock,] The staff to which the match is fixed when ordnance is fired. JOHNSON.

So, in Middleton's comedy of *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602: "—O Cupid, grant that my blushing prove not a *lintstocke*, and give fire too suddenly," &c.

Again, in *The Jew of Malta*, by Marlowe, 1633:

"Till you shall hear a culverin discharg'd  
 "By him that bears the *lintstock* kindled thus."

I learn from Smith's *Sea Grammar*, 1627, that the "*Lint-stock* is a handsome carved stick, more than halfe yard long, with a cocke at the one end, to hold fast his match," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — chambers—] Small pieces of ordnance, See p. 79, n. 5. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> And eke—] This word is in the first folio written—*eech*; as it was, sometimes at least, pronounced.—So, in *Pericles*, 1609:

"And time that is so briefly spent,  
 "With your fine fancies quaintly *each*;  
 "What's dumb in show I'll plain with *speech*." MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Or close the wall &c.] Here is apparently a chasm. One line at least is lost, which contained the other part of a disjunctive proposition. The king's speech is, *dear friends*, either win the town, or close up the wall with dead. The old quarto gives no help.

JOHNSON.

I do not perceive the chasm which Dr. Johnson complains of. What the king means to say, is,—Re-enter the breach you have made, or

In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,  
 As modest stillness, and humility :  
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
 Then imitate the action of the tiger ;<sup>4</sup>  
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,<sup>5</sup>  
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage :  
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;  
 Let it pry through the portage of the head,<sup>6</sup>  
 Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it,  
 As fearfully, as doth a galled rock  
 O'erhang and jutty<sup>7</sup> his confounded base,<sup>8</sup>

fill it up with your own dead bodies ; i. e. Pursue your advantage, or give it up with your lives.—Mount the breach in the wall, or repair it by leaving your own carcases in lieu of the stones you have displaced : in short—Do one thing or the other. So, in Churchyard's *Siege of Edenbrough Castle* :

“ ————— we will possess the place,

“ Or leave our bones and bowels in the breach.”

This speech of king Henry was added after the quartos 1600 and 1608. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— when the blast of war blows in our ears,

Then imitate the action of the tiger ;] Sir Thomas Hanmer has observed on the following passage in *Troilus and Cressida*, that in storms and high winds the tyger roars and rages most furiously :

“ ————— even so

“ Doth valour's show and valour's worth divide

“ In storms of fortune : for, in her ray and brightness,

“ The herd hath more annoyance by the brize

“ Than by the tiger : but when splitting winds

“ Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,

“ And flies flee under shade ; why then the thing of courage,

“ As rouz'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,” &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— summon up the blood,] Old copy—*commune*, &c. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— portage of the head,] *Portage*, open space, from *port*, a gate. Let the eye appear in the head as cannon through the battlements, or embrasures, of a fortification. JOHNSON.

So we now say—the *port*-holes of a ship. M. MASON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— jutty—] The force of the verb to *jutty*, when applied

Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.<sup>9</sup>  
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;  
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit<sup>2</sup>  
 To his full height!—On, on, you noblest English,<sup>3</sup>

to a rock projecting into the sea, is not felt by those who are unaware that this word antiently signified a mole raised to withstand the encroachment of the tide. In an act, 1 Edw. VI. c. 14, provision is made for "the maintainance of piers, jutties, wallies, and bankes against the rages of the sea." HOLT WHITE.

*Jutty-heads*, in sea-language, are platforms standing on piles, near the docks, and projecting without the wharfs, for the more convenient docking and undocking ships. See Chambers's Dict.

STEEVENS.

\* — his confounded base,] His worn or *wastful* base.

JOHNSON.

So, in *The Tempest*:

" — the shore, that o'er his *wave-worn basis* bow'd,  
 " As stooping to relieve him." STEEVENS.

One of the senses of *confound*, in our author's time, was, to destroy. See Minshew's Dict. in v. MALONE.

9 — let the brow o'erwhelm it,  
 As fearfully, as doth a galled rock  
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,

*Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.*] So, in Daniel's *Civil Warres*, 1595:

" A place there is, where proudly rais'd there stands  
 " A huge aspiring rock, neighbouring the skies,  
 " Whose furlly brow imperiously commands  
 " The sea his bounds, that at his proud foot lies;  
 " And spurns the waves, that in rebellious bands  
 " Assault his empire, and against him rise." MALONE.

2 — bend up every spirit—] A metaphor from the bow.

JOHNSON.

So again, in *Hamlet*: "they fool me to the top of my bent."  
 Again, in *Macbeth*:

" I am settled, and bend up  
 " Each corporal agent to this terrible feat." MALONE.

3 — you noblest English,] Thus the second folio. The first has—*noblist*. Mr. Malone reads—*noble*; and observes that this speech is not in the quartos. STEEVENS.

Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!<sup>4</sup>  
 Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,  
 Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,  
 And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.<sup>5</sup>  
 Dishonour not your mothers; now attest,  
 That those, whom you call'd fathers, did beget  
 you!

Be copy now to men of grosser blood,  
 And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeomen,  
 men,

Whose limbs were made in England, show us here  
 The mettle of your pasture; let us swear  
 That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt  
 not;

For there is none of you so mean and base,  
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.  
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,<sup>6</sup>  
 Straining upon the start.<sup>7</sup> The game's afoot;  
 Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,  
 Cry—God for Harry! England! and saint George!  
 [*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*]

<sup>4</sup> *Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!*] Thus the folio, 1623, and rightly. So, Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. III:

“Whom strange adventure did from Britain fet.”

Again, in the prologue to Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*:

“Though there be none far-fet, there will deare bought.”

Again, in Lord Surrey's translation of the second book of Virgil's *Aeneid*:

“And with that winde had fet the land of Greece.”

The sacred writings afford many instances to the same purpose. Mr. Pope first made the change, which I, among others, had inadvertently followed. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *argument.*] Is *matter*, or *subject*. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *like greyhounds in the slips,*] *Slips* are a contrivance of leather, to start two dogs at the same time. C.

<sup>7</sup> *Straining upon the start.*] The old copy reads—*Straying*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.



## SCENE II.

*The same.*

*Forces pass over; then enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and Boy.*

**BARD.** On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

**NYM.** 'Pray thee, corporal,<sup>7</sup> stay; the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a care of lives:<sup>8</sup> the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

<sup>7</sup> — *corporal,*] We should read—*lieutenant*. It is Bardolph to whom he speaks. STEEVENS.

Though Bardolph is only a corporal in *King Henry IV.* as our author has in this play, from inadvertence or design, made him a lieutenant, I think with Mr. Steevens, that we should read *lieutenant*. See a former note, p. 306. The truth is, I believe, that the variations in his title proceeded merely from Shakspeare's inattention. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *a care of lives:*] A set of lives, of which, when one is worn out, another may serve. JOHNSON.

Perhaps only *two*; as a *care* of pistols; and, in Ben Jonson, a *care* of masques. WHALLEY.

I believe Mr. Whalley's explanation is the true one. A *care* of pistols, which was the current phrase for a pair or brace of pistols, in our author's time, is at this day the term always used in Ireland, where much of the language of the age of Elizabeth is yet retained.

See also *The Life of Jack Wilton*, by Thomas Nashe, 4to. 1594: "Memorandum, everie one of you after the perusal of this pamphlet is to provide him a *care* of ponyards, that if you come in companie with any man which shall dispraise it,—you may straight give him the stockado." MALONE.

*Pist.* The plain-song is most just; for humours  
do abound;  
Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;  
And sword and shield,  
In bloody field,  
Doth win immortal fame.

*Bor.* 'Would I were in an alehouse in London!  
I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and  
safety.

*Pist.* And I:  
If wishes would prevail with me,<sup>9</sup>  
My purpose should not fail with me,  
But thither would I hie.

*Bor.* As duly, but not as truly, as bird doth sing  
on bough.<sup>2</sup>

*Enter FLUELLEN.*<sup>3</sup>

*FLU.* Got's plood!—Up to the preaches,<sup>4</sup> you  
rascals! will you not up to the preaches?  
[Driving them forward.]

<sup>9</sup> *If wishes &c.*] This passage I have replaced from the first folio, which is the only authentick copy of this play. These lines, which perhaps are part of a song, Mr. Pope did not like, and therefore changed them in conformity to the imperfect play in quarto, and was followed by the succeeding editors. For *prevail* I should read *avail*. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *As duly, &c.*] This speech I have restored from the folio.

STEVENS.

This should be printed as verse, being perhaps the remainder of Pistol's song. DOUCE.

<sup>3</sup> — *Fluellen.*] This is only the Welsh pronunciation of *Lluelyn*. Thus also *Floyd* instead of *Lloyd*. STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *Up to the preaches, &c.*] Thus the quarto, with only the difference of *breaches* instead of *preaches*. Modern editors have been very liberal of their Welch dialect. The folio reads,—*Up to the breach, you dogges, avannt, you callions*. STEVENS.

*Pist.* Be merciful, great duke,<sup>5</sup> to men of mould!<sup>6</sup>  
 Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage!  
 Abate thy rage, great duke!  
 Good bawcock, bate thy rage! use lenity, sweet  
 chuck!

*Nym.* These be good humours!—your honour  
 wins bad humours.<sup>7</sup>

[*Exeunt* Nym, Pistol, and Bardolph, fol-  
 lowed by Fluellen.]

<sup>5</sup> *Be merciful, great duke,*] That is, great commander. So, in Harrington's *Orlando Furioso*, 1591:

“ And as herself the dame of Carthage kill'd,  
 “ When as the Trojan *duke* did her forsake,—”

The Trojan *duke* is only a translation of *dux* Trojanus. So also in many of our old poems, *Duke* Theseus, *Duke* Hannibal, &c. See Vol. V. p. 6, n. 6. In Pistol's mouth the word has here peculiar propriety.

The author of *REMARKS*, &c. on the last edition of Shakspeare, [Mr. Ritson] says, that “ in the folio it is the duke of Exeter, and not Fluellen, who enters [here], and to whom Pistol addresses himself.” It is sufficient to say, that in the only folio of any authority, that of 1623, this is not the case. When the king retired before the entry of Bardolph, &c. the duke of Exeter certainly accompanied him, with Bedford, Gloster, &c. though in the folio the word *Exeunt* is accidentally omitted. In the quarto, before the entry of Bardolph, Fluellen, &c. we find *EXIT OMNES*.

In the quarto, Nym, on Fluellen's treating him so roughly, says, “ abate thy rage, sweet *knicht*.” Had these words been preserved, I suppose this Remarker would have contended, that Nym's address was not to the honest Welchman, but to old *Sir* Thomas Erpingham.

I should not have taken the trouble to refute this unfounded remark, had I not feared that my readers, in consequence of the above-mentioned misrepresentation of the state of the old copy, might be led to suppose that some arbitrary alteration had here been made in the text. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— to men of mould!] To men of *earth*, to poor mortal men.  
 JOHNSON.

So, in the *Countess of Pembroke's Ywychurch*:

“ At length *man* was made of mould, by crafty Prometheus.”  
 STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— wins bad humours.] In a former scene Nym says, “ the

*Bor.* As young as I am, I have observed these three swafhers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three,<sup>8</sup> though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three such anticks do not amount to a man. For Bardolph,—he is white-liver'd, and red-faced; by the means whereof, 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol,—he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym,—he hath heard, that men of few words are the best men;<sup>9</sup> and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own; and that was against a post, when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it,—purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case; bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym, and Bardolph, are sworn brothers in filching; and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew, by that piece of service, the men would carry coals.<sup>2</sup> They would have me as familiar with

king hath *run* bad humours on the knight. We should therefore perhaps read *runs* here also. But there is little certainty in any conjecture concerning the dialect of Nym or Pistol. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *but all they three,*] We should read, I think,—*all the three.* MALONE.

*They three,* is a vulgarism, to this day in constant use.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *best men;*] That is, *bravest*; so in the next lines, *good deeds are brave actions.* JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *the men would carry coals.*] It appears that in Shakspeare's age, *to carry coals* was, I know not why, *to endure affronts.* So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, one serving-man asks another whether he will *carry coals.* JOHNSON.

See note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. sc. i.

Cant phrases are the ephemerons of literature. In the quartos, 1600 and 1608, the passage stands thus: "I knew by that *they meant* to carry coals." STEEVENS.

men's pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchiefs: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket, to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [Exit Boy.

*Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER following.*

*GOW.* Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the duke of Gloster would speak with you.

*FLU.* To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines: For, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary (you may discuss unto the duke, look you,) is digt himself four yards under the countermines: <sup>3</sup> by Chefhu, I think, 'a will plow up all, <sup>4</sup> if there is not better directions.

*GOW.* The duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman; a very valiant gentleman, i'faith.

*FLU.* It is captain Macmorris, is it not?

*GOW.* I think, it be.

*FLU.* By Chefhu, he is an afs, as in the 'orld: I will verify as much in his peard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

<sup>3</sup> — is digt himself four yards under the countermines:] Fluellen means, that the enemy had digged himself *countermines* four yards under the *mines*. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — will plow up all,] That is, he will *blow* up all. JOHNSON.

*Enter MACMORRIS and JAMY, at a distance.*

*GOW.* Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, captain Jamy, with him.

*FLU.* Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition, and knowledge, in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the 'orld, in the disciplines of the pristin wars of the Romans.

*JAMY.* I say, gud-day, captain Fluellen.

*FLU.* God-den to your worship, goot captain Jamy.

*GOW.* How, now, captain Macmorris? have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

*MAC.* By Chrish la, tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trumpet found the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and by my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour. O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

*FLU.* Captain Macmorris, I pefeech you now, will you voutfate me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly, to fatisfy my opinion, and partly, for the fatisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

*JAMY.* It fall be very gud, gud feith, gud cap-

tains bath: and I fall quit you<sup>s</sup> with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that fall I, marry.

*MAC.* It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes; it is no time to discourse. The town is beseech'd, and the trumpet calls us to the breach; and we talk, and, by Chrish, do nothing; 'tis shame for us all: so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la.

*JAMY.* By the mefs, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aile do gude service, or aile ligge i'the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sal I surely do, that is the breff and the long: Mary, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you 'tway.

*FLU.* Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation——

*MAC.* Of my nation? What ish my nation? ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

*FLU.* Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, captain Macmorris, peradventure, I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as goot a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

<sup>s</sup> —— *I fall quit you*——] That is, I shall, with your permission, requite you, that is, answer you, or interpose with my arguments, as I shall find opportunity. JOHNSON.

*MAC.* I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Christ save me, I will cut off your head.

*GOW.* Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

*JAMY.* Au! that's a foul fault.

[*A parley sounded.*]

*GOW.* The town sounds a parley.

*FLU.* Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of war; and there's an end.<sup>6</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

### S C E N E III.

*The same. Before the gates of Harfleur.*

*The Governour and some Citizens on the walls; the English forces below. Enter King HENRY, and his Train.*

*K. HEN.* How yet resolves the governour of the town?

This is the latest parle we will admit:  
Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves;  
Or, like to men proud of destruction,  
Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier,  
(A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me best,)  
If I begin the battery once again,  
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur,  
Till in her ashes she lie buried.

<sup>6</sup> — *there's an end.*] It were to be wished, that the poor merriment of this dialogue had not been purchased with so much profaneness. JOHNSON.



The gates of mercy shall be all shut up ;<sup>7</sup>  
 And the flesh'd soldier,—rough and hard of heart,—  
 In liberty of bloody hand, shall range  
 With conscience wide as hell ; mowing like grafs  
 Your fresh-fair virgins, and your flowering infants.  
 What is it then to me, if impious war,—  
 Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends,—  
 Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats  
 Enlink'd to waste and desolation ?<sup>8</sup>  
 What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,  
 If your pure maidens fall into the hand  
 Of hot and forcing violation ?  
 What rein can hold licentious wickedness,  
 When down the hill he holds his fierce career ?  
 We may as bootless spend our vain command  
 Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,  
 As send précepts to the Leviathan  
 To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Har-  
 fleur,  
 Take pity of your town, and of your people,  
 Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command ;  
 Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace

<sup>7</sup> *The gates of mercy shall be all shut up ;*] Mr. Gray has borrowed this thought in his inimitable *Elegy* :

“ And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.”

STEEVENS.

We again meet with this significant expression in *King Henry VI.* Part III :

“ Open thy *gate of mercy*, gracious Lord !”

Sir Francis Bacon uses the same expression in a letter to King James, written a few days after the death of Shakspeare: “ And therefore, in conclusion, we wished him [the earl of Somersét] not to *shut the gate of your majesties mercy* against himself, by being obdurate any longer.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ———— *fell feats*

*Enlink'd to waste and desolation ?*] All the savage practices naturally concomitant to the sack of cities. JOHNSON.

O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds<sup>9</sup>  
 Of deadly murder,<sup>2</sup> spoil, and villainy.  
 If not, why, in a moment, look to see  
 The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand  
 Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;<sup>3</sup>  
 Your fathers taken by the silver beards,  
 And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;  
 Your naked infants spitted upon pikes;  
 Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd  
 Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry  
 At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.  
 What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?  
 Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

GOV. Our expectation hath this day an end:  
 The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,  
 Returns us—that his powers are not yet ready  
 To raise so great a siege. Therefore, dread king,  
 We yield our town, and lives, to thy soft mercy:  
 Enter our gates; dispose of us, and ours;  
 For we no longer are defensible.

K. HEN. Open your gates.—Come, uncle Exeter,  
 Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,  
 And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:  
 Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,—  
 The winter coming on, and sickness growing

<sup>9</sup> *Whiles yet the cool and temp'rate wind of grace  
 O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds—*] This is a very  
 harsh metaphor. To overblow is to drive away, or to keep off.  
 JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Of deadly murder,*] The folio has *beadly*. The passage is not  
 in the quarto. The emendation was made by the editor of the  
 second folio. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Defile the locks &c.*] The folio reads:  
*Defire the locks &c.* STEEVENS.

The emendation is Mr. Pope's. MALONE.

Upon our soldiers,—we'll retire to Calais.  
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;  
To-morrow for the march are we address.<sup>4</sup>

[*Flourish.* The King, &c. enter the town.

S C E N E IV.<sup>5</sup>

Rouen. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KATHARINE and ALICE.

KATH. *Alice, tu as esté<sup>6</sup> en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le language.*

<sup>4</sup> — are we address.] i. e. prepared. So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

“ — clamours from afar,

“ Tell us these champions are address for war.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Scene IV.*] I have left this ridiculous scene as I found it; and am sorry to have no colour left, from any of the editions, to imagine it interpolated. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer has rejected it. The scene is indeed mean enough, when it is read; but the grimaces of two French women, and the odd accent with which they uttered the English, made it divert upon the stage. It may be observed, that there is in it not only the French language, but the French spirit. Alice compliments the princess upon her knowledge of four words, and tells her that she pronounces like the English themselves. The princess suspects no deficiency in her instructress, nor the instructress in herself. Throughout the whole scene there may be found French fervility, and French vanity.

I cannot forbear to transcribe the first sentence of this dialogue from the edition of 1608, that the reader, who has not looked into the old copies, may judge of the strange negligence with which they are printed.

“ Kate. *Alice venecia, vous aves cates en, vou parte fort bon Angloys englatara, coman sae palla vou la main en francoy.*”

JOHNSON.

We may observe in general, that the early editions have not half the quantity; and every sentence, or rather every word, most ridi-

ALICE. *Un peu madame.*

KATH. *Je te prie, m'enseignez; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez vous la main, en Anglois?*

culously blundered. These, for several reasons, could not possibly be published by the author; and it is extremely probable that the French ribaldry was at first inserted by a different hand, as the many additions most certainly were after he had left the stage.—Indeed, every friend to his memory will not easily believe, that he was acquainted with the scene between *Katharine* and the *old Gentlewoman*: or surely he would not have admitted such obscenity and nonsense. FARMER.

It is very certain, that authors in the time of Shakspeare did not correct the press for themselves. I hardly ever saw in one of the old plays a sentence of either *Latin*, *Italian*, or *French*, without the most ridiculous blunders. In the *History of Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield*, 1599, a tragedy which I have often quoted, a warrior asks a lady, disguised like a page, what her name is. She answers, "*Cur Daceer*," i. e. *Cœur d'Acier*, Heart of Steel.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Kath. *Alice, tu as esté—*] I have regulated several speeches in this French scene; some whereof were given to Alice, and yet evidently belonged to Katharine: and so *vice versa*. It is not material to distinguish the particular transpositions I have made. Mr. Gildon has left no bad remark, I think, with regard to our poet's conduct in the character of this princess: "For why he should not allow her," says he, "to speak in English as well as all the other French, I cannot imagine; since it adds no beauty, but gives a patch'd and pye-bald dialogue of no beauty or force."

THEOBALD.

In the collection of *Chester Whitsun Mysteries*, among the Harleian MSS. No. 1013, I find French speeches introduced. In the *Vintner's Play*, p. 65, the three kings, who come to worship our infant Saviour, address themselves to Herod in that language, and Herod very politely answers them in the same. At first, I supposed the author to have appropriated a foreign tongue to them, because they were strangers; but in the *Skinner's Play*, p. 144, I found Pilate talking French, when no such reason could be offered to justify a change of language. These mysteries are said to have been written in 1328. It is hardly necessary to mention that in this MS. the French is as much corrupted as in the passage quoted by Dr. Johnson from the quarto edition of *King Henry V.*

STEEVENS.

ALICE. *La main? elle est appellée, de hand.*

KATH. *De hand. Et les doigts?*

ALICE. *Les doigts? may foy, je oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendray. Les doigts? je pense, qu'ils sont appellé de fingres; ouy, de fingers.*

KATH. *La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense, que je suis le bon escolier. J'ay gagné deux mots d'Anglois vistement. Comment appelez vous les ongles?*

ALICE. *Les ongles? les appellons, de nails.*

KATH. *De nails. Escoutez; dites moy, si je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, de nails.*

ALICE. *C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglois.*

KATH. *Dites moy en Anglois, le bras.*

ALICE. *De arm, madame.*

KATH. *Et le coude.*

ALICE. *De elbow.*

KATH. *De elbow. Je m'en faitz la repetition de tous les mots, que vous m'avez appris dès a present.*

ALICE. *Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.*

KATH. *Excusez moy, Alice; escoutez: De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.*

ALICE. *De elbow, madame.*

KATH. *O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie; De elbow. Comment appelez vous le col?*

ALICE. *De neck, madame.*

KATH. *De neck: Et le menton?*

ALICE. *De chin.*

KATH. *De fin. Le col, de neck: le menton, de fin.*

ALICE. *Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur; en verité, vous prononces les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre.*

KATH. *Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu; et en peu de temps.*

ALICE. *N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ay enseignée?*

KATH. *Non, je reciteray à vous promptement. De hand, de fingre, de mails,—*

ALICE. *De nails, madame.*

KATH. *De nails, de arme, de ilbow.*

ALICE. *Sauf vostre honneur, de elbow.*

KATH. *Ainsi dis je; de elbow, de neck, et de fin: Comment appelez vous le pieds et la robe?*

ALICE. *De foot, madame; et de con.*

KATH. *De foot, et de con? O Seigneur Dieu! ces sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, grosse, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user: Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut de foot, & de con, neant-moins. Je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de neck, de fin, de foot, de con.*

ALICE. *Excellent, madame!*

KATH. *C'est assez pour une fois; allons nous a disner.*

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE V.

*The same. Another Room in the same.*

*Enter the French King, the Dauphin, duke of BOURBON, the Constable of France, and Others.*

FR. KING. 'Tis certain, he hath pass'd the river  
Some.

CON. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,  
Let us not live in France; let us quit all,  
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

DAU. *O Dieu vivant!* shall a few sprays of us,—  
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,<sup>9</sup>  
Our scions, put in wild and savage<sup>2</sup> stock,  
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,  
And overlook their grafters?

BOUR. Normans, but bastard Normans, Nor-  
man bastards!

*Mort de ma vie!* if they march along  
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,  
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm  
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.<sup>3</sup>

CON. *Dieu de batailles!* where have they this  
mettle?  
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?

<sup>9</sup> — *our fathers' luxury,*] In this place, as in others, *luxury* means *lust*. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Lear*:

“ To't, *luxury*, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers?” STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *savage*—] Is here used in the French original sense, for *silvan*, *uncultivated*, the same with *wild*. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.*] *Shotten* signifies any thing *projected*: so *nook-shotten isle*, is an isle that shoots out into capes, promontories, and necks of land, the very figure of Great-Britain.

WARBURTON.

On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,  
 Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,  
 A drench for sur-rein'd jades,<sup>4</sup> their barley broth,  
 Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?  
 And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,  
 Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,  
 Let us not hang like roping icicles  
 Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people<sup>5</sup>  
 Sweat drops of gallant youth<sup>6</sup> in our rich fields;  
 Poor—we may call them,<sup>7</sup> in their native lords.

<sup>4</sup> — *Can sodden water,*

*A drench for sur-rein'd jades,*] The exact meaning of *sur-rein'd* I do not know. It is common to give horses over-ridden or feverish, ground malt and hot water mixed, which is called a *masb*. To this he alludes. JOHNSON.

The word *sur-rein'd* occurs more than once in the old plays. So, in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601:

“Writes he not a good cordial fappy stile?—

“A *sur-rein'd* jaded wit, but he rubs on.”

It should be observed that the quartos 1600 and 1608 read:

*A drench for swolne jades.* STEEVENS.

I suppose, *sur-rein'd* means *over-ridden*; horses on whom the rein has remained too long. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people—*] I cannot help supposing, for the sake of metre, that Shakspeare wrote—*house-top*. *House-top* is an expression which the reader will find in *St. Matthew*, xxiv. 17. STEEVENS.

— *upon our houses' thatch,*] Thus the folio. The quarto has—our houses' tops.

The reading of the folio is supported by a passage in *The Tempest*:

“———— like winter drops,

“From eaves of reeds.”

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“When icicles hang by the wall,” &c. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *drops of gallant youth—*] This is the reading of the folio. The quarto reads—drops of *youthful blood*. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *we may call them,*] *May*, which is wanting in the old copy, was added by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.



*DAU.* By faith and honour,  
Our madams mock at us; and plainly fay,  
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give  
Their bodies to the lust of English youth,  
To new-store France with bastard warriors.

*BOUR.* They bid us—to the English dancing-  
schools,  
And teach lavoltas high,<sup>3</sup> and swift corantos;  
Saying, our grace is only in our heels,  
And that we are most lofty runaways.

<sup>3</sup> — *lavoltas high*,] Sir T. Hanmer observes, that in this dance there was much turning and much capering. Shakspeare mentions it more than once; but never so particularly as the author of *Muleasses the Turk*, a tragedy, 1610:

“ Be pleas'd, ye powers of night, and 'bout me skip  
“ Your antick measures; like to coal-black Moors  
“ Dancing their high *lavoltas* to the sun,  
“ Circle me round: and in the midst I'll stand,  
“ And crack my fides with laughter at your sports.”

Again, in Chapman's *May-day*, 1611:

“ — let the Bourdeaux grape  
“ Skip like *la volta's* in their swelling veins.”

Again:

“ Where love doth dance *la volta*.” STEVENS.

*Lavoltas* are thus described by Sir John Davies, in his poem called *Orchestra*:

“ Yet is there one the most delightful kind,  
“ A lofty jumping, or a leaping round,  
“ Where arm in arm, two dancers are entwin'd,  
“ And whirl themselves in strict embracements bound,  
“ And still their feet an *anapest* do sound:  
“ An *anapest* is all their musick's song,  
“ Whose first two feet is short, and third is long.

“ As the victorious twins of Leda and Jove  
“ That taught the Spartans dancing on the sands  
“ Of swift Eurotas, dance in heaven above;  
“ Knit and united with eternal hands,  
“ Among the stars their double image stands,  
“ Where both are carried with an equal pace,  
“ Together jumping in their turning race.” REED.

FR. KING. Where is Montjôy, the herald? speed him hence;

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.—  
Up, princes; and, with spirit of honour edg'd,  
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:  
Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;<sup>9</sup>  
You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,  
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;  
Jaques Chatillion, Rambures, Vaudemont,  
Beaumont, Grandpré, Rouffi, and Fauconberg,  
Foix, Lestralc, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;  
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and  
knights,<sup>2</sup>

For your great feats, now quit you of great flames.  
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land  
With pennons<sup>3</sup> painted in the blood of Harfleur:

<sup>9</sup> *Charles De-la-bret, &c.*] Milton somewhere bids the English take notice how their names are misspelt by foreigners, and seems to think that we may lawfully treat foreign names in return with the same neglect. This privilege seems to be exercised in this catalogue of French names, which, since the sense of the author is not affected, I have left as I found it. JOHNSON.

I have changed the spelling; for I know not why we should leave blunders or antiquated orthography in the proper names, when we have been so careful to remove them both from all other parts of the text. Instead of *Charles De-la-bret*, we should read *Charles D'Albret*; but the metre will not allow of it. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare followed Holinshed's Chronicle, in which the Constable is called *Dclabreth*, as he here is in the folio. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — and knights,] The old copy reads—*kings*. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. It is confirmed by a line in the last scene of the fourth act:

“ —princes, barons, lords, *knights*,—.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *With pennons*—] *Pennons* armorial were small flags, on which the arms, device and motto of a knight were painted.

*Pennon* is the same as *pendant*. So, in *The Stately Moral of the Three Lords of London*, 1590:

“ In glittering gold and particolour'd plumes,

“ With curious *pendants* on their launces fix'd,” &c.

Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow<sup>4</sup>  
 Upon the vallies; whose low vassal seat  
 The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon;<sup>5</sup>  
 Go down upon him,—you have power enough,—  
 And in a captive chariot, into Rouen  
 Bring him our prisoner.

CON. This becomes the great.  
 Sorry am I, his numbers are so few,  
 His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march;  
 For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,  
 He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,  
 And, for achievement, offer us his ransom.<sup>6</sup>

Again, in Chaucer's *Knights Tale*, v. 980, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edition:

“ And by his banner borne is his *penon*  
 “ Of gold ful riche, in which there was ybete  
 “ The Minotaure which that he slew in Crete.”

In MS. *Harl.* No. 2413, is the following note:

“ *Penon.*

“ A *penon* must bee tow yardes and a halfe longe, made round  
 att the end, and conteyneth the armes of the owner, and servith  
 for the conduct of fiftie men.

“ Everye knight may have his *pennon* if hee bee cheefe captaine,  
 and in it sett his armes: and if hee bee made bannerett, the kinge  
 or the lieftenant shall make a slitt in the end of the *pennon*, and the  
 heralds shall raise it out.

“ *Pencelles.*

“ Pencells or flagges for horsemen must bee a yarde and a halfe  
 longe, with the crosses of St. George,” &c. STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *melted snow* —] The poet has here defeated himself by  
 passing too soon from one image to another. To bid the French  
 rush upon the English as the torrents formed from melted snow  
 stream from the Alps, was at once vehement and proper, but its  
 force is destroyed by the grossness of the thought in the next line.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:*]

“ Jupiter hybernas canâ nive conspuat Alpes.”

Fur. Bibac. ap Hor.

STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,*

*And, for achievement, offer us his ransom.*] I can make no sense  
 of these words as they stand, though it is to be supposed that the

FR. KING. Therefore, lord constable, haste on  
Montjôy;

And let him say to England, that we send  
To know what willing ransom he will give.—  
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouën.<sup>7</sup>

DAU. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

FR. KING. Be patient, for you shall remain with  
us.—

Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all;  
And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

[*Exeunt.*]

editors understood them, since they have passed them by unnoticed. I have little doubt but the words *his* and *for*, in the last line, have been misplaced, and that the line should run thus:

*And his achievement offer us for ransom.*

And accordingly the king of France sends to Henry to know what ransom he will give. By his *achievement* is meant the town of Harfleur, which Henry had taken. In the former part of this act he says:

“ I will not leave the half-*achieved* Harfleur,  
“ Till in her ashes she be buried.” M. MASON.

The first of the two lines which appear so obscure to Mr. M. Mason, is to me at least sufficiently intelligible; yet as the idea designed to be communicated by it, is not only contemptible but dirty, I still choose to avoid explanation. STEVENS.

*And for achievement offer us his ransom.*] That is, instead of achieving a victory over us, make a proposal to pay us a certain sum, as a ransom. So, in *Henry VI.* Part III:

“ For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say.”

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — in Rouën.] Here and a little higher we have in the old copy—*Roan*, which was in Shakspeare's time the mode of spelling *Rouën* in Normandy. He probably pronounced the word as a monosyllable, *Roan*; as indeed most Englishmen do at this day.

MALONE.

## S C E N E VI.

*The English Camp in Picardy.*

*Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN.*

*Gow.* How now, captain Fluellen? came you from the bridge?

*FLU.* I assure you, there is very excellent service committed at the pridge.

*Gow.* Is the duke of Exeter safe?

*FLU.* The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my livings, and my uttermost powers: he is not, (God be praised and plessed!) any hurt in the 'orld; but keeps the pridge most valiantly,<sup>8</sup> with excellent discipline. There is an ensign<sup>9</sup> there at the pridge,—I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the 'orld; but I did see him do gallant service.

<sup>8</sup> — *but keeps the pridge most valiantly,*] This is not an imaginary circumstance, but founded on an historical fact. After Henry had past the Somme, the French endeavoured to intercept him in his passage to Calais; and for that purpose attempted to break down the only bridge that there was over the small river of Ternois at Blangi, over which it was necessary for Henry to pass. But Henry having notice of their design, sent a part of his troops before him, who attacking and putting the French to flight, preserved the bridge, till the whole English army arrived, and passed over it. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *There is an ensign—*] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—there is an *ancient lieutenant*. Pistol was not a lieutenant.

MALONE.

GOW. What do you call him?

FLU. He is call'd—ancient Pistol.

GOW. I know him not.

*Enter* PISTOL.

FLU. Do you not know him? Here comes the man.

PIST. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours: The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

FLU. Ay, I praise Got; and I have merited some love at his hands.

PIST. Bardolph, a foldier, firm and sound of heart,  
Of buxom valour,<sup>2</sup> hath,—by cruel fate,  
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,  
That goddess blind,  
That stands upon the rolling restless stone,<sup>3</sup>—

FLU. By your patience, ancient Pistol. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler before her eyes, to signify to you that fortune is plind:<sup>4</sup> And she is

<sup>2</sup> *Of buxom valour,*] i. e. valour under good command, obedient to its superiors. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*:

“ Love tyrannizeth in the bitter smarts

“ Of them that to him are *buxom* and prone.”

STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *That goddess blind,*

*That stands upon the rolling restless stone,*] Fortune is described by Cebes, and by Pacuvius in the fragments of Latin authors, p. 60, and the first book of the Pieces to Herennius, precisely in these words of our poet. It is unnecessary to quote them.

S. W.

For this idea our author seems indebted to the *Spanish Tragedy*:

“ Fortune is *blind*,—

“ Whose foot is *standing on a rolling stone*.” RITSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler before her eyes, to signify to you that fortune is plind:*] Here the fool of a player was for making a joke, as Hamlet says, *not set down for him, and showing*

painted also with a wheel; to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and variation, and mutabilities: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which

a most pitiful ambition to be witty. For Fluellen, though he speaks with his country accent, yet is all the way represented as a man of good plain sense. Therefore, as it appears he knew the meaning of the term *blind*, by his use of it, he could never have said that *Fortune was painted blind, to signify she was blind*. He might as well have said afterwards, *that she was painted inconstant, to signify she was inconstant*. But there he speaks sense; and so, unquestionably, he did here. We should therefore strike out the first *blind*, and read:

*Fortune is painted with a muffler, &c.* WARBURTON.

The old reading is the true one. *Fortune the Goddess* is represented blind, to show that *fortune, or the chance of life*, is without discernment. STEEVENS.

This picture of *Fortune* is taken from the old history of *Fortunatus*; where she is described to be a fair woman, *muffled over the eyes*. FARMER.

A *muffler* appears to have been a fold of linen which partially covered a woman's face. So, in *Monseur Thomas*, 1639:

“On with my muffler.”

See *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Vol. III. p. 454. n. 8.

STEEVENS.

Minshew in his *Dictionary*, 1617, explains “a woman's *muffler*,” by the French word *cachenez*, which Cotgrave defines “a kind of mask for the face;” yet, I believe it was made of linen, and that Minshew only means to *compare* it to a mask, because they both might conceal part of the face. It was, I believe, a kind of hood, of the same form as the riding-hood now sometimes worn by men, that covered the shoulders, and a great part of the face. This agrees with the only other passage in which the word occurs in these plays: “—— I spy a great beard under her *muffler*.” *Merry Wives of Windsor*, See also the verses cited in Vol. ——: \*

“Now is she barefast to be seene, straight on her *muffler* goes;

“Now is she hufft up to the crowne, straight nuzzled to the nose.” MALONE.

\* Mr. Malone's reference being erroneous, a blank is here necessarily left.

rolls, and rolls, and rolls;—In good truth,<sup>5</sup> the poet is make a most excellent description of fortune: fortune, look you, is an excellent moral.

*PIST.* Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;  
For he hath stol'n a *pix*,<sup>6</sup> and hanged must 'a be.

<sup>5</sup> *In good truth, &c.*] The reading here is made out of two copies, the quarto, and the first folio. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *For he hath stol'n a pix,*] The old editions read—*pax*. “And this is conformable to history,” says Mr. Pope, “a soldier (as Hall tells us) being hang'd at this time for such a fact.”—Both Hall and Holinshed agree as to the point of the *theft*; but as to the thing *stolen*, there is not that conformity betwixt them and Mr. Pope. It was an ancient custom, at the celebration of mass, that when the priest pronounced these words, *Pax Domini sit semper vobiscum!* both clergy and people kiss'd one another. And this was called *Osculum Pacis*, the Kiss of Peace. But that custom being abrogated, a certain image is now presented to be kissed, which is called a *Pax*. But it was not this image which Bardolph stole; it was a *pix*, or little chest (from the Latin word, *pixis*, a box,) in which the consecrated *host* was used to be kept. “A foolish soldier,” says Hall expressly, and Holinshed after him, “stole a *pix* out of a church, and unreverently did eat the holy hostes within the fame contained.” THEOBALD.

What Theobald says is true, but might have been told in fewer words: I have examined the passage in Hall. Yet Dr. Warburton rejected that emendation, and continued Pope's note without animadversion.

It is *pax* in the folio, 1623, but altered to *pix* by Theobald and Sir T. Hanmer. They signified the same thing. See *Pax at Mass*, *Minsbew's Guide into the Tongues*. *Pix* or *pax* was a little box in which were kept the consecrated wafers. JOHNSON.

So, in *May Day*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1611: “— Kiss the *pax*, and be quiet, like your other neighbours.” So, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

“Then with this hallow'd crucifix,  
“This holy wafer, and this *pix*.”

That a *pix* and a *pax* were different things, may also be seen from the following passage in the history of our *Blessed Lady of Loretto*, 12mo. 1608, p. 595: “— a cup, and a sprinkle for holy water, a *pix* and a *pax*, all of excellent chrystal, gold and amber.”



A damned death!

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,  
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate:  
But Exeter hath given the doom of death,  
For *pix* of little price.

Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy voice;  
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut  
With edge of penny cord, and vile reproach:  
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

*FLU.* Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

*PIST.* Why then rejoice therefore?

Again, in Stowe's Chronicle, p. 677: " — palmes, chalices, crosses, vestments, *pixes*, *paxes*, and such like." STEVENS.

*Pix*, is apparently right. In Henry the VIIIth's will, it is said, " Forasmoch as we have often and many tymes to our inwarde regrette and displeasure seen at our Jen, in diverse many churches of oure reame, the holie sacrament of the autler, kept in ful simple, and inhonest *pixes*, spicially *pixes* of copre and tymbre; we have appointed and commaunded the treasurer of our chambre, and maistre of our juell-houss, to cause to be made furthwith, *pixes* of silver and gilt, in a greate nombre, for the keeping of the holie sacrament of the autre, after the faction of a *pixe* that we have caused to be delivered to them. Every of the said *pixes*, to be of the value of iiii*l.* garnished with our armes, and rede roses and poart-colis crowned." P. 38. REED.

The old copies have *pax*, which was a piece of board on which was the image of Christ on the cross; which the people used to kiss after the service was ended.

Holinshed (whom our author followed) says, " a foolish foldier stole a *pixe* out of a church, for which cause he was apprehended, and the king would not once remove till the *box* was restored, and the offender *strangled*."

The following, as Mr. Tyrwhitt has elsewhere observed, is one of the *Ordinances des Battailles*, 9 R. II:

" *Item*, que nul soit si hardi de toucher le corps de nostre Seigneur, ni le *vesfel en quel il est*, sur peine d'estre trainez et *pendu*, et le teste avoir coupé." MS. Cotton, Nero, D. 6. MALONE.

[ *Why then rejoice therefore.*] This passage, with several others

*FLU.* Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at: for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to executions; for disciplines ought to be used.

*P1ST.* Die and be damn'd; and *figo* for thy friendship!<sup>8</sup>

*FLU.* It is well.

*P1ST.* The fig of Spain!<sup>9</sup> [Exit PISTOL.

in the character of Pistol, is ridiculed by Ben Jonson, in *The Poetaster*, as follows:

“ Why then lament therefore; damn'd be thy guts  
 “ Unto king Pluto's hell, and princely Erebus;  
 “ For sparrows must have food.” STEEVENS.

The former part of this passage in the *Poetaster* seems rather to be a parody on one of Pistol's in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Vol. IX. p. 233: “ Why then lament therefore.” Perhaps in that before us our author had in his thoughts a very contemptible play of Marlowe's, *The Massacre of Paris*:

“ The Guise is dead, and I rejoice therefore.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *figo for thy friendship!*] This expression occurs likewise in *Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1610:

“ — water at the dock;  
 “ A *fico* for her dock.”

Again:

“ A *fico* for the sun and moon.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *The fig of Spain!*] This is no allusion to the *fico* already explained in *King Henry IV.* Part II.; but to the custom of giving poison'd figs to those who were the objects either of Spanish or Italian revenge. The quartos, 1600 and 1608, read: “ The fig of Spain *within thy jaw*.” and afterwards: “ The fig *within thy bowels and thy dirty maw*.”—So, in *The Fleire*, 1610, a comedy:

“ *Fel.* Give them a *fig*.  
 “ *Flo.* Make them drink their last.  
 “ Poison them.”

Again, in *The Brothers*, by Shirley, 1652:

“ I must *poison* him; one *fig* sends him to Erebus.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*:

“ The lye to a man of my coat, is as ominous a fruit as the *fico*.”

*FLU.* Very good.\*

*GOW.* Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I remember him now; a bawd; a cutpurse.

*FLU.* I'll assure you, 'a utter'd as prave 'ords at the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's day: But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

*GOW.* Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue; that

Again, in one of Gascoigne's Poems:

“ It may fall out that thou shalt be entic'd

— “ To sup sometimes with a magnifico,

“ And have a *fico* foisted in thy dish,” &c.

Again, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

“ *Cor.* Now do I look for a *fig*.

“ *Gaz.* Chew none, fear nothing.”

and the scene of this play lies at *Seville*.

Again, in *The Noble Soldier*, 1634:

“ — Is it [poison] speeding?—

“ As all our *Spanisb figs* are.”

Again, in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

“ I look now for a *Spanisb fig*, or an Italian fallad daily.”

STEEVENS.

I believe the *Fig of Spain* is here used only as a term of contempt. In the old translation of *Galateo of Manners and Behaviour*, p. 81, we have:

“ She gave the *Spanisb figge*,

“ With both her thumbes at once,”

faith Dant.

And a note says, “ *Ficbe* is the thrusting of the thumbe betweene the forefinger; which eyther for the worde, or the remembrance of something thereby signified, is reputed amongst the Italians as a word of shame.” REED.

And in Fulwell's *Art of Flattery*:

“ And thus farewell I will returne

“ To lady hope agayne;

“ And for a token I thee fende

“ A doting *fig of Spayne*.” HENLEY.

The quarto shews, I think, that Mr. Steevens is right. See p. 234, n. 5. MALONE.

\* *Very good.*] Instead of these two words, the quartos read:

“ Captain Gower, cannot you hear it lighten and thunder?”

STEEVENS.

now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return into London, under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote, where services were done;—at such and such a sconce,<sup>3</sup> at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they can perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: And what a beard of the general's cut,<sup>4</sup> and a horrid suit of the camp,<sup>5</sup> will

<sup>3</sup> — a *sconce*,] appears to have been some hasty, rude, inconsiderable kind of fortification. Sir Thomas Smythe, in one of his *Discourses on the Art Military*, 1589, mentions them in the following manner: “— and that certain *sconces* by them devised, without any bulwarks, flankers, travasses, mounts, platformes, wet or drie ditches, in forme, with counterscarps, or any other good forme of fortification; but only raised and formed with earth, turfe, trench, and certen poynts, angles, and indents, should be able to hold out the enemy,” &c. STEVENS.

So, Falstaff, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: “I will *ensconce* (i. e. entrench) myself behind the arras.” BLACKSTONE.

<sup>4</sup> — a *beard of the general's cut*,] It appears from an old ballad inserted in a Miscellany, entitled *Le Prince d'Amour*, 8vo. 1660, that our ancestors were very curious in the fashion of their beards, and that a certain *cut* or form was appropriated to the soldier, the bishop, the judge, the clown, &c. The *spade*-beard, and perhaps the *filetto*-beard also, was appropriated to the first of these characters. It is observable that our author's patron, Henry Earl of Southampton, who spent much of his time in camps, is drawn with the latter of these beards; and his unfortunate friend, Lord Essex, is constantly represented with the former. In the ballad above mentioned the various forms of this fantastick ornament are thus described:

“ Now of beards there be,  
 “ Such a companie,  
 “ Of fashions such a throng,  
 “ That it is very hard  
 “ To treat of the beard,  
 “ Though it be ne'er so long.

do among foaming bottles, and ale-wash'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on! but you must learn to know such slanders of the age,<sup>6</sup> or else you may be marvellously mistook.

*FLU.* I tell you what, captain Gower;—I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make shew to the 'orld he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum beard.*]

“ The *sceletto* beard,  
 “ O, it makes me afeard,  
 “ It is so sharp beneath;  
 “ For he that doth place  
 “ A dagger in his face,  
 “ What wears he in his sheath?

\* \* \*

“ The *soldiers* beard  
 “ Doth match in this herd,  
 “ In figure like a *spade*;  
 “ With which he will make  
 “ His enemies quake,  
 “ To think their grave is made.  
 “ Next the *clown* doth out-rush,  
 “ With the beard of the bush,” &c. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *a borrid suit of the camp,*] Thus the folio. The quartos 1600, &c. read—*a borrid shout of the camp.* STEVENS.

*Suit*, I have no doubt, is the true reading. Soldiers *sboot* in a *field of battle*, but not in a *camp*. *Suit* in our author's time appears to have been pronounced *sboot*: (See Vol. V. p. 252, n. 6.) hence probably the corrupt reading of the quarto. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *such slanders of the age,*] This was a character very troublesome to wise men in our author's time. “ It is the practice with him (says Ascham) to be warlike, though he never looked enemy in the face; yet some warlike sign must be used, as a slovenly buskin, or an over-staring frowned head, as though out of every hair's top should suddenly start a good big oath.”

JOHNSON.

Pistol's character seems to have been formed on that of *Basilisco*, a cowardly braggart in *Solyman and Perseda*, which was performed before 1592. A *basilisk* is the name of a great gun. MALONE.

Hark you, the king is coming; and I must speak with him from the pridge.<sup>7</sup>

*Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.*<sup>8</sup>

*FLU.* Got pless your majesty!

*K. HEN.* How now, Fluellen? camest thou from the bridge?

*FLU.* Ay, so please your majesty. The duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintain'd the pridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gal-lant and most prave passages: Marry, th'athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the duke of Exeter is master of the pridge: I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

*K. HEN.* What men have you lost, Fluellen?

*FLU.* The perdition of th'athversary hath been very great, very reasonable great: marry, for my

<sup>7</sup> — *I must speak with him from the pridge.*] “*Speak with him from the pridge*, Mr. Pope tells us, is added to the latter editions; but that it is plain from the sequel, that the scene here continues, and the affair of the bridge is over.” This is a most inaccurate criticism. Though the affair of the bridge be over, is that a reason, that the king must receive no intelligence from thence? Fluellen, who comes from the bridge, wants to acquaint the king with the transactions that had happened there. This he calls *speaking to the king from the bridge*. THEOBALD.

With this Dr. Warburton concurs. JOHNSON.

The words, *from the bridge*, are in the folio, 1623, but not in the quarto; and I suspect that they were caught by the compositor from King Henry's first speech on his entrance. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *and Soldiers.*] The direction in the folio is—“*Enter the king and his poor foldiers.*” This was, I suppose, inserted, that their appearance might correspond with the subsequent description in the chorus of Act IV:

“The *poor* condemned English,” &c. MALONE.

part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs,<sup>9</sup> and flames of fire; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed,<sup>2</sup> and his fire's out.<sup>3</sup>

*K. HEN.* We would have all such offenders so cut off:—and we give express charge, that, in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided, or abused in disdainful language; For when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

<sup>9</sup> — and whelks, and knobs,] So, in Chaucer's character of a *Sompnour*, from which, perhaps, Shakspeare took some hints for his description of Bardolph's face:

“ A *Sompnour* was ther with us in that place  
 “ That hadde a *fire-red* cherubinnes face, &c.  
 “ —————  
 “ Ther n'as quicksilver, litarge, ne brimston,  
 “ Boras, ceruse, ne oile of tartre non,  
 “ Ne oinment that wolde clense or bite,  
 “ That might him helpen of his *wbelkes* white,  
 “ Ne of the *knobbes* sitting on his chekes.”

See the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edition, v. 628, &c. STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — but his nose is executed, &c.] It appears from what Pistol has just said to Fluellen, that Bardolph was *not* yet executed; or at least, that Fluellen did not know that he was executed. But Fluellen's language must not be too strictly examined. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — his fire's out.] This is the last time that any sport can be made with the red face of Bardolph, which, to confess the truth, seems to have taken more hold on Shakspeare's imagination than on any other. The conception is very cold to the solitary reader, though it may be somewhat invigorated by the exhibition on the stage. This poet is always more careful about the present than the future, about his audience than his readers. JOHNSON.

*Tucket sounds. Enter MONTJOY.*<sup>3</sup>

*MONT.* You know me by my habit.<sup>4</sup>

*K. HEN.* Well then, I know thee; What shall I know of thee?

*MONT.* My master's mind.

*K. HEN.* Unfold it.

*MONT.* Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry of England, Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep;<sup>5</sup> Advantage is a better foldier, than rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur; but that we thought not good to bruise an injury, till it were full ripe:—now we speak upon our cue,<sup>6</sup> and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a

<sup>3</sup> *Enter Montjoy.*] *Mont-joie* is the title of the first king at arms in France, as *Garter* is in our own country. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *by my habit.*] That is, by his herald's coat. The person of a herald being inviolable, was distinguished in those times of formality by a peculiar dress, which is likewise yet worn on particular occasions. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep;*] So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept.”

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *upon our cue,*] In our turn. This phrase the author learned among players, and has imparted it to kings. JOHNSON.



weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add—  
defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath be-  
trayed his followers, whose condemnation is pro-  
nounced. So far my king and master; so much  
my office.<sup>7</sup>

*K. HEN.* What is thy name? I know thy quality.

*MONT.* Montjoy.

*K. HEN.* Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee  
back,

And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now;  
But could be willing to march on to Calais  
Without impeachment:<sup>8</sup> for, to say the sooth,  
(Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much  
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,)  
My people are with sickness much enfeebled;  
My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have,  
Almost no better than so many French;  
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,  
I thought, upon one pair of English legs  
Did march three Frenchmen,—Yet, forgive me, God,  
That I do brag thus!—this your air of France  
Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.

<sup>7</sup> — *so much my office.*] This speech, as well as another pre-  
ceding it, was compress'd into verse by Mr. POPE. Where he  
wanted a syllable, he supplied it, and where there were too many  
for his purpose, he made suitable omissions. Shakspeare (if we  
may believe the most perfect copy of the play, i. e. that in the first  
folio,) meant both speeches for prose, and as such I have printed  
them. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Without impeachment:*] i. e. hindrance. *Empechement*, French.  
In a book entitled, “Miracles lately wrought by the intercession  
of the glorious Virgin Marie, at Mont-aigu, nere unto Sichē in  
Brabant, &c.” printed at Antwerp, by Arnold Conings, 1606, I  
meet with this word: “Wherefore he took it and without *empesch-  
ment*, or resistance, placed it againe in the oke.” STEEVENS.

*Impeachment*, in the same sense, has always been used as a legal  
word in deeds, as—“without *impeachment* of waste;” i. e. without  
*restraint* or *hindrance* of waste. REED.

Go, therefore, tell thy master, here I am;  
 My ransom, is this frail and worthless trunk;  
 My army, but a weak and sickly guard;  
 Yet, God before,<sup>7</sup> tell him we will come on,  
 Though France himself, and such another neighbour,  
 Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.  
 Go, bid thy master well advise himself:  
 If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,  
 We shall your tawny ground with your red blood  
 Discolour:<sup>8</sup> and so, Montjoy, fare you well.  
 The sum of all our answer is but this:  
 We would not seek a battle, as we are;  
 Nor, as we are, we say, we will not shun it;  
 So tell your master.

MONT. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.  
 [Exit MONTJOY.]

<sup>7</sup> — *God before,*] This was an expression in that age for *God being my guide*, or, when used to another, *God be thy guide*. So, in an old dialogue between a herdsman and a maiden going on pilgrimage to Walsingham, the herdsman takes his leave in these words:

“ Now, go thy ways, and *God before.*”

To prevent was used in the same sense. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *There's for thy labour, Montjoy.*

*Go, bid thy master well advise himself:—*

*We shall your tawny ground with your red blood*

*Discolour:*] From Holinshed: “ My desire is, that none of you be so *unadvised*, as to be the occasion that I in my defence shall colour and make red your tawny ground with the effusion of christian blood. When he [Henry] had thus answered the herald, he gave him a greate reward, and licensed him to depart.”

MALONE.

It appears from many ancient books that it was always customary to reward a herald, whether he brought defiance or congratulation. So, in the ancient metrical history of the *Battle of Flodden*:

“ Then gave he to the herald's hand,

“ Besides, with it, a rich reward;

“ Who hasten'd to his native land

“ To see how with his king it far'd.” STEEVENS.

GLO. I hope, they will not come upon us now.

K. HEN. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.

March to the bridge; it now draws toward night:—  
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves;  
And on to-morrow bid them march away.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.<sup>9</sup>

*The French Camp, near Agincourt.*

*Enter the Constable of France, the Lord RAMBURES,  
the Duke of ORLEANS, Dauphin, and Others.*

CON. Tut! I have the best armour of the world.—  
'Would, it were day!

ORL. You have an excellent armour; but let my  
horse have his due.

CON. It is the best horse of Europe.

ORL. Will it never be morning?

DAU. My lord of Orleans, and my lord high  
constable, you talk of horse and armour,—

ORL. You are as well provided of both, as any  
prince in the world.

DAU. What a long night is this!—I will not  
change my horse with any that treads but on four  
pasterns. *Ca, ha!* He bounds from the earth, as if  
his entrails were hairs; <sup>a</sup> *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus,

<sup>9</sup> *Scene VII.*] This scene is shorter, and I think better, in the first editions of 1600 and 1608. But as the enlargements appear to be the author's own, I would not omit them. POPE.

<sup>a</sup> *He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs;*] Alluding to the bounding of tennis-balls, which were stuffed with

*qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

ORL. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

DAU. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perfeus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him,<sup>3</sup> but only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts him: he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call—beasts.<sup>4</sup>

hair, as appears from *Much Ado about Nothing*: “And the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuff'd tennis-balls.”

WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> — *he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him,*] Thus Cleopatra, speaking of herself:

“I am air and fire; my other elements

“I give to baser life.” STEEVENS.

So, in our author's 44th Sonnet:

“—so much of earth and water wrought,

“I must attend time's leisure with my moan.”

Again, in *Twelfth Night*: “Do not our lives consist of the four elements?” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *and all other jades you may call—beasts.*] It is plain that *jades* and *beasts* should change places, it being the first word and not the last, which is the term of reproach; as afterwards it is said:

“I had as lief have my mistress a jade.” WARBURTON.

There is no occasion for this change. In the Second Part of *King Henry IV.* sc. i:

“—he gave his able horse the head,

“And, bending forward, struck his armed heels

“Against the panting sides of the poor jade.”

*Jade* is sometimes used for a post horse. *Beast* is always employed as a contemptuous distinction. So, in *Macbeth*:

“—what beast was't then

“That made you break this enterprize to me?”

Again, in *Timon of Athens*: “—what a wicked beast was I to disfigure myself against so good a time!” STEEVENS.

I agree with Warburton in supposing that the words—*beasts* and *jades*, have changed places. Steevens says, that *beast* is always

CON. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse. †

DAU. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

ORL. No more, coufin.

employed as a contemptuous distinction, and to support this assertion he quotes a passage from *Macbeth*, and another from *Timon*, in which it appears that men were called *beasts*, where abuse was intended. But though the word *beast* be a contemptuous distinction, as he terms it, when applied to a man, it does not follow that it should be so when applied to a horse.

He forgets the following speech in *Hamlet*, which militates strongly against his assertion:

“ — he grew unto his seat,

“ And to such wond’rous doing brought his horse,

“ As he had been incorps’d, and demi-natur’d

“ With the brave *beast*.”

But the word *jade* is always us’d in a contemptuous sense; and in the passage which Steevens quotes from the Second Part of *Henry IV*, the *able* horse is called a *poor* jade, merely because the poor *beast* was supposed to be jaded. The word is there an expression of pity, not of contempt. M. MASON.

I cannot forbear subjoining two queries to this note.

In the passage quoted by Mr. M. Mason from *Hamlet*, is not the epithet *brave* added, to exempt the word *beast* from being received in a slight sense of degradation?

Is not, in the instance quoted by me from *Henry IV*, the epithet *poor* supplied, to render *jade* an object of compassion?

*Jade* is a term of no very decided meaning. It sometimes signifies a hackney, sometimes a *vicious* horse, and sometimes a *tired* one; and yet I cannot help thinking, in the present instance, that as a *horse* is degraded by being called a *jade*, so a *jade* is vilified by being termed a *beast*. STEEVENS.

I do not think there is any ground for the transposition proposed by Dr. Warburton, who would make *jades* and *beasts* change places. Words under the hand of either a transcriber or compositor, never thus leap out of their places. The Dauphin evidently means, that no other horse has so good a title as his, to the appellation peculiarly appropriated to that fine and useful animal. The *general* term for *quadrupeds* may suffice for all other horses. MALONE.

*DAU.* Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown,) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: *Wonder of nature,*<sup>6</sup>—

*ORL.* I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

*DAU.* Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

*ORL.* Your mistress bears well.

*DAU.* Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

*CON.* *Ma foy!* the other day, methought, your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

*DAU.* So, perhaps, did yours.

*CON.* Mine was not bridled.

*DAU.* O! then, belike, she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kerne of Ireland, your French horse off, and in your strait troffers.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> — *Wonder of nature,*] Here, I suppose, some foolish poem of our author's time is ridiculed; which indeed partly appears from the answer. *WARBURTON.*

In the first part of *King Henry VI.* Act V. sc. iv. Shakspeare himself uses the phrase which he here seems to ridicule:

“Be not offended, *nature's miracle!*” *MALONE.*

The phrase is only reprehensible through its misapplication. It is surely proper when applied to a *woman*, but ridiculous indeed when addressed to a *horse*. *STEEVENS.*

<sup>7</sup> — *like a kerne of Ireland, your French horse off, and in your strait troffers.*] This word very frequently occurs in the old dra-

CON. You have good judgement in horsemanship.

mattick writers. A man in *The Coxcomb* of Beaumont and Fletcher, speaking to an Irish servant, says, "I'll have thee flead, and *trossers* made of thy skin, to tumble in." *Trossers* appear to have been tight breeches.—The kerns of Ireland anciently rode without breeches, and therefore *strait trossers*, I believe, means only in their naked skin, which fits close to them. The word is still preserved, but now written—*trousers*. STEEVENS.

"*Trowfes*," says the explanatory Index to Cox's *History of Ireland*, "are breeches and stockings made to fit as close to the body as can be." Several of the morris-dancers represented upon the print of my window, have such hose or strait trowfers; but the poet seems by the waggish context to have a further meaning.

TOLLET.

The following passage in Heywood's *Challenge for Beauty*, 1636, proves, that the ancient Irish *trossers* were somewhat more than mere buff:

"*Manhurst*. No, for my money give me your substantial English hose, round, and somewhat full afore.

"*Maid*. Now they are, methinks, a little too great.

"*Manh*. The more the discretion of the landlord that builds them,—he makes room enough for his tenant to stand upright in them;—he may walk in and out at ease without stooping: but of all the rest I am clean out of love with your Irish *trowfes*; they are for all the world like a jealous wife, always close at a man's tayle."

The speaker is here circumstantially describing the fashions of different countries. So again, in Bulwer's *Pedigree of the English Gallant*, 1653: "Bombasted and paned hose were, since I remember, in fashion; but now our hose are made so close to our breeches, that, like Irish *trowfes*, they too manifestly discover the dimension of every part." In *Sir John Oldcastle*, the word is spelt *strouces*.

COLLINS.

The old copy reads—*trossers*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald; who observes, that "by strait trossers the poet means *femoribus denudatis*, for the kerns of Ireland wore no breeches, any more than the Scotch Highlanders." The explication is, I think, right; but that the kerns of Ireland *universally* rode without breeches, may be doubted. It is clear from Mr. Tollet's note, and from many passages in books of our author's age, that the Irish *strait trossers* or *trowfers* were not merely *figurative*; though in consequence of their being made extremely tight, Shakspeare has here employed the words in an equivocal sense.

*DAU.* Be warn'd by me then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs; I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

*CON.* I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

*DAU.* I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears her own hair.

*CON.* I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

*DAU.* *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au borbier:* thou makest use of any thing.

*CON.* Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress; or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

*RAM.* My lord constable, the armour, that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars, or suns, upon it?

*CON.* Stars, my lord.

*DAU.* Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

*CON.* And yet my sky shall not want.

*DAU.* That may be, for you bear a many superfluously; and 'twere more honour, some were away.

*CON.* Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

When Sir John Perrot, Lord Deputy of Ireland in 1585, insisted on the Irish nobility wearing the English dress, and appearing in parliament in robes, one of them, being very loth to change his old habit, requested that the deputy would order his chaplain to walk through the streets with him in *trousers*, "for then, (said he,) the boys will laugh at him as well as me."

See also Ware's *Antiquities and History of Ireland*, ch. ii. edit. 1705: "Of the other garments of the Irish, namely of their little coats and *strait* breeches, called *trouses*, I have little worth notice to deliver." MALONE.



*DAU.* 'Would, I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

*CON.* I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way: But I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

*RAM.* Who will go to hazard with me for twenty English prisoners?<sup>8</sup>

*CON.* You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

*DAU.* 'Tis midnight, I'll go arm myself. [*Exit.*

*ORL.* The Dauphin longs for morning.

*RAM.* He longs to eat the English.

*CON.* I think, he will eat all he kills.

*ORL.* By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

*CON.* Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

*ORL.* He is, simply, the most active gentleman of France.

*CON.* Doing is activity: and he will still be doing.

*ORL.* He never did harm, that I heard of.

*CON.* Nor will do none to-morrow; he will keep that good name still.

<sup>8</sup> *Who will go to hazard with me for twenty English prisoners?* So, in the old anonymous *Henry V*:

"Come and you see what me tro at the king's drummer and fife."

"Faith, me will tro at the earl of Northumberland; and now I will tro at the king himself," &c.

This incident, however, might have been furnished by the chronicle. STEVENS.

See p. 399, n. 9. MALONE.

ORL. I know him to be valiant.

CON. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

ORL. What's he?

CON. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he cared not who knew it.

ORL. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

CON. By my faith, fir, but it is; never any body saw it, but his lacquey:<sup>9</sup> 'tis a hooded valour; and, when it appears, it will bate.<sup>2</sup>

ORL. Ill will never said well.

CON. I will cap that proverb<sup>3</sup> with—There is flattery in friendship.

<sup>9</sup> — *his lacquey*:] He has beaten nobody but his footboy.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *'tis a hooded valour; and, when it appears, it will bate.*] This is said with allusion to falcons which are kept *hooded* when they are not to fly at game, and, as soon as the hood is off, *bait* or flap the wing. The meaning is, the Dauphin's valour has never been let loose upon an enemy, yet, when he makes his first essay, we shall see how he will flutter. JOHNSON.

See Vol. VI. p. 502, n. 4. MALONE.

"This is a poor pun, taken from the terms used in falconry. The whole sense and farcasm depends upon the equivoque of one word, viz. *bate*, in sound, but not in orthography, answering to the term *bait* in falconry. When the hawk is *unhooded*, her first action is *baiting*, that is flapping her wings, as a preparation to her flying at the game. The hawk wants no courage, but invariably *bait*s upon taking off the hood. The Constable of France farcastically says of the Dauphin's courage, '*'Tis a hooded valour* (i. e. it is hid from every body but his lacquey), and when it *appears* (by preparing to engage the enemy), it will *bate*' (i. e. fall off, evaporate); and not, as Dr. Johnson supposes, bluster or *flutter the wings*, in allusion to the metaphor." *Suppl. to the Gent. Mag.* 1789, p. 1199. STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *I will cap that proverb*—] Alluding to the practice of capping verses. JOHNSON.

ORL. And I will take up that with—Give the devil his due.

CON. Well placed; there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with—A pox of the devil.<sup>4</sup>

ORL. You are the better at proverbs, by how much—A fool's bolt is soon shot.

CON. You have shot over.

ORL. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tent.

CON. Who hath measured the ground?

MESS. The lord Grandpré.

CON. A valiant and most expert gentleman.—Would it were day!<sup>5</sup>—Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning, as we do.

ORL. What a wretched and peevish<sup>6</sup> fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so far out of his knowledge!

CON. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

<sup>4</sup> — *with—A pox of the devil.*] The quartos, 1600 and 1608, read—*with, a jodge of the devil.* STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *'Would it were day!'*] Instead of this and the succeeding speeches, the quartos, 1600 and 1608, conclude this scene with a couplet:

“ ———— Come, come away;

“ The sun is high, and we wear out the day.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *peevish*—] in ancient language, signified—foolish, silly. Many examples of this are given in a note on *Cymbeline*, Act I. sc. vii:—“ He's strange and *peevish*.” STEEVENS.

ORL. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

RAM. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatched courage.

ORL. Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crush'd like rotten apples: You may as well say, —that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

CON. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs, in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef,<sup>7</sup> and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

ORL. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

CON. Then we shall find to-morrow—they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm; Come, shall we about it?

ORL. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see,—  
by ten,  
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>7</sup> — give them great meals of beef,] So, in *King Edward III.* 1596:

“ — but scant them of their *chines of beef,*  
“ And take away their downy featherbeds,” &c.

STEEVENS.

Our author had the chronicle in his thoughts: “ — keep an English man one month from his warm bed, *fat beef,* stale drink,” &c.

So also, in the old *King Henry V.*:

“ Why, take an Englishman out of his warm bed,

“ And his stale drink, but one moneth,

“ And, alas, what will become of him?” MALONE.

## A C T IV.

Enter CHORUS.

CHORUS. Now entertain conjecture of a time,  
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,  
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.<sup>8</sup>  
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of  
night,  
The hum of either army stilly sounds,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *Fills the wide vessel of the universe.*] *Universe* for *horizon*: for we are not to think Shakspeare so ignorant as to imagine it was night over the whole globe at once. He intimates he knew otherwise, by that fine line in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“ — following darknefs like a dream.”

Besides, the image he employs shows he meant but half the globe; the horizon round, which has the shape of a vessel or goblet.

WARBURTON.

There is a better proof, that Shakspeare knew the order of night and day, in *Macbeth*:

“ Now o'er the *one half* world

“ Nature seems dead.”

But there was no great need of any justification. The *universe*, in its original sense, no more means this globe singly than the circuit of the horizon; but, however large in its philosophical sense, it may be poetically used for as much of the world as falls under observation. Let me remark further, that ignorance cannot be certainly inferred from inaccuracy. Knowledge is not always present. JOHNSON.

*The wide vessel of the universe* is derived, I apprehend, from a different source than that which Dr. Warburton supposes. Shakspeare in another play styles *night* the *blanket of the dark*: it is probable that the affinity between *blanket* and *sheet* suggested to him the further relation between *sheet* and *vessel*, which occurs in the *As,* ch. x. v. 11:—“ and saw heaven opened, and a certain *vessel* descending unto him, as if it had been a *great SHEET, knit at the four corners, and let down unto the earth.*” HENLEY.

<sup>9</sup> — *stilly sounds,*] A similar idea perhaps was meant to be given by Barnaby Googe in his version of *Palingenius*, 1561:

“ Which with a pleasaunt *bushyng sound*

“ Provok'd the ioyes of bed.” STEEVENS.

That the fix'd sentinels almost receive  
 The secret whispers of each other's watch :<sup>2</sup>  
 Fire answers fire ;<sup>3</sup> and through their paly flames  
 Each battle sees the other's umber'd face :<sup>4</sup>  
 Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs  
 Piercing the night's dull ear ;<sup>5</sup> and from the tents,<sup>6</sup>

—stilly *sounds*,] i. e. gently, lowly. So, in the Sacred Writings: "a still small voice." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *The secret whispers of each other's watch :*] Holinshed says, that the distance between the two armies was but two hundred and fifty paces. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Fire answers fire ;*] This circumstance is also taken from Holinshed: "—but at their coming into the village, *fires* were made (by the English) to give light on every side, as there likewise were in the French hoste." MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *the other's umber'd face :*] Of this epithet used by Shakspeare in his description of fires reflected by night, Mr. Pope knew the value, and has transplanted it into the *Iliad* on a like occasion :

"Whose umber'd arms by turns thick flashes send."

*Umbur* is a brown colour. So, in *As you like it* :

"And with a kind of *umber* smirch my face."

The distant visages of the soldiers would certainly appear of this hue, when beheld through the light of midnight fires. STEEVENS.

*Umbur'd* certainly means here *discoloured* by the gleam of the fires. *Umbur* is a dark yellow earth brought from Umbria in Italy, which being mixed with water produces such a dusky yellow colour as the gleam of fire by night gives to the countenance.—Our author's profession probably furnished him with this epithet; for from an old manuscript play in my possession, entitled *The Telltale*, it appears that *umber* was used in the stage-exhibitions of his time. In that piece one of the marginal directions is, "He *umbers* her face." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Piercing the night's dull ear ;*] Hence perhaps the following idea in Milton's *L'Allegro* :

"And finging startle the dull night." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *and from the tents,*] See the preparation for the battle between Palamon and Arcite, in Chaucer :

"And on the morwe, when the day 'gan spring,

"Of horse and harnais noise and clattering,

"There was in the hostelries all aboute :—

"The fomy stedes on the golden bridel

The armourers, accomplishing the knights,  
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,  
 Give dreadful note of preparation.  
 The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,  
 And the third hour of drowsy morning name.<sup>7</sup>  
 Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,  
 The confident and over-lusty<sup>8</sup> French  
 Do the low-rated English play at dice;<sup>9</sup>  
 And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,  
 Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp  
 So tediously away. The poor condemned English,  
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires  
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminatè  
 The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,  
 Investing lank-lean cheeks,<sup>a</sup> and war-worn coats,

“ Gnawing, and fast the armourers also  
 “ With file and hammer priking to and fro,” &c.

T. WARTON.

<sup>7</sup> *And the third hour of drowsy morning name.*] The old copy—  
*nam'd.* STEEVENS.

How much better might we read thus?

*The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,*

*And the third hour of drowsy morning name.* TYRWHITT.

I have admitted this very necessary and elegant emendation.

STEEVENS.

Sir T. Hanmer, with almost equal probability, reads:

*And the third hour of drowsy morning's nam'd.* MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *over-lusty*—] i. e. *over-saucy*. So, in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch:—“ Cassius's soldiers did shewe themselves verie stubborne and lustie in the campe,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Do the low-rated English play at dice;*] i. e. do play them away at dice. WARBURTON.

From Holinshed: “ The Frenchmen in the mean while, as though they had been sure of victory, made great triumphe, for the captaines had determined before how to divide the spoile, and the souldiers the night before had plaid the Englishmen at dice.” MALONE.

<sup>a</sup> *Investing lank-lean cheeks,*] *A gesture investing cheeks and coats* is nonsense. We should read:

*Invest in lank-lean cheeks:—*

Presenteth them<sup>9</sup> unto the gazing moon  
 So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold  
 The royal captain of this ruin'd band,  
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,  
 Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head!  
 For forth he goes, and visits all his host;  
 Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile;  
 And calls them—brothers, friends, and country-  
 men.  
 Upon his royal face there is no note,

which is sense, i. e. their sad gesture was cloath'd, or set off, in lean cheeks and worn coats. The image is strong and picturesque.

WARBURTON.

I fancy Shakspeare might have written :

*In fasting, lank-lean cheeks,—&c.* HEATH.

Change is unnecessary. The harshness of the metaphor is what offends, which means only, that their looks are invested in mournful gestures.

Such another harsh metaphor occurs in *Much Ado about Nothing* :

“ For my part, I am so *astir'd* in wonder,

“ I know not what to say.” STEVENS.

*Gesture* only relates to their *cheeks*, after which word there should be a comma, as in the first folio. In the second song of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* :

“ Anger *invests* the face with a lovely grace.” TOLLET.

<sup>9</sup> Presenteth *them*—] The old copy reads—*presented*. But the present time runs throughout the whole of the description, except in this instance, where the change seems very improper. I believe we should read, with Hanmer, *presenteth*. STEVENS.

The emendation, in my opinion, needs no justification. The false concord is found in every page of the old editions. Here it cannot be corrected.

A passage in *King Henry VI.* Part III. in which the same false concord is found, may serve to support and justify the emendation here made :

“ The red rose and the white are in his face,

“ The fatal colours of our striving houses :

“ The one his purple blood right well resembleth ;

“ The other his pale *cheeks*, methinks, *presenteth*.”

Of the two last lines there is no trace in the old play on which the Third Part of *King Henry VI.* is founded. MALONE.



How dread an army hath enrounded him;  
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour  
 Unto the weary and all-watched night:  
 But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint,  
 With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty;  
 That every wretch, pining and pale before,  
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:  
 A larges universal, like the sun,  
 His liberal eye doth give to every one,<sup>2</sup>  
 Thawing cold fear. Then, mean<sup>3</sup> and gentle all,  
 Behold, as may unworthiness define,  
 A little touch of Harry in the night:  
 And so our scene must to the battle fly;  
 Where, (O for pity!) we shall much disgrace—  
 With four or five most vile and ragged foils,  
 Right ill dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous,—  
 The name of Agincourt: Yet, sit and see;  
 Minding true things,<sup>4</sup> by what their mockeries be.

[Exit.

<sup>2</sup> *A larges universal, like the sun,*

*His liberal eye doth give to every one,*] “Non enim vox illa  
 præceptoris, ut cæna, minus pluribus sufficit; sed ut sol, universis  
 idem lucis calorisque largitur.” Quintil. de Instit. Orat. Lib. I. c. ii.  
 And Pope, *Rape of the Lock*, Cant. II. v. 14:

“Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,

“And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.”

HOLT WHITE.

<sup>3</sup> — Then mean, &c.] Old copy—*That mean.* MALONE.

As this stood, it was a most perplexed and nonsensical passage,  
 and could not be intelligible, but as I have corrected it. The poet,  
 addressing himself to every degree of his audience, tells them he'll  
 show (as well as his unworthy pen and powers can describe it) a  
 little touch or sketch of this hero in the night; a faint resemblance  
 of that cheerfulness and resolution which this brave prince expressed  
 in himself, and inspired in his followers. THEOBALD.

<sup>4</sup> Minding true things,] To mind is the same as to call to re-  
 membrance. JOHNSON.

## SCENE I.

*The English Camp at Agincourt.*

*Enter King HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOSTER.*

*K. HEN.* Gloster, 'tis true, that we are in great danger;  
The greater therefore should our courage be.—  
Good morrow, brother Bedford.—God Almighty!  
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,  
Would men observingly distil it out;  
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,  
Which is both healthful, and good husbandry:  
Besides, they are our outward consciences,  
And preachers to us all; admonishing,  
That we should dress us fairly for our end.<sup>6</sup>  
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,  
And make a moral of the devil himself.

*Enter ERPINGHAM.*

Good morrow, old sir Thomas Erpingham:<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *That we should dress us fairly for our end.*] *Dress us*, I believe, means here, *address us*; i. e. prepare ourselves. So, before, in this play:

“To-morrow for our march we are *address'd*.”  
It should therefore be printed—*dress us*. MALONE.

I do not recollect that any one of our author's plays affords an example of the word—*address*, thus abbreviated.

*Dress*, in its common acceptation, may be the true reading. So, in *King Henry IV.* Part I:

“They come like sacrifices in their trim.” STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *old sir Thomas Erpingham*:] Sir Thomas Erpingham came over with Bolingbroke from Bretagne, and was one of the commissioners to receive King Richard's abdication. EDWARDS'S MS.

Sir Thomas Erpingham was in Henry V.'s time warden of Dover castle. His arms are still visible on one side of the Roman pharos. STEVENS.

A good soft pillow for that good white head  
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

ERP. Not so, my liege; this lodging likes me  
better,

Since I may say—now lie I like a king.

K. HEN. 'Tis good for men to love their present  
pains,

Upon example; so the spirit is eased:  
And, when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,  
The organs, though defunct and dead before,  
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move  
With casted slough and fresh legerity.\*

Lend me thy cloak, sir Thomas.—Brothers both,  
Commend me to the princes in our camp;  
Do my good morrow to them; and, anon,  
Desire them all to my pavilion.

GLO. We shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER and BEDFORD.]

ERP. Shall I attend your grace?

K. HEN.

No, my good knight;

Go with my brothers to my lords of England:

I and my bosom must debate awhile,

And then I would no other company.

ERP. The Lord in heaven blefs thee, noble  
Harry!

[*Exit* ERPINGHAM.]

K. HEN. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st  
cheerfully.

\* *With casted slough &c.*] *Slough* is the skin which the serpent annually throws off, and by the change of which he is supposed to regain new vigour and fresh youth. *Legerity* is lightness, nimbleness. JOHNSON.

So, in Stanyhurst's translation of *Virgil*, Book IV. 1582:

“ His *slough* uncasting, himself now youthfully bleacheth.”

*Legerity* is a word used by Ben Jonson in *Every Man out of his Humour*. STEVENS.

*Enter* PISTOL.

PIST. *Qui va lá?*

K. HEN. A friend.

PIST. Discufs unto me; Art thou officer?  
Or art thou base, common, and popular?

K. HEN. I am a gentleman of a company.

PIST. Trail'st thou the puiffant pike?

K. HEN. Even fo: What are you?

PIST. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. HEN. Then you are a better than the king.

PIST. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,  
A lad of life, an imp of fame;<sup>9</sup>  
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:  
I kifs his dirty shoe, and from my heart-strings  
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. HEN. Harry *le Roy*.

PIST. *Le Roy!* a Cornish name: art thou of  
Cornish crew?

K. HEN. No, I am a Welshman.

PIST. Know'st thou Fluellen?

K. HEN. Yes.

PIST. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his  
pate,  
Upon faint Davy's day.

K. HEN. Do not you wear your dagger in your  
cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

PIST. Art thou his friend?

<sup>9</sup> — *an imp of fame;*] An *imp* is a *shoot* in its primitive sense, but means a *son* in Shakspeare. In Holinshed, p. 951, the last words of Lord Cromwell are preserved, who says: " — and after him that his sonne prince Edward, that goodlie *impe*, may long reigne over you." STEVENS.

K. HEN. And his kinsman too.

PIST. The *figo* for thee then!

K. HEN. I thank you: God be with you!

PIST. My name is Pistol call'd. [Exit.

K. HEN. It forts<sup>2</sup> well with your fierceness.

*Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER, severally.*

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

FLU. So! in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak lower.<sup>3</sup> It is the greatest admiration in the univer-

<sup>2</sup> *It forts*—] i. e. it agrees. So, in Chapman's version of the 17th book of the *Odyssey*:

“His faire long lance well *forting* with his hand.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —[*speak lower.*] The earliest of the quartos reads—*speak lower*, which in that of 1608 is made *lower*. The alterations made in the several quartos, and in all the folios that succeeded the first, by the various printers or correctors through whose hands they passed, carry with them no authority whatsoever; yet here the correction *happens*, I think, to be right. The editors of the folio read—*speak fewer*. I have no doubt that in their MS. (for this play they evidently printed from a MS. which was not the case in some others,) the word by the carelessness of the transcriber was *lower*, (as in that copy from which the quarto was printed,) and that, in order to obtain some sense, they changed this to *fewer*. Fluellen could not with any propriety call on Gower to speak *fewer*, he not having uttered a word except “Captain Fluellen.” Meeting Fluellen late at night, and not being certain who he was, he merely pronounced his name. Having addressed him in too high a key, the Welchman reprimands him; and Gower justifies himself by saying that the enemy spoke so *loud*, that the English could hear them all night. But what he says as he is going out, puts, I think, the emendation that I have adopted, beyond doubt, I will do as you desire; “I will speak *lower*.”

Shakspeare has here as usual followed Holinshed: “Order was taken by commandement from the king, after the army was first set in battayle array, that *no noise or clamour should be made in the hoste.*” MALONE.

To speak *lower* is the more familiar reading; but to speak *few*, is a provincial phrase still in use among the vulgar in some counties;

fal 'orld, when the true and auncient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, nor pibble pabble, in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars,<sup>4</sup> and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

*Gow.* Why, the enemy is loud; you heard him all night.

*Flu.* If the enemy is an afs and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an afs, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb; in your own conscience now?

*Gow.* I will speak lower.

*Flu.* I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

[*Exeunt GOWER and FLUELLEN.*]

*K. HEN.* Though it appear a little out of fashion,  
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

*Enter BATES, COURT, and WILLIAMS.*

*COURT.* Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

signifying, to speak in a *calm, small* voice; and consequently has the same meaning as *low*.—In Suffex I heard one female servant say to another—"Speak *fewer*, or my mistress will hear you."

STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *I warrant you, &c.*] Amongst the laws and ordinances military set down by Robert Earl of Leicester in the Low Countries, printed at Leyden, 1586, one is, that "No man shall make anie outcrie or noise in any watch, ward, ambush, or anie other place *where silence is requisite*, and necessaric, upon paine of losse of life or limb at the general's discretion." REED.

**BATES.** I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

**WILL.** We see yonder the beginning of the day, but, I think, we shall never see the end of it.— Who goes there?

**K. HEN.** A friend.

**WILL.** Under what captain serve you?

**K. HEN.** Under sir Thomas Erpingham.

**WILL.** A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

**K. HEN.** Even as men wreck'd upon a sand, that look to be wash'd off the next tide.

**BATES.** He hath not told his thought to the king?

**K. HEN.** No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think, the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the element shows to him, as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing;<sup>6</sup> therefore when he sees reason of fears,

<sup>5</sup> — conditions:] are qualities. The meaning is, that objects are represented by his senses to him, as to other men by theirs. What is danger to another is danger likewise to him; and, when he feels fear, it is like the fear of meaner mortals. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing;] This passage alludes to the ancient sport of falconry. When the hawk, after soaring aloft, or mounting high, descended in its flight, it was said to stoop. So, in an old song on falconry in my MS. of old songs, p. 480:

“ She fieth at one

“ Her marke jumpe upon,

“ And mounteth the welkin cleare;

“ Then right she stoopes,

“ When the falkner he whoopes,

“ Triumphant in her chaunticleare.” PERCY.

as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: Yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

*BATES.* He may show what outward courage he will: but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

*K. HEN.* By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king; I think, he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

*BATES.* Then, 'would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransom'd, and a many poor men's lives saved.

*K. HEN.* I dare say, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone; howsoever you speak this, to feel other men's minds: Methinks, I could not die any where so contented, as in the king's company; his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.<sup>7</sup>

*WILL.* That's more than we know.

*BATES.* Ay, or more than we should seek after;<sup>8</sup> for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects: if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

*WILL.* But, if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all

<sup>7</sup> — *his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.*] So, Holinshed: " — calling his capitaines and his souldiers aboute him, he [Henry V.] made to them a right hartly oration, requiring them to play the men, that they might obtaine a glorious victorie, as there was good hope they should, if they would remember the *just cause and quarrel* for the whiche they fought." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Bates. Ay, or more &c.*] This sentiment does not correspond with what Bates has just before said. The speech, I believe, should be given to *Court*. See p. 411, n. 5. MALONE.



those legs, and arms, and heads, chopp'd off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day,<sup>9</sup> and cry all—We died at such a place; some, swearing; some, crying for a surgeon; some, upon their wives left poor behind them; some, upon the debts they owe; some, upon their children rawly left.<sup>a</sup> I am afraid there are few die well, that die in battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey, were against all proportion of subjection.

*K. HEN.* So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assail'd by robbers, and die in many irreconcil'd iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation:—But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived mur-

<sup>9</sup> — *the latter day,*] i. e. the *last* day, the day of judgement. Our author has, in other instances, used the *comparative* for the *superlative*. STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> — *their children rawly left.*] That is, *without preparation, hastily, suddenly*. What is not *matured* is *raw*. So, in *Macbeth*:

“Why in this *rawness* left he wife and children?”

JOHNSON,

*Rawly left,* is *left young and helpless*. RITSON.

der; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury;<sup>9</sup> some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment,<sup>2</sup> though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punish'd, for before-breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish: Then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty<sup>3</sup> is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote<sup>4</sup> out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained: and, in him

<sup>9</sup> — *the broken seals of perjury* ;] So, in the song at the beginning of the fourth Act of *Measure for Measure* :

“ That so sweetly were *forsworn* —

“ *Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *native punishment*,] That is, punishment in their native country. HEATH.

So, in a subsequent scene :

“ A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,

“ Find *native graves.*” MALONE.

*Native punishment* is such as they are born to, if they offend.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Every subject's duty* —] This is a very just distinction, and the whole argument is well followed, and properly concluded.

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *every mote* —] Old copy—*mote*, which was only the ancient spelling of *mote*. I suspected, but did not know, this to be the case; when I proposed the true reading of a passage in *K. Jobn*. See Vol. VIII. p. 122, n. 6. MALONE.

that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

*WILL.* 'Tis certain,<sup>5</sup> every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head, the king is not to answer for it.

*BATES.* I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

*K. HEN.* I myself heard the king say, he would not be ransom'd.

*WILL.* Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: but, when our throats are cut, he may be ransom'd, and we ne'er the wiser.

*K. HEN.* If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

*WILL.* 'Mafs, you'll pay him then!<sup>6</sup> That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun,<sup>7</sup> that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice, with

<sup>5</sup> *Will.* 'Tis certain, &c.] In the quarto this little speech is not given to the same soldier who endeavours to prove that the king was answerable for the mischiefs of war; and who afterwards gives his glove to Henry. The persons are indeed there only distinguished by figures, 1, 2, 3.—But this circumstance, as well as the tenour of the present speech, shews, that it does not belong to Williams, who has just been maintaining the contrary doctrine. It might with propriety be transferred to *Court*, who is on the scene, and says scarcely a word. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> 'Mafs, you'll pay him then!'] To *pay* in old language meant to *trass* or *beat*; and here signifies to bring to account, to punish. See Vol. VIII. p. 458, n. 2. The text is here made out from the folio and quarto. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — [*That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun,*] In the old play [the quarto, 1600,] the thought is more opened. *It is a great displeasure that an elder gun can do against a cannon,* or a subject against a monarch. JOHNSON.

fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

*K. HEN.* Your reproof is something too round;<sup>7</sup> I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient,

*WILL.* Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

*K. HEN.* I embrace it.

*WILL.* How shall I know thee again?

*K. HEN.* Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

*WILL.* Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

*K. HEN.* There.

*WILL.* This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, *This is my glove*, by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

*K. HEN.* If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

*WILL.* Thou dar'st as well be hang'd,

*K. HEN.* Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

*WILL.* Keep thy word: fare thee well.

*BATES.* Be friends, you English fools, be friends; we have French quarrels enough, if you could tell how to reckon.

*K. HEN.* Indeed, the French may lay twenty

<sup>7</sup> ——— too round;] i. e. too rough, too unceremonious. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ 'Pray you, be *round* with him.” STEEVENS.

French crowns<sup>8</sup> to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: But it is no English treason, to cut French crowns; and, to-morrow, the king himself will be a clipper.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Upon the king!<sup>9</sup> let us our lives, our souls,  
Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and  
Our sins, lay on the king;—we must bear all.  
O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,  
Subjécted to the breath<sup>2</sup> of every fool,  
Whose sense no more can feel but his own wring-  
ing!

What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,  
That private men enjoy?  
And what have kings, that privates have not too,  
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?  
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?  
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more  
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?

<sup>8</sup> — *twenty French crowns*—] This conceit, rather too low for a king, has been already explained, as alluding to the venereal disease. JOHNSON.

There is surely no necessity for supposing any allusion *in this passage* to the venereal disease. The conceit here seems to turn merely upon the equivocal sense of *crown*, which signifies either a coin, or a head. TYRWHITT.

<sup>9</sup> *Upon the king!* &c.] This beautiful speech was added after the first edition. POPE.

There is something very striking and solemn in this soliloquy, into which the king breaks immediately as soon as he is left alone. Something like this, on less occasions, every breast has felt. Reflection and seriousness rush upon the mind upon the separation of a gay company, and especially after forced and unwilling merriment. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Subjécted to the breath*—] The old copies have only—*subject*; but (for the sake of metre) I have not scrupled to read—*subjécted*, on the authority of the following passage in *King John*:

“ *Subjécted* tribute to commanding love—.” STEVENS.

What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?  
 O ceremony, show me but thy worth!  
 What is the soul of adoration?<sup>2</sup>  
 Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,  
 Creating awe and fear in other men?  
 Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd,  
 Than they in fearing.  
 What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,  
 But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,  
 And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!  
 Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out  
 With titles blown from adulation?  
 Will it give place to flexure and low bending?

<sup>2</sup> *What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?*

*O ceremony, show me but thy worth!*

*What is the soul of adoration?*] The first copy reads,

*What? is thy soul of adoration?*

This is incorrect, but I think we may discover the true reading easily enough to be,

*What is thy soul, O adoration?*

That is, O reverence paid to kings, *what art thou within? What are thy real qualities? What is thy intrinsic value?* JOHNSON.

I have received Mr. Malone's amendment, which he thus explains:—"What is the real worth and intrinsic value of adoration?"

The quarto has not this speech. The folio reads,

*What? is thy soul of adoration?* STEEVENS.

The latter word was corrected in the second folio. For the other emendation, now made, I am answerable. *Thy, thee, and they*, are frequently confounded in the old copies. In many of our author's plays we find similar expressions: in *Troilus and Cressida*,—"my very soul of counsel;" in *King Henry IV. Part I.*—"the soul of hope; and in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*,—"the soul of love." Again, in the play before us:

"There is some soul of goodness in things evil."

Dr. Johnson reads,

*What is thy soul, O adoration?*

But the mistake appears to me more likely to have happened in the word *thy* than in *of*; and the examples that I have produced support that opinion. MALONE.

Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's  
 knee,  
 Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,  
 That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;  
 I am a king, that find thee; and I know,  
 'Tis not the balm, the scepter, and the ball,  
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,  
 The enterrissued robe of gold and pearl,  
 The farced title running 'fore the king,<sup>3</sup>  
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp  
 That beats upon the high shore of this world,  
 No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,  
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,  
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;<sup>4</sup>  
 Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,  
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;  
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;  
 But, like a lacquey, from the rise to set,  
 Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night  
 Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,  
 Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;  
 And follows so the ever-running year

<sup>3</sup> ——— farced title running &c.] *Farced is stuffed.* The tumid puffy titles with which a king's name is always introduced. This I think is the sense. JOHNSON.

So, in *All for Money*, by T. Lupton, 1578:

“ ——— belly-gods so swarm,

“ *Farced*, and flowing with all kind of gall.”

Again:

“ And like a greedy cormorant with belly full *farced*.”

Again, in *Jacob and Esau*, 1568:

“ To make both broth and *farcing*, and that full deinty.”

Again, in Stanyhurst's version of the first book of *Virgil*:

“ Or eels are *farcing* with dulce and delicat hoonny.”

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:

“ ——— *farce* thy lean ribs with it too.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Can sleep so soundly &c.*] These lines are exquisitely pleasing. *To sweat in the eye of Phœbus*, and *to sleep in Elysium*, are expressions very poetical. JOHNSON.

With profitable labour, to his grave :  
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,  
 Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,  
 Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.  
 The slave, a member of the country's peace,  
 Enjoys it ; but in grofs brain little wots,  
 What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,  
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.<sup>5</sup>

*Enter* ERPINGHAM.

*ERP.* My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,  
 Seek through your camp to find you.

*K. HEN.* Good old knight,  
 Collect them all together at my tent :  
 I'll be before thee.

*ERP.* I shall do't, my lord. [*Exit.*]

*K. HEN.* O God of battles ! steel my soldiers' hearts !

Possess them not with fear ; take from them now  
 The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers  
 Pluck their hearts from them !<sup>6</sup>—Not to-day, O  
 Lord,

<sup>5</sup> ——— but——little wots,  
*What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,  
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.*] The sense of this  
 passage, which is expressed with some slight obscurity, seems to  
 be—*He little knows at the expence of how much royal vigilance, that  
 peace, which brings most advantage to the peasant, is maintained.* To  
*advantage*, is a verb elsewhere used by Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— take from them now  
*The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers  
 Pluck their hearts from them!*] The first folio reads—*of* the  
 opposed numbers. STEEVENS.

The poet might intend, “ Take from them the sense of reckon-  
 ing those opposed numbers ; which might pluck their courage from



O not to-day, think not upon the fault  
My father made in compassing the crown!

them." But the *relative* not being expressed, the sense is very obscure. The slight correction I have given [*left* the opposed numbers—] makes it clear and easy. THEOBALD.

The change is admitted by Dr. Warburton, and rightly. Sir T. Hanmer reads:

— *the opposed numbers*  
*Which stand before them.*

This reading he borrowed from the old quarto, which gives the passage thus:

*Take from them now the sense of reckoning,*  
*That the opposed multitudes which stand before them*  
*May not appal their courage.* JOHNSON.

Theobald's alteration certainly makes a very good sense; but, I think, we might read, with less deviation from the present text:

— *if th' opposed numbers*  
*Pluck their hearts from them.*

In conjectural criticism, as in mechanics, the perfection of the art, I apprehend, consists in producing a given effect with the least possible force. TYRWHITT.

I think Theobald's reading preferable to that of Tyrwhitt, which the editor has adopted; for if the opposed numbers did actually pluck their hearts from them, it was of no consequence whether they had or had not the sense of reckoning. M. MASON.

The ingenious commentator seems to forget that, if the sense of reckoning, in consequence of the King's petition, was taken from them, the numbers opposed to them would be no longer formidable. When they could no more count their enemies, they could no longer fear them. It will be the lot of few critics to retire with advantage gained over the remarks of my lamented friend, Mr. Tyrwhitt.

STEVENS.

The old reading appears to be right. The king prays that his men may be unable to reckon the enemy's force, that their hearts (i. e. their sense and passions) may be taken from them: that they may be as brave as a total absence of all feeling and reflection can make them. An explanation which seems to be countenanced by the old quarto. RITSON.

In *King John*, edit. 1632, these words [*if* and *of*: See the preceding note by Mr. Tyrwhitt:] have again been confounded:

"Lord of our presence, Angiers, and *if* you,"

instead of—*of* you. The same mistake has, I think, happened also in *Twelfth Night*, folio, 1623:

"For, such as we are made *if* such we be."

I Richard's body have interred new ;  
 And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,  
 Than from it issued forced drops of blood.  
 Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,  
 Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up  
 Toward heaven, to pardon blood ; and I have built

where we should certainly read—

“ For, such as we are made of, such we be.”

In the subsequent scene we have again the same thought. The Constable of France after exhorting his countrymen to take horse, adds,

“ Do but behold yon poor and starved band,

“ And your fair shew shall suck away their souls,

“ Leaving them but the shales and hulks of men.”

In Hall's *Chronicle*, HENRY IV. fol. 23, we find a kindred expression to that in the text: “ Henry encouraged his part so, that *they took their hearts to them*, and manly fought with their enemies.”

A passage in the speech which the same chronicler has put into Henry's mouth, before the battle of Agincourt, may also throw some light on that before us, and serve to support the emendation that has been made: “ Therefore, putting your only trust in him, let not *their multitude feare your heartes*, nor their *great number abate your courage*.”

The passage stands thus in the quarto, 1600:

*Take from them now the sense of reckoning,*

*That the opposed numbers which stand before them,*

*May not appal their courage.*

This fully refutes the notion of an anonymous remarker, [Mr. Ritson,] who understands the word *pluck* as optative, and supposes that Henry calls on the God of battles to deprive his soldiers of their hearts; that is, of their *courage*, for such is evidently the meaning of the expression;—(so in the common phrase, “ have a good *heart*,”—and in the passage just quoted from Hall;) though this commentator chooses to understand by the word—*sense* and *passions*.

Mr. Theobald and some other commentators seem indeed to think that *any* word may be substituted for another, if thereby sense may be obtained; but a word ought rarely to be substituted in the room of another, unless either the emendation bears such an affinity to the corrupted reading, as that the error might have arisen from the mistake of the eye or ear of the compositor or transcriber; or a word has been caught inadvertently by the compositor from a preceding or a subsequent line. MALONE.

Two chantries,<sup>7</sup> where the sad and solemn priests  
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do:  
Though all that I can do, is nothing worth;  
Since that my penitence comes after all,  
Imploring pardon.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *Two chantries,*] One of these monasteries was for Carthusian monks, and was called *Bethlehem*; the other was for religious men and women of the order of Saint Bridget, and was named *Sion*. They were on opposite sides of the Thames, and adjoined the royal manor of *Sbeene*, now called *Richmond*. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Since that my penitence comes after all,*

*Imploring pardon.*] We must observe, that Henry IV. had committed an injustice, of which he and his *son* reap'd the fruits. But reason tells us, justice demands that they who share the profits of iniquity, shall share also in the punishment. Scripture again tells us, that when men have sinned, the grace of God gives frequent invitations to repentance: which, in the language of divines, are styled *calls*. These, if neglected, or carelessly dallied with, are, at length, irrecoverably withdrawn, and then repentance comes too late. All this shows that the unintelligible reading of the text should be corrected thus:

—— comes after call. WARBURTON.

I wish the commentator had explained his meaning a little better; for his comment is to me less intelligible than the text. I know not what he thinks of the king's penitence, whether coming in consequence of *call*, it is sufficient; or whether coming when *calls have ceased*, it is ineffectual. The first sense will suit but ill with the position, that *all which he can do is nothing worth*; and the latter as ill with the intention of Shakspeare, who certainly does not mean to represent the king as abandoned and reprobate.

The old reading is in my opinion easy and right. *I do all this, says the king, though all that I can do is nothing worth*, is so far from an adequate expiation of the crime, that penitence comes after all, imploring pardon both for the crime and the expiation.

JOHNSON.

I am sensible that every thing of this kind (works of piety and charity,) which I have done or can do, will avail nothing towards the remission of this sin; since I well know that after all this is done, true penitence, and imploring pardon, are previously and indispensably necessary towards my obtaining it. HEATH.

I should not have reprinted Dr. Warburton's note, but for the sake of Dr. Johnson's reply. Mr. Malone, however, thinks Mr. Heath's explication more correct. STEEVENS.

*Enter GLOSTER.*

GLO. My liege!

K. HEN. My brother Gloster's voice?—Ay;  
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:—  
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.

*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E II.

*The French Camp.*

*Enter Dauphin, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, and Others.*

ORL. The sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords.

DAU. *Montez a cheval*:—My horse! *valet!* *lacquay!* ha!

ORL. O brave spirit!

DAU. *Via!*—*les eaux et la terre*?—

<sup>9</sup> *Via!*—*les eaux et la terre*—] *Via* is an old hortatory exclamation, as *allons!* JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is right. So, in *K. Edward III.* 1596:

“Then *Via!* for the spacious bounds of France!”

Again, in *Parasitaster, or The Farwe*, by John Marston, 1606:

“Come *Via!* to this feastful entertainment!”

Again, in Marston's *What you Will*, 1607:

“Tut, *Via!* let all run glib and square!” STEEVENS.

This dialogue will be best explained by referring to the seventh scene of the preceding act, in which the Dauphin, speaking in admiration of his horse, says, “When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air:—It is a beast for Perseus; he is pure air and fire, and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him.” He now, seeing his horse at a distance, attempts to say the same thing in French: “*Les eaux et la terre*,” the waters and the earth—*have no share in my horse's composition*, he was going to have said; but is prevented by the Duke of Orleans, who replies,—Can you add nothing more? Is he not air and fire? Yes, says the Dauphin, and even heaven itself. He had in the former scene

ORL. *Rien puis? l'air et le feu*——

DAU. *Ciel! cousin Orleans.*——

*Enter Constable.*

Now, my lord Constable!

CON. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh.

DAU. Mount them, and make incision in their hides;

That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,  
And dout them<sup>2</sup> with superfluous courage: Ha!

called his horse *Wonder of Nature*. The words, however, may admit of a different interpretation. He may mean to boast, that, when on horseback, he can bound over *all the elements*, and even soar to *heaven* itself. MALONE.

It is not easy to determine the import of the Dauphin's words. I do not, however, think the foregoing explanation right, because it excludes variety, by presuming that what has been already said in one language, is repeated in another. Perhaps this insignificant sprig of royalty is only capering about, and uttering a "rhapsody of words" indicative of levity and high spirits, but guiltless of any precise meaning. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *And dout them*—] The first folio reads—*doubt*, which, perhaps, may have been used for *to make to doubt*; *to terrifie*.

TYRWHITT.

To doubt, or (as it ought to have been spelled) *dout*, is a word still used in Warwickshire, and signifies *to do out*, or *extinguish*. See a note on *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. iv. For this information I was indebted to my late friend, the Reverend H. Homer. STEEVENS.

\* In the folio where alone this passage is found, the word is written *doubt*. To *dout*, for *to do out*, is a common phrase at this day in Devonshire and the other western counties; where they often say, *dout* the fire, that is, *put out* the fire. Many other words of the same structure are used by our author; as, to *don*, i. e. to *do on*, to *doff*, i. e. to *do off*, &c. In *Hamlet* he has used the same phrase:

“——the dram of base

“Doth all the noble substance of worth *dout*,” &c.

The word being provincial, the same mistake has happened in both places; *doubt* being printed in *Hamlet* instead of *dout*.

*RAM.* What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?

How shall we then behold their natural tears?

*Enter a Messenger.*

*MESS.* The English are embattled, you French peers.

*CON.* To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!

Do but behold yon poor and starved band,  
 And your fair show shall suck away their souls,<sup>2</sup>  
 Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.  
 There is not work enough for all our hands;  
 Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,  
 To give each naked curtle-ax a stain,  
 That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,  
 And sheath for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,  
 The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.  
 'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,  
 That our superfluous lackeys, and our peasants,—  
 Who, in unnecessary action, swarm  
 About our squares of battle,<sup>3</sup>—were enough

Mr. Pope for *doubt* substituted *daunt*, which was adopted in the subsequent editions. For the emendation now made I imagined I should have been answerable; but on looking into Mr. Rowe's edition I find he has anticipated me, and has printed the word as it is now exhibited in the text. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — suck *away their souls*,] This strong expression did not escape the notice of Dryden and Pope; the former having (less chafely) employed it in his *Don Sebastian, King of Portugal*:

“ Sucking each others' souls while we expire:”

and the latter, in his *Eloisa to Abelard*:

“ Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul.”

STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *About our squares of battle*,] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ ————— no practice had

“ In the brave squares of war.” STEVENS.

To purge this field of such a hilding foe;<sup>4</sup>  
 Though we, upon this mountain's basis by<sup>5</sup>  
 Took stand for idle speculation:  
 But that our honours must not. What's to say?  
 A very little little let us do,  
 And all is done. Then let the trumpets found  
 The tucket-sonuance,<sup>6</sup> and the note to mount:  
 For our approach shall so much dare the field,  
 That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

*Enter GRANDPRE'.*

**GRAND.** Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?

<sup>4</sup> — a hilding foe;] *Hilding, or binderling, is a low wretch.*

JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry IV.* Part II:

“ He was some *hilding* fellow, that had stole

“ The horse he rode on.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — upon this mountain's basis by—] See Henry's speech, *fc.* vii:

“ — Take a trumpet, herald;

“ Ride thou unto the horsemen on *yon* hill.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *The tucket-sonuance, &c.*] He uses terms of the field as if they were going out only to the chase for sport. *To dare the field* is a phrase in falconry. Birds are dared when by the falcon in the air they are terrified from rising, so that they will be sometimes taken by the hand.

Such an easy capture the lords expected to make of the English.

JOHNSON.

The *tucket-sonuance* was, I believe, the name of an introductory flourish on the trumpet, as *toccata* in Italian is the prelude of a sonata on the harpichord, and *toccar la tromba* is to blow the trumpet.

In *The Spanish Tragedy* (no date) “ a tucket afar off.”

Again, in *The Devil's Law-case*, 1623:

“ 2 tuckets by several trumpets.”

*Sonance* is a word used by Heywood, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

“ Or, if he chance to endure our tongues so much

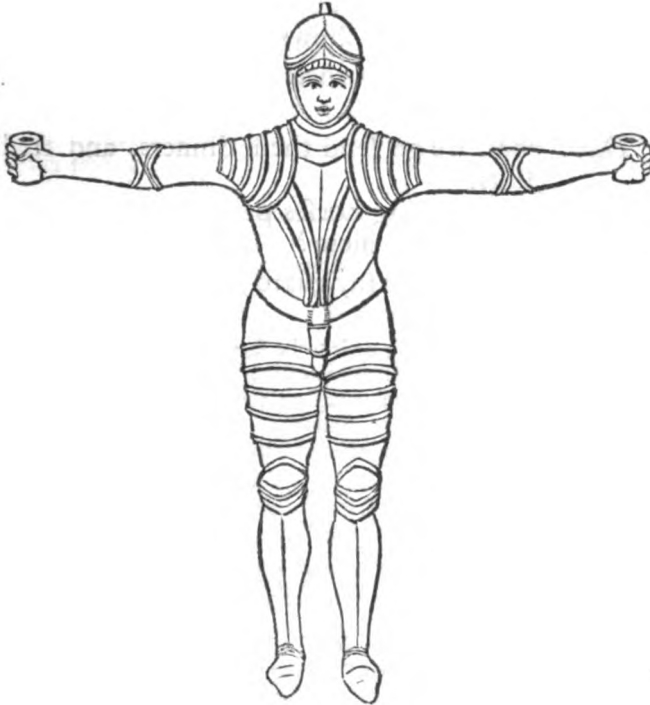
“ As but to hear their *sonance*.” STEEVENS.

E c 4





Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips;  
 The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes;  
 And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel bit<sup>2</sup>



The form of *torch-flaves* may be ascertained by a wooden cut in Vol. VII. p. 146. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — gimmel bit —] *Gimmel* is, in the western counties, a ring; a *gimmel bit* is therefore a *bit* of which the parts played one within another. JOHNSON.

I meet with the word, though differently spelt, in the old play of *The Raigne of King Edward the Third*, 1596:

“ Nor lay aside their jacks of *gymold* mail.”

*Gymold* or *gimmel'd* mail means armour composed of links like those of a chain, which by its flexibility fitted it to the shape of the body more exactly than defensive covering of any other con-

Lies foul with chew'd grafs, ftill and motionlefs;  
 And their executors, the knaviſh crows,<sup>2</sup>  
 Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.  
 Description cannot ſuit itſelf in words,  
 To démonſtrate the life of ſuch a battle  
 In life ſo lifeleſs<sup>3</sup> as it ſhows itſelf.

CON. They have ſaid their prayers, and they ſtay  
 for death.

DAU. Shall we go ſend them dinners, and freſh  
 ſuits,  
 And give their faſting horſes provender,  
 And after fight with them?

CON. I ſtay but for my guard;<sup>4</sup> On, to the field:

trivance. There was a ſuit of it to be ſeen in the Tower. Spenser, in his *Fairie Queen*, Book I. ch. v. calls it *woven mail*:

“ In *woven mail* all armed warily.”

In *Lingua*, &c. 1607, is mentioned:

“ — a *gimnal* ring with one link hanging.” STEVENS.

“ A *gimnal* or *gemmow* ring, (ſays Miſheu, *Dictionary*, 1617,) from the Gal. *gemeau*, Lat. *gemellus*, double, or twinnes, becauſe they be rings with two or more links.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — their executors, the *knaviſh crows*,] The crows who are to have the diſpoſal of what they ſhall leave, their hides and their fleſh. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *In life ſo lifeleſs*—] So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

“ A living dead man.” STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *I ſtay but for my guard*;] It ſeems, by what follows, that *guard* in this place means rather ſomething of ornament or of diſtinction, than a body of attendants. JOHNSON.

The following quotation from Holinſhed, p. 554. will beſt elucidate this paſſage: “ The duke of Brabant when his ſtandard was not come, cauſed a *banner* to be taken from a *trumpet* and faſtened upon a ſpear, the which he commanded to be borne before him inſtead of a ſtandard.”

In the ſecond part of Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632, Menelaus, after having enumerated to Pyrrhus the treasures of his father Achilles, as his myrmidons, &c. adds:

“ His ſword, ſpurs, armour, *guard*, pavilion.”

From this laſt paſſage it ſhould appear that *guard* was part of the defensive armour; perhaps what we call at preſent the *gorget*.

I will the banner from a trumpet take,  
 And use it for my haste. Come, come away!  
 The sun is high, and we outwear the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

Again, in Holinshed, p. 820: "The one bare his helmet, the second his *granguard*," &c. STEEVENS.

By his *guard*, I believe the Constable means, not any part of his dress, but the *guard* that usually attended with his banner; to supply the want of which he afterwards says, that he will take a banner from a trumpet, and use it for his haste. It appears from a passage in the last scene of the fourth act, that the principal nobility, and the princes, had all their respective banners, and of course their guards:

"Of princes in this number,

"And nobles bearing *banners*, there be dead

"One hundred," &c. M. MASON.

Dr. Johnson and Mr. Steevens are of opinion that "*guard* in this place means rather something of ornament, or of distinction, than a body of attendants." But from the following passage in Holinshed, p. 554, which our author certainly had in his thoughts, it is clear, in my apprehension, that *guard* is here used in its ordinary sense: "When the messenger was come back to the French hoste, the men of warre put on their helmettes, and caused their trumpets to blow to the battaile. They thought themselves so sure of victory, that diverse of the noble men made such haste toward the battaile, that they left many of their servants and *men of warre* behind them, and some of them would not once *stay* for their *standards*; as amongst other the Duke of Brabant, when his *standard* was not come, caused a *banner* to be taken from a *trumpet*, and fastened to a speare, the which he commanded to be borne before him, instead of a *standard*." The latter part only of this passage is quoted by Mr. Steevens; but the whole considered together proves, in my apprehension, that *guard* means here nothing more than the *men of war* whose duty it was to attend on the Constable of France, and among those his *standard*, that is, his standard-bearer. In a preceding passage Holinshed mentions, that "the Constable of France, the Marshal, &c. and other of the French nobility, came and pitched down their *standards* and *banners* in the county of St. Paule." Again: "Thus the French men being ordered under their standards and banners, made a great shew;"—or as Hall has it: "Thus the French men were *every man under his banner*, only waiting," &c. It appears from both these historians, that all the princes and nobles in the French army bore banners, and of these one hundred and twenty-six were killed in this battle.

## S C E N E III.

*The English Camp.*

*Enter the English host; GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY,<sup>5</sup> and WESTMORELAND.*

GLO. Where is the king?

BED. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

WEST. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

EXE. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

SAL. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.

God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:  
If we no more meet, till we meet in heaven,  
Then, joyfully,—my noble lord of Bedford,—  
My dear lord Gloster,—and my good lord Exeter,—  
And my kind kinsman,<sup>6</sup>—warriors all, adieu!

In a subsequent part of the description of this memorable victory, Holinshed mentions that "Henry having felled the Duke of Alanfon, the *king's guard*, contrary to his mind, outrageously slew him." The Constable, being the principal leader of the French army, had, without doubt, like Henry, his *guard* also, one of whom bore before him, as we may collect from Hall, the *banner-royal* of France. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *Salisbury*,] Thomas Montacute, Earl of Salisbury.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *And my kind kinsman*,] This must be addressed to Westmoreland: but how was that nobleman related to Salisbury? True it is, that the latter had married one of the sisters and coheirs of Edmund Earl of Kent, and that another of them was wife to Westmoreland's eldest son. Salisbury's daughter was likewise married to a younger son of Westmoreland's, who, in her right, was afterward Earl of Salisbury, and appears in the Second and Third Parts

*BED.* Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck  
go with thee!

*EXE.* Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:  
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,  
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.<sup>7</sup>

[*Exit* SALISBURY.]

*BED.* He is as full of valour, as of kindness;<sup>8</sup>  
Princely in both.

*WEST.* O that we now had here<sup>9</sup>

*Enter King* HENRY.

But one ten thousand of those men in England,  
That do no work to-day!

of *K. Henry VI.* The present speaker is Thomas Montacute, who is killed by a shot in the next play. But these connections do not seem to make him akin to Westmoreland. RITSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; &c.*] Thus the old edition: [i. e. the first folio:]

“ *Bed.* Farewell, good Salisbury, and good luck go with thee;

“ And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,

“ For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

“ *Exe.* Farewell, kind lord: fight valiantly to-day.”

What! does he do Salisbury wrong to wish him good luck? The ingenious Dr. Thirlby prescribed to me the transposition of the verses, which I have made in the text: and the old quartos plainly lead to such a regulation. THEOBALD.

I believe this transposition to be perfectly right, for it was already made in the quartos, 1600 and 1608, as follows:

“ Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day,

“ And yet in truth I do thee wrong,

“ For thou art made on the true sparkes of honour.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *He is as full of valour, as of kindness;*] So, in *K. Richard II.*:

“ *As full of valour, as of royal blood —.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *O that we now had here &c.*] From Holinshed: “ It is said also, that he should heare one of the hoste utter his wishe to another, that stood next to him, in this wise: I would to God there were present here with us this day so many good souldiers as are at this hour within the realme of England; whereupon the kyng answered: I would not wishe a man more here than I have,” &c. MALONE.

*K. HEN.* What's he, that wishes so?  
 My cousin Westmoreland?<sup>7</sup>—No, my fair cousin:  
 If we are mark'd to die, we are enough  
 To do our country losfs; and if to live,  
 The fewer men, the greater share of honour.  
 God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.  
 By Jove,<sup>8</sup> I am not covetous for gold;  
 Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost;  
 It yearns me not,<sup>9</sup> if men my garments wear;  
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires: .  
 But, if it be a sin to covet honour,  
 I am the most offending soul alive.  
 No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:  
 God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,  
 As one man more, methinks, would share from me,  
 For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one  
 more:<sup>2</sup>

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,  
 That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,  
 Let him depart; his passport shall be made,  
 And crowns for convoy put into his purse:  
 We would not die in that man's company,

<sup>7</sup> *My cousin Westmoreland?*] In the quartos, 1600 and 1608, this speech is addressed to Warwick. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *By Jove,*] The king prays like a christian, and swears like a heathen. JOHNSON.

I believe the player-editors alone are answerable for this monstrous incongruity. In consequence of the Stat. 3 James I. c. xxi. against introducing the sacred name on the stage, &c. they omitted it where they could; and in verse, (where the metre would not allow omission,) they substituted some other word in its place. The author, I have not the least doubt, wrote here—*By heaven,*—

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *It yearns me not,*] To *yearn* is to grieve or vex. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "She laments for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — O, do not wish one more:] Read (for the sake of metre) —*Wish not one more.* RITSON.

That fears his fellowship to die with us.  
 This day is call'd—the feast of Crispian :<sup>3</sup>  
 He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,  
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,  
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian.  
 He, that shall live this day, and see old age,<sup>4</sup>  
 Will yearly on the vigil ' feast his friends,  
 And say—to-morrow is saint Crispian :  
 Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,  
 And say, these wounds I had on Crispin's day.<sup>6</sup>  
 Old men forget ; yet all<sup>7</sup> shall be forgot,  
 But he'll remember, with advantages,<sup>8</sup>  
 What feats he did that day : Then shall our names,

<sup>3</sup> — of Crispian :] The battle of Agincourt was fought upon the 25th of October, St. Crispin's day. The legend upon which this is founded, follows:—"Crispinus and Crispianus were brethren, born at Rome; from whence they travelled to Soissons in France, about the year 303, to propagate the Christian religion; but because they would not be chargeable to others for their maintenance, they exercised the trade of shoemakers; but the governor of the town discovering them to be Christians, ordered them to be beheaded about the year 303. From which time, the shoemakers made choice of them for their tutelar saints." *Wheatley's Rational Illustration*, folio edit. p. 76. See Hall's Chronicle, fol. 47.

GREY.

<sup>4</sup> *He, that shall live this day, and see old age,*] The folio reads:  
*He that shall see this day and live old age.*

The transposition (which is supported by the quarto) was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *the vigil*—] i. e. the evening before this festival.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *And say, these wounds I had on Crispin's day.*] This line I have restored from the quarto, 1600. The preceding line appears to me abrupt and imperfect without it. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *yet all*—] I believe we should read—*yea*, all, &c.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *with advantages*.] Old men, notwithstanding the natural forgetfulness of age, shall remember *their feats of this day*, and remember to tell them *with advantage*. Age is commonly boastful, and inclined to magnify past acts and past times. JOHNSON.

Familiar in their mouths<sup>8</sup> as household words,—  
 Harry the king, Bedford, and Exeter,  
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—  
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd:  
 This story shall the good man teach his son;  
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
 From this day to the ending<sup>9</sup> of the world,  
 But we in it shall be remembered:  
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;  
 For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,  
 Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,  
 This day shall gentle his condition:<sup>2</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *Familiar in their mouths*—] i. e. in the mouths of the old man ("who has outlived the battle and come safe home,") and "his friends." This is the reading of the quarto, which I have preferred to that of the folio,—*his mouth*; because *their* cups, the reading of the folio in the subsequent line, would otherwise appear, if not ungrammatical, extremely awkward. The quarto reads—in their flowing *bowls*; and there are other considerable variations in the two copies. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *From this day to the ending*—] It may be observed that we are apt to promise to ourselves a more lasting memory than the changing state of human things admits. This prediction is not verified; the feast of Crispin passes by without any mention of Agincourt. Late events obliterate the former: the civil wars have left in this nation scarcely any tradition of more ancient history.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *gentle his condition*:] This day shall advance him to the rank of a gentleman. JOHNSON.

King Henry V. inhibited any person but such as had a right by inheritance, or grant, to assume coats of arms, except those who fought with him at the battle of Agincourt; and, I think, these last were allowed the chief seats of honour at all feasts and publick meetings. TOLLET.

That Mr. Tollet is right in his account, is proved by the original writ to the Sheriff of Southampton and others, printed in Rymer's *Fœdera*, anno 5 Henry V. Vol. IX. p. 457. And see more fully on the subject Antis's *Order of the Garter*, Vol. II. p. 108, who mentions it, and observes thereon, citing Gore's *Catalog. rei Herald. Introduc.* and Sandford's *General Hist.* p. 283.

VAILLANT.



And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,  
 Shall think themselves accurs'd, they were not here;  
 And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,  
 That fought with us upon faint Crispin's day.<sup>3</sup>

*Enter SALISBURY.*

*SAL.* My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with  
 speed :

The French are bravely<sup>4</sup> in their battles set,  
 And will with all expedience<sup>5</sup> charge on us.

*K. HEN.* All things are ready, if our minds be so.

*WEST.* Perish the man, whose mind is backward  
 now !

*K. HEN.* Thou dost not wish more help from  
 England, cousin ?

*WEST.* God's will, my liege, 'would you and I  
 alone,

Without more help, might fight this battle out !<sup>6</sup>

*K. HEN.* Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thou-  
 sand men ;<sup>7</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — *upon saint Crispin's day.*] This speech, like many others of the declamatory kind, is too long. Had it been contracted to about half the number of lines, it might have gained force, and lost none of the sentiments. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *bravely* —] is *splendidly, ostentatiously.* JOHNSON.

Rather—gallantly. So, in *The Tempest* :

“ *Bravely* the figure of this harpy hast thou

“ Perform'd, my Ariel !” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *expedience* —] i. e. expedition. So, in *King Richard II.* :

“ Are making hither with all due *expedience.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *might fight this battle out !*] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—*could fight this royal battle.* MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *thou hast unwish'd five thousand men ;*] By wishing only thyself and me, thou hast wished five thousand men away.—Shakspeare never thinks of such trifles as numbers. In the last scene the French are said to be *full threescore thousand*, which Exeter

Which likes me better, than to wish us one.—  
You know your places: God be with you all!

*Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.*

*MONT.* Once more I come to know of thee, king  
Harry,  
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,  
Before thy most assured overthrow:  
For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf,  
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,

declares to be *five to one*; but, by the king's account, they are twelve to one. JOHNSON.

Holinshed makes the English army consist of 15,000, and the French of 60,000 horse, besides foot, &c. in all 100,000; while Walsingham and Harding represent the English as but 9000; and other authors say that the number of French amounted to 150,000. STEEVENS.

Fabian says the French were 40,000, and the English only 7000. Dr. Johnson, however, I apprehend, misunderstood the king's words. He supposes that Henry means to say, that Westmoreland, wishing himself and Henry alone to fight the battle out with the French, had *wished away* the *whole English army*, consisting of *five thousand* men. But Henry's meaning was, I conceive, very different. Westmoreland had before expressed a wish that *ten thousand* of those who were idle at that moment in England were added to the king's army; a wish, for which when it was uttered, Henry, whether from policy or spirit, reprimanded him. Westmoreland now says, he should be glad that he and the king alone, without any other aid whatsoever, were to fight the battle out against the French. "Bravely said, (replies Henry;) you have now *half atoned* for your former timid wish for *ten thousand* additional troops. You have *unwished* half of what you wish'd before." The king is speaking figuratively, and Dr. Johnson understood him literally.—Shakspeare therefore, though often inattentive to "such trifles as numbers," is here not inaccurate. He undoubtedly meant to represent the English army, (according to Exeter's state of it,) as consisting of about *twelve thousand* men; and according to the best accounts this was nearly the number that Henry had in the field. Hardyng, who was himself at the battle of Agincourt, says that the French army consisted of one hundred thousand; but the account is probably exaggerated. MALONE.

The Constable desires thee—thou wilt mind<sup>7</sup>  
 Thy followers of repentance; that their souls  
 May make a peaceful and a sweet retire  
 From off these fields, where (wretches) their poor  
                   bodies  
 Must lie and fester.

*K. HEN.*                   Who hath sent thee now?

*MONT.* The Constable of France.

*K. HEN.* I pray thee, bear my former answer back;  
 Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.  
 Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?  
 The man, that once did sell the lion's skin  
 While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.  
 A many<sup>8</sup> of our bodies shall, no doubt,  
 Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,  
 Shall witness live in brass of this day's work:  
 And those that leave their valiant bones in France,  
 Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,  
 They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet them,  
 And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;  
 Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,  
 The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.  
 Mark then a bounding valour in our English;<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> — *mind*,] i. e. remind. So, in *Coriolanus* :

“ I *minded* him how royal 'twas to pardon.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> A *many*—] Thus the folio; the quarto—*And many*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Mark then a bounding valour in our English* ;] The old folios—  
*Mark then* abounding —.

The quartos, more erroneously still—

*Mark then* abundant —

Mr. Pope degraded the passage in both his editions, because, I presume, he did not understand it. I have reformed the text, and the allusion is exceedingly beautiful; comparing the revival of the English valour to the rebounding of a cannon-ball. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald was probably misled by the idle notion that our author's imagery must be round and corresponding on every side,

That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,  
Break out into a second course of mischief,  
Killing in relapse of mortality.<sup>2</sup>

and that this line was intended to be in unison with the next. This was so far from being an object of Shakspeare's attention, that he seems to delight in passing hastily from one idea to another. To support his emendation, Mr. Theobald misrepresented the reading of the quarto, which he said was *aboundant*. It is *abundant*; and proves in my apprehension decisively that the reading of the folio is not formed by any accidental union of different words; for though *abounding* may according to Mr. Theobald's idea be made two words, by what analysis can *abundant* be separated?

We have had already in this play—"superfluous courage," an expression of nearly the same import "as *abounding* valour."

Mr. Theobald's emendation, however has been adopted in all the modern editions.

That our author's word was *abundant* or *abounding*, not a *bounding*, may be proved by *King Richard III.* where we again meet with the same epithet applied to the same subject:

"To breathe the *abundant* valour of the heart."

MALONE.

The preceding note (in my opinion at least) has not proved that, though Shakspeare talks of *abundant* valour in *King Richard III.* he might not have written a *bounding* valour in *King Henry V.* Must our author indulge himself in no varieties of phraseology, but always be tied down to the use of similar expressions? Or does it follow, that because his imagery is sometimes incongruous, that it was always so? *Abundant* may be separated as regularly as *abounding*; for *boundant* (like *mountant* in *Timon of Athens*, and *questant* in *All's well that ends well*) might have been a word once in use. The reading stigmatized as a misrepresentation, might also have been found in the quarto consulted by Mr. Theobald, though not in such copies of it as Mr. Malone and I have met with. In several quarto editions, of similar date, there are varieties which till very lately were unobserved. I have not therefore discarded Mr. Theobald's emendation. STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Killing in relapse of mortality.*] What it is to *kill in relapse of mortality*, I do not know. I suspect that it should be read:

*Killing in reliques of mortality.*

That is, continuing to *kill* when they are the *reliques* that death has left behind it.

That the allusion is, as Mr. Theobald thinks, *exceedingly beautiful*, I am afraid few readers will discover. The *valour* of a putrid body, that destroys by the stench, is one of the thoughts

Let me speak proudly ;—Tell the Constable,

that do no great honour to the poet. Perhaps from this putrid valour Dryden might borrow the posthumous empire of Don Sebastian, who was to reign wheresoever his atoms should be scattered. JOHNSON.

By this phrase, however uncouth, Shakspeare seems to mean the same as in the preceding line. *Mortality* is death. So, in *King Henry VI.* Part I:

“ — I beg mortality  
“ Rather than life —.”

*Relapse* may be used for *rebound*. Shakspeare has given *mind of honour* for *honourable mind*; and by the same rule might write *relapse of mortality* for *fatal or mortal rebound*; or by *relapse of mortality*, he may mean—after they had *relapsed into inanimation*.

This *putrid valour* is common to the descriptions of other poets as well as Shakspeare and Dryden, and is predicated to be no less victorious by Lucan, Lib. VII. v. 821:

“ Quid fugis hanc cladem, quid olentes deferis agros?  
“ Has trahe, Cæsar, aquas; hoc, si potes, utere cælo.  
“ Sed tibi tabentes populi Pharfalica rura  
“ Eripiunt, camposque tenent victore fugato.”

Corneille has imitated this passage in the first speech in his *Pompée*:

“ — de chars,  
“ Sur ses champs empestés confusément épars,  
“ Ces montagnes de morts privés d'honneurs suprêmes,  
“ Que la nature force à se venger eux-mêmes,  
“ Et de leurs troncs pourris exhale dans les vents  
“ De quoi faire la guerre au reste des vivans.”

Voltaire, in his letter to the academy of Belles Lettres at Paris, opposes the preceding part of this speech to a quotation from Shakspeare. The Frenchman, however, very prudently stopped before he came to the lines which are here quoted. STEEVENS.

The ruggedness of this line, which is rendered by the word *relapse* (at least as we now accent it,) scarcely metre, induces me to think, with Dr. Johnson, that word corrupt.

In the following passage the word *relapse* seems to signify nothing more than *lapse*: “ Nothing so much do I retract as that wherein soever I have scandalized the meanest. Into some spleenetic vaine of wantonness have I foolishly *relapsed*, to supply my private wants; of them no less do I desire to be absolved than the rest.” *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, by Thomas Nashe, 4to. 1594. MALONE.

I am too dull to perceive that *relapse*, in the preceding quotation, may not be used in its common and accepted sense. STEEVENS.

We are but warriors for the working-day :<sup>3</sup>  
 Our gayness, and our gilt,<sup>4</sup> are all besmirch'd  
 With rainy marching in the painful field ;  
 There's not a piece of feather in our host,  
 (Good argument, I hope, we shall not fly,)  
 And time hath worn us into slovenry :  
 But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim :  
 And my poor soldiers tell me—yet ere night  
 They'll be in fresher robes ; or they will pluck  
 The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,  
 And turn them out of service. If they do this,  
 (As, if God please, they shall,) my ransom then  
 Will soon be levy'd. Herald, save thou thy labour ;

Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald ;  
 They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints :  
 Which if they have as I will leave 'em to them,  
 Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

*MONT.* I shall, king Harry. And so fare thee well :

Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*]

*K. HEN.* I fear, thou'lt once more come again for ransom.

<sup>3</sup> — *warriors for the working-day :*] We are soldiers but coarsely dressed ; we have not on our holiday apparel.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* : “ — Pr'ythee, tell her but a *worky-day* fortune.” STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *our gilt,*] i. e. Golden show, superficial gilding. Obsolete. So, in *Timon of Athens* :

“ When thou wast in thy *gilt* and thy perfume,” &c.

Again, in *Twelfth Night* :

“ The double *gilt* of this opportunity you let time wash off.”

Again, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592 :

“ And now the rain hath beaten off thy *gilt*.”

STEVENS.

*Enter the Duke of YORK.<sup>5</sup>*

YORK. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg  
The leading of the vaward.

K. HEN. Take it, brave York.—Now, soldiers,  
march away:—  
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!  
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

*The Field of Battle.*

*Alarums; Excursions; Enter French Soldier, PISTOL,  
and Boy.*

PIST. Yield, cur.

FR. SOL. *Je pense, que vous estes le gentilhomme de  
bonne qualité.*

PIST. Quality, call you me?—Construe me, art  
thou a gentleman?<sup>6</sup> What is thy name? discufs.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> —the Duke of York.] This personage is the same, who  
appears in our author's *King Richard II.* by the title of *Duke of  
Aumerle*. His christian name was Edward. He was the eldest son  
of Edmond of Langley, Duke of York, who is introduced in the  
same play, and who was the fifth son of King Edward III. Richard  
Earl of Cambridge, who appears in the second act of this play, was  
younger brother to this Edward Duke of York. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Quality, call you me?—Construe me,*] The old copy reads—  
*Qualitiie calmie custrue me*——. STEEVENS.

We should read this nonsense thus:

*Quality, cality—construe me, art thou a gentleman?*

i. e. tell me, let me understand whether thou be'st a gentleman.

WARBURTON.

Mr. Edwards, in his MS. notes, proposes to read:

*Quality, call you me? construe me, &c.* STEEVENS.

The alteration proposed by Mr. Edwards has been too hastily  
adopted. Pistol, who does not understand French, imagines the

FR. SOL. *O seigneur Dieu!*

PIST. O, signieur Dew should be a gentleman:<sup>7</sup>—  
Perpend my words, O signieur Dew, and mark;—

prisoner to be speaking of his own quality. The line should therefore have been given thus:

*Quality!—calmly; construe me, art thou a gentleman.*

RITSON.

The words in the folio (where alone they are found)—*Qualitee calmie cufure me*, appeared such nonsense, that some emendation was here a matter of necessity, and accordingly that made by the joint efforts of Dr. Warburton and Mr. Edwards, has been adopted in mine and the late editions. But since, I have found reason to believe that the old copy is very nearly right, and that a much slighter emendation than that which has been made, will suffice. In a book entitled, *A Handfull of Pleasant Delites, containing sundrie new Sonets,—newly devised to the newest tunes, &c.* by Clement Robinson and others, 16mo. 1584, is “A Sonet of a lover in the praise of his lady, to *Calen o cufure me*, sung at every line’s end:”

“When as I view your comely grace, *Calen*,” &c.

Pistol, therefore, we see, is only repeating the burden of an old song, and the words should be undoubtedly printed—

*Quality! Calen o cufure me. Art thou a gentleman, &c.*

He elsewhere has quoted the old ballad beginning, “Where is the life that late I led?” With what propriety the present words are introduced, it is not necessary to inquire. Pistol is not very scrupulous in his quotations.

It may also be observed, that *construe me* is not Shakspeare’s phraseology, but—*construe to me*. So, in *Twelfth Night*: “I will *construe to them* whence you come,” &c. MALONE.

*Construe me*, though not the phraseology of our author’s more chastised characters, might agree sufficiently with that of Pistol.

Mr. Malone’s discovery is a very curious one, and when (as probably will be the case) some further ray of light is thrown on the unintelligible words—*Calen* &c. I will be the first to vote them into the text. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — [*discuss.*] This affected word is used by Lyly, in his *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

“But first I must *discuss* this heavenly cloud.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — [*signieur Dew should be a gentleman:*] I cannot help thinking, that Shakspeare intended here a stroke at a passage in a famous old book, called, *The Gentleman’s Academie in Hawking, Hunting, and Armorie*, written originally by Juliana Barnes, and re-published by Gervase Markham, 1595. The first chapter of



O signieur Dew, thou dieft on point of fox,<sup>9</sup>  
 Except, O signieur, thou do give to me  
 Egregious ranfom.

FR. SOL. *O, prenez misericorde! ayez pitié de moy!*

PIS<sup>t</sup>. Moy fhall not ferve, I will have forty moys;  
 For I will fetch thy rim<sup>2</sup> out at thy throat,  
 In drops of crimfon blood.

the *Booke of Armorie*, is, “the difference ’twixt *Cburles* and *Gentlemen*;” and it ends thus: “From the of-fpring of *gentlemanly Japhet* came *Abrabam*, *Moyfes*, *Aaron*, and the Prophets; and alfo the king of the right line of *Mary*, of whom that *only absolute gentleman*, *Jefus*, was borne:—*gentleman*, by his mother *Mary*, princeffe of coat armor.” FARMER.

<sup>9</sup> — *thou dieft on point of fox*,] *Fox* is an old cant word for a fword. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher’s *Philafter*:

“I made my father’s old *fox* fly about his ears.”

The fame expreffion occurs in *The two angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

“I had a fword, ay the flower of Smithfield for a fword; a right *fox*, i’faith.”

Again, in *The Life and Death of Captain Thomas Stukely*, 1605:

“—old hack’d fwords, *foxes*, bilbos, and horn-buckles.”

Again, in *The Devil’s Charter*, 1607:

“And by this awful crofs upon my blade,

“And by this *fox* which stinks of Pagan blood.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> For *I will fetch thy rim*—] We fhould read:

Or, *I will fetch thy ranfome out of thy throat.*

WARBURTON.

I know not what to do with *rim*. The meafure gives reafon to fuppofe that it ftands for fome monofyllable; and, befides, *ranfome* is a word not likely to have been corrupted. JOHNSON.

It appears from Sir Arthur Gorges’s *Translation of Lucan*, 1614, that fome part of the inteftines was anciently called the *rim*, Lucan, Book I:

“The flender *rimme* too weake to part

“The boyling liver from the heart——.”

— *parvusque fecat vitalia limes*. L. 623.

“*Parvus limes* (fays one of the fcholiafts) *præcordia indicat; membrana illa quæ cor et pulmones a jecore et liene dirimit*.” I believe it is now called the *diaphragm* in human creatures, and the *skirt* or *midriff* in beafts; but ftill in fome places, the *rim*.

FR. SOL. *Est il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras ?*

PIST. Brafs, cur !<sup>3</sup>

Phil. Holland, in his translation of Pliny's *Natural History*, several times mentions the *rim* of the paunch. See Book XXVIII. ch. ix. p. 321, &c. STEEVENS.

Cole, in his *Dictionary*, 1678, describes it as the caul in which the bowels are wrapped. MALONE.

*Ryno* is at this day a vulgar cant expression for *money*;—*ready ryno*, means, ready money. This was probably the expression that Pistol meant to use; and I should suppose *ryno*, instead of *rym*, to be the true reading. M. MASON.

I ought to have some kindness for this conjecture, as it has suggested itself to me more than once; and yet I fear it is what Dr. Warburton calls (in a note on *Oibello*,) a *White Friars' phrase*, of Alsatian origin, and consequently much more modern than the age of Shakspeare.

Mr. M. Mason's idea, however, may receive countenance from a passage in *Timon*:

“ *Tim.* Cut my heart in fums.

“ *Tit.* Mine, fifty talents.

“ *Tim.* Tell out my blood.

“ *Luc.* Five thousand crowns, my lord.

“ *Tim.* ~~Five thousand drops~~ pays that.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Brafs, cur !] Either Shakspeare had very little knowledge in the French language, or his over-fondness for punning led him in this place, contrary to his own judgement, into an error. Almost every one knows that the French word *bras* is pronounced *brav*; and what resemblance of sound does this bear to *brafs*, that Pistol should reply *Brafs, cur*? The joke would appear to a reader, but could scarce be discovered in the performance of the play.

Sir W. RAWLINSON.

If the pronunciation of the French language be not changed since Shakspeare's time, which is not unlikely, it may be suspected some other man wrote the French scenes. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson makes a doubt, whether the pronunciation of the French language may not be changed since Shakspeare's time; “ if not (says he) it may be suspected that some other man wrote the French scenes;” but this does not appear to be the case, at least in this termination, from the rules of the grammarians, or the practice of the poets. I am certain of the former from the French *Alphabet* of De la Mothe, and the *Ortboepia Gallica* of

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,<sup>4</sup>  
Offer'ft me brafs?

FR. SOL. *O pardonnez moy!*

PISR. Say'ft thou me so? is that a ton of moys?<sup>5</sup>—  
Come hither, boy; Ask me this slave in French,  
What is his name.

BOY. *Escoutez; Comment estes vous appellé?*

John Eliot; and of the latter from the rhymes of Marot, Ronfard, and Du Bartas.—Connections of this kind were very common. Shakspeare himself assisted Ben Jonson in his *Sejanus*, as it was originally written; and Fletcher in his *Two Noble Kinsmen*.

FARMER.

Mr. Bowle has at least rendered doubtful the question concerning the different pronunciation of the French language. See *Archæologia*, Vol. VI. p. 76. DOUCE.

The word *moy* proves in my apprehension decisively, that Shakspeare, or whoever furnished him with his French, (if indeed he was assisted by any one,) was unacquainted with the true pronunciation of that language. *Moy* he has in *King Richard II.* made a rhyme to *destroy*, so that it is clear that he supposed it was pronounced exactly as it is spelled, as he here supposes *bras* to be pronounced:

“ Speak it in French, king; say, *pardonnez moy.*

“ Dost thou teach pardon pardon to *destroy?*”

See also Vol. V. p. 328, n. 7.

The word *bras* was without doubt pronounced in the last age by the French, and by the English who understood French, as at present, *braw*. So, as Dr. Farmer observes to me, in the prologue to *the First Day's Entertainment at Rutland House*, by Sir W. D'Avenant:

“ And could the walls to such a wideness *draw*,

“ That all might fit at ease in *chaise à bras.*”

Drummond of Hawthornden tells us that Ben Jonson did not understand French. It does not, I own, therefore follow that Shakspeare was also unacquainted with that language; but I think it highly probable that that was the case; or at least that his knowledge of it was very slight. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *luxurious mountain goat,*] *Luxurious* means *lascivious*. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

“ She knows the heat of a *luxurious* bed.” STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *a ton of moys?*] *Moy* is a piece of money; whence *moi d'or*, or *moi* of gold. JOHNSON.

FR. SOL. *Monsieur le Fer.*

BOR. He says, his name is—master Fer.

PISY. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firk him,<sup>6</sup> and ferret him:—discuss the same in French unto him.

BOR. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firk.

PISY. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

FR. SOL. *Que dit-il, monsieur?*

BOY. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous prest; car ce soldat icy est disposé tout à cette beure de couper vostre gorge.*

PISY. Ouy, couper-gorge, par ma foy, pefant, Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns; Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

FR. SOL. *O, je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison; gardez ma vie, & je vous donneray deux cents escus.*

PISY. What are his words?

BOR. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house; and, for his ransom, he will give you two hundred crowns.

<sup>6</sup> ——— and firk him,] The word *firk* is so variously used by the old writers, that it is almost impossible to ascertain its precise meaning. On this occasion it may mean to *chastise*. So, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

“ ——— nay, I will *firk*

“ My silly novice, as he was never *firk'd*

“ Since midwives bound his noddle.”

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Rule a Wife*, &c. it means to collect by low and dishonest industry:

“ ——— these five years she has *firk'd*

“ A pretty living.”

Again, in *Ram-Alley*, &c. it seems to be employed in the sense of—*quibble*:

“ Sir, leave this *firk* of law, or by this light,” &c.

In *The Alchemist*, it is obscenely used. STEEVENS.

*PIST.* Tell him,—my fury shall abate, and I  
The crowns will take.

*FR. SOL.* *Petit monsieur, que dit-il?*

*BOY.* *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement, de pardonner aucun prisonnier; neantmoins, pour les excus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.*

*FR. SOL.* *Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille remerciemens: Et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, valiant, Et tres distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.*

*PIST.* Expound unto me, boy.

*BOY.* He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks: and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of, (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

*PIST.* As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.—  
Follow me, cur. [*Exit PISTOL.*]

*BOY.* *Suivez vous le grand capitaine.*

[*Exit French Soldier.*]

I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true,—The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph, and Nym, had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i'the old play,<sup>7</sup> that every one may pare his nails

<sup>7</sup> — *this roaring devil i'the old play,*] In modern puppet-shows, which seem to be copied from the old farces, *Punch* sometimes fights the devil, and always overcomes him. I suppose the *vice* of the old farce, to whom *Punch* succeeds, used to fight the devil with a wooden dagger. JOHNSON.

The devil, in the old mysteries, is as turbulent and vain-glorious as *Pistol*. So, in one of the *Coventry Whitsun Plays*, preserved in the British Museum. *Vespasian*. D. VIII. p. 136:

with a wooden dagger; and they are both hang'd; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing advent'rously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it, but boys. [Exit.]

“ I am your lord Lucifer that out of helle cam,  
 “ Prince of this world, and gret duke of helle;  
 “ Wherefore my name is clepyd fer Satan,  
 “ Whch aperyth among you a mater to spelle.”

And perhaps the character was always performed in the most clamorous manner.

In the ancient *Tragedy*, or rather *Morality*, called *All for Money*, by T. Lupton, 1578, *Sin* says:

“ I knew I would make him soon change his note,  
 “ I will make him sing the Black Sanctus, I hold him a groat.  
 [Here Satan shall cry and roar.”

Again, a little after:

“ Here he roareth and crieth.”

See *Taming of the Shrew*, Vol. VI. p. 397, n. 2. STEEVENS.

In the old *Moralities* the devil was always attacked by the *Vice*, who belaboured him with his lath, and sent him roaring off the stage. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

“ In a trice,  
 “ Like to the old *vice*,—  
 “ Who, with *dagger of lath*,  
 “ In his rage and his wrath,  
 “ Cries ah! ha! to the *devil*.”

And in *The old Taming of a Shrew*, one of the players says, “ my lord, we must have—a little vinegar to make our *devil* roar.”—

The reason of the *Vice*'s endeavouring to entertain the audience by attempting to pare the devil's nails, has been already assigned in a note on *Twelfth Night*, Vol. IV. p. 147, n. 7. MALONE.

See also a note on *King Richard III.* Act III, sc. i. and Mr. Upton's Dissertation at the end of the same play. MALONE.

## SCENE V.

*Another Part of the Field of Battle.*

*Alarums. Enter Dauphin, ORLEANS, BOURBON, Constable, RAMBURES, and Others.*

Con. *O diable!*

Orl. *O seigneur!—le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!*

Dau. *Mort de ma vie!* all is confounded, all!

Reproach and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our plumes.—*O meschante fortune!*—

Do not run away.

[*A short alarum.*

CON. Why, all our ranks are broke.

DAU. *O perdurable shame!*<sup>8</sup>—let's stab ourselves.  
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

ORL. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

BOUR. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!

Let us die instant: Once more back again;<sup>9</sup>  
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,

<sup>8</sup> *O perdurable shame!*] *Perdurable* is lasting, long to continue. So, in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, &c.

“Triumphant arcs of *perdurable* might.” STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Let us die instant: Once more back again;*] This verse, which is quite left out in Mr. Pope's editions, stands imperfect in the first folio. By the addition of a syllable, I think, I have retrieved the poet's sense. It is thus in the old copy:

*Let us die in once more back again.* THEOBALD.<sup>6</sup>

*Let us die in fight;*] For the insertion of the word *fight*, which (as I observed in my *Second Appendix*, 8vo. 1783,) appears to have been omitted by the negligence of the transcriber or compositor, I am answerable. So Bourbon says afterwards:

“I'll to the throng; Let life be short.”

Macbeth utters the same sentiment:

“At least we'll die with harness on our backs.”

Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,  
 Like a base pander,<sup>2</sup> hold the chamber-door,  
 Whilst by a slave, no gentler<sup>3</sup> than my dog,  
 His fairest daughter is contaminate.<sup>4</sup>

CON. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us  
 now!

Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives  
 Unto these English, or else die with fame.<sup>5</sup>

Mr. Theobald corrected the text by reading *instant* instead of *in*; but (as I have already remarked,) it is highly improbable that a printer should omit *half* a word; nor indeed does the word *instant* suit the context. Bourbon probably did not wish to die more than other men; but if we are conquered, (says he) if we are to die, let us bravely die *in combat with our foes*, and make their victory as dear to them as we can.

The editor of the second folio, who always cuts a knot instead of untying it, substituted *fly* for *die*, and absurdly reads—*Let us fly in*; leaving the metre, which was destroyed by the omission of a word, still imperfect, and at the same time rendering the passage nonsense. The lines stand thus in the quarto, 1600:

“ Con. We are enough yet living in the field

“ To smother up the English,

“ If any order might be thought upon.”

“ Bour. A plague of order! once more to the field;

“ And he that will not follow,” &c. MALONE.

I have not adopted Mr. Malone's emendation, because when I read it, I cannot suppose myself to be reading the beginning of a verse.

*Instant* may be an adjective used adverbially.—In the course of this publication my compositors will not deny their occasional omission of several *half* words. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Like a base pander,*] The quartos read:

*Like a base leno.* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *no gentler* —] Who has no more *gentility*. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *is contaminate*.] The quarto has—*contamuracke*, which corrupted word, however, is sufficient to lead us to the true reading now inserted in the text: It is also supported by the metre and the usage of our author and his contemporaries. We have had in this play “ hearts *create*” for hearts *created*: so, elsewhere, *combine*, for *combin'd*; *consummate*, for *consummated*, &c. The folio reads—*contaminated*. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Unto these English, or else die with fame.*] This line I have restored from the quartos, 1600 and 1608. The Constable of





The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.  
 Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled over,  
 Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,  
 And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes,  
 That bloodily did yawn upon his face;  
 And cries aloud,—*Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!*  
*My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:*  
*Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast;*  
*As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,*  
*We kept together in our chivalry!*  
 Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up:  
 He smil'd me in the face, raught<sup>5</sup> me his hand,  
 And, with a feeble gripe, says,—*Dear my lord,*  
*Commend my service to my sovereign.*  
 So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck  
 He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;  
 And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd  
 A testament of noble-ending love.<sup>6</sup>  
 The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd  
 Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd;  
 But I had not so much of man in me,  
 But all my mother came into mine eyes,  
 And gave me up to tears.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> — raught—] i. e. reached. See Vol. X. p. 241, n. 8.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *A testament of noble-ending love.*] So the folio. The quarto reads:

An argument of never-ending love. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> But *all my mother came into mine eyes,*  
*And gave me up to tears.*] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—*And all &c.* But has here the force of—But *that*.

MALONE.

This thought is apparently copied by Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book IX:

“ — compassion quell'd

“ His best of man, and gave him up to tears.”

STEEVENS.

*K. HEN.* I blame you not ;  
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound  
With mistful eyes,<sup>8</sup> or they will issue too.—

[*Alarum.*  
But, hark ! what new alarum is this fame ?<sup>9</sup>—  
The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men :—  
Then every foldier kill his prifoners ;  
Give the word through.<sup>2</sup> [*Exeunt.*

Dryden also, in *All for Love*, Act I. has the same expression :

“ Look, Emperor, this is no common dew.  
“ I have not wept this forty years ; but now  
“ *My mother comes afresh into my eyes :*  
“ I cannot help her softness.” REED.

<sup>8</sup> *With mistful eyes,*] The folio—*mixtful*. The passage is not in the quarto. MALONE.

The poet must have wrote—*mixtful*: i. e. just ready to over-run with tears. The word he took from his observation of nature: for, just before the bursting out of tears, the eyes grow dim, as if in a mist. WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> — [*what new alarum is this fame ?*] The alarum on which Henry ordered the prifoners to be slain, was founded by the affrighted runaways from his own camp, who brought intelligence that the French had got behind him, and had pillaged it. See a subsequent note. Not knowing the extent of his danger, he gave the order here mentioned, that every foldier should kill his prifoners.

After Henry speaks these words, “ what new alarum is this fame ?” Shakspeare probably intended that a messenger should enter, and secretly communicate this intelligence to him ; though by some negligence no such marginal direction appears.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Give the word through.*] Here the quartos 1600 and 1608 ridiculously add :

*Pist. Conper gorge.* STEEVENS.

SCENE VII.<sup>3</sup>*Another Part of the Field.**Alarums. Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.*

*Flu.* Kill the poys and the luggage!<sup>4</sup> 'tis expressly against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offer'd, in the 'orld: In your conscience now, is it not?

*Gow.* 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive;

<sup>3</sup> *Scene VII.*] Here, in the other editions, they begin the fourth act, very absurdly, since both the place and time evidently continue, and the words of Fluellen immediately follow those of the King just before. POPE.

<sup>4</sup> *Kill the poys and the luggage!*] The baggage, during the battle (as King Henry had no men to spare) was guarded only by boys and lacqueys; which some French runaways getting notice of, they came down upon the English camp-boys, whom they kill'd, and plundered, and burn'd the baggage: in resentment of which villainy it was, that the king, contrary to his wonted lenity, order'd all prisoners' throats to be cut. And to this villainy of the French runaways Fluellen is alluding, when he says, *Kill the poys and the luggage!* The fact is set out both by Hall and Holinshed. THEOBALD.

Unhappily the king gives one reason for his order to kill the prisoners, and Gower another. The king killed his prisoners because he expected another battle, and he had not men sufficient to guard one army and fight another. Gower declares that the *gallant king* has *worthily* ordered the prisoners to be destroyed, because the luggage was plundered, and the boys were slain.

JOHNSON.

Our author has here, as in all his historical plays, followed Holinshed; in whose Chronicle *both* these reasons are assigned for Henry's conduct. Shakspeare therefore has not departed from history; though he has chosen to make Henry himself mention one of the reasons which actuated him, and Gower mention the other. See p. 455, n. 9. MALONE.

and the cowardly rascals, that ran from the battle, have done this slaughter: besides, they have burn'd and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused every foldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king!

*FLU.* Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, captain Gower: What call you the town's name, where Alexander the pig was born?

*Gow.* Alexander the great.

*FLU.* Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

*Gow.* I think, Alexander the great was born in Macedon; his father was called—Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

*FLU.* I think, it is in Macedon, where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain,—If you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant, you shall find, in the comparifons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is call'd Wye, at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander (God knows, and you know,) in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his

ales and his angers, look you, kill his peft friend, Clytus.

*Gow.* Our king is not like him in that; he never kill'd any of his friends.

*FLU.* It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made an end and finish'd. I fpeak but in the figures and comparifons of it: As Alexander<sup>5</sup> is kill his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; fo alfo Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgements, is turn away the fat knight<sup>6</sup> with the great pelly-doublet: he was full of jefts, and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks; I am forget his name.

*Gow.* Sir John Falstaff.

*FLU.* That is he: I can tell you, there is goot men porn at Monmouth.

*Gow.* Here comes his majesty.

<sup>5</sup> — *As Alexander*—] I fould fufpect that Shakspeare, who was well read in Sir Thomas North's tranflation of *Plutarch*, meant thefe fpeeches of Fluellen as a ridicule on the parallels of the Greek author; in which, circumftances common to all men are affembled in oppofition, and one great action is forced into comparifon with another, though as totally different in themfelves, as was the behaviour of Harry Monmouth, from that of Alexander the Great.

STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *the fat knight*—] This is the laft time that Falstaff can make fport. The poet was loath to part with him, and has continued his memory as long as he could. JOHNSON.

*Alarum. Enter King HENRY, with a part of the English forces; WARWICK,<sup>7</sup> GLOSTER, EXETER, and Others.*

*K. HEN.* I was not angry since I came to France, Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald; Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill; If they will fight with us, bid them come down, Or void the field; they do offend our fight: If they'll do neither, we will come to them; And make them skir away,<sup>8</sup> as swift as stones Enforced from the old Assyrian slings: Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have;<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> — *Warwick,*] Richard Beauchamp earl of Warwick. He did not, however, obtain that title till 1417, two years after the era of this play. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *And make them skir away,*] I meet with this word in Ben Jonson's *News from the Moon*, a Masque: "—blow him afore him as far as he can see him; or *skir* over him with his bat's wings," &c. The word has already occurred in *Macbeth*. See Vol. VII. p. 560, n. 7. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Besides, we'll cut the throats &c.*] The king is in a very bloody disposition. He has already cut the throats of his prisoners, and threatens now to cut them again. No haste of composition could produce such negligence; neither was this play, which is the second draught of the same design, written in haste. There must be some dislocation of the scenes. If we place these lines at the beginning of the twelfth scene, the absurdity will be removed, and the action will proceed in a regular series. This transposition might easily happen in copies written for the players. Yet it must not be concealed, that in the imperfect play of 1608 the order of the scenes is the same as here. JOHNSON.

The difference of the two copies, may be thus accounted for. The elder was, perhaps, taken down, during the representation, by the contrivance of some bookseller who was in haste to publish it; or it might, with equal probability, have been collected from the repetitions of actors invited to a tavern for that purpose. The manner in which many of the scenes are printed, adds strength to the supposition; for in these a single line is generally divided into two, that the quantity of the play might be seemingly

And not a man of them, that we shall take,  
Shall taste our mercy:—Go, and tell them so.

increased.—The second and more ample edition (in the folio 1623) may be that which regularly belonged to the playhouse; and yet with equal confidence we may pronounce, that every dramatic composition would materially suffer, if only transmitted to the publick through the medium of ignorance, presumption, and caprice, those common attendants on a theatre. STEEVENS.

Johnson's long note on this passage is owing to his inattention.—The prisoners whom the King had already put to death, were those which were taken in the first action; and those whom he had now in his power, and threatens to destroy, are the prisoners that were taken in the subsequent desperate charge made by Bourbon, Orleans, &c. And accordingly we find, in the next scene but one, an account of those prisoners amounting to upwards of 1500, with Bourbon and Orleans at the head of the list. It was this second attack that compelled the King to kill the prisoners whom he had taken in the first. M. MASON.

The order of the scenes is the same (as Dr. Johnson owns,) in the quarto and the folio; and the supposition of a *second* draught is, I am persuaded, a mistake, originating from Mr. Pope, whose researches on these subjects were by no means profound. The quarto copy of this play is manifestly an imperfect transcript procured by some fraud, and not a first draught or hasty sketch of Shakspeare's. The choruses, which are wanting in it, and which must have been written in 1599, before the quarto was printed, prove this. Yet Mr. Pope asserts that these choruses, and all the other passages not found in the quarto, were *added* by the author after the year 1600.

With respect however to the incongruity objected to, if it be one, Holinshed, and not our poet, is answerable for it. For thus the matter is stated by him. While the battle was yet going on, about six hundred French horsemen, who were the first that had fled, hearing that the English tents were a good way distant from the army, without a sufficient guard, entered and *pillaged the king's camp*. "When the outcry of the *lackies and boys*, which *ran away for fear of the Frenchmen*, thus spoiling the camp, came to the kings ears, he, doubting lest his enemies should gather together again and begin a new field, and mistrusting further that the *prisoners* would either be an aide to his enemies, or very enemies to their takers indeed, if they were suffered to live, contrary to his accustomed gentleness, commanded by sounde of trumpet, that *every man upon pain of death should incontinently slea his prisoner*."—Here then we have the first transaction relative to the killing of



*Enter* MONTJOY.

*Exe.* Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

the prisoners, in consequence of the spoiling of the camp, to which Fluellen alludes in the beginning of this scene, when he complains of the French having killed "the poys and the luggage:" and we see, the order for killing the prisoners arose partly from that outrage, and partly from Henry's apprehension that his enemies might renew the battle, and that his forces "were not sufficient to guard one army, and fight another."

What follows will serve to explain the king's threat in the speech now before us, at least will shew that it is not out of its place.—"When (proceeds the Chronicler,) this lamentable slaughter [of the prisoners] was ended, the Englishmen disposed themselves in order of battayle, ready to abide a new field, and also to invade and newly set on their enemies.—Some write, that the King *perceiving his enemies in one parte to assemble together*, as though they meant to give a new battaile for preservation of the prisoners, *sent to them a herault, commaunding them either to depart out of his fight, or else to come forward at once, and give battaile; promising herewith, that IF THEY DID OFFER TO FIGHT AGAYNE, NOT ONLY THOSE PRISONERS WHICH HIS PEOPLE ALREADY HAD TAKEN, BUT ALSO SO MANY OF THEM AS IN THIS NEW CONFLICTE, WHICH THEY THUS ATTEMPTED, SHOULD FALL INTO HIS HANDS, SHOULD DIE THE DEATH WITHOUT REDEMPTION.*"

The fact was, that notwithstanding the first order concerning the prisoners, they were not all put to death, as appears from a subsequent passage, (which ascertains what our author's conception was,) and from the most authentick accounts of the battle of Agincourt. "When the king sat at his refection, he was served at his boorde of those *great lords and princes that were taken in the field.*" According to Fabian, the Duke of Orleans, who was among the captives, on hearing the proclamation for putting the prisoners to death, was so alarmed, that he immediately sent a message to the newly assembled French troops, who thereupon dispersed. Hardyng, who was himself at the battle of Agincourt, says, the prisoners were put to death, "*save dukes and earles.*" Speed, on the authority of *Monstrelet*, says, "King Henry, contrary to his wonted generous nature, gave present commandment that every man should kill his prisoner, which was immediately performed, *certain principal men excepted;*" who, as another Chronicler tells us, were tied back to back, and left unguarded. With this account corresponds

GLO. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. HEN. How now! what means this, herald?  
know'st thou not,

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?  
Com'st thou again for ransom?

MONT.

No, great king:

I come to thee for charitable licence,  
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,  
To book our dead, and then to bury them;  
To fort our nobles from our common men;  
For many of our princes (woe the while!)  
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;  
(So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs  
In blood of princes;) and their wounded steeds<sup>2</sup>  
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and, with wild rage,

that of Stowe; who tells us, that "on that night, when the king sat at his refection, he was served at his boorde of *those great lords and princes that were taken in the felds.*" So also Polydore Virgil: "*Postquam bonam partem captivorum occiderunt,*" &c. And lastly Mr. Hume, on the authority of various ancient historians, says that Henry, on discovering that his danger was not so great as he at first apprehended from the attack on his camp, "stopped the slaughter, and was still able to *save a great number.*"

But though this fact were not established by the testimony of so many historians, and though *every one* of the prisoners had been put to death, according to the original order, it was certainly policy in Henry to conceal that circumstance, and to *threaten* to kill them, as if they were living; for the motive that induced the French to rally was, (we are told,) to save these prisoners; and if they had been informed that they were already executed, they might have been rendered desperate; at least would have had less inducement to lay down their arms. This however is a disquisition which is not necessary to our author's vindication. He followed the chronicle just as he found it. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — and their wounded steeds —] The old copy reads—*And with their, &c.*; the compositor's eye having probably glanced on the line beneath. Mr. Pope unnecessarily rejected both words, reading—*while their wounded steeds,* in which he was followed by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

Yerk out their armed heels<sup>3</sup> at their dead masters,  
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,  
To view the field in safety, and dispose  
Of their dead bodies.

*K. HEN.* I tell thee truly, herald,  
I know not, if the day be ours, or no;  
For yet a many of your horsemen peer,  
And gallop o'er the field.

*MONT.* The day is yours.

*K. HEN.* Praised be God, and not our strength,  
for it!—

What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by?

*MONT.* They call it—Agincourt.

*K. HEN.* Then call we this—the field of Agin-  
court,  
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

*FLU.* Your grandfather of famous memory, an't  
please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward  
the plack prince of Wales, as I have read in the  
chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in  
France.

*K. HEN.* They did, Fluellen.

*FLU.* Your majesty says very true: If your ma-  
jestic is remember'd of it, the Welshmen did goot  
service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing  
leeks in their Monmouth caps;<sup>4</sup> which, your ma-

<sup>3</sup> Yerk out their armed heels—] So, in *The Weakest goeth to the Wall*, 1600:

“ Their neighing gennets, armed to the field,  
“ Do yerk and sling, and beat the fullen ground.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — Monmouth caps;] *Monmouth caps* were formerly much worn. From the following stanza in an old ballad of *The Caps*, printed in *The Antidote against Melancholy*, 1661, p. 31, it appears they were particularly worn by soldiers:

jefty knows, to this hour is an honourable padge of the service; and, I do believe, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon faint Tavy's day.

*K. HEN.* I wear it for a memorable honour: For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

*FLU.* All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesties Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: Got ples it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

*K. HEN.* Thanks, good my countryman.

*FLU.* By Chesu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confes it to all the 'orld: I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

*K. HEN.* God keep me so!—Our heralds go with him;  
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead  
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.  
[*Points to Williams. Exeunt MONTJOY, and Others.*]

*EXE.* Soldier, you must come to the king.

*K. HEN.* Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

*WILL.* An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

“ The soldiers that the *Monmouth* wear,

“ On castle's tops their ensigns rear.

“ The seaman with the thrumbo doth stand

“ On higher parts than all the land.” REED.

“ The best caps, (says Fuller, in his *Worthies of Wales*, p. 50.) were formerly made at Monmouth, where the *Capper's* chapel doth still remain.—If (he adds) at this day [1660] the phrase of *wearing a Monmouth cap* be taken in a bad acception, I hope the inhabitants of that town will endeavour to disprove the occasion thereof.”

MALONE.

*K. HEN.* An Englishman?

*WILL.* An't please your majesty, a rascal, that swagger'd with me last night: who, if 'a live, and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o'the ear: or, if I can see my glove in his cap, (which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear, if alive,) I will strike it out soundly.

*K. HEN.* What think you, captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

*FLU.* He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

*K. HEN.* It may be, his enemy is a gentleman of great fort,<sup>5</sup> quite from the answer of his degree.<sup>6</sup>

*FLU.* Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a Jack-sauce,<sup>7</sup> as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.

*K. HEN.* Then keep thy vow, firrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

*WILL.* So I will, my liege, as I live.

*K. HEN.* Who servest thou under?

*WILL.* Under captain Gower, my liege.

<sup>5</sup> — *great fort,*] High rank. So, in the ballad of *Jane Shore*:  
“Lords and ladies of *great fort.*” JOHNSON.

The quartos, 1600 and 1608, read—*his enemy may be a gentleman of worth.* STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *quite from the answer of his degree.*] A man of such station as is not bound to hazard his person to *answer* to a challenge from one of the soldier's *low degree.* JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *Jack-sauce,*] i. e. saucy Jack. See Vol. IV. p. 407, n. 6.  
MALONE.

*FLU.* Gower is a goot captain; and is good knowledge and literature in the wars.

*K. HEN.* Call him hither to me, soldier.

*WILL.* I will, my liege. [Exit.]

*K. HEN.* Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap: When Alençon and myself were down together,<sup>8</sup> I pluck'd this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost love me.

*FLU.* Your grace does me as great honours, as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrief'd at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once; an please Got of his grace, that I might see it.

*K. HEN.* Know'st thou Gower?

*FLU.* He is my dear friend, an please you.

*K. HEN.* Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

*FLU.* I will fetch him. [Exit.]

*K. HEN.* My lord of Warwick,—and my brother Gloster,

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:

The glove, which I have given him for a favour,

May, haply, purchase him a box o'the ear;

It is the soldier's; I, by bargain, should

Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:

<sup>8</sup> *When Alençon and myself were down together,*] This circumstance is not an invention of Shakspeare's. Henry was felled to the ground at the battle of Agincourt, by the Duke of Alençon, but recovered and slew two of the Duke's attendants. Afterwards Alençon was killed by the king's guard, contrary to Henry's intention, who wished to have saved him. MALONE.

If that the soldier strike him, (as, I judge  
 By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word,)  
 Some sudden mischief may arise of it;  
 For I do know Fluellen valiant,  
 And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,  
 And quickly will return an injury:  
 Follow, and see there be no harm between them.—  
 Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [Exeunt.]

## S C E N E VIII.

*Before King Henry's Pavilion.*

*Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS.*

*WILL.* I warrant, it is to knight you, captain.

*Enter FLUELLEN.*

*FLU.* Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I pe-  
 seech you now, come apace to the king: there is  
 more goot toward you, peradventure, than is in  
 your knowledge to dream of.

*WILL.* Sir, know you this glove?

*FLU.* Know the glove? I know, the glove is a  
 glove.

*WILL.* I know this; and thus I challenge it.  
 [Strikes him.]

*FLU.* 'Sblud, an arrant traitor, as any's in the  
 univerfal 'orld, or in France, or in England.

*GOW.* How now, fir? you villain!

*WILL.* Do you think I'll be forsworn?

*FLU.* Stand away, captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows,<sup>9</sup> I warrant you.

*WILL.* I am no traitor.

*FLU.* That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him; he's a friend of the duke Alençon's.

*Enter WARWICK and GLOSTER.*

*WAR.* How now, how now! what's the matter?

*FLU.* My lord of Warwick, here is (praised be Got for it!) a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

*Enter King HENRY and EXETER.*

*K. HEN.* How now! what's the matter?

*FLU.* My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

*WILL.* My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it: and he, that I gave it to in change, promised to wear it in his cap; I promised to strike

<sup>9</sup> —into plows,] Mr. Heath very plausibly reads—in two plows. JOHNSON.

The quarto reads—I will give treason his due presently. We might therefore read—in due plows, i. e. in the beating that is so well his due.

Fuller, in his *Church History*, p. 139, speaks of the task-masters of Israel, “on whose back the number of bricks wanting were only scored in blows.” STEEVENS.

The Scotch both in speaking and in writing, frequently use *into* for *in*. However, if it should be thought necessary to amend the text, the readiest way would be to omit a syllable, and read—in plows. RITSON.



him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

*FLU.* Your majesty hear now, (savouring your majesty's manhood,) what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lowly knave it is: I hope, your majesty is per me testimony, and witness, and avouchments, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

*K. HEN.* Give me thy glove,<sup>a</sup> soldier; Look, here is the fellow of it. 'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike; and thou hast given me most bitter terms.

*FLU.* An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

*K. HEN.* How canst thou make me satisfaction?

*WILL.* All offences, my liege, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

*K. HEN.* It was ourself thou didst abuse.

*WILL.* Your majesty came not like yourself: you appear'd to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffer'd under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine: for

<sup>a</sup> *Give me thy glove,*] It must be—*give me my glove*; for of the soldier's glove the king had not the fellow. JOHNSON.

"Give me *my* glove," cannot be right, for the king had not yet acknowledged the glove to be his. M. MASON.

The text is certainly right. By "*thy* glove," the king means—the glove that thou hast now in *thy* cap; i. e. Henry's glove, which he had given to Williams, (see Act IV. sc. i.) and of which he had retained the fellow.

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. sc. iii. the nurse says to Juliet:

"—were I not thine only nurse,

"I'd say, thou had'st suck'd wisdom from *thy* teat."

i. e. the nurse's teat. MALONE.

had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

*K. HEN.* Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,

And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow;  
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,  
Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns:—  
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

*FLU.* By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly:—Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

*WILL.* I will none of your money.

*FLU.* It is with a goot will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: Come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so goot: <sup>2</sup> 'tis a goot silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

*Enter an English Herald.*

*K. HEN.* Now, herald; are the dead number'd? <sup>3</sup>

*HER.* Here is the number of the slaughter'd French. [*Delivers a paper.*]

*K. HEN.* What prisoners of good fort are taken, uncle?

<sup>2</sup> ——— *your shoes is not so goot:*] In the most minute particulars we find Shakspeare's observant as in matters of the highest moment. *Shoes* are, above any other article of dress, an object of attention to the common soldier, and most liable to be worn out.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Now, herald; are the dead number'd?*] I have little doubt but that this defective line was originally written as follows:

*Now, herald, are the dead on both sides number'd."*

STEVENS.

EXE. Charles duke of Orleans,<sup>4</sup> nephew to the king;

John duke of Bourbon, and lord Bouciqualt:  
Of other lords, and barons, knights, and 'squires,  
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. HEN. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French,

That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,  
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead  
One hundred twenty-six: added to these,  
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,  
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,  
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:  
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,  
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;<sup>5</sup>  
The rest are—princes, barons, lords, knights,  
'squires,

And gentlemen of blood and quality.  
The names of those their nobles that lie dead,—  
Charles De-la-bret,<sup>6</sup> high constable of France;

<sup>4</sup> *Charles duke of Orleans, &c.*] This list is copied from Hall.  
POPE.

It is taken from Holinshed. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *fifteen hundred mercenaries;*] *Mercenaries* are in this place *common soldiers, or hired soldiers.* The gentlemen served at their own charge in consequence of their tenures. JOHNSON.

I doubt the accuracy of Dr. Johnson's assertion, that "the gentlemen served at their own charge in consequence of their tenures;" as, I take it, this practice, which was always confined to those holding by knights' service, and to the term of forty days, had fallen into complete disuse long before Henry the Fifth's time; and personal service would not, at that period, have excused the subsidies which were paid in lieu of it. Even the nobility were, for the most part, retained by contract to serve, with the numbers, for the time, and at the wages, specified in the indenture. RITSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Charles De-la-bret,*] *De-la-bret,* as is already observed, should be *Charles D'Albret,* would the measure permit of such a change. Holinshed sometimes apologizes for the omission of foreign names,

Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;  
The master of the cross-bows, lord Rambures;  
Great-master of France, the brave sir Guischart  
Dauphin;

John duke of Alençon; Antony duke of Brabant,  
The brother to the duke of Burgundy;  
And Edward duke of Bar: of lusty earls,  
Grandpré, and Rouffi, Fauconberg, and Foix,  
Beaumont, and Marle, Vaudemont, and Lestrale.  
Here was a royal fellowship of death!—  
Where is the number of our English dead?

[Herald *presents another paper.*

Edward the duke of York,<sup>7</sup> the earl of Suffolk,  
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire:<sup>8</sup>  
None else of name; and, of all other men,  
But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here,  
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,  
Ascribe we all.—When, without stratagem,  
But in plain shock, and even play of battle,  
Was ever known so great and little loss,  
On one part and on the other?—Take it, God,  
For it is only thine!

EXE. 'Tis wonderful!

K. HEN. Come, go we in procession to the village:

on account of his inability to spell them, but always calls this nobleman "the lord *de la Breth*, constable of France." See p. 370, n. 9. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Edward the duke of York,*] This, and the two following lines, in the quartos, are given to Exeter. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *Davy Gam, esquire:*] This gentleman being sent by Henry before the battle, to reconnoitre the enemy, and to find out their strength, made this report: "May it please you, my liege, there are enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away." He saved the king's life in the field. Had our poet been apprized of this circumstance, this brave Welshman would probably have been more particularly noticed, and not have been merely registered in a muster-roll of names. MALONE.

And be it death proclaimed through our host,  
To boast of this, or take that praise from God,  
Which is his only.

*FLU.* Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to  
tell how many is kill'd?

*K. HEN.* Yes, captain; but with this acknow-  
ledgement,  
That God fought for us.

*FLU.* Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

*K. HEN.* Do we all holy rites;<sup>9</sup>  
Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*.  
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,  
We'll then to Calais; and to England then;  
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.  
[*Exeunt.*

<sup>9</sup> *Do we all holy rites;*] The king (say the Chronicles) caused the psalm, *In exitu Israel de Ægypto* (in which, according to the vulgate, is included the psalm, *Non nobis, Domine, &c.*) to be sung after the victory. POPE.

“ The king (says Holinshed) when he saw no appearance of enemies, caused the retreat to be blown, and gathering his army together, gave thanks to Almighty God for so happy a victory, causing his prelates and chapelcains to sing this psalme, *In exitu Israel de Ægypto*; and commaunding every man to kneele downe, on the grounde at this verse—*Non nobis, domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam*: which done, he caused *Te Deum* and certain anthems to be sung, giving laud and praise to God, and not boasting of his owne force, or any humaine power.” MALONE.

## A C T V.

*Enter* CHORUS.

CHOR. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,

That I may prompt them: and of such as have,  
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse  
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,  
Which cannot in their huge and proper life  
Be here presented. Now we bear the king  
Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,<sup>2</sup>  
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,  
Athwart the sea: Behold, the English beach  
Pales in the flood with men, with wives,<sup>3</sup> and boys,  
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd  
sea,  
Which, like a mighty whiffler<sup>4</sup> 'fore the king,

<sup>2</sup> ——— *grant him there; there seen,*] If *Toward* be not abbreviated, our author with his accustomed licence uses one of these words as a disyllable, while to the other he assigns only its due length. See Vol. V. p. 467, n. 8. MALONE.

I suspect the omission of some word or words essential to the metre. Our poet might have written:

*Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen a while,  
Heave him away &c.* STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— with *wives,*] *With*, which is wanting in the old copy, was supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *a mighty whiffler*—] An officer who walks first in processions, or before persons in high stations, on occasions of ceremony. The name is still retained in London, and there is an officer so called that walks before their companies at times of public solemnity. It seems a corruption from the French word *huiffier*.

HANMER.

See Mr. T. Warton's note to the tragedy of *Othello*, Act III. sc. ii.

Seems to prepare his way: so let him land;  
 And, solemnly, see him set on to London.  
 So swift a pace hath thought, that even now  
 You may imagine him upon Blackheath:  
 Where that his lords desire him, to have borne<sup>5</sup>  
 His bruised helmet, and his bended sword,  
 Before him, through the city: he forbids it,  
 Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;  
 Giving full trophy,<sup>6</sup> signal, and ostent,  
 Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,  
 In the quick forge and workinghouse of thought,  
 How London doth pour out her citizens!  
 The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,—  
 Like to the senators of the antique Rome,

In the play of *Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield*, &c. 1599, a *whiffler* makes his appearance at a tournament, clearing the way before the king. In *Westward Ho*, by Decker and Webster, 1607, the term is often mentioned.

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

“ I can go into no corner, but I meet with some of my *whiffers* in their accoutrements; you may hear them half a mile ere they come at you.”

“ — I am afraid of nothing but that I shall be balladed, I and all my *whiffers*.”

Again, in *Westward Ho*, 1607:

“ The torch-men and *whiffers* had an item to receive him.”

Again, in *TEXNOFAMIA*, 1618:

“ Tobacco is a *whiffler*,

“ And cries huff snuff with furie:

“ His pipe's his club and linke,” &c.

Again, in *The Isle of Gulls*, 1606:

“ And Manasses shall go before like a *whiffler*, and make way with his horns.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — to have borne &c.] The construction is, to have his bruised helmet, &c. borne before him through the city: i. e. to order it to be borne. This circumstance also our author found in Holinshed. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Giving full trophy,] Transferring all the honours of conquest, all trophies, tokens, and shows, from himself to God.

JOHNSON.

With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—  
Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in:  
As, by a lower but by loving likelihood,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> — *likelihood*,] Likelihood for similitude. WARBURTON.

The later editors, in hope of mending the measure of this line, have injured the sense. The folio reads as I have printed; but all the books, since revival became fashionable, and editors have been more diligent to display themselves than to illustrate their author, have given the line thus:

*As by a low, but loving likelihood.*

Thus they have destroyed the praise which the poet designed for Essex; for who would think himself honoured by the epithet *low*? The poet, desirous to celebrate that great man, whose popularity was then his boast, and afterwards his destruction, compares him to king Harry; but being afraid to offend the rival courtiers, or perhaps the queen herself, he confesses that he *is lower* than a king, but would never have represented him absolutely as *low*.

JOHNSON.

Mr. Pope made this improper alteration; as well as a thousand others equally reprehensible.—Our author had the best grounds for supposing that Lord Essex on his return from Ireland would be attended with a numerous concourse of well-wishers; for, on his setting out for that country in the spring of the year in which this play was written, “he took horse (says the continuator of Stowe’s Chronicle,) in Seeling lane, and from thence being accompanied with diverse noblemen and many others, himselfe very plainly attired, roade through Grace-church street, Cornhill, Cheapside, and other high streets, in all which places and in the fields, the people pressed exceedingly to behold him, especially in the high way for more than foure miles space, crying, and saying, God blesse your Lordship, God preserve your honour, &c. and some followed him till the evening, only to behold him.”—“Such and so great (adds the same writer) was the hearty love and deep affection of the people towards him, by reason of his bounty, liberalitie, affabilitie, and mild behaviour, that as well schollars, souldiers, citizens, saylers, &c. protestants, papists, sectaries and atheists, yea, women and children which never saw him, that it was held in them a happines to follow the worst of his fortunes” That such a man should have fallen a sacrifice to the caprice of a fantastick woman, and the machinations of the detestable Cecil, must ever be lamented.—His return from Ireland, however, was very different from what our poet predicted. See a curious account of it in the Sydney Papers, Vol. II. p. 127.

MALONE.



Were now the general of our gracious empress<sup>8</sup>  
 (As, in good time, he may,) from Ireland coming,  
 Bringing rebellion broached<sup>9</sup> on his sword,  
 How many would the peaceful city quit,  
 To welcome him? much more, and much more  
 cause,  
 Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;  
 (As yet the lamentation of the French  
 Invites the king of England's stay at home:  
 The emperor's coming<sup>a</sup> in behalf of France,  
 To order peace between them;) and omit  
 All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,

<sup>8</sup> —the general of our gracious empress—] The earl of Essex in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. POPE.

Few noblemen of his age were more courted by poets. From Spenser, to the lowest rhymers, he was the subject of numerous sonnets or popular ballads. I will not except Sydney. I could produce evidence to prove, that he scarce ever went out of England, or left London, on the most frivolous enterprize, without a pastoral in his praise, or a panegyric in metre, which were sold and sung in the streets. T. WARTON.

To such compliments as are here bestowed by our author on the earl of Essex, Barnabie Riche, in his *Souldier's Wisbe to Britons Welfare, or Captain Skill and Captain Pill*, 1604, p. 21, seems to allude: "—not so much as a memorandum for the most honourable enterprizes, how worthily so ever performed, unless perhaps a little commendation in a ballad, or if a man be favoured by a playmaker, he may sometimes be canonized on a stage." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Bringing rebellion broached—] Spitted, transfixed.

JOHNSON.

<sup>a</sup> The emperor's coming—] The emperor Sigismund, who was married to Henry's second cousin. If the text be right, I suppose the meaning is,—The emperor *is* coming; &c. but I suspect some corruption, for the chorus speaks of the emperor's visit as now *past*. I believe, a line has been lost before "The emperor's" &c.—If we transpose the words *and omit*, we have a very unmetrical line, but better sense. "Omit the emperor's coming,—and all the occurrences which happened till Harry's return to France." Perhaps this was the author's meaning, even as the words stand. If so, the mark of parenthesis should be placed after the word *home*, and a comma after *them*. MALONE.

Till Harry's back-return again to France;  
 There must we bring him; and myself have play'd  
 The interim, by remembering you—'tis past.  
 Then brook abridgement; and your eyes advance  
 After your thoughts, straight back again to France.  
 [Exit.]

S C E N E I.<sup>3</sup>

France. *An English Court of guard.*

*Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.*

*Gow.* Nay, that's right; But why wear you your leek to-day? *saint Davy's day is past.*

*FLU.* There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, captain Gower; The rascally, scald, beggarly, lowfy, pragging knave, Pistol,—which you and yourself, and all the 'orld, know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits,—he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not breed no contentions with him; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

<sup>3</sup> *Scene I.]* This scene ought, in my opinion, to conclude the fourth act, and be placed before the last chorus. There is no English camp in this act; the quarrel apparently happened before the return of the army to England, and not after so long an interval as the chorus has supplied. JOHNSON.

*Fluellen* presently says, that he wore his leek in consequence of an affront he had received but the day before from Pistol. Their present quarrel has therefore no reference to that begun in the sixth scene of the third act. STEEVENS.

*Enter* PISTOL.

*Gow.* Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

*FLU.* 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks.—Got ples you, ancient Pistol! you scurvy, lowfy knave, Got ples you!

*PIST.* Ha! art thou Bedlam? dost thou thirst, bafe Trojan,  
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?<sup>4</sup>  
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

*FLU.* I pefeech you heartily, scurvy lowfy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions; to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

*PIST.* Not for Cadwallader, and all his goats.

*FLU.* There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*]  
Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it?

*PIST.* Bafe Trojan, thou shalt die.

*FLU.* You say very true, scald knave, when Got's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce for it. [*Striking him again.*] You call'd me yesterday, mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree.<sup>5</sup> I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

<sup>4</sup> *To have me fold up &c.*] Dost thou desire to have me put thee to death, JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> —*squire of low degree.*] That is, *I will bring thee to the ground.* JOHNSON.

*Gow.* Enough, captain; you have astonish'd him.<sup>6</sup>

*FLU.* I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days:—Pite, I pray you; it is goot for your green wound, and your bloody coxcomb.

*P1ST.* Must I bite?

*FLU.* Yes, certainly; and out of doubt, and out of questions too, and ambiguities.

*P1ST.* By this leek, I will most horribly revenge; I eat, and eat, I swear.<sup>7</sup>

*FLU.* Eat, I pray you: Will you have some more fauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

*The Squire of Low Degree* is the title of an old romance, enumerated among other books in a letter concerning *Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth*. STEEVENS.

This metrical romance, which was very popular among our countrymen in ancient times, was burlesqued by Chaucer in his rhyme of *Sir Thopas*, and begins thus:

“ It was a *squyre of lowe degre,*

“ That loved the king's daughter of Hungré.”

See *Reliques of English Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 30, 2d edition.

PERCY.

<sup>6</sup> — astonish'd him.] That is, you have stunned him with the blow. JOHNSON.

Rather, you have confounded him. M. MASON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation is the true one. So, in the Second Book of *The Destruction of Troy*: “ Theseus smote again upon his enemy, which &c.—and struck Theseus so fiercely with his sword—that he was *astonished* with the stroke.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *I eat, and eat, I swear.*] Thus the first folio, for which the later editors have put, *I eat and swear*. We should read, I suppose, in the frigid tumour of Pistol's dialect:

*I eat, and eke I swear.* JOHNSON.

Thus also Pistol, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

“ And I to Ford shall *eke* unfold —,” STEEVENS.

Perhaps, “ I eat, and *eating* swear.” HOLT WHITE.

*P1ST.* Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see, I eat.

*FLU.* Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, 'pray you, throw none away; the skin is goot for your proken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at them; that is all.

*P1ST.* Good.

*FLU.* Ay, leeks is goot:—Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

*P1ST.* Me a groat!

*FLU.* Yes, verily, and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

*P1ST.* I take thy groat, in earnest of revenge.

*FLU.* If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels; you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*]

*P1ST.* All hell shall stir for this.

*GOW.* Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition,—begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceas'd valour,—and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking<sup>s</sup> and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and, henceforth, let a Welsh

<sup>s</sup> — gleeking—] i. e. scoffing, sneering. *Gleek* was a game at cards. So, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, 1614: "Why *gleek*, that's your only game—" "*Gleek* let it be; for I am persuaded I shall *gleek* some of you." Again, in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1661: "— I suddenly *gleek*, or men be aware." STEEVENS.

correction teach you a good English condition.<sup>9</sup>  
Fare ye well. [Exit.]

*Pist.* Doth fortune play the hufwife<sup>3</sup> with me now?  
News have I, that my Nell is dead<sup>3</sup> i'the spital  
Of malady of France;  
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.  
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs  
Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd will I turn,  
And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.  
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:  
And patches will I get unto these scars,  
And swear, I got them in the Gallia wars. [Exit.]<sup>4</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — *English condition.*] *Condition* is temper, disposition of mind. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*: "if he have the *condition* of a faint, with the complexion of a devil." STEEVENS.

See p. 494, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Doth fortune play the hufwife*—] That is, the *jilt*. *Hufwife* is here in an ill sense. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *News have I, that my Nell is dead &c.*] Old copy—*Doll*.

STEEVENS.

We must read—*my Nell is dead*. In a former scene Pistol says: "Nor shall my *Nell* keep lodgers." MALONE.] Doll Tearsheet was so little the favourite of Pistol, that he offered her in contempt to Nym. Nor would her death have *cut off his rendezvous*; that is, *deprived him of a home*. Perhaps the poet forgot his plan.

In the quartos, 1600 and 1608, the lines are read thus:

"Doth fortune playe the hufwyfe with me now?  
"Is honour cudgel'd from my warlike lines [loins] ?  
"Well, France farewell. News have I certainly,  
"That Doll is sick one [on] mallydie of France.  
"The warres affordeth nought; home will I trug,  
"Bawd will I turne, and use the slyte of hand;  
"To England will I steal, and there I'll steal;  
"And patches will I get unto these skarres,  
"And swear I gat them in the Gallia wars."

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> The comic scenes of *The History of Henry the Fourth* and *Fifth* are now at an end, and all the comic personages are now dismissed. Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly are dead; Nym and Bardolph are hanged; Gadshill was lost immediately after the robbery; Poins and Peter

## S C E N E II.

Troyes in Champagne.<sup>5</sup> *An Apartment in the French King's Palace.*

*Enter, at one door, King HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other Lords; at another, the French King, Queen ISABEL, the Princess KATHARINE, Lords, Ladies, &c. the Duke of BURGUNDY, and his Train.*

K. HEN. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!<sup>6</sup>

Unto our brother France,—and to our sister,

have vanished since, one knows not how; and Pistol is now beaten into obscurity. I believe every reader regrets their departure.

JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> Henry some time before his marriage with Katharine, accompanied by his brothers, uncles, &c. had a conference with her, the French King and Queen, the Duke of Burgundy, &c. in a field near Melun, where two pavilions were erected for the royal families, and a third between them for the council to assemble in and deliberate on the articles of peace. "The Frenchmen, (says the Chronicle,) ditched, trenched, and paled their lodgings for fear of after-clappes; but the Englishmen had their parte of the field only barred and parted." But the treaty was then broken off. Sometime afterwards they again met in St. Peter's church at Troyes in Champagne, where Katharine was affianced to Henry, and the articles of peace between France and England finally concluded.—Shakspeare, having mentioned in the course of this scene, "a bar and royal interview," seems to have had the former place of meeting in his thoughts; the description of the field near Melun in the Chronicle somewhat corresponding to that of a bar or barriers. But the place of the present scene is certainly Troyes in Champagne. However, as St. Peter's church would not admit of the French King and Queen, &c. retiring, and then appearing again on the scene, I have supposed, with the former editors, the interview to take place in a palace. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!*] Peace, for which we are here met, be to this meeting.

Here, after the chorus, the fifth Act seems naturally to begin.

JOHNSON.

Health and fair time of day:—joy and good wishes  
 To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;  
 And (as a branch and member of this royalty,  
 By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,)  
 We do salute you, duke of Burgundy;—  
 And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

*FR. KING.* Right joyous are we to behold your face,  
 Most worthy brother England; fairly met:—  
 So are you, princes English, every one.

*Q. ISA.* So happy be the issue, brother England,  
 Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,  
 As we are now glad to behold your eyes;  
 Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them  
 Against the French, that met them in their bent,  
 The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:<sup>6</sup>  
 The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,  
 Have lost their quality; and that this day  
 Shall change all griefs, and quarrels, into love.

*K. HEN.* To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

*Q. ISA.* You English princes all, I do salute you.

*BUR.* My duty to you both, on equal love,  
 Great kings of France and England! That I have  
 labour'd

With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,  
 To bring your most imperial majesties  
 Unto this bar<sup>7</sup> and royal interview,  
 Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.  
 Since then my office hath so far prevail'd,

<sup>6</sup> *The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:]* So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“ Make me not *figh*ted like the *basilisk*.”

It was anciently supposed that this serpent could destroy the object of its vengeance by merely looking at it. See Vol. X. p. 96, n. 9.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Unto this bar—]* To this *barrier*; to this place of congress.

JOHNSON.



That, face to face, and royal eye to eye,  
 You have congreeted; let it not disgrace me,  
 If I demand, before this royal view,  
 What rub, or what impediment, there is,  
 Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,  
 Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,  
 Should not, in this best garden of the world,  
 Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?  
 Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd;  
 And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,  
 Corrupting in its own fertility.  
 Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,  
 Unpruned dies: \* her hedges even-pleach'd,—  
 Like prisoners wildly over-grown with hair, †

\* *Unpruned dies*:] We must read, *lies*; for neglect of pruning does not kill the vine, but causes it to ramify immoderately, and grow wild; by which the requisite nourishment is withdrawn from its fruit. WARBURTON.

This emendation is physically right, but poetically the vine may be well enough said to die, which ceases to bear fruit.

JOHNSON.

† — *ber hedges even-pleach'd*,—

*Like prisoners wildly over-grown with hair, &c.*] This image of prisoners is oddly introduced. A *hedge even-pleach'd* is more properly imprisoned than when it luxuriates in unpruned exuberance.

JOHNSON.

Johnson's criticism on this passage has no just foundation. The king compares the disorderly shoots of an unclipped hedge, to the hair and beard of a prisoner, which he has neglected to trim; a neglect natural to a person who lives alone, and in a dejected state of mind. M. MASON.

The learned commentator [Dr. Johnson] misapprehended, I believe, our author's sentiment. Hedges are pleached, that is, their long branches being cut off, are twisted and woven through the lower part of the hedge, in order to thicken and strengthen the fence. The following year, when the hedge shoots out, it is customary in many places to clip the shoots, so as to render them even. The Duke of Burgundy therefore, among other instances of the neglect of husbandry, mentions this; that the hedges, which

Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas  
 The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,  
 Doth root upon; while that the coulter ruffs,  
 That should deracinate<sup>9</sup> such savagery:  
 The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth  
 The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,  
 Wanting the scythe, all<sup>2</sup> uncorrected, rank,  
 Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems,  
 But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,  
 Losing both beauty and utility.  
 And as our vineyards,<sup>3</sup> fallows, meads, and hedges,  
 Defective in their natures,<sup>4</sup> grow to wildness;

were even-pleached, for want of trimming put forth irregular twigs; like prisoners, who in their confinement have neglected the use of the razor, and in consequence are wildly overgrown with hair. The hedge in its cultivated state, when it is *even-pleached*, is compared to the prisoner; in its "wild exuberance," it resembles the prisoner "overgrown with hair."

As a hedge, however, that is *even-pleached* or woven together, and one that is *clipt*, are alike reduced to an even surface, our author with his usual licence might have meant only by *even-pleached*, "our hedges which were heretofore *clipp'd* smooth and even."

The line "Like prisoners" &c. it should be observed, relates to the one which follows, and not to that which precedes it. The construction is, Her even-pleached hedges put forth disorder'd twigs, resembling persons in prison, whose faces are from neglect over-grown with hair. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *deracinate*—] To *deracinate* is to force up by the roots. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

" ————— rend and *deracinate*

" The unity," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *all*—] Old copy, unmetrically—*with*ball. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *And as our vineyards,*] The old copy reads—*And all our vineyards*. The emendation was made by Mr. Roderick.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Defective in their natures,*] *Nature* had been changed by some of the editors into *nurture*; but, as Mr. Upton observes, unnecessarily. *Sua deficiuntur natura*. They were not defective in their

Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,  
 Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,  
 The sciences that should become our country;  
 But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,  
 That nothing do but meditate on blood,—  
 To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire,<sup>5</sup>  
 And every thing that seems unnatural.  
 Which to reduce into our former favour,<sup>6</sup>  
 You are assembled: and my speech entreats,  
 That I may know the let, why gentle peace  
 Should not expel these inconveniencies,  
 And bless us with her former qualities.

*K. HEN.* If, duke of Burgundy, you would the  
 peace,  
 Whose want gives growth to the imperfections  
 Which you have cited, you must buy that peace  
 With full accord to all our just demands;  
 Whose tenours and particular effects  
 You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

*crefcive* nature, for they grew to wildness; but they were defective in their proper and favourable nature, which was to bring forth food for man. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — diffus'd attire,] *Diffus'd*, for extravagant. The military habit of those times was extremely so. Act III. Gower says, *And what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp, will do amongst, &c. is wonderful to be thought on.* WARBURTON.

*Diffus'd* is so much used by our author for *wild, irregular, and strange*, that in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* he applies it to a song supposed to be sung by fairies. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Lear*, Act I. sc. iv:

“ If that as well I other accents borrow,

“ That can my speech *diffuse*,——”

See note on this passage. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — former favour,] Former appearance. JOHNSON.

So, in *Othello*:

“ ——nor should I know him,

“ Were he in *favour* as in humour alter'd.” STEEVENS.

BUR. The king hath heard them; to the which,  
as yet,  
There is no answer made.

K. HEN. Well then, the peace,  
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

FR. KING. I have but with a curfory eye  
O'er-glanc'd the articles: pleaseth your grace  
To appoint some of your council presently  
To fit with us once more, with better heed  
To re-survey them, we will, suddenly,  
Pass our accept, and peremptory answer.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> ——— we will, suddenly,

*Pass our accept, and peremptory answer.*] As the French king desires more time to consider deliberately of the articles, 'tis odd and absurd for him to say absolutely, that he would accept them all. He certainly must mean, that he would at once *wave* and *decline* what he disliked, and consign to such as he approved of. Our author uses *pass* in this manner in other places; as in *King John*:

“ But if you fondly *pass* our proffer'd love.”

WARBURTON.

The objection is founded, I apprehend, on a misconception of the word *accept*, which does not, I think, import that he would accept them all, but means *acceptation*. We will immediately, says he, deliver our *acceptation* of these articles,—the opinion which we shall form upon them, and our peremptory answer to each particular. Fuller in his *Worthies*, 1660, uses *acceptation* for *acceptation*. See sc. vii. of the preceding act, p. 459, n. 4.

If any change were to be made, I would rather read,—“ Pass or except,” &c. i. e. agree to, or except against the articles, as I should either approve or dislike them. So, in a subsequent part of this scene:

“ Nor this I have not, brother, so deny'd,

“ But your request shall make me let it *pass*.” MALONE.

*Pass our accept, and peremptory answer.*] i. e. we will pass our acceptance of what we approve, and we will pass a peremptory answer to the rest. Politeness might forbid his saying, we will pass a denial, but his own dignity required more time for deliberation. Besides, if we read *pass* or *accept*, is not *peremptory answer* superfluous, and plainly implied in the former words?

TOLLET,

K. HEN. Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,—  
 And brother Clarence,<sup>8</sup>—and you, brother Gloster,—  
 Warwick,—and Huntington,—go with the king:  
 And take with you free power, to ratify,  
 Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best  
 Shall see advantageable for our dignity,  
 Any thing in, or out of, our demands;  
 And we'll confign thereto.—Will you, fair sifter,  
 Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. ISA. Our gracious brother, I will go with  
 them;

Haply, a woman's voice may do some good,  
 When articles, too nicely urg'd, be stood on.

K. HEN. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with  
 us;

She is our capital demand, compris'd  
 Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. ISA. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all but HENRY, KATHARINE, and her  
 Gentlewoman.*]

K. HEN. Fair Katharine, and most fair!<sup>9</sup>  
 Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,  
 Such as will enter at a lady's ear,  
 And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

<sup>8</sup> *And brother Clarence,]* Neither *Clarence* nor *Huntington*, whom the king here addresses, has been enumerated in the *Dramatis Personæ*, as neither of them speaks a word. *Huntington* was John Holland, earl of *Huntington*, who afterwards married the widow of *Edmond Mortimer*, earl of *March*. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Fair Katharine, and most fair!]* Shakspeare might have taken the hint for this scene from the anonymous play of *Henry V.* so often quoted, where the king begins with greater bluntness, and with an exordium most truly English:

“How now, fair lady Katharine of France!

“What news?” STEEVENS.

KATH. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

K. HEN. O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

KATH. *Pardonnez moy*, I cannot tell vat is—like me.

K. HEN. An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.

KATH. *Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?*

ALICE. *Ouy, vrayment, (sauf vostre grace) ainsi dit il.*

K. HEN. I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

KATH. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines des tromperies.*

K. HEN. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

ALICE. *Ouy; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princefs.<sup>2</sup>*

K. HEN. The princefs is the better English-woman. I'faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad, thou can'st speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a

<sup>2</sup> — *dat is de princefs.*] Surely this should be—"Dat says de princefs. This is in answer to the king, who asks, "What says she, fair one?" M. MASON.

I believe the old reading is the true one. By—*dat is the princefs*, the lady in her broken English, means—*that is what the princefs has said*. Perhaps, the speaker was desirous to exempt herself from suspicion of concurrence in a general censure on the sincerity of mankind. STEEVENS.

plain king,<sup>3</sup> that thou wouldst think, I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love you: then, if you urge me further than to say—Do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith, do; and so clap hands, and a bargain:<sup>4</sup> How say you, lady?

KATH. *Sauf vostre bonneur*, me understand well.

K. HEN. Marry, if you would put me to verses,

<sup>3</sup> ——— *such a plain king*,] I know not why Shakspeare now gives the king nearly such a character as he made him formerly ridicule in Percy. This military grossness and unskilfulness in all the softer arts does not suit very well with the gaieties of his youth, with the general knowledge ascribed to him at his accession, or with the contemptuous message sent him by the dauphin, who represents him as fitter for a ball-room than the field, and tells him that he is not to *revel into duchies*, or win provinces *with a nimble galliard*. The truth is, that the poet's matter failed him in the fifth act, and he was glad to fill it up with whatever he could get; and not even Shakspeare can write well without a proper subject. It is a vain endeavour for the most skilful hand to cultivate barrenness, or to paint upon vacuity. JOHNSON.

Our author, I believe, was led imperceptibly by the old play to give this representation of Henry, and meant probably, in this speech at least, not to oppose the *soldier* to the *lover*, but the plain honest *Englishman*, to the less sincere and more talkative *Frenchman*. In the old *King Henry V.* quarto, 1598, the corresponding speech stands thus:

“ Hen. Tush Kate, but tell me in plain terms,

“ Canst thou love the king of England?

“ I cannot do *as these countries* [perhaps *counties*, i. e. noblemen] *do*,

“ That spend half their time in wooing:

“ Tush, wench, *I am none such*;

“ But wilt thou go over to England?”

The subsequent speech, however, “Marry, if you would put me to verses,” &c. fully justifies Dr. Johnson's observation.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *and so clap hands, and a bargain*:] See Vol. VII. p. 17, n. 9. REED.

or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure,<sup>2</sup> yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my faddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or, if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and fit like a jack-an-apes, never off: but, before God, I cannot look greenly,<sup>3</sup> nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier:<sup>4</sup> If thou canst love me for this, take me: if not, to say to thee—that I shall die, is true; but—for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and

<sup>2</sup> — no strength in measure,] i. e. in dancing. So, in *As you like it*:

“ I am for other than for dancing *measures*.”

The word—*measure* signifying a stately dance so called, occurs in *Much ado about Nothing*, *King Henry VIII.* and other plays of our author. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — look greenly,] i. e. like a young lover, awkwardly. The same adverb occurs in *Hamlet*:

“ — and we have done but *greenly*,

“ In hugger-mugger to inter him——.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *I speak to thee plain soldier*:] Similar phraseology has already occurred in *King John*:

“ He *speaks plain cannon*, fire, and bounce, and sinock.”

See Vol. VIII. p. 59. STEEVENS.



uncoined constancy;<sup>5</sup> for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours,—they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad, A good leg will fall;<sup>6</sup> a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curl'd pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me: And take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king: And what say'st thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

KATH. Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France?<sup>7</sup>

K. HEN. No; it is not possible, you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it;

<sup>5</sup> — take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy;] i. e. A constancy in the ingot, that hath suffered no alloy, as all coined metal has. WARBURTON.

I believe this explanation to be more ingenious than true; to coin is to stamp and to counterfeit. He uses it in both senses; uncoined constancy signifies real and true constancy, unrefined and unadorned.

JOHNSON.

“Uncoined constancy,” resembling a plain piece of metal that has not yet received any impression. Katharine was the first woman that Henry had ever loved. A. C.

<sup>6</sup> — fall;] i. e. shrink, fall away. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France?] So, in the anonymous play of the *Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*:

“Kate. How should I love thee, which is my father's enemy?”  
STEEVENS.

I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

*KATH.* I cannot tell vat is dat.

*K. HEN.* No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which, I am sure, will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ay la possession de France, & quand vous avez le possession de moi,* (let me see, what then? Saint Dennis be my speed!)—*done vostre est France, & vous estes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

*KATH.* *Sauf vostre bonneur, le François que vous parlez, est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

*K. HEN.* No, 'faith, is't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

*KATH.* I cannot tell.

*K. HEN.* Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know, thou lovest me: and at night when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me, that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me, tells me,—thou shalt,) I get thee with scrambling,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> ——— *with scrambling,*] i. e. *scrambling.* See Dr. Percy's note in the first scene of this play. See p. 269; and Vol. IV. p. 526, n. 2. STEVENS.

and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder: Shall not thou and I, between faint Dennis and faint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople,<sup>9</sup> and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what say'st thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

KATH. I do not know dat.

K. HEN. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy; and, for my English moiety, take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon tres chere et divine deesse?*

KATH. Your *majesté* 'ave *fausse* French enough to deceive de most *fage damoiselle* dat is *en France*.

K. HEN. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear, thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect<sup>2</sup> of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition!

<sup>9</sup> — go to Constantinople,] Shakspeare has here committed an anachronism. The Turks were not possessed of Constantinople before the year 1453, when Henry V. had been dead thirty-one years. THEOBALD.

<sup>2</sup> — untempering effect—] Certainly *untempting*.

WARBURTON.

*Untempering* I believe to have been the poet's word. The sense is, I conceive that you love me, notwithstanding my face has no power to *temper*, i. e. soften you to my purpose:

" ——— nature made you

" To temper man ———." *Orway*.

So again, in *Titus Andronicus*, which may, at least, be quoted as the work of an author contemporary with Shakspeare:

" And temper him with all the art I have."

Again, in *King Henry IV.* Part II: "I have him already *tempering* between my thumb and finger ———." STEVENS.

he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say—Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantaganet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken musick; for thy voice is musick, and thy English broken: therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English, Wilt thou have me?

*KATH.* Dat is, as it shall please de roy mon pere.

*K. HEN.* Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

*KATH.* Den it shall also content me.

*K. HEN.* Upon that I will kiss your hand, and I call you—my queen.

*KATH.* *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abbaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure; excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon tres puissant seigneur.*

*K. HEN.* Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

KATH. *Les dames, & damoifelles, pour estre baiseés devant leur nopces, il n'est pas le coûtume de France.*

K. HEN. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

ALICE. Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les ladies* of France,—I cannot tell what is, *baifer, en English.*

K. HEN. To kifs.

ALICE. Your majesty *entendre* better *que moy.*

K. HEN. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kifs before they are married, would she say?

ALICE. *Ouy, vrayment.*

K. HEN. O, Kate, nice customs curt'sy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list<sup>3</sup> of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places, stops the mouths of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country, in denying me a kifs: therefore, patiently, and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs.<sup>4</sup> Here comes your father.

<sup>3</sup> — weak list—] i. e. slight barrier. So, in *Otello*:

“ Confine yourself within a patient list.” STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — your lips,—should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs.] So, in the old anonymous *Henry V*:

“ — Tell thy father from me, that none in the world should sooner have persuaded me,” &c. STEVENS.

*Enter the French King and Queen, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WESTMORELAND, and other French and English Lords.*

*BUR.* God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our prince's English?

*K. HEN.* I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

*BUR.* Is she not apt?

*K. HEN.* Our tongue is rough, coz; and my condition is not smooth:<sup>5</sup> so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

*BUR.* Pardon the frankness of my mirth,<sup>6</sup> if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her you must make a circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked, and blind: Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

*K. HEN.* Yet they do wink, and yield; as love is blind, and enforces.

*BUR.* They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

<sup>5</sup> ——— my condition is not smooth:] *Condition* is temper. So, in *King Henry IV.* Part I. Act I. sc. iii:

“ ——— my condition,

“ Which has been smooth as oil,” &c.

See Vol. VI. p. 29, n. 8. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Pardon the frankness of my mirth,*] We have here but a mean dialogue for princes; the merriment is very gross, and the sentiments are very worthless. JOHNSON.

*K. HEN.* Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent to winking.

*BUR.* I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summer'd and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

*K. HEN.* This moral<sup>7</sup> ties me over to time, and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

*BUR.* As love is, my lord, before it loves.

*K. HEN.* It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness; who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

*FR. KING.* Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turn'd into a maid;<sup>8</sup> for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never enter'd.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *This moral*—] That is, the application of this fable. The *moral* being the application of a fable, our author calls any application a *moral*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: “Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some *moral* in this Benedictus? See Vol. IV. p. 491, n. 3. STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — you see them *perspectively*, the cities turn'd into a maid;] So, in *Twelfth Night*, Act V. sc. 1:

“A natural *perspective*, that is, and is not.”

See Mr. Tollet's note on this passage, Vol. IV. p. 162, n. 2.

STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — they are all girdled with maiden walls, &c.] We have again the same allusion in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,

“To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.”

Again, in his *Lover's Complaint*:

“And long upon these terms I held my city,

“Till thus he 'gan to siege me.”

See also *All's well that ends well*, Vol. VI. p. 195. MALONE.

*K. HEN.* Shall Kate be my wife?

*FR. KING.* So please you.

*K. HEN.* I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of, may wait on her: so the maid, that stood in the way for my wish, shall show me the way to my will.

*FR. KING.* We have consented to all terms of reason.

*K. HEN.* Is't so, my lords of England?

*WEST.* The king hath granted every article: His daughter, first; and then, in sequel, all,<sup>9</sup> According to their firm proposed natures.

*EXE.* Only, he hath not yet subscribed this:— Where your majesty demands,—That the king of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition, in French,—*Notre tres cher filz Henry roy d' Angleterre, heretier de France*; and thus in Latin,—*Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, rex Angliæ, & hæres Franciæ.*

<sup>9</sup> —and then, in sequel, all,] *Then*, which is not in the old copy, was supplied for the sake of the metre, by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *Notre tres cher filz*—and thus in Latin,—*Præclarissimus filius*—] What, is *tres cher*, in French, *Præclarissimus* in Latin? We should read, *præcarissimus*. WARBURTON.

“ This is exceeding true,” says Dr. Farmer, “ but how came the blunder? It is a typographical one in Holinshed, which Shakspeare copied; but must indisputably have been corrected, had he been acquainted with the languages.” STEEVENS.

In all the old historians that I have seen, as well as in Holinshed, I find this mistake; but in the preamble of the original treaty of Troyes, Henry is styled *Præcarissimus*; and in the 22d article the stipulation is, that he shall always be called, “ in lingua Gallicana *notre tres cher fils*, &c; in lingua vero Latina hoc modo, *noster præcarissimus filius Henricus*,” &c. See Rymer's *Fœd.* IX. 893.

MALONE.



*FR. KING.* Nor this I have not, brother, so deny'd,  
But your request shall make me let it pass.

*K. HEN.* I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,  
Let that one article rank with the rest:  
And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

*FR. KING.* Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise up  
Issue to me: that the contending kingdoms  
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale  
With envy of each other's happiness,  
May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction  
Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord  
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance  
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

*ALL.* Amen!

*K. HEN.* Now welcome, Kate:—and bear me witness all,  
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

[*Flourish.*]

*Q. ISA.* God, the best maker of all marriages,  
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!  
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,  
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,  
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,  
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,  
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — *the paction of these kingdoms,*] The old folios have it, *the pation*; which makes me believe the author's word was *paction*; a word more proper on the occasion of a peace struck up. A passion of two kingdoms for one another is an odd expression. An amity and political harmony may be fixed betwixt two countries, and yet either people be far from having a passion for the other.

THEOBALD.

To make divorce of their incorporate league;  
That English may as French, French Englishmen,  
Receive each other!—God speak this Amen!

ALL. Amen!

K. HEN. Prepare we for our marriage:—on which  
day,<sup>4</sup>

My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,  
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.—  
Then shall I swear to Kate,—and you to me;  
And may our oaths well kept and prosp'rous be!

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* CHORUS.

Thus far, with rough, and all unable pen,  
Our bending author' hath pursu'd the story;  
In little room confining mighty men,  
Mangling by starts<sup>6</sup> the full course of their glory.  
Small time, but, in that small, most greatly liv'd  
This star of England: fortune made his sword;  
By which the world's best garden<sup>7</sup> he achiev'd,  
And of it left his son imperial lord.

<sup>4</sup> *Prepare we &c.*] The quartos, 1600 and 1608, conclude with the following speech:

“ Hen. Why then fair Katharine,  
“ Come, give me thy hand:  
“ Our marriage will we present solemnize,  
“ And end our hatred by a bond of love.  
“ Then will I swear to Kate, and Kate to me,  
“ And may our vows once made, unbroken be.”

STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Our bending author.*—] By *bending*, our author meant *unequal to the weight of his subject, and bending beneath it*; or he may mean, as in *Hamlet*: “ Here *stooping* to your clemency.” STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Mangling by starts*—] By touching only on select parts.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *the world's best garden*—] i. e. France. A similar distinction is bestowed, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, on Lombardy:

“ The pleasant garden of great Italy.” STEVENS.

Henry the sixth, in infant bands crown'd king  
Of France and England, did this king succeed;  
Whose state so many had the managing,  
That they lost France, and made his England  
bleed:

Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,  
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.\*

[*Exeunt.*]

\* This play has many scenes of high dignity, and many of easy merriment. The character of the king is well supported, except in his courtship, where he has neither the vivacity of Hal, nor the grandeur of Henry. The humour of Pistol is very happily continued: his character has perhaps been the model of all the bullies that have yet appeared on the English stage.

The lines given to the Chorus have many admirers; but the truth is, that in them a little may be praised, and much must be forgiven; nor can it be easily discovered why the intelligence given by the Chorus is more necessary in this play than in many others where it is omitted. The great defect of this play is the emptiness and narrowness of the last act, which a very little diligence might have easily avoided. JOHNSON.



**KING HENRY VI.**

**PART I.\***

**K k 3**

\* KING HENRY VI. PART I.] The historical transactions 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 kill'd at the end of the fourth act of this play, who in reality did not fall till the 13th of July, 1453: 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 prosaical, 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 surpris'd, (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 versification 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 a 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 1589, or before. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. I. 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 dramatic 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 rustic 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. STEEVENS.

## 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 Glanville. 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>2</sup> the Bishop of Winchester, Heralds, &c.*

BED. Hung be the heavens with black,<sup>3</sup> yield  
day to night!

Comets, importing change of times and states,  
Brandish your crystal tresses<sup>4</sup> in the sky;

<sup>2</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>3</sup> *Hung be the heavens with black,*] Alluding to our ancient stage-practice when a tragedy was to be expected. So, in *Sidney's Arcadia*, Book II: "There arose, even with the sunne, 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>4</sup> *Brandish your crystal tresses—*] *Crystal* is an epithet repeatedly bestowed on comets by our ancient writers. So, in a *Sonnet* by Lord Sterline, 1604:

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

And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,  
That have consented<sup>s</sup> unto Henry's death!

Spenser, in his *Faery 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>s</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. *Concentus*, Lat. Thus *Erato* the muse applauding the song of Apollo, in Lyly's *Midas*, § 592, cries out: “ O sweet *consent* !” i. e. sweet union of sounds.

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. ii :

“ Such musick his wife words with time *consented*.”

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

“ Chaunted their fundry notes with sweet *concent*.”

and in many other places. *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 Shakspeare; as does Ben Jonson, in his *Epitbalamion on Mr. Weston*. The following lines,

“ — 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, maximè que earum que errare dicuntur. Quarum tantus est concentus 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.”

Henry the fifth,<sup>6</sup> too famous to live long!<sup>7</sup>  
 England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

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>8</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?

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. MASQU.

*Consent*, in all the books of the age of Elizabeth, and long afterwards, is the usual spelling of the word *consent*. See Vol. VII. p. 403, n. 3; and Vol. IX. p. 211, n. 2. 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>6</sup> *Henry the fifth*,] Old copy, redundantly,—*King Henry &c.*  
 STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *too famous to live long!*] So, in *King Richard III.*  
 “ So wife so young, they say, do ne'er live long.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</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.

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>6</sup>  
 Conjurers and forcerers, that, afraid of him,  
 By magick verses have contriv'd his end?

*WIN.* He was a king blest'd of the King of kings.  
 Unto the French the dreadful judgement day  
 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 schoolboy, you may over-awe.

*WIN.* Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector;  
 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.

<sup>6</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 addict themselves, &c. yea they will not sticke to affirme that they can *rime* either man or beast to death." STEEVENS.

**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>7</sup> babes shall suck;  
Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears,<sup>8</sup>  
And none but women left to wait the dead.—  
Henry the fifth! thy ghost I invoke;

<sup>7</sup> — moist eyes—] Thus the second folio. The first, redundantly,—moisten'd. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears,*] Mr. Pope—*marish*. 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 *marish* is an old word for marsh or fen; and therefore very judiciously thus corrected by Mr. Pope. WARBURTON.

We should certainly read—*marish*. 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 belive."

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. l. c. xii:

"Athens when it was in his floures

"Was called *nourish* of philosophers wife."

— *Jubæ tellus generat, leonum*

*Arida nutrix.* STEEVENS.

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

"Chaucer, the *nourice* of antiquity." MALONE.

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>8</sup>—

*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>9</sup>  
 Paris, Guyfors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

<sup>8</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 critic 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.

Pope's conjecture is confirmed by this peculiar circumstance, that two blazing stars (the *Julium sidus*) 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>9</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. STEVENS.

*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 money.  
Among the soldiers this is muttered,—  
That here you maintain several factions;  
And, whilst a field should be despatch'd and fought,  
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>2</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>3</sup>

*BED.* Me they concern; regent I am of France:—  
Give me my steeled coat, I'll fight for France.—  
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!  
Wounds I will lend the French, instead of eyes,  
To weep their intermissive miseries.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *A third man thinks,*] Thus the second folio. The first omits the word—*man*, and consequently leaves the verse imperfect.

STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *her flowing tides.*] i. e. England's flowing tides.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *their intermissive miseries.*] i. e. their miseries, which have

*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.

*EXE.* The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!  
O, 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-  
ness?  
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 dismal 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,

Had only a short intermission from Henry the Fifth's death to my  
coming amongst them. *WARBURTON.*



Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,<sup>4</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,  
 To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.  
 More than three hours the fight continued;  
 Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,  
 Enacted wonders<sup>5</sup> with his sword and lance.  
 Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;  
 Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he slew:<sup>6</sup>  
 The French exclaim'd, The devil was in arms;  
 All the whole army stood amaz'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>7</sup>  
 Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,  
 If sir John Fastolfe<sup>8</sup> had not play'd the coward;

<sup>4</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.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *above human thought*,

Enacted wonders—] So, in *King Richard III*:

“ The king *enacts* more wonders than a man.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *he slew*:] I suspect, the author wrote—*slew*.

MALONE.

<sup>7</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>8</sup> *If sir John Fastolfe &c.*] Mr. Pope has taken notice, “ That Falstaff is here introduced again, who was dead in *Henry V*. The

He being in the vaward, (plac'd behind,<sup>9</sup>  
 With purpose to relieve and follow them,)  
 Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.  
 Hence grew the general wreck and massacre;

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 by both our Chroniclers) 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 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 Falstaff*," continues he, "was without doubt, a valiant and wise captain, notwithstanding the stage hath made merry with him." FARMER.

See Vol. VIII. p. 370, n. 4; and Oldys's *Life of Sir John Fastolfe* in the *General Dictionary*. MALONE.

In the 18th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion* 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."

STEVENS.

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 Paston Letters*.

REED.

<sup>9</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. STEVENS.

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.

*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 ransom there is none but I shall pay:  
 I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne,  
 His crown shall be the ransom 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 at-  
tend :

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>9</sup>

[Exit. Scene closes.

<sup>9</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 steal,*

*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.* Henry 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.

STEVENS.

## S C E N E II.

France. *Before Orleans.*

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

*CHAR.* Mars his true moving,<sup>a</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 ty'd 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>a</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>3</sup>

ALEN. Froisard, a countryman of ours, records,  
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,<sup>4</sup>  
During the time Edward the third did reign.  
More truly now may this be verified;

<sup>3</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—*ibe prey for which they are hungry.* STEEVENS.

<sup>4</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 extravagant by the old romancers, that from thence arose that saying amongst our plain and sensible ancestors, of *giving one a Rowland for his Oliver*, to signify the matching one incredible lye 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,

For none but Sampsons, and Goliasses,  
It fendeth 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>5</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>6</sup> or de-  
vice,  
Their arms are set, like clocks,<sup>7</sup> still to strike on;  
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.

<sup>5</sup> *And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:*] The preposi-  
tion *to* should be omitted, as injurious to the measure, and un-  
necessary in the old elliptical mode of writing. So, Act IV. sc. 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. 529:

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

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</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 *gim-  
mals* 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, p. 425, n. 2. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Their arms are set, like clocks,*] Perhaps the 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.

*Enter the Bastard of Orleans.*

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

**CHAR.** Bastard of Orleans,<sup>8</sup> thrice welcome to us.

**BAST.** Methinks, your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd;<sup>9</sup>

Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?

Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:

A holy maid hither with me I bring,

Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,

Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,

And drive the English forth the bounds of France:

The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,

<sup>8</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 heroic 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 evaginatam—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 "Erl of Danas, bastard of Orlyounce——."

VAILLANT,

<sup>9</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. V. p. 95, n. 4. STEVENS,



Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome;<sup>2</sup>  
 What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.  
 Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,<sup>3</sup>  
 For they are certain and infallible.

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 stern;—  
 By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.  
 [*Retires.*]

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

REIG. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?

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

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

REIG. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

PUC. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,  
 My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.

<sup>2</sup> — nine sibyls of old Rome;] There were no nine sibyls of Rome; but he confounds things, and mistakes this for the nine books of Sibylline oracles, brought to one of the Tarquins.

WARBURTON.

<sup>3</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 prowess of the Maid of Orleans.

MALONE.

Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd  
 To shine on my contemptible estate:<sup>4</sup>  
 Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,  
 And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,  
 God's mother deign'd to appear to me;  
 And, in a vision full of majesty,<sup>5</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 blest'd with, which you see.<sup>6</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.  
 Resolve on this:<sup>7</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;

<sup>4</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.*” STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ a vision full of majesty,] So, in *The Tempest*:

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

<sup>6</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ which you see.] Thus the second folio. The first, injudiciously as well as redundantly,—which you *may* see.

STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Resolve on this:] i. e. be firmly persuaded of it. So, Vol. X. p. 268:

“ \_\_\_\_\_ I am *resolv'd*,

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

STEVENS.

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>8</sup>  
 The which, at Touraine, in saint Katharine's  
 church-yard,  
 Out of a deal of old iron I chose forth.<sup>9</sup>

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

*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>2</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *Deck'd with five flower-de-luces, &c.*] Old copy—*five* ; but we should read, according to Holinshed,—*five* flower-de-luces.—“ — in a secret place there among old iron, appointed she hir sword to be sought out and brought her, that with *five* floure-delices 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>9</sup> *Out of a deal of old iron &c.*] The old copy yet more redundantly—*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.

<sup>2</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.

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 chased 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?

*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>3</sup> halcyon days,

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

<sup>3</sup> *Expect saint Martin's summer,*] That is, expect prosperity after misfortune, like fair weather at Martlemas, after winter has begun.

JOHNSON.

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>4</sup>  
 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>5</sup>

<sup>4</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 perrumpſit ſtagnantem calculus undam,  
 “ Exiguos format per prima volumina gyros,  
 “ Mox tremulum vibrans motu gliſcente liquorem  
 “ Multiplicat crebros ſinuati gurgitis orbes;  
 “ Donec poſtremo laxatis circulus oris,  
 “ Contingat geminas patulo curvamine ripas.” MALONE.

This was a favourite ſimile with Pope. It is to be found alſo 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 moue round about  
 “ The gentle fountaine, one another rayſing.”

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>5</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

CHAR. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?<sup>6</sup>  
 Thou with an eagle art inspired then.  
 Helen, the mother of great Constantine,  
 Nor yet faint Philip's daughters,<sup>7</sup> were like thee.  
 Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,  
 How may I reverently worship thee enough?<sup>8</sup>

ALLEN. 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.*]

T. North: "Cæsar hearing that, straight discovered himselfe unto the maister of the pynnafe, 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." STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?*] *Mabomet* had a dove, "which he used to feed with wheat out of his ear; which dove, when it was hungry, lighted on *Mabomet's* shoulder, and thrust its bill in to find its breakfast; *Mabomet* 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. Part I. ch. vi. *Life of Mabomet*, by Dr. Prideaux. GREY.

<sup>7</sup> *Nor yet faint Philip's daughters,*] Meaning the four daughters of Philip mentioned in the *Acts*. HANMER.

<sup>8</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*. STEVENS.

## 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 convey-  
ance.<sup>9</sup>—

Where be these warders, that they wait not here?  
Open the gates; it is Gloster that calls.

[*Servants knock.*

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

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

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

1. SERV. Villains, answer you so the lord pro-  
tector?

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>a</sup> I'll be your warrantize:  
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

<sup>9</sup> — *there is conveyance.*] *Conveyance* means *theft*.

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

<sup>a</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.

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;  
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.

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. Matthew*, 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 Marshallea," &c. MALONE.



Enter WINCHESTER, attended by a train of Servants  
in tawny coats.<sup>6</sup>

WIN. How now, ambitious Humphry? what  
means this?<sup>7</sup>

GLO. Piel'd priest,<sup>8</sup> dost thou command me to  
be shut out?

<sup>6</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 croune 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>7</sup> *How now, ambitious Humphrey? what means this?*] The 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 lurk'd under this corruption. THEOBALD.

<sup>8</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, defluxerunt*.

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, *pilide* clerk, seemingly in al-

*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>9</sup>  
I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,<sup>2</sup>  
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

lusion 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>9</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.*”  
“ *Item.* That no stewholder 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.” UPTON.

<sup>2</sup> *I'll canvass 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:

“ Ill sift and winnow him in an old hat.”

To *canvass* was anciently used for *to sift*. So, in *Hans Beerpot's Invisible Comedy*, 1618:

“ — We'll *canvass* 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 anell brother Gabriell, in ten sheets of paper,” &c.

STEVENS.

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

This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,<sup>3</sup>  
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

GLO. 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 beard 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.

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

Probably from the materials of which the bottom of a *fiore* 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 *carvas* sheets. See p. 96, n. 8. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *This be Damascus, be thou cursed 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 fonde." *Polychronicon*, fo. xii. RITSON.

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

*GLO.* Winchester goose,<sup>1</sup> I cry—a rope! a rope!<sup>4</sup>—  
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>5</sup>

*Here a great tumult. In the midst of it, Enter the Mayor of London,<sup>6</sup> and Officers.*

*MAY.* Fie, 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 diftrain'd the Tower to his use.

*WIN.* Here's Gloster too, a foe to citizens;<sup>7</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;

<sup>1</sup> *Winchester goose,*] A strumpet, or the consequences of her love, was a Winchester goose. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *a rope! a rope!*] See the *Comedy of Errors*, Vol. VII. p. 288, n. 2. MALONE.

<sup>5</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.

<sup>6</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>7</sup> *Here's Gloster too, &c.*] Thus the second folio. The first folio, with less spirit of reciprocatation, and feebler metre,—Here is Gloster &c. STEEVENS.

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 canst.

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,  
bundle, or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger, hence-  
forward, 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>8</sup>

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

MAY. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away:<sup>9</sup>—  
This cardinal is more haughty than the devil.

<sup>8</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 disyllable.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</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. VI. p. 151, n. 2. MALONE.

*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.*]

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

Good God! that nobles should such stomachs<sup>8</sup> bear!

I myself fight not once in forty year.<sup>9</sup> [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>8</sup> — *stomachs*—] *Stomach* is pride, a haughty spirit of resentment. So, in *King Henry VIII.*:

“ ————— he was a man

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

<sup>9</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 laugh'd 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 Gloster says—

“ A wife stout captain! and persuaded soon.

“ *Haft.* The good old man would fain that all were well.”  
Such are all Shakspeare's Mayors. M. MASON.

## S C E N E IV.

France. *Before Orleans.*

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

*M. GUN.* Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is  
besieg'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.

*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>2</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>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *The prince's espials—]* *Espials* are spies. So, in Chaucer's *Freres Tale*:

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

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

<sup>3</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.

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>4</sup>  
 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>5</sup> Sir WILLIAM GLANS-  
 DALE, Sir THOMAS GARGRAVE, and Others.*

SAL. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!  
 How wert thou handled, being prisoner?

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>4</sup> — Now, boy, do thou watch,

*For I can stay no longer.*] The first folio reads:

*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>5</sup> — *Talbot,*] Though the three parts of *King Henry VI.* are



Or by what means got't 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;  
For him I was exchang'd and ranomed.  
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>6</sup>

deservedly numbered among the feeblest performances of Shakspeare, this first of them appears to have been received with the greatest applause. So, in *Pierce Penniless'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.

<sup>6</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. Malon would remedy, by reading either *vile* or *ill-esteem'd.*

It is possible, however, that Shakspeare might have written—*Pbilistin'd;* i. e. treated as contumeliously as Sampson was by the *Pbilistines.*—Both Sampson 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 so *fidius'd* for all the chefts 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 *Pbilistines* has long been a cant phrase, expressive of danger incurred, whether from enemies, association with hard drinkers, gamesters, or a less welcome acquaintance with the harpies of the law.

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

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 enter-  
 tain'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>1</sup>

I may add, that perhaps no word will be found nearer to the  
 found 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 infer 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 cheerful ſpring amid  
 the wilds of ſand, let him

“ — bleſs 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 Lilly's grammar. “*Flocci, nauci, nihili, pili, &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 Shak-  
 ſpeare'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>1</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

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 ;  
 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 endure'd ;

But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.

Now it is supper-time in Orleans :

Here, through this grate, I can count every one,<sup>8</sup>

And view the Frenchmen how they fortify ;

Let us look in, the sight will much delight thee.—

Sir Thomas Gargrave, and sir William Glansdale,

Let me have your express 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.

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.

<sup>8</sup> *Here, through this grate, I can count every one,*] Thus the second folio. The first, very harshly and unmetrically, reads :

*Here, iborough this grate, I count each one.* STEVENS.

TAL. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,  
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.<sup>8</sup>

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

SAL. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched fin-  
ners!

GAR. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!

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

Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak;  
How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?  
One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side struck off!<sup>9</sup>—  
Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand,  
That hath contriv'd this woful 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'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth  
fail,  
One eye thou hast to look to heaven for grace:<sup>2</sup>  
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.—  
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,  
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!—

<sup>8</sup> — *enfeebled.*] This word is here used as a quadrifyllable.

MALONE.

<sup>9</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 1425, 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>2</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.

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>3</sup>

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 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!

<sup>3</sup> ——and Nero-like,] The first folio reads:

*Plantagenet, I will; and like thee* —— STEVENS,

In the old copy, the word *Nero* is wanting, owing probably to the transcriber's not being able to make out the name. The 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 verb—*will*. Surely there is some absurdity in making Talbot address Plantagenet, and invoke Nero, in the same line. STEVENS.

It irks his heart, he cannot be reveng'd.—  
 Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you :—  
 Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,<sup>4</sup>  
 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>5</sup> [Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.]

<sup>4</sup> Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish.] *Puffel* means a dirty *avench* or a *drab*, from *puzza*, i. e. malus fœtor, says Minshew. In a translation from Stephens's *Apology for Herodotus*, in 1607, p. 98, we read—"Some filthy queans, especially our *puccades* of Paris, use this other theft." TOLLET.

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

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 insignivis, coque 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*. STEEVENS.

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>5</sup> And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.] Perhaps the conjunction—and, 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.*

STEEVENS.

## S C E N E 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>5</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.  
O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.  
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved<sup>6</sup> men;

<sup>5</sup> *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.

<sup>6</sup> — *hunger-starved*—] The same epithet is, I think, used by Shakspeare. The old copy has—*hungry*-starved. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

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>4</sup>

I know not where I am, nor what I do :  
A witch, by fear, <sup>5</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 sbort 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>6</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.—  
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.

<sup>4</sup> — like a potter's wheel ;] This idea might have been caught from Psalm lxxxiii. 13 : “ — Make them like unto a wheel, and as the stubble before the wind.” STERVENS.

<sup>5</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>6</sup> — so timorous—] Old copy—*treacherous*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.



## S C E N E 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>7</sup>—  
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

*CHAR.* Divinest creature, bright Astræa's daughter,  
How shall I honour thee for this success?

<sup>7</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 trisyllable;—*monsterous*. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Vol. III. p. 191, n. 7. 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.* Part II:

"Peopled with *wolves*, thy old inhabitants."

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

Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,<sup>8</sup>  
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.—

<sup>8</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 *Károi Adonidis*, 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's 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 hortas, 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's 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 Alcinous, confessed by the poet himself to be fabulous. But hear their own words. *There was no such 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

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>9</sup>

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

*ALLEN.* 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;

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 pyramis to her I'll rear,  
 Than Rhodope's,<sup>2</sup> or Memphis', ever was:

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>9</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?*

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</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

In memory of her, when she is dead,  
Her ashes, in an urn more precious  
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,<sup>2</sup>

married Pfammetichus, 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 *pyramis* 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>2</sup> ——— *coffer of Darius*,] When Alexander the Great took 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 Vitâ Alexandri Magni*. THEOBALD.

The very words of the text are found in Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589: “ In what price the noble poems of Homer were holden with Alexander the Great, inso much 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 battail.” MALONE.

Transported shall be at high festivals  
 Before the kings and queens of France.<sup>3</sup>  
 No longer on faint 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.*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*The same.*

*Enter to the gates, a French Sergeant, and two  
 Sentinels.*

SE<sup>R</sup>G. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:  
 If any noise, or foldier, you perceive,  
 Near to the walls, by some apparent sign,  
 Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.<sup>4</sup>

I. SE<sup>N</sup>T. Sergeant, you shall. [*Exit Sergeant.*]

Thus are poor fervitors  
 (When others sleep upon their quiet beds,  
 Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold,

I believe, we should read, with Puttenham, "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. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</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. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</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.

*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.

*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 so 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>3</sup>

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

<sup>3</sup> — unready so? ] *Unready* was the current word in those times for *undress'd*. 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 *Monfieur 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.

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

Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.<sup>2</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 is a fiend of hell.

*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.

<sup>2</sup> *Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.*] So, in *King Lear*:

“ Or, at their chamber door I'll beat the drum——.”

STEEVENS.



*BAST.* Mine was secure.

*RBIG.* 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 sure, 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>3</sup> to endamage them.

*Alarum.* Enter an English Soldier crying, a Talbot!  
a Talbot!<sup>4</sup> 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>3</sup> ——— *platforms* —] i. e. plans, schemes. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</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 “ nobleness bred such a terrour in the hearts of the French, that oftimes greate armies were defaied and put to flight, at the only hearing of his name: infomuch that the French women, to affray their children, would tell them, that the TALBOT cometh.” See also *fc. iii.* T. WARTON.

The same is said in Drayton's *Miseries 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.

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

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E 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 sound 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 curfed town.—  
Now have I pay'd my vow unto his soul; <sup>4</sup>

In a note on a former passage, p. 538, n. 7, 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 of this play should have taken this circumstance from the *Chronicle* which furnished him with his 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>4</sup> *Now have I pay'd 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.

For every drop of blood was drawn from him,  
 There hath at least five Frenchmen dy'd to-night.  
 And, that hereafter ages may behold  
 What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,  
 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 scar'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 afunder 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, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe  
To visit her poor castle where she lies;<sup>5</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>5</sup> ——— *where she lies;*] i. e. where she dwells. See p. 140,  
B. 6. MALONE.

## S C E N E 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 still 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 fort 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?

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,

<sup>5</sup> *That with his name the mothers still 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—*wrizzled*, which has been followed in subsequent editions. MALONE.

The instance from Spenser, is the following:

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

STEEVENS.

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 captivate.<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.

COUNT. This is a riddling merchant for the  
 nonce;<sup>2</sup>

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

STEEVENS.

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

STEEVENS.

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

<sup>2</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.

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

*TAL.* That will I show you presently.<sup>3</sup>

*He winds a horn. Drums heard; then a peal of ord-  
nance. 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>4</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 dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue  
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake  
The outward composition of his body.  
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 ho-  
noured  
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*]

<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.



## SCENE IV.

London. *The Temple Garden.*

*Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and WARWICK; RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, and another Lawyer.*<sup>2</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 Somersfet in the error?<sup>3</sup>

*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 between us.

*WAR.* Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,  
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,

<sup>2</sup> ———and another *Lawyer.*] Read—a lawyer. This lawyer was probably *Roger Nevyle*, who was afterward hanged. See *W. Worcester*, p. 478. RITSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Or, else, was wrangling Somersfet 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 Somersfet i'th' right?* JOHNSON.

Sir T. Hanmer would read:

*And was not ———.* STEEVENS.

Between two blades, which bears the better temper,  
 Between two horses, which doth bear him best,<sup>3</sup>  
 Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,  
 I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgement:  
 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 significants<sup>4</sup> proclaim your thoughts:  
 Let him, that is a trueborn gentleman,  
 And stands upon the honour of his birth,  
 If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,  
 From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</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>4</sup> In dumb significants—] I suspect, we should read—*significance*.  
 MALONE.

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

<sup>5</sup> *From off this briar 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*

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>6</sup> and, without all colour

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

SUF. I pluck this red rose, with young Somerset;  
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.

*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, *Μισθῶνάμωνα συμποτα*. Probant hanc rem versus qui reperiuntur in marmore:

"Est rosa flos Veneris, cujus quo furta laterent

"Harpocrati matris dona dicavit amor.

"Inde rosam mensis hospes suspendit amicis,

"Convivæ ut sub ea dicta tacenda sciant."

UPTON.

<sup>6</sup> *I love no colours*;] *Colours* is here used ambiguously for *tints* and *deceits*. JOHNSON.

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

*SOM.* Good master Vernon, it is well objected;<sup>7</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;  
Left, 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.

*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, Somersfet, 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>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> — *well objected;*] Properly thrown in our way, justly proposed. JOHNSON.

So, 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.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</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.

Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses ;  
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

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

*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>9</sup> peevish boy.

<sup>9</sup> *I scorn thee and thy fashion,*] So the old copies read, and rightly. Mr. Theobald altered it to *faction*, not considering that by *fashion* is meant the badge of the red rose, which Somersset 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 Somersset, 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 *patien* for *faction*. 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 beleve to be sent from God, and of hym onely to bee provided a kynge, for to extinguishe 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. STEVENS.

*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>2</sup>  
Third son to the third Edward king of England;  
Spring crestless yeomen<sup>3</sup> from so deep a root?

*PLAN.* He bears him on the place's privilege,<sup>4</sup>  
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

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

On any plot of ground in Christendom:  
Was not thy father, Richard, earl of Cambridge,

<sup>2</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. That duke therefore was his maternal great great grandfather. See Vol. VIII. p. 401, n. 7.  
MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Spring crestless yeomen—*] i. e. those who have no right to arms.  
WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> *He bears him on the place's privilege,*] The Temple, being a religious house, was an asylum, a place of exemption, from violence, revenge, and bloodshed. JOHNSON.

It does not appear that the Temple had any peculiar privilege at this time, being then, as it is at present, the residence of law-students. The author might, indeed, imagine it to have derived some such privilege from its former inhabitants, the Knights Templars, or Knights Hospitalers, 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.

For treason executed in our late king's days?<sup>5</sup>  
 And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,  
 Corrupted, and exempt<sup>6</sup> from ancient gentry?  
 His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;  
 And, till thou be restor'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 Somerset,  
 Were growing time once ripen'd<sup>7</sup> to my will.  
 For your partaker Poole,<sup>8</sup> and you yourself,  
 I'll note you in my book of memory,<sup>9</sup>  
 To scourge you for this apprehension:<sup>2</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *For treason executed in our late king's days?*] This unmetrical line may be somewhat harmonized by adopting a practice common to our author, and reading—*execute*, instead of *executed*. Thus, in *King Henry V.* we have *create* instead of *created*, and *contaminate* instead of *contaminated*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Corrupted, and exempt—*] *Exempt*, for *excluded*.

WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— time *once ripen'd*—] So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ ——— stay the very *ripening* of the time.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *For your partaker Poole,*] *Partaker* in ancient language, signifies *accomplice*. So, in *Psalms* 1: “When thou sawest a thief thou didst consent unto him, and hast been *partaker* with the adulterers.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</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>2</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 profes'd *apprehension*?”

STEEVENS.

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 soul, this pale and angry  
rose,  
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,<sup>3</sup>  
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 am-  
bition!  
And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*

*SOM.* Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambi-  
tious 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>4</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,

<sup>3</sup> — *this pale and angry rose,*

*As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,]* So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

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

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

“ Dry sorrow drinks our blood.” STEEVENS.

A badge is called a *cognisance* 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 *cognisance* is seated upon the most eminent part of the helmet.

TOLLET.

<sup>4</sup> *Shall be wip'd out—]* Old copy—*wip't.* Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.



Against proud Somerset, 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 fend, 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.

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

*LAW.* And so will I.

*PLAN.* Thanks, gentle fir.<sup>5</sup>

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

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E V.

*The same. A Room in the Tower.*

*Enter MORTIMER,<sup>6</sup> brought in a chair by two  
Keepers.*

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

<sup>5</sup> — *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>6</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

Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.—

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 Erie of Marche of that name, (whiche long tyme had bene restrayned from hys liberty and finally waxed lame,) disceaſed 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.* Part I. Vol. VIII. p. 401, n. 7.); 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*, 1543, 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 1624-5.

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

Even like a man new haled from the rack,  
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment :

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 consequence 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 Ossory, 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 until 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 :

And these grey locks, the purfuivants of death,'

“ His curfed fon enfued his cruel path,  
 “ And kept my guiltlefs *coufin* ftrait in *durance*,  
 “ For whom my father hard entreated hath,  
 “ But living hopelefs of his life's affurance,  
 “ He thought it beft by politick procurance  
 “ To flay the king, and fo reftore his friend;  
 “ Which brought himfelf to an infamous end.  
 “ For when king Henry, of that name the fifth,  
 “ Had tane my father in his confpiracie,  
 “ He, from Sir Edmund all the blame to fhift,  
 “ Was faine to fay, the French king Charles, his ally,  
 “ Had hired him this traiterous act to try;  
 “ For which condemned fhortly he was flain :  
 “ 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 fcene between Mortimer and Richard Plantagenet; as the former ferved 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 (fays Hall) the laft erle of Marche of that name (*which longe tyme had bene reftrayned from hys liberty, and fynally waxed lame*) difceafed without yssue, whose inheritance difcended to lord Richard Plantagenet,” &c. Holinshed has the fame words; and thefe authorities, though the fact be otherwise, are fufficient to prove that Shakspeare, or whoever was the author of the play, did not intentionally vary from the truth of history to introduce the prefent fcene. The hiftorian does not, indeed, exprefly fay that the Earl of March died in the *Tower*; but one cannot reafonably fuppofe that he meant to relate an event which he knew had happened to a *free man* in *Ireland*, as happening to a *prifoner* during the time that a particular perfon was in *London*. But, wherever he meant to lay the fcene of Mortimer's death, it is clear that the author of this play underftood him as representing it to have happened in a *London prifon*; an idea, if indeed his words will bear any other conftitution, a preceding paffage may ferve to corroborate. “ The erle of March (he has obferved) was *ever kepte in the courte* under fuch a keeper that he could nether doo or attempte any thyng agaynft the kyng wythout his knowledge, and dyed without iffue.” I am aware, and could eafily fhew, that fome of the moft interefting events, not only in the Chronicles of Hall and Holinshed, but in the Hiftories of Rapin, Hume, and Smollet,

Neftor-like aged, in an age of care,  
 Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.  
 Thefe eyes,—like lamps whofe wafting oil is fpent,<sup>6</sup>—  
 Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent :<sup>7</sup>  
 Weak foulders, overborne with burd'ning grief;  
 And pithlefs arms,<sup>8</sup> like to a wither'd vine

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 foulders of their predecessors, and poffeffing innumerable other advantages, are not always to be depended on, what allowances ought we not to make for thofe who had neither *Rymer*, nor *Dugdale*, nor *Sandford* to confult, who could have no accefs to the treafuries of *Cotton* or *Harley*, nor were permitted the infpection of a publick record? If this were the cafe with the hiftorian, what can be expected from the dramatift? He naturally took for *fact* what he found in *hiftory*, and is by no means anfwerable for the mifinformation of his authority. RITSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Let dying Mortimer here reft himfelf.*] 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 laft fcene of the third act of the *Phœniffæ* of Euripides :

*Tirefias.* Ἦγὼ πάροιθε, θύγατερ, ὡς τυφλῶ ποδῶ

Ὀφθαλμὸς εἴ σὺ, ναυδάταισιν ἄστρον ὄς.

Διὺρ εἰς τὸ λευρὸν πῆδον ἰχθὺς τιθεῖσ' ἱμῶν, &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — purfivants of death,] *Purfivants*. The heralds that, forerunning death, proclaim its approach. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — like lamps whofe wafting oil is fpent,] So, in *King Richard II* :

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

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — as drawing to their exigent:] *Exigent*, end. JOHNSON.

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

“ Hath driven her to fome desperate exigent.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *And pithlefs arms,*] *Pith* was ufed for marrow, and figuratively, for *ftrength*. JOHNSON.

In the firft of thefe fenfes it is ufed in *Orbello* :

“ For fince thefe arms of mine had feven years' *pith*—.”

And, figuratively, in *Hamlet* :

“ And enterprizes of great *pith* and moment—”

STEEVENS.

That droops his sapless branches to the ground:—  
 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?

I. *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 satisfy'd.—  
 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>9</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>2</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>9</sup> *Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,—*  
*This loathsome sequestration have I had;*] Here again, the author  
 certainly is mistaken. See p. 568, n. 3. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *the arbitrator of despairs,*  
*Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,*] That is, he that ter-  
 minates 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. STEVENS.

*Enter* RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

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

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

*PLAN.* Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd, Your nephew, late-despised<sup>3</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 stock,

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>4</sup>

This day, in argument upon a case,  
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me:

<sup>3</sup> — *late-despised* —] i. e. lately despised. M. MASON.

<sup>4</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 *Faery Queen*, Book 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. Book 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 wish'd, *diseas'd*.”

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

“ He thought the Scots might him *disease*

“ With constituted captains meet.” STEVENS.

Among which terms, he us'd his lavish tongue,  
 And did upbraid me with my father's death;  
 Which obloquy fet 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 cursed 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; ' Edward's son,  
 The first-begotten, and the lawful heir  
 Of Edward king, the third of that descent:

<sup>s</sup> — *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 *Menagiana*, Vol. II. p. 193. In *The Second Part of the troublesome raigne of K. 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.

MALONE.



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>6</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>7</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>8</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 distrefs,  
 Levied an army ;<sup>9</sup> weening to redeem,  
 And have install'd me in the diadem :

<sup>6</sup> ——— *young king Richard*—] Thus the second folio. The first omits—*king*, which is necessary to the metre. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</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>8</sup> ——— *in this haughty great attempt*,] *Haughty is big*.

JOHNSON.

So, in the fourth act :

“ Valiant and virtuous, full of *haughty* courage.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</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 France, on the information of this very Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.

MALONE.

But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,  
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>a</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>3</sup>  
But now thy uncle is removing hence;  
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'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>4</sup>

<sup>a</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>3</sup> *And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.]* Thus Milton, *Par.  
Lost*, Book IV:

“ Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremov'd.” STEVENS.

<sup>4</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 by  
a married lady who died very young, to her husband. The in-  
scription is, I think, in the church of Trent:

“ Immatura perî; 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 *Alceste*

MOR. Thou dost then wrong me; as the slaught'  
 'rer doth,  
 Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill.<sup>5</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>6</sup>  
 And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and war!  
[Dies.

PLAN. And peace, no war, befall thy parting  
 soul!  
 In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,  
 And like a hermit overpafs'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

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 *Reismari 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>5</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>6</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 amendment 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.

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>7</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>8</sup> the advantage of my good.

[*Exit.*

<sup>7</sup> *Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort :* } So, in the preceding scene :

“ Go forward, and be *chok'd with thy ambition.*”

STEEVENS.

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>8</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.”

STEEVENS.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*The same. The Parliament-House.<sup>9</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>2</sup> Winchester snatches it, and tears it.*

WIN. Com'st 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 prefer'd  
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,  
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able

<sup>9</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>2</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 adaies: *put up a bill* against them next parliament." MALONE.

*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>3</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?  
 Thou bastard of my grandfather!<sup>4</sup>—

<sup>3</sup> If I were *covetous, ambitious, or perverse,*] I suppose this redundant line originally stood—

Were I *covetous, ambitious, &c.* STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Thou bastard of my grandfather!*] The Bishop of Winchester

*WIN.* Ay, lordly fir; For what are you, I pray,  
But one imperious in another's throne?

*GLO.* Am I not the protector,<sup>5</sup> faucy priest?

*WIN.* And am not I a prelate of the church?

*GLO.* Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,  
And useth it to patronage his theft.

*WIN.* Unreverent Gloster!

*GLO.* Thou art reverent  
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

*WIN.* This Rome shall remedy.<sup>6</sup>

*WAR.* Roam thither then.<sup>7</sup>

*SOM.* My lord, it were your duty to forbear.<sup>8</sup>

*WAR.* Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

was an illegitimate son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, by Katharine Swynford, whom the duke afterwards married.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — the *protector*,] I have added the article—*the*, for the sake of metre. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *This Rome shall remedy.*] The old copy, unmetrically—  
*Rome shall remedy this.*

The transposition is Sir Thomas Hanmer's. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</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 Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599: "—three hundred thousand people *roamed* to Rome for purgatorie pills," &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</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,*  
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.

*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, sirrab, when you should ;*  
*Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords ?*  
Else would I have a fling at Winchester. [*Afide.*]

*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 !

*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 contrary 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 street,  
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>2</sup> aside.

3. *SERV.* My lord, we know your grace to be a  
man

Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,

Inferior to none, but his majesty:<sup>3</sup>

And, ere that we will suffer such a prince,

So kind a father of the commonweal,

<sup>2</sup> — unaccustom'd fight —] *Unaccustom'd is unseemly, in-  
decent.* JOHNSON.

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.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *but his majesty:*] Old copy, redundantly—

— *but to his majesty.*

Perhaps, the line originally ran thus:

“ To none inferior, but his majesty.” STEEVENS.

To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,<sup>4</sup>  
 We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,  
 And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

I. *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>5</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?  
 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>6</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,

<sup>4</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 *Inkborne tearme*." REED.

<sup>5</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.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *My lord protector, yield;*] Old copy—*Yield, my lord protector*. This judicious transposition was made by Sir T. Hanmer.

STEEVENS.

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  
stoop ;

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.* Fie, 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>7</sup>—  
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.—

<sup>7</sup> — [*hath a kindly gird.*] i. e. feels an emotion of kind remorse. JOHNSON.

A *kindly gird* is a *gentle* or *friendly reproof*. Falstaff observes, that “men of all sorts take a pride to *gird* at him :” and, in *The Taming of a Shrew*, Baptista says : “Tranio *bites* 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.

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 difsemble not!

*WIN.* So help me God, as I intend it not!

[*Aside.*

*K. HEN.* O loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster,\*  
 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;

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.

\* ——— *kind duke of Gloster,*] For the sake of metre, I could  
 wish to read—

————— *most kind duke &c.* STEVENS.

*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!  
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.*]

<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> — *requerdon* —] Recompence, return. JOHNSON.

It is perhaps a corruption of—*regardum*, middle Latin. See Vol. V. p. 236, n. 8. STEEVENS.

*Exe.* Ay, we may march in England, or in France,  
 Not seeing what is likely to ensue:  
 This late diffention, grown betwixt the peers,  
 Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,<sup>2</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>3</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:  
 Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish  
 His days may finish ere that hapless time.<sup>4</sup> [*Exit.*]

## S C E N E II.

France. Before Rouën.

*Enter LA PUCELLE disguis'd, and Soldiers dressed  
 like countrymen, with sacks upon their backs.*

*Puc.* These are the city gates, the gates of Rouën,<sup>5</sup>  
 Through which our policy must make a breach:

<sup>2</sup> Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,]

“Ignes suppositos cineri doloso.” *Hor.* MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> So will this base and envious discord breed.] That is, so will the malignity of this discord propagate itself, and advance. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</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>5</sup> — the gates of Rouën,] Here, and throughout the play, in the old copy, we have *Roan*, which was the old spelling of *Rouën*.

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, (as, 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.

I. SOL. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the  
 city,<sup>6</sup>

And we be lords and rulers over Roüen;  
 Therefore we'll knock.

[Knocks.

GUARD. [Within.] *Qui est là?*<sup>7</sup>

PUC. *Paisans, pauvres gens de France:*

Poor market-folks, that come to fell 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.

The word, consequently, is used as a monosyllable. See Vol. IX.  
 p. 372, n. 7. MALONE.

I do not perceive the necessity of considering *Roüen* 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>6</sup> *Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,*] Falstaff has the  
 same quibble, showing his bottle of sack: "Here's that will sack  
 a city." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Qui est là?*] Old copy—*Che la.* For the emendation I am  
 answerable. MALONE.

Late editions—*Qui va là?* STEEVENS.

*Enter CHARLES, Bastard of Orleans, ALENÇON, and Forces.*

*CHAR.* Saint Dennis blefs this happy stratagem!  
And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouën.

*BAST.* Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practifants:<sup>5</sup>  
Now ſhe is there, how will ſhe ſpecify  
Where is<sup>6</sup> the beſt and ſafeſt paſſage in?

*ALEN.* By thruſting out a torch from yonder  
tower;  
Which, once diſcern'd, ſhows, that her meaning  
is,—  
No way to that,<sup>7</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 Rouën 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.

<sup>5</sup> *Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practifants:] Practice, in the language of that time, was treachery, and perhaps in the ſofter ſenſe ſtratagem. Practifants are therefore confederates in ſtratagems.*

JOHNSON.

So, in the Induction to *The Taming of a Shrew*:

“Sirs, I will *practice* on this drunken man.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Where is—]* Old copy—*Here is.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

<sup>7</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.



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>8</sup>

If Talbot but survive thy treachery.—

Pucelle, that witch, that damned forceress,  
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,  
That hardly we escap'd the pride of France.<sup>9</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>2</sup> and Others.*

PUC. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for  
bread?

<sup>8</sup> *France, thou shalt rue this &c.*] So, in *King John*:

“France, thou shalt rue this hour” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</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 critic 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.

<sup>2</sup> — Alençon,] *Alençon* Sir T. Hanmer has replaced here, instead of *Reignier*, because *Alençon*, not *Reignier*; appears in the ensuing scene. JOHNSON.

I think, the duke of Burgundy will fast,  
 Before he'll buy again at such a rate:  
 'Twas full of darnel; ' 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 despite,  
 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?

\* ——— *darnel*;] So, in *King Lear*:

“ *Darnel*, and all the idle weeds that grow

“ In our sustaining corn.”

“ *Darnel* (says Gerard) *burnteth the eyes, and maketh them dim*,  
 if it happen either in *corne for breade, or drinke.*” Hence the old  
 proverb—*Lolium vitiatum*, applied to such as were *dim-sighted*. Thus  
 also, *Ovid*, *Fast.* I. 691:

“ *Et careant lolius 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, Abençon, and the rest;  
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

*ALBN.* 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.* Away, captains: let's get us from the walls;

For Talbot means no goodness, by his looks.—  
God be wi' you, my lord! we came, fir, but to tell you<sup>1</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,  
The valiant duke of Bedford:—Come, my lord,

<sup>1</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.

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 Rouën,  
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>a</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 breast!  
Then be it so:—Heavens keep old Bedford safe!—  
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,  
But gather we our forces out of hand,  
And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt* BURGUNDY, TALBOT, and Forces, leaving  
BEDFORD, and Others.

<sup>a</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 fixe 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 Oyfa 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 Oyfa were slayn.  
“The field he had, and thereof was full fayne.”

STEEVENS.

*Alarum: Excursions. Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE, and a Captain.*

*CAP.* Whither away, fir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

*FAST.* Whither away? to save myself by flight;<sup>3</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 save my life.

[*Exit.*

*CAP.* Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee!

[*Exit.*

*Retreat: Excursions. Enter, from the town, LA PUELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES, &c. and Exeunt, flying.*

*BED.* Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please;  
For I have seen<sup>4</sup> our enemies' overthrow.  
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?

<sup>3</sup> — *save myself by flight;*] I have no doubt that it was the exaggerated representation of Sir John Fastolfe's cowardice which the author of this play has given, that induced Shakspeare to give the name of Falstaff to his knight. Sir John Fastolfe did indeed fly at the battle of Patay in the year 1429; and is reproached by Talbot in a subsequent scene, for his conduct on that occasion; but no historian has said 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 erroneously called Falstaff. MALONE.

<sup>4</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.

They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,  
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[Dies,<sup>5</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>6</sup> Rouën hangs her head for grief,  
That such a valiant company are fled.

Now will we take some order<sup>7</sup> in the town,  
Placing therein some expert officers;

And then depart to Paris, to the king;  
For there young Henry, with his nobles, lies.

*BUR.* What wills lord Talbot, pleaseth Bur-  
gundy.

*TAL.* But yet, before we go, let's not forget

<sup>5</sup> Dies, &c.] The Duke of Bedford died at *Rouen* in September, 1435, but not in any action before that town. MALONE.

<sup>6</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.

<sup>7</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 *Otello*, sc. ult. STEEVENS.

The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,  
 But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouën;  
 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.]

## S C E N E 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 Rouën is so recovered:  
 Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,  
 For things that are not to be remedy'd.  
 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.

<sup>3</sup> *A braver soldier never couched lance,*] So, in a subsequent scene, p. 605:

“ 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 coursers at the trumpet's sound.”

STEVENS.

*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>7</sup>

*ALEN.* For ever should they be expuls'd from  
France,<sup>8</sup>  
And not have title of 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 sound 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.

<sup>7</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>8</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.



*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.

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>9</sup>  
 When death doth close his tender dying eyes,  
 See, see, the pining malady of France;

<sup>9</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.

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 bo-

fom,  
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!

*BUR.* Either she hath betwitch'd me with her  
words,

Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

*PUC.* Besides, all French 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>a</sup> without his ransom 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 slaughtermen.

<sup>a</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.

KING HENRY VI. 603

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>3</sup>  
 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>4</sup>

<sup>3</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, 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.

<sup>4</sup> *Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again!*] The in-  
 constancy 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 France, amongst a *fickle wavering nation*——.”

MALONE.

*CHAR.* Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship  
makes us fresh.

*BAST.* And doth beget new courage in our  
breasts.

*ALAN.* Pucelle hath bravely play'd 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.*]

#### S C E N E 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;

In *Otello* we have the same phrase:

“ Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,

“ *And turn again.*” STEVENS.

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>3</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>4</sup>  
A stouter champion never handled sword.  
Long since we were resolved of your truth,<sup>5</sup>  
Your faithful service, and your toil in war;  
Yet never have you tasted our reward,  
Or been reguerdon'd<sup>6</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.*

<sup>3</sup> *Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,*] Sir Thomas Hamner supplies the apparent deficiency in this line, by reading—

*Is this the fam'd lord Talbot, &c.*

So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ My well fam'd lord of Troy——” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</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>5</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>6</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.

*VER.* Now, fir, to you, that were so hot at sea,  
Disgracing of these colours that I wear?<sup>7</sup>  
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>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> — *these colours that I wear*—] This was the badge of a 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>8</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. STEVENS.

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. STEVENS.

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.*

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, quæ 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. 12. 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 solemn 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.* REED.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The same. A Room of State.*

*Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, WARWICK, 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.

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>9</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 soveraign, 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!

<sup>9</sup> — *such as shall pretend*—] To *pretend* is to *design*, to *intend*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

“What good could they *pretend*?” STEVENS.



I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,  
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,<sup>2</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>3</sup>—  
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,

<sup>2</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>3</sup> — *at the battle of Patay,*] The old copy has—*Poictiers.*  
MALONE.

The battle of Poictiers was fought in the year 1357, the 31st of King Edward III. and the scene now lies in the 7th year of 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 Beaufse 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 valiantnesse 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. Montrelet, the French historian, also bears witness to this degradation of Sir John Fastolfe. STEEVENS.

VOL. IX.

R r

And ill befeeming 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>3</sup>  
 Such as were grown to credit by the wars ;  
 Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,  
 But always resolute in most extremes.<sup>4</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 stile? [*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>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — haughty *courage*,] *Haughty* is here in its original sense for *high*. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — in most *extremes*.] i. e. in *greatest* extremities. So, Spenser :  
 “ — they all repair'd, both *most* and least.”  
 See Vol. VII. p. 564, n. 7. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</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.

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.*

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>6</sup> are you not content?

*TAL.* Content, my liege? Yes; but that I am  
 prevented,<sup>7</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.

<sup>6</sup> *My lord, how say you?*] Old copy—

*How say you, my lord?*

The transposition is Sir T. Hanmer's. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</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. STEEVENS.

*TAL.* I go, my lord; in heart desiring still,  
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit.*]

*Enter VERNON and BASSET.*

*VER.* Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!

*BAS.* And me, my lord, grant me the combat too!

*YORK.* This is my servant; 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>1</sup>  
About a certain question in the law,  
Argu'd betwixt the duke of York and him;  
With other vile and ignominious terms:

<sup>1</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.

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, Somersset, 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 Somersset,  
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

*YORK.* Let this dissention first be try'd 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, Somersset.

*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 ashamed,  
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 com-  
batants:

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 certify'd,  
That, for a toy, a thing of no regard,  
King Henry's peers, and chief nobility,  
Destroy'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 Somersset, 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 traiterous rout.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* KING HENRY, GLO. SOM.  
 WIN. SUF. 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 Somersset.

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>s</sup>—But let it rest;  
 Other affairs must now be managed.

[*Exeunt* YORK, WARWICK, and VERNON.

<sup>s</sup> *And, if I wist, he did,*] In former editions:

*And, if I wish, he did*—.

By the pointing reform'd, and a single letter expung'd, I have  
 restored the text to its purity:

*And, if I wis, he did*—.

Warwick had said, the king meant no harm in wearing Somersset'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 in-  
 telligible without any change, only supposing it broken:

*And if—I wist—he did*—.

or, perhaps:

*And if he did—I wist*—.

JOHNSON.

I read—*I wist*, the pret. of the old obsolete verb *I wis*, which  
 is used by Shakspeare in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"There be fools alive, I wis,

"Silver'd o'er, and so was this." STEEVENS.

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>9</sup>  
'Tis much,<sup>2</sup> when scepters are in children's hands;  
But more, when envy breeds unkind division;<sup>3</sup>  
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [*Exit.*]

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 offended at it, as he dares say the king meant no harm. To which York, yet unsatisfied, 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 fluctus.*

The author of the *Revisal* understood this passage in the same manner. RITSON.

<sup>9</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>2</sup> 'Tis much,] In our author's time, this phrase meant—"Tis strange, or wonderful. See, *As you like it*, Vol. VI. p. 136, n. 3. 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.

'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>3</sup> — *when envy breeds unkind division*;) Envy in old English



## S C E N E 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>5</sup>  
Who, in a moment, even with the earth  
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,

writers frequently means *enmity*. *Unkind* is unnatural. See Vol. V. p. 555, l. 12; and Vol. VI. p. 70, n. 3. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;*] The author of this play followed Hall's Chronicle: "The Goddesse of warre, called Bellona—hath these three *hand-maides* ever of necessitie attending on her; *Bloud, Fyre, and Famine*; whiche thre damosels 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 countrey 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.

STEVENS.

If you forfake the offer of their love.<sup>6</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 fortify'd,  
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,  
To rive their dangerous artillery<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</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.

<sup>7</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 foul 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

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>8</sup>  
 For ere the glass, that now begins to run,  
 Finish the process of his sandy hour,  
 These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,  
 Shall see 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>9</sup> I hear the enemy;—

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>8</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 sov'reign flow'r, and drown the weeds.”

Again, in the second part of *King Henry VI*:

“ — give me thy hand,

“ That I may *dew* it with my mournful tears.”

STEEVENS.

<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.

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>2</sup>  
 Not rascal-like,<sup>3</sup> to fall down with a pinch;  
 But rather moody-mad, and desperate stags,  
 Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,<sup>4</sup>  
 And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:  
 Sell every man his life as dear as mine,  
 And they shall find dear deer of us,<sup>5</sup> my friends.—  
 God, and saint George! Talbot, and England's  
 right!

Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>2</sup> — *be then in blood:*] Be in high spirits, be of true mettle.

JOHNSON.

This was a phrase of the forest. See *Love's Labour's Lost*,  
 Vol. V. p. 259, n. 8.

“The deer was, as you know, *in sanguis, blood.*”

Again, in Bullokar's *English Expoſitor*, 1616: “Tenderlings,  
 The soft tops of a deere's horns, when they are *in blood.*”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Not rascal-like,*] A *rascal* deer is the term of chase for lean  
 poor deer. JOHNSON.

See Vol. IX. p. 78, n. 3. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *with heads of steel,*] Continuing the image of the *deer*,  
 he supposes the lances to be their horns. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *dear deer of us,*] The same quibble occurs in *King  
 Henry IV.* Part I:

“Death hath not struck so fat a *deer* to-day,

“Though many *dearer,*” &c. STEEVENS.

## S C E N E III.

*Plains in Gascony.**Enter YORK, with Forces ; to him a Messenger.*

**YORK.** Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,  
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin ?

**MESS.** They are return'd, my lord ; and give it  
out,

That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,  
To fight with Talbot : As he march'd along,  
By your espials were discovered  
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led ;  
Which join'd with him, and made their march for  
Bourdeaux.

**YORK.** A plague upon that villain Somerset ;  
That thus delays my promised supply  
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege !  
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid ;  
And I am lowted<sup>6</sup> by a traitor villain,

<sup>6</sup> *And I am lowted*—] To *lowt* may signify to *depress*, to *lower*, to *dis honour* ; but I do not remember it so used. We may read—*And I am flouted*.—I am mocked, and treated with contempt.

JOHNSON.

To *lowt*, in Chaucer, signifies to *submit*. To *submit* is to *let down*. So, Dryden :

“ Sometimes the hill *submits* itself a while

“ In small descents,” &c.

To *lowt* and *underlowt*, in Gawin Douglas's version of the *Æneid*, signifies to be *subdued*, *vanquished*. STEEVENS.

A *lowt* 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 *lowt*, or low country fellow. MALONE.

And cannot help the noble chevalier :  
 God comfort him in this necessity !  
 If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

*Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.*<sup>6</sup>

*LUCY.* Thou princely leader of our English  
 strength,  
 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>7</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 Somersset—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 Somersset.

<sup>6</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.

<sup>7</sup> — girdled *with a waist of iron,*] So, in *King John* :  
 “ — those sleeping stones,  
 “ That as a *waist* do *girdle* you about —.”

STEEVENS.

*Lucr.* 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>8</sup>

*YORK.* Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have,  
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?  
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,  
That sunder'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, Poitiers, and Tours, are won away,  
'Long all of Somersfet, and his delay. [Exit.

*Lucr.* Thus while the vulture<sup>9</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.

<sup>8</sup> — *are done.*] i. e. expended, consumed. The word is yet used in this sense in the Western counties. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *the vulture*—] Alluding to the tale of Prometheus. JOHNSON.

## 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 fend 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 fullied all his glofs of former honour,<sup>9</sup>  
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:  
York fet him on to fight, and die in shame,  
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>2</sup>

Who, ring'd about<sup>3</sup> with bold adverstity,

<sup>9</sup> — *all his glofs of former honour,*] Our author very frequently employs this phrase. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: “ — the new glofs of your marriage.” It occurs also in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and in *Macbeth*, &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *from bought and sold lord Talbot;*] i. e. from one utterly ruin'd by the treacherous practices of others. So, in *King Richard III*:

“ Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold,  
“ For Dickon thy master is *bought and sold*.”

The expression appears to have been proverbial. See Vol. VIII. P. 167, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *ring'd about*—] Environed, encircled. JOHNSON.

So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“ *Earrings* the barky fingers of the elm.” STEEVENS.



Cries out for noble York and Somersfet,  
 To beat affailing death from his weak legions.<sup>4</sup>  
 And whiles the honourable captain there  
 Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,  
 And, in advantage ling'ring,<sup>5</sup> looks for rescue,  
 You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,  
 Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.<sup>6</sup>  
 Let not your private discord keep away  
 The levied succours that should lend him aid,  
 While he, renowned noble gentleman,  
 Yields<sup>7</sup> up his life unto a world of odds:  
 Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy,<sup>8</sup>  
 Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,  
 And Talbot perisheth by your default.

*SOM.* York fet him on, York should have sent  
 him aid.

*LUCY.* And York as fast upon your grace ex-  
 claims;

Swearing, that you withhold his levied host,  
 Collected for this expedition.

<sup>4</sup> — *his weak legions.*] Old copy—*regions*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>5</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.

<sup>6</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>7</sup> *Yields*—] Thus the second folio: the first—*yield*.

STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — and *Burgundy*,] *And*, which is necessary to the metre, is wanting in the first folio, but is supplied by the second.

STEVENS.

*SOM.* York lies; he might have sent, and had  
the horfe:

I owe him little duty, and lefs love;  
And take foul scorn, to fawn on him by fending.

*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, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

*SOM.* Come, go; I will despatch the horsemen  
straight:

Within six hours they will be at his aid.

*LUCR.* 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!

*LUCR.* His fame lives in the world, his shame in  
you. [*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E V.

*The English Camp near Bourdeaux.*

*Enter TALBOT and John his son.*

*TAL.* O young John Talbot! I did fend for thee,  
To tutor thee in stratagems of war;  
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,  
When sapless 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>9</sup>  
 A terrible and unavoyd<sup>d</sup> danger:  
 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 stood.<sup>3</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>4</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.

<sup>9</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>2</sup> — unavoyd—] for unavoidable. MALONE.

So, in *King Richard II*:

“ And unavoyd is the danger now.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — noble Talbot stood.] 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>4</sup> — your regard—] Your care of your own safety.

JOHNSON.

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.

*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>4</sup> thy life this afternoon.  
 Come, side by side together live and die;  
 And foul with foul from France to heaven fly.  
 [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

*A Field of Battle.*

*Alarum: Excursions, wherein Talbot's son is hemm'd 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>5</sup>  
 The life, thou gav'st me first, was lost and done;<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> ——— fair son,  
*Born to eclipse &c.*] 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.

<sup>5</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:

“ ——— apres mille efforts,

“ J'appercus 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 poussé.

Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,  
To my determin'd time<sup>7</sup> thou gav'st new date.

TAL. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword  
struck fire,  
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.

“ Des ondes et vents j'évitai la furie.

“ *Que ce pere doit m'être cher,*

“ *Qui m'a deux fois donné la vie,*

“ *Une fois sur la terre, et l'autre sur la mer!*”

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — and done.] See p. 623, n. 8. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *To my determin'd time—*] i. e. *ended*. So, in *King Henry IV.*  
Part II:

“ Till his friend sickness hath *determin'd me.*”

STEEVENS.

The word is still used in that sense by legal conveyancers.

MALONE.

O, too much folly is it, well I wot,  
 To hazard all our lives in one small boat.  
 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>8</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>9</sup>

On that advantage, bought with such a shame,  
 (To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,)<sup>1</sup>

<sup>8</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.* Part II:

“ \_\_\_\_\_ to say,  
 “ Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day.”

STEVENS.

<sup>9</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*.”

STEVENS.

<sup>1</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 ventur'd at a slight alteration, which departs so little from the reading which has obtain'd, but so much raises the sense, as well as takes away the

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>3</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.

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*,——

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>3</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 flogging man” &c. STEEVENS.



TAL. Then follow thou thy desperate fire of  
Crete,  
Thou Icarus; <sup>4</sup> thy life to me is sweet:  
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, smear'd with captivity! <sup>5</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,

<sup>4</sup> — thy desperate fire of Crete,

Thou Icarus;] So, in the third part of this play:

“What a peevish fool was that of Crete?”

Again:

“I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus—.” STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Triumphant death, smear'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, smear'd with captivity, smile, &c. If so, there should be a comma after *captivity*. MALONE.

And, like a hungry lion, did commence  
 Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience;  
 But when my angry guardant stood alone,  
 Tend'ring my ruin,<sup>4</sup> and affail'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 dy'd  
 My Icarus, my bloffom, in his pride.

*Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of JOHN TALBOT.*<sup>5</sup>

*SERV.* O my dear lord! lo, where your son is  
 borne!

*TAL.* Thou antick death,<sup>6</sup> which laugh'ft us here  
 to scorn,

<sup>4</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.” STEVENS.

Again, in *King Henry VI.* Part II:

“ I tender to the safety of my liege.” MALONE.

<sup>5</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>6</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>7</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.  
 Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms;  
 My spirit can no longer bear these harms.

“ Keeps *death* his court: and there the *antick* fits  
 “ 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>7</sup> — winged through the lither sky,] *Litber* 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.

*Litber* is the comparative of the adjective *lithe*.

So, in Lyly's *Endymion*, 1591:

“ — to breed numbness or *litberness*.”

*Litberness* is *limberness*, or yielding weakness.

Again, in *Look about you*, 1600:

“ I'll bring his *litber* 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* shall 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 *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1595, uses the word in the same sense: “ — are so *buxome* to their shameless desires,” &c. STEVENS.

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, BUR-  
 GUNDY, Bastard, LA PUCELLE, and Forces.

CHAR. Had York and Somerfet brought rescue  
 in,  
 We should have found a bloody day of this.

BAST. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-  
 wood,<sup>8</sup>  
 Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood !<sup>9</sup>

PUC. 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>2</sup>*  
 So, rushing in the bowels of the French,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>8</sup> — *raging-wood,*] That is, *raging mad.* So, in Heywood's  
*Dialogues, containing a Number of effectual Proverbs, 1562 :*

“ 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.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</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>2</sup> — *of a giglot wench :*] *Giglot* is a *wanton*, or a *strumpet*.  
 JOHNSON.

The word is used by Gafcoigne and other authors, though now  
 quite obsolete.

So, in the play of *Orlando Furioso, 1594 :*

“ Whose choice is like that Greekish *giglot's* love,

“ That left her lord, prince Menelaus.”

See Vol. IV. p. 375, n. 4. STEEVENS.

He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

*BUR.* Doubtless, he would have made a noble knight :

See, where he lies inhered in the arms  
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

*BAST.* Hew them to pieces, hack their bones  
afunder ;  
Whose 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,  
Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent ; to know  
Who hath obtain'd<sup>4</sup> the glory of the day.

*CHAR.* On what submissive message art thou sent ?

*LUCY.* Submission, Dauphin ? 'tis a mere French  
word ;  
We English warriors wot not what it means.  
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,  
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

<sup>3</sup> — in the bowels of the French,] So, in the first part of *Jeronimo*, 1605 :

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

STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Herald,

*Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent ; to know  
Who hath obtain'd—*] Lucy's message implied that he knew  
who had obtained the victory : therefore sir T. Hanmer reads :

*Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent.* JOHNSON.

*CHAR.* For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison  
is.

But tell me whom thou seek'st.

*LUC.* Where is the great Alcides<sup>5</sup> of the field,  
Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury?  
Created, for his rare success in arms,  
Great earl of Washford,<sup>6</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  
Sheffield,  
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?

*PUC.* Here is a silly stately stile, indeed!  
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</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>6</sup> *Great earl of Washford,*] It appears from Camden's *Britannia* and Holinshed's *Chronicle of Ireland*, that Wexford was anciently called *Weyford*. 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 Lovetost of Worsop." 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.

<sup>7</sup> *The Turk, &c.*] Alluding probably to the ostentatious letter

**Writes** not so tedious a stile as this.—

Him, that thou magnify'ft with all thefe titles,  
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.

*LUCY.* Is Talbot flain; the Frenchmen's only  
scourge,

Your kingdom's terror and black Nemefis?

O, were mine eyeballs into bullets turn'd,

That I, in rage, might shoot them at your faces!

O, that I could but call thefe dead to life!

It were enough to fright the realm of France:

Were but his picture left among you here,

It would amaze<sup>8</sup> the proudeft of you all.

Give me their bodies; that I may bear them hence,

And give them burial as befeems their worth.

*PUC.* I think, this upftart is old Talbot's ghofth,  
He fpeaks with fuch a proud commanding fpirit.

For God's fake, let him have 'em;<sup>9</sup> to keep them  
here,

They would but ftink, and putrefy the air.

*CHAR.* Go, take their bodies hence.

*LUCY.*

I'll bear them hence:

But from their afhes fhall be rear'd

A phœnix<sup>2</sup> that fhall make all France afear'd.

of *Sultan Solyman the Magnificent*, to the emperor Ferdinand, 1562; in which all the *Grand Signior's* titles are enumerated. See Knolles's *History of the Turks*, 5th edit. p. 789. GREY.

<sup>8</sup> — *amaze* —] i. e. (as in other instances) confound, throw into confternation. So, in *Cymbeline*:

“ I am *amaz'd* with matter — ” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</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. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *But from their afhes fhall be rear'd*

*A phœnix &c.*] The defect in the metre fhews that fome word of two fyllables was inadvertently omitted; probably an epithet to *afhes*. MALONE.

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.*]

ACT V. SCÈNE I.<sup>6</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.

So, in the third part of this play:

“ My ashes, as the phoenix, 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 be rid of them, do with 'em what thou wilt.*] I suppose, for the sake of metre, the useless words—*with 'em* should be omitted. STEVENS.

<sup>6</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.



*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>3</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,  
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>4</sup>

And fitter 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.*

*EXE.* What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,  
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree!<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — immanity—] i. e. barbarity, savageness. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — my years are young;] His majesty, however, was twenty-four years old. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,  
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree!*] This (as Mr. Edwards

Then, I perceive, that will be verify'd,  
 Henry the fifth did sometime prophecy,—  
*If once he come to be a cardinal,*  
*He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.*

*K. HEN.* My lords ambassadors, your several  
 suits

Have been consider'd and debated on.  
 Your purpose is both good and reasonable:  
 And, therefore, are we certainly resolv'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 highness 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,

has observed in his MS. notes) argues a great forgetfulness in the poet. In the first act Gloster says:

“ I'll canvass 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 Gloster 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.

And safely brought to Dover; where, inshipp'd,  
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt King HENRY and Train; GLOSTER,  
EXETER, and Ambassadors.*]

WIN. Stay, my lord legate; you shall first re-  
ceive

The sum of money, which I promised  
Should be deliver'd to his holiness  
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>6</sup> or for authority,  
The bishop will be overborne by thee:  
I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee,  
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

France. *Plains in Anjou.*

*Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, LA PU-  
CELLE, 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.

<sup>6</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.

*ALAN.* 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 pry-  
thee, speak.

*MESS.* The English army, that divided was  
Into two parts,<sup>6</sup> is now conjoin'd in one;  
And means to give you battle presently.

*CHAR.* Somewhat too sudden, 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 for-  
tunate! [Exeunt.]

<sup>6</sup> — parts,] Old copy—parties. STEEVENS.

## 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>  
 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!

<sup>7</sup> — *ye charming spells, and periapts;*] Charms sow'd up. *Ezek.* 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 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 xvth chapter of *Isaiah* is said to be, that he *will sit upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north.* STEEVENS.

*Enter Fiends.*

This speedy and quick appearance argues 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.]*

O, hold me not with silence over-long!  
Where<sup>2</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 redrefs?—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.]*

<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 forceres 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. 625, n. 4. 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.

<sup>2</sup> *Where*—] i. e. *whereas*. So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*:

“ *Where* now you're both a father and a son.” STEEVENS.

See! they forsake me. Now the time is come,  
That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,<sup>3</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,  
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>4</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>5</sup> enchantress, hold thy  
tongue.

<sup>3</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. V. p. 398, n. 9. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> As if, with Circe, &c.] So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

“I think, you all have drank of Circe's cup.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Fell, banning hag!] To ban is to curse. So, in *The Jew of Malta*, 1633:

“I ban their souls to everlasting pains.” STEEVENS.

*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>3</sup>

Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

*MAR.* Margaret my name; and daughter to a king,  
The king of Naples, whosoe'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:

<sup>3</sup> [*I kiss these fingers for eternal peace:*] In the old copy these lines are thus arranged and pointed:

“ 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.



So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,  
 Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.<sup>4</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>5</sup>  
 As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,<sup>6</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:  
 Fie, De la Poole! disable not thyself;<sup>7</sup>  
 Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner?<sup>8</sup>  
 Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's fight?

<sup>4</sup> —her wings.] Old copy—*his*. This manifest error I only mention, because it supports a note in Vol. VI. p. 167, n. 8. and justifies the change there made. *Her* was formerly spelt *hir*; hence it was often confounded with *his*. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.*] Thus, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“ — my heart accords thereto,

“ And yet a thousand times it answers—no.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</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.

<sup>7</sup> — *disable not thyself*;] Do not represent thyself so weak. To *disable* the judgement 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 judgement*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</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.

Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such,  
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.<sup>7</sup>

MAR. Say, earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be so,—  
What ransom 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? [Aside.]

MAR. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must  
I pay?

SUF. She's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd:  
She is a woman; therefore to be won.<sup>8</sup> [Aside.]

MAR. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea, or no?

SUF. Fond man! remember, that thou hast a  
wife;

Then how can Margaret be thy paramour? [Aside.]

MAR. I were best to leave him, for he will not  
hear.

SUF. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling  
card.<sup>9</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>10</sup>

<sup>7</sup> —and makes the senses rough.] The meaning of this word is not very obvious. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*crouch*.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *She is a woman; therefore to be won.*] This seems to be a proverbial line, and occurs in Greene's *Planetomachia*, 1585:

STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —a cooling card.] So, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

“ I'll have a present *cooling card* for you.” STEVENS.

<sup>10</sup> —a wooden thing.] Is an awkward business, an undertaking not likely to succeed.

MAR. He talks of wood: It is some carpenter.

SUF. Yet so my fancy<sup>3</sup> may be satisfy'd,  
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?

So, in Lyly's *Galathea*, 1592: "Would I were out of these woods, for I shall have but *wooden* luck."

Again, in his *Maid's Metamorphosis*, 1600:

"My master takes but *wooden* pains."

Again, in *The Knave of Spades*, &c. no date:

"To make an end of that same *wooden* phrase."

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— my fancy —] i. e. my love. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Fair Helena in *fancy* following me."

See Vol. V. p. 132, n. 6. STEEVENS.

*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,  
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>2</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?

<sup>2</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?*

*His love.*

Both sense and measure are then complete. STEVENS.

SUF. To me.

REIG. Suffolk, what remedy?  
I am a soldier; and unapt to weep,  
Or to exclaim on fortune's ficklenefs.

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>3</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>4</sup>

<sup>3</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.

So, in *The Taming of a Shrew*:

"Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten." STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth, &c.] To woo her

To be the princely bride of such a lord ;  
 Upon condition I may quietly  
 Enjoy mine own, the county Maine,<sup>5</sup> and Anjou,  
 Free from oppression, or the stroke of war,  
 My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

*SUF.* That is her ransom, I deliver her ;  
 And those two counties, I will undertake,  
 Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

*REIG.* And I again,—in Henry's royal name,  
 As deputy unto that gracious king,—  
 Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

*SUF.* 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.

*REIG.* 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.*]

*SUF.* Farewell, sweet madam ! But hark you,  
 Margaret ;  
 No princely commendations to my king ?

*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>5</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>6</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>7</sup> to a king.

[*Exeunt REIGNIER and MARGARET.*

*SUF.* O, wert thou for myself!—But, Suffolk, stay;  
Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth;  
There Minotaurs, and ugly treasons, lurk.  
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise:  
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount;  
Mad, natural graces<sup>8</sup> that extinguish art;

<sup>6</sup> — *modestly* —] Old copy—*modesty*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *To send such peevish tokens* —] *Peevish*, for childish.

WARBURTON.

See a note on *Cymbeline*, Act I. sc. vii: "He's strange and peevish." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</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 *mad-cap*.

*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."

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.

S C E N E IV.

*Camp of the Duke of York, in Anjou.*

*Enter YORK, WARWICK, and Others.*

YORK. Bring forth that forcerefs, condemn'd to  
burn.

*Enter LA PUCELLE, guarded, and a Shepherd.*

SHEP. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart<sup>s</sup>  
outright!

Have I fought every country far and near,  
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,

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 manie 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.

<sup>s</sup> —— kills *thy father's* heart—] This phrase occurs likewise  
in *King Henry V.* and the *Winter's Tale*. STEEVENS.



Must I behold thy timelefs<sup>9</sup> cruel death?  
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

*PUC.* Decrepit miser!<sup>2</sup> base ignoble wretch!  
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.* Gracelefs! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

*YORK.* This argues what her kind of life hath  
been;  
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — *timelefs*—] is *untimely*. So, in Drayton's *Legend of Robert Duke of Normandy*:

“Thy strength was buried in his *timelefs* death.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</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 Sterline's tragedy of *Cresus*, 1604:~

“Or think'ft thou me of judgement too remifs,

“A *miser* that in miserie remains,

“The bastard child of fortune, barr'd from blifs,

“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 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 butcherlie *miser*, which ill-favouredlie performed the office.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *This argues what her kind of life hath been;*

*Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.*] So, in this play, Part II. Vol. X. p. 120:

“So bad a death argues a monstrous life.” STEEVENS.

*SHEP.* Fie, Joan! that thou wilt be so obstacle!<sup>3</sup>  
 God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh;<sup>4</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,  
 Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

*SHEP.* 'Tis true, I gave a noble<sup>5</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 cursed be the time  
 Of thy nativity! I would, the milk  
 Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her  
 breast,  
 Had been a little ratsbane 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, cursed 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.

<sup>3</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 duke.” STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *a collop of my flesh;*] So, in *The History of Morindos and Miracola*, 1609, quarto, bl. l.: “ — yet being his second selfe, a *collop of his owne flesh*” &c. RITSON.

<sup>5</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.

*Puc.* First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd :

Not me<sup>6</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  
 To compass wonders, but by help of devils.  
 No, misconceived!<sup>7</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 faggots, 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>8</sup>—  
 I am with child, ye bloody homicides :

<sup>6</sup> *Not me*—] I believe the author wrote—*Not one.* MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *No, misconceived!*] i. e. No, ye misconceivers, ye who mistake me and my qualities." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.*] The useless words—*so be*, which spoil the measure, are an evident interpolation. STEEVENS.

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.

*YORK.* Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!<sup>s</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 marry'd 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.

<sup>s</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 dramattick writers of this age, that he is many times as prematurely spoken of. So, in *The Valiant Welchman*, 1615, one of the characters bids *Caradoc*, i. e. *Caradacus*,

“ — read *Machiavel*:

“ Princes that would aspire, must mock at hell.”

Again:

“ — my brain

“ Italianates my barren faculties

“ To *Machiavelian* blackness.” STEVENS.

*WAR.* It's sign, she hath been liberal and free.

*TORK.* 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>9</sup>  
Environ you; till mischief, and despair,  
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves!<sup>2</sup>

[*Exit, guarded.*]

*TORK.* 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>3</sup> of these outrageous broils,

<sup>9</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.

<sup>2</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>3</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.” STEVENS.



By fight of these our baleful enemies.<sup>5</sup>

*WIN.* Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:  
That—in regard king Henry gives consent,  
Of mere compassion, and of lenity,  
To ease your country of distressful war,  
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,—  
You shall become true liegemen to his crown:  
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.

*ALLEN.* Must he be then as shadow of himself?  
Adorn his temples with a coronet;<sup>6</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?

<sup>5</sup> ——— baleful enemies.] *Baleful* is sorrowful; I therefore rather imagine that we should read—*baneful*, hurtful, or mischievous.

JOHNSON.

*Baleful* had anciently the same meaning as *baneful*. It is an epithet very frequently bestowed on poisonous plants and reptiles. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ With *baleful* weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</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.

No, lord ambaffador ; I'll rather keep  
That which I have, than, coveting for more,  
Be caft from poffibility of all.

*YORK.* Infulting Charles ! haft thou by fecret  
means

Us'd interceffion to obtain a league ;  
And, now the matter grows to compromise,  
Stand'ft thou aloof upon comparifon ?<sup>7</sup>  
Either accept the title thou ufurp'ft,  
Of benefit<sup>8</sup> proceeding from our king,  
And not of any challenge of defert,  
Or we will plague thee with inceffant wars.

*REIG.* My lord, you do not well in obftinacy  
To cavil in the courfe of this contráct :  
If once it be neglected, ten to one,  
We fhall not find like opportunity.

*ALLEN.* To fay the truth, it is your policy,  
To fave your fubjects from fuch maffacre,  
And ruthlefs fslaughters, as are daily feen  
By our proceeding in hoftility :  
And therefore take this compact of a truce,  
Although you break it when your pleafure ferves.

[*Afide, to Charles.*

*WAR.* How fay'ft thou, Charles ? fhall our con-  
dition ftand ?

*CHAR.* It fhall :  
Only referv'd, you claim no intereft  
In any of our towns of garrifon.

<sup>7</sup> — upon comparifon ?] Do you ftand to compare your prefent ftate, a ftate which you have neither right or power to maintain, with the terms which we offer? JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — accept the title thou ufurp'ft,  
Of benefit—] *Benefit* is here a term of law. Be content to live as the *beneficiary* of our king. JOHNSON.



*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.*

S C E N E 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 of tempestuous gusts  
 Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide;  
 So am I driven,<sup>9</sup> by breath of her renown,  
 Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive  
 Where I may have fruition of her love.

*SUF.* 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,)

<sup>9</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.

JOHNSON.

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.

*K. HEN.* And otherwife will Henry ne'er pre-  
 sume.

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>2</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.

<sup>2</sup> — at a triumph—] That is, at the sports by 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. V. p. 6, n. 5.

MALONE.

*SUF.* Yes, my good lord,<sup>3</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.

*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>4</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>5</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?

<sup>3</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.

<sup>4</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*, blest thee from thy mother.” STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> It *most*—] The word *It*, which is wanting in the old copy, was inserted by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Whereas the contrary bringeth forth blifs,<sup>5</sup>  
 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>6</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,

<sup>5</sup> *Whereas the contrary bringeth forth blifs,*] 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:

*Whereas the conterary bringeth blifs.*

In the same manner Shakspeare frequently uses *Henry* as a trisyllable, and *hour* and *fire* as dissyllables. See Vol. III. p. 190, n. 7.

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. *bow-er—fir*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</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.

As I am sick with working of my thoughts.<sup>7</sup>  
 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.—  
 And you, good uncle, banish all offence:  
 If you do censure me by what you were,<sup>8</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>9</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>7</sup> *As I am sick with working of my thoughts.*] So, in Shakespeare's *King Henry V*:

“*Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege.*”

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *If you do censure me &c.*] *To censure* is here simply to judge. *If in judging me you consider the past frailties of your own youth.*

JOHNSON.

See Vol. III. p. 179, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *ruminare my grief.*] *Grief* in the first line is taken generally for *pain* or *uneasiness*; in the second specially for *sorrow*.

JOHNSON.

\* 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 in 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.

THE END OF THE NINTH VOLUME.







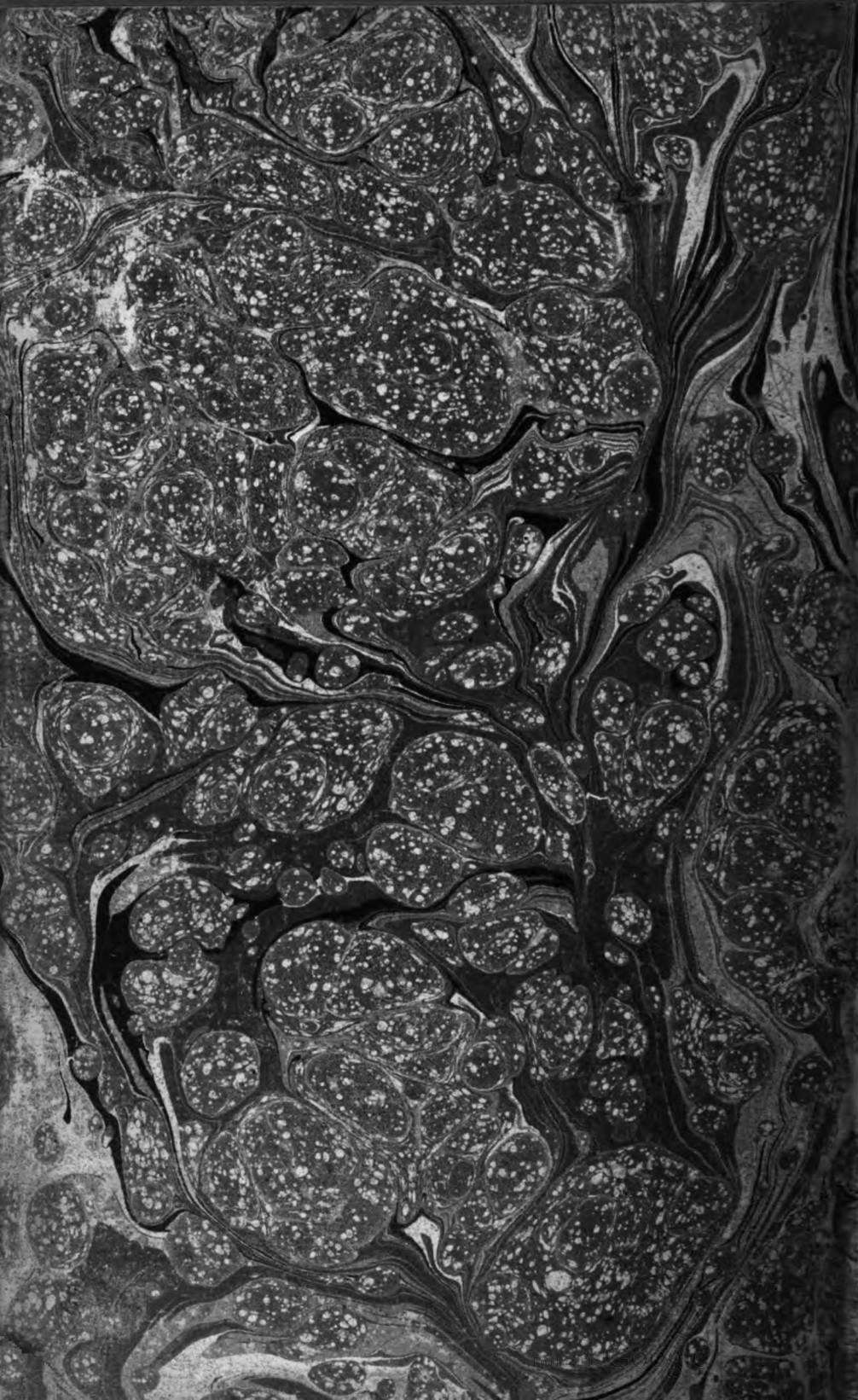












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